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Chronicles and Curiosities.

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

VOL. I.—No. 16.

HAMILTON, C.W., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1859.

PRICE, THREE CENTS.

For the Chronicles and Curiosities.

A PEEP AT A PORTRAIT GALLERY.

On King Street West the place is found—
The hall is hung with portraits round—
The artist's name is G. S. Rice,
In "Chronicles" we've put him twice.

Renown'd he is for making pictures
Of Doctors, Jewellers, and Preachers;
Marks their fine traits, but not their coarse,
And that without the least remorse.

But painting being done to please
The rich, who're living at their ease,
We think it is no wonder, then,
He makes such pretty canvas-men.

First of the figures we remark,
Is one in Raphael's style, quite dark:
It is of General Washington,
Who boasts a nation for a son.

Next in the list is C—s L—l,
Who's known by every one quite well.
A priest that swaggers when he walks,
And looks so starchy when he talks.

We next observ'd that pompous Doctor,
Who some folks call a grave yard doctor—
Thornbrugh—be sure we never will
Such stuff believe, or doubt your skill.

Then Littlegrew, with tapering pate,
And Mrs. R., who looks first-rate;
In fact, they're all portrayed so well,
That which looks best I cannot tell.

One angel form in human guise,
Whose beauty dazzled both mine eyes,
There sat with seraph's smiling face,
While art did each fine feature trace.

Though words quite fail, I know that brush
Will truly paint the modest blush,
That played upon her lovely cheek,
And did of virtue plainly speak.

And if we e'er again shall meet,
That thou with smiles my presence greet,
And call me dearest of all men,
Is my fond wish, Miss Sarah N.

EZRA.

Hamilton, Feb. 14, 1859.

Written for Branigan's Chronicles and Curiosities.

To Miss Kitty Finger-out-of-the-pie.

SIR,—I do wish, that is, if *mon amie inconnue* (Kitty Finger-out-of-the-pie) is in any way obliging, she will change her *nom de plume*, as many of the readers of the Chronicles, in glancing carelessly over the names, think the two Kitties are one and the same person. I don't wish to take unmerited praise for anything—so Kitty Finger *out*, take the hint, and change your hand, fingers and all. I am confident that if you think over it, you will see the justness of my request. N. B.—A word is enough for a wise woman; so, believing you such, I leave the matter for your wise consideration. It would also delight me very much if you'd make that hateful old poke-nose, Mrs. Pipplewent, smell brimstone. The wicked virago! Guess what?—she actually called you a big, fat woman,

and, moreover, recommended you to hire the services of an organ-grinder and monkey. Now, then! Isn't that horrid! If I were you, if I would't transmogrify her into the middle of next week, its a caution to the Dutch. I'd give her scissors the old varmint.

KITTY FINGER-IN-THE-PIE.

Hamilton, Feb. 18, 1859.

For the Chronicles and Curiosities.

THE BACHELOR'S WOOING.

A cold wind in December blew
Adown the mountain side,
When an old bachelor went to woo
Young Maggie for his bride.

And tho' the night was cold and wet,
And slippery was the way,
Love's watchfire burned within his breast,
Which drove all care away.

He thought only of the Maggie
He would soon press to his breast.
But soon, alas! his highest hope,
Was dashed unto the dust.
For when he neared the cottage door,
His heart went pit-a-pat,
For something told him that he had
A rival for her heart.

When the cottage door was opened,
No welcome was for him—
A younger lover was beside her,
And his arm around her flung!

He stood and gazed upon them,
And mentally exclaimed,
"Maggie! thou'v been very false,
But I shall be revenged!"

K. O.

Hamilton, Feb. 14.

For Branigan's Chronicles.

Mr. Branigan.—I'm in the opposition. I'm opposed to the administration, I'm opposed to Geo. Brown & Co. I'm opposed to the city council. I'm opposed to the formation of a fire brigade. I'm opposed to everything in general, and the new license law in particular.—Aint times hard and shouldn't whiskey be cheap? What but the bad management of the city council has brought ruination upon us one and all? and now to cap the climax they propose to put us on short allowance of grog! Shame on them! In my opinion, Mr Curiosity, the council ought to ordain free traffic in "ardents," and establish, in conjunction with the soup houses, free dram shops for the million! Would'nt that "make the heart of man glad," and make the elections of every mother's son of them dead sure, for all time?—Now my plan would be, to establish on the industrial farm a big distillery, piggery, and stump-tailed cow-swill-slop feedery, together with a mammoth Soup Kettle, sufficient to fill the water reservoir at one stew—then, as the water works, reservoirs, distributing

pipes and all, will never in all probability be put to their proper use, they could be advantageously used to distribute the proceeds of the establishment, at the other municipal folly, the industrial farm.—Let the first run, say from 6 to 10 o'clock, unadulterated "stump tail," for children, and the host, who, from long fasting, cannot stand heartier food.—The second run, from 11 to 3, soup for the million, and for the convenience of those who have no homes to take it to, a trough might be erected from the old methodist church on King Street East, to the cemetery, without the least inconvenience to business.—The last run should then commence as soon as possible and continue till the supply was exhausted, of good whiskey, "slightly" diluted at first, as it might prove too exhilarating for weak stomachs, and tapering off on the last half hour with a little of the aristocracy and officials, and other regular toppers.—Magnificent scheme, is it not?—Fountains of milk, soup & oh-bejoyful! Twelve hundred thousand dollars worth of Water Works, and an Industrial Farm, could not surely be put to better use. Mr. Curiosity, I wish you to lay this grand idea before the Council, thro' the medium of your excellent journal, and if approved, I will draw it up more in detail, asking no compensation beyond the privilege of sending for a little of the "last run." A. K.

To the Editor of the Chronicles and Curiosities.

At a meeting of about thirty young ladies, held at O—k Hall, on Tuesday evening the 8th inst., after Miss H—n, of the Terrace, was voted into the chair, and Miss C—e A. S—n was requested to act as Secretary, the following resolutions were adopted:—

"That this meeting accept Mr. —, as a ladies' man."

"That this meeting condemns the course pursued by Mr. Branigan's correspondents in using so freely the name of the gentleman of their choice."

A committee of six young ladies was then appointed to wait upon Mr. —, and sympathize with him.

The above resolutions were carried, only one little girl dissenting. Yours, &c.,
C—e A. S—n, Sec'y.

How were the Brown-Dorion Ministry like a thunderstorm in spring? It was the meeting of opposite elements—causing a great flash, loud grumbling, a heavy promising rain, and lasted only a few hours.

For the Chronicles and Curiosities.

TO HENRY McKINSTRY, Esq.

DEAR HENRY,—So you really did give Georgiana the mitten—Oh dear, how excessively delighted I was, almost beyond the power of expression, when I heard that you actually had given her a peremptory refusal. Of course—I knew you had better sense than to accept that old thing. The idea of an old maid like her offering her heart and hand to a man who feels (I don't say is) as young as any man of Twenty-five. I declare it is sufficient to make one indignant even to think of it. I won't sympathize with her a bit, she deserved the disappointment, she might have known if she possessed one atom of sense, that you would never receive her old heart or accept her older hand as long as such a pretty girl as Kitty stood in the road. Humph! She'll know better next time than to be sticking up for "the uppermost seat in the synagogue." Oh my gracious! I forgot to introduce myself—of course you will very naturally say, who are you? Well, I'm Kitty—pretty well accomplished, and when I'm out of my teens—which important event will transpire four years hence—will consider myself quite competent to take upon myself the title of Lady Mayoress and all the attending responsibilities therewith—I'm real goodlooking—Oh such a sweet little mortal—you positively can't imagine—altogether the reverse of that hateful Georgiana both in manner and appearance—fact now—there's no perceptible danger but that, "I'll choose me.—And, Oh man alive, wont we cut a swell round town after the deed has been consummated? Whew! Recollect you must purchase a magnificent span of greys (not any of Tom's relations,) and if we don't cause a sensation that'll beat the Dutch, I'll give up.

"Oh," folks will say—"there's Henry McKinstry, Esq., and his beautiful bride—of course they wont apply the term "beautiful," to both of us—they'll greatly mistake—And just imagine what a scene of hair-pulling, nose-pulling, face-scratching there will be. Mac is lost to them forever. Only think of all the maledictory epithets they will be heaping on my head. But we wont care, will we? Of course not, Humph! And now to wind up, let me entreat of you to put out a by-law forbidding all the other old batchelors of wearing fur caps similar to your own—I sometimes mistake one of them for your most worshipful self—Oh dear! Dont forget the greys—recollect the conspiracy—and above all remember to fall in love with—Kitty. And now, friend Terry, I imploringly appeal to you to do your utmost for me, for I am confident, if you put in a good word for me, I will win the day.

KITTY FINGER-IN-THE-PIE.

Hamilton Feb, 1859.

For Branigan's Chronicles.

Dear Sir,—Who is that Kitty Finger in the pie? She is remarkably impudent. I never saw her, but I'll bet my "mittens" that she is as ugly as sin. She thinks herself wonderful smart, but other people don't,—I, especially. However, I might like her if I knew her; come Kit, shew yourself.

Hamilton, Feb. 14.

MR. MITTENS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JUNUS, JR.—The letter is received, and shall appear in due season.

MARY.—The young gentleman has lately decamped for parts unknown.

TOM.—You labor under a mistake in attributing to the person named the productions of "Kitty."

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, FEB. 19, 1859

THE LICENSE INSPECTOR.

No sooner had the Council decided upon approving of a good and worthy citizen to be the Inspector of Licenses for the current year, than out comes the *Times* with a tirade of abuse and personality against Mr. Austin, the man judiciously chosen to fill that responsible office. It comes with a very bad grace from the Dodger—who is at the bottom of it all—to talk of summonses and writs, and non-payment of taxes; a man who has taken precious good care to put that worthless article called property out of his hands on well-known questionable pretexs. Mr. Austin, like many others in town, has had his disappointments and misfortunes, and behaved alike honorable through all his vicissitudes, which is more than can be claimed for the Dodger; and a newspaper, making even a slight show of respectability, might look out for more potent assumptions than the deficiency in punctuality of paying overdue taxes, to meet out unwarrantable slar.ter upon a worthy and extensively respected citizen. The public will hardly credit the fact, that the day the article alluded to appeared, the gas company's agent was refused permission to remove the metre from the street office. What could that mean? Why, it looks very much like a direct refusal, or inability, to pay a long overdue gas account! What, then, is the next move of the gas company? It employs men to cut up the street opposite that office for the purpose of shutting off all further communication by that establishment from the main pipe. Will the *Times*, under these, if not dishonest, yet very humiliating circumstances, come out and abuse the gas company and try to attach public odium to it for the transaction? No; that it dare not do; but it could descend to the pitiable meanness of attacking an individual, publicly and worthily chosen to fill a responsible office, apparently for no other reason than that he was behind in his taxes! Out upon the cowardliness of such conduct.

ALDERMAN ROACH.

It is not perhaps generally known that Mr. Ambridge and Mr. White have lately been making themselves officious in matters concerning one of the Aldermen of St. Mary's Ward.—From private pique and disappointment, these gentlemen conceived the unworthy idea of ousting Mr. Roach from his seat in the Council, upon the plea that the said gentleman held a hotel license. Whereupon a writ of disqualification was issued, and served, alas, too late to take effect this year. Had Mr. Roach been a nonentity and glaringly worthless as a civic magistrate, there might have been some excuse for taking this step,

probably the thanks of the community might have been hinted at. But when Mr. Ambridge and Mr. White tried their hands upon perhaps the most attentive, indefatigable, and efficient member at the Council Board, a burst of indignation rose up against them that they will not soon forget. The gentlemen named have long been famous for their professions of economy; and to put the city to the expense of a new election, does not tally with the expressed sentiments of these Grit economists.—If they had been successful in this dodge, there would be no knowing where or when the expense would end—St. Mary's being to a man determined that no other should represent them. The ratepayers in this ward know when they have a good representative, and they also know how to retain him.

"MAKING THE WILDERNESS BUD AND BLOSSOM AS THE ROSE."

In our perigrinations the other day, in quest of curiosities, we strolled towards the mountain's base, in the neighbourhood of the grounds and residence of J. M. Williams, Esq. The air was warm and pleasant, and came laden to our olfactories with odoriferous fragrance. In our anxiety to discover the flowers that kissed it, we sauntered through the grounds until we came upon the object of our search—a green-house—filled with the choicest flowers and roots. In compliance with Mr. Peach, the gardener's, kind invitation to inspect the collection under his culture, we entered, and must confess, that the contents of Mr. Williams' green-house are not surpassed for variety and thriftiness of appearance by any other that we know of in this locality.—Having devoted the early part of our life to the study and practice of Horticulture, we may be pardoned for assuming the position of a connoisseur in this particular science.—but whether we be or not, we have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Williams may well be proud of his gardener, for he has certainly made the "wilderness to bud and blossom as the rose." When we reflected that only a few years since, this very spot was densely studded with Forrest trees, we were forcibly struck with the agreeable change which the untiring hand of science had effected. The plants which most took our fancy were different species of Cineraria; Begonia; Primula Senensis, or Chinese Primrose; Lilly of the Nile; Heath; Aliason, or Grand de Flora; Cufee; Fuchsias; Oleander; Ivy Geranium; and Strawberry plants, bearing fruit. After admiring these, and many other choice Specimens, we were shown by Mr. Peach a very tastefully constructed house, in miniature, which, when finished, is to be surrounded by the necessary grounds, shrubbery, &c. It is the workmanship of the gardener, and gives evidence of considerable genius and taste. In another year or so, Mr. Williams intends replacing his present residence, which is comfortable and picturesque, with one of more substantial and abiding material. By the time this can be accomplished, his grounds will be unexcelled for beauty and elegance, by any attached to the many delightful villas for which our city is becoming noted.

NEW PUBLICATION.

THE GROWLER.—This is the title of a new weekly sheet started in this city, the first number of which will appear to-day. We suppress the names of the publishers and proprietors, from the same charitable motives that would prompt us to hide the faults of an erring friend, and we thank them for their courtesy in sending us an advanced copy of their bantling, that we might have the opportunity of chronicling its birth at least one week before its death. The *Growler* is to be the channel through which the contributions rejected by the *Chronicles* will be inflicted on a long suffering public, and while we rejoice that a sluice has been opened to carry off the stream of dullness hitherto poured into our basket, we extend to the unfortunate patrons of the *Growler* our most earnest sympathies, and point to its pages as an evidence of the coils we have endured in saving the public from the dreary trash squeezed from "hard bound brains," and hitherto sent to our box to be rejected, but will now be thankfully received by our *new born* contemporary.

FALSEHOOD INSTEAD OF WIT.

Sheridan perpetrated his best witticism when he accused a Parliamentary debater of drawing on his memory for his wit, and on his imagination for his facts. The infant *Growler* who, this morning, sees the light for the first time, having no *past* in its history, has no stores in memory from which to draw, and hence we presume follows the lack of wit, but being endowed with a modicum of imagination—shall we say intimately connected with "the fancy,"—it has drawn therefrom a mis-statement, for the especial benefit of the *fancy* aforesaid, and perpetrates a slanderous charge against one of the city Aldermen whose name it does not mention, and in whose misfortune its petty malice seems to gloat. We shall only say that it is not true that the Alderman referred to raised his hand, or gave any provocation whatever, for the murderous assault of which he was the victim. We cannot be humorous when we speak of this affair. We invoke the stern old maxim *fiat justitia, ruat cælum*—"let justice be done though the heavens should rage,"—and we shall smite with unmeasured severity, the fingers which are cunningly at work to weave a web of sympathy in which to hide a deed that the keen eye of justice may be deceived as to its character. It is more than premised that the *Growler's* lie was penned at the instigation of some whose position at the council board should deter them from interfering. We would overstep our duty if we went into details previous to judicial investigation, and shall only say that though every man whose conduct brings him under the penalties of the law may, and indeed should receive that share of pity to which humanity in misfortune is always entitled, it is not the part of a good citizen to attempt to impede the stream of justice in its course, nor to reserve his sympathy for him who neither respects law nor person.

ANNUAL FESTIVAL IN AID OF THE ST. MARTY'S ORPHAN ASYLUM.

The seventh of these charitable assemblies came off on Wednesday evening last, in the Mechanics' Hall. It was the largest assemblage of people of the season, and composed of persons of all religious creeds. The programme was varied and highly interesting. First came an address from the orphans, delivered by an intelligent-looking girl of ten years of age. Second, the speeches, and herein flourished our city Member, his Worship the Mayor, and others. Third, the Concert, and here the singing of St. Mary's choir as well as that of professional and amateur parties, was well sustained and rapturously applauded. Fourth and fifth, the supper and the dance. Now, all this was surely enough to engross one evening's amusement; but, it seems, one person thought otherwise. A railroad bully, by the name of Daniel Hayes, made a violent assault on our much-esteemed friend, Alderman Devany, with a glass custard pot, striking him on both sides of the face, inflicting two frightful gashes, from which Mr. D. is at present severely suffering, and from which he will carry to his grave the marks. Hayes is in custody, but how matters will eventually turn out, we will not at present venture to give an opinion.

A PARODY ON "HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER."

Twice twenty summers have I seen
The fields in flower, the forest green;
And through them all have mighty been,
And full of guile;
But now my power begins to wane,
L—d help the while.

Thou knowest my sins of scarlet hue,
My craft, my theft, my lying too,
My oaths, my curses not a few,
My perjured votes—
Hold them not up to public view,
Nor search my thoughts,

Thou knowest that when my arm was strong,
My prayers were few, my speeches long,
Port Dover Harbour was my song,
The chorus, buy it!
Keen conscience tells me I was wrong,
I can't deny it.

Thou knowest in Halton I was once
Of Grits the Head, the Chief, the Prince,
Now they begin to look askance,
And shake the head.
Their very looks bespeak no chance,
Of further speed,

Thou knowest that many years have fled,
Since I've been to the gouging bred,
And many a scheme in vain's been laid.
To stop my career;
But now that Branigan's caught the thread,
L—d, I fear, I fear.

For Mr. Brown I mixed a dose,
(Which proves the cap stone of my woe,)
That cursed clique, my dreaded foes,
Did analyse it,
And broadcast both in rhyme and prose,
Make folk despise it.

That novel vender, and some more,
And he who set up types of yore,
And that big Scott of rotten core;
L—d blast their name—
E'en curse their basket and their store:
Credit and fame.

At Nassagaweya they did prevent me,
At Williamsburgh they did torment me,
At Hornby, with other gentry,
Cried once, twice, thrice,
John the Immaculate of Double Entry,
At any price.

Yet keep me here a chosen sample,
To show thy grace is great and ample,
Keep me a pillar in this temple,
Strong as a rock,
A guide, a bulwark, an example,
To my own flock.

And bless my few friends in this place,
Though few, they are a chosen race,
The Mayor, the News-boy, Hairy-face,
Alias Bunkum,
S—, of the investigation case,
Heaven thank him.

And hasten once again the time,
That in Halton I may shine,
(I spite of eodfish all in brine;)
White by name,
And then the glory shall be thine,
Amen, Amen!

For Branigan's Chronicles.

THE SKYLARK.

This bird is common in all European climates. It is very small, but extremely hardy and often warbles in a snow storm. The female is very prolific, sometimes laying as many as sixteen eggs at a time. Unlike the generality of song-birds, the lark does not require to be placed in a particular situation ere he emits his notes, but does so either among the grass, or on the wing mounting heavenward. It reposes on the ground at night, and is in season from about the middle of spring to the end of June.

But what would unassisted vision do?
What but recall where most it would pursue;
His earnest gaze but closes with a sigh,
When music waking speaks the sky-lark nigh;
Just starting from the sod, he cheerly sings,
And beats with conscious pride his downy wings,
Then louder thrills, and in the face of day
Mounts up, and bids the rustic mark his way;
Close to his eyes, his hat he instant brings,
And forms a friendly telescope, that lends
Just aid enough to dull the glaring light,
And place the lessening bird before his sight—
That oft beneath a light cloud sweeps along,
Lost for a while, yet pours his varied song.
The eye still follows, and the cloud moves by,
Again the warbler stretches up the sky;
His form, his motion, undistinguished quite,
Save when he wheels direct from shade to light,
And then the songster, a mere spec became,
Gliding like fancy bubbles in a dream.

Con.—Why is a glutton like a horse?
Ans. Because he generally has a bit in his mouth.

A fresh imported Irishman on his first shooting excursion, shot a bird, and seeing something fall, went to the foot of the tree where he picked up a frog, (supposing it to be the bird) and put it in his pocket. The frog kept up such a continual kicking, that his companion asked him what made the bird kick so? "Och!" said Pat "I shot all the feathers, and the poor thing is cold."

A man sent a note to a rich neighbour he was on friendly terms with, to borrow an ox for a few hours. The worthy old man being no scholar, and happening to have a guest sitting with him at the time that he did not wish to expose his ignorance to. Opening the note and pretending to read it; after reflecting a moment, turning to the servant, "Very good," said he "tell your master I'll come myself presently."

CROSS READINGS.

Lost, a lady's reticule, containing—a new dry goods store with a complete assortment of ironmongery.

A sweepstake will be run for over the Washington race course between—the members of the Pennsylvania delegation for the 10th Congress.

The Greek nation are said to be much dissatisfied with—a journeyman shoemaker who can bring good recommendations—by applying at the blacksmith shop, No. 2 Church street.

We understand that the elephant lately exhibited in this city, devoured at one meal—a new grocery store with an extensive assortment of glassware.

The child of Mr. —was made very sick by swallowing—12 dozen of Warrens liquid blacking just received.

For New York, to sail with the first wind—a two horse cart with harness complete.

Mr. McCready appeared in the character of Hamlet, and—recommended to the dealers in West India produce to stop purchasing.

Dr. T. professor of Anatomy, will deliver a lecture next Monday on the—most approved method of planting potatoes.

For sale, 20,000 best white oak staves—one to be taken every morning on an empty stomach; a certain sign for indigestion.

Late French writers state that drunkards may be cured by eating—14,000 pounds of raw silk just imported.

In order to comply with the regulations of the Post Office—1300 hogs passed through this place on their way to Virginia.

A two year old milch cow—has been unanimously elected colonel of the regiment of the flying artillery.

A gentlemen undergoing the operation of an emetic, to the surprise of his physician, threw up—the steeple of St. Paul's church which had been recently repaired.

COMPLIMENT TO CAPT. HUDSON, OF THE NIAGARA.—The British Government has directed its Minister at Washington to present to Captain Hudson, of the *Niagara*, a snuff-box and a medal, bearing the likeness of the Queen, as memorials of his arduous and successful exertions in laying down the Atlantic cable, "an enterprise," says Lord Napier, in his letter to Capt. H., "in which you became endeared to the officers of Her Majesty's Navy, your faithful associates. Her Majesty's Government will ever entertain a grateful recollection of the good service which you, and those under your command, have rendered to Great Britain, in connection with your own country, and they congratulate you on that manifestation of public respect and affection by which your conduct has been so justly rewarded." Captain Hudson, in reply, states that, when authorized by Congress, he shall "cheerfully accept these tokens with a grateful remembrance of the honor conferred upon me by Her Majesty's Government, and as cherished memorials of what England and America have done on that occasion (apart from selfish considerations) for promoting the best interests of the brotherhood of man."

THE OLD CANOE.

BY MISS EMILY R. PAGE.

Where the rocks are gray, and the shore steep,
And the waters below look dark and deep:
Where the rugged pine in its lonely pride,
Lies gloomily over the murky tide;
Where the reeds and rushes are tall and rank,
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank:
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day thro'—
Lays at its moorings the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea bird's wings that the storm hath lopped,
And crossed on the railing, one o'er one,
Like folded hands when the work is done;
While busily back and forth between
The spider stretches his silvery screen,
And the solemn owl, with his dull "too hoo,"
Settles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern half sinks in the sliny wave,
Rots slowly away in its living grave,
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,
Hurling the mouldering dust away.
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,
Or the ivy that mantles the fallen tower;
While many a blossom of loveliest hue
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still—
But the light winds play with the boat at will,
And lazily in and out again,
It floats the length of its rusty chain,
Like the weary march of the hands of time,
That meet and part at the noontide chime;
And the shore is kissed at each turn anew
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

O, many a time with careless hand,
I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand,
And paddled it down where the stream runs quick—
Where the whirls are wild and the eddies are thick,
And I laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side,
And looked below in the broken tide,
To see that the faces and boats were two,
That were mirrored back from the old canoe!

But now, as I lean o'er the crumbling side,
And look below in the sluggish tide,
The face that I see there is graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear has a sorer tone,
And the bands that lent to the light skin wings,
Have grown familiar with sterner things.
But I love to think of the hours that flew,
As I rocked where the whirls their white spray threw
Ere the blossoms waved, or the green moss grew
O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe.

ATROCIOUS OUTRAGE.—The parish of St. Jerome, ill-famed as it is for the Desforges murders, has just become the scene of a mysterious if not inexplicable crime. One night, last week, reports this morning's *Minerve*, four men, in grotesque disguises, entered a dwelling in that locality, where lived a couple, with their family of young children, forcibly seized the woman while in bed, and set her almost naked, in a vehicle drawn up for her reception, and drove her to a place some four or five miles distant, and put her, shivering with cold, into a stable, to pass the rest of the night. But, first, the villains tied the woman's hands behind her back, put a heavy collar round her neck, to which they joined a cord, and fixed her to the wall—brute fashion. They then retired; but one of the party, hearing the cries of the victim, soon returned, and made an attempt to tear out her tongue! but being scared by the approach of neighbors, the whole gang suddenly made off. The morning following, the owner coming to look after his animals, found the woman in a deplorable state; her face covered with blood, partly from wounds on hands and feet, partly through gore issuing from her mouth, from having bitten her tongue in desperate efforts to overcome the gagging appliances which the villain began, but had not time to finish. She was, of course, at once released, and taken home. It is not as yet known what motive led to the perpetration of this horrible outrage; but the officers of justice are now in pursuit of the parties, and we hope they will succeed in bringing the miscreants to justice.—[Montreal Pilot.

A MEDAL FROM THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.—BOSTON, Tuesday, Feb. 15.—A handsome gold medal, received through Lord Napier, by the Collector of Boston, has been duly presented, bearing the following inscription: "The British Government to Captain Charles Flanders, of ship *Onward*, of Boston, for saving the crew of the bark *Lady Campbell* in 1852"

HAMILTON POLICE.

Before G. H. Armstrong, Esq., Police Magistrate.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 16.

DRUNK AND DISORDERLY.

Henry Robins was charged by constable Ford with being drunk and disorderly, and also assaulting the constable and tearing his coat. The prisoner was fined \$10, and \$10 damages.

ASSAULT.

Edward Healy was charged by a colored man, named Henry Williams, with assaulting him and his wife while passing along King Street.

Constable Twamley witnessed the occurrence, and arrested the prisoner, who made great resistance.—Fined \$1.

KEEPING A DISORDERLY HOUSE.

An old cripple, named John Goodwin, who resides on James Street, and whose domicile is daily visited by scores of persons—some of respectable appearance, and others quite the reverse—to have their fortunes told, was charged by Sergeant Kavanagh with keeping a disorderly house. On Monday night the officer heard cries of "Murder" proceeding from the house, and on going there found four females of abandoned habits, and some colored men, quarrelling.—Defendant was fined \$2.

Rufus Worthington, a colored man, who keeps the door, and takes the money from the visitors before introducing them to the "fortune teller," was charged by George Stanton with obtaining money under false pretences.

Complainant said he had visited the house in question several times, and became thoroughly convinced that the "fortune telling" was all humbug—hence the charge.

The Magistrate thought the charge was not sustained, and dismissed the defendant.

ROBBERY.

James McDowell was charged with stealing some pieces of flooring boards from a new building on Park Street, the property of Alderman Edgar.—Committed for ten days.

THURSDAY, Feb. 17, 1859.

Charles Sheoler charged with being drunk and disorderly on the street. Fined \$2.—Committed 20 days in default.

George Baller charged with being drunk on the street. Admonished and discharged.

George Fredenburg charged by Honora Crofton with being drunk and indecently exposing his person. Complainant failed to sustain her complaint and defendant was discharged.

FRIDAY, Feb. 18.

ASSAULT.

James Dalley was charged by John Penticoat, with assaulting him. Fined \$3.

A colored boy, named Francis Banks, was charged by Mr. Isaac Chilman with obtaining bread under false pretenses. The prisoner was remanded.

PIGEONS WANTED.

ANY quantity of Pigeons wanted, either wild or tame.

Apply to Mr. Arns, Poulterer, Hamilton Market, or at Bond Street.

Shooting Matches supplied with birds, traps, &c. &c. February, 1859.

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