

BRANIGAN'S
Chronicles and Curiosities.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 16, 1880.

OUR RECORDER.

Heartily do we congratulate the citizens of Hamilton upon their good fortune in having secured the services of JOAN E. START, Esq., to fill the important office of City Recorder. A better appointment it would be impossible to make, and we cannot let this opportunity pass without congratulating Sir Edmond and his advisers, upon the long-headedness and wisdom displayed in their choice of Mr. Start. In those days, when office-seekers are as numerous as flies in June, it speaks well for the ability of the gentleman in question, that he should distance all others, and become the Recorder of one of the principal cities of Canada. Mr. Start has long been a resident of our city; he has grown with it; and, amid difficulties—at sight of which many a young man would give up in despair—he has looked steadily forward to “the good time coming,” and pressed onward, until he has gained his present high and honorable position. In this gentleman we have another proof of the fact, that he who would win his way to popularity and greatness must do so at the expense of hard study and unflinching perseverance. Mr. Start is one of those rare instances, in which, without extraneous aid, he has honorably secured a high position in society, and, we hope, professionally, a lucrative one. We should not be surprised, however, to find the *Globe* denouncing this appointment—“nothing good can come out of Nazareth,” saith Geordie, unless he should happen to be almoner himself; but in this matter we are pretty certain that the Government will be generally applauded for the judicious selection of a gentleman who is in every respect capable to fill, and worthy the honor of the onerous trust reposed in him. We wish our Recorder, then, all prosperity; and may he live to take his seat on the Bench, an honor to the city as well as to his profession.

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LAMBTON LANKSHANKS;

OR
THE LAIRD OF BOTHWELL.

A thrilling narrative of Canadian Life.

By SANDY McSKRACKER, Esq.,

Author of “The Clear Grit,” “Geordie, the Chief of the Brawlers,” “Orange and Green, or the raid of Brantford,” “The last days of the Coalition,” &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

The pale moon gazed dreamily over the black and murky clouds, dripping their drizzly drops in a thick Scotch mist. The wind moaned forth a solemn dirge, as it sighed through the scraggy branches of the tall pines of Bothwell. The steam whistle of the cattle train on the Great Western Railway gave an eldritch screech—the hogs grunted, and the oxen roared, as they whirled past the tall dark form of a human figure, lean

ing against the charred and blackened trunk of a girdled tree. The pale moon gazed, the dark clouds grizzled, the wind moaned, the steam whistle screeched, the hogs grunted, and the cattle roared in vain. The ear of the tall dark form that leaned on the stump was closed against their sounds, his eye was shut against their forms. In vain might the scrutinizing gaze survey the gaunt and ghoully form—tall—spranky and crooked—in vain search for a mark to reveal the name or character of the mysterious individual. There he stood. In vain—but—atop! From the greasy pocket of his swallow tailed coat, the light of the pale moon reveals the projecting folds of a newspaper. Let us look—yes! it must be so—it is lettered “G-L-O-B-E”!!! We have then found him out! He is LAMBTON LANKSHANK—he is the LAIRD OF BOTHWELL!!! This is all of the above thrilling narrative that we shall publish. The rest may be found in the next supplement to the *Toronto Globe*. Jack Sheppard writes for it—Dougall McFarmer writes for it—Carpet-Bag Gordon writes for it—Sambo Ignoble Jones writes for it—Allister Ranter McKinnon writes for it—Briefless Oxford Conner writes for it. Everybody writes for it.

THE DODGER AGAIN IN THE FIELD.

We had intended—nay, almost promised—not to introduce Major Dodger Gray again to our readers, until he had repented of his former Tomfooleries, and done something worthy of notice; but he's

“A man so various, that he seems to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinions; always in the wrong;
Is every thing by fits, and nothing long;
But in the course of one revolving moon,
Is Alderman, (P) School Trustee, (P) and
buffoon.”

Yes; if every noble in ancient days had a jester in his household, we may be permitted to have at least one for our *Chronicles*. Henceforth, then, we invest the Dodger with the requisite quantity of our best foolcap, and for the usual number of belles, we refer him to his defeated friend and companion.

But, to our theme. Well, after being ignominiously driven from the election battle-ground of Corktown, this champion of Catholicism—his representative of the Freelon Roman Catholics at the Buffalo Roman Catholic Convention—sought to be elected, on Tuesday last, as a PROTESTANT SCHOOL TRUSTEE for St. Andrew's Ward! He was proposed by Mr. O. Buscombe, seconded by Mr. Wm. V. Harrison, of the *King William* saloon, and ably supported by Mr. Benjamin Harte, who preaches consistency, and illustrates his doctrine by voting against a brother and in favor of a renegade to all creeds. Verily we live in strange times, and we have some *hartey* good fellows amongst us. What do the firemen say to this hob-nobbing between their favorite and their fallen chiefs?—Do they not suspect that *Ben* is negotiating for Tom's brass armour? There is, unquestionably, something in the wind,

Another, in the heat of passion—
Makes too much noise, and gets a thrashing.
And then, ye gods, begins a row—
Which ne'er was equalled till just now:
A squalling child, scowled with a cramp—
A bull-dog, coffered, in a wisp—
A ludy hog, caught breath a gato—
A night Owl, screeching to his mate—
A new beginner on a Viol—
A Piper, making his first trial—
Are sounds which shock the stoutest system,
They're nothing to them cats. Hark! list 'em!
Raising, combined, a general fight,
With hollian yells between each bite;
Slumber forsakes my drowsy eyes,
My ears are tortured by their cries;
A curse upon each squalling puss,
O for a rusty Blunderbuss,
I'd have my tights, peace and content,
Or parish in the vain attempt—
But hark! what sound is that I hear—
A boot-jack whistles past my ear,
Thrown with the strength revenge inspires—
When want of sleep our patience tires,
But e'er the missile can alight,
The nimble crew are out of sight,
And from the neighbouring sheds around,
We hear that melancholy sound
Which in the distance dies away,
And leaves us sleeping till next day.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg to announce to our Contributors that we have taken a wonderful leap since they last heard from us—no less than jumping over a whole century. Our box is now 120, instead of 20, as formerly.

Communications intended for publication should be sent in not later than Wednesday mornings. A neglect of this rule will occasion them to remain unnoticed.

PHILANTHROPI.—Your letter is worthy of the heart that dictated it; but as every citizen is cognizant of the wants of the extreme poor, and both public and private energies being at work to mitigate the severity of the case, we think it unnecessary to publish your suggestions.

NADDY.—We give place to your delicate morsels, and shall be glad to hear from you frequently.

PUBLICITY PRIZE.—The last syllable of your cognomen we felt ourselves constrained to omit. You will understand what is meant. Send us along some more of “Combe.”

JANE.—Your note complains in a somewhat testy style, of the want of regular employment. May not the possession of a fretful and coquetish disposition do much to nourish uncomfortable feelings between employer and employed? Cultivate a sweet and agreeable deportment towards your fellow-workers, and we guarantee a more pleasant state of things.

TIMOTHY TWINE.—We have heard from this gentleman two or three times before, under as many different phases. He tries hard to be ubiquitous, but he cannot beat our friend the “Dodger.” We have no place for you.

ALONZO.—FRIVOL.—W. W.—COMUS.—RENEGADE.—To each of these correspondents we would say, that the subjects they write on are very well chosen, and might appear in public were they better dressed. To correct for the press such productions as the above would be an infliction never calculated upon amid our other onerous duties.

A HUCKSTER.—The chief constable is the person to apply to.

A FIRM MAN.—Will the writer be good enough to call upon us personally.

JIM.—It can't be done. The Dodger is busily engaged at present in drilling the legion of wooden soldiers that Santa Claus put into his stockings on last Christmas night, and he tells his friends that he will have them all right on next Queen's Birth-Day.

AQUARIUM.—Accepted, with thanks.

SAFETY TRIGGER.—You will be attended to in our next number.

R. T. A.—We cannot make room for your sporting essay this week.