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# BRANIGAN'S

## Chronicles and Curiosities.

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

Vol. I.—No. 9.

HAMILTON, C. W., SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1859.

PRICE, THREE CENTS.

### NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

To you, kind patrons of my witty sheet,  
I here present you with my New Year's  
treat,  
And compliments, all suited to the season,  
And a rich feast of wit and reason;  
Trusting, that while you enjoy your New  
Year's revel,

You'll not forget your *Patron Saint*—the *devil*,  
Who, on this happy morn, presents his rhymes,  
In fair exchange for your bright shining dimes.  
But, readers, lest you confound my name  
With that of him who walks in sulph'rous  
flame,

I will inform you with my happiest grace,  
That I'm the *devil* of the *inky* face;—  
For since last year was usher'd into light,  
Your old friend BRANIGAN's been made a  
"Knight

"Of Quill and Scissors!" and he tries to please  
Each one of you with his *Curiosities*;—  
And I'm his *imp*, and a good one, I trow,  
So to you all I make my New Year's bow,  
And wish you many a happy New Year's day,  
~~As you are snach'd from this fair world away,~~  
To dwell in the bright land where Chris-  
tians go,

Or, with my generous namesake, *down below!*  
Patrons! the year just gone has had its  
share

Of joys and troubles, and the tyrant, Care,  
Has cut his name upon its hoary head;  
And though it's parted from us, we'll not shed  
Tears o'er its death, but take a short review  
Of its important incidents, both strange and  
new.

First, in importance of them all, I think,  
Is the laying of the electric link,  
Which joins the heart of Uncle Sam to British  
John:

And though few words as yet have past along,  
The time will come when it will act its part,  
And bind in bonds of love the gen'rous heart  
Of happy England to that of Jonathan—  
Who, by the way, is now a full-grown man,  
Having thrown to the winds his swaddling-  
clothes,

And, by his persevering traits, arose  
From nothingness into his present place,  
An honor to th' Anglo-Saxon race. (1)

Next is the crisis, which threatened of late,  
To swamp forever our own "Ship of State";  
But, thanks to honest (!) men and sturdy sail,  
She's safely rode out the financial gale.

Then, there's the treaty with John Chinaman.  
As also that with Emperor of Japan,  
The highest object sought of both when made,  
Was to throw open their broad doors of trade  
Unto the commerce of the East and West,  
And who'll not say their labors have been  
bless'd!

Next in review, the varied wonders pass,—  
Psychology, electricity, clairvoyance, and gas,  
With rapping spirits drawn by brotherly love,  
To visit earth from brighter spheres above;  
And Peace Conventions, called to discuss  
Whether 'tis right or wrong to make a fuss;  
And woman's rights, and woman's duties, too—  
Known to the many, practiced by the few—  
While hoary preachers, fond of gospel lore,  
Hang up their gowns, nor think of preaching  
more;

Whilst *reverend* ladies on the pulpit nod,  
And point the way to wisdom and to God.  
Meanwhile the printer's devil shakes his sides,  
And wonders why learned *Misses* can't be  
*brides!*

Patrons! I fain would talk of our good city,  
And its increasing greatness, in this ditty;  
But 'tis all known to you as well as I,  
So I will say God speed, and pass it by;—  
But we will very soon have the Elections,  
And then I'll walk into each man's affections.  
I'll wish one joy, and bid him God speed,  
For the friend of the *devil* is sure to succeed!

Patrons! I've done; 'tis a wild song I've  
sung,  
And sad words, "good bye," rest on my  
tongue;  
But speak them I can't, my heart seems to  
swell,

And I cannot exclaim—Farewell! Farewell!  
THE "CHRONICLE'S" IMP.

**C. Branigan's Letter-Box,**  
No. 20, P. O., HAMILTON.

Hamilton, December, 1858.

DEAR MR. BRANIGAN:

I am about to give you a trial, namely, whether you will permit the invidious attack of "Squintam," against the young ladies, to remain forever uncontradicted, or defend them by publishing the enclosed letter.—By complying with my request, you will not come off the loser; for there are hundreds of weddings, bride-cake, &c. in perspective, but of which you shall not share, if you do not refute the calumny. Ladies on the sunny side of thirty are not old maids; besides, some of those whose names are mentioned scarcely look twenty.

Yours sincerely,

AN OLD COURTIER.

P.S.—You have now an opportunity of redeeming yourself in the opinion of all the ladies.

[ENCLOSURE]

Hamilton, Dec. 21st, 1858.

DEAR MR. BRANIGAN:

I am but a recent arrival in the Province—a bachelor—and as fond of a lark as any man. Since your *Chronicles* have been published, I have not omitted purchasing them; so, you see, I am quite familiar with your sayings and doings.

In your Saturday's paper, I think you forgot your motto, "Nothing extenuate nor set down ought in malice;" for I observed the names of several young ladies bro't to the public notice in a most malicious manner. Now, these said ladies, from my personal knowledge of them, are not only not deficient in amiability of disposition, but beauty, modesty, wit, and genius, form some of their finest characteristics. I avow myself a devoted admirer and champion of the fair sex, and can not help remarking, that such detraction from real merit is highly reprehensible in any man to pen, let alone to print. "The man in Corduroys" seeing her (one of the young ladies here alluded to) "squint" at him, reminds me of—

"The fox who tried, but all in vain,  
The nice sweet grapes just to obtain:  
He licked his lips for full an hour,  
Then went and said the grapes were sour."  
A BACHELOR.

To the Editor of Branigan's Chronicles and Curiosities.

HAMILTON, Dec. 27, 1858.

DEAR SIR,—Observing a notice in your excellent paper of the sale of old Bachelors, I was happy to find that none of the letters would answer the initials of my name. I say happy, because I have no desire—in fact, would have a decided objection, when entering into the bonds of matrimony—to be told, "You know, old Bachelor, have their whims, and my whim is—to be let;" so I send you a notice of this tenacious house, by which the original author—I think he was a denizen of this world about the beginning of last century—found himself occupied in a few days after this insertion in one of the monthly papers of that time; at least so I judge from having looked over two or three of the succeeding issues, which I have at my elbow, and cannot find but one insertion:—

"TO LET.

"To be let, at a very delicate rate,  
A snug little house in a fine, healthy state;  
'Tis a Bachelor's heart, and the agent is  
Chance—

Affection, the rent—to be paid in advance.  
The owner, as yet, has possessed it alone,  
So the fixtures are not of much value, but  
soon

'Twill be furnished by Cupid himself, if a wife  
Takes a lease for the term of her natural life.  
The tenant will have a few taxes to pay—  
Love, Honor, and—heaviest item—Obey!  
As for the good will, the owner's inclined  
To have that, if agreeable, settled in kind;  
Provided true title, by proof can be shown,  
Is a heart unencumbered and free as his own.  
So ladies! dear ladies, pray do not forget,  
Here's an excellent Bachelor's heart to be let."

B.

For Branigan's Chronicles and Curiosities.

Milton, Dec. 27th, 1858.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—

My former communication to your *Chronicles* is so pleasing to the people out here, that I am sure you will continue to amuse them by inserting the following in your next issue.

Our Dodger, I am happy to say, is drooping a little. He now presents rather the appearance of a barn-door fowl seeking shelter before a thunder storm, than the Shanghai rooster I described to you in my last. He has used, since I wrote you, both his schoolmas-

ters in a public capacity, but with bad effect. The dirty things they prepare for him to give to others he is beginning to have to eat himself. The dose which is prescribed for him in one of your city papers of to-day, he has been obliged to take, and he has not yet recovered from the cholera morbus which it produced.

We had a Horticultural Exhibition in the Town Hall on the day on which our Mayor was nominated, on which occasion he showed only four of his cabbage plants. The first, "Bunkum," imported from England, and since improved by a cross with the *Reinhardt* kind. It was remarkable for a large undergrowth of leaves. When slightly pressed it emitted a quantity of gas, then a collapse ensued.

2nd. *News Boy*. A very peculiar kind;—unlike the other, it had a bad undergrowth, and was noted for being shallow in the head. Its greatest peculiarity, however, was its *crooked stem*. It was not at all liked by the spectators; still it is asserted it will throw out shoots, which the *gardener* will sell so cheap that it may be used with skim-milk for the riff-raff.

3rd. *Ransom*. A specimen with a large head; from bad cultivation it ran to waste last year; (if the *gardener* had not been able to supply its place by the *News-Boy*, he would have lost a great many of his customers) this year it was transplanted into another plot, and begins to look like itself again; still, notwithstanding its large upper growth, the judges did not award it a prize, for, on examining its head, it was found quite hollow.

4th. *Right or Wrong*. This specimen was tall and slim, as if it had grown in a stove-pipe. The judges found it disqualified; still the *gardener* is going to try to propagate it for his own especial use, as it is very easily cooked.

On Monday next there is to be another exhibition, after which you shall hear from me. Till then, believe me yours truly,

CODFISH.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg again to solicit the forbearance of a number of correspondents, whose letters we cannot possibly make room for in this number. We are even obliged to leave over some articles of our own—the Post Office, for instance. "There is a time for all things."

### BRANIGAN'S Chronicles and Curiosities.

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

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, Jan. 1st, 1859.

#### THE DODGER'S ADDRESS TO ST. PATRICK'S ELECTORS.

By particular and very urgent request, we give insertion to the following address, which is as delivered by the "Dodger" to the electors of St. Patrick's Ward last night. It could not appear in the *Times* before Monday next; therefore do we give it a place in our extensively read columns. After the meeting had been called to order the "Dodger" read the following remarks:—

Gentlemen: You all know me. [A voice "That's thure for ye, and the devil a haparth we know that's good ov ye."] I come before you asking your votes to put me again in the Council. [A voice, Yes, to spend our money for fire-crackers and the like; bad luck to the omadhaun that'll be after giving you a vote.] Boys, you know in me you always had a friend; and when I sold whiskey

many's the good glass I gave you, besides, when I was in the Board of Works I used to give some of you nice little jobs. [An elector—Faix did you, and you used to pay yourself divilish well out of our custhom for that same.] Gentlemen, I'm not-a-going to make you any promises to-night, but if you'll elect me and keep Johnny Patterson out, you'll then have two good Roman Catholic Aldermen—that's *myself* and Mr. Tracey. [Great laughter.] Yes, gentlemen, I've gone the rounds of all the churches, and after giving each one a separate trial I've come to the conclusion that *ours* is the true church. [A voice—Oh ye decaiver, the devil 'ill get you before your feat are cowl, if ye aint saved by a miracle.] I'm not an election convert, for I stood by the church in her hour of peril; yes, gentlemen, I attended the Buffalo Convention, and though Terry Branigan said I could not get into that Convention because I did not know how to bless myself, he told a d—d lie. [John Brick, skip the hard words, Tom.] Yes, gentlemen, I say it boldly, Terry Branigan was the man who said so; and he did it out of spite against me, because I print a paper in opposition to his. But my friends will spread confusion and dismay, on Monday next, though the vile horde of foul and corrupt miscreants, traitors to their country and God-forsaken wretches who attempt to stop my pathway to the Council Chamber. [Hisses and groans from the Patterson party, and general confusion.] Their hopes are prostrated, for there is every certainty of my being triumphantly returned.—The *Times* shall next week herald the glorious result of the contest to the friends of liberty everywhere, that Corktown is regenerated and disenthralled, *erect, and sound to the core! Liberty or death!* has been her war-cry; it will prevail and she must conquer. The "Dodger" is the man for Galway. Come boys, let us drink! [Great excitement, during which the speaker fell from his perch into a barrel partially full of pickle, in which had been herrings. Soon as the "man for Galway" was taken out of salt, a hard looking customer approached Mr. Brick, who was quietly taking a tumbler of whisky punch by the fire, and attempted to pull that individual's proboscis, but Alderman Patterson interfered and Mr. Brick disdained to retaliate on his opponent. Order having been in a measure restored, Alderman Patterson complied with the almost unanimously expressed wish of the meeting by delivering himself of a speech, which was well received, and left a good impression.] The meeting, after giving three cheers for Patterson and three groans for the double-dyed turn-coat, broke up.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—We can afford to exercise considerable magnanimity towards the poor fellow who, assassin-like, stabs at us in the dark; but we caution the editor of the *Thunderer* against overstepping that point beyond which forbearance ceases to be a virtue, else will we speak of him as he deserves. We have refrained from doing so before, knowing that the fellow would even feel honored by our scorn. Argument, not personality, is our battle-axe. A word is a sufficiency, and we have done.

#### ST. MARY'S WARD.

The electors of this locality held a meeting in the Napier Street engine-house last Tuesday night. Mr. Best was called to the chair. The nominations for Aldermen included the names of the present Aldermen—Messrs. Roach and Holton—together with that of Mr. Edgar. Messrs. Waugh, Walker, Richardson, Peter Reid, and John Pettigrew, were the nominees of the meeting for Councillors. Aldermen Roach and Holton will most unquestionably be returned. They have worked well and faithfully during the past year, and merit the confidence of their constituents. Mr. Waugh is a strong man, too, and will no doubt go back to the Council Board for 1859. His colleague, Mr. Councillor Walker, is in very bad odor, and has no chance of re-election. Indeed, the electors would hardly give him a hearing, so much are they incensed against him. We advise him to stay from the polls, Mr. Reid is unknown to us, but looks a well-meaning man: he is nothing of a speaker. Mr. Pettigrew is an active business man, and would make a useful member in the Council. He has a great many friends in the Ward, and we think his chances of election are next to those of Mr. Waugh.

#### ST. LAWRENCE WARD.

Here the conflict is waxing fiercer as the days of polling approach. Mr. Moore, we are told, has left the track to Messrs. McGivern, Ford, and Cochrane, who are all contending for Aldermanic seats. Mr. McGivern has attended well to his duties in the Council—he is an excellent committee man, and has ever been jealous of the rights of his constituency. We anticipate his return by a large majority over either of his opponents. Messrs. James Mathews and Way will probably be the successful aspirants to Councilmanic seats. They are opposed by Mr. Lyman Moore and Robert Mathews.

#### ST. ANDREW'S WARD.

Nowlan is *hors de combat*—he has been done *δ* as an Aldermanic candidate by Mr. Wilson Browne, who is again in the civic arena, alongside of his old and fearless ally, Mr. L. Devaney. So, of course, Mr. Nowlan can't come in; he has therefore, very wisely, fallen back on his old position, and seeks to be returned as Councillor. There are other candidates spoken of in this Ward.

#### ST. GEORGE'S WARD.

Nothing short of a juvenile earthquake would disturb the wonted quiet of this staid locality. The old members will probably be returned, with the exception of the present Mayor, who does not seek the favor of a nomination. Messrs. Anthony Copp and George B. Spencer are said to be out for this Ward. They are both new but good men, and either would reflect credit on the Ward; as also Alderman Law, who is a tried and faithful servant.

A BRIBE OR A NEW YEAR'S GIFT?

The following letter came to hand, marked "Private and Confidential," but as it treats upon matters civic, and that of an astounding quality, we came to the conclusion of giving it publicity.—The initials, "C. M." we conjecture to mean plain Charles Magill, and under that assumption we think we will be fully justified by our readers in its exposure. We are too well known in the community to be thought a party capable of doing any dirty work for Charlie. If he is in such straits as his letter intimates, we would advise him seriously to give up the contest, even at the eleventh hour. At any rate, he need not look for either encouragement or sympathy in the *Chronicles* :—

HAMILTON, Dec., 27, 1858.

DEAR TERRY:

At the close of a year, when all by-gones should be by-gones, and a fresh start taken, or a new leaf turned at the commencement of a fresh one, I wish to be the first to make advances, in expectation that I will be met in a similar spirit. You will better appreciate me when I say, that for the future I wish all personal animosity to be laid aside, all malicious feelings wantonly engendered, forgotten, and then I have no doubt, with a proper understanding between us, which such a state of things would naturally encourage, we could do much to further each other's social and political purposes.

Having briefly given you my views in addressing you at present, I must be excused if I inadvertently a little upon what I may call your estrangement towards myself personally. It is well known to our fellow citizens that we are old acquaintances, and that we have often gone to many summer picnics, and in winter, oyster suppers. During, as I say, a very lengthened period, we have been free with each other in sentiment, purse and politics; eye, even religion. Why is it, then, that you have lately taken it into your head to do me a manifest injury, by propagating, through some little paper that bears your name and authority, every species of ridicule and annoyance? Coming from any other quarter, I might have felt inclined to take high-handed measures, and continued to make the originator of such maliciousness pay dear for his whistle. As it is, although hard to bear, I must keep quiet, for I tread upon delicate ground,—ground so pulverised by your press, that if not cautious, I may be smothered by my very footsteps.

I have great reason, therefore, to believe, that you encourage in your paper, the enunciation of circumstances ruinous to my success and popularity, both as a man in business and may-hap in whatever official capacity I may attain. You should know me better than all this comes to, and I am troubled to think that you are lending a willing ear or pen to the defamation of an old enemy. Nobody, dear Terry, I thought more likely to take my part in this city than yourself. I must be either mistaken or deceived in you—I hope not the latter,—at least, I would fain not think so.

Having thus relieved my mind of the more immediate reasons for addressing you, I will next be more intimately candid with matters wherein we should be personally interested.

I cannot, I assure you, stop short of gaining the civic chair—this must be secured. I have left no stone unturned thus far to propitiate doubtful voters. In personally canvassing the different wards, I have done all that mortal man could do. I have met with some little encouragement certainly, yet not sufficiently flattering to make me particularly sanguine of success. An amusing incident happened to me last week, which I shall here give you, being one among many similar that I have experienced lately in my canvass. In going through a section of the eastern part of the city I called upon a certain family and

made enquiries if I could see Mr.—the occupant. I was told by the Mistress that he was not at home, and she requested me to say what I wanted with him so that she would acquaint him when he came home. I therefore gave her one of my electioneering tickets, saying at the same time that I would call again, and hoped he would vote according to the tenor of the card. She took the card, and after scanning it for a moment, cried out "Kitty, bring me the boiling water!" I understood what this meant, and made use of a rather hasty "good morning."

Somewhat doubtful, therefore, of carrying the day, I would be glad to have your co-operation. Your extensive influence brought to bear upon my interest would unquestionably turn the scale, and show me up triumphantly. You require to have a certain local interest yourself, and who would be better able or more willing to second your wishes than myself? It seems to me that we might be mutually benefitted, and, by adopting or siding with me in my views, something handsome may be made out of the year 1859.

Trusting that you will give the subject, in all its bearings, your particular consideration and entire acquiescence, I remain your old and very worthy friend. C. M.

THE "SECOND HORSE."

Well, the gentlemen have "made their game," and played the first horse, which has been won in fine style by McKinstry and his confreres. Magill, who has become more cautious since the commencement of the second horse, (which will, if gained by Paddy, be a Mayor) keeps his hand under the table, or in his brother Edward's hat, but Branigan's *Chronicles*, like

"A thousand lamps at one lone altar lighted, Turning the night of error into day,"

has discovered the only trump card in Charley's hand to be all knaves; while Paddy has a fist full of illegant kings and queens, a few diamonds, plenty of real true hearts, and a small sprinkling of clubs, backed up by the five fingers. With such a hand in such hands, who can fail to anticipate the result as a glorious victory for the McKinstry party. That notorious son of *Æculæpia*, Dr. Tumblety, who carries as much brass in his face, as would make the Dodger a new helmet; he has, we learn, hung out his shingle in town, and received the appointment of surgeon to the Magill clique. Judging from the Dr's great skill and liberality, as evinced in his address, a portion of which reads:

"Advice given gratis, from ten until four, Teeth also extracted (for nothing, if poor). Prescriptions prepared with care and ability. And patients attended with skill and civility. Tonics, narcotics, and anti-splenetics, Anti-spasmodics, carotics, emetics, With cures for blue devils, by a clever pathologist." And broken bumps mended by a first-chop phrenologist.

We need apprehend very little in the way of lasting remembrances of the first mayoralty election under the new law. To the wisdom and foresight of Mr. Edward Magill, who is one of the peace party, our citizens are deeply indebted for the excellent arrangements he has made for the preservation of public order, without having recourse to the riot act. He is to be master of ceremonies during the polling days, and will occupy a position on the market pump—shouting, "Go it, Charley, and I'll hold your hat!"

THE MAYORALTY.

SECOND NIGHT OF PERFORMANCE.

Dramatis Personæ.

CHARLES MAGILLIMUS, MAJOR DODGER, and FREELOVE MILLER-ITZ.

[MAGILLIMUS and DODGER seated in the Sanctum Sanctorum.]

MAGILLIMUS.

Well, Tom: What news to-night? What think'st thou?

Are prospects any better for me now Than when we met at morn of yesterday, And with good gin drove tyrant care away? Let's hear it now; leave me not in suspense, For fears are great and agony intense; And then would I from my good friends so dear,

Hear words of encouragement and good cheer.

DODGER.

Most noble Mayor—the mare that is to be— List for a moment, for I've news for thee; 'Tis of the meeting which was held last night, To which my "Friday" went to "spy" and write—

But here he comes, the self-conceited Greek.

Enter MILLER-ITZ.

What of the meeting, Friday? Quickly speak. For night walks on with swift and solemn tread,

And I must hasten to my marriage bed!

MILLER-ITZ.

Most noble Master! and MAGILLIMUS the great!

I went unto the meeting, but, being late, Gained no admission, and was forced to lurk Outside the window like a trench'rous Turk; And though my long ears were ajar, no word Which fell from their good lips by me was heard!

This my report—I've nothing more to say— "I scented the morning air," and must away.

DODGER.

Thou idiot! fool! a pretty servant thou! More fit for valet to some sickly cow, Or porter to a market apple-wench, Than follower of Canadian press or hench! When first you came to me—a vagrant thou— With sullen look, and dissipated brow, And sunken eye, and grim and dirty face— A fitting portrait of the assine race— I took thee in a pupil in my school; But you have proved a self-important fool;— And when you walk the street you look so dull,

The people stare aghast at your thick skull, And swear 'tis twerp, that's'd with skin of cat, And that no power can tell how thick is that! Begone! nor come again on no pretence, Till you have bought a modicum of sense.

Go, mallet-head! and when your ears are long, you'll pass

Among the people for a short-horned ass! You've every requisite but ears! Begone!

I say, And stand upon the Market Square, and bray, and bray;

And visitors will wonder as they pass, To see a miller turned into an ass!

MILLER-ITZ.

And has it come to this! alas! that I Should leave the saw-horse for the Dodger's "spy."

I'm thrown adrift with nought to pay my board

At the Exchange Saloon, and can't afford To have a toddy-sprece on Christmas Day— I'll go and cast myself into the Bay!

[Rushes frantically from the room.]

DODGER.

Charlie, my boy, I earnestly believe That we can win, and our lost cause retrieve. St. Patriok's Ward is now our only hope— To h—ll with Orange, and extoll the Popel Tell them your parent was a Catholic, And nobly handled the shillelah stick. This tale was my salvation when I ran, Some years ago, for city Alderman!

MAGILLIMUS.

Well thought of, Tom; and by the heathen gods,

I'll beat McKinstry spite of all the odds;

They are an ignorant set, and love their glass,  
Though mixed it may be with election gas;  
Besides, you know the ladies—pretty doers—  
Have private reasons—so friend Moore avers—  
For loving me—for when I am the Mayor,  
I'll take them all beneath my special care,  
And render to each one *spirit-ual* aid,  
Whether grass-widow, wife, or pretty maid!

DODDER.

Go thence, MAGILLIUS, and work away,  
And drum up votes for the election-day;  
And with your strength alarm the *hard-ware*  
man

With Scottish Slogan and the Orange clan,  
So he'll knock under and vanoose the track;  
And when you are our mare I'll ride bare-back  
On you, into the City Council seat,  
While city funds shall bear expense of treat!

MAGILLIUS.

The plan's a good one, and I'll do it brown—  
Good morning, Tom, I'll off to fair Corktown;  
But, ere I go, here take these *rotten dimes*,  
And puff me in the next birth of the *Times*!

[Exit MAGILLIUS.]

Written for Branigan's Chronicles and Curiosities.

## BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

To-morrow will be new year's day,  
And lads and lasses blithe and gay,  
Will dash around with horse and buggy,  
And mayhap get both wet and muddy—  
But I, alone, must while away  
The livelong, merry, new year day,  
These festive times.

Nought have I to cheer my downcast soul,  
Or make my wounded spirits whole;  
No house, or wife, or lovely child,  
No garden-plot, or farm, or field,  
No cattle lowing in my yard,  
No faithful dog my place to guard—  
While I am out.

Nought that can joyous feelings give;  
In fact, it's not worth while to live—  
The girls, they seem to hate me more,  
Than if my age were quite four score,  
And yet I'm sure I've nothing done  
To bring such woeful hatred down—  
Upon my head.

I've sometimes thought of keeping house,  
And yet, I think it is no use;  
My work I'd have to do alone,  
Nor hear the voice of any one;  
Saying—"Your toils with you I'd gladly share  
And half with you your joys and care—  
"While keeping house."

I've sometimes thought I'd like to marry,  
But then for that there is no hurry;  
For, should I think of living double,  
I would bring an awful deal of trouble,  
Just think of children's cries and wife's com-  
plaint,  
Of kitchen scenes, and close restraint,  
Upon me brought!

But if I should make up my mind,  
A fair young helpmate e'er to find,  
I would not want a flippant flirt,  
With twenty yards of flowing skirt,  
To fly around and spend my money,  
And then come home and call me "Honey,"  
In order to get more!

I want a wife with honest heart,  
Of mine the real counterpart;  
To whom I could my thoughts confide,  
From whom no power could me divide;  
With whom life's remnant I could spend,  
In nuptial love, and cherish, and defend,  
Through life's bright day.

Hamilton, Dec. 31, 1858.

Alderman "Curb and Bit" Davidson has retired from the labours of office, he has issued a very pathetic poetical valedictory to the electors of his ward. It is placarded on all the street corners, and a copy of it will be found in our columns. We think the ward is well rid of such a "Simon Pure."

## GREAT REJOICING IN FREELTON.

We hasten to lay before our numerous readers the important intelligence, that the first introduction of the new law, whereby Majors are to be elected by the people, has eventuated in the raising of Patrick Freel, Esq., to the dignity of Chief Magistrate for that populous and rapidly progressing district, known as Freelton. Mr. T. E. Niven, the tailor, nominated the successful candidate, and Mr. T. Ducklow, lime-burner and mason, seconded the nomination. There being no opposition, the happy mayor-elect was borne to his mansion on the shoulders of the crowd. In the evening, bonfires were lighted and fire-works set off. A military band from this city, headed by a gentleman with a silver speaking-trumpet pet in his hand, the same, we are told, through which Captain Gray addressed the *Roman Catholic Convention* held at Buffalo some three years ago. This elegant trumpet bore an inscription, which read as follows.—"I resented to Captain Thomas Gray, of the Royal Canadian Rifles, by his affectionate friend and brother, Patrick Freel, for his services in connection with, and devotion to, the Roman Catholic Church and her interests in these North American Colonies." We regret to record the occurrence of a strange accident during a sham fight, which was intended as a *finale* to the day's proceedings. The "Mayjer" had just *drawn*—a champagne cork, and was about to *charge*—his glass, when his friend Paddy fell under the table badly shot—*in the neck!* The "Mayjer" swooned away, and, in falling, put out the lights, and bruised his Catholic trumpet out of shape. At this stage of the doings our Reporter left.

## THE RIVALS.—[NOR SHERIDAN'S.]

Air—THE MINSTREL BOY.

McKinstry, with the friends of right,  
On the Hustings soon you'll see them;  
His cause is *raza*, his honor bright,  
And his supporters are free-men.  
"If I'm your choice," says McKinstry good,  
I will expose the knavery,  
Maintain your laws, defend your rights,  
But never join in jobbery.

McGill has, with his *shadow* true,  
On Hustings sure you'll find 'em,  
The dog was not, but a precious crew,  
That he called his *tail* behind them.  
I was your *Mayor*, said the spruce Magull,  
My citizens and brothers;  
I'll be your *Mayor*, for I can rule  
Without the aid of others.

His windpipe's hoarse, but what in voice,  
With finger so elastic,  
Aldermen and Councillors not required—  
The digit so emphatic,  
Point to the North at Depot stand,  
The West a Palace Crystal,  
The East a Market, oh! so grand,  
The South a new Cathedral.

Men will think of Debentures signed,  
And broken pledges of honor,  
Riot Act read, and more combined,  
Which don't become a Major.  
Then vote for a man that is found  
Without one speck on history,  
The votes we'll record for a man of this kind,  
And the man will be Henry McKinstry.

ON DR.—Mr. Magill took the character of "Jack Falstaff" at the Old Folks Concert.

## TO BE, OR NOT TO BE?

At length the auspicious day is at hand for our annual struggle for civic laurels of a doubtful hue, and the excited contestants and expectants are each imagining now, that Monday next will be an epoch in his individual biography from which the bright particular star of his own particular house must shine forever after with uncommon lustre and brilliancy. And yet, how many of these sweet-tongued, grinning-faced candidates may at the close of the polls be taught that

"The wretch concentrated all in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And, doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonored and unused."

The day is big with fate to others than the numerous oily-tongued aspirants—yea, is it an opportune moment for the oppressed and badly treated electors of a city once proudly designated "the ambitious," to rise in their might and discard those hungry leeches who would suck blood out of the very beaver that adorns her city arms, if such a thing were possible. There are a few notoriously bad characters asking seats in our diminutive City Hall; some of these have neither the intelligence nor the honesty of purpose to benefit a constituency, while there are others to whom dame nature has just given them enough brains to enable them to be dishonest, and to put money in their own purse, out of that belonging to the public. There are others, we are proud to say, before the electors, who are deserving of confidence and trust.—Let the interested see that they select such men, and thus take an initiatory step in bringing about a better state of things in our midst. Let us send all log-rolling, dodging, interloping, worthless, blood-sucking, sneaking cravers for pelf, to their native obscurity, with a  *flea in their ear*, and we will be doing ourselves and our families simple justice, and relieving our Corporation Legislature from the voracious maws of a greedy pack of vultures.

## A CONTRAST OF NATIONAL CHARACTER.

—On Christmas evening, as a friend, who is an observer of nature, was passing along the street, he met three sons of the Green Isle in their cups. They were rollicking and rattling in boisterous hilarity. Further along he saw three canny Scots, who had more than "a wee drap in their e'e." They were marching with the quiet solemnity of a funeral procession, disturbed only by an occasional "stacher," and an abortive effort to sing "Saft the wastlin' breezes blaw." Who had the most "licker" aboard? We pause for a reply.

GIN COCKTAILS, are supposed to be the cause of making the side walks so slippery a few evenings ago, near the Anglo, as we noticed several notables noticing what the crossings were made off.

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