

# BRANIGAN'S

## Chronicles and Curiosities.

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

Vol. I.—No. 9.

HAMILTON, C. W., SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1859.

PRICE, THREE CENTS.

### NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

To you, kind patrons of my witty sheet,  
I here present you with my New Year's  
treat,

And compliments, all suited to the season,  
And a rich feast of wit and reason;  
Trusting, that while you enjoy your New  
Year's revel,

You'll not forget your *Patron Saint*—the *devil*,  
Who, on this happy morn, presents his rhymes,  
In fair exchange for your bright shining dimes.  
But, readers, lest you confound my name  
With that of him who walks in sulph'rous  
flame,

I will inform you with my happiest grace,  
That I'm the *devil* of the *inky* face;—  
For since last year was usher'd into light,  
Your old friend BRANIGAN's been made a  
"Knight

"Of Quill and Scissors!" and he tries to please  
Each one of you with his *Curiosities*;—  
And I'm his *imp*, and a good one, I trow,  
So to you all I make my New Year's bow,  
And wish you many a happy New Year's day,  
~~By you are snach'd from this fair world away,~~  
To dwell in the bright land where Chris-  
tians go,

Or, with my generous namesake, *down below!*  
Patrons! the year just gone has had its  
share

Of joys and troubles, and the tyrant, Care,  
Has cut his name upon its hoary head;  
And though it's parted from us, we'll not shed  
Tears o'er its death, but take a short review  
Of its important incidents, both strange and  
new.

First, in importance of them all, I think,  
Is the laying of the electric link,  
Which joins the heart of Uncle Sam to British  
John:

And though few words as yet have past along,  
The time will come when it will act its part,  
And bind in bonds of love the gen'rous heart  
Of happy England to that of Jonathan—  
Who, by the way, is now a full-grown man,  
Having thrown to the winds his swaddling-  
clothes,

And, by his persevering traits, arose  
From nothingness into his present place,  
An honor to th' Anglo-Saxon race. (1)

Next is the crisis, which threatened of late,  
To swamp forever our own "Ship of State";  
But, thanks to honest (!) men and sturdy sail,  
She's safely rode out the financial gale.

Then, there's the treaty with John Chinaman.  
As also that with Emperor of Japan,  
The highest object sought of both when made,  
Was to throw open their broad doors of trade  
Unto the commerce of the East and West,  
And who'll not say their labors have been  
bless'd!

Next in review, the varied wonders pass,—  
Psychology, electricity, clairvoyance, and gas,  
With rapping spirits drawn by brotherly love,  
To visit earth from brighter spheres above;  
And Peace Conventions, called to discuss  
Whether 'tis right or wrong to make a fuss;  
And woman's rights, and woman's duties, too—  
Known to the many, practiced by the few—  
While hoary preachers, fond of gospel lore,  
Hang up their gowns, nor think of preaching  
more;

Whilst *reverend* ladies on the pulpit nod,  
And point the way to wisdom and to God.  
Meanwhile the printer's devil shakes his sides,  
And wonders why learned *Misses* can't be  
*brides!*

Patrons! I fain would talk of our good city,  
And its increasing greatness, in this ditty;  
But 'tis all known to you as well as I,  
So I will say God speed, and pass it by;—  
But we will very soon have the Elections,  
And then I'll walk into each man's affections.  
I'll wish one joy, and bid him God speed,  
For the friend of the *devil* is sure to succeed!

Patrons! I've done; 'tis a wild song I've  
sung,  
And sad words, "good bye," rest on my  
tongue;  
But speak them I can't, my heart seems to  
swell,

And I cannot exclaim—Farewell! Farewell!  
THE "CHRONICLE'S" IMP.

### C. Branigan's Letter-Box, No. 20, P. O., HAMILTON.

Hamilton, December, 1858.

DEAR MR. BRANIGAN:

I am about to give you a trial, namely, whether you will permit the invidious attack of "Squintam," against the young ladies, to remain forever uncontradicted, or defend them by publishing the enclosed letter.—By complying with my request, you will not come off the loser; for there are *hundreds* of weddings, bride-cake, &c. in perspective, but of which you shall not share, if you do not refute the calumny. Ladies on the sunny side of thirty are not old maids; besides, some of those whose names are mentioned scarcely look twenty.

Yours sincerely,

AN OLD, COURTEZAN.

P.S.—You have now an opportunity of redeeming yourself in the opinion of all the ladies.

[ENCLOSURE]

Hamilton, Dec. 21st, 1858.

DEAR MR. BRANIGAN:

I am but a recent arrival in the Province—a bachelor—and as fond of a lark as any man. Since your *Chronicles* have been published, I have not omitted purchasing them; so, you see, I am quite familiar with your sayings and doings.

In your Saturday's paper, I think you forgot your motto, "Nothing extenuate nor set down ought in malice;" for I observed the names of several young ladies bro't to the public notice in a most malicious manner. Now, these said ladies, from my personal knowledge of them, are not only not deficient in amiability of disposition, but beauty, modesty, wit, and genius, form some of their finest characteristics. I avow myself a devoted admirer and champion of the fair sex, and can not help remarking, that such detraction from real merit is highly reprehensible in any man to pen, let alone to print. "The man in Corduroys" seeing her (one of the young ladies here alluded to) "squint" at him, reminds me of—

"The fox who tried, but all in vain,  
The nice sweet grapes just to obtain:  
He licked his lips for full an hour,  
Then went and said the grapes were sour."  
A BACHELOR.

To the Editor of Branigan's Chronicles and Curiosities.

HAMILTON, Dec. 27, 1858.

DEAR SIR,—Observing a notice in your excellent paper of the sale of old Bachelors, I was happy to find that none of the letters would answer the initials of my name. I say happy, because I have no desire—in fact, would have a decided objection, when entering into the bonds of matrimony—to be sold. You know, old Bachelors have their whims, and my whim is—to be let; so I send you a notice of this tenantless house, by which the original author—I think he was a denizen of this world about the beginning of last century—found himself occupied in a few days after this insertion in one of the monthly papers of that time; at least so I judge from having looked over two or three of the succeeding issues, which I have at my elbow, and cannot find but one insertion:—

"TO LET.

"To be let, at a very delicate rate,  
A snug little house in a fine, healthy state;  
'Tis a Bachelor's heart, and the agent is  
Chance—

Affection, the rent—to be paid in advance.  
The owner, as yet, has possessed it alone,  
So the fixtures are not of much value, but  
soon

'Twill be furnished by Cupid himself, if a wife  
Takes a lease for the term of her natural life.  
The tenant will have a few taxes to pay—  
Love, Honor, and—heaviest item—Obey!  
As for the good will, the owner's inclined  
To have that, if agreeable, settled in kind;  
Provided true title, by proof can be shown,  
Is a heart unencumbered and free as his own.  
So ladies! dear ladies, pray do not forget,  
Here's an excellent Bachelor's heart to be let."  
B.

For Branigan's Chronicles and Curiosities.

MILTON, Dec. 27th, 1858.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—

My former communication to your *Chronicles* is so pleasing to the people out here, that I am sure you will continue to amuse them by inserting the following in your next issue.

Our Dodger, I am happy to say, is drooping a little. He now presents rather the appearance of a barn-door fowl seeking shelter before a thunder storm, than the Shanghai rooster I described to you in my last. He has used, since I wrote you, both his schoolmas-