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# BRANIGAN'S Chronicles and Curiosities.

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

VOL. I.—No. 17.

HAMILTON, C. W., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1859.

PRICE, TWO-PENNY.

For Branigan's Chronicles.

## THE PARTY.

Will you favor me by inserting the following lines in your next paper?

Yours, &c., A PARTY-GOER.

Oh! were you at the shine last night,  
The shine of all the season?  
I mean the one that was given by  
X. and Y. McZ, which was very pleasing?  
If you were not there I'll tell you all  
That occurred upon that particular night,  
And how they danced and how they talked,  
And how they drank champagne till daylight.

But first the guests: they all assembled  
About the evening hour of seven;  
And such a motley group was there,  
Were I to tell it I wouldn't be believed.  
But one, the queerest chap of all,  
With his hair all set in a frizzle;  
To a barber all the noon he'd been,  
And his head with oil did drizzle.  
The noted gentleman is named —  
And his ringlet locks they look'd so  
They took the fancy of all the girls,  
Because, for the occasion, they seem'd so meet.

And now the lady-guests must come,  
And in their several characters appear,  
Especially her with hoop so very big—  
The one the boys call stout Mary dear;  
And Gus, with still rounder face than ever,  
And Charlotte, also, was seen there,  
From whom George D. the evening could not  
sever;

And dear Lizzy A. must not be forgot,  
Nor Lizzy F., the dearie, neither,  
Nor nice Miss B., so short and sweet,  
Or darling Madam C., the flirt, either.

And now with music of fiddlers three,  
They dance and trip the toe;  
But soon to supper they are called,  
And all prepared to go;  
And Dauny says, "Now take my arm,  
"Oh dearest, dearest, Miss C., do,  
"And down to supper we will go,  
"And I will wait on you!"

And now we see them chewing hard,  
To see who'll eat the most;  
The wine they drink, the champagne quaff,  
And now they drink their host.  
Then one with lungs that are always ready,  
Began to sing "For he's a jolly good fellow."  
Some him they cheered, but Fizzle-hair hissed,  
For which singer H. near made him bellow.

And now their supper they have finished,  
And to the parlor have returned—  
Some drunk, and others more or less—  
A few sober, who had better manners learned.  
Again they dance, and again they flirt,  
While Burkey plays the fiddle,  
John B. and others pretty things to the girls  
do say,

And they who are drunk sing "Hi di diddle!"

Quoth one, "Why surely, Dan, you're drunk."  
Quoth Dan, "I say you lie;  
"But if at the lamp I look,  
"A haze appears before my eye!"  
But yet they dance, and yet and yet;  
One would think they'd never tire;  
But when the clock struck five, they said,  
"I think we will retire!"

Then off they started for to go,  
But only started, mind you;

For many fell on the way-side,  
And those were left behind you.

And thus concluded this grand spree,  
Which knocked a fellow up for a week after,  
And left him with a vile headache—  
And no more sproes will he seek after.

For the Chronicles and Curiosities.

## TO MR. MITTENS.

Sir,—You vain would perform what others  
have attempted, yet never accomplished, viz.  
that of finding out who "Kitty" is, and your  
efforts will prove as equally unsuccessful as  
theirs. Well; you insinuate that I'm as ugly  
as sin, and impudent besides. Really, Sir, I  
never was aware before that I resembled you  
so much. Surely you are only joking, and  
merely wish to put me out of conceit with  
myself. I am afraid you will, in a measure,  
accomplish your design if you even once  
again *hint* at my looking like you. Augh!  
the very thought is terrifying beyond the  
power of endurance. You most impudently  
assert that people don't think me smart. I  
am not to judge the opinions of common-  
sense individuals by the senseless gabbling of  
a half-fledged gosling—wait until you are  
full-feathered ere you throw down your "mit-  
tens" to pick up a pep.

There would be no perceptible imaginable  
use in showing myself in order that you may  
like me, for I most emphatically assure you  
that any such love on your part would not  
even be desirable, and most undoubtedly not  
reciprocated. The reason why I am so posi-  
tive on the subject is, that I am perfectly  
aware of my utter aversion to fools of every  
description; so, consequently, if your mind  
is enlightened in the least degree, you will  
readily perceive why you stand no chance  
whatever of ingratiating yourself into my  
affections.

Mind your own hands, "Mittens," and  
don't be trifling with a single finger of  
Kitty's.

KITTY-FINGER-IN-THE-PIE! I should like to  
know why it is that every body's pulling poor  
McM.'s moustache. Is it because their habi-  
tations are infested with rats, and they would  
fain steal a few hairs to administer to those  
aforementioned little torments, as an exter-  
minating poison? or do they merely twitch  
it for the wicked delight of causing him to  
draw his stiff face out of shape? However,  
for goodness' sake do let him and his mous-  
tache alone—do allow him to reap the bene-  
fits of so much hard labor as he has per-  
formed in the cultivation thereof.

Poor unfortunate moustache martyr!

KITTY.

Hamilton, Feb. 21, 1859.

For the Chronicles and Curiosities.

## A NEW KIND OF BREAD TICKET.

Mr. B.—A few days previous to the St.  
Mary's festival, one of the civil rulers requir-  
ing some of the article called the staff of life,  
despatched his boy to the baker's for twelve  
tickets. The baker, being a bit of a wag,  
thought he would take the tickets himself,  
and straightway made for the great man's  
residence, armed with twelve festival tickets.  
A loud knock at the door summoned a ser-  
vant, to whom the tickets were handed, say-  
ing that was the kind her master ordered,

and took his leave. Great was the indigna-  
tion of the public functionary when he found  
himself thus caught. So he posts off the bak-  
er, where a hearty laugh and explanations  
followed. The baker, however, succeeded in  
disposing of the now cooled down magister  
four of the festival tickets. QUIP.

For Branigan's Chronicles.

## TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

This is the day, young charming lass,  
On which all jokes for truths will pass,  
Either to the common mass,  
Or as to you, a single ass.

Now, pray, don't stretch your ugly face—  
I fear you'll spoil your lovely grace,  
Which Nature's God to you has given,  
And makes your halo smile a heaven,  
But for the brazen picture riven,  
By jealous pride and hatred driven.

To think elaborate knowledge only reigus  
In moon-struck boys or blind old brains!

Mayhap, sweet M., you do impart  
To ignorance a lasting smart  
With cat-o'-nine, on the tender part,  
Or, by some more debasing art,  
No doubt you'll find some prudent man,  
On whom to pack your ignorant A—n.

But then she's grown so very old—  
The story of her school is told—  
Then comes R—r—n so bold,  
To work against the toothless scold—  
Your arts will prove a vain endeavor,  
And bring you just contempt forever.

Before your youthful bard is done,  
He'll tell you of the booby son,  
His drunken course so recent run,  
And what at home so soon must come.

The empty bubble soon must burst,  
And gossips, fools, and all be cursed;  
The carriage, farm, and all will go.  
Poor G—s returning to the hoe,  
Will never cease to puff and blow,  
And every feature plainly show  
That long-eared asses will intrude  
To ape the monarch of the wood.

Now seized by Poverty's cold hand,  
Old peddling B. will ever stand,  
At grasping all the widow's land;  
Or, with the devil's missile armed—  
Like a roaring lion every hour,  
Seeking whom he may devour.

In spite of all those crocodile tears,  
The hairy devil oft appears,  
Through those ugly taunts and jeers,  
And shows his face in nasty jeers.

If Satan would retain his throne,  
He'd better let those few alone!

ELDER-DEACON-BILL.

Feb. 14, 1859.

THE origin of the phrase "mind your  
P.'s and Q.'s" is said to have been a  
call of attention, in the old English ale-  
houses, to the *pints* and *quarts* being  
scored down to the unconscious or reck-  
less beer-bibber.

WHAT do you propose to take for  
your cold?" "Oh I'll sell very cheap,  
I won't higgie about the price."

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

## BRANIGAN'S Chronicles and Curiosities.

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

HAMILTON, SATURDAY FEB. 26, 1859.

### MR. ROACH TRIUMPHANT.

On Thursday, the case of the Alderman for St. Mary's Ward was argued before Judge Logie, and the several objections to the plea, laid before the Court by the defendant's Counsel, were almost unanswerable. Mr. Thomas White, who is the most prominent character in the prosecution, cut a very sorry figure, and had to retire with a flea in his ear. The plea of disqualification, in Mr. Roach's case, to sit at the Council Board, could not be sustained, for more reasons than one. But be this as it may, Mr. White and his tail made a grand mistake when they founded their claim upon the premises of the Alderman being a "saloon" keeper. Now, he is no such thing; and we wonder, with all Mr. W.'s knowledge and shrewdness, that he could not see how inapplicable the term as applied to Mr. Roach's occupation. Mr. Roach is in a great measure subservient to the Directors of the Great Western Railway Company, and keeps the *Refreshment Rooms* of the Hamilton Station. Properly speaking, the premises can neither be called an inn, tavern, saloon, or ale and beer house; as from the nature of its object, it necessarily combines the requisites of the whole in one. It is an establishment the necessities of railway travellers imperatively require, and cannot come under the same category with public houses or saloons in the city, whose business is circumscribed by the locality and neighborhood.

On Monday will be given the Judge's decision; and from the pith of the learned and lengthy arguments used by the Counsel on both sides, we have every confidence in Mr. Roach coming off triumphant. We fear no other result; but should it be otherwise, the city will be put to the expense of another election, and for what?—to again return Mr. Roach.

Mr. Sadleir most ably conducted the defence, bringing to bear for his client a mass of legal lore almost impossible to gainsay. Mr. Barr was retained for the prosecution; and although a learned and exceedingly clever lawyer, it seems strange that he is seldom employed in other than desperate and extra-hazardous suits.

**FRIGHTFUL.**—The *Growler* threatens us with an "Avalanche." We would like to know where it is located, that it can thus be so easily picked up and hurled at us. If it is available for commercial or personal purposes, we trust that the Assessor of St. Andrew's Ward will see that it is put down upon the rolls at its proper value.

### THE MOUNTAIN FEED.

We give insertion to the following letter, not for the sake of clearing up the indistinct vision of our correspondent, but to let him have his own say respecting one of the significant signs of the times. It is scarcely to be credited that Mr. Buchanan would make himself so familiar with Mr. McGee and Mr. C. Magill as to extend voluntary hospitalities to these notorious gentlemen—notorious as being bitter political enemies; but such has been the case, however. Nevertheless, we do think that there is something under the rose that may explain this seeming anomaly. George Brown's party is in a very undecided mood at present, and evident symptoms of a breaking off from their leader become daily apparent—in sooth, Mr. McGee and many other Members cannot much longer submit to the tyrannical dictation of the ephemeral premier, and who knows but that our city Member's hospitalities may bring about the penitence and reformation of old sworn foes?

To the Editor of the Chronicles and Curiosities.

SIR,—I dare say you wish to learn all that passes in this city and neighborhood of any moment. No doubt if you could collect all, you would have to print a larger paper. But as I do not profess to know everything that occurs, I can only oblige you with what I do know. And so to commence. I must premise, however, by saying, that I think the millenium is at length at hand, for when the lion and the lamb—politically speaking—can eat together, the advent of that happy state of things surely cannot be far off—perhaps upon the rising of Parliament, we may enter upon a new state.

Know then, that one evening last week, our city member entertained the renowned D'Arcy, the obsequious Charlie Magill and others, to a grand feed at his mountain home. Now, I look upon this move of our member as a dodge unique—one well worthy of the cool, calculating business man. You may remember (for it is not very long ago) how hard you, with others, fought to secure our member's return, and how desperate were the means tried by Magill to thwart your purpose. The wide breach made at that time appears now to be closed up, and we are to be "hail fellows well met" for the future, as some think. It is true, our member can give dinners to whom he pleases—old Nick for example—and it is none of my business whether he does or not. I only state the fact, and argue that the move is significant of his either bringing D'Arcy and Charlie to something like common sense, and straightening their distorted opinions of public policy, or that he has got infatuated with Brown's spirito-political dogmas, and has lent himself to be a *medium*!

Dear T., I cannot bring my mind to believe the latter conclusion, and would rather hope the first view I took was the correct one. Can you aid me in a solution, seeing that I am so much interested? Such antagonistic materials cannot come together without causing either an explosive or amalgamating action.

### RAT-ASTROPHY.

Although a rat-match is none of the finest topics in the world to chronicle, yet as a serious accident occurred at the gathering, that itself may be worth while to mention. The few sporting gentry we have are really badly off for game—that commodity indeed may be said to be out of the market—hence a resort to rats as an apology for more noble stuff. Let our readers suppose, then, on Saturday evening last, an assemblage of a remarkably motley character, numbering about eighty, with twenty dogs, gathered together in Jim Brown's ball-room. Loud talking, great betting, and much excitement going on. A bag full of rats is brought forward, which tends to abate the noise. All is in readiness—the bag ready to be emptied—and the dogs impatient of restraint. At length the word "Go!" is given, and a *go* in good earnest it was, for just at that precise moment, the floor gave a crack, and fell, precipitating *en masse* rats, dogs, and audience, to a depth fortunately of only some seven or eight feet. One rat, (lucky fellow) escaped—the dogs were uninjured, but two or three of the lookers on were seriously hurt. One had a leg put out of joint, another had two front teeth forcibly ejected, and a third has a badly scraped shin and ankle.—The floor gave way on the sliding-scale principle, thus making a gradual descent sideways, otherwise we might have had to relate a greater number of casualties.

This smash put a stopper upon the sport for that evening; but nothing daunted, we observe it advertised that Jim holds a *levee* in his cellar this evening, where the same game, barring the break down, is to be enacted without fail.

### A MILTON LETTER.

We have to apologise to the writer of the following letter for its non-appearance last week. The fact is it got mislaid. We hope it is not yet too late for a narration of the incidents it contains to be of service. Let T. B. hear again from you soon, as he imagines you have many queer doings in your *locale* that should see the daylight:—

MILTON, Feb. 1859.

DEAR TERRY,—It is now some time since you heard from me, but the truth is the cabbage garden was, for the time, bare of stock. However, there is one event about to take place that is worth chronicling, and that is, we are about changing the name of our quiet little town from 'Milton' to Bachelorville.—A meeting was convened on Thursday evening last, to take the matter into consideration, when Mr. Jackanapes was nominated as Secretary. He declined the honor, however,—he came merely to represent the *press*—he demurred at being classed among the old bachelors—the "family record" could show that he was "owre young to marry yet." This brought Old Harry to his feet, who nominated W. L. P. as Secretary and Treasurer. The motion was seconded by G. C. McK., who stated that he was sure the venerable gent. would display his usual *eagerness* in advancing the cause. The motion passed unanimously.

The chairman having called the meeting to order, stated the object for which they had then assembled. He felt quite an interest in the matter, he had given up all notions of matrimony, (a voice: nobody would have

you) and the great increase in our numbers gives the place quite an appearance of barrenness; he therefore agreed with the object of the meeting.

Old Harry rose and moved, "That it is expedient and necessary to change the name of Milton to Bachelorville." He stated that although he did not consider himself among the *forties*, (a voice: look at his head) yet he felt the time was fast approaching when he would be amongst the disconsolate.

Mr. Tom D. rose to second the motion. He said that he had lived here all his lifetime, and yet there was no prospect of his being united to one of the fair sex. He felt great pleasure in meeting so many of his fellow-sufferers: it was a consolation to him that he was not "all alone in his glory." (A voice: that's personal.)

Mr. W. G. Q. rose to oppose the motion. He said he considered this a slur upon the young men of this place; (shut up your old drake) he reopated the young men; that if they were single it was not their fault; no one could be more anxious for matrimony than himself; if he didn't cousin round the girls it accounted for his taste: widows were his fancy. (Oh) He sat down amid cries of "Put him out."

At this stage of the proceedings, the meeting adjourned to Old Doodas's, for one hour, to take some refreshment. The remainder of the proceedings I will communicate in my next. Swimmingly yours, GODFISH.

For Branigan's Chronicles.

#### THE "CHRONICLES" AND "GROWLER."

MR. BRANIGAN,—I assure you I felt quite indignant upon the perusal of the paper that bears the above snarling title. Did'n't sister Sally and myself both get enraged when we read therein of your being called "a heartless old renegade!" Well, really, things are coming to a pretty pitch when men like you, who spend their time for the good of the people, should be thus stigmatised. But it won't go down. People know a little better than to patronise the organ of a disappointed gang of fireboys. I have been credibly informed that my gallant friend, General Brock, got rid of more bad whiskey, while the first number of the rag in question was under preparation, than ever he sold before. Again, that sheet has the audacity to remark that an intelligent public requires a good paper, and thrusts the *Growler* forward as the desideratum! Horrible thought! Badly off, indeed, we would be, Terry, had we to rely upon that rag for our salvation. But haven't we your *Chronicles*?—and haven't you done more good already than a paper like the *Growler* could do in a lifetime? Didn't you first of all put our jolly Mayor in his present position by the aid of your paper? And then see the riddance you made of all the old maids and bachelors! Let any one look at the registry books in the several churches, and he will find upwards of 60 names, all over 30 years' old, whom you were the cause of having spliced. I have not time now to talk of the impetus you have given to business in such notables as Davy Boyle, Dublin Jim, Braveman, &c., &c.

As a fireside charm, your little sheet is indispensable. The hearty laugh caused by its sterling jokes has rung and will ring from the Mountain to the Lake, and the '*Chronicles*' will be Household Words and a permanent fact when the last leaf of a defunct '*Growler*' is lighting some disconsolate subscriber's pipe.

Before I finish this somewhat lengthy epistle, I would wish to impress on the minds of our fair citizens the necessity of taking your paper, on account of four very good reasons:—

1. It is an infallible cure for all sorts of dejection of spirits, and three weeks' reading of it will effectually cure the "blues."

2. As an article for improving and beautifying the hair it cannot be beat. When it first came out, my coarse hair, (barring the color, which was red) was as straight and tough as an Indian's; but after reading your paper a couple of times through, then, doing up my hair with it, I can now show you one of the glossiest black curly scalps in the city.

3. My brother Tom has used it in raising a magnificent moustache and whiskers. I have watched the scamp through the key-hole, and seen him, to my great delight, rubbing his bare lip and cheeks with your '*Chronicles*.'

4. It is a first-rate remedy for that prevalent disease called Snobbishism.

And now, ere I conclude, will you grant me one request, that I may be permitted to write the '*Growler*'s' epitaph two weeks from hence?  
MAGGIE B.

Written for Branigan's Chronicles and Curiosities.

#### WELCOME HOME TO MISS C. W.

Why didst thou leave thy city home,  
And in the rude wild country roam?  
Why didst thou slight the ardent love  
I bore to thee, thou gentle dove?

Oh! that cold look, like poison'd dart,  
Did deeply wound my tender heart;  
And made each drop of blood grow chill,  
And with dread fears my mind did fill.

I've tried to pray, but all in vain,  
That thou wouldst love me once again;  
And though thou hat'st, I love the still,  
And while I live, I ever will.

Off to those orchard grounds I've went,  
And there the midnight hour have spent  
On that forsaken spot, where we  
So often met in youthful glee.

And where the vine, its tendrils twined,  
Have I my weary head reclined,  
And in my fancy's vision thought  
That thou some luscious grapes had brought.

Off by the moon-light's silv'ry ray,  
I've whil'd the lonely night away,  
Treading those paths once lined with flow'rs,  
And sought thee in those haunted bow'rs.

And when I've roamed in distant lands,  
O'er cheerless snows, on burning sands,  
Or slept 'neath spreading cypress tree,  
My thoughts and dreams have been of thee.

Oh! Carrie, thou hast wander'd far,  
But guided by thy guardian star,  
Thou'rt home, 'mongst friends to thee so dear;  
And now we hail thee welcome here!

Though hatred in thy bosom burn,  
And all my love is proudly spurn'd,  
I love thee, will, through life's long day,  
And now a hearty welcome say.

Hamilton, Feb. 24.

EZRA.

#### CURE FOR A TERRIBLE DISORDER OF THE MOUTH, COMMONLY CALLED SOANDAL.

Take of *good nature* one ounce—of an herb commonly called 'by the indians "mind your own business" one ounce; mix this with a little 'charity of failings,' and two or three sprigs of 'keep your tongue between your teeth,' simmer them together in a vessel called *circumspection* for a short time, and it will be fit for use. *Application*.—The symptoms are a violent itching in the tongue and roof of the mouth which invariably takes place when you are with a kind of animals called gossips. When you feel a turn of it coming on, take a tea spoon full of the above, hold it in your mouth, which you will keep closely shut, until you get home, and you will find a complete cure.

Should you apprehend a relapse, keep a phial full about you, and on feeling the slightest symptoms repeat the dose.

A BEAUTIFUL woman is like a great truth or a great happiness, and has no more right to cover herself with a green veil or any similar abomination than the sun has to put on green spectacles.

ACTIONS show the nature of a man, as fruit does that of a tree; while motives, like the sap, are hidden from our view.

#### PRINCIPLES OF FEMALE COSTUME.

A loose drapery is always cooler in summer, warmer in winter, and at both seasons less adapted to transmit sudden changes of temperature, than a tight dress.

A loose drapery may always be disposed either beautifully or grandly; a tight dress is always ugly, and generally ridiculous.

The small head-dress and enormous train, characterise the more stately dame, while the large hat or bonnet, and shorter dress, distinguish the livelier girl.

The shawl is adopted only for tall and thin figures; but it admits of no very fine effects even for them, while it is ruinous to shorter and *en-bonpoint* figures, however beautifully formed.

The scarf is better adapted for all figures; it corresponds exactly to the *peplum* of the ancient Grecian women, and it admits of the same expressive arrangements.

A person having an oval face may wear a bonnet with a wide front; exposing the lower part of the cheeks. One having a round face should wear a closer front, and if the jaws are wide, it may in appearance be diminished by bringing the corners of the bonnet sloping to the point of the chin.

The Scottish bonnet seems to suit youth alone. If a mixture of archness and innocence do not blend in the countenance which wears it, it gives a theatrical and bold air.

Hats always give a masculine look; and those turned up before give a pert air.

A long neck may have the neck of the bonnet descending, the neck of the dress rising, and filling more or less of the intermediate space. A short neck should have the whole bonnet short and close in the perpendicular direction, and the neck of the dress neither high nor wide. Persons with waists too large may render themselves less before by a stomacher, and behind, by a corresponding form of the dress, making the top of the dress smooth across the shoulders, and drawing it in plaits to a narrow point at the bottom of the waist. Tall women may have a wide skirt, or several flounces, or both of these; shorter women a moderate one, but as long as can be conveniently worn. Tight shoes make the feet look large and the ankles clumsy.

INGENIOUS MENDICANT.—A beggar man, apparently very old, and in great distress, with a child in his arms, came into a public house in the Bridegate, a few evenings since and begged alms with great earnestness. A young man in the house at the time, suspecting that he was an impostor, took hold of the child, when immediately the head came off, and discovered it to be made of plaster of paris. After shaking the old man a little, an old wig fell off, and discovered him to be a young man, about thirty. He begged very hard to get off without asking damages for the loss of his child and wig, and was turned out of the house.

CON.—Why is the new Fire Brigade like an old man?—Because its head is—Grey.

For the Chronicles and Curiosities.  
THE OLD MAIDEN.

There are cases in number come under notice,  
By circulating which we might transgress,  
And certain doings my pen exposes,  
Which may enrage the old maiden class.

There are some of those I wish to treat on,  
Who've miss'd their mark and are now  
thirty-five—

Their form is failing, their calves all ailing,  
And by many quite despised.

With color sallow, one smells like tailow,  
Her face is lean and her visage cold,  
She thinks in mis'ry she's down'd to allow,  
So naught can save her—she's getting old.

Well, I'll endeavor to find a saviour—  
Vermillion's useful when appl'd with care;  
I can't endure it to starve for ever—  
I'll have a husband—I don't care where.

But I'd forgotten, my teeth are rotten;—  
But now we've Dentist's every where,  
And teeth they have of the dead forgotten,  
Without objection to me they'd spare;—

Or those dissectors—the malefactors—  
Have teeth in dozens they'll never use;  
Were they acquainted how I'm tormented,  
A pair of dozens they'd not refuse.

Well, now the dentist's got them placed,  
And screw'd them tight to either jaw;  
For steady eating I'm now completed,  
And don't regard the world one straw.

But still to laugh I feel rather timid,  
For fear the vulgar might understand,  
And see my mouth completely filled  
With teeth belonging to some other one.

Those plaguy bustles, 'they're out o' fashion;  
Well, let them go, it's just as well,  
For scores of times I've been in a passion,  
When out a-walking by chance I fell.

The spreading hoops being now the fashion,  
The bustle mania far excell,  
Tho' sometimes cramp'd in narrow lanes  
By ill-bred coxcomb or august swell.

Without the thorn there grows no rose,  
But we of course those thorns should hide;  
Our slender waists the hoops expose,  
And every lady in this doth pride.

[Here our correspondent must remain satisfied  
with the publishing of the above choice  
fragment—the suppressed stanzas are out  
of place.—T.B.]

ANECDOTE.—A gentleman of the bar, in a neighboring county in easy circumstances and pretty good practice, had rendered himself somewhat remarkable by his attempts in the way of matrimonial speculation. A maiden, rather advanced in years, residing some miles distant, hearing of this lawyer's speculating propensity—that his character was unexceptionable, and his life tolerably good, resolved upon making him her husband. She hit upon the following expedient; She pretended suddenly to be taken very ill, and sent for the man of the law to draw her will. He attended. By her will she devised £10,000, in bank stock, to be divided among her three cousins, some thousands in bonds and notes, to a niece—and a vast land estate to a favorite nephew. The will being finished, she gave the lawyer a very liberal fee, and enjoined secrecy upon him for some pretended purpose—thus precluding him from an enquiry into her real circumstances. Need I mention the result? In a fortnight the lady thought proper to be restored to health. The lawyer called to congratulate her on her restoration—begged permission to visit

her which was granted. After a small courtship, the desired offer was made. The bargain was concluded and ratified. The lawyer's whole estate, by his wife, consists of an annuity of *sixty five shillings!*

THE wives along the Mississippi never *blow up* their husbands. They leave it all to the steamboats, which are sure to do it sooner or later.

"JOHN," said a cockney solicitor to his son, "I see you'll never do for an attorney, you have no *henergy*." "Skuse me, father," replied John, "what I want is some of your *chickenary*."

WHAT A WIFE SHOULD BE.—Burns, the poet, in one of his letters, sets forth the following as the true qualifications of a good wife: "The scale of good wife-ship I divide into ten parts: Good nature, four; good sense, two; wit, one; personal charms, viz: a sweet face, eloquent eyes, fine limbs, graceful carriage, (I would add a fine waist, too, but that is soon spoilt, you know,) all these, one; as for the other qualities belonging to, or attending on, a wife, such as fortune, connections, education (I mean education extraordinary,) family blood, &c., divide the two remaining degrees among them as you please, only remember, that all these minor proportions must be expressed by *fractions*, for there is not any one of them in the aforesaid scale entitled to the dignity of an integer."

EMPLOYERS AND EMPLOYED.—Employers ought in their business relations, to be on perfect equality; and, to allow this, there must be a perfect freedom of engagement on each side. Artificial restrictions upon either party must in the end work serious injury if not absolute ruin. The great price regulating law of supply and demand operates with just as much force in the labour market as in any other. A combination can no more guarantee an insure a fixed compensation to labor, than it can a fixed profit to capitalists. Trade is unavoidably subject to frequent fluctuations. If it is vigorous and pressing, manufactures must expand, and extra work must be done; if it languishes manufactures must be contracted and hands be discharged.

A gentleman who had a suit in chancery was called upon by his counsel to put in his answer for fear of incurring contempt. "And why," said the gentleman, "is not my answer put in?" "How should I draw your answer," cried the lawyer, "till I know what you can swear?" "Plague on your scruples," replied the client, "just do your part as a lawyer, and draw a sufficient answer, and let me alone to do the part of a gentleman, and swear to it."

An old toper chancing to drink a glass of water, the other day, for want of something stronger, smacked his lips, and turning to one of his companions, remarked—

"Why, it don't taste badly; I have no doubt 'tis wholesome for females and tender children."

HAMILTON POLICE.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 24.

Archibald Henderson Livingston and Wm. Weston were charged by J. S. Garrett, Esq., with violently assaulting him, on James' Street, on Tuesday evening.

Complainant stated that he was standing opposite the hall-door of the Post Office, speaking to two ladies who were going into Mr. Ritchie's, when the prisoner Livingston jumped on his back and struck him on the side of the head. He (complainant) then turned round and struck the prisoner, who returned the blow. He then got the prisoner down, and while holding him there some one from behind struck him on the head and face.

John Carruthers, Chief of Police, deposed—About ten minutes to six o'clock yesterday afternoon I was passing the Post Office, when three men pushed against me as if they were "larking." The prisoner Weston is one of them. I then saw the prisoner Livingston striking violently at Mr. Garret, who was defending himself, and succeeded in putting his assailant on his back in the gateway leading to Mr. Ritchie's hall-door. The three men who pushed me at the door of the Post Office then rushed up, and while I was endeavoring to keep them off, Weston rushed on to Mr. Garret and struck him about the head. I got Mr. Garret up, and arrested Livingston, who was very violent. Mr. Hall assisted me to put him into a cab; we also got Weston into the same cab, and Mr. Hall accompanied me to the cells with the prisoners. Livingston was drunk, and Weston slightly under the influence of liquor.

The Magistrate commented in strong terms on the gross misconduct of the prisoners, and fined them \$20 each.

THURSDAY, Feb 24, 1859.

William Atkinson, charged by Constable Monahan with being drunk on the street.—Admonished and discharged.

Timothy Dinaby, charged by John Hall with assaulting him by violently pushing him—case adjourned.

Catharine Fitzgerald, charged by Mary Ann Hall with assaulting her—case adjourned for further evidence.

William Walster, a Butcher, charged by Constable Bible with buying Beef in the market before 12 o'clock, contrary to the By-law. Fined \$1.

John Ringle, charged by Joseph Faulkner with a trespass, by going into his stable and taking away his mare and working her in a waggon. Fined \$2.

James Johnston, a smart, intelligent looking boy, about 14 years of age, was charged with having on the night of the 18th inst., been guilty of disorderly conduct at the McNab Street Methodist Church, and annoying the congregation. He was severely reprimanded, and his father promised to attend to him in future.

FRIDAY, Feb. 25.

David Wilson was charged by his wife, Ellen Wilson, with assaulting her. Sergeant West also stated that when the prisoner was arrested he kicked him violently on the leg. Fined \$6.

Catharine Fitzgerald was charged by Mary Ann Hall, with assaulting her. Both are females of the most abandoned habits, and the spectators in the Court had a rare specimen of the Billingsgate made use of by such characters. Defendant was fined \$2.

Timothy Dinabay was charged by John Hall with assaulting him. Complainant withdrew the charge, defendant paying \$1 costs.

John Calligan was charged by the Clerk of the Market with a violation of By-law 127 on Markets. Case adjourned for further particulars.

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