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# BRANIGAN'S CHRONICLES AND CURIOSITIES

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

Vol. I.—No. 28.

HAMILTON, C. W., SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1859.

PRICE, TWO-PENCE

(Continued from our last.)

## A New Lay to an Old Tune.

The manly art I practised oft,  
I'm called the favorite boy;  
Nor in listleuffs a toy.  
Sword, pen and helmet,  
Were honors gained by me,  
By artful dodging right and left,  
Each chance that I could see.

A Grocers Store I used to keep,  
Yea, Ham and Eggs I sold;  
A poor way that to fortune seek,  
I found without being told.

Scales, cheese and helmet,  
On tick betimes for pay;  
Go follow such who will, I won't,  
I've found an easier way.

An Alderman I too was dubbed,  
And swaggered then quite fat;  
But by Electors being snubbed,  
I turned my eyes from that.

Scales, Ham and Green Tea,  
Sugar sweets and all,  
Were not enough to save me,  
From what I thought a fall.

But tortoise, ~~and I was bound to obey his nod,~~  
Then cut a curious caper,  
From down she jumped me up the Hill,  
To be owner of a paper.

Pen, Sword and Helmet,  
Have done their work for me;  
I'm now the holder of a post,  
The way to let all see.

The dodging art I love the best,  
I practised oft her way;  
Thro' her I earned my honors most—  
I tell what others say.

So Jodge, then, and news vend,  
I find the easiest way;  
To catch the money others spend  
In finding out the way.

My Grog I made a point to buy  
In favorite Hotels,  
Where honor loving chums, when dry,  
Drank with their comrade swells.

Drink still, and high rise,  
But shun all low *Paltroons*;  
My Motto was to gain the prize,  
Haunt still the rich saloons.

Once I was chief, and once again,  
A chief of men I'm made;  
You ask what chief? I'll tell you, then,  
Chief of the Fire Brigade.

Yes, then, the Helmet  
Once again's my own;  
I'll strive right hard and never let  
Another me dethrone.

A fashion new came out of late,  
Called dyeing of the hair,  
I tried some on my Grey old pate,  
To make me still look fair.

Are honors dearly bought;  
But dearer still to hold them fast  
To keep them as one ought.

To hold my honors, every one,  
Shall be my future aim;  
Farewell my friends, (my muse has flown,  
But may return again.

Sword, pen and helmet,  
Know the easy way  
To grab, to reach, to strive, to get  
Both rations and full pay.

(To the Editor of the Chronicles.)

MY DEAR MR. BRANIGAN,—Being informed by telegram of Joseph's intended return from Egypt, I accidentally happened to be present on his arrival, when he spoke to his brethren as follows:—

"I am Joseph of whom you read, and sold you to the Brownites. Now, therefore, be not grieved nor angry with me that I sold you, for my chieftain so ordered, and I was bound to obey his nod, for to a blind horse For these two years have I not served him faithful, and to avoid any famine coming on my house or stud, or his earnings fail in providing me the six dollars per day, I was compelled to look to number one first and do my chieftain's biddings."

And Joe moreover said that his brethren of Wentworth should not wear broad-cloth coats or breeches as the wearing of the same was unlawful, but that they should wear fustian garments of all descriptions, as was the command of his chieftain of Bothwell notoriety.

And Joe further stated that he was not enabled to lay aside for the coming wants of his earnings this year as much as he desired, on account of the short comings of his bosom friends and colleagues, in a small family broil on account of not having a dish or two a-day of Brose—a wee sup of the cratur to flavour the same, and sour crout as desert after the repast, which he deeply regretted has been the cause of so wide a split with his chieftain and his followers as to be past the aid of Homœopathy to cure, which I honestly declare.

I am Yours Respectfully,

A HOMŒOPATHIST.

Glanford, 5th May, 1859.

## The Tavern License By-Law.

NO. 17

(To the Editor of the Chronicles.)

SIR,—

Section 6 of Clause 5 says "the License Inspector and every officer employed by him or said Committee, shall at all hours have power to enter any house licensed under this Act, to inspect the same." Shades of evening! Johnny Austin, who are your officers? Corporation, whence your powers? Deputed Agents assuming unlimited authority! Shame upon you, to seek to confer powers never bestowed upon or given to yourselves. Do you not know; did you not think that you were sitting Parliament and all other laws at defiance, when you put such a clause into your By-law. Point out the law that gave you authority to enter people's houses "at all hours." A very convenient law such would certainly be, especially for certain officers, to enter some of the houses "at all hours." Yes, it would be a very convenient starting point for a certain sporting member of the "said Committee" to good nights' ~~and I was bound to obey his nod,~~ considered by him "glorious"—for he thinks because it is so incorporated in the By-law, as do a majority of our City Councillors, when a thing is put into print, and signed, sealed and engrossed in the usual form, that it is law and must be law, especially if they gave a vote on and had a voice in it. The men who dread the late Saturday evening restriction law should apply to "the members of the committee" or to the Inspector, to appoint officers to remain in their houses, so that they may lawfully, with the presence of the office, keep open "all hours." This clause says the members of the said Committee shall at all hours have power to enter any house licensed under that Act. And suppose a house licensed closed up at 7 o'clock on Saturday evening, in accordance with the late Statute, and an officer claimed admittance into that house at 8 o'clock, on the same evening, which of the laws would the owner of the house licensed be obliged to obey, the late Statute or the late By-law. This is a question which neither of the Acts can answer, because, suppose the officers were refused admittance, the parties refusing could be fined under the By-law. And suppose a party opened his house, or kept it open, to give the Committee or Inspector, and his and their officers an opportunity to enter "at all hours," he could be fined under the Statute. I have not time to reason this out now—more anon.

ARGUS.

(For the Chronicles and Curiosities.)

PARLIAMENTARY INTELLIGENCE.

J. RYMAL'S SPEECH.

DEAR SIR.—The learned member for South Westworth, I am happy to say is making rapid advancement both in oratory and French. Having been unexpectedly called to Toronto a short time since, I determined to avail myself of the opportunity thus afforded me of visiting our renowned Parliament. On my return I attended the question came up regarding the lowering of the members' pay, and, after its having been discussed on at great length by various persons, Mr. Rymal rose to his feet, and, in a stentorian voice, spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen,—I feel it my duty on the present occasion to get up and stand before you as a speaker in this here house to enlighten you on the subject, as it seems to me ye'se doe-n't know nothin' 'bout what ye'se talkin, and also to give vent to my indignation feelins. The idea of lowerin our wages is composterous, as we have to spend so much here to keep up appearances and pay for our board and washin." (Laughter and a voice: "well now, that is good, old fellow, for you to say, when you know you live in a retired position with a coloured woman, who charges \$3 a week; and as for washing, why you know you take that home to y ur wife.")

RYMAL—"God darn y'ur dam fellers."

Yourn I'll kick you, so I will now, golly, if I don't."

Cries of—"Shame, shame."

RYMAL—"Well I ain't a goin to be insulted by the likes of him."

A VOICE—"Go on with your speech. Never mind him."

RYMAL—"Well by-darn so I will, fur he's too consarned ugly to be noticed by a gentleman like me, (cheers,) and I'll show m contempt of him by goin on with my remarks. I left off 'bout board and washin—well, now, that's all gospel truth, I swear it is, you needn't laugh. Then there's my large farm and nobody to mind it."

A VOICE—"Your wife will do that."

RYMAL.—By golly, my wife's a good deal better looking nor yours. And so she could manage it, only she's in the way that ladies are who love their lords. (Tremendous cheers, and voices—"Go it Joe.") Well now I'll be darned if I can see anything to laugh at in that. (Hear, hear.) Can't my wife, by golly. (Cheers.) I reither guess so; for she's got—let me see, (counting his fingers,) there's Jerusha,—Molly—she's the old woman's pet, and Mary-Jane and Sally and five boys—four and five—that's nine—well we've got nine. Now I think that's not doin bad. (Laughter.) Now I've got to educate all these,

and that will cost me somethin. I've commenced givin them lessons in French, and I arnin them how to git up and make a stump speech, so that they may be as knowin as their daddy and foller in his footsteps. (Great laughter.) Their education will cost me a good deal, fur I'm bound on givin 'em un wun; for education, gentlemen, is a glorious thing. If it had't been for education what would I have been to-day? I'd have been as ignorant as the rest o' you. (Great sensation.) Then, there's my horse, the Prince Regent, standin in the stable from mornin to night doin nothin. (Laughter.) And, if I can't git away from this here consarned place to lead him round, I'll have to be paid pooty well to make up fur the loss. And now, gentlemen, in windin up this speech, jist let me say, that when my constituents 'lected me as their representative they knowed they was gettin a good un—wun that would never turn his coat like some others in this house and wun that they could rely on—and, as no man's business suffers more nor mine does, they was quite willin to giv me the pultry sum of \$6 a day. Though I was bred between the plough handles, I feels myself as good as any of you, for I am a gentleman as goes in for believin that one man's as good as another,—yes, and sometimes a good deal bet'er. (Laughter.) I will, therefore, take my chair, confidently hopin that after what I've said you'll all

come and not be such big fools as to take \$4 when you cau jist as well gi, \$6." (Long and continued cheering, under the felt and expressed sentiments that the labourer is worthy of his hire.—? ? ?)

(To the Editor of Chronicles.)

The City "Ambitious" and her Masters.

SIR,—In these times of commercial depression, Sheriffs'-sales and chancery decrees, it vivifies our drooping heart to have a peep now and again at the machinery which is now and has been in operation to bring about these formidable affairs. We like the genuine jolly chuckle—the tickle that in spontaneity shakes our visible sides. But, in these times, we hail cachination in any shape, neither thinking of, nor caring for, the philosophy of laughter. We care not whether the grimace we make may be traced by the physiognomist to the Sardouic or hilarious cause—we are content to grin from ear to ear, in the pure ecstasy of fun or relax our oral muscles with our tongue in our cheek. We shall not chop logic with our readers as to which is the most enjoyable and joyous. A laugh, however, we are determined on, and we enlist you all to shake it with us, and this is the subject:—

Councillor McDowell as Chairman of the special committee on salaries of civic officers laid the report of that select body before the conclave of the city fathers, the purport of which was that a reduction to the amount of some eleven hundred dollars had been agreed on and recommended to the Council for its judicious adoption.—Now, then, whether right or wrong, this reduction of the city disbursements would have been carried, but for a pretty little

notable collision between one of our worthy Aldermen and one of our equally worthy Councillors which eventuated as follows:—

Councillor—The Police Clerk—Why, Fenton's the man for the office—no doubt of it—we can't hear the alderman's voice—it does not matter, the affair is settled at any rate.

Alderman—Shut up. We don't want any of your talk in the matter at all.

Councillor—I don't want any of your talk.—If you give us any more of it I'll serve you again as you have been so well served before.

Alderman—(pointing at the Councillor)—I claim the protection of his Worship the Mayor, which protection was granted and guaranteed.

Councillor—I am not to be, and shall not be, insulted. My threat, your worship, was only intended to be conditional—dependent on the gentleman's behaviour.

Alderman—(Sotto voce)—I'll serve you out for this. When your special committee report comes up we'll give it the hoist—I tell you.

Sure enough the report and all its commendatory clauses got, as threatened by the worthy Alderman, the hoist. The joke is—whether it exhibits itself on the right or left side of the face of our citizens, or with a close mouth and the tongue in their cheek, that, but for this personal encounter, the two worthy city fathers would along with their adherents, have given a united vote, to the easing of the poor, oppressed "Ambitious" city of eleven hundred dollars annually! Fathers and Guardians—Councillors and Aldermen, pray remember the scape-goat—the Rate Payer.

Yours, &c.,

A CITIZEN.

Our latest European news informs us that France and Russia have entered into a treaty of alliance. "Whom the Gods wish to destroy they first make mad." If our intelligence be true such will shortly be the realized fate of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte.

Another Police Scrape.

Guardey vous—guardey tete—mind your head and clear the way. We warn our fellow citizens to take care. We employ and pay a police force for the purpose of protecting our persons and our property from the ruffian and the robber. How do these hired functionaries perform their duties? Why, thus, as we shall illustrate their conduct:—

A few night ago as one of our respectable townsmen was on his way home, he was assaulted, struck, and otherwise roughly handled by two persons, strange to him, whom he met on the most public street of the city—King street. Self preservation being recognized by all (Hamilton police practice notwithstanding), as the first law of nature, our brother citizen defended himself against his cowardly assailants. The fact of his so doing called forth the wrath of two of our police Constables, who, with all the corps, seem to claim as their prescription right all acts of offence and defence. The two officers in question freely made use of their batons on the cranium of our fellow citizen, and dragged him off—(resisting the villains!—of course to the cells. This affair presented to the worshipful police bench next morning, a beautiful case of magistratal adjudication. In the sapience of that august body the award was:—That the two nocturnal scamps should be fined \$10, and that their and policemen's victim should be mulcted of \$2. Good for the city treasury. Bah, Justice be bothered!

BRANIGAN'S  
Chronicles & Curiosities,Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice  
SHAKESPEARE.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1859.

## The Seignors Censitaires.

In "this Canada" we are a "fast people." We designate our colonial position and character as being in relation to Imperial England, her First-born son—and, in Britannia's diadem, we claim the first place as being the brightest jewel thereof. Our pretensions are great. Our antecedents true enough, have demanded and obtained a page in the historic lore of the world. Wolf, on the plains of Abram, achieved, just a hundred years ago, the conquest of the country. In 1759 the dying hero sealed, with his blood, the international treaty wherein—it was stipulated that the Gallic race in Canada—should be under the domination of that of Albion. In 1859—after the lapse of a century, and during which period, floods of events have well nigh overwhelmed the world, how do we find ourselves. Science and Art have exercised all their benign and humanizing influence over us—but where is the return? Steam-boats and railways have ruffled our waters and roared and ripped through our forests—but, how have we thereby profited. We have gained positively nothing. The Anglo-British in both Lower and Upper Canada—is at the present time practically, in the most abject relationship to the Gallic—British Canadian. The progress and persevering pursuits of the British settlers are made subservient to the interests of the *vis inertia* of the Callican Censitaires. We are active—they are inert. They have some languid aspirations of freedom, and we say: "that's right." Certainly we emphatically say "that's right," but, as certainly, our saying does not imply that we are, with our means—with the earnings of our best energies—to redeem them from their state of laziness, and, with our money to translate them into their longing—looked-for—long—blessed existence—*dola far niente*—sweat to do nothing. We tax our patience to write upon this subject. "Who helps himself, the Gods help," is an old and a true adage; and there is no good reason why Upper Canadians should be compelled to give their ill-to-be-afforded money, to the Seignors and Censitaires of Lower Canada for the purpose of settling their absurd and exploded-all-over-the-world feral arrangements. Let them do their duty to themselves—*themselves*. The system of government is rotten which requires, as it would seem, ours does, such a sacrifice of all fiscal principle, and outrage on our common sense, and, what is worse—in these times—invasion of our pockets—as the Siegnorial tenure bill. The motto of our rulers however, seems to be:—to keep in power *coute que coute*.—"O, my country" say we!

## Sir Allan and the Borough of Brighton.

Wonders will never cease. Our jolly, grand, good and generous—gentleman of Hamilton in particular—Knight of the Province, and baronet of the empire—Sir Allan Napier MacNab, after devoting his youth and manhood to our colonial interests, is now a candidate for senatorial honours in the Mother Country. Our *quondam* Canadian Premier will take his place in St. Stephens as the representative of the fashionable watering place, of George the Fourth celebrity, as well as that of the present English *beau monde*. While we regret his absence and leave the spirit-stirring influence of his presence amongst us, we still feel glad and congratulatory in his being about to occupy a position, the affairs of which he is so well able, honorably and usefully, to discharge. We shall gain, as a people, by Sir Allan's representation in the British Parliament, for there can be no doubt, that, while he attends to the interests of Brighton, he will not forget Burlington heights and Hamilton.

## The Industrial Farm, and Urbane and Bustle Matters.

Our philanthropy is well known and acknowledged. Our amicable proclivities for the *Brute Race*, if not so well known, are, nevertheless, equally strong. On land and over water we feel always at home with the denizens of their special spheres. Terrene or equatic—what matters it to Terry—everything that claims a place in animated nature—aye, and vegetable nature too—now don't forget—is bound to have our protection. Premising these truths, we are going, after our own fashion, to relate our adventures of yesterday, and, thus we spin our yarn:—

Three months ago a poor orphan of the bovine family came under our protection, and into our possession. We sent, in our wisdom and charity, the poor fatherless and motherless *veau* to the Industrial Farm. Councillor Waugh, when on a voyage of discovery, the other day, through the city's domains, made acquaintance with our orphan protégé; and, to some of his sage councillorship remarks, returned to him a most civil—not calfish—but heifer-like bow! The worthy father said not a word in answer, but, corking up the intelligence thus acquired, in his civic exploration, came out, like a bottle of pop upon the astonished auriculars of his municipal co-mates. Powers that were and are!—Virgil and his Bucolics!—Jardine and his homeless Gallo-ways!—what could we do? Why, we brought the orphan home, and she is now in our Market Stables' stalls—and, bye and bye, the young *crummie* promises us to yield a little of her lactea bilibulant to mix with the rain of Councillors Ryall and Waugh to allay their bile, so raised and bitter, on account of her devouring some of the city *Pabulum*.

In our journey back from the calf-Industrial Farm mission, we dropped into Kilvington's garden. As we have said elsewhere, we admire all nature—the three kingdoms, as Buffon and Cuvier have it—the *Animal*, *Vegetable* and *Mineral*. We appreciate them all, but we leave the adoration of the last to the soul-destroying worship of such as H—n, D—s & Co., and are content to enjoy ourselves in nature's green fields, and to luxuriate in the beauty and generous productions of the garden. Kilvington, we say, pith to your elbow. Seventeen acres of the earth's surface he has put into the richest kind of cultivation. When we say this, we make no partial remarks nor suggest invidious comparisons. There is, all around, in horti-

culture, unmistakably exhibited taste and skill. Kilvington, however, is making the laudable effort to take the lead in *Market Gardening*. His seventeen acres under the spade—two of which is under glass, brings to our memory the Oppidan market and the rural supply of the old country—Covent Garden and the fertile Plots of Kent and Surrey. Go ahead, Kilvington!—You, and such as you, are the fellows who are going to make us, as a people, what we ought to be.

## THE HAMILTON ATLAS.

We acknowledge the receipt of the first number of the new literary paper, published by Messrs. Barker & Lockman, under the above title. Its typographical appearance is ahead of any paper yet got up in Canada; whilst in a literary point of view, and the careful and full supply of English, Irish and Scotch news from the different counties it gives its readers, it will fill a gap long open in Canada. The editorials show an ability, and a thoroughness in the discussion of the leading questions of the day, not to be found in our dailies, with all their pretentiousness to originality. It is, altogether, a creditable sheet, and we wish the publishers success in their enterprise.

Our old friend and professional opponent, Tom Knox, has opened a house at the Great Western Station, Galt—called the "Royal Hotel." Travellers are accommodated by him at all times on the most reasonable terms, and he has a livery stable in connection with his establishment for the convenience of guests. We are always glad to hear of him, and in his new undertaking, we cordially wish him success.

## Appointment Extraordinary.

The Hamilton City Council, under the Sanction of the Governor General, has been graciously pleased to appoint JOHN E. DALLYN, ESQUIRE, to the office of Licenses Inspector for the coming year. A deputization of citizens, (we hear it rumored) intend calling on the newly-elected officer to congratulate him on the auspicious event.

Brantford, May 6th, 1859.

MR. BRANIGAN,

Dear Sir,—I would like to learn, through the medium of your valuable journal, whether it is true that the Brantford City Council have made application to Government to be allowed to dispose of three Negroes to the State of Kentucky, who have been sentenced to be hung in our town; and purpose applying the proceeds to liquidate the debt, which now hangs so heavily on the shoulders of the good people of Brantford! The reason I have heard assigned for the course pursued is, that our city dignitaries' feelings were so tender that they could not shock the sensibilities of our citizens by the spilling of "*Nigger*" Blood.

Yours,

QUAZAR.

We have, also, heard the rumor, and on most reliable authority, can say it is correct. We have to give the Brantfordites credit, however, for a larger share of humanity than we before supposed them possessed of. The question to our mind, is, not so much the liquidation of the Corporation debt, as the encouragement to the colored population to gratify their predominant propensities. We condemn it, most decidedly!—Ed.

Our paper will hereafter be published on Thursday instead of Saturday.

**To all Whom it may Concern.**

But that I am forbid, to tell the secrets of my Prison House, I could a Tale unfold, whose lightest word, would harrow up thy soul—Freeze thy young blood.—make thy eyes like stars shot from their spheres. They knotted and combined locks to part like quills upon the fretful Porcupine—

**CAPT.—A—A OR HAMLET—**

Ranting roaring Irish joys—  
We're the lads, the boakes to please men  
Kissing the girls, and licking the boys—  
Whack, hurrah for the New Policemen.  
*Hamilton Police Version of an old Tory—*  
Pass, Presto, and begone! Such is the venacular of thimble reggers and conquirors.  
Would that the above *shibboleth* were equally efficacious as regards *Police Magistry* and their subordinate *Blue Birds*.

Total incompetency on one hand, and ferocious brutality on the other, are fast gaining our city, an unenviable notoriety.

We have always understood that the Police were established for the purpose of protecting sober, decent, and respectable citizens from the attacks, and depredations of *Roadies* and *Thieves*.

However, it appears that a new application of the said force has recently been made in this city, and through the stupidity of the Presiding "*Justice Shallow*" or the hard swearing of two or three *Dogberry's*, a respectable and well esteemed citizen has (without any just cause, or provocation) not only had his skull (reckily a thick one) laid low by a *polthouge* from one of the said *Dogberry's*, but was mulcted in the sum of \$2—by his Sapiency on the Bench.

Persons wishing for information relative to the above will please apply to C—A—n, Pork and sausage shop,

John Street,  
Hamilton.

P. S.—No spies, or *Blue Birds* need apply, and no trust given for *Sausages* or *Smoked meat*—to any of the said *Birds*.

**Nav Market By-Law.**

By favor of the city Clerk we understand that the market by-laws are about to be tinkered for the fiftieth time. The services of Mr. Galt, the provincial Chancellor of the Exchequer, it seems, is to be called on, to *clout the Cauldron*. Let them, whoever, they may be, see to their work, and do it right, for Branigan has an eye upon them.

**Cheap Bread.**

We noticed in the *Spectator* an advertisement signed by NOBODY! that bread could be purchased at the rate of nine pence per loaf, or nine shillings ey., per bakers dozen. Who this MR. NOBODY is we are unable to find out, and would feel under special obligations to any of our readers who would inform us.

**MARRIED.**

At Nelligan's Hotel, Main-e-liquor-law street, on the 10th inst., by the Right Rev. Decoction Brandy, D.D., Mr. T. W. White to Beverage, eldest daughter of Moderate Drinker, Esq., of Good Templars' Hall, John street, Hamilton.

**THE BRIDE.**

Kind mother! how tender—How thoughtful and mild,  
She looked as she gazed in deep love o'er  
her child;  
While she in her heart; breathed this beautiful prayer,  
As she gave her loved child to a husband's care.

"There take her, and love her, our long cherished flower  
She's pure as the rain drop; that decks the wild bower;  
Remember unkindness she never hath known,  
But ever hath been, the bright star of our home.

She's fragile though lovely so watch her sweet face,  
And if the rose blush to the lily give place;  
E endeavour with care to discover the change  
Nor rest till thy kindness, the shadow estrange.

Be gentle unto her, remember her youth,  
You know, she's been nurtured in virtue and truth;  
Then tenderly shield her wherever you go,  
From vices that sully this world below.

Our wealth shall be thine, but its nought to compare  
With the priceless treasure we give to thy care;  
Unsuited by fashion, all thoughtful and mild,  
You ever will find our dear dutiful child.

And may you e'er love her, as fondly as now,  
May care never plant its deep shades on her brow;  
But unchanging in truth, may it e'er be your pride,  
To watch, love, and cherish, your beautiful bride."

L. A.

Written for the Atlas.  
**LINES TO AN INFANT.**

BY PATER.

salute thee, little stranger, on this day of sadness born,  
When a loving brother died, and left us all to mourn;  
Thou' my presence is not with thee, yet my heart  
Finds a blessing and a welcome to that mournful home of ours.

There was sorrow in my bosom—there were tears  
dropping in mine eye,  
When I heard of thy arrival, and my soul forgot to sigh;  
Thus one rainbow ray of mercy may illumine life's  
bleakest show'rs;  
Thus I had thee, bud of promise, to that mournful home of ours.

When night's darkness lit the deep, then the morning's beam  
from on high,  
So the soul in sorrow shrouded, may be bright'ned  
from on high;  
When the Winter's storm are past, comes the Spring  
with all its flowers;  
Thus I had thee, bud of promise, to that mournful home of ours.  
Hamilton, April, 1850.

**A USEFUL HORSE**—A gentleman having a horse that started and broke his wife's neck, a neighboring squire told him he wished to buy it for his wife to ride upon. "No," said the other, "I will not sell it—I intend to marry again myself!"

"Oh, she was a jewel of a wife," said Pat, mourning over the loss of his better half; "she always struck me with the soft end of the mop."

**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.

Why is the naked truth so seldom spoken  
Because it is barely polite.

When a young lady catches you alone,  
lays violent hands on you, expressing 'kiss'  
in every glance—don't you do it!

**HANGING GARDENS.**

THE CONTUMELIOUS LODGE RESORTED TO by our city rulers to extort money from the Inn keepers of this city, for 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 arrangement 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. Alas! our garden is engaged in planting such flowers and shrubs 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 steam fairs. The proceedings will be culled by the Springs Brewery Brass Band. An entrance free. Tickets must be obtained, however, before taking place for the special occasion, which is managed by a first-class engineer. Choice liquors and cigars furnished, besides all the latest styles of summer drink. The novelty of this design 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."

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.