

Chronicles and Curiosities.

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

VOL. I.—No. 16.

HAMILTON, C.W., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1859.

PRICE, THREE CENTS.

For the Chronicles and Curiosities.

A PEEP AT A PORTRAIT GALLERY.

On King Street West the place is found—
The hall is hung with portraits round—
The artist's name is G. S. Rice,
In "Chronicles" we've put him twice.

Renown'd he is for making pictures
Of Doctors, Jewellers, and Preachers;
Marks their fine traits, but not their coarse,
And that without the least remorse.

But painting being done to please
The rich, who're living at their ease,
We think it is no wonder, then,
He makes such pretty canvas-men.

First of the figures we remark,
Is one in Raphael's style, quite dark:
It is of General Washington,
Who boasts a nation for a son.

Next in the list is C—s L—l,
Who's known by every one quite well.
A priest that swaggers when he walks,
And looks so starchy when he talks.

We next observ'd that pompous Doctor,
Who some folks call a grave yard doctor—
Thornbrugh—be sure we never will
Such stuff believe, or doubt your skill.

Then Littlegrew, with tapering pate,
And Mrs. R., who looks first-rate;
In fact, they're all portrayed so well,
That which looks best I cannot tell.

One angel form in human guise,
Whose beauty dazzled both mine eyes,
There sat with seraph's smiling face,
While art did each fine feature trace.

Though words quite fail, I know that brush
Will truly paint the modest blush,
That played upon her lovely cheek,
And did of virtue plainly speak.

And if we e'er again shall meet,
That thou with smiles my presence greet,
And call me dearest of all men,
Is my fond wish, Miss Sarah N.

EZRA.

Hamilton, Feb. 14, 1859.

Written for Branigan's Chronicles and Curiosities.
To Miss Kitty Finger-out-of-the-pie.

SIR,—I do wish, that is, if *mon amie inconnue* (Kitty Finger-out-of-the-pie) is in any way obliging, she will change her *nom de plume*, as many of the readers of the Chronicles, in glancing carelessly over the names, think the two Kitties are one and the same person. I don't wish to take unmerited praise for anything—so Kitty Finger *out*, take the hint, and change your hand, fingers and all. I am confident that if you think over it, you will see the justness of my request. N. B.—A word is enough for a wise woman; so, believing you such, I leave the matter for your wise consideration. It would also delight me very much if you'd make that hateful old poke-nose, Mrs. Pipplewent, smell brimstone. The wicked virago! Guess what?—she actually called you a big, fat woman,

and, moreover, recommended you to hire the services of an organ-grinder and monkey. Now, then! Isn't that horrid! If I were you, if I would't transmogrify her into the middle of next week, its a caution to the Dutch. I'd give her scissors the old varmint.

KITTY FINGER-IN-THE-PIE.

Hamilton, Feb. 18, 1859.

For the Chronicles and Curiosities.

THE BACHELOR'S WOOING.

A cold wind in December blew
Adown the mountain side,
When an old bachelor went to woo
Young Maggie for his bride.

And tho' the night was cold and wet,
And slippery was the way,
Love's watchfire burned within his breast,
Which drove all care away.

He thought only of the Maggie
He would soon press to his breast.
But soon, alas! his highest hope,
Was dashed unto the dust.
For when he neared the cottage door,
His heart went pit-a-pat,
For something told him that he had
A rival for her heart.

When the cottage door was opened,
No welcome was for him—
A younger lover was beside her,
And his arm around her flung!

He stood and gazed upon them,
And mentally exclaimed,
"Maggie! thou'v been very false,
But I shall be revenged!"

K. O.

Hamilton, Feb. 14.

For Branigan's Chronicles.

Mr. Branigan.—I'm in the opposition. I'm opposed to the administration, I'm opposed to Geo. Brown & Co. I'm opposed to the city council. I'm opposed to the formation of a fire brigade. I'm opposed to everything in general, and the new license law in particular.—Aint times hard and shouldn't whiskey be cheap? What but the bad management of the city council has brought ruination upon us one and all? and now to cap the climax they propose to put us on short allowance of grog! Shame on them! In my opinion, Mr Curiosity, the council ought to ordain free traffic in "ardents," and establish, in conjunction with the soup houses, free dram shops for the million! Would'nt that "make the heart of man glad," and make the elections of every mother's son of them dead sure, for all time?—Now my plan would be, to establish on the industrial farm a big distillery, piggery, and stump-tailed cow-swill-slop feedery, together with a mammoth Soup Kettle, sufficient to fill the water reservoir at one stew—then, as the water works, reservoirs, distributing

pipes and all, will never in all probability be put to their proper use, they could be advantageously used to distribute the proceeds of the establishment, at the other municipal folly, the industrial farm.—Let the first run, say from 6 to 10 o'clock, unadulterated "stump tail," for children, and the host, who, from long fasting, cannot stand heartier food.—The second run, from 11 to 3, soup for the million, and for the convenience of those who have no homes to take it to, a trough might be erected from the old methodist church on King Street East, to the cemetery, without the least inconvenience to business.—The last run should then commence as soon as possible and continue till the supply was exhausted, of good whiskey, "slightly" diluted at first, as it might prove too exhilarating for weak stomachs, and tapering off on the last half hour with a little of the aristocracy and officials, and other regular toppers.—Magnificent scheme, is it not?—Fountains of milk, soup & oh-bejoyful! Twelve hundred thousand dollars worth of Water Works, and an Industrial Farm, could not surely be put to better use. Mr. Curiosity, I wish you to lay this grand idea before the Council, thro' the medium of your excellent journal, and if approved, I will draw it up more in detail, asking no compensation beyond the privilege of sending for a little of the "last run." A. K.

To the Editor of the Chronicles and Curiosities.

At a meeting of about thirty young ladies, held at O—k Hall, on Tuesday evening the 8th inst., after Miss H—n, of the Terrace, was voted into the chair, and Miss C—e A. S—n was requested to act as Secretary, the following resolutions were adopted:—

"That this meeting accept Mr. —, as a ladies' man."

"That this meeting condemns the course pursued by Mr. Branigan's correspondents in using so freely the name of the gentleman of their choice."

A committee of six young ladies was then appointed to wait upon Mr. —, and sympathize with him.

The above resolutions were carried, only one little girl dissenting. Yours, &c.,
C—e A. S—n, Sec'y.

How were the Brown-Dorion Ministry like a thunderstorm in spring? It was the meeting of opposite elements—causing a great flash, loud grumbling, a heavy promising rain, and lasted only a few hours.