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BRANIGAN'S CHRONICLES AND CURIOSITIES

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

Vol. I.—No. 27.

HAMILTON, C. W., SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1859.

PRICE, TWO-PENCE

(For the Chronicles.)

A New Lay to an Old Tune.

The Times, it's known, do oft get bad,
So many people say,
But bad Times never make me sad,
I'm Bold Tommy Grey.

Sword, pen, and helmet;
No rations nor half pay;
I can live and dodge and print,
And teach 'em all the way.

If into trouble I chance get,
Oh, can't I take it easy.
I can dodge and flirt about,
Apparently still busy.

Sword, pen, and helmet;
A Major without pay;
I will still my rations get,
And teach 'em all the way.

A Corporation dodge takes wing,
And lights upon my ear,
All other work aside I fling,
And greet it with a cheer.

Sword, pen and helmet;
Know the easy way
To strike, to grab, to reach, to get
Both rations and full pay.

If into Law I chance to get,
Alas, and well a day,
I know how to get out of it,
Yes, and the right way.

Scales, pen and helmet;
A Major without pay;
I have oft got out of it,
To teach 'em all the way.

I never take no tongue or cuff,
What like let people say;
At Court I've friends and chums enough
To get things my own way.

Sword, pen and helmet:
Heed not what others say;
A Major is a Major still,
And such is Tommy Grey,

To be continued if the Author meets with
any encouragement from the people in
whose hands are the "times"

TOO MANY COOKS SPOIL THE BROTH.—
*A Great Fall, Crushing Catastrophe, and
Narrow Escape.*—"Who sells fat mutton
should himself be fat." One of our butch-
ers, who, fulfilling the adage, is a most re-
spectable professional obesity, steering
along under the Market-sheds the other
day, with his eyes as well as his other sen-
ses alike elevated, staggered upon a baby
carriage and over it performed an astonish-
ing gymnastic tumble. The frail vehicle
was smashed into shivers, but, wonderful to
relate, the infant occupant thereof was pick-
ed up unhurt. Our butcher got up and
shook himself, exclaiming, "— my eyes!
—What brought you there among my feet to
break my shins?"

New Patent for Soap—called "Com- pound Extracts of Dollars."

H—n and D—s, Royal Hotel Build-
ings, have taken out a Patent for Soap.—
They warrant it to exceed any thing ever
used in SHAVING. By a good lather this
article will enable the BARBER to cut
three hundred per cent below the skin.

A. Steven, G. Taylor and W. H. Park,
having examined this, chemically, say that
it cannot be used with safety; but H—n
& D—s, Professional and Scientific BAR-
BERS, beg to publish the following testi-
monials from the highest authority, in or-
der to counteract the opinion of the afore-
said Chemists:—

(To H—n & D—s, BARBERS.)

GENTLEMEN,—

I have used your *Shaving*
Soap for some years, and have much plea-
sure in assuring the Public that I have
never found it fail. I have cut with this ex-
cellent compound 350 per cent below the
skin, without reaching the conscience!!!

Oak Bank, }
May, 1859, }

Yours Obediently,
LORD COFFIN.

To Messrs. H—n & D—s.

GENTLEMEN,—

We have *Shaved* for many
years with your "*Compound Extracts of*
Dollars," and—~~our attention~~—
have used it in Shaving *thousands*, and have
gone as far as 400 per cent below the skin.
(Signed.)

SKIN FLINT OF KIKERO.

GENTLEMEN,—

I stand before the Public.
I stand, gentlemen, on my *own bottom* to
testify, and that fearlessly. I say gentle-
men, fearlessly, that I never wore a mos-
tache. I hate mostache, and *upon my oath*
before the master in chancery I used your
"compound" successfully in shaving
K—y, P—r & Co., 500 per cent below
the surface.

Yours,

DONE BROWNE.

THE SEASON.

May, genial, glorious May, has introduced
herself in brightest habiliments, her smiling
countenance (no he could be so lovely) we
look upon as a happy omen of approaching
prosperity, we ourselves are very sanguine
it will be so; in this we are confirmed by
the gorgeous display of dress, and bright
galaxy of beauty which appeared on our
streets last Sabbath, the beauty of the bright
May morning received additional lustre
from the lovely features, and handsome
dresses of our unrivalled fair friends. From
this we gather that times are improving,
as smiling, happy countenances, and expen-
sive habiliments are quite incompatible
with seasons of difficulty. May it be long
before the ladies cease to have an oppor-
tunity of doing justice through the medium
of art, to the charms of nature, so bounti-
fully granted them.

What is that which occurs once in
a minute, twice in a moment, and not once
in a thousand years. Give it up? the
letter M.

(Written for the Chronicles.)

The Late Marriage.

Well, well, wonders will never cease. So
the York widower was carried off by
storm the sylph-like form in the glorious
morn of beauty, (and under Ike's very nose
too.) "Hickory's" elder 'darter.' Of course
every body knows that it is purely a *love*
match—money being no object whatever—
indeed it is questionable as to whether the
gent in question *knew* that he was marrying
an herress, he was so literally wrapt up in
devotional admiration for his beautiful
bride. Won't be an unlooked-for delight-
ful surprise to his hungry pocket when its
empty dimensions are appraised by a super-
abundant supply of "shiners" from the cof-
fers of old Thirty-five-per-cent. It will also
be a wondrous source of gratification to the
Dr. (as he is a remarkably pious man) when
he finds out the honest and industrious
manner in which his much beloved and re-
vered father-in-law came in possession of all
his 'tin.' And while speaking of that much-
honored old gentleman, allow me to add
that all the encomiums of praises which are
every day heaped upon his head do not in
the least degree over-rate his many noble
and charitable qualifications. He is a man
noted for his *sanctity and piety*, and the
unsuspecting confiding trust which he re-
poses in every one with whom he has to do,
render him at once beloved by the poor
and respected by the rich—in fact univer-
sally beloved and respected by all—and,
like Aristoides of old, his name will be hand-
ed down to posterity as a model of upright-
ness and integrity. Surely you will join
with me in saying the Dr. has made a wise
choice, not only of a bride, but of—cash.
Stand aside all ye pretty girls who have
only modesty and virtue as a recommenda-
tion and dowry—whose parents are unfor-
tunate enough as to be *only* in comfortable
circumstances—what profiteth it to possess
the sunny curl, the azure eye, the rose-
tinted cheek, the vermillion lip. Surpassing
beauties have been discovered in the super-
cilious daughters of the monied extortionist,
even if the dying wail of the widow and
the fatherless *hath* ascended to that Tri-
bunal as a testimony against him. What
matters it to some?

LILLY DIAMOND.

Hamilton, May 4th, 1859.

The Growler.—This is the assumed
name of a rag blotted with filth, which,
every week, is presented to our offended
senses. The *Growler*, the creature calls
itself who puts forward this thing before
the public. Growler!—the *soubriquet*
might be applicable if he shewed any thing
of the decency of an honest dog. But the
yelping of this cur-whelp is not to be mis-
taken for a growl, nor dignified by the term.
Like other ill-bred puppies he wants a
whipping, to teach him manners and keep
him from snapping at those who care not
to take the trouble of kicking him. He
wants a little castigation as Branigan alone
can administer.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B's favor came too late. Shall we not here from him again?

Local.—Is rather slow. Fire up old boy and try again.

D. C.—Would not be interesting to our readers.

B.—S.—Shall appear next issue.

BRANIGAN'S

Chronicles & Curiosities,

Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice
SHARPSHANK.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, MAY 7th, 1859.

LEGISLATION EXTRAORDINARY.

Whither are our rulers driving? A certain party of fanatics, and well-meaning but weak men have for some years past been busy in attempting to have established what is called the Maine Liquor Law in Canada. We find, in this age of reform and popular rights, still the same antagonistic principles that animated man towards man in the tyrant feudal times. Love of power and the exercise of authority on the one hand, were the characteristics of the prince or the baron; love of liberty and the resistance of oppression on the other, marked the advancement of civilization in the people. The power infused by the Norman conqueror and his nobles in the twelfth century still finds a parallel in our popular legislation. Restrictions and sumptuary laws were imposed by the oligarchy in those times—fines and imprisonments are dealt out at the caprices of a dominant democracy, in these. William the conqueror, to keep the Saxon in subjection and subdue his spirit, enacted his curfew (*courrefeu*) law, which ordered all fires to be extinguished at the close of day—our representative rulers shut up our places of refreshments and social enjoyments at 7 o'clock on the only evening the working man can set apart for a little relaxation from his toils. Is this enactment the pure emanations of a benevolent spirit on the parts of our legislators?—Is it the result of an expressed opinion that the people of this country are incapable of regulating their own habits, and that it is necessary that in all their personal whereabouts, they should be in senatorial leading strings? If it be so what a puerile, silly, worthless community we are!! We shall next, it may reasonably be presumed, have to submit our backs to the birch and go to bed, like naughty boys at 8 o'clock under the tutelary keeping of a patriarchal police. What shall we not have to yield to? We are regarded as incompetent to the duty of taking care of ourselves—where then, will the wise arrangements of our governors end? Our clothing, dietary and domiciliary economy will remain in

their hands and at their disposal. Our tastes, manners and customs will all have to give way to the notions of our legislative masters; and, like good supplicative boys, we shall have to cultivate, in the properly imploring tone and key—"pray don't!"

The act to restrain the sale of intoxicating liquors from 7 o'clock on Saturday evening till 8 o'clock on Monday morning, appears to be the most wanton encroachment on the rights and liberties of a free and enlightened people ever perpetrated by a deliberative state assembly. The liquor law of the State of Maine, however absurd and insulting to men's common sense, applied, at least, impartially to every member of society. This Saturday night law, on the contrary, is levelled against the working man's indulgence of his only hour of relaxation. Upon other classes the restriction is comparatively inoperative. The man of means has his club, social coterie or domestic circle where he may at any time expand in social interchanges and sweeten his cup of existence—the hard working and industrious have only their Saturday nights.

In every point of view this law is likely to be productive of evil. Those upon whom it especially bears and oppresses will view such legislation and its authors with abhorrence and hatred, and others, personally disinterested, will, certainly, not consider themselves bound to strengthen and support it. Is it not dangerous to the reverence for all laws to enact one to be treated with contempt and opposition? Let this one crickly be modified or repealed.

SABBATH DUTY.—Report hath it that one of our City Aldermen employs himself during a considerable portion of the week y day of rest in spying out the manner in which his fellow-citizens relax themselves in their hebdomadal cessation of labour.—This worthy civic representative, in doing this work, may flatter himself with the self-persuasion, that he is actuated by charitable motives, and that he is performing the duty of a christian mission. He will find that his fellow-men think differently of him, as well as of all such busy bodies. The day is set apart from the toil of the week and the trouble of our every-day avocations. It is, besides, from the great event which it commemorates, a day of gladness and rejoicing, and not one of gloom and austerity. The city father in question may differ with us, on this point, and he shall have our credit for his doing so sincerely. We cannot record to him, however, our belief in his sincerity of purpose when he looks over window blinds and peeps into houses with half open doors with the intention of putting hose to trouble who simply differ from him in religious thought and action. The duties and abnegation of Lord's Day, are, Scripturally, undefined; and it was left to the Puritans and the Blue Laws of Connecticut to establish, in the abomination of a hypocritical sanctity, the observance of it. Our

would-be-esteemed-righteous Magistrate, who, we believe belongs to the body Puritanic, would do well to see to the reasons of his own faith that is in him, instead of disturbing the practice of that of others. As a civic dignitary it is indecent in him to take advantage of his position to enforce, by oppression, the views of his peculiar faith.

Eureka! Found at Last.

Some of our friends having expressed a desire to know who and what the *Growler* is, we have made considerable search, and our efforts are at length crowned with success; in the *London Times* (England,) the following advertisement appears, which was detected by the eagle glance of our facetious friend "Punch":

"Dogs and Curiosities. Mr. Growler has for Sale One of the handsomest Pug Dogs in Creation, with a self coloured face (supposed to be the only one in England), 12 months old, direct from Holland; also one of the most perfect little White Pet Female Dogs ever seen, with a most beautiful long curly coat, equal to floss silk, two years old, direct from Spain. This amiable clean little animal is fit for Buckingham Palace. Also a remarkably handsome Female Spanish Goat, colour a beautiful black, with tan points: she has a splendid long flowing coat, age 21 months. Also a magnificent glass case of superb Foreign Stuffed Birds, plumage and execution of exquisite beauty. Apply at Growler's breeding kennels, Catenton Street, Houndsditch."

We suppose the "handsome pug dog" is the "junior editor" whose feelings were so lacerated a few weeks since at the adoption of his synonyme by a correspondent of this journal.

Our Seven-Leagued Boots.

To be seen at our Hanging Gardens, the Seven-Leagued Boots, with which we distanced Officer Useless and his three brethren. They will be regarded as great "Curiosities," as so far from presenting the gigantic proportions associated with those of nursery tales notoriety, they are composed simply of Kidderminster Carpet, and leather, and are familiarly known in every household, as *slippers*! Such at least would be the impression formed by their appearance, an evidently erroneous one, or how could we have successfully contended in the Olympic game with four members of such an efficient police as this City is happily possessed of, no, it cannot be. The marvellous lamp of Aladdin, and equally so Cap of Fortunatus, were of the current patten, but mark their wondrous power! we remember how they astounded our juvenile mind, but matured age is equally astonished our feat, but what boots it, we eschew the subject as our stock-in trade is exhausted.

In reference to a letter over the signature of "A Hamiltonian" in our last week's issue agent a charge of *disorderly conduct* against Mr Fred Manning, as it will come up again before the Recorder's Court, we have, at present, little more to say, than that it is one of a number of cases alike disgraceful to our Police establishment and derogatory to our Police Court—members of the former made a charge against a citizen—the latter refused evidence to repel the accusation. Instead of the bench giving their servants a knock over the knuckles or dismissing them, for a gross perversion of their official duties, in imprisoning an honorable and peaceful

individual, they did all in their power to justify their act by convicting and fining Mr. Manning \$2.

We understand the Police case of Mr. Davidson is, for the present, in obedience, but that it will come up in the proper time and the proper place.

HONOURS TO REBELS.

The notorious William Smith O'Brien who rebelled against his Sovereign, and was found in arms in widow MacCormick's cabbage garden, has had quite an ovation paid him from certain parties in Toronto. This renowned individual who was tried by a jury of his countrymen and found guilty of high treason, sentenced to be hanged and finally transported to the penal colonies, it would appear, has some admirers in this city also. In the *Spectator* of yesterday we find it reported that an address headed by his Worship the Mayor was taken to the sister city and presented to him by a Mr. Eager. On making inquiry, however, we find this extraordinary mark of respect to a returned convict was only a thing concocted and got up in Council: Nolan's Stable, with Gen. Brock (of Gen. Brock inn notoriety) in the Chair, and the representative for Freedom to the Buffalo Convention acting as Secretary.—Mr. Eager, the person appointed to present this remarkable document we do not know at all as a citizen—his name does not appear in our city Directory. That the Mayor had any thing to do with the business, we believe to be altogether untrue. The whole thing turns out to be a hoax; and the *Spectator* has been sold,—“Sold by Thunder,” as Porter said to Barnum. We have a higher opinion of both our Mayor and citizens generally, than to consider that they would implicate themselves by extending the hand of friendship to such an unhangd villain as O'Brien. We have a supreme contempt for those possessing a good education, natural ability, & sufficient low cunning to escape themselves from the snares they lead their more ignorant & confiding fellow countrymen in to.—Such an one is William Smith O'Brien, such he proved himself to be when after seducing his fellow countrymen from their proper avocations, and leading them into all the wily snares of the outbreak of '48 he deserted them; and beat a retreat in “double quick time” out of Mother MacCormack's cabbage garden. Such an one was D'Arcy McGee, when on the recital of bloody and brutal outrages of the Indian Mutiny—the unrobing and outraging of heroic, virtuous women, and the stragling and shooting down of courageous men—he thanked his God, he had seen the day when the harlot of nations (England), was chastised. And such is George Brown.—Such scoundrels we detest, despise—curse to their country, a disgrace to humanity, and fit subjects for—South Carolina. From such men good Lord deliver us.

The best thing to take for a bad cold is a silk handkerchief. If very bad take two.

THE *Times* with its usual virulence and impartiality again attacks Mr. Austin, the Licence Inspector, and charges him with non-performance of his duties in no measured terms. Considerable, but not unusual egotism is exhibited by our contemporary in setting up his opinion in opposition to that of the Licence Committee, who are, we apprehend the responsible parties in these matters. Mr. Austin, simply carrying out their instructions, without option; the *Times* says “the Inspector has issued several Temperance Licences, under which persons are permitted to sell lager beer, and yet the Committee has decided that beverage to be a fermented liquor.” Now if the ostensible proprietor of that journal happened at the present time to be in his former occupation, he would know that every License undergoes the Supervision, and receives the signature of the Licence Committee or its Chairman, but having taken to *imbibing* instead of *selling* liquors, he is probably ignorant of that fact: in addition we may say that “Lager” yet remains an open question, as many “Sons” to our certain knowledge yet imbibe it, and consider themselves “good Templars.” Another attack is made upon Mr. Austin because he was not the prosecutor in the cases when parties were fined, and much virtuous indignation and high dudgeon is exhibited because the police were the prosecutors. What in the name of all that is good are the duties of the police, unless to carry out the Law, and prevent its infraction? Supposing the Inspector to be the proper person to prosecute, is he ubiquitous? Can he be every where? and is it not intended by the existing *By-Laws*, than any infringement or its *Acts*, should be recognized by and duly punished through the medium of the police? It is well known that the power they have always possessed and exercised when they thought proper has been sufficient to produce the result shewn by last Monday's proceedings, and instead of attacking the existing obnoxious Law, the *Times* has brought to bear its “hollow thunder” upon an inoffensive and respected citizen, who has enjoyed the respect and esteem of the inhabitants of this City to such an extent, as the Major can never hope to arrive at.

Do you wish to insult me by calling your dog by my name? O, no Sir, not at all, I only meant to insult the dog!—*Wasp*.

We take the above from our *stinging* friend, who is fast improving, and who has our best wishes for his success.—We see his friends are praising him, let them also support him.

ANOTHER RICHMONDS IN THE FIELD.—We have received a number of the *Weavel*, published at Cobourg, it possesses all the elements of success, and we trust the same may be accorded it. The *Field of Literature* is a very extended one and much room yet remains unoccupied. May the “dry rot” never extinguish the *Weavel*.

Do make yourselves at home, ladies, said a female to her visitors one day. I'm at home myself, and wish you all were.

A correspondent says “Major Grey appeared on Sunday last in his old color.—How was it?”

We don't know unless it is because Sunday is regarded in Law as a “*dies non*.”

“Father,” said a young disciple of old Isaac, “they say trout bite now.” “Well, well,” was the reply, “mind your work and they won't bite you.”

Our Valley City Correspondence.

LETTER NO. II.

DUNDAS, May 4th, 1859.

(To the Editor of the *Chronicles*.)

Sir,—It will be equally gratifying to you, as it is to me, to know that my last communication met here, in the City of the Valley, with much favor; and “Our Valley City Correspondent” is likely to prove, to some extent, “an angel dropped from the skies,”—for the spirit with which I desire to sprinkle my jotting of Bo-Paxer's remarks about Tom, is admitted, on all sides, to be healthy, and the intention fore shadowed acknowledged to be the right one. I am fully aware, Sir, of the seriousness and importance of the contract of furnishing you news, into which I have entered; and those of your readers not residing in Dundas must excuse me, and grant unto you pardon, if my correspondence is, comparatively viewed, lengthy. But the increase of your circulation here fully warrants a fair share of your paper being devoted to Dundas matters. This morning my remarks shall be directed towards the Town-ass, Mr. J—s S—w M—th, whose character I delineated in my last. This “arrangement”—this J—m M—th—is notorious, most particularly, for three things, viz: the ridiculous figure he “cuts;” his proneness to meddle with the affairs,—private, public and social—of other people; and of neglecting age, disowning a sister—a young lady, accomplished, industrious and respected by those who hold the inhuman brother in contempt. A more accomplished Merry-Andrew than this Mr. M—th, is not to be found either in Sloat & Shepherd's, nor in Dan Rice's corps of renowned performers. The duties he goes through, are of the most interesting and varied character. Strangers, not unfrequently, take him for an idiot—or for a partially cured occupant of the Insane Asylum; but the streaks of knaving now and then exhibited, does away with this idea, and at once forces the inference that he is simply an artificially constructed ass. His “clack,” like unto the gander's, has no end; and in conversation you either find him committed to egotism, or dealing in the privacies of his neighbors. As a meddler he is a most detestable nuisance; but being a perfect personification of arrogant presumption, audacious impudence, and most startling want of intelligence, (which latter thing is somewhat clouded by the two former traits,) it is by no means miraculous that he backs up his tom-foolery and side shows of mimicry by gab about the business matters of towns-people, which has now shaped itself into a perpetuity. However, Mr. Editor, I have just to tell Mr. M—th that his traffic as a busy-body has caused to be put into pickle for him something which will be administered in a very short time, and in such doses that will make him bitterly repent of his having ever stuck his nose into the business of those who are the kind of Tartars not to be played upon. But worst of all this Mr. M—th knows not his own sister; he meet her daily, (she lives in sight of his own eyes,) but he owes her not. No, this wretch would see the skin come off the hands of his sister by hard work, and though he lives in the affluence afforded to him by the yearly income of his mother-in-law, he would not give her that aid which any pauper would receive.

at the hands of a stranger. No, he shuts the doors of his own house—or rather that of his father-in-law's, (in which he lives,) upon this sister, who, if the remembrances of childhood are in the least fresh in his memory, should be looked upon as a prize—as a being the object of love and of loving attention. Yes, while he—this Mr. M—h,—this lump of inhumanity—this structure of ingratitude—stalks through the high society got to him by marriage, a sister abides in the same town in want of her comforts which the *cursed* pride of her brother tells him not to grant.—Ashamed, he ought to be to raise his eyes from the ground. But, no,—with a J—s S—w M—th impudence, he brazen through it all. God have pity upon such a man, for no human being can.

Yours, &c., &c.,

BO-PEEP.

CHANGE OF PUBLICATION DAY.—We have concluded to issue the "Chronicles and Curiosities" hereafter on Thursday. The hurry of business on Saturdays, has been the cause of the changes. When there is a silver dollar to be earned (these times) people won't take time to read newspapers, even of as high a class as the "Chronicles," and we have therefore determined to issue it on a day, on which it will be hailed as a welcome visitor.

THE ATLAS.—The publication of the *Atlas* will commence on Friday, May 13. We have been handed, by the publishers, an advance proof sheet; and as we predicted, it is decidedly the neatest specimen of typography we have seen produced in Canada. "The adventures of a Hamiltonian," promises to be an exciting tale—and we have no doubt the circulation of the *Atlas* will soon outstrip its American rivals.

Several Communications lie over to be attended to in our next.

SWIFT once attempted in a humorous mood to prove that all things were governed by the word *led*. Said he, "Our noblemen and drunkards are *pimp*led, physicians and pulses are *feele*d, their patients are *pile*d, a now married man and an ass are *brid*led, an old man and a pack-horse are *sadd*led, cats and dice are *ratt*led, swine and nobility are *sty* led, a coquette and a tinder box are *spark*led.

SAM SLICK says there are two languages that are universal—the language of love and the language of money; the gals understand the one, and the men understand the other, all the world over.

The world is a treadmill, which turns all the time, and leaves no choice but to sink or climb.

Who ever heard of a widow committing suicide on account of love? A little experience is very wholesome.

When does mortification ensue? when you pop the question, and are answered no.

On one occasion John Jacob Astor was importuned for a charity subscription, and finally gave ten dollars.

Why, sir, exclaimed the astonished collector, your son William gave twenty dollars!

Very good, sir, said Astor, but you must remember the razor has a rich father.

[REPORTED FOR THE CHRONICLES.]

MEETING OF TAVERN AND SALOON KEEPERS.—A meeting of those interested in the operation of the law which orders that places of refreshments shall be closed on Saturday nights at 7 o'clock, was held at Maguire's Saloon, on Thursday evening. Among the Spakers was Pat, himself who expressed himself in the following eloquent terms:—

My beloved friends and fellow countrymen, we are met here to discuss the question whether the industrious and honest—the bone and sinew of the country—are to be oppressed and trampled on by men, whom we have appointed to make for us good and wholesome laws, my beloved friends, but who, instead of doing the duties appointed them, have turned round upon us and like ogres are going to devour us. This, my beloved friends, is not a question to be slighted—it is not a question whether Davy Boyle shall or shall not get drunk on whiskey—whether his Worship the Mayor shall imbibe port wine, or my beloved friends whether Alderman Cochran should be made to indulge his thirst for persecution in a water-butt. My beloved friends, we are met here to deliberate on a subject of far more importance than any such as these—we are assembled here to take means to assert our liberties and protect our pockets against tyrants and robbers. Yes, my beloved friends, we are called upon to arm ourselves against the encroachments and robberies of those that we pay to protect us. We can do so, we shall do so, and—we shall kick the scoundrels to—hem—out of this great, good and glorious country, which they are running. We shall kick them to Muine, my beloved friends, where, I hope, they will have to eat sour bread and drink bad water all the days of their lives. My beloved friends we are a high and honorable body in this city. We pay our taxes and our licenses, and are to be awindled out of the rights which we are buying so dearly?—We shall not, my beloved friends. The days of Mackenzie and '37 are not forgotten—the strong arm of the oppressor shall be met by a stronger, and the bugaboos shall be walked out of the country to the tune of the rogues march. I tell you, my beloved friends, it shall be so—for, my customers, at no time, in my house, shall want for the best—they, at all times—for they all conduct themselves like gentlemen—shall have their *horn*, as gentlemen should have, when they want it. And my beloved friends what'll you have?

THE VOLCANO PELO.—A curious phenomenon was observed during the recent volcanic eruption at the Sandwich Islands. A correspondent of a California paper says: "Once, while standing on a rock with several others, perhaps two hundred feet from the stream, a loud, ringing noise was heard, as if the rock had been struck by an immense sledge-hammer. We started, not knowing but P'elo was under and after us, but soon found our alarm groundless, though the noise was probably caused by the liquid lava running under the ground, and suddenly filling up a cave beneath us. A little after, a singular scene presented itself—the appearance of a man sitting on a rock and riding along on the top of the fiery lava stream. So deceptive was this allusion, that several of the party, when it was first observed, looked around to see if one of their number had not by accident got on the stream. The life-like image moved slowly along, till suddenly his head tumbled off, and the whole image soon disappeared.

There is only one objection to people who mean well, and that is they never find time to carry out their meaning.

The young Duke says the best season for gold digging is when you are in the veins. This experience entitles his opinion to respect, but it appears he went when in the humour without ever arriving at the vein.

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. MATHEWS, 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 BEAN also on hand and for sale. T. BRANIGAN. Hamilton, April 1, 1869.

HANGING GARDENS.

THE CONTEMPTIBLE DODGE RESORTED TO BY our city rulers to extort money from the In-keepers of this city, under false promises, as published 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 arrangements so complete, that the moment a spy or policeman takes his place on the platform, the check-line, which is self acting, calls 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. Already our gardener is engaged in planting such flowers and shrubbery 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 sham fights. The proceedings will be enlightened by the Springs Brewery Brass Band. Ad in tance free. Tickets must be obtained, however, before taking places in the aerial steam car, which is managed by a first-class engineer. Choicest liquors and cigars furnished, besides all the latest styles of summer drinks. The novelty of this design it 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.