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# BRANIGAN'S CHRONICLES AND CURIOSITIES

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

Vol. I.—No. 25.

HAMILTON, C. W., SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1859.

PRICE, TWO-PENCE

Written for the Chronicles.

## THE BROKEN REED.

I trusted in a reed,  
Most beautiful and fair,  
Like willows by the stream  
Its fair proportions were;  
Its feathery top was spread  
In proud and gallant trim,  
Beauty was in the head,  
And favor in the limb.

A leak was in my boat,  
Far distant from the shore,  
I cast myself afloat,  
Nor dream'd of danger more;  
It bowed to meet my grasp,  
It quivered in my hand,  
I held the tempter fast,  
And gazed upon the land.

The eddying current came,  
The waves around me rolled,  
I felt the stem grow weak,  
But still I kept my hold;  
It broke—and o'er the waves  
Prophetic voices spoke—  
"Who trusts a broken reed,  
He must himself be broke."

Hamilton, April 20, 1859.

## DEACON FREE-THINKER

ON THE STUMP.



PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE TIMES.

PICTURE NO. II.

### AMBITION AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

This, my dear friends, is the mocking prelude to passing sentence of death upon a criminal, who has been tried and found guilty of some capital offence by a jury of his countrymen. And it matters not what the "prisoner at the bar" may say, or how truthfully he may plead innocence of the crime with which he has been charged, the sentence is pronounced, the day of execution fixed, and the doom of the man sealed. It has been said that the canine species resemble man in one particular only—and that is—in hunting down any poor dog with a tin-kettle tied to his tail. And so it is—once commence descending the road to ruin, and how many you find ready with hand and foot to accelerate your descent. This feeling has found its way into the jury box, to the bench, and to the very fountain head of our common laws, and is being every day manifested to a greater or less extent in all conditions of society. By envy and ambition angels fell ere now! And yet, my dear friends, these deadly passions still reign in the breasts of many more potently than any other feeling. How many of his fellow creatures did not Napoleon sacrifice to his ambition? And how many have become miserable misers through an uncompromising ambition to be rich? Let these considerations take root in your hearts, and caution you to shun every appearance of evil, for there are

many roaring lions in your track, longing for an opportunity to devour you. It is, perhaps, gratifying even on the scaffold for the unfortunate victim of human shortsightedness to feel an inward consciousness of innocence—but that feeling stays not the executioner's hand; nor can it supply the family who who has been robbed of its head, with a protector and a provider—therefore, say I again to you, Beware of the evil tendency of your passions and the incentives of an empty stomach. "Contentment is better than riches"—therefore fight against the promptings of a passion that gave Mephistophiles a habitation and a name. I have seen double-distilled villainy succeed admirably for time, and know the cowardly assassin to escape punishment so long that his fancied security made him bold—but

"Blood, though it sleep a time, yet never dies:  
The gods on murderers fix revengeful eyes."

"Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;" therefore, my friends, learn wisdom, and be content with your lot, for honesty is the true sister of happiness, and she guards the wicket-gate leading into the land of pleasant dreams. On some of you, who listen to my counsel, my words may fall "as profitless as water in a sieve;" but the eventful day may come when you will recur the words of advice given you to-day, with bitterness of spirit for having neglected them. The evils of the times cannot be remedied in a day; but the work of reformation may be commenced now, and with your free thinking Deacon on this mighty stump every Saturday, who can tell from our small beginning what great things may be the result. My next photograph may have more sunshine and less clouds in it than the present.—"So mote it be."

Hair Dye—We are perfectly inundated with enquiries respecting hair dye, and the best place to purchase it. Many of these letters we regret to say are unpaid; but any reader of the *Spectator* may perceive its sale advertised by Bickle & Son, Medical Hall, King street; Mr. Dallyn, of the Royal Hotel, also supplies some excellent receipts for hiding the encroachments of time, and we believe furnished the Major with the renowned dye. Great care is necessary in its selection, as *dyeing* frequently results in death.

LOOK UPON THIS PICTURE AND UPON THAT.—It is true the people like to be humbugged, or why support such lying publications as *Hurper's Weekly* and *Frank Leslie's Paper*? In the simple matter of a representation of the Court House at Washington, in which Sickles is being tried for the murder of Keys, both give views of the interior of the Court so dissimilar in themselves and so at variance with truth, that it is impossible for any one to fail in concluding that both are arrant humbugs. And yet the country is inundated with these lying and immoral publications. So much for public taste.

"Delightful task to teach the young idea how to shoo." This has ever been our opinion, and in its exercise we recently found it necessary to remonstrate with a young friend of ours; our efforts not succeeding we communicated with his parents, which has resulted in our being challenged by the youth to mortal combat. This appears at first sight exceedingly ludicrous, but second thoughts teach us how necessary it is not "to spare the rod and spoil the child." Verily the precocity of the rising generation should be looked to, and the wise maxim to "train up a child in the way he should go" be strictly adhered to.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our numerous engagements last week prevented that close scrutiny of correspondence which we usually exercise, our readers will therefore excuse us for apparent negligence. A letter, signed VINDOQ, was inserted without our knowledge, or we should have prevented its appearance, as we have no intention of attacking undeserving persons. We shall prevent a recurrence of personal attacks in future.

HAME. WINDOQ.—Your letter cannot be inserted; its tendency is essentially scurrilous, and unsuited to our columns. If the Sam Curtus you allude to brings inferior meat into the market, the citizens here are sufficiently wide awake. The Bronte men must take one more skin off their optics previous to setting out to diddle an Hamiltonian. Go to wood drawing—what you get out of us won't pay for the team.

MOSE.—Your letter is inserted with slight alterations.

L. A.—We thank you for your original poetry, and hope to hear from you again.

A. H. C.—We had a notice of the clerical fracas in type when yours arrived. Still we thank you.

M. B.—Phelan by 36 points. One of our staff lost \$11,000. He is dismissed.

PAT O'FINIGAN.—Quite original, we apprehend. The adoption of your name is an undoubted libel on your scholastic attainments; but never mind, it has not been read by ten people.

COLLECTING MARKET FEES ON THE SABBATH.

—Our remarkably conscientious contemporary the Times is highly indignant at our enforcing our rights upon ranting teetotalers last Sabbath day. We hold that every person is entitled to his own opinion, but he should do so consistently, and not libel the characters of others. These abstaining gentlemen are unable to preach their own doctrine without vilifying others who are opposed to them. Many respectable men are Tavern-Keepers in this city, and their occupation should not be pointed out as the sure road to perdition. Both these gentry and their hearers would be more suitably occupied in attending a place of worship, than in collecting a crowd to the annoyance of the neighborhood. We have a good pew at church which we pay for, and want no doctrine gratis.

It is gratifying to remark the prominent part Lord Bury is taking in the British Parliament. His speeches on the "Newfoundland Fisheries Act," and the "Guards Privileges," have evoked the praise of the Press and the Public. The day is not long distant when he will be Governor General of Canada, a fitting tribute to his great talents.

BRANIGAN'S  
Chronicles & Curiosities,

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

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1859.

The Rebecca Street Rowdies Becoming Bolder.

"O thou, from whose rank breath nor sex can save,  
For sacred virtue, nor the powerless grave,  
Felon unwhipped! Thun whom in yonder cells  
Full many a groaning wretch less guilty dwells,—  
Blush, if of honest blood a drop remains,  
To steal its lonely way along thy veins;  
Blush—If the bronze long hardened on thy cheek,  
Has left one spot where that poor drop can speak;  
Blush to be branded with the slanderer's name,  
And, tho' thou dread'st not sin, at least dread shame."

Thus sang the poet in days gone by; but the burthen of his song is as applicable to the present time as it could have been to the period in which his song was sung.—For instance: shortly after the appearance of our paper last Saturday evening, a female might be observed rushing wildly down Catherine Street, with hair dishevelled and head uncovered; flashing eyes and swinging hoops. She pulled up in front of the residence of an inoffensive gentleman, who, rumor says, writes occasionally for the *Chronicles*, and delivered herself of some of the choicest sentences ever uttered out of Billingsgate. Soon a group of boys gathered around this moving pestilence, and applauded her harangue, which for the sake of her sex we forbear repeating. The victim of this filthy avalanche, all unconscious of its meaning, armed himself with a heavy riding whip and sallied forth from his domicile to drive away the crowd; when lo! the she tiger gave him to comprehend that she was avenging an insult offered to herself and her husband, . . . ho keep, we believe, an *unlicensed* grogger on Rebecca Street, east of the Theatre.— a nuisance to the respectable neighborhood in which it is situated. This insult, it seems, . . . as contained in our correspondent's (VINDOQ) communication, which appeared in our last issue, but which was not written by the party assailed at all. However, he had to take the consequences, and has now undertaken the task of closing up this abode of vice, which contaminates almost the very atmosphere in its neighborhood. The attention of the authorities has already been called to the matter and we doubt not an investigation into the character of the den and its proprietors, will be attended with such proofs as will plainly indicate that the public good would be benefited by its being closed up. Such a consummation has long been prayed for by the neighbors, who wonder that an intelligent friend of temperance and morality, such as we believe Ald. Cochrane to be, should recommend a license to be granted for such a place as this has been since it was first opened by another notorious personage. We hope the respected Alderman will at once satisfy himself as to the truth of these assertions and put his veto on the license, which has not as yet, we are informed, been issued. We shall

watch this matter with a jealous eye, and deal with the parties with no unsparing hand. The names of those frequenting the establishment we shall every week publish in full—and thus endeavor to rid a respectable locality of an intolerable nuisance.

Industrial Farm.

This excellent Institution, intended to confer a benefit upon the city, has been permitted to lapse in consequence of the opposition of a majority of the Committee who have stultified the efforts of the Chairman and his supporters; and although seed has been purchased and other preparations made for its cultivation, have determined upon leasing the land. This is very objectionable in itself, but the way in which it is being carried out makes it still more so, for had such a measure been intended it should have been adopted long since. As the best part of the year for cultivation is passing away, and the land suffering a consequent depreciation, we hope the Council will reconsider their determination, and give the Farm a fair chance. Under the able superintendence of Ald. Roach we feel certain that it would be successful and its benefits duly appreciated, but we fear that red tape and party influence obtain here as well as at home, but we hope that more vigilance will in future be exercised in the appointment of Committees, as they are frequently composed of members manifestly ignorant of the subject they are chosen to deliberate upon, although perhaps possessing ability enough to decide upon other matters; and others also permit their prejudices to influence their judgment. We fear this is the case with Coun. McDowell, to whom we have always accredited the possession of talent, even if we have differed with him. We hope that if he entered the Council with a bias against farm, that he will upon reconsideration revoke his former decision, and give that support to an institution which he must be aware is based upon the double principle of Philanthropy and Interest. There is yet time to amend this error, and we hope all will put their shoulder to the wheel. Our worthy Mayor is from an agricultural district and should bring to bear the weight of his experience and influence. Gentlemen pause before you irrevocably decide.

Foreign Intelligence.

SPAIN.—"Mr. Dodge, ex-Minister for the United States has left Madrid for Barcelona." Mr. Dodge having been superseded we have recommended to the President the Dodger, as his successor. We do this upon the ground of the immense learning, and diplomatic experience Tom possesses we doubt not that many fellow citizens will rejoice in his success; but whether Brother Jonathan will do so remains to be seen. We fear he will find Tom a harder nut than any in Barcelona.

**Halton Spring Races for the Coun'y Purse of \$100, on St. Ledger Course, Halton, for Nags of all Ages and Breeds.**

The following is a full and correct return list with a description of the running and the betting before starting:—

- |  |            |
|--|------------|
| 1. Mr. Miller's Cream Gelding, Warden, by Independence out of Ex-ter . . .       | Ringer.    |
| 2. Mr. Baxter's sorrel Horse, Wide Awake, by Look Sharp, out of Eyes Open, . .   | Ratepayer. |
| 3. Barely's Roanul Horse, Exemplification, by Calculation, out of Truth, . . .   | Finance.   |
| 4. White's Brown Horse, Immaculate, by Dover, out of Speculation, . . .          | Oak Leaf   |
| 5. Mr. McNare's Grey Nag, Snob, by Clear Grit, out of Infatuation, . . .         | Sneak.     |
| 6. Mr. McNaughton's White Horse, Reeve, by Expectation, out of Disappointment    | Flunkey.   |
| 7. M. Stewart's Black Horse, Pamphleteer by Investigation, out of Treasurer, . . | Taddy.     |
|  | Popularity |

There were several other horses entered, but the above were all that took the field. The betting before starting was in favor of Warden, being 7 to 3 on him, 6 to 3 on Wide Awake and Exemplification. 7 to 3 against Immaculate was taken, and the field against Snob was freely taken. The heat came off on the 12th ult.; a large number of sporting gentlemen were on the grand stand, and evidently took a deep interest in the race. Contrary to expectation Immaculate took the lead, closely followed by Snob; but it was evident to the knowing ones that the riders of the favorites were holding in their horses, still some who had heavy looks began to edge off as they saw Immaculate closely followed by Snob, still keeping the lead on the second round when all at once (for reasons not explained) when opposite the *Plank Road*, Snob bolted; Immaculate also began to lose ground, his jockey having ridden him too hard at first, and he was passed in gallant style by the favorites, Warden coming in first, and Wide Awake and Exemplification came in neck and neck, making fine running. Immaculate, when coming up to the Grand Stand, shied at the tin roof, and went down. The next were nowhere. Pamphleteer having been withdrawn the first quarter, his owner being desirous of entering him for the Town Purse, which has still to be run for, and of which you shall be duly informed.

I am, Dear Branigan,  
Yours as ever,  
CONFISER.

Milton, April 19th, 1859.

**A Voice from the Wilderness.**

DEAR TERRY,—

Learning that you had got to be the proprietor of a large and influential journal, I wish to inform you of the gossip in my neighborhood. Being at Mount Hope a few days ago seeing the Beast, and getting a drop of the creature, what should I hear but that Parliament was passing an act to prevent the Scotch from taking their porridge. Now, Sir, you know that porridge is to a Scotchman what whiskey is to an Irishman, my cakes, Sir, it is the life of them. Hearing this I staid round and took another hour and enquired who the Coon was that wanted that act passed,

when a gentleman from the Scotch block said it is Joe! What Joe dy'e mean, Iddie, says I? Why, Parliament Joo, says he: and hav'n't we as guid a right to our porridge as the Irish have to their potatoes? But say, chiel, says I, every one for his ane; Joe's father was a countryman of mine, and I ken there is some of the old stock in the family yet, "All the blue bonnets o'er the Border."

If you see Joe when he comes home for his washing, tell him he had better not travel this route this season, or I am afraid the Scotch will whistle him "O'er the hills and far awa."

SO THA.

Ancaster, April, 14, 1859.

To the Editor of the Chronicles.

DEAR SIR,—

There is a person who attends a Church not a hundred miles from the Royal Hotel, and is generally styled "Three Fingered Jack," who behaves very improperly, continually looking and laughing at some girls who belong to a certain Academy on James Street, when there are not some others to attract his attention in the next pew. Mr. Editor, if you do not believe me you can test the truth of what I say by attending the above named Church, and looking for the homeliest person in it.

Yours truly,

ROSE.

A correspondence between the Rev'da. Messrs. Blackman and Geddes has recently been published, which is no doubt familiar to our readers. Mr. Blackman may be actuated by the best of motives, but we can not help deprecating the under current of sneers and defiance which characterises his epistles, we deem such ebullitions of temper unseemly in a minister of the Gospel, and we believe them quite uncalled for, as we have known the respected incumbent of Christ's Church during the last quarter of a century, and although worshipping at a different altar we willingly bear testimony to the efficient discharge of his duties as a clergyman, he is ever to be found at the sick bed of some poor traveller bound on that journey whence none yet returned, and is equally active in administering to suffering parishoners, the food for the body as well as the soul.

Some astonishment has been evinced at the Rev. Dr. Blackman officiating in the African Church for the edification of the "cull'd pussuns." We do not share in this surprise, as we conceive a Blackman the most appropriate person to teach Blackmen. If "birds of a feather flock together," men of a color should do the same.

PARADOX.—Among the acts recently passed by the Legislature, is one to enable Major Grey to take the name of Major Black, until he ceases to dye!

**St. George's Day.**

Our English friends intend celebrating the day of their titular Saint on Tuesday next, in the room of Saturday, (the correct day,) in order to suit the convenience of members. The philanthropic objects of this Society entitles it to every support, and we trust there will be a full gathering.— We shall lend our own countenance to the occasion, and doubt not that the proverbial good feeling and hospitality of our English friends will prevail. We wish them every success in their good work, and emphatically say "God speed them." The dinner will take place at the Royal Hotel; this will be a sufficient guarantee for its excellence, and in view of the hard times the tickets are reduced to \$1.50 each. This makes the 25th celebration of the anniversary in this city. Come one, come all.

**Erratum.**

The report relative to the supersession of our worthy magistrate we find to be incorrect, (the telegraph operators having been too quick in their communication,) as his Excellency has decided to continue the worthy Capt. in his office, but has stipulated that the administration of justice shall not be interfered with by representatives of certain wards, who are only to be found on the Bench when a constituent is in trouble. We congratulate the public upon the retention of the worthy magistrate in his honorable office, as we have always found him on the side of justice and fair play, though his kindness of heart and the influence of his colleagues has occasionally interfered with his better judgment, but we trust he will now adopt the Junius Brutus mode of presiding, and sternly administers the law, unfettered by the representations of those united with him.

**City Council, Attention!**

Exempli gratia At the last meeting of the Directors of the Bank of England a dividend of 4 per cent. for the half year was declared. *The meeting occupied four minutes.*

The writer of the transparent charades in the *Growler*, having quarrelled with that worthy, his services have been offered to us, we respectfully decline them, but insert one of his effusions.

I am composed of 7 letters.

- My 5. 6. 1. is a limb.
- " 3. 7. 6. yields a mineral which a Duke endeavored to find.
- " 3. 4. 5. is what I look like.
- " 1. 3. 7. 6. is a part of Hamilton.
- " 7. 3. 4. is what I often get into.
- " 4. 3. 6. is what I shall come to.
- " 5. 3. 4. is what I decidedly am.
- " 5. 3. 2. 6. is what I decidedly do not possess.

And my whole will be easily recognised as a weekly publication in this City.

How often some men get "tired" of their bad habits without forsaking them.

**NO BOWELS OF COMPASSION.**—One day last week we saw the Household Goods of a poor old British Pensioner removed from his little domicile to the Market place, where they were sold, to satisfy the claims of his landlord. Touched with sympathy for the poor old fellow, whose reputation for honesty is good, we enquired of one of the by-standers, who happened to know all the circumstances, as to the amount of the tenant's indebtedness, and was told in reply, that Allan Easson, ex-Councillor for St. Mary's Ward, was selling the worn-out soldier's effects to pay the sum of *twenty-seven shillings and sixpence currency!* On one side of the group stood the hoary-headed Jew of a landlord—on the other the veteran who has served his country, quietly smoking his pipe, while his little all was being sacrificed. A worthy mechanic, we are glad to say, stepped in to the old man's rescue and bought in his furniture. This is the smallest thing we ever knew even a small-souled Scotchman to do—Easson really makes one blush for his country, but he shall have his reward.

**A PETTY AFFAIR.**—The genius who presides over the destinies of the Brantford Courier must really be unfit for even that position, seeing that his petty spleen prompted him to publish the request of an American subscriber to stop the paper, simply because the orthography of the written request was not good. The Courier in several articles abused the Americans in a most shamefully—hence the request. It was a small way for the editor to retaliate, and shows him to be too thin-skinned for the editorial chair of even an obscure and imbecile paper of the Courier's stamp.—Such meanness will find its own level and work out its own cure. The indignant subscriber informs us, that before reading the Courier, his spelling was excellent; but the force of the example there set him was too much; hence the errors in orthography. There seems to be some show of reason in this conclusion, for the editor appears to have understood every word his subscriber wrote him—though he very unwillingly acknowledges it.

**FREETON FAIR.**—This Fair, chiefly for the sale of Cattle, was held this week, and was well attended, many of our Butchers being there. It seems ridiculous that an obscure place like Freeton should possess a Fair, and a large City like this be without one, to the manifest inconvenience of our purchasers of stock. An Act was passed, empowering the Sheriff to hold a Fair, and could, we doubt not, be procured of Bellamy Jarvis. We hope some action will be taken in the matter, as it behoves every one to assist in restoring the prosperity of Hamilton, to which the establishment of a Monthly Fair would greatly conduce.



**ORIGINAL WHITTINGS**

BY JACK KNIFE.

**"THE RAGING CANAL" ECLIPSED.**—In a recent issue of the Brantford Courier there appeared some twelve verses of rhyme, (we won't say poetry,) which beat anything of the kind we have seen for very many years. It was a mournful ditty on the late railway accident near Dundas, and commenced as follows:—

It was on the 18th day of March,  
Eighteen hundred and fifty-nine,  
The rain came down in torrents,  
And we had an awful time.

The Courier's staff of poets have long been notorious for the elegance of their composition and the grandeur of their subjects.—Without jesting, they are "some squashes!"

Mrs. Partington has written Mr. Brantigan to tell him that she thinks him a very bad man for opening hanging gardens, and asks if the man now under sentence of death here is to be hanged in Mr. B's gardens. She thinks it shameful that such things should be done for the amusement of the public.

Who of the present members of our City Council should be the most learned?

Councillor James Walker, who has spent the greater portion of his life in diffusing the light acquired in his extensive travels through the classic fields of Greece [grease.] Hence to his (h)ashes! as ex-Councillor Dally would say.

It is said that a fashionable barber in this City has offered Councillor Nowlan a pretty large sum for the use of his face to strop razors on during the ensuing year. It is so hard that two or three rubs imparts a very keen edge.

If Wright supplies himself with flour from the same Mills he used to patronize, isn't it but reasonable to suppose that the bread made from that grist should be as black as your hat!

Why should the Printers of this City stick to that excellent Restaurant on the North-East corner of James and Main Streets?

Because it is under the influence and guardianship of a well conducted Press.

Why should the neighborhood of the Theatre in this city be under the surveillance of Game-keepers?

Because the "Dead Rabbits" are a nuisance in that locality.

When does a man become a two wheeled vehicle?

When he's a little sulky.

The circulation of the *Chronicles* having far surpassed our most sanguine expectations, (orders constantly reaching us from almost every section of the country,) we have resolved to devote a moderate space of our sheet to short advertisements. We have excluded advertising or far from our columns; but lately our list has went up so rapidly, that it has reached us on enlarging our sheet at an early date, so that to those wishing to make their wares, etc., known to the public, it affords the best medium in this section of the Province. We have blushed at the repeated compliments of our contemporaries and numerous friends, as being the *ne plus ultra* amongst the humorous journals; but then we cannot feel surprised when we consider that the *Chronicles and Curiosities* are now household words in the homes of our countrymen.

**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. Matthews, 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 BRAN also on hand and for sale. T. BRANIGAN.  
Hamilton, April 1, 1859.

**HANGING GARDENS.**

THE CONTEMPTIBLE DODGE RESORTED TO BY our city rulers to extort money from the keepers of this city, under false promise as published in 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, splits 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 enhanced by the Springs Brewery Brass Band. Admission 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."