

BRANIGAN'S

Chronicles and Curiosities.

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

VOL. I.—No. 17.

HAMILTON, C. W., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1859.

PRICE, TWO-PENNY.

For Branigan's Chronicles.

THE PARTY.

Will you favor me by inserting the following lines in your next paper?

Yours, &c., A PARTY-GOER.

Oh! were you at the shine last night,
The shine of all the season?
I mean the one that was given by
X. and Y. McZ, which was very pleasing?
If you were not there I'll tell you all
That occurred upon that particular night,
And how they danced and how they talked,
And how they drank champagne till daylight.

But first the guests: they all assembled
About the evening hour of seven;
And such a motley group was there,
Were I to tell it I wouldn't be believed.
But one, the queerest chap of all,
With his hair all set in a frizzle;
To a barber all the noon he'd been,
And his head with oil did drizzle.
The noted gentleman is named —
And his ringlet locks they look'd so
They took the fancy of all the girls,
Because, for the occasion, they seem'd so meet.

And now the lady-guests must come,
And in their several characters appear,
Especially her with hoop so very big—
The one the boys call stout Mary dear;
And Gus, with still rounder face than ever,
And Charlotte, also, was seen there,
From whom George D. the evening could not
sever;

And dear Lizzy A. must not be forgot,
Nor Lizzy F., the dearie, neither,
Nor nice Miss B., so short and sweet,
Or darling Madam C., the flirt, either.

And now with music of fiddlers three,
They dance and trip the toe;
But soon to supper they are called,
And all prepared to go;
And Dauny says, "Now take my arm,
"Oh dearest, dearest, Miss C., do,
"And down to supper we will go,
"And I will wait on you!"

And now we see them chewing hard,
To see who'll eat the most;
The wine they drink, the champagne quaff,
And now they drink their host.
Then one with lungs that are always ready,
Began to sing "For he's a jolly good fellow."
Some him they cheered, but Fizzle-hair hissed,
For which singer H. near made him bellow.

And now their supper they have finished,
And to the parlor have returned—
Some drunk, and others more or less—
A few sober, who had better manners learned.
Again they dance, and again they flirt,
While Burkey plays the fiddle,
John B. and others pretty things to the girls
do say,

And they who are drunk sing "Hi di diddle!"

Quoth one, "Why surely, Dan, you're drunk."
Quoth Dan, "I say you lie;
"But if at the lamp I look,
"A haze appears before my eye!"
But yet they dance, and yet and yet;
One would think they'd never tire;
But when the clock struck five, they said,
"I think we will retire!"

Then off they started for to go,
But only started, mind you;

For many fell on the way-side,
And those were left behind you.

And thus concluded this grand spree,
Which knocked a fellow up for a week after,
And left him with a vile headache—
And no more sproes will he seek after.

For the Chronicles and Curiosities.
TO MR. MITTENS.

Sir,—You vain would perform what others
have attempted, yet never accomplished, viz.
that of finding out who "Kitty" is, and your
efforts will prove as equally unsuccessful as
theirs. Well; you insinuate that I'm as ugly
as sin, and impudent besides. Really, Sir, I
never was aware before that I resembled you
so much. Surely you are only joking, and
merely wish to put me out of conceit with
myself. I am afraid you will, in a measure,
accomplish your design if you even once
again *hint* at my looking like you. Augh!
the very thought is terrifying beyond the
power of endurance. You most impudently
assert that people don't think me smart. I
am not to judge the opinions of common-
sense individuals by the senseless gabbling of
a half-fledged gosling—wait until you are
full-feathered ere you throw down your "mit-
tens" to pick up a pep.

There would be no perceptible imaginable
use in showing myself in order that you may
like me, for I most emphatically assure you
that any such love on your part would not
even be desirable, and most undoubtedly not
reciprocated. The reason why I am so posi-
tive on the subject is, that I am perfectly
aware of my utter aversion to fools of every
description; so, consequently, if your mind
is enlightened in the least degree, you will
readily perceive why you stand no chance
whatever of ingratiating yourself into my
affections.

Mind your own hands, "Mittens," and
don't be trifling with a single finger of
Kitty's.

KITTY-FINGER-IN-THE-PIE! I should like to
know why it is that every body's pulling poor
McM.'s moustache. Is it because their habi-
tations are infested with rats, and they would
fain steal a few hairs to administer to those
aforementioned little torments, as an exter-
minating poison? or do they merely twitch
it for the wicked delight of causing him to
draw his stiff face out of shape? However,
for goodness' sake do let him and his mous-
tache alone—do allow him to reap the bene-
fits of so much hard labor as he has per-
formed in the cultivation thereof.

Poor unfortunate moustache martyr!

KITTY.

Hamilton, Feb. 21, 1859.

For the Chronicles and Curiosities.

A NEW KIND OF BREAD TICKET.

Mr. B.—A few days previous to the St.
Mary's festival, one of the civil rulers requir-
ing some of the article called the staff of life,
despatched his boy to the baker's for twelve
tickets. The baker, being a bit of a wag,
thought he would take the tickets himself,
and straightway made for the great man's
residence, armed with twelve festival tickets.
A loud knock at the door summoned a ser-
vant, to whom the tickets were handed, say-
ing that was the kind her master ordered,

and took his leave. Great was the indigna-
tion of the public functionary when he found
himself thus caught. So he posts off the bak-
er, where a hearty laugh and explanations
followed. The baker, however, succeeded in
disposing of the now cooled down magister
four of the festival tickets. QUIP.

For Branigan's Chronicles.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

This is the day, young charming lass,
On which all jokes for truths will pass,
Either to the common mass,
Or as to you, a single ass.

Now, pray, don't stretch your ugly face—
I fear you'll spoil your lovely grace,
Which Nature's God to you has given,
And makes your halo smile a heaven,
But for the brazen picture riven,
By jealous pride and hatred driven.

To think elaborate knowledge only reigus
In moon-struck boys or blind old brains!

Mayhap, sweet M., you do impart
To ignorance a lasting smart
With cat-o'-nine, on the tender part,
Or, by some more debasing art,
No doubt you'll find some prudent man,
On whom to pack your ignorant A—n.

But then she's grown so very old—
The story of her school is told—
Then comes R—r—n so bold,
To work against the toothless scold—
Your arts will prove a vain endeavor,
And bring you just contempt forever.

Before your youthful bard is done,
He'll tell you of the booby son,
His drunken course so recent run,
And what at home so soon must come.

The empty bubble soon must burst,
And gossips, fools, and all be cursed;
The carriage, farm, and all will go.
Poor G—s returning to the hoe,
Will never cease to puff and blow,
And every feature plainly show
That long-eared asses will intrude
To ape the monarch of the wood.

Now seized by Poverty's cold hand,
Old peddling B. will ever stand,
At grasping all the widow's land;
Or, with the devil's missile armed—
Like a roaring lion every hour,
Seeking whom he may devour.

In spite of all those crocodile tears,
The hairy devil oft appears,
Through those ugly taunts and jeers,
And shows his face in nasty jeers.

If Satan would retain his throne,
He'd better let those few alone!

ELDER-DEACON-BILL.

Feb. 14, 1859.

THE origin of the phrase "mind your
P.'s and Q.'s" is said to have been a
call of attention, in the old English ale-
houses, to the *pints* and *quarts* being
scored down to the unconscious or reck-
less beer-bibber.

WHAT do you propose to take for
your cold?" "Oh I'll sell very cheap,
I won't higgie about the price."