

at the hands of a stranger. No, he shuts the doors of his own house—or rather that of his father-in-law's, (in which he lives,) upon this sister, who, if the remembrances of childhood are in the least fresh in his memory, should be looked upon as a prize—as a being the object of love and of loving attention. Yes, while he—this Mr. M—h,—this lump of inhumanity—this structure of ingratitude—stalks through the high society got to him by marriage, a sister abides in the same town in want of the comforts which the *cursed* pride of her brother tells him not to grant.—Ashamed, he ought to be to raise his eyes from the ground. But, no,—with a J—s S—w M—th impudence, he brazen through it all. God have pity upon such a man, for no human being can.

Yours, &c., &c.,

BO-PEEP.

CHANGE OF PUBLICATION DAY.—We have concluded to issue the "Chronicles and Curiosities" hereafter on Thursday. The hurry of business on Saturdays, has been the cause of the changes. When there is a silver dollar to be earned (these times) people won't take time to read newspapers, even of as high a class as the "Chronicles," and we have therefore determined to issue it on a day, on which it will be hailed as a welcome visitor.

THE ATLAS.—The publication of the *Atlas* will commence on Friday, May 13. We have been handed, by the publishers, an advance proof sheet; and as we predicted, it is decidedly the neatest specimen of typography we have seen produced in Canada. "The adventures of a Hamiltonian," promises to be an exciting tale—and we have no doubt the circulation of the *Atlas* will soon outstrip its American rivals.

Several Communications lie over to be attended to in our next.

SWIFT once attempted in a humorous mood to prove that all things were governed by the word *led*. Said he, "Our noblemen and drunkards are *pimp*led, physicians and pulses are *feele*d, their patients are *pile*d, a now married man and an ass are *brid*led, an old man and a pack-horse are *sadd*led, cats and dice are *ratt*led, swine and nobility are *sty* led, a coquette and a tinder box are *spark*led.

SAM SLICK says there are two languages that are universal—the language of love and the language of money; the gals understand the one, and the men understand the other, all the world over.

The world is a treadmill, which turns all the time, and leaves no choice but to sink or climb.

Who ever heard of a widow committing suicide on account of love? A little experience is very wholesome.

When does mortification ensue? when you pop the question, and are answered no.

On one occasion John Jacob Astor was importuned for a charity subscription, and finally gave ten dollars.

Why, sir, exclaimed the astonished collector, your son William gave twenty dollars!

Very good, sir, said Astor, but you must remember the razor has a rich father.

[REPORTED FOR THE CHRONICLES.]

MEETING OF TAVERN AND SALOON KEEPERS.—A meeting of those interested in the operation of the law which orders that places of refreshments shall be closed on Saturday nights at 7 o'clock, was held at Maguire's Saloon, on Thursday evening. Among the Spakers was Pat, himself who expressed himself in the following eloquent terms:—

My beloved friends and fellow countrymen, we are met here to discuss the question whether the industrious and honest—the bone and sinew of the country—are to be oppressed and trampled on by men, whom we have appointed to make for us good and wholesome laws, my beloved friends, but who, instead of doing the duties appointed them, have turned round upon us and like ogres are going to devour us. This, my beloved friends, is not a question to be slighted—it is not a question whether Davy Boyle shall or shall not get drunk on whiskey—whether his Worship the Mayor shall imbibe port wine, or my beloved friends whether Alderman Cochran should be made to indulge his thirst for persecution in a water-butt. My beloved friends, we are met here to deliberate on a subject of far more importance than any such as these—we are assembled here to take means to assert our liberties and protect our pockets against tyrants and robbers. Yes, my beloved friends, we are called upon to arm ourselves against the encroachments and robberies of those that we pay to protect us. We can do so, we shall do so, and—we shall kick the scoundrels to—hem—out of this great, good and glorious country, which they are running. We shall kick them to Muine, my beloved friends, where, I hope, they will have to eat sour bread and drink bad water all the days of their lives. My beloved friends we are a high and honorable body in this city. We pay our taxes and our licenses, and are to be awindled out of the rights which we are buying so dearly?—We shall not, my beloved friends. The days of Mackenzie and '37 are not forgotten—the strong arm of the oppressor shall be met by a stronger, and the bugaboos shall be walked out of the country to the tune of the rogues march. I tell you, my beloved friends, it shall be so—for, my customers, at no time, in my house, shall want for the best—they, at all times—for they all conduct themselves like gentlemen—shall have their *horn*, as gentlemen should have, when they want it. And my beloved friends what'll you have?

THE VOLCANO PELO.—A curious phenomenon was observed during the recent volcanic eruption at the Sandwich Islands. A correspondent of a California paper says: "Once, while standing on a rock with several others, perhaps two hundred feet from the stream, a loud, ringing noise was heard, as if the rock had been struck by an immense sledge-hammer. We started, not knowing but P'elo was under and after us, but soon found our alarm groundless, though the noise was probably caused by the liquid lava running under the ground, and suddenly filling up a cave beneath us. A little after, a singular scene presented itself—the appearance of a man sitting on a rock and riding along on the top of the fiery lava stream. So deceptive was this allusion, that several of the party, when it was first observed, looked around to see if one of their number had not by accident got on the stream. The life-like image moved slowly along, till suddenly his head tumbled off, and the whole image soon disappeared.

There is only one objection to people who mean well, and that is they never find time to carry out their meaning.

The young Duke says the best season for gold digging is when you are in the veins. This experience entitles his opinion to respect, but it appears he went when in the humour without ever arriving at the vein.

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. MATHEWS, 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 BEAN also on hand and for sale. T. BRANIGAN. Hamilton, April 1, 1869.

HANGING GARDENS.

THE CONTEMPTIBLE DODGE RESORTED TO BY our city rulers to extort money from the In-keepers of this city, under false promises, as published 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, calls 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 enlightened by the Springs Brewery Brass Band. Ad in tance 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."

Published and Sold by the Proprietor, T. BRANIGAN, at his Saloon, McNab Street, (Market Square,) and may be had at all the City Book Stores—Price, THREE CENTS.