

BRANIGAN'S CHRONICLES AND CURIOSITIES.

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

Vol. I.—No. 22.

HAMILTON, C.W., SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1859.

PRICE, TWO-PENCE

MINNIE.

Be kind to each other,
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone;
Then, 'midst our dejection,
How sweet to have earned
The sweet recollection
Of kindness—returned!
When day hath departed,
And memory keeps
Her watch, broken-hearted,
When all she loves sleeps!
Let falsehood assail not,
Nor envy reprove—
Let trifles prevail not
Against those we love!
Nor change with to-morrow,
Should fortune take wing,
But the deeper the sorrow,
The closer we cling!
O, be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone!

Nobody.

Hamilton, March 5, 1859.

[This is sent as original. We think we have read it before; but as it is good, we insert it.—Ed.]

OUR CURIOSITY SHOP

"ALL FOOLS' DAY."

Yesterday was the first of April, called 'All Fools' Day,' for some reason not satisfactorily explained by the ancient historian. Antiquarians have puzzled their brains in vain attempts to discover the cause originating a custom so ridiculous as that which still characterizes the ushering in of a month, which derives its name from the latin word, *aperio*—to open—but without satisfactory results. By the Romans, the first of April was consecrated to Venus, the goddess of beauty, as the earth at this time begins to be clothed in pleasing verdure and beautiful flowers. Other writers have called it the sweetest of the seasons, because it is the harbinger of "delicate footed May." But we find little or nothing in our researches, enabling us to fix the origin of the laughable freaks now played on the occasion, not only by the rising generation, but by children of maturer years. Mr. Douce, an old and respectable authority, says: "After all the conjectures that have been formed touching its origin, it is certainly borrowed from the French,

and may, I think, be deduced from this simple analogy. The French call their April fish (*Poissons d'Avril*)—silly mackerel, or simpletons, who suffer themselves to be caught in this month. But, as with us, he continues, "April is not the season of that fish, we have, very properly, substituted the word—*fools*." To those who were yesterday so unfortunate as to pick up an old hat with a brick in it, we offer these remarks as a solace for their pains and aches—not so high up as if the brick had been in their own hat. The *gudgeons* caught by these silly baits may be very good substitutes for silly French mackerel, so far as the fun of catching them goes, but there the analogy comes to an end—in the one case *painful*—in the other, *pan-full*!

To Fashionable Ladies.

In giving the following extract from an ancient act of Parliament, passed in 1670, it is not our intention to frighten the fair sex; but simply to shew them how much better women are now treated than in those "good old times" they so often sigh for.

"That all women of whatever age, rank, profession, or degree, whether virgins, maids, or widows, that shall, from and after such act, impose upon, seduce, and betray into matrimony, any of his Majesty's male subjects, by the scents, paint, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high heeled shoes, shall incur the penalty of the laws now in force against witchcraft, sorcery, and such-like misdemeanors, and that the marriage, upon conviction, shall stand null and void."

A Challenge.

Has I ave urd recently a gud deal habout that here haumal cauled *Groughler*, I tak this hoppersportunity of darrin him to fit my dog "Clipper" fur \$20 a syde. "Clipper" is tru blud, hand as hinerited all the pre-requisites hofis master [your umble servant] hinkludin gud teeth, hand kan old is hown with hany hother hanimal in amilton. He was atched hin Buffalo hin last Hoctober, and fed on honions, to makh him *fiery*. The fite must kum off hat hour wine sellurs, kornor of King and John streets; but be sure an dont let the boss no it, or He be sacked. Dare him hacksept my hoffer.

Spartically yrs.
"JOHN" DOG-MAN,
Boarder,
Hopposite the Borlingtone Otel,
Amilton.

[Your letter is silly; your orthography bad; and you are worse. We insert your effusion to shew, however much emigration is in demand, some are here who should be elsewhere. We suggest Bedlam.—Ed.]



ORIGINAL WHITLINGS

BY JACK KNIFE.

THE HEIGHT OF NONSENSE.—Being guilty of plagiarism towards the *Groucher*. His bark is too *distempared* to be imitated successfully. Besides, it would be worth less than *tan-bark* to us, unless we wanted to "hide" him.

GOLD TRIED IN THE FURNACE.—Ver Norman's stock of Jewelry—some of which was found wanting after the flames were extinguished.

Who, in Dundas, keeps the best of those places of accommodation you call *cottages*?

Why, of course, our old friend *Collier*!

THE HEIGHT OF IMAGINATION.—Fred Leslie's Illustrations of men and things out of New York city.

THE HEIGHT OF IMAGINATION.—Going to bed sober, and waking up in the morning pretty well *corned* from the effects of a *dream*, in which gin cocktails figured extensively.

Who can sell the cheapest *Groceries* in town?

Why, Samuel *Cann*.

Why is George Lynd like a popular manufacturer of sewing machines?

Because he has made a great many good *sewers*.

When do the deans of a certain church become musical?

When they are *mellow-deans*.

Why is a certain well-known mill manufacturer like a tubular bridge?

Because he's a *Hollow-way*.

Who are the most gallant people in the world?

Those who spend all their lives in *Wheeling Virginia*.

Information wanted of *Billy Hunt*: when last heard of was in Buffalo. Any information of his whereabouts will be thankfully received by his

CLARK.