

"Another Daniel come to Judgment."**"THE TIMES" versus "THE CURIOSITIES."**

Frequently, since we entered into the business of publishing, have we come in contact with the reputed proprietor of the *Times*, and as frequently have we had a tilt or two, in which of course, our verdant contemporary always came off second best. Burning with hatred and revenge our jealous brother chip attempted last Monday to interfere with us in the discharge of our functions as Market Clerk, by summoning a respectable woman named Pot it, and man named Jones, who had a quantity of butter for sale in the market, up to the police office on a charge of *not having paid the market fees!* Now, supposing that we choose to collect no fees at all, who has the right to interfere with us? No one; but the party who did, in this instance was desirous of buying the butter for a favorite hackster of his, hence the interference.

The farce of a trial having been gone through, the parties were dismissed, and the "dodger" left to bite his nails and pay costs. Nothing daunted, this hero, who, like Wellington's soldiers, doesn't know when he's licked, induced a Mrs. Margaret McKenzie to charge us before Capt. Armstrong with disorderly conduct towards her on Wednesday last, which she accordingly did—but which charge was at once dismissed as being out of the stipendiary magistrate's jurisdiction. We left the court to attend to our affairs, but scarcely had we done so when "Mayjer" Gray entered it, and insisted upon the case being gone on with. The *ball* was again opened in our absence; some three or four witnesses examined; the dodger's pleading listened to very attentively by an amused crowd; and all this in the face of our having acknowledged the correctness of all Mrs. McKenzie's assertions, and the decision of the magistrate that he could not deal with a case of such a nature. What will the public say to this? But now to the cause of the action and extent of our offence:

ATTENTION.—At the Temperance meeting held in the John street hall, last Saturday evening, we learn that a young Cicero, named Moffatt, delivered an oration on the milk and water subject, (not Temperance,) and entertained the audience for half an hour, by cutting all manner of figures—making his head turn squarsets, and knocking his goblin arms into "*thin air*," to the no small amusement of the "great unwashed." We have nothing to say against the matter, but the manner in which he gave his arms locomotion, reminded us of a *hen dancing on a hot griddle.*

A BASE FALSEHOOD.—The person who asserts that the moustachios of pettifogger McAl-r-y, were purchased last spring at McIntoshes, tells a base lie, and if repeated we will make his name public.

MR. BUCHANAN ON THE TARIFF.—Our city member has at length found something on which to base an opposition to the government; and that something appears to be nothing less than something which affects his interests as a merchant, and likely to take something out of his business exchequer. Now as we gave Mr. Buchanan a warm support in his election, we should much rather he had found something more political in its character than the tariff of Mr. Galt, whereby we, as a conservative of the old school, might know whether we had done right in supporting him as warmly as we did. Mr. Buchanan's parliamentary career thus far has not been sufficiently decisive in its character to please his conservative friends, many of whom will likely give him the cold shoulder if he take not a more active part and a bolder stand on the great questions of the country. We shall see what we shall see.

JUVENILE DEPRAVITY.—While taking a walk up James street, on Wednesday evening, our attention was attracted to a crowd of girls, boys and men, who were "skylarking" on the corner by the Post office. We neared the group and were astonished that such a scene could be enacted in so public a place, at the early hour of half-past seven, and on a beautiful moonlight night, with impunity. There were present four females, all of tender age, but two of them mere children of 12 or 13 years—eight or ten men and boys—black and white; but not a solitary policeman. The obscenity of the conversation, which was carried on between the different parties in a loud tone of voice, was shocking in the extreme, and gave evidence on the part of those engaged in it, that though young, they had been apt scholars in the schools of vice which abound in our midst. Where are our police? Echo alone gives back a response—*where?*

A GOOD THING.—The "hop" at Lee's Argyle Coffee Rooms, on Tuesday night, was well attended, many pious persons having *lent* their presence to give it eclat. George is not a bad fellow, when you get on the *Lee* side of him, and we are glad of his success.

AN UNFINISHED TALE.—*"Am I really dear, Sophia? I whispered, and pressed my bungling lips to her rosy mouth. She did not say yes, she did not say no, but she returned my kiss, and the earth went from under my feet, and my soul was no longer in my body. I touched the stars. I knew the happiness of the seraphim! The above is all of this deeply exciting story that we can publish. The remainder will be found in the New York Blower of April 1st, which has 4,000,000 more subscribers than there are inhabitants in the world. Silvernose Korn Kob, writes for it, and 'tis sold everywhere in the world and out of it."*

**ORIGINAL WHITTINGS**

BY JACK KNIFE.

Which is the most extensive wholesale dry goods establishment in Hamilton?

That one owned by a firm that takes in an A. Kerr (*acre*).

When was the *Growler* a fashionable dog?

When it was *cur-tailed* in its impudence by the *Chronicles*.

"There's a change in the things that we love," as the poor fellow said when asked to pay ten cents a drink for brandy.

A "GRAVE" SUBJECT.—I've got a perfect *skeleton*, as the fat woman said when she put on her new Victoria Skirt.

ON DIT.—A rumor was in circulation in this city yesterday, that "Pluff," the junior editor of the *Growler*, had made his appearance on the street with a *CLEAN FACE*, having been introduced to Samuel Nathan, the great Soap Man, and procured a paper of his celebrated soap, for removing stains.

SPIRIT RAPPING.—Since the City Council increased the charge for licenses to sell *ardent spirits*, the number of *mediums* has been gradually on the decline here. This last *tap* was a *master stroke*, though we don't care a rap for it, as we know where *good spirits* are *re-tailed*.

TO JAMES H—c N—b.

Two years ago, on Maiden Lane,
Liv'd a young gent quite void of brain,
Who thinking himself very great,
Took it into his foolish pate,
That he to England direct would start,
And show them there that he was smart.
So he crossed over to the English shore,
And we hoped that we ne'er should see him
more,

Yet when he comes back he's worse than
ever,

With the latest style of a new black beaver.

When promenoing about the street,

If a fair young lady he chances to meet,

If he knows her not first, he tips a wink,

Then like an owl his goggle eyes do blink,

And he thinks that he is exceedingly witty

Thus to promenade this little city,

Frightening all the girls away,

So that one can't see them out by day.

Yet, should he not stop within a week,

Some smart young man his haunts will seek

And fart with will give him such a beating,

As will much effect his powers of eating,

ANN-SNOODOM.