

Our paper will hereafter be published on Thursday instead of Saturday.

To all Whom it may Concern.

But that I am forbid, to tell the secrets of my Prison House, I could a Tale unfold, whose lightest word, would harrow up thy soul—Freeze thy young blood.—make thy eyes like stars shot from their spheres. They knotted and combined locks to part like quills upon the fretful Porcupine—

CAPT.—A—A OR HAMLET—

Ranting roaring Irish joys—
We're the lads, the boakes to please men
Kissing the girls, and licking the boys—
Whack, hurrah for the New Policemen.
Hamilton Police Version of an old Tory—
Pass, Presto, and begone! Such is the venacular of thimble reggers and conquirors.
Would that the above *shibboleth* were equally efficacious as regards *Police Magistry* and their subordinate *Blue Birds*.

Total incompetency on one hand, and ferocious brutality on the other, are fast gaining our city, an unenviable notoriety.

We have always understood that the Police were established for the purpose of protecting sober, decent, and respectable citizens from the attacks, and depredations of *Roadies* and *Thieves*.

However, it appears that a new application of the said force has recently been made in this city, and through the stupidity of the Presiding "*Justice Shallow*" or the hard swearing of two or three *Dogberry's*, a respectable and well esteemed citizen has (without any just cause, or provocation) not only had his skull (reckily a thick one) laid low by a *polthoug* from one of the said *Dogberry's*, but was mulcted in the sum of \$2—by his Sapiency on the Bench.

Persons wishing for information relative to the above will please apply to C—A—n, Pork and sausage shop,

John Street,
Hamilton.

P. S.—No spies, or *Blue Birds* need apply, and no trust given for *Sausages* or *Smoked meat*—to any of the said *Birds*.

Nav Market By-Law.

By favor of the city Clerk we understand that the market by-laws are about to be tinkered for the fiftieth time. The services of Mr. Galt, the provincial Chancellor of the Exchequer, it seems, is to be called on, to *clout the Cauldron*. Let them, whoever, they may be, see to their work, and do it right, for Branigan has an eye upon them.

Cheap Bread.

We noticed in the *Spectator* an advertisement signed by NOBODY! that bread could be purchased at the rate of nine pence per loaf, or nine shillings ey., per bakers dozen. Who this MR. NOBODY is we are unable to find out, and would feel under special obligations to any of our readers who would inform us.

MARRIED.

At Nelligan's Hotel, Main-e-liquor-law street, on the 10th inst., by the Right Rev. Decoction Brandy, D.D., Mr. T. W. White to Beverage, eldest daughter of Moderate Drinker, Esq., of Good Templars' Hall, John street, Hamilton.

THE BRIDE.

Kind mother! how tender—How thoughtful and mild,
She looked as she gazed in deep love o'er
her child;
While she in her heart; breathed this beautiful prayer,
As she gave her loved child to a husband's care.

"There take her, and love her, our long cherished flower
She's pure as the rain drop; that decks the wild bower;
Remember unkindness she never hath known,
But ever hath been, the bright star of our home.

She's fragile though lovely so watch her sweet face,
And if the rose blush to the lily give place;
E endeavour with care to discover the change
Nor rest till thy kindness, the shadow estrange.

Be gentle unto her, remember her youth,
You know, she's been nurtured in virtue and truth;
Then tenderly shield her wherever you go,
From vices that sully this world below.

Our wealth shall be thine, but its nought to compare
With the priceless treasure we give to thy care;
Unsuited by fashion, all thoughtful and mild,
You ever will find our dear dutiful child.

And may you e'er love her, as fondly as now,
May care never plant its deep shades on her brow;
But unchanging in truth, may it e'er be your pride,
To watch, love, and cherish, your beautiful bride."

L. A.

Written for the Atlas.
LINES TO AN INFANT.

BY FATER.

salute thee, little stranger, on this day of sadness born,
When a loving brother died, and left us all to mourn;
Thou' my presence is not with thee, yet my heart
Finds a blessing and a welcome to that mournful home of ours.

There was sorrow in my bosom—there were tears
dropping in some eye,
When I heard of thy arrival, and my soul forgot to sigh;
Thus one rainbow ray of mercy may illumine life's
bleakest show'rs;
Thus I had thee, bud of promise, to that mournful home of ours.

When night's darkness lit the deep, then the morning's beam
from on high,
So the soul in sorrow shrouded, may be bright'ned
from on high;
When the Winter's storm are parted, comes the
Spring with all its flowers;
Thus I had thee, bud of promise, to that mournful home of ours.
Hamilton, April, 1850.

A USEFUL HORSE—A gentleman having a horse that started and broke his wife's neck, a neighboring squire told him he wished to buy it for his wife to ride upon. "No," said the other, "I will not sell it—I intend to marry again myself!"

"Oh, she was a jewel of a wife," said Pat, mourning over the loss of his better half; "she always struck me with the soft end of the mop."

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. Matthews, 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 BRAN also on hand and for sale. T. BRANIGAN.
Hamilton, April 1, 1859.

Why is the naked truth so seldom spoken
Because it is barely polite.

When a young lady catches you alone,
lays violent hands on you, expressing 'kiss'
in every glance—don't you do it!

HANGING GARDENS.

THE CONTUMELIOUS LODGE RESORTED TO by our city rulers to extort money from the Inn keepers of this city, for false promises, as published in 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 arrangement so complete, that the moment a spy or policeman takes his place on the platform, the check-line, which is self-acting, spills 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. Alas! our garden is engaged in planting such flowers and shrubs 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 steam fairs. The proceedings will be culminated by the Springs Brewery Brass Band. An entrance free. Tickets must be obtained, however, before taking place by the special engineer, which is managed by a first-class engineer. Choice liquors and cigars furnished, besides all the latest styles of summer drink. The novelty of this design 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.