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Pamph
1859
no. 49



BRANIGAN'S

Chronicles and Curiosities.

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

Vol. I.—No. 11. HAMILTON, C. W., SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1859. PRICE, THREE CENTS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For Branigan's Chronicles and Curiosities.

MR. BRANIGAN,—I have taken the liberty to send the following lines to your little paper for insertion. I think the citizens of the "ambitious little city" should do all in their power to patronise your *Chronicles* and give the sheet support. Toronto has its *Gambler* and *Poker*, and why should we not have a witty paper, too? If these few lines will suit, I will guarantee others in the same style again. The subject is

PHRENOLOGY.

Last night, on looking o'er a book,
Before I went to bed,
I saw what then appeared to me
The picture of a Head;

And on the top, where should be hair,
Were numerous hilly spots,
All lined and marked in various ways,
Laid out like village lots.

Not like th' aforesaid lots, (for sale)
And yet the truth to tell,
Though, not (a sale) I really thought
'Twas on the whole (a sell.)

Because, said I, I think all Heads
Might be described with less work;
And then I thought 'twas nothing but
A puzzle made by guess work.

And then from more to less I got
Into a train of thinking,
Until I swore the inventor had
Been given to hard drinking.

For some Heads they are very large,
And some extremely small;
But better have some kind of Head,
Than have no Head at all.

For some large heads have little brains,
And others they have brains in plenty,
One thing is true, a small head filled
Is better than a large one empty.

Then let us fill the heads we've got,
'Twill keep our brains from getting rusty,
Your *Chronicles* will meanwhile keep
Old Bachelors from getting crusty.

For let Heads differ as they may,
One thing is true—our good friend *Drax*
Will keep our features all one way,
For, like our hearts, they'll all be merry.
I remain, &c.,
PHILIP PATRIZ.

For the *Chronicles* and *Curiousities*.

DEAR SIR,—Calling upon an old maid—a friend of mine—a few evenings since, I got myself into the following agreeable conversation:—

"Good evening, Madam," I said to her.

"Good evening, Sir," said she to me.

"I hope you are quite well," I said.

"Indeed I am not," she replied: "I would like to know who *could* be well? That heartless Editor (that's you, sir) of the *Chronicles*; he's making my life wretched and miserable."

"Is it possible! How on earth is that?" I enquired.

"How?" she screamed, and made preparations for getting desperate. In one hand I held my hat, the other held the door. "How, indeed; but just like you; all men alike; ever blind when our wrongs are put before you; all equally heartless; at least it seems so," said she, gradually getting cooler, so I sat down. She continued: "You catch all the young girls—you can in that outrageous net called *Courtship*; get them completely in your power; and all those you cannot catch, you throw your bitter jokes at."

"Oh! It's those wonderful sales, you mean," said I, laughing, "of bachelors and—"

"Yes, and old maids," she added, spitefully. "That's it—that's what I can't get out of my mind."

"Remember the motto," said I—"Nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice;" and, besides, what of the poor bachelors?"

"O," said she, "as to the motto, I didn't think of that—that makes a difference to be sure; and as to the bachelors, there's not half enough of them sold: they would be glad to get off at any price, even for less than fifty cents, and the sooner they are *knocked down* the better. That's my opinion; but when I get married—as I will, most assuredly, just to spite those fellows—

"I'll see that I no husband obey,
But certainly have my own way,
Own way—
But certainly have my own way."

Then, thought I,

If I had a wife like that, I should say
Get quickly out of her way,
Her way—
Get quickly out of her way.

But the conversation now drew to a close, and I was glad to leave her with a much more favorable opinion of matters and things in general, and of the *Chronicles* and Editor in particular; but still with the rash determination to marry immediately, which she seems bound to carry out.

Now, Sir, hoping that you will do something or other in the way of giving advice, or some plan to prevent so fearful a consummation,

I remain yours, &c. H.

P. S.—On leaving, I was requested particularly to bring the next *Chronicles* on my next visit. Just think of that. H.

Why is R. McKinstry like a horse?
Because his brother is a mare, (Mayor.)

"THOSE AWFUL SALES."

'Tis something *quare*, and something rare,
To get a good fellow like you, sir,
Who makes us jolly, and quit all our folly,
To read the queer things you do, sir,
There's bachelors sold, with silver and gold,
And some without money at all, sir,
And some, somewhat fair, and some, somewhat spare,
And some, somewhat short, and some tall, sir,
And then, bye and bye, if I don't chance to die,
I would like you to sell myself, sir,
(But now you must know, I don't want to go
To sell myself for *peff*, sir.)

But in present "hard times," I read all your rhymes,
And everything else I see, sir,
Next from the fair you've old maids there,
Now that's the ticket for me, sir.

But some there are, who would sooner by far
Divide their thoughts with their glasses, sir,
Not so with me, for I like to see
Your compliments paid to the lasses, sir.

Of course, now and then, we see a few men
Who profess to be woman-haters, sir,
But those fellows' feelings, are shallow, like peelings,
With hearts like small *potatoes*, sir.

Yours in fun,

SCRIBLER'S SCRAPS.

HAMILTON, Jan'y. 1858.

MR. BRANIGAN,

I send you the following scrap, which was written in the phrenzy of desperation, inspired by the uncomfortable state of circumstances described below. I hope you will give it a place in your spicily little paper, as I wish to draw attention to this midnight nuisance, and as a friend has suggested, see what has become of the police, for aint they paid to put down all sorts of rows, and sure the devil himself could not bate a brace of cats engaged in a midnight squabble. Hoping that you may never be disturbed by the like,
I remain, &c., G. M. M.

THE CAT-ASTROPHE

Of all the ills that round us hover,
Protected by the night's black cover,
There's not, I'll take my oath on that,
An evil like a squalling cat!
Just when one's dozing off to sleep,
Behold he comes with stealthy creep,
And underneath my window sill—
When everything is hushed and still,
Pipes forth the war-cry of his race,
Who issues from each hiding place,
To join their most unearthly notes—
Poured from a crew of feline throats—
First one calls loudly to his fellow—
In tones pitched anything but mellow,
And he replies in accents shrill—
Another answers shriller still,
While numerous others join the choir—
Pitching their notes an octave higher,

Another, in the heat of passion—
 Makes too much noise, and gets a thrashing.
 And then, ye gods, begins a row—
 Which ne'er was equalled till just now:
 A squalling child, scowled with a cramp—
 A bull-dog, coffered, in a wisp—
 A lusty hog, caught breath a gato—
 A night Owl, screeching to his mate—
 A new beginner on a Viol—
 A Piper, making his first trial—
 Are sounds which shook the stoutest system,
 They're nothing to them eate. Hark! list 'em!
 Raising, combined, a general fight,
 With hollian yells between each bite;
 Slumber forsakes my drowsy eyes,
 My ears are tortured by their cries;
 A curse upon each squalling puss,
 O for a rusty Blunderbuss,
 I'd have my tights, peace and content,
 Or parish in the vain attempt—
 But hark! what sound is that I hear—
 A boot-jack whistles past my ear,
 Thrown with the strength revenge inspires—
 When want of sleep our patience tires,
 But e'er the missile can alight,
 The nimble crew are out of sight,
 And from the neighbouring sheds around,
 We hear that melancholy sound
 Which in the distance dies away,
 And leaves us sleeping till next day.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg to announce to our Contributors that we have taken a wonderful leap since they last heard from us—no less than jumping over a whole century. Our box is now 120, instead of 20, as formerly.

Communications intended for publication should be sent in not later than Wednesday mornings. A neglect of this rule will occasion them to remain unnoticed.

PHILANTHROP.—Your letter is worthy of the heart that dictated it; but as every citizen is cognizant of the wants of the extreme poor, and both public and private energies being at work to mitigate the severity of the case, we think it unnecessary to publish your suggestions.

NADDY.—We give place to your delicate morsels, and shall be glad to hear from you frequently.

PUBLICITY PRIZE.—The last syllable of your cognomen we felt ourselves constrained to omit. You will understand what is meant. Send us along some more of "Combe."

JANE.—Your note complains in a somewhat testy style, of the want of regular employment. May not the possession of a fretful and coquetish disposition do much to nourish uncomfortable feelings between employer and employed? Cultivate a sweet and agreeable deportment towards your fellow-workers, and we guarantee a more pleasant state of things.

TIMOTHY TWINE.—We have heard from this gentleman two or three times before, under as many different phases. He tries hard to be ubiquitous, but he cannot beat our friend the "Dodger." We have no place for you.

ALONZO.—FRIVOL.—W. W.—COMBE.—RENEGADE.—To each of these correspondents we would say, that the subjects they write on are very well chosen, and might appear in public were they better dressed. To correct for the press such productions as the above would be an infliction never calculated upon amid our other onerous duties.

A HUCKSTER.—The chief constable is the person to apply to.

A FIRM MAN.—Will the writer be good enough to call upon us personally.

JIM.—It can't be done. The Dodger is busily engaged at present in drilling the legion of wooden soldiers that Santa Claus put into his stockings on last Christmas night, and he tells his friends that he will have them all right on next Queen's Birth-Day.

AQUARIUM.—Accepted, with thanks.

SAFETY TRIGGER.—You will be attended to in our next number.

R. T. A.—We cannot make room for your sporting essay this week.

BRANIGAN'S
 Chronicles and Curiosities.
 HAMILTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 16, 1850.

OUR RECORDER.

Heartily do we congratulate the citizens of Hamilton upon their good fortune in having secured the services of JOHN E. START, Esq., to fill the important office of City Recorder. A better appointment it would be impossible to make, and we cannot let this opportunity pass without congratulating Sir Edmond and his advisers, upon the long-headedness and wisdom displayed in their choice of Mr. Start. In those days, when office-seekers are as numerous as flies in June, it speaks well for the ability of the gentleman in question, that he should distance all others, and become the Recorder of one of the principal cities of Canada. Mr. Start has long been a resident of our city; he has grown with it; and, amid difficulties—at sight of which many a young man would give up in despair—he has looked steadily forward to "the good time coming," and pressed onward, until he has gained his present high and honorable position. In this gentleman we have another proof of the fact, that he who would win his way to popularity and greatness must do so at the expense of hard study and unflinching perseverance. Mr. Start is one of those rare instances, in which, without extraneous aid, he has honorably secured a high position in society, and, we hope, professionally, a lucrative one. We should not be surprised, however, to find the *Globe* denouncing this appointment—"nothing good can come out of Nazareth," saith Geordie, unless he should happen to be almoner himself; but in this matter we are pretty certain that the Government will be generally applauded for the judicious selection of a gentleman who is in every respect capable to fill, and worthy the honor of the onerous trust reposed in him. We wish our Recorder, then, all prosperity; and may he live to take his seat on the Bench, an honor to the city as well as to his profession.

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LAMBTON LANKSHANKS;

OR
 THE LAIRD OF BOTHWELL.

A thrilling narrative of Canadian Life.

By SANDY McSKRASKER, Esq.,

Author of "The Clear Grit," "Geordie, the Chief of the Brawlers," "Orange and Green, or the raid of Brantford," "The last days of the Coalition," &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

The pale moon gazed dreamily over the black and murky clouds, dripping their drizzly drops in a thick Scotch mist. The wind moaned forth a solemn dirge, as it sighed through the scraggy branches of the tall pines of Bothwell. The steam whistle of the cattle train on the Great Western Railway gave an eldritch screech—the hogs grunted, and the oxen roared, as they whirled past the tall dark form of a human figure, lean

ing against the charred and blackened trunk of a girdled tree. The pale moon gazed, the dark clouds grizzled, the wind moaned, the steam whistle screeched, the hogs grunted, and the cattle roared in vain. The ear of the tall dark form that leaned on the stump was closed against their sounds, his eye was shut against their forms. In vain might the scrutinizing gaze survey the gaunt and ghoully form—tall—spranky and crooked—in vain search for a mark to reveal the name or character of the mysterious individual. There he stood. In vain—but—atop! From the greasy pocket of his swallow tailed coat, the light of the pale moon reveals the projecting folds of a newspaper. Let us look—yes! it must be so—it is lettered "G-L-O-B-E"!!! We have then found him out! He is LAMBTON LANKSHANK—he is the LAIRD OF BOTHWELL!!! This is all of the above thrilling narrative that we shall publish. The rest may be found in the next supplement to the *Toronto Globe*. Jack Sheppard writes for it—Dougall McFarmer writes for it Carpet-Bag Gordon writes for it—Sambo Ignoble Jones writes for it—Allister Ranter McKinnon writes for it—Briefless Oxford Conner writes for it. Everybody writes for it.

THE DODGER AGAIN IN THE FIELD.

We had intended—nay, almost promised—not to introduce Major Dodger Gray again to our readers, until he had repented of his former Tomfooleries, and done something worthy of notice; but he's

"A man so various, that he seems to be
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
 Stiff in opinions; always in the wrong;
 Is every thing by fits, and nothing long;
 But in the course of one revolving moon,
 Is Alderman, (P) School Trustee, (P) and
 buffoon."

Yes; if every noble in ancient days had a jester in his household, we may be permitted to have at least one for our *Chronicles*. Henceforth, then, we invest the Dodger with the requisite quantity of our best foolcap, and for the usual number of belles, we refer him to his defeated friend and companion.

But, to our theme. Well, after being ignominiously driven from the election battle-ground of Corktown, this champion of Catholicism—his representative of the Freelon Roman Catholics at the Buffalo Roman Catholic Convention—sought to be elected, on Tuesday last, as a PROTESTANT SCHOOL TRUSTEE for St. Andrew's Ward! He was proposed by Mr. O. Buscombe, seconded by Mr. Wm. V. Harrison, of the *King William* saloon, and ably supported by Mr. Benjamin Harte, who preaches consistency, and illustrates his doctrine by voting against a brother and in favor of a renegade to all creeds. Verily we live in strange times, and we have some *hartey* good fellows amongst us. What do the firemen say to this hob-nobbing between their favorite and their fallen chiefs?—Do they not suspect that *Ben* is negotiating for *Tom's* brass armour? There is, unquestionably, something in the wind,

when Ben tries to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear; or, what is nearly the same thing—make an efficient School Trustees out of "The Dodger." We think Ben's idea was to get Tom to school in some other capacity than an ordinary day scholar. But, "the school-master's broad," and the trick was discovered. Tom got seventeen votes in all!—just four more than he polled when he last tried for an Aldermanic seat in this same ward.

Since the death of "Doctor," Tom's dog-star has been on the wane; and when he left the polling-place, one could see in his lengthened visage that he was thinking of—

"— the long, long tail, that glorified
That glorious animal's hinder side!"

CIVIC.

The onerous duties of the first Chief Magistrate elected by the people commences next Monday, and we can assure his Honor that it is easier to be elected for that office than to dispense its responsibilities properly. However, we have not the least doubt but that Mr. McKinstry (with a little aid he may receive from his worthy predecessor) will perform the important task to the best of his ability. There is one thing that must be managed with good generalship, or it will cause a good deal of trouble, and that is, relief to the destitute poor of this city. We would suggest that a member from each Ward, in turn, devote his attention to this matter. It can be done by spending a number of days in each week with the Mayor, and see that no charity is given but to the deserving. We know that some people will apply who have "the ready" in the "Great Savings' Bank, that is secured by the States of Michigan and Minnesota, and one-half of Upper Canada, including 100 acres of land in Garafraze,"—so we hope that a "wink is as good as a nod," for a Mayor as well as a blind horse.

A LADY MAYORESS FOR HAMILTON.

A respected and intelligent correspondent suggests the propriety of calling a meeting of our lady friends—spinsters and widows—for the laudable purpose of selecting one of themselves to be lady Mayoress. The idea is not only a good but a benovolent one, inasmuch as it, besides placing us on an equal footing with the other cities of the world, in having a Mayoress, will give our Mayor a help-mate to assist in governing that fairer portion of our citizens with which he is very slightly acquainted. If such a meeting be held, we hope no jealous feelings will be permitted to interfere with the selection of a better half, who will be something more than a sleeping partner for our new Mayor. Let her be

"Chaste as the icicle
That hangs on Dian's fane,"
"Sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath."

Our correspondent also proffers to furnish the new Lady-Mayoress, that is to be, with a BEAUTIFUL SILVER CRADLE (a la Napoleon) at his own expense;

Provided always, that such an article shall be required in the Mayor's household, during his term of office.

"Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer."

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

The preparations being made by the Burns' Club, for the celebration of the approaching anniversary of the birth-day of Scotland's bard, reminds us that the time for holding the annual festival in honor of the tutelar saint of our own country—*ould Ireland*, is near at hand; but we regret that nothing seems likely to be done in this city, to commemorate the anniversary of our renowned saint, whose memory is mnemonized by the *Shamrock*. Can it be, that the Irishmen of this city have renewed the discussion as to the proper time of holding this festival, and thus neglect to honor it at all. The compromise made by the priest in settling the difficulty, as to whether it should be the eighth or the ninth, ought to be satisfactory now, having been respected for the last 1400 years:—

Says he, "Boys, don't be fighting for eight or for nine,

Don't be always dividing, but sometimes combine.

Combine eight with nine, and seventeen is the mark—

So let it be his birthday." "Amen," says the clerk.

So they all got blind drunk, which completed their bias,

And we keep up the practice from that day to this.

Shall the seventeenth day of the approaching month of March be allowed to pass in this city, without the smallest demonstration being made to mark a day so fraught with interest to all the sons of Hibernia. If the spirit of Maenyn, better known as St. Patrick, is cognisant of sublunary events, notwithstanding his supposed Scotch origin, we think he must feel keenly the apathy of his Hamilton sons. Let us make an effort to instill new life into the slumbering embers of our national patriotism, and usher in the coming anniversary, so welcome to our fatherland, in an enthusiastic and becoming spirit. Let us awaken our fellow citizens with the noble and soul-inspiring notes of "St. Patrick's day in the morning," and tell our country-men on the other side of the broad Atlantic, that the land of our birth has not been forgotten, but that we still sigh for the friends we left behind us, and cherish a warm feeling for the happy days we spent in Erin's isle, amongst true and warm hearts. No society here exists, for the relief of our suffering fellow-countrymen; but they are left to the cold charity of the stranger.

"Oft have I seen the sympathetic tear,
Steal from their eyes to see their friend's distress;

And if they could not cure, they yet could share,

And, by dividing, make the burden less."

Should our *Chronicles* be the means of cementing a bond of union between Irishmen, apart from creed or party, our labor will have been well required, and our suffering country people benefited.

We will hope that these suggestions may be welcomed by our countrymen, in this neighborhood with a *caed mulla faltha*.

A "WET NURSE" WANTED.

The *Times* advertises in its last issue for a wet nurse for that office! Has the corps editorial got the mullygrubs since the election? or has the Dodger already sucked his aspiring patrons dry? Dry time since the election, very!

Poor Tommy, and his own dear "Mill,"
Sought medical advice;
For, sooth to say, they both were ill,
And wanted something nice.

"It's asses' milk" Tumblety cried out—
"Must instantly be taken,
Or else they both will go to pot,
"And nothing save their bacon."

A listening wag in haste replied,
"How lucky for each brother,
"That they so soon may be supplied
"By suckling one another!"

For the *Chronicles and Curiosities*.

MAJOR GRAY HORS DE COMBAT.

DEAR SIR,—In this morning's *Times* I was surprised to see an article relating to the School Trustees, that Tom is not a Roman Catholic. I do not wish to say that the Dodger's organ "lies;" but I must, in justice to all parties say, that Dodger Gray's family are Catholics; that he held a pew in St. Mary's Church and attended regularly, in company with his family; and last, though by no means least, that his family burying ground is in the Catholics' consecrated burying place, where, I am informed, the bodies of none but Catholics are allowed to repose. The Major may, when he thinks proper, *dodge* the question; but he is really a Roman Catholic, and this last attempt to pull the wool over the eyes of Protestants is but a confirmation of the character which he has for *dodging*. If Tom would take advice, I would recommend to him the fellowship of one church, and thereby he may retrieve his faded character and fame, which, I fear, is now about 40 degrees below zero.

A PROTESTANT.

[Editor's Note.—"A Protestant" is very nearly correct in his assertions. As for Mr. Gray being now, or at any other time, "really a Roman Catholic," no one connected with that Church is willing to believe. It is true, he was baptised by the Very Rev. Father Campion, of Dundas, and his wife and family, more recently, by the Very Rev. Father Gordon of this city. It is also true, that he sought admission into the Church when he expected to gain something by it; and it is equally undeniable, that his deceased children lie interred in the consecrated ground of St. Mary's cemetery, where their resting-place is marked by a handsome head-stone, bearing such devices as generally characterise the monuments of a Catholic burying ground. We never heard him spoken of in the Church as any thing else than a dodging loose-fish, who would swim in any stream if it contained good bait. The unblushing effrontery of the man, who dares to contradict such stubborn facts as these, is of a piece with the Dodger's usual obtuseness and imbecility. "Let the galled jade wince."]

[To the Editor.

MR. BRANIGAN,

SIR,—Could any of your correspondents give me a little information on the following: Qy., Is a black woman of the fair sex? What difference is there between the Highland pipes and the Scotch pipes? as I think the Hamiltonians will have soon to pay the piper with a vengeance—there are some who seem to think the Scotch pipes which only play one tune will be the most expensive. What is the meaning of a Hydraulic Engineer? or, where is one to be got? or, is it any relation to a man-mermaid. Yours truly,

JACK AT A PENCE.

OUR CHRISTMAS VISITS.

During the pressure of Elections, we had to leave unpublished the following account of our rambles.

At 8 p. m., we started from home, and went to "Buscomb's"—tasted his beer and cigars, admired his large mirror, and left; arrived at Maguire's—more beer, &c., feeling at our ease we sat down on one of the fancy seats that adorn this excellent "Restaurant."—we always liked Pat.—his free and easy old Irish manner, mixed with his celebrated beer, completely got the better of us. We consider ourselves connoisseurs, and we will say that no place of entertainment could be better conducted than that of Mr. Maguire's. Although his "Mirror" is not such a piece of workmanship as "Buscomb's," still everything else is so neat, from his "pint bottle" up to his polite "Bar-tender," that it is impossible to grumble. And then there is his oysters! such a "stew" as he made us devour, it beat all hollow.—His cellars are crowded with Wines and Liquors, of the richest and best brands, and his "Gin Cocktails," they actually "Crow" in the glass. After conversing awhile with some old friends, we retired to that good-hearted lady's, Mrs. Pross. Here we enjoyed ourselves in tip-top style for some time; we are apt to think that any cheering beverage mixed by a lady, tastes twice as good as that which is mixed by a man, we cannot account for the cause of it, but it is so. "The laugh and joke and merry tale," of by-gone days soon passed the time away, so we left with a heavy head, wishing the good lady, good times, and went to Nelligan's.

"Arrah fire an-ouas," is it yerselves," was the welcome we met with from this good whole-souled son of the "Emerald." "True snuff," there he was, his old face as merry as ever, he can make a lot of good fellows laugh now, as well as 15 years ago. Nell, Nell, "May your shadow never be less," the comical leer of his young day's is on his countenance yet, and his warm "old rye" tasted better than ever. After spending an hour in his company we got home safe, although we had hard work to keep on the course.—Good bye to ye Friend.

"SALE OF UNCLAIMED BAGGAGE"

Our readers are doubtless aware of the sale of the above named articles. But there is one thing about it, which we would wish our readers to know. At the last sale of these things, the people took "pot-luck" for every article they bought. No box is opened, so it is a venture to bid; but still every buyer was satisfied with his bargain, some of the lucky ones got \$45 worth for \$5, &c., &c.—We are privately informed that the G. W. R. Captains, like "cute yankees," intend to put a lot of their superannuated staff of Old Fogies into the boxes this time, as they expect there will be a "regular run" by the Ladies. We have no objection to such Ladies as Mrs. Rivers, getting a "cranky old Bachelor," as he might teach her how to keep "O. K." but we caution the more respectable of our female friends to 'keep shady."

To the Editor of Branigan's Chronicles and Curiosities.
HAMILTON, January 12th, 1859.

DEAR TERRY,—

Believing, as I do, that you, in your younger days, (and perhaps I would not be saying much, if I said in your old days,) was susceptible of the feelings which above all others form a theme for Philosophers and Poets, I take the liberty of sending you the following in hopes that it will find birth in the *Curiosities* of next Saturday. Terry, my friend, do not make fun of my young love, or box its velvet ears, as I can assure you it is not "boy's love." I have always loved the ladies but never until I saw Lizzie, have I been pierced by the

resistless dart. Let me give vent then to my overflowing soul, with the following—

LINES TO LIZZIE McD*****.

To thee, fairest maiden, dispeller of sadness—
At whose smile of such sweetness, care passes away;
Whose countenance beams with the essence of gladness,
In the *Eden of Nature*, or halls of the gay,
Whose face with the genius of wit sparkles brightly,
And whose beauty with Venus herself might compare,
Who wieldeth love's wand, but never un-sightly—
The ideal of kindness—the Queen of the fair;
I fain would draw near, and present my petition,
Though re-called I may be by the angels above,
Well knowing, though far below their condition,
I'd be their superior, if possessed of thy love.
I flatter nobody; 'tis the heart's true connections;
Then of thy warm love, pray give me command,
For my rivals are many, Oh! belie their predictions,
And I'll clasp to my bosom, thy lilly white hand.

NEDDIE SIX-BOOTS.

INFORMATION WANTED.

A quarter of a century has passed over us since we first became residents in "The Ambitious City," and during that time, we have never seen so many advertisements of "Dog Lost" as there are at present. Now what is the cause of this? We have been often asked the same question, by many a disconsolate lover of the "Canina race," and we hardly know what answer to make. There must be some horrid conspiracy at the bottom of this, if there is, we will leave no stone unturned to unravel the mystery. 'Tis true that sausages are made by steam now-a-days, and as we were returning from viewing a game of curling last week, we passed by that "Mince meat curiosity," and we would give its owner, (whoever he is) a sly hint, not to throw out so much hair. He is a foolish bird who can't guess eggs, when he sees shells, so we collected a lot of the said hair, which we will show gratis to any person who has

"LOST A DOG."

NOTICE.

TENDERS WANTED.

NOTICE is hereby given, that "TENDERS" will be received on the 20th day of Jan. 1859, for the supply of 80 dogs, and 50 "Tom Cats," per week, to be delivered at "My Sausage Factory," in the east end of the city.

For further particulars, apply to

— BRAYEMAN.

Hughson Street, Hamilton.

For Branigan's Chronicles and Curiosities.

CIGARS.

DEAR MR. B.

As you are generally "up to snuff," I wish you would inform me how it is that there are so few good Cigars in Hamilton at present,

And-oblige your friend,

"PUFF AWAY."

FOUND.—We picked up a lady's work-bag last Wednesday morning, which, we imagine, had dropped out of a cutter. On opening it, we found the following articles:—a package of wire, (for hoops, no doubt) a bottle of smelling salts, a false moustache, and a package of letters. If they are not called for in a week, we shall feel inclined to take a peep at the letters, and, if of interest, give our readers the benefit of their contents.

A WORD TO THE WISE.—As the wise men of the land are about to assemble in grave debate, we would give them a small bit of our mind on the Seat of Government question. It is this: Let the subject be sent back to England for re-consideration, and we have no doubt but that Her Majesty will give the Grits a parliament of their own, to be held in the new buildings at Penetanguishene;—and we further assure Mr. George Brown, that he will get the office of Pumper-in-Chief to the convicts who will be sent there. Will this satisfy you, Mr. Brown!

BROOKING OLDS.—Several gentlemen, we understand, are desirous of forming a club for the purpose of meeting together and awarding prizes. Further particulars will be given, and a prospectus issued. In the meantime, gentlemen desirous of joining may forward their names and address to the Editor.

SHOOTING MATCH.—The shooting match between Moss, Baumberger and Jones, for \$25 a side, comes off on the 1st February.

NOTICE. SELLING OFF.—SELLING OFF.—The subscriber will sell at 20 per cent above cost, the large assortment of "crockery and glass-ware," which is now on hand. The whole must be sold by the 11th of April, 1859, as the owner intends to "Go South," for the benefit of her pocket. And as the wholesale store from which the supply was obtained, has changed the hours of business from 7 a.m. to half-past nine, also, as all goods must be paid for before delivery.

N.B.—The acquaintance of "light fingered" young men (in crockery stores) is solicited by the undersigned,
WIDOW RIVERS,
King-William Street, Hamilton.

We understand that the friends of King William treated themselves to a "Sleigh Ride" on last Tuesday. No doubt but that the usual number of "Gin Cocktails" was swallowed, and of course "Loyal Songs" were sung. Go it boys. "Go it boys,"—Branigan doesn't care.

VERY KIND.—We copy the following paragraph from the *Napane Standard*, as much to show our readers the straits the Editor of that journal is put to in finding matter to fill up with, as to give him the information that the *Physiog* never made a second appearance—if fell still-born from the press. It was originated in order to oppose and kill our *Chronicles*,—no wonder, then that it met with such a hapless fate:

"We have received the first number of the *Physiog*, a weekly sheet published at Hamilton. It is on the principle of the *Grumbler* and *Poker*—of the same size, and neatly got up."

QUAILS,

QUAILS, QUAILS—ALIVE, ALIVE.—Several pairs of these handsome pets for sale. Apply to Mr APPS, in the Market.

LOST.

A SMALL liver-coloured RETRIEVER SPANIEL DOG.

Any one having found the same, will be rewarded upon returning him to W. APPS, Poulterer, in the Market.
Hamilton, Jan. 7, 1859.

PIGEONS WANTED.

ANY quantity of Pigeons wanted, either wild or tame.
Apply to Mr. APPS, Poulterer, Hamilton Market, or at Bond Street.
Shooting Matches supplied with birds, traps, &c. &c.
Hamilton, Jan. 7, 1859.

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.