

BRANIGAN'S Chronicles & Curiosities,

Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice
SHAMSPERE.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1859.

THE WASHINGTON TRAGEDY.

Although we have hitherto refrained from commenting in our columns on the murder of Key by Sickles, still we have not failed to watch the course pursued towards the murderer by our cotemporaries pretty generally throughout the neighboring Union. With that shallow show of philosophic reasoning so peculiar to Harper's Weekly, that publication endeavors to surround the brow of Sickles with a halo as glorious as one about to be bestowed on the proud temples of some noble and successful warrior. But the sophistry with which the writer argues in favor of his cruel client is too flimsy and hyperbolic to weigh for a moment with those having a proper appreciation of a man's duty to society, and to the laws by which that society is governed and kept intact. In England, France, or Canada, the unfortunate Key would have been allowed an opportunity to defend himself—either before a jury of his countrymen, or the more summary mode adopted by the devotees of the code of honor; and had Key been challenged by Sickles, we hesitate not to say, that the former would not only have met the man whom he had injured, but that he would have given the latter every opportunity to avenge his wrongs without himself offering to fire a single shot in return. But no, the man whose honor had been injured—whose domestic peace had been broken—whose family ties had been snapped asunder—coolly arms himself with three or four pistols, capable of firing collectively *nine* or *ten* shots—quietly walks into the street on a still Sabbath afternoon—meets his doomed and *unarmed* victim in a public thoroughfare, and without allowing him one prayer for mercy, shoots him down with an unrelenting hellishness which has no parallel in our criminal jurisprudence. Yes, and even when the unfortunate man fell on the pavement, covered with wounds, and begged for mercy, Sickles had no eye to pity, nor had Butterworth an arm to save. No, like an infuriated fiend the pursuer still continued to fire upon his fallen and dying victim. Glad

are we for the sake of our country and our countrymen, that the heartless Sickles lays no claim to the birthright of a Briton, but that he hails from the land of the midnight assassin, where the stiletto is treacherously plied to quiet an unsuspecting enemy. Like the tamed bear, his natural passions only slumbered in obedience to the restraints placed upon them, and needed but a favorable opportunity to burst forth in a manner sufficiently horrible and treacherous to do honor to the land of his fathers. And this is the man in whose defence column after column is written and scattered broadcast over the land of the *free* and the home of the *brave*! Oh, Shame! where is thy blush? Oh, Harper! Oh, Frank Leslie! hide those diminished *medal*ion heads of a coward; and let us, while looking at the *provocation*, forget the *enormity* of the crime for the commission of which you would immortalize Daniel E. Sickles. Ere this article meets the eye of our readers we doubt not the farcical trial of Sickles shall have been concluded, and the prisoner at the bar declared "Not Guilty!" If such be not the case we have no correct notion of Southern *justice*.

WHOLESALE APOSTASY.—A correspondent furnishes us with the particulars of a recent case of apostasy, in which a whole family residing in this city departed from the faith of the Catholic Church. But it is too lengthy for our columns. It may be as well to say, however, that the male head of the family referred to is a notorious character here, and glories in the cognomen of "The Dodger." He and his household were baptised at Mr. Ormiston's church on the first Sabbath of the present month, and received into the bosom of the Presbyterian Church. In his infancy this male apostate was baptised in the Catholic Church of Dundas, by the late very Rev. Father Campian (Heaven rest his soul); and he has since been confirmed in the faith by other clergymen. Some few years since, his solicitude for his partner's spiritual welfare induced her to forsake the faith of her fathers—Methodism—and she also became a Catholic in name. Now they all worship at a strange altar. This apparent instability of character is explained by the fact, that the "dodging individual" referred to is fitting himself for a vacant pulpit in a certain church of this city, where one or two worldly-minded *dry goods'* merchants of small capacity, have lately been in the habit of holding forth. Tom seems to change his religion as often as he does the color of his military-looking moustache. We had intended to notice his antics no more, but really he seems to court popularity so pertinaciously, that we can hardly refuse him the use of our columns to further his objects. His stock of *brass* without touching the helmet at all, would be sufficient to put a new front in Solomon's temple.

OUR HANGING GARDENS.—The contemptible dodge resorted to by our city rulers to extort money from the innkeepers of this city, under false promises as published in their License By-law, has determined us to open pleasure gardens on the flat roof of our extensive stables in the market square, where refreshments will be furnished at all hours, and on all days save the Sabbath. Access to the roof, which is about one hundred and twenty feet square, can be had through the agency of a steam hoisting machine, so that no effort will be required on the part of visitors to gain our Hanging Gardens. We have the arrangements so complete, that the moment a spy or policeman takes his place on the platform, the check-line which is self-acting, *spills* him through a spring trap-door into the subterranean vaults of our extensive premises, where they will be likely to come in contact with the *horns* of—several cows. A ready our gardener is engaged in planting such flowers and shrubbery as our great experience in horticulture has enabled us to select; and in a short time we hope to accommodate the public with a treat of no ordinary character. On Tuesday and Friday evenings our military companies intend giving entertainments in the shape of sham fights. The proceedings will be enlivened by the Springs Brewery Brass Band. Admittance free—tickets must be obtained, however, before taking places in the aerial steam car, which is managed by a first-class engineer. Choicest liquors and cigars furnished, besides all the latest styles of summer drinks. The novelty of this design it is expected, will attract immense crowds to the gardens—we have therefore to request that visitors will not pluck the flowers, and "*keep off the grass*."

MR. GALT'S TARIFF.—We had hoped that Mr. Galt's new Tariff would not have interfered with the publication of *The Chronicles and Curiosities*, but in this we have been egregiously disappointed. With a malignity towards us which we did not expect in a minister of the Crown, he has subjected newspapers to postage for no other reason than to suppress the *Curiosities*: but he shall not be successful, for we intend upsetting the embargo placed on us, by offering inducements to those of our subscribers who form clubs. We shall not retaliate on Mr. Galt; but he had better not have us angry at him when the next general elections take place—that's all.

"Coming events cast their shadows before them." Found in the hogshed which burst on the railway wharf, the body of a dead dog; breed unknown, but very much like a Growler.