

BRANIGAN'S Chronicles & Curiosities,

Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice
SHAKESPEARE.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1859.

The Seignors Censitaires.

In "this Canada" we are a "fast people." We designate our colonial position and character as being in relation to Imperial England, her First-born son—and, in Britannia's diadem, we claim the first place as being the brightest jewel thereof. Our pretensions are great. Our antecedents true enough, have demanded and obtained a page in the historic lore of the world. Wolf, on the plains of Abram, achieved, just a hundred years ago, the conquest of the country. In 1759 the dying hero sealed, with his blood, the international treaty wherein—it was stipulated that the Gallic race in Canada—should be under the domination of that of Albion. In 1859—after the lapse of a century, and during which period, floods of events have well nigh overwhelmed the world, how do we find ourselves. Science and Art have exercised all their benign and humanizing influence over us—but where is the return? Steam-boats and railways have ruffled our waters and roared and ripped through our forests—but, how have we thereby profited. We have gained positively nothing. The Anglo-British in both Lower and Upper Canada—is at the present time practically, in the most abject relationship to the Gallic—British Canadian. The progress and persevering pursuits of the British settlers are made subservient to the interests of the *vis inertia* of the Callican Censitaires. We are active—they are inert. They have some languid aspirations of freedom, and we say: "that's right." Certainly we emphatically say "that's right," but, as certainly, our saying does not imply that we are, with our means—with the earnings of our best energies—to redeem them from their state of laziness, and, with our money to translate them into their longing—looked-for—long—blessed existence—*dola far niente*—sweat to do nothing. We tax our patience to write upon this subject. "Who helps himself, the Gods help," is an old and a true adage; and there is no good reason why Upper Canadians should be compelled to give their ill-to-be-afforded money, to the Seignors and Censitaires of Lower Canada for the purpose of settling their absurd and exploded-all-over-the-world fendal arrangements. Let them do their duty to themselves—*themselves*. The system of government is rotten which requires, as it would seem, ours does, such a sacrifice of all fiscal principle, and outrage on our common sense, and, what is worse—in these times—invasion of our pockets—as the Siegnorial tenure bill. The motto of our rulers however, seems to be:—to keep in power *coute que coute*.—"O, my country" say we!

Sir Allan and the Borough of Brighton.

Wonders will never cease. Our jolly, grand, good and generous—gentleman of Hamilton in particular—Knight of the Province, and baronet of the empire—Sir Allan Napier MacNab, after devoting his youth and manhood to our colonial interests, is now a candidate for senatorial honours in the Mother Country. Our *quondam* Canadian Premier will take his place in St. Stephens as the representative of the fashionable watering place, of George the Fourth celebrity, as well as that of the present English *beau monde*. While we regret his absence and leave the spirit-stirring influence of his presence amongst us, we still feel glad and congratulatory in his being about to occupy a position, the affairs of which he is so well able, honorably and usefully, to discharge. We shall gain, as a people, by Sir Allan's representation in the British Parliament, for there can be no doubt, that, while he attends to the interests of Brighton, he will not forget Burlington heights and Hamilton.

The Industrial Farm, and Urbane and Bustle Matters.

Our philanthropy is well known and acknowledged. Our amicable proclivities for the *Brute Race*, if not so well known, are, nevertheless, equally strong. On land and over water we feel always at home with the denizens of their special spheres. Terrene or equatic—what matters it to Terry—everything that claims a place in animated nature—aye, and vegetable nature too—now don't forget—is bound to have our protection. Premising these truths, we are going, after our own fashion, to relate our adventures of yesterday, and, thus we spin our yarn:—

Three months ago a poor orphan of the bovine family came under our protection, and into our possession. We sent, in our wisdom and charity, the poor fatherless and motherless *veau* to the Industrial Farm. Councillor Waugh, when on a voyage of discovery, the other day, through the city's domains, made acquaintance with our orphan protégé; and, to some of his sage councillorship remarks, returned to him a most civil—not calfish—but heifer-like bow! The worthy father said not a word in answer, but, corking up the intelligence thus acquired, in his civic exploration, came out, like a bottle of pop upon the astonished auriculars of his municipal co-mates. Powers that were and are!—Virgil and his Bucolics!—Jardine and his homeless Gallo-ways!—what could we do? Why, we brought the orphan home, and she is now in our Market Stables' stalls—and, bye and bye, the young *crummie* promises us to yield a little of her lacteal bibulant to mix with the rain of Councillors Ryall and Waugh to allay their bile, so raised and bitter, on account of her devouring some of the city *Pabulum*.

In our journey back from the calf-Industrial Farm mission, we dropped into Kilvington's garden. As we have said elsewhere, we admire all nature—the three kingdoms, as Buffon and Cuvier have it—the *Animal*, *Vegetable* and *Mineral*. We appreciate them all, but we leave the adoration of the last to the soul-destroying worship of such as H—n, D—s & Co., and are content to enjoy ourselves in nature's green fields, and to luxuriate in the beauty and generous productions of the garden. Kilvington, we say, pith to your elbow. Seventeen acres of the earth's surface he has put into the richest kind of cultivation. When we say this, we make no partial remarks nor suggest invidious comparisons. There is, all around, in horti-

culture, unmistakably exhibited taste and skill. Kilvington, however, is making the laudable effort to take the lead in *Market Gardening*. His seventeen acres under the spade—two of which is under glass, brings to our memory the Oppidan market and the rural supply of the old country—Covent Garden and the fertile Plots of Kent and Surrey. Go ahead, Kilvington!—You, and such as you, are the fellows who are going to make us, as a people, what we ought to be.

THE HAMILTON ATLAS:

We acknowledge the receipt of the first number of the new literary paper, published by Messrs. Barker & Lockman, under the above title. Its typographical appearance is ahead of any paper yet got up in Canada; whilst in a literary point of view, and the careful and full supply of English, Irish and Scotch news from the different counties it gives its readers, it will fill a gap long open in Canada. The editorials show an ability, and a thoroughness in the discussion of the leading questions of the day, not to be found in our dailies, with all their pretentiousness to originality. It is, altogether, a creditable sheet, and we wish the publishers success in their enterprise.

Our old friend and professional opponent, Tom Knox, has opened a house at the Great Western Station, Galt—called the "Royal Hotel." Travellers are accommodated by him at all times on the most reasonable terms, and he has a livery stable in connection with his establishment for the convenience of guests. We are always glad to hear of him, and in his new undertaking, we cordially wish him success.

Appointment Extraordinary.

The Hamilton City Council, under the Sanction of the Governor General, has been graciously pleased to appoint JOHN E. DALLYN, ESQUIRE, to the office of Licenses Inspector for the coming year. A deputization of citizens, (we hear it rumored) intend calling on the newly-elected officer to congratulate him on the auspicious event.

Brantford, May 6th, 1859.

MR. BRANIGAN,

Dear Sir,—I would like to learn, through the medium of your valuable journal, whether it is true that the Brantford City Council have made application to Government to be allowed to dispose of three Negroes to the State of Kentucky, who have been sentenced to be hung in our town; and purpose applying the proceeds to liquidate the debt, which now hangs so heavily on the shoulders of the good people of Brantford! The reason I have heard assigned for the course pursued is, that our city dignitaries' feelings were so tender that they could not shock the sensibilities of our citizens by the spilling of "*Nigger*" Blood.

Yours,

QUAZAR.

We have, also, heard the rumor, and on most reliable authority, can say it is correct. We have to give the Brantfordites credit, however, for a larger share of humanity than we before supposed them possessed of. The question to our mind, is, not so much the liquidation of the Corporation debt, as the encouragement to the colored population to gratify their predominant propensities. We condemn it, most decidedly!—Ed.