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BRANIGAN'S CHRONICLES AND CURIOSITIES.

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

Vol. I.—No. 24.

HAMILTON, C.W., SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1859.

PRICE, TWO-PENCE

For the Chronicles.

TO CARRIE.

Carrie, with thy laughing eye,
And winning smile, and witty face,
Which does the critic's glance defy,
And dares young Cupid's love menace.

Ah did'st thou love me, fairy queen
As I love thy dear self, I ween
Thou would'st not look on me so cold
As thou hast ever done of old.

Remove that haughty, frigid glance,
Which thou art wont to cast at me;
I know it will thy charms enhance,
And fill my heart more full of thee.

Relieve my overburdened heart
Which cannot with thy image part,
And say thou wilt be mine forever,
That death alone our hearts shall sever.

I know thou can'st love with a love
As deep as ever filled the soul
With passions wild—too firm to rove
From its first love—its young love's goal.

'E'en now methinks I hear thee say
Thou art my choice above all men;
Oh much loved maid! thou sprightly fay—
Thou brilliant, beauteous Carrie N—.

Nor hast thou aught of earthly matters
cares;
Thy youthful heart has never learned to
love—

Oh may thy sunny brow be ever spared
The clouds of sorrow that would o'er it
rove.

Hamilton, March, 1859.

EDWARD.

AN ASSIGNATION.—Not long since an advertisement appeared in a city paper, headed—"Matrimonial." Several answers were received by the advertiser, and at last he selected one of the fair writers. In order to bring about a meeting it was agreed between the parties, who had never seen each other, that they should pass a certain corner in a public thoroughfare of our city, on a certain evening and at a certain hour—the lady to wear a blue veil and the gent to have an artificial rose in his button hole. They met, and recognizing each other by those tokens, sauntered along the street to a more retired part, where melting words of tenderness passed between them. Emboldened with his success, the gay Lothario raised the veil to imprint an impassioned kiss on the lips of his Dulcinea. Blood and thunder! he exclaimed, starting back, as he discovered the well-known features of *his own sister!*

DEACON FREE-THINKER ON THE STUMP.



The Cost of Going to Church.
PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE TIMES.
PICTURE NO. 1.

In more prosperous days the primitive simplicity of many of our dissenting churches, gave place to the finery and taste, which a sudden influx of wealth enabled their congregations to indulge in—and now we find the Methodists—whether *Primitive*, Episcopal, or Wesleyan, just as fond of grand display—both in their churches and their houses, as the established and aristocratic Church of England, from which their great and good head, Wesley, seceded. Our Presbyterian, Free (B) Baptist, and Congregational Churches, all vie with each other in the grandeur of their structure; the elegance of their interior fitting, and their other attractions—and all seem to agree heartily, in either excluding the poor man altogether, or placing him in some obscure corner, behind the door or some where else, unless he can pay \$100 a year for a more prominent position. Yes, reader—the poor mechanic or laborer, with his little family, has to pay (beside other incidental contributions), from one to two dollars per Sabbath, for hearing the word of Life expounded, unless he can bear to have his feelings wounded by humiliations, and well understood distinctions. And yet we annually send money abroad to support foreign missionaries, while thousands and thousands of men and women in our very midst, are allowed to go down to their graves without an effort being made to bring them to the Lords Sanctuary. And why? Because the pews in these fashionable temples are thronged with better paying customers. Let the honest man put his hand upon his heart, and look over this growing

city, and ask himself how many of its churches contain strange Gods, and how few—in which the Great Creator Himself, delights to dwell. Surely, in some of them the tables of their moucy-changers need upsetting; and the brazen image, gold, should be taken from off the altars of others. There is most assuredly required in most of the churches on this continent a shaking amongst the dry bones, and we hope soon to see it.

MR. BRANIGAN,

Dear Sir,—One evening last week I was passing along King street in company with two ladies, and when opposite a certain store, narrowly escaped being knocked down and injured by a shutter being suddenly thrust up from the cellar with great force. Should not some course be adopted to prevent the possibility of accidents from this cause? as severe injury might be inflicted upon a passer by, and remedy in such a case be difficult.

Yours respectfully,

PATER-FAMILIAS.

The grievance to which our correspondent refers, is we believe already provided for in the existing By-laws; but if a long resident here, he must know that the law is made subservient to political purposes, and nuisances of this description are therefore permitted to exist with impunity. Should any injury occur to him his remedy would be in the County Court; but we regret to say this infringement of the law is not a solitary one. Goods are delivered at many of our stores in a manner exceedingly dangerous to pedestrians, as well as at great inconvenience. This should not exist as many desirable localities are to be found where business might be carried on without becoming a nuisance to other parties. We have no desire to cramp commercial enterprise, but rather to encourage it; but if it is right to have the "right man in the right place," so is it necessary to have the right store in the right place; and we know instances where old and obsolete laws have been raked up to punish offences of this kind, when the unlucky wight has not happened to have "friends at court."

In order to remedy evils of this description combined action is necessary, and our correspondent, with others who may have received annoyance from these causes, should go to work, and with "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether," success is certain.

BRANIGAN'S

Chronicles & Curiosities,Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice
S. H. A. S. P. E. A. R. E.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1859.

THE WASHINGTON TRAGEDY.

Although we have hitherto refrained from commenting in our columns on the murder of Key by Sickles, still we have not failed to watch the course pursued towards the murderer by our cotemporaries pretty generally throughout the neighboring Union. With that shallow show of philosophic reasoning so peculiar to Harper's Weekly, that publication endeavors to surround the brow of Sickles with a halo as glorious as one about to be bestowed on the proud temples of some noble and successful warrior. But the sophistry with which the writer argues in favor of his cruel client is too flimsy and hyperbolic to weigh for a moment with those having a proper appreciation of a man's duty to society, and to the laws by which that society is governed and kept intact. In England, France, or Canada, the unfortunate Key would have been allowed an opportunity to defend himself—either before a jury of his countrymen, or the more summary mode adopted by the devotees of the code of honor; and had Key been challenged by Sickles, we hesitate not to say, that the former would not only have met the man whom he had injured, but that he would have given the latter every opportunity to avenge his wrongs without himself offering to fire a single shot in return. But no, the man whose honor had been injured—whose domestic peace had been broken—whose family ties had been snapped asunder—coolly arms himself with three or four pistols, capable of firing collectively *nine* or *ten* shots—quietly walks into the street on a still Sabbath afternoon—meets his doomed and *unarmed* victim in a public thoroughfare, and without allowing him one prayer for mercy, shoots him down with an unrelenting hellishness which has no parallel in our criminal jurisprudence. Yes, and even when the unfortunate man fell on the pavement, covered with wounds, and begged for mercy, Sickles had no eye to pity, nor had Butterworth an arm to save. No, like an infuriated fiend the pursuer still continued to fire upon his fallen and dying victim. Glad

are we for the sake of our country and our countrymen, that the heartless Sickles lays no claim to the birthright of a Briton, but that he hails from the land of the midnight assassin, where the stiletto is treacherously plied to quiet an unsuspecting enemy. Like the tamed bear, his natural passions only slumbered in obedience to the restraints placed upon them, and needed but a favorable opportunity to burst forth in a manner sufficiently horrible and treacherous to do honor to the land of his fathers. And this is the man in whose defence column after column is written and scattered broadcast over the land of the *free* and the home of the *brave*! Oh, Shame! where is thy blush? Oh, Harper! Oh, Frank Leslie! hide those diminished *medal*ion heads of a coward; and let us, while looking at the *provocation*, forget the *enormity* of the crime for the commission of which you would immortalize Daniel E. Sickles. Ere this article meets the eye of our readers we doubt not the farcical trial of Sickles shall have been concluded, and the prisoner at the bar declared "Not Guilty!" If such be not the case we have no correct notion of Southern *justice*.

WHOLESALE APOSTASY.—A correspondent furnishes us with the particulars of a recent case of apostasy, in which a whole family residing in this city departed from the faith of the Catholic Church. But it is too lengthy for our columns. It may be as well to say, however, that the male head of the family referred to is a notorious character here, and glories in the cognomen of "The Dodger." He and his household were baptised at Mr. Ormiston's church on the first Sabbath of the present month, and received into the bosom of the Presbyterian Church. In his infancy this male apostate was baptised in the Catholic Church of Dundas, by the late very Rev. Father Campian (Heaven rest his soul); and he has since been confirmed in the faith by other clergymen. Some few years since, his solicitude for his partner's spiritual welfare induced her to forsake the faith of her fathers—Methodism—and she also became a Catholic in name. Now they all worship at a strange altar. This apparent instability of character is explained by the fact, that the "dodging individual" referred to is fitting himself for a vacant pulpit in a certain church of this city, where one or two worldly-minded *dry goods'* merchants of small capacity, have lately been in the habit of holding forth. Tom seems to change his religion as often as he does the color of his military-looking moustache. We had intended to notice his antics no more, but really he seems to court popularity so pertinaciously, that we can hardly refuse him the use of our columns to further his objects. His stock of *brass* without touching the helmet at all, would be sufficient to put a new front in Solomon's temple.

OUR HANGING GARDENS.—The contemptible dodge resorted to by our city rulers to extort money from the innkeepers of this city, under false promises 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, *spills* 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. A ready 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 enlivened by the Springs Brewery Brass Band. Admittance 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*."

MR. GALT'S TARIFF.—We had hoped that Mr. Galt's new Tariff would not have interfered with the publication of *The Chronicles and Curiosities*, but in this we have been egregiously disappointed. With a malignity towards us which we did not expect in a minister of the Crown, he has subjected newspapers to postage for no other reason than to suppress the *Curiosities*: but he shall not be successful, for we intend upsetting the embargo placed on us, by offering inducements to those of our subscribers who form clubs. We shall not retaliate on Mr. Galt; but he had better not have us angry at him when the next general elections take place—that's all.

"Coming events cast their shadows before them." Found in the hog'shead which burst on the railway wharf, the body of a dead dog; breed unknown, but very much like a Growler.

The Industrial Farm.

We last week adverted to the Industrial Farm, and to our efforts when in the Council, in connection with its working and beneficial effects. Our views are this week fully endorsed by Alderman Roach, who, by the bye, is the only man on the Committee who understands the matter, and who has brought great energy and talent to bear upon the subject, and emphatically declares his conviction that the farm is or might be remunerative, and that the city should continue its management, in the face of which evidence the Council have determined upon leasing the farm for a term of years, although it was purchased or a purpose that they on their oath declare was necessary. Why should this be? No excuse exists for leasing the land, as a balance of \$67.45 is shewn in its favor; and a great many of our unemployed poor who are now receiving relief from other sources, might be profitably engaged in the cultivation of this land, thereby effecting a double object. But to this laudable project great opposition is offered, and by none more strongly than Councillor McDowell, whose immense experience and great talents are conspicuously shewn upon all possible occasions, and who, although so recently inducted into the city Senate, is so deeply impressed with a sense of his own ability, that he has ostentatiously volunteered his opinion upon every matter that has come before the Council, in opposition to many old members whose wisdom and experience it was his duty to defer to; but "Fools run in where angels fear to tread."

VULGARITY.—Our growling contemporary having betaken himself to the "haunted hog-pen," for the purpose of selecting a grunter to fill the chair of his departed *sub*, we must henceforth allow the twain to wallow in their native filth. The portrait of the new pig-editor, as given in the last *Growler*, renders any further intercourse impossible, and certainly quite undesirable on our part. The retirement of the previous *sub* was, as we stated, (notwithstanding our contemporary's contradiction) owing to the wound caused to his head by the cadaverous crow-bar having penetrated it. He is now in hospital, attended by Dr. King, of the Royal College of *blue noses*, Dublin.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have to request the kind forbearance of a number of our correspondents, who are unavoidably crowded out this week. Scotia, Saucy and Cicero shall receive due attention in our next issue.

A MILTONIAN is laid over for future consideration.

MR. A. P. McDONALD.—This gentleman, making no pretensions to great literary attainments, has reason to be proud of the notoriety he has attained through the columns of unfriendly journals, within the past two or three weeks. For notwithstanding the desperate efforts of the *Globe* and others "o' that ilk," to convict the member for West Middlesex of falsehood, the attempt was a miserable failure, like all Geordie's schemes to gain power during the present session. Mr. McDonald plainly declared to his constituents, while seeking their suffrages, that he had no claim on the government for any contracts, prospective or retrospective, but it was no secret that the claim which he transferred to the Bank of Upper Canada, had never been settled. This Mr. George Brown, himself stated at a public meeting in Strathroy, and used it in all quarters for the purpose of damaging Mr. McDonald's prospects. Mr. Brown, it can be proved characterised Mr. McDonald as one of the most honest public contractors in the country before his election, but abused his politics. When we look at Mr. McDonald's antecedents, and take into account, the fact of his being a self-made man, we are willing to overlook the paltry and contemptible attacks made on him, on account of his lack of education. When Mr. Mc. was hewing his way to a position, through the dense forests of his native country, with no other instrument than the axe of the woodman, Geo. Brown was receiving an education befitting his position, in the Athens of Europe—Scotland—hence the disparity in point of theoretical knowledge. But if Louis Napoleon cut his way to the throne of France with a jack-knife stolen from the son of a New Jersey tavern keeper, what may we not reasonably expect from our friend A. P. with his honestly bought axe and his indomitable perseverance? If he ever goes to Geo. Brown to get his axe ground, we fear he will have to work with dull tools. No, Mac, keep a stiff upper lip, and continue as you have been, a really independent member—then you can point your constituents to the votes you have given in your place in parliament as their representative.

In one of our recent issues a correspondent adopted the euphonious synonyme of Pluff. This appears to have given offence to our contemporary, who accuses us of endeavoring to associate his staff with our journal. We assure him that is the last thing we desire, and that we were ignorant of the existence of the gentleman in question. We knew there was a ruff, but knew nothing of Pluff.

Nature abhors a vacuum. This is a scientific fact. What an antipathy nature must have to the head of the *Growler*.

Latest by Telegraph!

NEW APPOINTMENT.—The latest news by telegraph informs us that Wm. John Carruthers, Esq., late of the Liverpool Police, has been appointed Stipendiary Magistrate for this ambitious city, in place of Capt. H. W. Armstrong, late of the Royal Navy, who has been removed in consequence of certain manifestations of imbecility peculiar to old age.

FLUMMERY.—A kind of food made by the conglomeration of wheat flour and oatmeal.—*Walker*.

"Why can't we do away with all this Flummery."—*Speech of the Hon. Member for South Wentworth on a recent occasion* To the Editor of Branigan's Chronicles.

Sir,—I wonder you have not noticed before this time the above wholesale denunciation of Canada's great staple and of Scotia's favorite. As a born Scotchman, and a naturalized Canadian, I protest against it.

Yours truly,
SAWNEY.

INDIA RUBBER PENS.—We would caution the editor of the *Globe* against the use of this new article of manufacture. What the consequences of an already elastic conscience, combined with an *India-rubber* pen, would be, we dread to contemplate; but we fear the truth would be stretched to death.

SPRING AT LAST.—We stop the press to announce the sudden appearance of an unmistakable sign of spring—ex-Alderman McElroy in the streets without his *Scotch* plaid, and in thinner and more fashionable raiment—recently sent him by Moses & Sons, Minorities, London. As the cuckoo is the harbinger of spring at SHAW'S LOUGH, Ireland, so is the crotchety ex-Alderman, *without his plaid*, the forerunner of summer in this region.

Is a horse used in a saw-mill a saw-horse?

If a pretty cross man is mad, would a very angry man be madder; and if so would die (dye) easy.

Are they long-headed men who go head-long to destruction?

Why should Scotland be a great place for the sale of Dalley's magical pain extract or?

Because it's the land of Burns.

What kind of watch is Robert Osborne like?

"A Railway Time-keeper."

THE GREAT QUESTION now engrossing the attention of the savans of Washington city, is—If Sickles be found guilty, what is Butter worth! (*Butterworth*.)

Hamilton Police Court.

(From our own Reporter)

Branigan vs. Grey.—The complainant charged the defendant with an assault on the night of the fire at Banks' store on James street, to which the defendant pleaded not guilty.

Terence Branigan sworn, said,—That he was present with a number of citizens before Mr. Gray, the Chief Engineer of the Fire Brigade arrived. That he was rendering all the assistance in his power to get Banks' door opened to get at the fire. That the defendant came up to him and asked him what he was shouting about—when he replied that he came there to assist at the fire,—whereupon defendant, then, without any provocation, violently dashed both hands shut against complainant's breast, and knocked him off the side walk into the gutter. That others were shouting there as well as complainant; and that he and those around him were doing more good than the Fire Brigade who were late at the fire. That defendant singled him, complainant, out, to vent out his spleen or spite upon him, complainant. That the Chief had not the brass helmet on.]

John Sloman sworn,—Said that he saw the defendant put his hands to the complainant and push him off the sidewalk. [This witness gave his evidence with great reluctance, and being a fireman, was evidently afraid of his Chief, or some one else. He also swore that when the complainant was knocked down, Banks' door was not open.

Mr. Fury, constable, sworn,—He also saw the Chief push the complainant off the sidewalk; that there were a number of persons on both sides of complainant at the time. He heard some hard words between the parties before complainant was thrown down.

Mr. Irwin, bookkeeper, sworn, said,—That he was present at the time Mr. Branigan was assaulted. He did not hear Mr. Branigan shouting more than any one else. Saw the Defendant come out of Banks' shop to Mr. B., and ask him what he was shouting about, and in the same instant dashed complainant violently into the street. Saw complainant after the fall. He did not seem much hurt.

The Bench intimated that such a trifling assault was justifiable, taking into consideration the excitement and anxiety of the Chief in his endeavors to get his men to work at the fire. [Query—How did it come that his excitement did not extend to any of the others present.]

Complainant's Attorney said, that no assault was justifiable, especially when coming from a person protected by a By-law of the city, and by which, if any person

disobeyed the orders of the chief, he could be fined.

The magistrate decided that it was an assault, but of a trifling nature; and having a discretionary power in cases of trifling assault, they would dismiss the complainant.

[Editor's Note.—The public are perhaps not aware that this is the same case in which Mr. Branigan was fined a short time since, \$4, upon complaint of Mr. Gray, and which was appealed and decided in Mr. Branigan's favor at the last Recorder's Court, after he had been put to an enormous expense. It came out upon this trial, and was admitted both by the Chief and the Magistrate, that the first trial was a mere ruse, in order to smother over Mr. Branigan's real cause of complaint. Now matters are shewn in their true light; and the public are left to judge—while Mr. Branigan comes off the victor, and at the same time must remain the monument of injured innocence. "Murder will out," Tom.

To the Editor of the Chronicles.

Applaud you Brother! I will.

Do Tom! yes Charlie! depend upon it I surely will; and thank heaven thou puttest it my power within. My friend—my chum—my patron, and my brother. Doth one good turn not deserve another? What care I for jury verdicts, for opposition lawyers or all the world beside, my brother! truth is no stumbling-block to me, nor any other virtue, so long as thou, thy interest, thy name, thy fame, yea, thy little finger is at stake. Have I not disregarded truth, for thy sake, my brother? Have I not stifled facts and given coloring to thy words, to extend thy fame and and raise thy name, my brother! yea, remember the case thou did'st last week defend in Court in which the jury gave a verdict against thee. Did I not in our paper chronicle to the world that thou gained it? Dost thou not remember the false coloring I gave to the many cases in thy favor? Dost thou not behold my silence on cases in which thou'rt not engaged; and which are tried when thou art not in Court? But hush! keep matters such as these in the dark, for such the public are wont to call "dodging;" and matters such as these being kept in the dark between us, the public will never know but all I print is true as Gospel. None will take trouble to compare my rich Railway supported Times with both. But what is truth to me? A lie supported by thy smile smells much sweeter incense. The oath of twelve men may state a thing that's true; but what is that to thee or me, my brother! Our heads we must and will keep up.

So WILL I.

Hamilton, April 12, 1859.

An Avenue Tale.

To the Editor of the Chronicles & Curiosities:

DEAR SIR,—On Monday last, about noon, as I was quietly perambulating Rebecca street, between the theatre and Catharine street, I observed a man issue from the door of a house in that locality, and after gazing up and down the street very cautiously for a few minutes, he retired again. This proceeding somewhat excited my bump of inquisitiveness, so I took a stand near the corner for the purpose of observation. In a few minutes I was astonished by the appearance of a young grocery clerk (married man, by the way) who came sneaking out very demurely, followed by two brothers of Avenue notoriety (one of whom is likewise off the bachelor list.) These three worthies, after a careful survey of the street, shrugged their shoulders—meaning thereby, I suppose, that all was right—that they were, in fact, unseen. Now, Mr. Chronicles, I wish your aid to ascertain their motives in thus trying to escape recognition. It certainly looks very suspicious that young men (and especially a grocery clerk with such expensive habits), should be prowling about at noon-day in places where— from the above manoeuvres—I argue that they are ashamed to be seen. I have had my eye upon them for some time past, as well as upon others in this city; and if a new leaf is not turned over forthwith, both their employers and the public will have the benefit of my memorandum book.

Vidocq.

Hope is a brittle thread suspended from the summit of success, on which many who have essayed to climb have been plunged into ruin.

Advertisements.

BRANIGAN'S MARKET STABLES,
ON THE MARKET SQUARE.

THESE STABLES are the Most Commodious in the city, and were originally built and owned by J. B. MATHEWS, Esq. JOHN AUSTIN latterly kept the premises, which are Capable of ACCOMMODATING 150 SPANS OF HORSES

In the Most Comfortable Manner, and at VERY MODERATE CHARGES. Farmers and others attending the Market can always have their horses under their eye while selling their produce. Careful hostlers in attendance. Stables open on Sunday, and free for the use of parties from the country attending Church, but subject to their own care.

HAY FOR SALE.

A Large Quantity of excellent Hay always on hand, and for sale in small quantities, at Market Rates. OATS and BRAN also on hand and for sale. T. BRANIGAN. Hamilton, April 1, 1859.

OUR LETTER BOX.—All letters and communications intended for the editor or for publication, should be addressed Box No. 120, 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.