

# BRANIGAN'S CHRONICLES AND CURIOSITIES.

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

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HAMILTON, C.W., SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1859.

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For the Chronicles.

## TO CARRIE.

Carrie, with thy laughing eye,  
And winning smile, and witty face,  
Which does the critic's glance defy,  
And dares young Cupid's love menace.

Ah did'st thou love me, fairy queen  
As I love thy dear self, I ween  
Thou would'st not look on me so cold  
As thou hast ever done of old.

Remove that haughty, frigid glance,  
Which thou art wont to cast at me;  
I know it will thy charms enhance,  
And fill my heart more full of thee.

Relieve my overburdened heart  
Which cannot with thy image part,  
And say thou wilt be mine forever,  
That death alone our hearts shall sever.

I know thou can'st love with a love  
As deep as ever filled the soul  
With passions wild—too firm to rove  
From its first love—its young love's goal.

'E'en now methinks I hear thee say  
Thou art my choice above all men;  
Oh much loved maid! thou sprightly fay—  
Thou brilliant, beauteous Carrie N—.

Nor hast thou aught of earthly matters  
cares;  
Thy youthful heart has never learned to  
love—

Oh may thy sunny brow be ever spared  
The clouds of sorrow that would o'er it  
rove.

Hamilton, March, 1859.

EDWARD.

AN ASSIGNATION.—Not long since an advertisement appeared in a city paper, headed—"Matrimonial." Several answers were received by the advertiser, and at last he selected one of the fair writers. In order to bring about a meeting it was agreed between the parties, who had never seen each other, that they should pass a certain corner in a public thoroughfare of our city, on a certain evening and at a certain hour—the lady to wear a blue veil and the gent to have an artificial rose in his button hole. They met, and recognizing each other by those tokens, sauntered along the street to a more retired part, where melting words of tenderness passed between them. Emboldened with his success, the gay Lothario raised the veil to imprint an impassioned kiss on the lips of his Dulcinea. Blood and thunder! he exclaimed, starting back, as he discovered the well-known features of *his own sister!*

## DEACON FREE-THINKER ON THE STUMP.



The Cost of Going to Church.  
PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE TIMES.  
PICTURE NO. 1.

In more prosperous days the primitive simplicity of many of our dissenting churches, gave place to the finery and taste, which a sudden influx of wealth enabled their congregations to indulge in—and now we find the Methodists—whether *Primitive*, Episcopal, or Wesleyan, just as fond of grand display—both in their churches and their houses, as the established and aristocratic Church of England, from which their great and good head, Wesley, seceded. Our Presbyterian, Free (B) Baptist, and Congregational Churches, all vie with each other in the grandeur of their structure; the elegance of their interior fitting, and their other attractions—and all seem to agree heartily, in either excluding the poor man altogether, or placing him in some obscure corner, behind the door or some where else, unless he can pay \$100 a year for a more prominent position. Yes, reader—the poor mechanic or laborer, with his little family, has to pay (beside other incidental contributions), from one to two dollars per Sabbath, for hearing the word of Life expounded, unless he can bear to have his feelings wounded by humiliations, and well understood distinctions. And yet we annually send money abroad to support foreign missionaries, while thousands and thousands of men and women in our very midst, are allowed to go down to their graves without an effort being made to bring them to the Lords Sanctuary. And why? Because the pews in these fashionable temples are thronged with better paying customers. Let the honest man put his hand upon his heart, and look over this growing

city, and ask himself how many of its churches contain strange Gods, and how few—in which the Great Creator Himself, delights to dwell. Surely, in some of them the tables of their moucy-changers need up-setting; and the brazen image, gold, should be taken from off the altars of others. There is most assuredly required in most of the churches on this continent a *shaking amongst the dry bones*, and we hope soon to see it.

MR. BRANIGAN,

Dear Sir,—One evening last week I was passing along King street in company with two ladies, and when opposite a certain store, narrowly escaped being knocked down and injured by a shutter being suddenly thrust up from the cellar with great force. Should not some course be adopted to prevent the possibility of accidents from this cause? as severe injury might be inflicted upon a passer by, and remedy in such a case be difficult.

Yours respectfully,

PATER-FAMILIAS.

The grievance to which our correspondent refers, is we believe already provided for in the existing By-laws; but if a long resident here, he must know that the law is made subservient to political purposes, and nuisances of this description are therefore permitted to exist with impunity. Should any injury occur to him his remedy would be in the County Court; but we regret to say this infringement of the law is not a solitary one. Goods are delivered at many of our stores in a manner exceedingly dangerous to pedestrians, as well as at great inconvenience. This should not exist as many desirable localities are to be found where business might be carried on without becoming a nuisance to other parties. We have no desire to cramp commercial enterprise, but rather to encourage it; but if it is right to have the "right man in the right place," so is it necessary to have the right store in the right place; and we know instances where old and obsolete laws have been raked up to punish offences of this kind, when the unlucky wight has not happened to have "friends at court."

In order to remedy evils of this description combined action is necessary, and our correspondent, with others who may have received annoyance from these causes, should go to work, and with "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether," success is certain.