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# BRANIGAN'S CHRONICLES AND CURIOSITIES.

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

Vol. I.—No. 22.

HAMILTON, C.W., SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1859.

PRICE, TWO-PENCE

## MINNIE.

Be kind to each other,  
The night's coming on,  
When friend and when brother  
Perchance may be gone;  
Then, 'midst our dejection,  
How sweet to have earned  
The sweet recollection  
Of kindness—returned!  
When day hath departed,  
And memory keeps  
Her watch, broken-hearted,  
When all she loves sleeps!  
Let falsehood assail not,  
Nor envy reprove—  
Let trifles prevail not  
Against those we love!  
Nor change with to-morrow,  
Should fortune take wing,  
But the deeper the sorrow,  
The closer we cling!  
O, be kind to each other!  
The night's coming on,  
When friend and when brother  
Perchance may be gone!

Nobody.

Hamilton, March 5, 1859.

[This is sent as original. We think we have read it before; but as it is good, we insert it.—Ed.]

## OUR CURIOSITY SHOP

### "ALL FOOLS' DAY."

Yesterday was the first of April, called 'All Fools' Day,' for some reason not satisfactorily explained by the ancient historian. Antiquarians have puzzled their brains in vain attempts to discover the cause originating a custom so ridiculous as that which still characterizes the ushering in of a month, which derives its name from the latin word, *aperio*—to open—but without satisfactory results. By the Romans, the first of April was consecrated to Venus, the goddess of beauty, as the earth at this time begins to be clothed in pleasing verdure and beautiful flowers. Other writers have called it the sweetest of the seasons, because it is the harbinger of "delicate footed May." But we find little or nothing in our researches, enabling us to fix the origin of the laughable freaks now played on the occasion, not only by the rising generation, but by children of maturer years. Mr. Douce, an old and respectable authority, says: "After all the conjectures that have been formed touching its origin, it is certainly borrowed from the French,

and may, I think, be deduced from this simple analogy. The French call their April fish (*Poissons d'Avril*)—silly mackerel, or simpletons, who suffer themselves to be caught in this month. But, as with us, he continues, "April is not the season of that fish, we have, very properly, substituted the word—*fools*." To those who were yesterday so unfortunate as to pick up an old hat with a brick in it, we offer these remarks as a solace for their pains and aches—not so high up as if the brick had been in their own hat. The *gudgeons* caught by these silly baits may be very good substitutes for silly French mackerel, so far as the fun of catching them goes, but there the analogy comes to an end—in the one case *painful*—in the other, *pan-full*!

### To Fashionable Ladies.

In giving the following extract from an ancient act of Parliament, passed in 1670, it is not our intention to frighten the fair sex; but simply to shew them how much better women are now treated than in those "good old times" they so often sigh for.

"That all women of whatever age, rank, profession, or degree, whether virgins, maids, or widows, that shall, from and after such act, impose upon, seduce, and betray into matrimony, any of his Majesty's male subjects, by the scents, paint, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high heeled shoes, shall incur the penalty of the laws now in force against witchcraft, sorcery, and such-like misdemeanors, and that the marriage, upon conviction, shall stand null and void."

### A Challenge.

Has I ave urd recently a gud deal habout that here haumal cauled *Groughler*, I tak this hoppersportunity of darrin him to fit my dog "Clipper" fur \$20 a syde. "Clipper" is tru blud, hand as hinerited all the pre-requisits hofis master [your umble servant] hinkludin gud teeth, hand kan old is hown with hany hother hanimal in amilton. He was atched hin Buffalo hin last Hoctober, and fed on honions, to makh him *fiery*. The fite must kum off hat hour wine sellurs, kornor of King and John streets; but be sure an dont let the boss no it, or He be sacked. Dare him hacksept my hoffer.

Spartically yrs.  
"JOHN" DOG-MAN,  
Boarder,  
Hopposite the Borlingtone Otel,  
Amilton.

[Your letter is silly; your orthography bad; and you are worse. We insert your effusion to show, however much emigration is in demand, some are here who should be elsewhere. We suggest Bedlam.—Ed.]



## ORIGINAL WHITTINGS

BY JACK KNIFE.

**THE HEIGHT OF NONSENSE.**—Being guilty of plagiarism towards the *Groucher*. His bark is too *distempared* to be imitated successfully. Besides, it would be worth less than *tan-bark* to us, unless we wanted to "hide" him.

**GOLD TRIED IN THE FURNACE.**—Ver Norman's stock of Jewelry—some of which was found wanting after the flames were extinguished.

Who, in Dundas, keeps the best of those places of accommodation you call inns?

Why, of course, our old friend *Collier*!

**THE HEIGHT OF IMAGINATION.**—Fred Leslie's Illustrations of men and things out of New York city.

**THE HEIGHT OF IMAGINATION.**—Going to bed sober, and waking up in the morning pretty well *corned* from the effects of a dream, in which gin cocktails figured extensively.

Who can sell the cheapest Groceries in town?

Why, Samuel Cann.

Why is George Lynd like a popular manufacturer of sewing machines?

Because he has made a great many good sewers.

When do the deans of a certain church become musical?

When they are *mellow-deans*.

Why is a certain well-known mill manufacturer like a tubular bridge?

Because he's a *Hollow-way*.

Who are the most gallant people in the world?

Those who spend all their lives in *Wheeling Virginia*.

Information wanted of *Billy Hunt*: when last heard of was in Buffalo. Any information of his whereabouts will be thankfully received by his

CLARK.

BRANIGAN'S

**Chronicles & Curiosities,**Nothing extenuate, nor set down ought in malice.  
SNAKESPEARE.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 2d, 1859.

OUR wise men of the East, who legislate for us in the senate at \$6 pr. diem, seem to have little to do, and have therefore entered upon a crusade against tavern keepers. They last year imposed an additional \$12 upon licenses; and a Bill is now *in transitu*, prohibiting the sale of liquors after 7 o'clock on Saturday evenings. This we regard as an infringement upon the liberty of the subject, and doubt if its action will produce beneficial results; as those determined to obtain liquor will do so at grocery stores, and enjoy a Bacchanalian Saturnalia at home at less cost than they could obtain a proper modicum at a respectable tavern, from which they would be ejected, if they endeavored to indulge in excess.

We are advocates of Temperance in every respect, and indulge only in the "cup that cheers but not inebriates;" and we conceive that the existing municipal laws are sufficiently stringent, if properly administered. They provide a penalty for drunkenness and desecration of the Sabbath, and would, under firm administration, be found a sufficient panacea for the evils complained of; and which at a great cost, has exercised the wisdom of our legislators to invent a remedy for.

If something more worthy of note is not done we shall begin to think \$6 pr. diem pr. solon a bad investment; and that the Bar of the house had better be abolished, as it would enable hon. members to legislate with clearer heads and at less cost.

We would call attention to the fact, that licenses are only granted for 12 months, no matter how short the time they are used; and that under the recent great depression, and hard times, many persons of respectability and education have adopted tavern keeping as a means of livelihood, through being unable to obtain employment at their legitimate callings.—Upon these persons it presses very hard. Why not issue a license for three months?

A DOUBLE NUISANCE.—We have received frequent complaints since commen-

cing the publication of the *Chronicles*, of the boisterous and indecorous manner in which the religious (?) exercises are conducted at the African chapel on Rebecca street; but being unwilling to say a syllable against any religious denomination, we have hitherto refrained from what has now become our duty as public journalists and conservators of the peace. We went; we heard; we saw—and readily acknowledge that if the colored persons who exercised their stentorian lungs in the meeting of Sunday night, keep up the same pitch during their nightly meetings, which have been now held about four weeks, the people in that locality have strong grounds to complain of the house as a nuisance, and have the inmates taught the deportment becoming a place of worship.

Soon as the exercises were concluded Sabbath night before last, (about eleven o'clock) exercises of another character commenced in the saloon next door to the chapel, and were kept up almost without intermission till three o'clock on Monday morning. Never, we are informed by respectable persons in the neighborhood, was there such a scene enacted thereabouts, as that. The stillness of the sacred night was broken by the most disgusting profanity; and that name which had been spoken with reverence and adoration but a few moments before by the despised and ridiculed colored people, was blasphemed and taken in vain by this white man, who holds the city broad seal for keeping a "doggerel" and dealing out damnation by the glass. These unbecoming exhibitions are not rare; they are, we hear of too frequent occurrence, and ought, for the character of the city, be put a stop to. We are told, too, that some of our city rulers frequent this establishment, and that that is why this crying nuisance is tolerated by the officers of the law. We hope this is not true, and if it be not so, let some effectual means be adopted to prevent a recurrence of Sunday night's disgraceful proceedings. In fact, it does appear, (and we say it reverently, as far as the church people are concerned) as if they make all the noise they can on their way to heaven; whilst the parties next door keep up a louder din on their way to the other place.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WONDERFUL ASTRONOMICAL PHENOMENA.—We cannot see the point in your Astronomical observations. Perhaps it is our obtuseness; but really we fear the constellation you saw was owing to you looking through the wrong kind of a glass.

POETRY AND.—The want of space precludes the possibility of our giving publicity to lengthy communications, on matters in which our readers are not generally. We

feel obliged to the society of which you are secretary for the kindly feeling entertained for our little sheet; and regret that we cannot in any other way show our appreciation of your good opinion.

ONE OF 'EM.—Your poetry (?) entitled "Our Noble Chief" does not come up to our standard. It lacks measure and method. The concluding verse is the best of the five: We append it for your gratification.

That "spade" is in a few short words told in verse: The (the old brigade) would sooner a coffin for you buy; And likewise bear the expense of a gorgeous hearse, Yourself to bury, not the moustache which you die.

If these be the choice four lines, our readers will thank us for sparing them the infliction of the others.

IRON SIDES.—Your name implies a powerful frame; your composition that your head is of softer material, Nonsense does not pass for wit.

A VOICE FROM THE CELLS cannot find an echo in the *Chronicles*. If you frequent brothels you must expect to be fed on broth at the Police station. "Sawes you right."

BAR TENDER.—Yes, the new liquor law will benefit persons in your situation, as well as many others. We hope you will carry out your intention of going regularly to church on the Sabbath.

ARGUS is laid over for next number.

EZRA.—Your theme is not one that a true poet would choose. An essay in prose would have been more in character.

OBSERVER.—"A Solution of Continuity"—The quotation is taken from Rabelais, a facetious Monk of the 16th Century. We agree with you that it applies to the verdict on the late railway accident.

THESES.—We have looked at the remarks you refer to, respecting "editorial magnanimity for the drinks," and like yourself we are unable to understand its meaning. Upon enquiry, we find the writer is in the same position.

USER.—Personal security is undoubtedly the best.

PURITY.—We don't know when a man is most like an avalanche, unless it's when he is a glaci<sup>er</sup>. We suppose you will think this a painful reply.

CYNTHIA.—We are not particular as to the color of our correspondents; whether white, black or brown; but we are regarding the character of their correspondence. Such letters as yours are not evidences of the schoolmaster being abroad. We give your note—the enclosure will do to keep.

MY DAR MASA BEAMAGEM,  
Ize gwan to gib u de comelugin ob our distracted ecksorizes at the culled tschapil down Kibbekar street ef u gib dis-artion tu agstracks ob dat kine. . . ef not Ize gwan to sen him tu de *Times*, whar my brudder Pulonius will hab tu pai fur et in white washing. Ef u hab no jee-hun tu my color I wed jus lik tu gib u sum ob my idears ob de white men hoo kum dar tu talk wid de culled peepel when de ain eksitid.

STANLEY.

Molburrie strait Marsha 28.

Hamilton, April 1st, 1859.

To the Editor of the *Chronicles & Curiosities*.

DEAR SIR,—

Having heard of your willingness to do all that you possibly can to ameliorate the condition of this, our ambitious city. I have ventured to trouble you with the following project, and bespeak for it your kind consideration, sincerely trusting that you will do all in your power to bring it to maturity.

There has been felt for a long time past, the necessity—amongst all classes—of forming an Association whose chief object and great aim would be to interfere and meddle with other people's business as much as possible; and the members of the Association would require to give their almost undivided attention to the affairs of other people, barely leaving time to attend to their own business.

The name of the Association, might, I think, very properly be: "The Hamilton poke your nose into other peoples' business Association."

I will now briefly explain what would be the necessary qualification for persons desirous of becoming members. He must be able to play the spy upon the actions of his fellow citizens, report their sayings and doings to his *patron*—whoever that may happen to be; and if any of his *friends* are taken ill, kindly enquire of the doctor concerning their health, gently insinuating that they probably take a little too much of the *cratur*—and in fact carry all sorts of tales to those who are anxious to hear them. Another indispensable qualification would be, that he should be able to dominate over, bully and abuse, those whom he may consider are placed by providence in an inferior position to his own; but those who are elevated in the social scale, and blessed with this world's goods in abundance, he must be prepared to kiss even the very ground on which they tread, and consider nothing too mean to do in their service.

Now after all these (as you will doubtless agree with me in considering them) necessary qualifications to ensure membership, you will very naturally wish to know when the Association is to be formed, and how long it will be before it goes into operation.

There is just now one rather serious difficulty in the way, and it is, that we (for there are a number of citizens ready to become members,) are in want of a suitable person to take the office of managing director. His salary would be nil, as the honor of conducting the business of such an association, would be ample compensation to the most avaricious. He would require to provide his own office, and furnish it suitably with bed, chairs, cooking

stove, etc., and in short everything that might be required to render himself comfortable. His meals would have to be taken in his office, and he would generally have to provide for his dinner, two turkeys, ham, tongue, and anything else the most fastidious epicure could desire; for it must be obvious even to the most careless mind, that if the affairs of the association are not watched over with the greatest vigilance, there would be great danger of the member becoming lax in the performance of their duties, and actually attending to their own business, a thing not to be thought of for a moment. Now, Sir, where can we get such a man for managing director. There's J—d—h G—the very person we want, and one pre-eminently qualified to undertake the arduous duties, of such a responsible position; besides has he not taken a grand house at the very edge of the mountain, where he would only need to erect a large telescope, and he could then at a single glance scrutinize the doings of every citizen.

Mr. Editor, won't you second our endeavors, and prevail upon him to accept the office. He may tell you that he has more important business on his hands, and from all I hear, he has—trying to provide our Mayor with a better-half; and really the way in which father-in-law, brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law, in prospective, stick to the chief magistrate, it is very evident they are determined that he shall not give them the slip. I think sir, you will agree with me that our Mayor had better get his May-ness at once, and leave his father-in-law to attend to the duties of Managing Director of the Poke-your-nose-into-other-peoples-business Association, to which office we the members of the said Association will unanimously elect him with shouting and great joy.

I am,

Yours, very truly,

X. Y. Z.

For the *Chronicles and Curiosities*.

"To Grouler, doth ye Critic,"

DEAR MR. BRANIGAN,—

It is really laughable to the readers of the *Grouler*, to see the attempts, made by the editor of that sheet, to "break you down." He has now tried all the means available; and then he must turn critic, and charge you with plagiarism, in order to make you appear small in the eyes of your readers. In his attempt last week, he has neither shown the wit of Ben. Jonson, nor the canting of Jeffrey. That you have been guilty of the charge, on a small scale, I will not deny; for it is done occasionally by every journal in the world; but I think it comes with a very bad grace from the *Grouler*, who gives more stolen articles to its readers than any paper of the kind ever published. In its first issue, it treated its patrons to four columns of a witty article, entitled "Doesticks at Niagara;" and people, who knew no better, gave the *Grouler* credit for it. Now, it is well

known, that that article is but slightly altered from an old threadbare story that went the rounds of the press some two years ago, called "Doesticks on Lager Beer." Leaving out a few old anecdotes, he next gives his "Feline Extravaganza," and that, every one knows, he stole from the *New York Clipper*. Then comes the anecdote of the Irishwoman, and the city poultry dealer's "Broad Faced Owl," which might have been seen in *Yankee Notions* some four years ago. No one need be surprised at these statements; for with a revival of trade and good times, they may certainly expect to find in the columns of the *Grouler*, a revival of old hackneyed stories.

Yours, &c.,

PLUFF.

[We insert your letter; and feel obliged for the good feeling you display. We were not aware of the piracies to which you refer, as we never read the insignificant sheet in which they were published—Ed.]

To the Editor of the *Chronicles*.

"Dost thou think because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale."

Among the many queer things transacted in this most queer city, nothing strikes a man of common sense, more than the absurdity of the "Sparting Club," which may be seen and heard on the market steps every Sunday afternoon.

Their text—total abstinence—is without doubt, excellent in its place. No thinking man will dispute its beneficial effects; nor will any deny the innumerable ills induced by intemperance. But granting all these indisputable facts, the method adopted by the said Club is anything but advantageous to their cause. The general principles of Temperance, none can gainsay; but when its allottates descend to individual examples, the purity of their motives may well be doubted.

Take for example the ranting bundle of nonsense that issued from a green son of St. Crispin, last Sunday, stigmatizing the "Black Horse," as a resort for blackguards and rowdies; Long John's, as a den of robbers; and *Martin Murray's*, (probably the best conducted Saloon in Hamilton) as still worse. Such language, to say the least of it, is *ungentlemanly*, and (if the party expressing it were worth prosecuting) imprudent.

The cause of Temperance can be well served without personal abuse; and if the present style of oratory is persisted in, the real friends of Temperance will, without doubt, have cause to exclaim, "save us from my friends."

VENUS.

## POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

George Morgan Paxton, was charged with drunkenness; but was discharged.

Peter Hickery, charged with vagrancy, was discharged.

Michael Gillgan, charged by John Apple-garth with stealing a pair of boots; prisoner was committed for two months.

After the above charges were disposed of a man who gave the name of Mager Grey, was charged by police constable Argus, under the following circumstances:

The officer stated that he was on the corner of King and John streets, the evening previous, waiting for a brother chum, with whom he was in the habit of walking in order to relieve the tedium of duty,—which became irksome after places of amusement were closed—when his attention was attracted to a crowd of boys, who were chasing and hooting the defendant. Upon enquiry he found that the lads had accused the prisoner of being a "culled pusson," which so irritated him that he immediately challenged the smallest boy in the crowd to fight; and by a little "dodging" succeeded in striking his youthful antagonist. Argus at this moment arrived, and being of the same size as prisoner, no resistance was offered. His capture therefore was easily effected.

The accused upon being interrogated, replied that his misfortunes were attributable to the bad Times; and expressed a wish that he was dead, in furtherance of which he had attempted to dye some days since, in which he nearly succeeded, having become black in the face, but a strong constitution, and another fate in store, had saved him.

The worthy Magistrate after a suitable admonition discharged the defendant; and as he was evidently of weak intellect, directed officer Argus to keep an eye upon him.

**HARD AT WORK.**—COUN. Thos. Walker, who attended to his constituents' interest by going to England, just after they elected him, is now busily engaged in making up for lost time. At the last meeting of the Council he submitted a Market By-law which is a good deal like his own head—there being nothing in it practicable. Somebody should hold Mr. Walker, or his exertions may be attended with lamentable consequences to himself.

**SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE NOT SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.**—When the present Chief Engineer of the Fire Brigade held the same office some four or five years since, a By-law similar to the one he is now trying to get passed, was in force. But when Mr. Gray was discarded by the firemen, his efforts to repeal that By-law were herculean—he was successful—the By-law was repealed, and has been ever since a dead letter. But now Mr. Gray is Chief again, and to the defunct law must be revived, to extend the powers of our Chief. What playthings Councilmen and Aldermen have become—thus to be toyed with, and made subservient to the base designs of interested and unprincipled tricksters. We shall watch the progress of this bare-faced dodge, and expose the trick if it succeed.

**AN EXPENSIVE ONION BED.**—Some ten carters are now employed in clearing away the street cleanings, and depositing it on the square purchased by our city Corporation for the round sum of £22,000, as a site for new market buildings. Now, had we an Industrial Farm, this manure could be made use of advantageously, and well repay the now heavy expense or cartage. But the latter is an expense that should not be tolerated; for not only can parties be found in and adjacent to the city who will take it away free of charge, but pay for the privilege. It is also a plague spot in the very centre of our city from which foul vapors will be constantly sending forth their pestilential breath—and creating fevers and other ills, seldom ascribed to the proper cause. Does some greedy physician's practice lie in this quarter? Has Dr. Riel anything to do with it? We have heard it intimated, that our wiseacres, with their characteristic regard for economy, have determined on using this nice little plot for the cultivation of potatoes and onions!

**FAULT FINDING.**—The sapient editor of that stale sheet issued in this city under the name of "The Times," objected the other day to the appointment of our friend Mr. Austin, as license inspector, because the latter gentleman was supposed to be deficient, or not sufficiently sensitive in his organs of taste and smell. We are glad to inform our "hard times" friend that We have volunteered our services as "taster" to Mr. Austin, without fee or reward. Who'll say that Branigan is not posted—"She runs herself; she do."

We have received the first number of "The Wasp," a spicily little sheet, printed at Nelson, C. W. We feel obliged for our friend's kindly feeling, and his having reserved his zinging propensity for those deserving.

**AIMS IN LIFE.**—Young men! are the aims in thy life such as these? Dost thou improve thy hours of leisure, such as occur in the intervals of labor and business, in profitable conversation? If so thou art acting wisely; for thou wilt thus lay up for thyself a portion that will stay by thee in every trial and conflict incident upon life's pilgrimage. Not so, however, with that young man, that finds his chief and almost only pleasure in the gratifying of his appetites and passions. A dark future awaits him. While the former is at home evenings, with his books, the latter is abroad with his convivial companions, wasting his time and money, and by his vicious practices and sensual indulgences is enfeebling both body and mind. In this way his character is corrupted and destroyed, though he may for a while keep up his reputation, which, however, will not last long after character, its only sure foundation, is ruined. Beware then, young man, how thou spendest thy time! As in thy childhood, youth, and early manhood, so will be thy maturer life. Three terms being given, it is nowise difficult to find a fourth or final result.

## 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.

## Women as Philosophers.

The Mormons are queer people. And yet, in some respects, they are just like the rest of the world. The ugly women, for instance, are the great believers in the free-loveism of Mormonism at Salt Lake City. Women of the same plentiful lack of loveliness are the rampant fanatics on the subject of "passional attraction" here. You seldom find one possessed of personal attraction in that exquisite category. Judge Drummoud's sister, a tall, raw-boned, ungainly woman, is said to be quite insane in the belief that the doortines of the Latter Day Saints will triumph over Christianity. In the same way we could point out a few specimens of nature's worst handiwork among the feminines of this region, who are enthusiastic about the ultimate supremacy of "affinities," and of the instinct of the "god of love within," over sober judgment and reason. This is, as a rule, so nearly correct that, whenever you hear of a woman who delights in avowing "all man-kind" to be her husband, and talks indecent nonsense, make up your mind to two things: She owns a face as fascinating as a buckwheat cake, and a disposition as lovable as the back of a fretted porcupine. Women who run into such abominable heresies, only do it to advertise themselves and their inclinations. As the men will not pursue them, they pursue the men, but not often to much purpose. Their boldness shocks; their obscenity disgusts. The most reckless of libertines loves a show of virtue even where virtue's self does not exist. They must triumph over something, even if it be only a shadow. The victory is not worth having where the ramparts are thrown down in advance, and the garrison implores liberty to surrender!—*Y. Mercury.*

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