

# BRANIGAN'S CHRONICLES AND CURIOSITIES

Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.—Shak.

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HAMILTON, C. W., SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1859.

PRICE, TWO-PENCE

## THE DIFFERENCE

now it was to be.

I never intended to fall in love  
With less than six feet in height;  
A boundless beard and a fathomless purse  
Had always been my delight.

His pale, high brow, I said, shall be swept  
By masses of black waving hair—  
A strange, sad light in the cavernous eyes,  
A shadow, but not of care;

A dark, stern face turn'd out to the world,  
But glowing, turn'd inward to me;  
A heart lock'd and barr'd to the stranger's approach,  
But I, with the golden key;

A voice like the south wind in murmuring love,  
Thunder-ton'd in denouncing the wrong,  
And a name handed down from the long-ago days,  
Embal'm'd in the troubadour's song.

now it is.

Well, here we have him!—Pray give a glance  
To the gentleman *à la vie*,  
Intently engaged with a chicken's wing  
And a cup of his favorite tea.

A round, good-natured, full moon of a face,  
Eyes blue as the summer sky;  
With the locks on his forehead—well, auburn at least,  
Not to mention a ruddier dye.

No dally talk for his dainty brood,  
He's the merriest fellow alive;  
At eight in the morning, in high-heel'd boots,  
He measures but five feet five.

He bears in his bosom the biggest heart,  
Has a tear in his eye for another;  
His chin is as smooth as a lawn in May,  
And his name is derived from his mother.

now it came to be so.

Exactly!—How did it?—I really can't tell—  
I really don't know to this day,  
I am sure I but thought we were very good friends,  
In a perfectly natural way.

I dream'd not that I was in love with him,  
Nor that he was in love with me;  
Though I knew that when'er fate brought us together  
We were happy as happy could be.

Till all of a sudden, one moonlight night—  
Such a night as June only can bring—  
He'd been talking, though rather at random, I thought,  
Of the stars, and all that sort of thing—

He whisper'd me—something, I'll never tell what—  
You smile, but you need not doubt it—  
That frighten'd and startle'd me so, that—and—then—  
Why, you see, I forgot all about it. G. M.

I AM all heart, said a boasting fellow to  
his comrade.—Pity you're not part pluck,  
was the retort.

I HAVE insulted you, and you will have  
to brook the insult, said a little man to a  
big one.—I will brook you, said the big one,  
taking him up and tossing him into a run-  
ning sewer close by.

A FRENCHMAN, soliciting relief, said very  
gravely to his fair hearer: Ma'mselle, I  
never beg; but dat I have voin wife wid  
several small family, dat is growing very  
large, and nossing to make deir bread out  
of, but de perspiration on my brow.

The newspapers are full of advertisements  
for plain cooks. We suppose pretty cooks  
are of no account.

## Our Correspondence.

(For Branigan's Chronicles & Curiousities.)

MILTON, July 6th, 1859.

DEAR BRANIGAN,—That king of grain, the  
wheat, is looking remarkably well out here,  
and gives promise of a good time coming.  
I cannot, however, report so favorably of  
the cabbage plants. It is very hard to  
get them forward, so much so that I have  
heard several great lovers of that vegetable  
say it was more trouble to get them to  
grow than they were worth. The Dodger,  
however, with his usual energy, continues  
to endeavor to propagate them, and with  
varied and peculiar results, as I shall en-  
deavor to show. The other day I looked  
over his cabbage garden, and was sorry to  
find that not one of the seeds of his  
"crooked stem" kind had germinated, the  
old plant however was still alive, but look-  
ing very sickly; it had a sprout above the  
crook in the stem this spring, which got  
broken off, and there does not seem cap-  
enough in the old stalk to throw out any  
more this year, consequently this rare and  
valuable kind will be lost to the people, as  
no one else in the province has got it.  
This loss, however, I think, will be fully  
made up to him in the better promise  
which his Crocodile species presents. It  
is worthy of note that he watered his beds  
of this kind last year, with a preparation  
which he obtained from the Educational  
Office at half price. They must have done  
well, for no sooner did the enemy begin to  
present himself, this year, than he sent to the  
Rev. Dr. — for a further supply of the  
same preparation, which I should imagine,  
from the appearance of the plants that I  
inspected, was the right thing in the right  
place. And it is curious enough, from my  
inspection of them I am enabled to give  
your readers an explanation of how it is  
that letters appear stamped on the leaves  
of plants this year in the vicinity of Wel-  
lington Square and other places in the  
country. On examining the productions  
of the Dodger's Crocodile species, I found  
on the first leaves the letters J. W. M.,  
P. P., which at once, and without much  
scientific research, lead me to know that  
they were transfixed, not by "Opis," but  
by a species of electric fluid conveyed by  
the power of the will of the ruling mind.  
I looked in vain for any token of the Edu-  
cational Office mark that had contributed

half the production. And a little further  
on I saw some young sprouts, over which  
he had sprinkled a valuable preparation as  
good as money, for he wanted it to imitate  
the crocodile kind, and they presented  
the appearance of a gold pen, as the ruling  
mind in that case wanted a ready writer,  
which at once convinced me that my theo-  
ry is right. The letter "B," which ap-  
pears on the leaves of wheat and other  
grain in the country, is evidently meant for  
Baxter, Barclay, Barber, Brown and Brown  
who the works of creation do manifest on  
the approved rulers of the people in this  
country. The Dodger cannot deny it, for  
his own plants bear testimony of it. By  
the way I have not time to tell of his con-  
version this week. Once since I wrote  
before he has been seen to cry in the pre-  
sence of ladies, which I suppose is the in-  
roduction to "Will you lend me a few  
dollars, as my carriages at six dollars a day  
are now all expended?"

Yours, in the open sea.

Coburn.

To the Editor of the Chronicle.

Sir,—A violation of the new License Law  
having occurred in Cork Town, I am in-  
formed that the Inspector availed himself  
of the services of two strangers, (English-  
men,) to prove his indictment, they being  
at the same time ignorant of the despicable  
errand upon which they were employed, or  
the inherent feeling of straightforwardness,  
so peculiar to their countrymen, would  
have prevented them from lending them-  
selves to so humiliating a method of vindic-  
ating the law.

It appears to me that justice might be  
rendered and the law enforced without en-  
trapping two strangers into a proceeding,  
the nature of which they strongly deprec-  
ated, upon arriving at a knowledge of the  
facts.

For the sake of my countrymen, I trust  
you will insert this communication from

AN ENGLISHMAN.

Blessin.—Ta hev a wife at a stranger  
ta tea parties, balls, an draper shop.—  
That's a blessin.

Ta hev bairns at düzzant bring yu ta  
trubble.—That's a blessin.

Ta get throo winter withaght catchin a  
cold, or meetin wi a tumal.—That's a  
blessin.

Ta goa ta bed weel, and get up vaintin  
That's a blessin.

Ta pass a street end withaght bein knob-  
d an, or scartid a'bein run over by a cab  
driver.—That's a blessin.—Pogmoor  
menack.