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# BRANIGAN'S Chronicles and Curiosities.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down auyht in malice."—SHAKSPEARE.

Vol. I.—No. 18.

HAMILTON, C. W., SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1859.

PRICE, TWO PENNE.

For the Chronicles and Curiosities.  
TO EZRA,

ON RECEIVING A CORDIAL WELCOME HOME.

Oh, noble youth, who did those lines inscribe,  
Which have, like arrows, pierced my in-  
most heart—

Which filled my soul with deep remorse and  
shame,  
And left me writhing 'neat their painful  
smart!

I here can trace, within each sacred line,  
Displayed the feelings of thy noble mind,  
Which calls up from the lowest depths of soul,  
The dearest memories which are there en-  
shrined.

Thou call'st me back to happy days gone by,  
When we alike felt joined in hand and  
heart;

And while I muse upon those happy scenes,  
I curse the fate that dared to bid us part.

My dearest wish is that I could once more  
Recall those hours which we have gladly  
spent,

In those familiar grounds, so dearly loved,  
I'd prize it as a boon from Heaven sent.

But yet it may not be that Heaven above  
Decrees our hearts again in love to blend;  
Yet turn not from me, and as proudly spurn  
The warm pure friendship of thy truest  
friend.

For let my path through life be as it may,  
Each thought of thee will shed its cheering  
beams,

And aid in the dispersing of each cloud  
Which dares to steal upon my midnight  
dreams.

Then, wilt thou not again the smile bestow.  
My longing heart has sought but sought in  
vain,

And ease this bosom of that load of woe  
Which on it lies, and cheer my heart again?  
C—N—

For Branigan's Chronicles.  
KITTY VINDICATES HER SEX.

DEAR SIR,—Guess what! The other day I  
overheard a musty, dusty, crusty, iron-  
hearted old bachelor say, that because wo-  
men had fallen in the first fall, that conse-  
quently she was now no fit companion for  
man! Did you ever hear the beat of that  
since the translation of Enoch! I'm sure I  
never did. Such ignorant insolence! He  
ought to be tarred and feathered, the rascal.  
You know he wants us all to be angels! Now,  
just imagine, if we, women, were all angels,  
do you suppose we'd notice the men? No,  
Sir; I guess not: we would stick up our  
noses and feel too angel-ish even to speak to  
them. So, after all, I think all masculines  
may thank their lucky stars that women  
were placed almost on the same level with  
themselves, or else they'd never get a fair one  
to smile bewitchingly on their visages had it  
been otherwise.

I'll bet my bran-new boots that the before-  
alluded to old bachelor has, in his smoky  
snuffy lifetime, been most woefully jilted in  
his day. I suppose he felt certain of se-  
curing an angel then! Didn't she serve him  
right? I would positively, and I really think  
conscientiously, like to try my hand with him  
myself. I consider such a disappointment far  
too slight a punishment for so vile a man.—

Just the way with all the other old bache-  
lors; the generality of them have been most  
sublimely jilted; and now, because they can't  
get anybody and everybody to have them, they  
look decided, act confirmed bachelorified, and  
pretend indifference to all the charms of the  
fair sex—of course, never letting on all the  
while that they are dying in their sleeves for  
them. Oh, I know all about it—nobody need  
ever tell me that it's their own fault they are  
bachelors—that girls are so plenty, &c., &c.  
Somebody once said that every Jill could find  
a Jack, and I believe Somebody. It's all very  
fine for you devotees of single-blessedness to  
boast that you can get this one, and that one,  
and the other one, just at a wink or a nod;  
but I tell you, if women were so remarkably  
numerous, and so remarkably easy to win,  
there wouldn't be so many snarling, sneering,  
snivelling old bachelors in the world. Talk  
about old maids, indeed!—if the bachelors  
don't beat them hollow for faultfinding and  
every other unpardonable sin, I aint Kitty.

Now, then; that's my opinion, and my  
opinion is as good as anybody else's; and  
before I'd give twenty-five cents at a sale for  
one of them, I'd actually live an old maid till  
I had worn out fifty pairs of spectacles. Set  
them up, indeed! Humph!

KITTY FINORE-IN-THE-PIE.

Feb. 28, 1859.

For the Chronicles and Curiosities.  
THAT POEM.

DEDICATED TO THOMAS MILLIGAN, THE IMMORTAL  
AUTHOR OF "LINES TO A WOODEN SQUAW."—  
Vide "Chronicles."

To thee, immortaliser of the Squaw,  
I bow with humble reverence and awe;  
And, while admiring the greenness of your brain,  
Take my advice, and tap your watery brain,  
And let that Squaw stand in the wet and cold,  
"A-begging and a-begging,  
"For some of your gold;"

'Till QUIMBY—gen'rous soul—will take pity,  
And give her as a *leg-a-see* (legacy) to thee;  
For, sure I am, you'll never get a wife,  
But lead a lone and melancholy life;  
For poets of your matchless genus, it is said,  
Have an artesian bore on top of head,  
And make use of the subterranean route,  
To take in trash and let the gas come out.

NEDDY SLY-BOOTS.

To the Editor of the Chronicles and Curiosities.  
AN EVENING IN JIM BROWN'S.

DEAR MR. B.—Last Saturday evening I  
wended my way to the Sportsman Saloon,  
presided over by the redoubted Jim Brown,  
and who, by the way, is becoming quite a  
lion among the admirers of the canine race.  
After paying a "yorker" at the door, I was  
shown by Jim to the regions below, where  
rats are immolated. After assuring myself  
that I was perfectly safe from "land slides,"  
I sat down and awaited the commencement  
of the sport. Presently in came Long John,  
Jim Law, the Editor of the 'Growler,' and a  
few more of the fancy. Jim next came down  
with a bag of rats, when Jim Law slipped  
his dog "Captain," who performed the won-  
derful feat of settling ten rats in one minute  
and a-half. Long John then slipped his dog  
"Towser," who quieted eight in the same  
space of time. A dispute next arose between  
the 'Growler' man and Jim, as to the time  
taken by the dogs, the Editor (who was half

cocked) swore that he could kill eight rats in  
a minute himself. The dispute, however, was  
arranged by Nixon planking a two-dollar bill  
to treat all hands; and, at the same time, a bet  
was made by the sub-editor, Fleming, that he  
could perform the same feat. This bet was  
taken up by Jim, and the trial is to come off  
on Saturday evening next.

I have been told that Fleming is in training  
for the fight, for he was seen a few days ago  
in Davy Boyle's, chewing the frog of a horse's  
hoof, for the purpose of adding strength to his  
jaws. Jim informs me that the rat business  
pays first-rate. He gets 12½ cents for admis-  
sion, 50 cents for every dog that's slipped,  
10 cents each skin, and 10 likewise for each  
carcase. He further informs me that negocia-  
tions are now pending between himself and  
Braveman towards securing a regular supply  
of this new domestic article of consumption.

TOMMY DUCKS.

Feb. 28, 1859.

For Branigan's Chronicles and Curiosities.

THE GIST OF THE DODGER'S REPORT.  
GENTLEMEN OF THE CITY KOUNSEL,—

Eye find that our city is devoid of a proper  
machinery for estinkinguisheng fires.

Mashine No. won, tu, and fir, is out of or-  
der, and eye hav ordered it to be mandid.

No. fir aint woth a cuss, and eye want ye  
to send me to Buffler to buy another and  
1500 fete of hoz.

Eye find by an old stature that No. 2 kum-  
pany haint got no rite to theyre masheen: it  
wure bot by the inehuranz kumpanes and the  
Kounsel, and Nowlin and eye will take it by  
force.

Inn closin this lenthly report, eye wood  
empress on ye the necessity of putin the hole  
manigement of the Biggade intu my hand,  
Eye will give ye a list of the kash pade so  
far twards the masheens:

Payd fur hoz kees .....	\$10 00
" dore " .....	5 00
" lukiug pipe kees .....	10 00
" Mr. Pol Paret, fur fixin ..	15 00
" Long Jon, for refreshmints at revue .....	20 00
" a nigger for pollishin my hat and coller .....	00 05

\$60 05

Eye want to be sent to Buffler at the ear-  
liest dayt.

Yu will ples giv us a rume to meetin.

Approved, THOMAS, the Cheef.

For the Chronicles and Curiosities.

FIREMEN'S SPORT.

MR. B.—Along with many other citizens, I  
fully expected that the new Fire Brigade,  
when called out on duty, would behave with  
proper respect to the least one of the inhabi-  
tants. In this I am mistaken, however. On  
the afternoon of the Wednesday the Brigade  
had their first exercise, in the Market Square,  
an engine was stationed alongside of a tank,  
and the hose was run up Market Street. They  
then commenced practice, but it would seem  
that the general marks for their streams were  
the passers by, or the open windows of houses.  
A respectable citizen, in the employ of Mr.  
Pilgrim, was driving a horse and waggon  
down the street, when some of the branchmen  
directed a stream at the horses' heads, which  
made the affrighted animals leap at a furious

rate, smashing the shafts of the vehicle, tearing the harness, and nearly killing the driver. Not content with this practical joke, they next completely soaked the man, a piece of wanton sport not much to be relished in the month of February. It is to be hoped that the driver will recover damages from the city for the loss sustained and the unjustifiable soaking he received. Besides, I cannot see the utility of the firemen emptying the tanks for sport when the city is taxed to keep them full for cases of emergency. Is there not water enough in the Bay for practice? A.

For Branigan's Chronicles.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

Mr. BRANIGAN.—A circumstance came to my knowledge the other day which I would feel much obliged to you by explaining. I am a subscriber to the Mechanics' Institute, and frequent the Reading Room, and confess to being astonished at seeing only one Irish newspaper in the whole collection. I think there are six or seven Scotch, five or six English, and thirty or forty Canadian and American newspapers, and but a solitary whig Irish one. Can there be such a thing as National prejudice in the management?

AN IRISHMAN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INGOMAR.—It is not the intention of our little sheet to publish disagreements between master and man. We have no doubt but that the circumstances related in your letter are quite correct, and that W. F.— is all you represent him to be. An appeal to the law is the best redress.

WHO MADE YOU?—The interpretation this writer puts upon a grave and delicate question is inadmissible.

TOM.—We do not desire to interfere with persons keeping small beer houses, without an aggravated cause.

JERRY.—Your acquaintance with Tom Hound is too familiar. If you know when you are well off, you had better take the advice of keeping clear of him in future.

OUR LETTER-BOX.—All letters and communications intended for the editor or for publication, should be addressed Box No. 120, Hamilton P. O.

BRANIGAN'S  
Chronicles and Curiosities.

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

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1853.

THE PRICE OF BREAD.

Latterly we have received a number of letters, wishing to be informed whether or not the 4-lb. loaf should be held at the figure charged by the bakers. Certainly, if we take the market quotations as expressed in the city-dailies—and we have no reason to doubt their accuracy—the complaints made are not without foundation, and the matter should be taken up in quarters exercising more influence than it is in our power to bring upon the subject. In the first place, why the public should be charged upwards of \$3 a barrel for flour, when the wheat composing that much flour only amounts to a trifle over \$6, should be considered. Next, how in happens that the bakers, who only use flour that costs them from \$5½ to \$5¾, should sell it in its manufactured state of bread at 8½d for 4 lb., should likewise be looked into. The flour dealer and baker are evidently playing into one another's hands, and the public accordingly are shamefully im-

posed upon. These tradesmen must be well aware that their charges are extortionate, their profits astounding, and the only persons in the community who are getting FAT or rich at the expense of the public at large. The blazoning forth in the newspapers of donations of scores of loaves of bread and barrels of flour, to the poor, may appear very sympathetic to the uninitiated, they, gullible mortals, never dreaming that the baker, with his enormous profits, considers the charity he dispenses as a very small matter, since the public are really the victims. Their great end in this move is to gain popularity; and if they can increase their custom by such means, besides earning a name for philanthropy, they imagine they can go through the world swimmingly. But, to the point. It is to be borne in mind, that no branded flour is offered for sale in our market, and the article called *double extra*, (used principally for exportation) for which we really more than pay, seldom or never enters the baker's threshold. The material of which our bread is made is plain superfine, or the cheapest brand; and taking that staple at the present quotation, (6s. 10d. per bushel) would make the cost of a barrel of flour something like 30s. This, converted into bread, produces 68 4-lb. loaves, which, at 8d., the price charged, amounts to £2 5s. 4d., leaving a nice little margin, (exclusive of incidentals) of 15s. 4d. per barrel. A person making up from 15 to 20 barrels of flour per day into bread can thus make a very handsome thing of it, and can likewise afford to be generous and charitable. The flour-dealer, in a like way, imposes upon his customers. He seldom, if ever, purchases the superior brands, and it may be for the simple reason that he has not the opportunity, since, as we have said above, the choice brands are manufactured for export; but, the consumer has to pay for it, nevertheless, which would be considered hard in the best of times, and how much more so in these pinching days.

We shall take the opportunity next week of going more into detail with the baker and his handicraft, and further set forth his ways and means of being able, after some four or five years at the trade, of managing to build brick and stone houses out of his profits, or, more correctly speaking, the pockets of his customers.

WHITE, et al. v. ROACH.

On Monday last, at noon, Judge Logie delivered his verdict in the above case, completely substantiating our formerly expressed opinions in the matter. As soon as the decision was given, we issued a slip announcing the important fact; and as many of our readers may not have seen the same, we here re-print it for their gratification:—

We hasten to lay before our readers the result of the important election suit against Alderman Roach, which terminated, as we twice predicted it would, in the disappointed trio, and the mainte-

nance of his seat at the Council Board by the worthy Alderman aforesaid. Mr. Thomas White and his co-adjutors, notwithstanding their vigorous efforts, and though they had chosen the best BARR they could find in the city, were quite unable to pry Mr. Roach out of his seat.

The Aldermanic representative of St. Mary's Ward is too firmly planted to be moved by such implements, and next time Mr. White desires to distinguish himself we hope he will hunt up a better case. Mr. Chas. Sadleir the legal adviser of the defendant, ably managed the case in the interest of his client, and his Honor, Judge Logie, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon, gave his decision as became him, resulting as above stated.

We congratulate our friends in St. Mary's Ward on the result, and hope that it may serve in future to deter tricksters from availing themselves of the quibbles of law, to work injury to the City, and discredit to one of its most worthy representatives. Let Mr. White come out boldly, and solicit the votes of the Electors in January next, if he is desirous of getting into the Council, and if the Electors want his services, they will doubtless let him know.

RAT KILLING FOR SPORT.

The ratting sports came off at Jim Brown's on Saturday evening last, as duly announced. The audience was a very numerous one, and in no danger this time from a cave in, as the sport took place on *terra firma*. There were 150 fine fat animals sacrificed, and the palm for such martyrdom, was awarded to a small black and tan terrier, named "Fanny," and the badge of honor a neatly executed silver collar.

As the price of sausage meat has been on the advance lately, it is fully expected, since the termination of this *battue*, that the cost of this article of consumption, as well as the merchantable one of fur, will be considerably reduced. Indeed it is said that contracts have been entered into, by a few houses in both trades, to secure a regular stated supply.

W. S. O'BRIEN.

This modest unassuming patriot has arrived in New York, and met with, as a matter to be understood, a cordial welcome from his countrymen. He says he will visit Canada, when he gets time, for which condescension on his part we shall all fall down on our knees and thank him, when the proper time arrives. Our friend D'Arey has already taken the initiative, as will be seen from the subjoined letter, in trying to gain Mr. O'Brien over to the Grit camp, with the ultimate object of assuming the leadership of that party. Not a bad idea, old rebel; but don't you wish you may get him?

TORONTO, March 1st, 1853.

DEAR WILLIAM,—I was so delighted this morning when we received your telegram, that we actually could not finish a gin cocktail a piece. So soon as you have finished the work of your mission among the New York Phoenix Club boys, we will expect to see you in Toronto. George Brown says that

you are sure of the County of Grey, as Hogan will get the mitten shortly. G. B. also signified his intention to resign his chieftainship in your favor. And, between us both, Bill, he might as well, for the way he is snubbing Connor will destroy him. You will have to come to Hamilton, and we will have a deputation waiting on you at the Falls.

You will scarcely believe how strong the old party is in Canada. It is only a few days since that I boasted in the House of my having 300,000 men at my back. Of course you know this is bunkum; but then it may frighten the Orangemen, who, by the way, are a devil of a nuisance to the good cause. Try and have a statement for me as to how the Club is getting on in New York. What a ruse I played on the Catholics of North Wellington last week. We sent up placards from Toronto, such as you and I used to post up in Dublin. Do not delay long in the States, Bill, if you can, for we want all the help we can get to enable us to hold our own.


Yours, still fighting for the good cause,  
D'ARCY MAGEE.

(By permission)

GEORGE BROWN.

**THE LICENSE INSPECTOR.**—This gentleman has fairly got started in his duties, and has hung out his shingle at the City Hall. We understand that he has any thing but an easy time of it, being a good deal bothered with applicants requiring explanation respecting sundry clauses in the new license By-Law. Mr. Austin, however, is certainly possessed of great patience, a virtue now being by him extensively exercised. The "200 yards," being the expressed boundary for inn-keepers to obtain signatures to their applications, is somewhat of a puzzle to persons whose residences are so situated, that not a solitary inhabitant is to be found within the required distance. There is Heffernan, for instance, whose "public" stands in the centre thoroughfare of the market, with not a stationary denizen for many yards beyond the specified number,—how will this new arrangement affect him?

**LAYING THE WATER PIPES.**—THE GAS.—A narrow escape from a broken neck or limb occurred on Thursday morning last, to a party in a light waggon coming into town. The gas was put out, although a very dark morning, and the waggon came in contact with one of those ridges of stones, caused by the excavations made to receive the water pipes, upsetting the vehicle and throwing the occupants out, fortunately without sustaining any very serious injury. The ridges of stones along the sides of the streets being opened up for the reception of the pipes, is a necessity only until the filling in is completed, but it does not follow that those streets should be left in darkness—traps to the early traveller. The present arrangement of lighting the street lamps is evidently a wrong one. We have now daylight till six o'clock, yet the lamplighter begins his work at half-past four! Here an hour and a-half's use of gas is literally wasted, but which, being transferred at least to the lamps on the streets where city obstructions abound, for a little longer period in the mornings, would be more in accordance with economy and common sense. We hope to see before long a change to this effect put in force.

 We shall remain forever obliged to our youthful and enterprising neighbor for the kind, manly, and genteel way he takes to bring us before the notice of the Hamilton public. Such glowing compliments are not every day bestowed upon even deserving individuals, and how highly favored we must be to have columns of eulogistic language showered down upon us, without the faintest attempt at solicitation. One circumstance, however, we think our neighbor has overlooked when penning his compliments, which simply is, that we were well known, both in a public and private capacity, in this good city of Hamilton, before he saw the light, and therefore his kind intentions may be safely termed *sepererogatory*. We thank him, nevertheless, for brushing up people's memories; we do not of course go abroad every day; and old and new friends might forget us. While doing us this friendly turn, our eulogist omitted to mention that persons in quest of food or drink, either for themselves or their cattle, could be accommodated with the same at our Saloon on McNab Street, facing the Market; and, moreover, that parties with teams from the country, on "church inclined bent," will have their horses attended to gratuitously. Remember to take note of this when next you desire to add any thing to our publicity, for which service, upon calling at the Saloon aforesaid, we will stand treat.

**BRUTAL.**—A few days since, one of those exhibitions which disgrace humanity—a dog fight—took place in this city. After the dogs had fought nearly an hour, one of the poor animals (which, by the way, had been stolen from a person near the Royal Hotel) was declared the loser of the fight, and, torn and mangled as he was, immediately taken down to the Bay, and thrust under the ice! The names of the parties aiding in this brutal action are for this time withheld, in hopes that we shall not hear again of any similar barbarity.

To the Editor of the Chronicles.

**SOIREE AT WELLINGTON SQUARE.**

SIR.—As a good many of your *Chronicles* get out this far, perhaps you will oblige me by inserting this notice of a Soiree that came off here on Wednesday evening for the benefit of St. John's church. Our Town Hall was filled to overflowing by a most respectable assemblage of people, not only from the town itself, but from the neighborhood, besides a great many from Hamilton. The chair was taken by the very Rev. E. Gordon, V. G., on whose right sat Hamilton O'Rielly, Esq., and on the left, the Rev. Mr. Power. Addresses were delivered by the clergymen present, which were exceedingly appropriate, and well received. The singing was of the first order, and called forth many enthusiastic expressions of applause. It would be invidious to particularise, where all acquitted themselves to perfection; but I may mention that we of the square must ever remain indebted to the able and effective efforts of Mrs. Gordon and the Hamilton choir of St. Mary's church.

After the Soiree was over, the dance commenced among those who felt inclined to trip "the light fantastic toe," under the management of that pink of bombast and egotism, Mr. T. B. Harrison, but I will give him credit however, for being at home in those matters, as no one of my acquaintance can come the drill-sergeant like him. When the dance was

at its height, a sudden order for silence was commanded, when forth stepped the sergeant in great agitation, and delivered himself thus, after considerable coughing: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have just received an anonymous letter requesting a polka to be danced. Now I am a Roman Catholic; It is the religion I profess, and I consider it an insult to be served with such a communication. How dare any one write me such a letter," &c., &c. Now, sir, I wish to remark that Mr. Harrison's indignant expressions were totally uncalled for, and an "insult" to the Catholic ladies present. You must know, sir, that it was a mixed company, that is, there were Protestants and Roman Catholics, of both sexes, present,—and that it was a distinct arrangement, having no direct connection with the Soiree. The Catholic portion of the ladies were not ignorant of the caution they had frequently received against indulging in the polka, and it is not likely that they would have acted contrary to their clergymen's distinct orders. It was, therefore an "insult" to them to talk in the way he did. As I have said before, there were Protestants of both sexes in the Hall—they wished for that dance, and it was an "insult" to them as well. The party, besides, was not a Catholic one, neither was it select or private; it was, to all intents and purposes, a public one—the gentlemen paying a price for the privilege of that amusement, entirely distinct from the Soiree. What presumption and impertinence of Mr. Harrison, thus wantonly to injure the feelings of strangers, and mar the enjoyment of the occasion by such a splenetic burst of temper as I have here briefly mentioned. Ah, John, is there not, among your numerous other questionable qualities, considerable of the Pharisee about you? The world does not know that you recanted Protestantism and became a Roman Catholic; and so, forsooth, you must have it proclaimed in the market places and on the highway!

With the exception of this polka *emete*, the evening passed away very gaily.

FELIX.

The Square, March 3rd, 1859.

For Branigan's Chronicles.  
DUNDAS.

DEAR SIR,—I think you have rather slighted the inhabitants of the most important town in this county, next to our own city; in fact, for ought that you have done or said to enlighten those who live at a distance, they would never have known that there is such a place as Dundas. Well; let all your readers know from this time hence, that such a place does exist, and that there are some right smart people living out there.

Having nothing to do now-a-days, I sometimes take a walk out there for the good of my health, and have thus an opportunity of making observations in that famous old manufacturing town. On one occasion, when out there, an old lady came into the shop where I happened to be, and, as is very customary, passed some remarks about the weather, concluded by observing, "This is quite a thaw we have, but, then, it is nothing uncommon, for more than a thousand times have I noticed that we had always just such a thaw as this in January!"

On a more recent occasion, I chanced to be in one of their most fashionable shops, when a young lady from the Institution came in, and asked for "brain protectors." The clerk, waggish like, replied, "that they had none at present, but they were getting on a large stock of *brains*, and would be most happy to supply her."

At another time, when a large number of the *elite* of the town were assembled in the Hall in the evening, some mischievous boys tried to cause a panic by raising the cry that the canal was on fire. It is hardly necessary to say that the alarm spread much faster than the flames did, and only a few of the young ladies fainted. On account of the thickness of the ice in the marsh, the whole affair, both fire and alarm, died a natural death before they reached the Desjardins bridge.

At a late meeting of the Stockholders of the Dundas Canal Company, one of them

moved the following: "Resolved, That as the Canal is a burdensome and unprofitable affair, and in order to prevent the further unnecessary outlay of funds, three thousand men be immediately employed to fill it up."

Any other important matters that may come under my notice, I will chronicle in due time.—Yours very truly,

CLIFFER.

For Branigan's Chronicles.  
MILTON.

DEAR TERRY.—Agreeable to your request, I hope its not out of place to respond to your last issue, with regard to changing the name of our ambitious little Town, sure and it was myself thed read you last Milton Correspondence with indignation and disgust, troth and its the truth they could you, when they said the cabbage garden was bare of stock of late, for I'm greatly afraid if we went out on a hal we'd find devilish few of thim with straight stalks. Sure and its myself never thought that one of my sex should ever be put to the trouble of blowing her trumpet through your colums, but Terry Dear, I'm a country woman of your own, and dosent like to hear anything of this kind. Troth and its fitter the same party would lie, trying to change the names of some of our dacent Towns belles, than be striving to change the name of the Town, arrah can't they let the Town remain as it is, and not showing themselves up to you in this way; throth and Terry when you read their epistle, I'll warrent its yourself would join with me and say that the Town will well rid them, they may talk about their cabbage garden being bare of stock, but if you'd just see, true its yourself would say that they were the descendants of Dan O'Connells steam engine. Excuse me, but its no wonder my brain is disturbed, houlding meetings to destroy our country in every sence of the word. I suppose the sight of a petticoat, or a sett of hoops would frighten the poor crathurs, so perhaps its their failure and not their fault; but perhaps when the warm weather comes in it may make a change upon them, and if some of them are "awe young to marry yet," they needent be putting others out the humour.

Hoping, if Codfish has no better music to cheer in our ears, he may remain his briny element.

Yours in haste,  
JUDDY AGRA.

MILTON, March 1, 1859.

For Branigan's Chronicles and Curiosities.

Sir,—The first report of the Chief Engineer Fire Brigade to the City Council, is in the true Cæcerian style—I came—I saw—I conquered—but does not contain a suggestion which was understood to be in the copy submitted to the Committee of Brigade. It was said to read as follows: "The By-Law on Fire Brigade requires some amendments, and I would respectfully suggest as the Chairman of Fire and Water Committee has a voice and vote in the management of the Brigade, that the Chief Engineer be appointed ex-officio a member of the City Council." If the Firemen expunged—or the Chairmen of Fire and Water Committee erased the above—of course you can tell. The condemnation of Hose & Co. &c., looks very much like Rochester and "other days." Could you not induce the Junior Councillor for St. Andrew's Ward to take the "Ribbons." The Senior seems to forget that he ever handled, or is afraid that his power is gone to use 'hem.

PHœNIX.

Sambo, what 'lation do de editor ob de Growler hab to de debil!

Can't say, Julius,—gib um up.

Go 'way, nigga; don't ye know dat him is Nick's son! (Nixon.) Yaw, yah! Iz de nig tu guess.

"Why don't you wheel that barrow of coals, Ned?" said a learned miner to one of his sons, "it is not a very hard job; there is an inclined plane to relieve you." "Ah?" replied Ned, who had more relish for wit than work, "the plane may be inclined, but hang me if I am."

Written for Branigan's Chronicles and Curiosities.

To F. E. R.

Not a thousand miles from the Royal Hotel, Lives a gent., and he's known by all as a swell, Who has with success to Fame's temple climbed up, Till he's now, what he aimed at, a regular pup.

O, it's quite overpowering, should you happen to meet

This dandy half-man, while walking James Street;

You may think what he's like, this post-office flunkoy—

He was once called papa by the old rag-man's donkey.

He'll allow a superior to tread on his toes, Or, over go farther, an<sup>d</sup> pull his pug nose; Low down he would bow, put his face in the dirt—

He'd allow them to use him like the tail of a shirt.

But if an inferior \* he happens to touch, Brushed is his coat; for to think that by such, The hem of his garment rubbed even should be,

Is too much for his feelings—"positively demme."

With corduroy breeches, and boots to his knees,

Mr. F. E. R. thinks that whatever he please He can do, but if he his mistake does't see, Dragged through a horse-pond some day he shall be.

He has lately been wearing a glass in his eye, And the ladies complain that they cannot pass by

The place where he stands, for he at them does stare,

And giggle and laugh, like a fool at a fair.

Now, certain young men have determined, as how,

Such proceedings as these they will not allow; By a horsewhip some day his back will be itchy—

He'll find it no safeguard the name of a R—e.

RUFUS RAWHIDE.

\* Inferior only in pocket; any body is superior in every thing else, according to his shallow ideas.

POLICE COURT SCENE.—A German is called to the stand as a witness. He takes the oath, and brushes back his hair, that hangs roughly over his head. His face is black and all covered with beard. With all the dignity of a Kossuth, he takes a position with arms folded, and awaits the first question of the Court, which is:

"What's your name?"

"Von Blum," said our German friend, shutting his eyes and grinning.

"Von what?"

"Von Blum, un de ske von hoven."

"What's un de ske von hoven?"

"Yaw!"

"Did you see this fight?"

"Lansman argle, un de vrom pe tagle mit a faw."

This was too much for the Justice, and he requested his "friend" to step aside. Every day almost witnesses just such scenes as this, which is nearly enough to wear out the patience of Job, let alone the magistrate.

The sale of horseflesh for consumption by man is now general in Austria, Bohemia, some parts of Prussia, Wurttemberg and Belgium, and Parisian banquets of horseflesh are now common. The flesh of used up horses not diseased, is that which forms the food of the hippophagist, and it is said to be better than cow beef, and to differ very little from ox beef.

For Branigan's Chronicles.

To JOHNNY Y—G.—FORGET ME NOT.

Should we, as friends have often done,  
The lingering pain of absence know,  
Let this bring to remembrance one  
Who would not your regards forego.  
Should we afar asunder be,  
As often falls to Friendship's lot,  
Oh! look on this, and think of me,—  
Forgot me not!—Forgot me not!

I wish no tear to dim thine eye;  
Oh, no! I would not give thee pain;  
I only wish one gentle sigh—  
One cordial wish to meet again.  
Then hold this small memorial dear—  
Oh! who would wish to be forgot!  
Still let it whisper in thine ear—  
Forgot me not!—Forgot me not!

Johnny; you know well who writes these lines, so I won't give you my signature.

MARRIAGE IN FRANCE.—I have, however, neglected to introduce this long sketch of marriage in France, by a description of French courtship; and as I have never ventured to play a part in any such scene in this country, I trust you will excuse me, if I translate from the French this courtship.

Last week, a small party was given at Faubourg Saint Honore. There were only about two hundred guests. Some rooms were devoted to cards and others to dancing. About ten o'clock the mistress of the house appeared at the door one of the rooms where they were playing cards, and asked for a gentleman to complete a quadrille. An elderly gentleman asked a young man seated at a whist table to oblige the hostess and himself by joining the quadrille, and giving him the vacated seat at the whist-table. The young man, who had lost several hundred francs, readily complied, and soon introduced to a pretty blonde. How do you like the dress of the brunette lady? said the pretty blonde at the first pause in the dance. Madame, replied the young man, when I am dancing, my eyes refuse to see anybody in the ball-room except my partner. The pretty blonde smiled. May I be indiscreet, Madame,? said he, in turn asking a question.—If you be discreetly so, Monsieur said she.—I divine that you are a widow.—You are right: and I see that you are a bachelor.—Indeed I am.—You must belong to some liberal profession? I belong to the profession of idlers on 25,000 francs a year, invested in the Three Per Cents. Ah? we differ then, for my 30,000 francs a year are invested in railway bonds.—Madame I have resolved to ask your hand in marriage.—Whom will you ask?—You, Madame.—But what will my parents say?—Madame, as my question interests none so much as you and I, it seems to me that we are the only parties to be consulted.—That is reasonable enough.—Will you give me your hand, Madame?—Bring this cape jessamine (she broke a flower from her bouquet) to me to-morrow, at two o'clock, at my notary's office, and I will give you my answer.—Thank you, Madame.—The notary drew the marriage contract, and in a few weeks they were married.

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