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BRANIGAN'S CHRONICLES AND CURIOSITIES

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

Vol. I.—No. 33.

HAMILTON, C. W., SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1859.

PRICE, TWO-PENCE

For the Chronicles.

A number of Citizens are anxious to know what the Corporation have done with the land which was purchased some 10 or 14 years ago for the purposes of an Hospital, and that of a Pound. Is it the case that they have exchanged it for that abominable nuisance of a spot in the occupation of Jarvis Bellamy, or is it the case as it is generally thought and said, that there is not a member in the Corporation fit to make or frame a Pound By-law.—One thing is certain that the pound grounds are under culture, and that Jarvis Bellamy stuffs peoples cows, pigs, horses, &c., into his kitchen, and when it is full he puts them into his bedroom; and it is said that he was awoke one morning by a man in search of his pig, and previous thereto, the man peeped through the keyhole, and actually saw Bellamy snoozing most sonorously with his head resting on the Belly of the lost pig, which honest Jarvis had apparently for the night used as his pillow.—Now this man says and so do many others who have had to redeem their pledges, that they do not object to paying their fines, but they do complain of having to go to such a mud-hole in search of their *Strays*, especially when they consider that they have helped to pay for a decent Pound. Can you or some one else not prevail upon our Corporation to take proper action in this matter. And if they cannot be decent before the citizens, let them be as-decent-as-they-can. Why not sell out the City Pound, and lot at once; and make Bellamy's Bedrooms more suitable for a pound.

MAIN STREET.

To the Editor of the Chronicles.

Sir,—A short time since, Mr. Bellamy had me fined for having a pig running at large, and swore that my mother told him the pig belonged to me. Now, this was false, for you know she has been dead for seven years!

Yours, &c.,

JER. KANE

Ed. Note.—A fact.

For the Chronicles and Curiosities.

DEAR SIR,—As Kitty and I were walking leisurely along James Street the other day, and wondering what we could find of importance enough to inform you of, we were accosted by a very serious broken-hearted looking individual, whom Kitty introduced to me as a Mr. S—ville; and as he was going no where, and inviting himself, he consequently formed one of the party.—Now, thinks I, we'll have some fun, if we don't meet the 'old 'un'; and if he talks nice—but when he did, of all the shippy-sloppy, soft, sickening voices I heard a man possessed of, he had. He commenced finding fault with the ministers who were attending conference. One was too serious and long faced, another too gay, &c., until we were so sick of the creature, and to get rid of him we pretended business in a store opposite the Market, and rushing in we were met by one who had a face the counterpart of a shaved owl, with just a few feathers left under a beak, upon which was rested a pair of spectacles, giving, as you may imagine, a more unnatural look to the creature, whose name, I think, Kitty said was H—t. His topic of conversation was the execution of Mitchell, which so truly disgusted us, that when we thought S—ville had arrived at home, we bade Mr. Owl a smiling good-day, secretly declaring that the fates were against us, and we had better give it up for that day at any rate.

KITTY'S FRIEND, SALLY.

(For Branigan's Chronicles & Curiosities.)

DEAR SIR,—Perhaps you will be kind enough to give this a place in your valuable paper.

The young man belonging to the Hamilton Debating Club, who while spending the evening with the old lady who keeps the Seminary on James St., had the impudence to ask for a *Cup of strong Tea*, had better never accept an invitation of the kind again, if he is so fond of that delightful beverage, as we can assure him that, it never will be found within the walls of a Young Ladies Seminary.

Hamilton, June 15th, 1859.

Mr. Gasser, who wears a great profusion of diamond rings, was one day flourishing his fingers before Robert Brough, the dramatist, with the idea of impressing him. "I say, Gasser," said Brough, "I'd rather have your hands than your head. I know which could be turned to the best account." Gasser put on his gloves immediately.

To the Editor of the Chronicles.

The Late Market By-Law.

Sir,—I promised through your valuable journal to give my mind on the subject of the Law; and I cannot do better than lay my groundwork in my first Letter; and so Fore-stalling comprehends, in its legal signification, the offences of ingrossing and regrating. *Ingrossing* is the purchase of the whole of any commodity for the sake of selling it again at a high price. *Regrating* signifies the scraping or dressing of cloth or other goods in order to sell the same again. So says the common Law. The late Municipal Act, 22 Vic. Cap. 99, Sec. 287; gives to Municipal Corporations power to prevent such offences within their respective Municipalities, and also to prevent and regulate the sale by retail in the public streets of any meat, vegetables, fruit or beverages; and shall also give power to the Municipalities to regulate all markets established, and to be established, and declares that the places hitherto established as Markets in each Municipality shall continue to be Markets, until otherwise directed by competent authority. And that all Market reservations or appropriations heretofore made in any Municipality, shall continue to be vested in the Corporation thereof. It also gives them power to prevent and regulate the purchase of such things by Hucksters or runners living within the Municipality, or within one mile from the outer limits thereof. The competent authority above referred to, is the Crown. Formerly the establishing of public marts or places of buying and selling, such as markets and fairs with tolls thereunto belonging, was one of the Royal Prerogative. Now that power is vested in the Municipalities, saving already established rights, as appear above. Now it is a well settled rule, that when a Corporation gets power to regulate, any By-Laws made by it, must in all things be subservient to, and in accordance with the common and statute law of the land; in no case may they exceed or add to the same. Where then, I ask, do the Corporation get power to put a licence on Hucksters? If they deem it necessary to prevent them from buying goods in the Market or city, which is the only power given, except to regulate, why do they not do so at once? Charging them with a licence will do neither; but on the contrary, it will have the effect of more firmly estab-

lighting them as an independent body in our Market. Yes, and I may justly call them the governing body of our Market, for it is a well known fact that they are the first persons farmers enquire of for the ruling prices of commodities in which they deal. I fear I have already taken up too much space in your valuable columns with this letter, which I hope your many readers will preserve for future reference, as I intend this as the first only, of a series of letters which I intend addressing to you on this subject.

MINEATOR.

BRANIGAN'S Chronicles & Curiosities.

Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice
SHAKSPEARE.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1859.

"SEE--SAW,"

—OR—

"Here we go up, up, up,
And now we go down, down, downy."

Reader, have you ever played See-Saw? If you have you can understand us when we compare life to a plank across a log, with an urchin on each end of it. Yes, one goes up and the other down, for some time, until at length the board loses its equilibrium, and one end remains up, keeping its occupant high in air. Well, such is business. The honest poor man and the cunning speculator start evenly; but through a little sleight of hand arrangement, the poor, unsuspecting, honest mechanic or laborer comes to the ground with a heavy thump, and there he remains, unable to rise again. And ah, when once down,

"How many knees now bending
Would stamp the heel of hate into his
breast."

Looking over this once prosperous city, and singling out the number who started in the race of fortune, with ourselves, how many do we remember to have fallen by the way side, owing to the elbowing and tripping of their more anxious and avaricious compeers?—Building Societies, Savings Banks, Land Speculation schemes, and a thousand-and-one other cunningly devised and highly tempting operations fasten the grappling irons on the needy, and soon deprive them of their little all.—Look at yonder millionaire, whose carriage rolls by you with that peculiar sound which denotes its owner one of the upper ten! Take a closer look at

him! Do you not see an uneasy expression about the corners of his thin-lipped mouth? Yes, it's there; and so it ought to be. That man is a dealer in mortgages, and grows richer every day by foreclosures, which widows' prayers and orphans' tears cannot prevent. Surely, he like

"The wretch concentered all in self,
Living shall forfeit all renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

Hundreds such there are in this poor city, living, like leeches, on the life-blood of the poor, and fattening on their pound of flesh. The houses of these landed proprietors are rented to women of easy virtue, who pay largely for being screened from public gaze and sheltered from the storms of heaven and the indignation of earth. What care these well clad lords of creation whether our city taxes be five shillings in the pound or one shilling?

"When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to show their shame the
more."

Yes, these men who take the uppermost seats in the synagogue, and smiting their breasts, with upraised eyes, thank Heaven that they are not as other men(?), while they are affording harlotry a cloak and grinding down the widow and the orphan. But these men pay heavy pew-rent as well, and are, in a pecuniary point of view, the very pillars of the church—touch them not!—Though the money dropped by them into the ordained receptacle for alms, may have been the price of shame; yet the stain of pollution on the glittering coin is not perceptible to the visual organ, and hence, so far as man is concerned, it appears a more acceptable offering than even the widow's mite.—Ye hewers of wood and drawers of water! do you prate or expect equality in this world? If so, read our daily police reports, and learn that the poor man, who foolishly tries to forget his troubles in even a social glass, is incarcerated in a loathsome cell, and fined for being drunk; while the rich one is praised for being "such a whole-souled fellow in the exuberance of his wine." Things are not evenly divided in this world—that's certain. But,

"To exult,
Ev'n o'er an enemy oppress'd, and heap
Affliction on the afflicted, is the mark,
And the mean triumph of a dastard soul."

Our municipal body too, requires an emetic; for its breath is foetid and its eyes are jaundiced. But who is there in our midst to prescribe and administer the proper dose, and who is to hold the proboscis of that unruly head while the purifying draught is being administered? Surely, no one will say that the present sluggishness of our boasted "Ambitious City" is indicative of health and energy; why then do we hesitate to effect a cure? Is it that our readers have grown tired of allopathic treatment, and are awaiting the operation of the water-works to be put through a hydropathic course? If so, we'll wait patiently, and humbly pray that a powerful *douche* bath may remove the brain fever from those who, when their delirium was at its height, saddled this overburthened little city with a debt which has crippled her commerce and her enterprise; and driven thousands from her limits to seek a cheaper and more prosperous place of residence. Look around at our six hundred untenanted houses, and ask your lives, ye deduced memorialists who sought an act of parliament to supply Hamilton with water, if you have not "drowned the miller" most effectually, and inundated the very hearthstones, where before peace, comfort and prosperity smiled in gladness and were content. Ah, the mountain of your sins will some day roll on and crush you; for you have snatched the bread from many a mouth and peopled our streets with starving beggars. Verily, ye shall have your reward.

"Churches in Hamilton 20 Years Ago."

Under this heading our city contemporary, the *Spectator*, has an article, which purports to detail the various churches in this city 20 years ago. The Rev. gentleman from whom he has received the information, omits, however, to mention the Catholic Church, whose congregation at that time held communion in a small building, kindly granted them by the late lamented John Law, Esq., the use of the Court House having been refused them at the time. That congregation has since increased to be one of the largest in the city with a Bishop and nine or ten officiating clergymen. We chronicle this fact in justice, and hope our contemporary will make the *amende* honorable.

CARLYLE says, "Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure there is one rascal less in the world."

Assassination in the United States.

While, within the last fortnight, the law has been taking its unaverted course, and its highest penalty has been exacted on the scaffold, in various parts of this Province, one of the most cold-blooded murders, on record, was perpetrated in the neighboring "Land of the free." This most atrocious of all crimes—premeditated homicide—was committed in the forenoon, in one of the greatest thoroughfares of the populous city of St. Louis. The sanguinary deed was done in broad day, and in presence of a crowd of wondering people. From the frequency of such open-day assassination in the United States, the question is naturally suggested. Whence arises the cause of this peculiarly national crime on the part of Americans? No sooner is the Sickles-and-Key tragedy judicially disposed of, than we have its counterpart in that of Thornton-and-Charless—how come such fearful acts so rife? Our answer is easy, and we believe it unmistakably correct. It is only necessary for the *high-spirited republican* to hurl forth an alleged grievance, at his victim, to be justified in, instantly, depriving him of life. In such cases, the deadly call of the revolver and the bloody gash of the bowie knife are regarded as mere matters of course, by that magnanimous people, each individual of which not only considers himself as good as *L. curgus*, or any other man that ever was or is, but believes himself, in his own person, equal to the duty of accuser, judge, jury and executioner. Hence your Mat. Wards—your Sickles—your Thorntons and a hundred others. Hence, too, in cases, the circumstances of which happen to jar against this people's *Notions*, the clamor for "Lynch law,"—hence the demand of the mob for Thornton, that they might administer summary vengeance upon him. They know, that, by a thousand precedents, they have established a law of impunity, for such offences as his. They happen, however, to be in the humor to make an exception to the practice in Thornton's crime, on account of its supposed *extra* atrocity. Let such a community know, however, that those who sow the wind must reap the whirlwind. If the administration of justice, in *nineteen cases out of twenty*, depends upon contingent influences with the executive—or, as may be, the social position, or political power of the criminal—it is absurdly ridiculous to be so nervously anxious about the merited fate of the unhappy *twentieth*. When *Fiat Justitia* is the invariable and impartial rule of the jury, the court and the executive—when gold and other potent protectives shall bend beneath the unbiased judicial award—then may that sense of justice, which is still left that people, and

occasionally shews itself, cease to be violated in the acquittals of the guilty—then shall the cry of "Lynch" cease against the unlucky and unpopular prisoner—and not till then can the citizens of the Great Republic, with all their fanfaronade about liberty and their free institutions, be considered a fit people for the peaceable and civilized to live among.

No Astonishment.

We clip the following remarks from our quantum contemporary the *Grouler*. We are not at all astonished when we consider who the individual is—a disgrace to his cloth and to everything pertaining to manhood. But we are astonished, that our highly-esteemed and worthy Sheriff, should so far forget himself as to allow the fellow to be on the platform—gloating as it were at the awful proceeding which was being enacted. The *man* is too well known to need further comment and we have much pleasure in endorsing the following:—

UNCEREMONIOUS CONDUCT.

Every one was struck with astonishment at the appearance of the High Constable, Mr. Smith, as he appeared on the platform, and from what we have known of that individual, we certainly expected better.—His farmer-looking garb, uncovered head during the ceremony, and occasional unickler at the bystanders was certainly inappropriate for so solemn an occasion, and in our eyes looked very unmannerly.

"Fiat Justitia est! Who!"

Can it be possible? Is it really true, that the gigantic, immaculate, austere, awe-striking, tremendous, formidable, desperate, furious, phrenetic, rampant Coun. McDowell, did, in divers ways, and against the peace of our Gracious Sovereign the Queen, threaten to circumvent, use up, shoot, assassinate, chaw up, and otherwise annihilate, with bludgeons, blunderbusses, bombshells, congreve rockets, grenades, Greek fire, grape shot, grid-irons, torpedoes, stink-pots, infernal machines, "Armstrong" guns, revolvers, pontoon bridges, redoubts, parallels, redans, whip-stocks, chair shot, caribines, fuzees, harguebuses, 112 pounders, bowie knives, stiletos, rapiers, tulwars, yatigans, sabres, cutlasses, boomerangs, swords, tomahawks, slung-shots, javelins and battering-rams, one of the *Grouler* men. Certainly some of the members of the Municipal body of this city must think they are a privileged few. While certain of them make By-Laws to profit by their own reserved right to break them—another one sets at defiance all precedent & all law, by threatening the life of a printer on one of our most public thoroughfares

O tempora! O mores! Will the voters of St. Andrew's Ward be always governed by the same inadvertency, in electing men to seats at the Council Board, who are not possessed of the simplest qualifications for so important a position? We will see whether they are or not. More anon.

As we are proceeding to press, a notice is placed in our hands, issued by the new Licence Inspector, Mr. J. E. Dallyn, cautioning all Tavern keepers to exhibit over the principal entrance, in large letters, the following words:—"Licenced to sell Wine, Beer, and other Spirituous Liquors." By force of circumstances, we combine with our editorial duties that of tavern keeper, and the 'principal entrance' to our premises is that of our stables. We wish to know if this will meet with the requirements of the law, and also if Chalk may be substituted for Paint. As the charges of writers in the latter are so exorbitant that in these hard times we should be glad to defer to the lawby exhibiting in chalk the required notice. Should any evil disposed person, or the Inspector, obliterate the same, we shall be glad to replace it. By the bye, are Wines and Beers Spirituous Liquors?

We have heard of several mean things lately, but out West they are beating us, an old friend of ours Tubby Baker, a Cooper, has complained sadly of the shaving and scraping practiced by his customers, instead of buying new Barrels but his disgust reached its acme the other day, when old Tom Grindhard the Brewer, brought him an old Buryhole to have a new Barrel made to it, he closed store next morning!

NEWS FOR THE LADIES.—The fourth annual meeting of the "National Dress-Reform Association" (Bloomerites) is to be held at Auburn, N. Y., on the 22nd 23rd of June.

A very good story was once told me about Curran and his Irish servant:—Curran once ordered a chicken for dinner, but found out to his surprise that it was minus a leg. The servant (who had taken a liking for the missing member) on being questioned, informed his master that chickens in that part had but one leg; as he could prove, if his master would go into the yard after dinner. He of course, found all the poultry roosting (as usual on one leg) when in half anger and half disgust at being made a fool of, he said at once "thuk!" when at once the birds sprang to their feet. Turning round to his servant, he said, now you fool you see they have two legs, yessir, replied the servant, but you did not say "thuk" to the bird on the table.

NOTICE.—Should the gentleman who visited a certain place on King William St. East, on Sunday night, and who got kicked out of doors, call at an office he knows of, he can have his hat, coat, and one boot— that is providing he promises us faithfully to pry for his ice-cream in future.—*Chalk*

[From the "Atlas."]

THE WAR,

It is becoming quite evident that Napoleon the III is not Napoleon the Ist. When the present Emperor set out from Paris to join the army in Sardinia, many were the predictions, among sanguine Frenchmen that they were about to witness a recurrence of those rapid marches and dashing victories that characterized the progress of the former Napoleon in his brilliant campaigns in northern Italy. Under such a name they naturally looked to such triumphs as Marengo and Lodi; and indulged their enthusiastic hopes to such an extent that they even went so far as to make preparations for celebrating a triumphant victory in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, even before the Emperor had reached the head quarters of his army. They have hitherto, however, been doomed to disappointment. The engagement of Montebello, which they at first attempted to exaggerate into the proportions of a great victory, has become "small by degrees and beautifully less," as the true facts of the encounter have come to light. It is now admitted that their loss on the occasion exceeded 1400 men, which is nearly double that of the Austrians, according to their official statement; indeed, as the London Times very justly remarks, they cannot afford another such victory. The only man that at present has shown enterprise and vigor is Garibaldi, who in 1849 headed the national party in Italy in its attempt to recover its liberty, and who was mainly put down by the bayonets of France. It seems strange that the power which eleven years ago was chiefly instrumental in crushing the attempt of the Italians to regain their freedom, should now go forth under the banner of liberty to restore to them that nationality which it formerly resisted. For ourselves we cannot believe in the disinterested motives of the French Emperor. After witnessing his prosecution of Montalambert, his subjugation of the Press, the recent spy system that he has introduced into Paris, and his other successful efforts to destroy liberty in his own country, we cannot avoid feeling the force of Tennyson's words—

"How should a despot set men free."

We shall watch the progress of events with great interest, but we should not be surprised if the scene of disorder which Napoleon has inaugurated in Southern Europe, should take a turn which he at present does not anticipate. It is not impossible that the antagonism of crowned heads may open up a new era in the liberties of Europe.

WEDDING EXTRAORDINARY.—On Easter Monday, a most extraordinary wedding took place at Salisbury, the bridegroom being a cattle dealer who had long resisted the fascinations of the gentle sex, but who sowed that if ever he did get married, he would ride to and from the church on a donkey. His friends kept him to his word, and when he resolved to visit the altar of Hymen, they provided no fewer than fifteen donkeys, that they might bear him company *en suite*. The ludicrous wedding procession, headed by a fife band, went the necessary rounds on Monday, and attracted the attention of considerable crowds.—*Blackburn Standard.*

The meanest man in the world lives in this city. He buttons his shirt with wavers; he looks at his money through a magnifying glass, because it causes a half dime to look like a quarter.

Which is the most likely epidemic to visit Hamilton this summer?

Water on the brain.

What kind of a butt have the Water Commissioners made of us?

A water-butt.

Why are the people of Hamilton like a shower of fish?

Because they were taken up in a water-spout, and are just taken down.

An absurd poet of modern days has made the remark,—"Bright things will never die." This is utterly false. A friend of ours, who latterly had a rich red head of hair, made an attempt to transform it into a pleasing brown with stupendous success. It was found to dye beautifully.

"HAVE you finished both those bottles of Port without assistance, Mr. Gulpitup?" inquired an indignant spouse. "No, my dear, I had the assistance of a bottle of Madeira," was the reply.

It is in vain to stick your finger in water, and after pulling it out, look for the hole.

A Coffin maker, having apartments to let, posted his bill, announcing the same, upon a coffin, "Lodgings for single gentlemen."

A FELON who wrote a wretched hand, and made almost as bad a fist at spelling and grammar, gave as an excuse for the deficiencies of his education, "that he never went to school but one afternoon, and then the master had gone a fishing."

W. H. POOLE, of Cambridge, relates a comical incident of a sailor dropping out of the rigging of a man-of-war, some fifteen or twenty feet, and fell plump on the head of the first lieutenant. "Wretch," said the officer, after she had gathered himself up, "where the deuce did you come from?" "An' sure, I came from the North of Ireland, yer honor."

TRACKERAY says a woman's heart is just like a lithographer's stone,—what is once written upon it can't be rubbed out. That is a fact. Let an heiress once fix her affections on a stable-boy, and all the argument in the world will not get her thoughts above oat-boxes and currycombs. "What is written on her heart can't be rubbed out." This fact shews itself not only in love, but in religion. Men change their views a dozen times; a woman never. To convert a Sister of Charity to Methodism would require a greater amount of power than you would require to overturn the pyramids.

THE POWER OF MUD.—The following appears as a sub-leader in the New Zealand Spectator:—"The theatres have been very meagrely attended, in consequence of the continuous drenching rains and the awfully muddy state of the beach. Churches, especially in the evenings, suffer from the same causes. One mustered a congregation last Sunday evening of 12, viz: a woman and a child. The clergyman, who takes all these things with the utmost good humor, cut down his sermon at once to suit his hearers, and in five minutes the assemblage were wading their way home to their respective places of abode."

After due reflection we have discovered why a sot is often called a drunken dog. It is because most dogs have a habit of getting "under the table."

Advertisements.

WANTED

TWO ACTIVE YOUNG MEN to act as waiters at a Picnic, to be given on the 18th instant. Applications will be received and arrangements made by Mr H-y, Freeman Block, John street, South, or Mr. Thos. K—, Merrick street, Royal Hotel Block. None need apply unless they can produce certificates as to their being Lady's men in every sense of the word. Members of the Methodist Church preferred.

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 VEPY 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, 1856.

HANGING GARDENS.

THE CONTEMPTIBLE DODGE RESORTED TO BY our city rulers to extort money from the keepers of this city, under false promise, as published in their license. By-law, has determined us to open Pleasure Gardens on the flat roof of our extensive stables in the Market Square, where refreshments will be furnished at all hours, and on all days save the Sabbath. Access to the roof, which is about one hundred and twenty feet square, can be had through the agency of a steam hoisting machine, so that no effort will be required on the part of visitors to gain our Hanging Gardens. We have the arrangements so complete, that the moment a spy or policeman takes his place on the platform, the chief line, which is self-acting, lifts him through a spring trap-door into the subterranean vaults of our extensive premises, where they will be likely to come in contact with the horns of several cows. Already our gardener is engaged in planting such flowers and shrubs as our great experience in horticulture has enabled us to select, and in a short time we hope to accommodate the public with a treat of so ordinary character. On Tuesday and Friday evenings our military companies intend giving entertainments in the shape of steam fights. This proceeding will be sanctioned by the Springs Brewery, Brass Band, Amusement free. Tickets must be obtained, however, before taking places in the aerial steam car, which is managed by a first class engineer. Choice liquors and cigars furnished, besides all the latest styles of summer drinks. The novelty of this design, it is expected, will attract immense crowds to the Gardens—we have therefore to request that visitors will not pluck the flowers, and "keep off the grass."

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.