

NO BOWELS OF COMPASSION.—One day last week we saw the Household Goods of a poor old British Pensioner removed from his little domicile to the Market place, where they were sold, to satisfy the claims of his landlord. Touched with sympathy for the poor old fellow, whose reputation for honesty is good, we enquired of one of the by-standers, who happened to know all the circumstances, as to the amount of the tenant's indebtedness, and was told in reply, that Allan Easson, ex-Councillor for St. Mary's Ward, was selling the worn-out soldier's effects to pay the sum of *twenty-seven shillings and sixpence currency!* On one side of the group stood the hoary-headed Jew of a landlord—on the other the veteran who has served his country, quietly smoking his pipe, while his little all was being sacrificed. A worthy mechanic, we are glad to say, stepped in to the old man's rescue and bought in his furniture. This is the smallest thing we ever knew even a small-souled Scotchman to do—Easson really makes one blush for his country, but he shall have his reward.

A PETTY AFFAIR.—The genius who presides over the destinies of the Brantford Courier must really be unfit for even that position, seeing that his petty spleen prompted him to publish the request of an American subscriber to stop the paper, simply because the orthography of the written request was not good. The Courier in several articles abused the Americans in a most shamefully—hence the request. It was a small way for the editor to retaliate, and shows him to be too thin-skinned for the editorial chair of even an obscure and imbecile paper of the Courier's stamp.—Such meanness will find its own level and work out its own cure. The indignant subscriber informs us, that before reading the Courier, his spelling was excellent; but the force of the example there set him was too much; hence the errors in orthography. There seems to be some show of reason in this conclusion, for the editor appears to have understood every word his subscriber wrote him—though he very unwillingly acknowledges it.

FREETON FAIR.—This Fair, chiefly for the sale of Cattle, was held this week, and was well attended, many of our Butchers being there. It seems ridiculous that an obscure place like Freeton should possess a Fair, and a large City like this be without one, to the manifest inconvenience of our purchasers of stock. An Act was passed, empowering the Sheriff to hold a Fair, and could, we doubt not, be procured of Bellamy Jarvis. We hope some action will be taken in the matter, as it behoves every one to assist in restoring the prosperity of Hamilton, to which the establishment of a Monthly Fair would greatly conduce.



ORIGINAL WHITTINGS

BY JACK KNIFE.

"THE RAGING CANAL" ECLIPSED.—In a recent issue of the Brantford Courier there appeared some twelve verses of *rhyme*, (we won't say poetry,) which beat anything of the kind we have seen for very many years. It was a mournful ditty on the late railway accident near Dundas, and commenced as follows:—

It was on the 18th day of March,
Eighteen hundred and fifty-nine,
The rain came down in torrents,
And we had an awful time.

The Courier's staff of poets have long been notorious for the elegance of their composition and the grandeur of their subjects.—Without jesting, they are "some squashes!"

Mrs. Partington has written Mr. Brantigan to tell him that she thinks him a very bad man for opening hanging gardens, and asks if the man now under sentence of death here is to be hanged in Mr. B's gardens. She thinks it shameful that such things should be done for the amusement of the public.

Who of the present members of our City Council should be the most learned?

Councillor James Walker, who has spent the greater portion of his life in diffusing the light acquired in his extensive travels through the classic fields of Greece [grease.] Hence to his (h)ashes! as ex-Councillor Dally would say.

It is said that a fashionable barber in this City has offered Councillor Nowlan a pretty large sum for the use of his face to strop razors on during the ensuing year. It is so hard that two or three rubs imparts a very keen edge.

If Wright supplies himself with flour from the same Mills he used to patronize, isn't it but reasonable to suppose that the bread made from that grist should be as black as your hat!

Why should the Printers of this City stick to that excellent Restaurant on the North-East corner of James and Main Streets?

Because it is under the influence and guardianship of a well conducted Press.

Why should the neighborhood of the Theatre in this city be under the surveillance of Game-keepers?

Because the "Dead Rabbits" are a nuisance in that locality.

When does a man become a two wheeled vehicle?

When he's a little sulky.

The circulation of the *Chronicles* having far surpassed our most sanguine expectations, (orders constantly reaching us from almost every section of the country,) we have resolved to devote a moderate space of our sheet to short advertisements. We have excluded advertising or far from our columns; but lately our list has went up so rapidly, that it has reached us on enlarging our sheet at an early date, so that to those wishing to make their wares, etc., known to the public, it affords the best medium in this section of the Province. We have blushed at the repeated compliments of our contemporaries and numerous friends, as being the *ne plus ultra* amongst the humorous journals; but then we cannot feel surprised when we consider that the *Chronicles and Curiosities* are now household words in the homes of our countrymen.

Advertisements.

BRANIGAN'S MARKET STABLES,
ON THE MARKET SQUARE.

THESE STABLES are the Most Commodious in the city, and were originally built and owned by J. B. Matthews, Esq. JOHN AUSTIN latterly kept the premises, which are Capable of ACCOMMODATING 150 SPANS OF HORSES

In the Most Comfortable Manner, and at VERY MODERATE CHARGES. Farmers and others attending the Market can always have their horses under their eye while selling their produce. Careful hostlers in attendance. Stables open on Sunday, and free for the use of parties from the country attending Church, but subject to their own care.

HAY FOR SALE.

A Large Quantity of excellent Hay always on hand, and for sale in small quantities, at Market Rates. OATS and BRAN also on hand and for sale. T. BRANIGAN. Hamilton, April 1, 1859.

HANGING GARDENS.

THE CONTEMPTIBLE DODGE RESORTED TO BY our city rulers to extort money from the keepers of this city, under false promise 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, splits 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. Already 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 enhanced by the Springs Brewery Brass Band. Admission 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."