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BRANIGAN'S

Chronicles and Curiosities.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."—SHAKESPEARE.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

For Branigan's Chronicles and Curiosities.

MR. BRANIGAN,—I have taken the liberty to send the following lines to your little paper for insertion. I think the citizens of the "ambitious little city" should do all in their power to patronise your *Chronicles* and give the sheet support. Toronto has its *Gambler* and *Poker*, and why should we not have a witty paper, too? If these few lines will suit, I will guarantee others in the same style again. The subject is

PHRENOLOGY.

Last night, on looking o'er a book,
Before I went to bed,
I saw what then appeared to me
The picture of a Head;

And on the top, where should be hair,
Were numerous hilly spots,
All lined and marked in various ways,
Laid out like village lots.

Not like th' aforesaid lots, (for sale)
And yet the truth to tell,
Though, not (a sale) I really thought
'Twas on the whole (a sell.)

Because, said I, I think all Heads
Might be described with less work;
And then I thought 'twas nothing but
A puzzle made by guess work.

And then from more to less I got
Into a train of thinking,
Until I swore the inventor had
Been given to hard drinking.

For some Heads they are very large,
And some extremely small;
But better have some kind of Head,
Than have no Head at all.

For some large heads have little brains,
And others they have brains in plenty,
One thing is true, a small head filled
Is better than a large one empty.

Then let us fill the heads we've got,
'Twill keep our brains from getting rusty,
Your *Chronicles* will meanwhile keep
Old Bachelors from getting crusty.

For let Heads differ as they may,
One thing is true—our good friend *Drax*
Will keep our features all one way,
For, like our hearts, they'll all be merry.
I remain, &c.,
PHILIP PATRZ.

For the *Chronicles* and *Curiousities*.

DEAR SIR,—Calling upon an old maid—a friend of mine—a few evenings since, I got myself into the following agreeable conversation:—

"Good evening, Madam," I said to her.

"Good evening, Sir," said she to me.

"I hope you are quite well," I said.

"Indeed I am not," she replied: "I would like to know who *could* be well? That heartless Editor (that's you, sir) of the *Chronicles*; he's making my life wretched and miserable."

"Is it possible! How on earth is that?" I enquired.

"How?" she screamed, and made preparations for getting desperate. In one hand I held my hat, the other held the door. "How, indeed; but just like you; all men alike; ever blind when our wrongs are put before you; all equally heartless; at least it seems so," said she, gradually getting cooler, so I sat down. She continued: "You catch all the young girls—you can in that outrageous net called *Courtship*; get them completely in your power; and all those you cannot catch, you throw your bitter jokes at."

"Oh! It's those wonderful sales, you mean," said I, laughing, "of bachelors and—"

"Yes, and old maids," she added, spitefully. "That's it—that's what I can't get out of my mind."

"Remember the motto," said I—"Nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice;" and, besides, what of the poor bachelors?"

"O," said she, "as to the motto, I didn't think of that—that makes a difference to be sure; and as to the bachelors, there's not half enough of them sold: they would be glad to get off at any price, even for less than fifty cents, and the sooner they are *knocked down* the better. That's my opinion; but when I get married—as I will, most assuredly, just to spite those fellows—

"I'll see that I no husband obey,
But certainly have my own way,
Own way—
But certainly have my own way."

Then, thought I,
If I had a wife like that, I should say
Get quickly out of her way,
Her way—
Get quickly out of her way.

But the conversation now drew to a close, and I was glad to leave her with a much more favorable opinion of matters and things in general, and of the *Chronicles* and Editor in particular; but still with the rash determination to marry immediately, which she seems bound to carry out.

Now, Sir, hoping that you will do something or other in the way of giving advice, or some plan to prevent so fearful a consummation,

I remain yours, &c. H.

P. S.—On leaving, I was requested particularly to bring the next *Chronicles* on my next visit. Just think of that. H.

Why is R. McKinstry like a horse?
Because his brother is a mare, (Mayor.)

"THOSE AWFUL SALES."

'Tis something *quare*, and something rare,
To get a good fellow like you, sir,
Who makes us jolly, and quit all our folly,
To read the queer things you do, sir,
There's bachelors sold, with silver and gold,
And some without money at all, sir,
And some, somewhat fair, and some, somewhat spare,
And some, somewhat short, and some tall, sir,
And then, bye and bye, if I don't chance to die,
I would like you to sell myself, sir,
(But now you must know, I don't want to go
To sell myself for *peff*, sir.)

But in present "hard times," I read all your rhymes,
And everything else I see, sir,
Next from the fair you've old maids there,
Now that's the ticket for me, sir.

But some there are, who would sooner by far
Divide their thoughts with their glasses, sir,
Not so with me, for I like to see
Your compliments paid to the lasses, sir.

Of course, now and then, we see a few men
Who profess to be woman-haters, sir,
But those fellows' feelings, are shallow, like peelings,
With hearts like small *potatoes*, sir.

Yours in fun,

SCRIBLER'S SCRAPS.

HAMILTON, Jan'y. 1858.

MR. BRANIGAN,

I send you the following scrap, which was written in the phrenzy of desperation, inspired by the uncomfortable state of circumstances described below. I hope you will give it a place in your spicily little paper, as I wish to draw attention to this midnight nuisance, and as a friend has suggested, see what has become of the police, for aint they paid to put down all sorts of rows, and sure the devil himself could not bate a brace of cats engaged in a midnight squabble. Hoping that you may never be disturbed by the like,
I remain, &c., G. M. M.

THE CAT-ASTROPHE

Of all the ills that round us hover,
Protected by the night's black cover,
There's not, I'll take my oath on that,
An evil like a squalling cat!
Just when one's dozing off to sleep,
Behold he comes with stealthy creep,
And underneath my window sill—
When everything is hushed and still,
Pipes forth the war-cry of his race,
Who issues from each hiding place,
To join their most unearthly notes—
Poured from a crew of feline throats—
First one calls loudly to his fellow—
In tones pitched anything but mellow,
And he replies in accents shrill—
Another answers shriller still,
While numerous others join the choir—
Pitching their notes an octave higher,