

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