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# BRANIGAN'S CHRONICLES AND CURIOSITIES.

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

VOL. I.—No. 20.

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

PRICE, TWO-PENCE

For Branigan's Chronicles & Curiosities.

## MARY'S CURLS.

When walking out by moon's pale light,  
My eyes beheld a charming sight,  
'T was Mary's curls and silken hair,  
To which I now in rhyme refer.

It hangs in ringlets rich and gay,  
As loveliest flowers that bloom in May,  
And to our memory's vision bring  
The unfolding leaves of welcome spring.

Fanned by the breeze they gently weave,  
As water brooks their green banks leave,  
Like eddy's form'd where streamlets whirl,  
So nature forms each lock a curl.

Or as the morning glory twines  
Around the prop its tender vines,  
And ope the blue ephem'ral flower,  
With sweet perfumes each morning hour.

Or as the creeping ivy mounts  
O'er garden hedge or cottage front,  
So those brown curls around her brow  
Its snowy colors' contrast show,

Or like the fleecy clouds of heaven,  
Which cluster round the sun at even,  
So round her lovely smiling face,  
Nature has given each curl its place.

They deck a brow of pearly white,  
Encircling too bright orbs of light,  
Whose gentle gleam, through azure blue,  
Tells of a heart both kind and true.

Hamilton, March 16, 1859.

**J. A. DOYLE.**—We would caution this gent of the "quill," who makes the *Times* office his abode, against making so frequent visits to the "angel" who lives in the stone house at the foot of the mountain. While it is highly refreshing, after the toils of the day, to pass an hour or two in the presence of one's lady love, he may find that there is some truth in the assertion, that, "the course of true love never did run smooth." Wonder does her anxious papa encourage the addresses of this young sprout who has left his *imprint* on her mind, and pressed her loving form to his warm bosom. As the *Bank* of the old governor is well stored with coins (*guoins*), perhaps that has something to do with it. If so, he may have the pleasure, some fine morning, of making the acquaintance of a *shooting stick* in the hand of one who has an equal interest there.

**WANTED.**—The wet nurse lately advertised for in the *Times*, not being able to sustain all the suckers around that establishment, we notice that a milch cow is now wanted for the concern.

## OUR CURIOSITY SHOP

### "DYED."

In this city, on Thursday last, the WHISKERS AND MOUSTACHIOS of MAJOR GRAVE, of the active force. Their remains will be followed to the place of interment, beside his lamented dog "old Doctor," to day.

Friends and acquaintances are requested to be present to assist in the imposing ceremony, as also the members of the different Military Companies, who, it is expected will discharge a *feu-de-joie* in honor of the glorious event; after which the band will favor the company with a *duette* entitled, "My heir (hair) shall ne'er be Gray.

**RUM AND MILK.**—The demand for this highly invigorating drink, has introduced to the world a very enterprising down-easter, who is now engaged in improving the breed of cows, in order to have them give rum and milk, and thus do away with the trouble of mixing. The secret seems to be in the rum way the fellow has of feeding his quadrupeds. If the breed can be propagated, how the number of suckers will increase

**WISKEY WERSEY.**—The Inspector of Militia says, in his last report on the state of our active force, "I know of one militia officer, who runs hurriedly to one kind of a fire, and would almost break his neck in running away from another.

Wonder if that means any one in these diggins?

It is becoming the custom out west for newly married people to send to newspaper publishers, along with their marriage notice the amount of a year's subscription. This is a very sensible custom. Next to a good wife or husband, the greatest blessing is a good newspaper.

It is said that one of the editors of the *Lewisburgh Chronicle*, soon after he went to learn the printing business, went to see a preacher's daughter. The next time he was considerably astonished at hearing the minister announce as his text, "My daughter is grievously tormented with a devil."

**GOT HIM THERE.**—I say, Julius, can you tell me when a cabman cheats you by being too fair in his charge?

Julius—Yes, I can't tell you that, Well, then, its when he demands double fare, of course.

## SPORTING.



Long John's Dog.



The Growler.

**FUN AHEAD.**—Our artist has furnished us above with exact pictures, taken from photographs by Sinclair, of the two dogs between which the great prize fight is to come off next Thursday, and the particulars of which shall appear in our next.—Long John is now training his celebrated "Prize Fighter," and the *Growler* is also well cared for. Both dogs are in experienced hands.

**NOT A GROWL TO BE HEARD.**—The geniuses who do the *Growler*, waited on Mr. John F. Moore, the other day, and begged of that gentleman, to put any other suit he liked on their shoulders, save a *libel suit*. He immediately served them with an ejectment suit—a *posteriori*, which brought the difficulty to an end.

The extraordinary disease, which ravaged so fearfully in the dairy stables of New York, depriving hundreds of the wretched cows of their "caudicular appendages, *alias* tails, and which was so graphically described in "Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper," seems to have made its appearance among the canine race in Hamilton. A fine black and tan dog, owned at the Black Horse Inn, left his master's house apparently in good health, and a few minutes afterward returned minus his wagging apparatus.

Our devil says that the cows of New York lost their tails from being fed on "swill," and he can't account for the above melancholy bereavement otherwise than by supposing, "Poor Boss!" came from, not to his end, from a too free use of the *swill* barrel at the Black Horse Inn.

The dog's tail having been found near the centre of the Upper Market, we suppose he had been making free with some *swill-fed* beef, the poisonous effect of which de-tailed him before he had time to escape the market.

What would be the first sentence a sick horse, if he could speak, would say to Dr. Radford?

Ans.—I go in for *Bran* again, I do!

BRANIGAN'S  
**Chronicles & Curiosities,**

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

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1859.

**"The Townsend Gang" on Exhibition.**

Tell it not in Galt; publish it not in the streets of Hamilton, that the Good Templars of this goodly city have so far descended from the high position we have heretofore conceded to them, as to permit a disgusting exhibition to take place in a hall recently devoted to "Virtue, Love and Temperance!" Yes, the mother and two sisters of a heartless murderer, instead of modestly seeking that retirement which the nature of their connection with the cold blooded murderer of Nelles and others, unblushingly parade themselves beside the man known to the Canadian world as Townsend *alias* McHenry, in a Temperance Hall, and ask an outraged community to patronize their so-called lecture. Has it come to this in Canada, that a man who escapes the gallows through the conflicting statements of those who pretended to identify him,—some as McHenry, and others as Townsend,—is to be encouraged in hawking about our towns and cities the *bona-fide* mother and sisters of the real and notorious murderer—Townsend himself? Let the blush of shame mantle the cheek of those whose morbid curiosity led them to countenance an exhibition so denigrating as that of Thursday evening. True, McHenry has been acquitted by a jury of the charge of being the veritable Townsend, but how many are there in the community who believe the jury to have been mistaken? And how many are the circumstances which were brought to light corroborating this view of the case? We wish not to arraign McHenry again for what he has once been tried and acquitted; but we cannot permit him to parade his associates before the public with such effrontery and want of common decency without speaking our mind freely, and we hope it will have the effect of driving an itinerating vagabond to retirement or some honest occupation, and bringing three immodest females to a sense of the position they occupy as women—as members of the Townsend family—their present connection with the supposed, and their past, with the real murderer of innocent and unoffensive people. If our remarks have not this effect, then the public have a duty to perform which we leave in their hands.

**STAND BACK, GENTLEMEN.**—The new fire Brigade have now become so efficient that they have determined not to permit citizens to assist at fires. To enforce obedience to this command the few riflemen who still belong to number one company are to be enrolled as a body guard to the Chief Engineer. These proceedings are to be at once legalized by the act of the City Council at its next session. To shout *fire* hereafter will be dangerous, as one may get fired into.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

**CARRIE.**—We would advise you to let your mamma know the names of your beaux and be guided to a great extent by her judgment. We do not like to answer such questions as you put us.

**SCRIBBLER SCRAPIN.**—You would make a mountain out of a mole-hill. Learn to give the young a little latitude. A serenade is no very great offence, and would not be thought so by you if you had an ear for music. We can't insert your communication.

**A SUMMONER'S OFFERING** is, in our humble judgment, devoid of both wit and point. No sensible man, engaged in the sale of articles of millinery, would be so silly as to offend his lady customers; therefore do we look on Subscriber's remarks as emanating from personal pique towards the man-milliner.

**RAT CATCHER** is inadmissible.

**POLICE REPORTER.**—We cannot help you to the information you desire. We suppose the Stipendiary Magistrate can take the suggestions of such men as Mr. Gray, if they please him. If the dignity of the law is to be respected, we should very much deprecate the conduct of 'Squire Armstrong on Monday last, in submitting to be bullied by outsiders.

**JEMIMA.**—You are wrong in supposing it indelicate to go into a store, and ask for hooped skirts or any other article of wearing apparel. You need not be ashamed to call things by their proper names.

**THOS. B.**—Your determination is highly commendable, but we think you indiscreet in writing under the influence of passion as your letter would indicate. It is time enough for you to assume the defensive when your enemy shews himself. He shall not do so in an improper spirit through our columns. We refused to publish his attack, and shall do so again, if not couched in more respectable language. That's enough for you.

**EZRA.**—Your prose communication is too long and uninteresting for our column. You had better address it to "Tuesday" though, as it is a matter between him and you. Brevity must be our motto.

**SAWNEY.**—We have an article to-day on the subject of your spicy communication, and therefore have to omit it—though not willingly. Let us hear from you whenever you can find time.

**COMO.**—Your remarks on the reported marriage in high-life are under consideration. If circumstances warrant we shall publish them in our next.

**A TREAT.**—Our artist is preparing for our next issue the portrait of one of our most conspicuous and interesting female contributors. Many have tried to guess who she is, but without success. We intend satisfying their curiosity in our next.

**OUR EDITORIAL STAFF.**—Many as are the attempts to discover the names composing our *corps editorial*, none of them have proved successful. Not that the five talented gentlemen who will now regularly contribute to our columns, are desirous of preserving their *incog.* for the purpose of stabbing at private character in the dark, but simply that they may administer deserved castigation and reproof, which may appear as *Terry-ble* and as effectual as the handwriting on the wall was to the wicked Belshazzar. Henceforth, our extensive correspondence will be submitted to rigid investigation, and everything of a really offensive or personal nature, will be eschewed.

**QUESTIONABLE CHARITY.**—Giving light bread, or dogs meat sausages to the poor, and then having your name inserted in the papers, at full length and large letters, as the donor. It has been said somewhere (but perhaps the work has become obsolete with charitable people of the present day.) that when giving alms, the right hand should not know what the left hand doeth. It may be policy to keep the character of the food a *secret*, but the fact of giving it, is bound to blaze!

**REBBING HIS EYES.**—The editor of the *Times* seems to have just awakened from a long nap, and is consequently behind the present times; for he this week, gave a long review of a lecture delivered several years since before the Mercantile Library Association of this city. It is said that the aforesaid editor, while under the mesmeric influence of his *hale*, came in contact with a funny individual who recently purchased a lot of old papers at the periodical sale recently held at the rooms of the association. This same funny chap found a number of copies of the said essay among his lot of papers, and thinking to excite the *literati* of our city to his own profit he gammoned the *Times'* man into puffing an old paper—and thus Rip Vanwinkle-like, shouted huzza for King George, years after that good old fellow was dead. Oh, how the *old* comes o'er us, as the *scow-bell* peals a merry chime of by-gone days.

**ENCOURAGING.**—Owing to the very liberal patronage bestowed on our exertions to furnish the public with wit and humor of a racy and harmless description, we have determined on publishing the "Chronicles and Curiosities" in an establishment of our own: therefore may our little journal be looked upon henceforth as an *institution*. Those who have business with us pertaining to the *Chronicles*, can find us at our old stand on McNab street, where our printing office is located. No admittance up stairs.

**"Another Daniel come to Judgment."****"THE TIMES" versus "THE CURIOSITIES."**

Frequently, since we entered into the business of publishing, have we come in contact with the reputed proprietor of the *Times*, and as frequently have we had a tilt or two, in which of course, our verdant contemporary always came off second best. Burning with hatred and revenge our jealous brother chip attempted last Monday to interfere with us in the discharge of our functions as Market Clerk, by summoning a respectable woman named Pot it, and man named Jones, who had a quantity of butter for sale in the market, up to the police office on a charge of *not having paid the market fees!* Now, supposing that we choose to collect no fees at all, who has the right to interfere with us? No one; but the party who did, in this instance was desirous of buying the butter for a favorite hackster of his, hence the interference.

The farce of a trial having been gone through, the parties were dismissed, and the "dodger" left to bite his nails and pay costs. Nothing daunted, this hero, who, like Wellington's soldiers, doesn't know when he's licked, induced a Mrs. Margaret McKenzie to charge us before Capt. Armstrong with disorderly conduct towards her on Wednesday last, which she accordingly did—but which charge was at once dismissed as being out of the stipendiary magistrate's jurisdiction. We left the court to attend to our affairs, but scarcely had we done so when "Mayjer" Gray entered it, and insisted upon the case being gone on with. The *ball* was again opened in our absence; some three or four witnesses examined; the dodger's pleading listened to very attentively by an amused crowd; and all this in the face of our having acknowledged the correctness of all Mrs. McKenzie's assertions, and the decision of the magistrate that he could not deal with a case of such a nature. What will the public say to this? But now to the cause of the action and extent of our offence:

**ATTENTION.**—At the Temperance meeting held in the John street hall, last Saturday evening, we learn that a young Cicero, named Moffatt, delivered an oration on the milk and water subject, (not Temperance,) and entertained the audience for half an hour, by cutting all manner of figures—making his head turn squerrets, and knocking his goblin arms into "*thin air*," to the no small amusement of the "great unwashed." We have nothing to say against the matter, but the manner in which he gave his arms locomotion, reminded us of a *hen dancing on a hot griddle.*

**A BASE FALSEHOOD.**—The person who asserts that the moustachios of pettifogger McAl-r-y, were purchased last spring at McIntoshes, tells a base lie, and if repeated we will make his name public.

**MR. BUCHANAN ON THE TARIFF.**—Our city member has at length found something on which to base an opposition to the government; and that something appears to be nothing less than something which affects his interests as a merchant, and likely to take something out of his business exchequer. Now as we gave Mr. Buchanan a warm support in his election, we should much rather he had found something more political in its character than the tariff of Mr. Galt, whereby we, as a conservative of the old school, might know whether we had done right in supporting him as warmly as we did. Mr. Buchanan's parliamentary career thus far has not been sufficiently decisive in its character to please his conservative friends, many of whom will likely give him the cold shoulder if he take not a more active part and a bolder stand on the great questions of the country. We shall see what we shall see.

**JUVENILE DEPRAVITY.**—While taking a walk up James street, on Wednesday evening, our attention was attracted to a crowd of girls, boys and men, who were "skylarking" on the corner by the Post office. We neared the group and were astonished that such a scene could be enacted in so public a place, at the early hour of half-past seven, and on a beautiful moonlight night, with impunity. There were present four females, all of tender age, but two of them mere children of 12 or 13 years—eight or ten men and boys—black and white; but not a solitary policeman. The obscenity of the conversation, which was carried on between the different parties in a loud tone of voice, was shocking in the extreme, and gave evidence on the part of those engaged in it, that though young, they had been apt scholars in the schools of vice which abound in our midst. Where are our police? Echo alone gives back a response—*where?*

**A GOOD THING.**—The "hop" at Lee's Argyle Coffee Rooms, on Tuesday night, was well attended, many *pious* persons having *lent* their presence to give it eclat. George is not a bad fellow, when you get on the *Lee* side of him, and we are glad of his success.

**AN UNFINISHED TALE.**—*"Am I really dear, Sophia? I whispered, and pressed my bungling lips to her rosy mouth. She did not say yes, she did not say no, but she returned my kiss, and the earth went from under my feet, and my soul was no longer in my body. I touched the stars. I knew the happiness of the seraphim! The above is all of this deeply exciting story that we can publish. The remainder will be found in the New York Blower of April 1st, which has 4,000,000 more subscribers than there are inhabitants in the world. Silvernose Korn Kob, writes for it, and 'tis sold everywhere in the world and out of it."*

**ORIGINAL WHITTLINGS**

BY JACK KNIFE.

Which is the most extensive wholesale dry goods establishment in Hamilton?

That one owned by a firm that takes in an A. Kerr (*acre*).

When was the *Growler* a fashionable dog?

When it was *cur-tailed* in its impudence by the *Chronicles*.

"There's a change in the things that we love," as the poor fellow said when asked to pay ten cents a drink for brandy.

**A "GRAVE" SUBJECT.**—I've got a perfect *skeleton*, as the fat woman said when she put on her new Victoria Skirt.

**ON DIT.**—A rumor was in circulation in this city yesterday, that "Pluff," the junior editor of the *Growler*, had made his appearance on the street with a *CLEAN FACE*, having been introduced to Samuel Nathan, the great Soap Man, and procured a paper of his celebrated soap, for removing stains.

**SPIRIT RAPPING.**—Since the City Council increased the charge for licenses to sell *ardent spirits*, the number of *mediums* has been gradually on the decline here. This last *tap* was a *master stroke*, though we don't care a rap for it, as we know where *good spirits* are *re-tailed*.

**TO JAMES H—c N—b.**

Two years ago, on Maiden Lane,  
Liv'd a young gent quite void of brain,  
Who thinking himself very great,  
Took it into his foolish pate,  
That he to England direct would start,  
And show them there that he was smart.  
So he crossed over to the English shore,  
And we hoped that we ne'er should see him  
more,

Yet when he comes back he's worse than  
ever,

With the latest style of a new black beaver.  
When promenoing about the street,  
If a fair young lady he chanced to meet,  
If he knows her not first, he tips a wink,  
Then like an owl his goggle eyes do blink,  
And he thinks that he is exceedingly witty  
Thus to promenade this little city,

Frightening all the girls away,  
So that one can't see them out by day.  
Yet, should he not stop within a week,  
Some smart young man his haunts will seek  
And fart with will give him such a beating,  
As will much effect his powers of eating,

ANN-SNOODOM.

Parliamentary Intelligence.

From our own Special Correspondent.

TORONTO, March 17, 1869.

MY DEAR MR. BRANIGAN.—It would do you a power of good to be in Toronto about this time. Every day we have deputations from some place in Western Canada to protest against the impolitic Tariff Inspector General Galt is trying to impose on the business community of this young and growing country. The excitement attendant upon its introduction has filled the flapping sails of Brown and McGee with a temporary side-wind, which comes only in puffs, and will entirely die away so soon as this question has got its quietus. Brown is not elated over his prospect of power, for the premier of a day has come to the unpleasant conclusion that he cannot command the support of the House for an hour, even were he to be recalled to the responsible and honorable position he recently occupied for so brief a period. Yes, the man of broad protestant principles, who threw a firebrand amongst Irishmen of different religious creeds, and thus estranged them from each other, and afterwards entered into an alliance with D'Arcy Magee, has been found out a political knave, and has lost the confidence of all parties, except perhaps a few rabid Brownites, who place the Bible and the *Globe* on a par with each other. Brown was *poison*, when Magee turned up as an *antidote*—the one, thank goodness, neutralizes the influence of the other, and eventually, like the Kilkenny cats, they will eat each other up. Oil and water won't amalgamate—nor can D'Arcy's beautiful Milesian blarney soften down the harshness of the *bur* on Georgy's thistley tongue. No, Sir, Canadians have more sense than to permit themselves to be gulled by the clap-trap of either of these greedy adventurers.

In the House there is not much transpiring of general interest. While petitions are being received from all quarters in favor of a prohibitory liquor law, the brewers of this city are complaining that the impost of one per cent per gallon on certain liquors, is unjust and oppressive.

A bill has passed its second reading, having for its object the closing of all taverns and hotels, from 7 o'clock on Saturday night till Monday morning. It is likely to become law.

A homestead bill has also gone through a second reading. The country has long wanted a measure of this description.

St. Patrick's day here was very quiet, and quite unlike those of the olden time, when whisky and broken pates were the familiar characteristics of an occasion which ought to be marked by profound respect by every true Irishman.

Your *Chronicles and Curiosities* are extensively read here in the first circles—and not excluded from lady Head's breakfast room. John A. himself buys half-a-dozen copies; and the members stopping at the Rossin House create quite a demand for your spicy little bantering.

My friend, the editor of the *Old Countryman*, has just asked me to have a horn with him, and as I see John Sheridan and Marcus Talbot waiting in the hall, I don't expect to get away from them without having "a

little time," so good bye dear Terry for the present.

Yours,  
SWEET WILLIAM.

SCENE:—The Market place—Market Clerk Collecting the Fees.

Clerk.—(Eyeing a woman who has just entered with eggs, thus soliloquizes.) Now, from the neatness of that woman's *tout ensemble* she must have come to market in a *vehicle* of some description; yet she will offer me fees for produce brought to market *by hand*. (To woman,—Madam, how came you into the city?

Woman.—On foot.

Clerk.—How far do you reside from here?

Woman.—At the Beach.

Clerk.—Why, that's a long way to walk; and how did you manage to keep your boots so clean, while the roads are so muddy?

Woman.—I came along the railway track.

Clerk.—And how far do you live from the railway?

Woman.—About a mile.

Clerk.—(Walking around woman and eyeing her skirt.) Why even your tail is not the least drabbed. Och, such a tidy body as you must be worth a fortune to a man.

Woman.—(Tendering Clerk a quarter.) Take the fees out of that.

Clerk.—No, you had better come to the Police Office, and let his worship see how clean your tail is after walking nine miles. I know how you came to town, and know also that you have not told the truth.

Woman.—(Indignantly rushing off, meets the "Dodger.") I'll see whether you can insult me in that way.

Dodger.—(Aside.) Now for revenge on Terry. (To woman.) I'll go with you to the Police office and we'll enter a complaint against the Market Clerk. [Exit Dodger and Beach woman at a furious pace, leaving Clerk and bystanders convulsed with laughter.]

[Finale.—Grand tableaux at the Police office.—Dodger, surrounded by a motley group, has just finished his harangue to the inexorable judge, and is feeling his right trouser pocket for the crests with one hand, while the other is wiping the perspiration from his manly brow. Slow curtain, and "Love's labor lost" is ended.—Terry's himself again.]

For the Chronicles and Curiosities.

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS,  
Toronto, March 15th, 1867.

Dear Sir;—You will please not to again insert in your valuable paper the advertisement, regarding the leading of my horse the Prince Regent, as I have sold a half share of him to George Brown, M.P.P.; and as we are therefore both interested in the matter, we shall endeavor to get through with our parliamentary affairs as quickly as possible, in order that I may be able during the coming season to lead him around myself, and thereby save considerable expense, besides doing some canvassing.

I remain, Yours, &c.

THE MEMBER FOR SOUTH WENTWORTH.

AR HIS OLD TRICK.—The dodging Chief Engineer of the Fire Brigade *has* scarcely assumed the *helm* ere he commences the *old* game which left our city without a fire brigade once before. Already he has submitted a By-law for the approval of the City Council, the provisions of which vest all power in himself. His signature is good for \$20 at a time, in behalf of the Brigade. How many times he may sign for the amount during a month or a week is not stated in the By-law, consequently the sum mentioned is merely a blind. Let the Council exercise judgment in this matter, or we shall have a repetition of former doings in the shape of fire works and other "jim cracks." Besides its passage will not be tolerated by those of the Brigade who know the dodging propensities of the once discarded and disgraced Chief. We would suggest the propriety of submitting the By-law to the different Companies ere it is entertained by the Council. A word to the wise is sufficient. It would be well, also, to ask what has become of the funds passing through the Chief's hands and belonging to No. 1 Rifle Company. Do the ex-Chief and other officers of the late Brigade approve of the contemplated By-law? We trow not.

MR. BRANIGAN: Sir,—I much regretted to see some strictures passed on that unfortunate *animal*, the post office clock, in your issue of last week, as I am credibly informed that things animate, i. e. the post office clerks, are themselves unable to keep time.

Daniel Webster had an anecdote of old Father Searl, the minister of his boyhood, which is too good to be lost. It was customary then to wear buckskin breeches in cold weather. One Sunday morning in the autumn, Father Searl brought his down from the garret; but the wasps had taken possession during summer, and were having a nice time of it. By dint of an effort, he got out the intruders and dressed for meeting. But while reading the scriptures to the congregation he felt a dagger from one of the enraged small waisted fellows, and jumped around the pulpit slapping his thighs. But the more he slapped and danced, the more they stung. The people thought him crazy and were in commotion as to what to do: but he explained the matter by saying "Brethren, don't be alarmed; the word of the Lord is in my mouth, but the Devil is in my breeches!" Webster always told it with glee to the ministers.

Two centuries ago not one in a hundred wore stockings. Fifty years ago not one boy in a thousand was allowed to run at large at night. Fifty years ago not one girl in a thousand made a waiting-maid of her mother. Wonderful improvements in this most wonderful age.

OUR LETTER BOX.—All letters and communications intended for the editor or for publication, should be addressed Box No. 129, Hamilton P. O.

Published and Sold by the Proprietor, T. BRANIGAN, at his Saloon, McNab Street, (Market Square), and may be had at all the city Book Stores—Price, THREE CENTS.