

For the Chronicles and Curiosities.

TO HENRY McKINSTRY, Esq.

DEAR HENRY,—So you really did give Georgiana the mitten—Oh dear, how excessively delighted I was, almost beyond the power of expression, when I heard that you actually had given her a peremptory refusal. Of course—I knew you had better sense than to accept that old thing. The idea of an old maid like her offering her heart and hand to a man who feels (I don't say is) as young as any man of Twenty-five. I declare it is sufficient to make one indignant even to think of it. I won't sympathize with her a bit, she deserved the disappointment, she might have known if she possessed one atom of sense, that you would never receive her old heart or accept her older hand as long as such a pretty girl as Kitty stood in the road. Humph! She'll know better next time than to be sticking up for "the uppermost seat in the synagogue." Oh my gracious! I forgot to introduce myself—of course you will very naturally say, who are you? Well, I'm Kitty—pretty well accomplished, and when I'm out of my teens—which important event will transpire four years hence—will consider myself quite competent to take upon myself the title of Lady Mayoress and all the attending responsibilities therewith—I'm real goodlooking—Oh such a sweet little mortal—you positively can't imagine—altogether the reverse of that hateful Georgiana both in manner and appearance—fact now—there's no perceptible danger but that, "I'll choose me.—And, Oh man alive, wont we cut a swell round town after the deed has been consummated? Whew! Recollect you must purchase a magnificent span of greys (not any of Tom's relations,) and if we don't cause a sensation that'll beat the Dutch, I'll give up.

"Oh," folks will say—"there's Henry McKinstry, Esq., and his beautiful bride—of course they wont apply the term "beautiful," to both of us—they'll greatly mistake—And just imagine what a scene of hair-pulling, nose-pulling, face-scratching there will be. Mac is lost to them forever. Only think of all the maledictory epithets they will be heaping on my head. But we wont care, will we? Of course not, Humph! And now to wind up, let me entreat of you to put out a by-law forbidding all the other old batchelors of wearing fur caps similar to your own—I sometimes mistake one of them for your most worshipful self—Oh dear! Dont forget the greys—recollect the conspiracy—and above all remember to fall in love with—Kitty. And now, friend Terry, I imploringly appeal to you to do your utmost for me, for I am confident, if you put in a good word for me, I will win the day.

KITTY FINGER-IN-THE-PIE.

Hamilton Feb, 1859.

For Branigan's Chronicles.

Dear Sir,—Who is that Kitty Finger in the pie? She is remarkably impudent. I never saw her, but I'll bet my "mittens" that she is as ugly as sin. She thinks herself wonderful smart, but other people don't,—I, especially. However, I might like her if I knew her; come Kit, shew yourself.

Hamilton, Feb. 14.

MR. MITTENS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JUNUS, JR.—The letter is received, and shall appear in due season.

MARY.—The young gentleman has lately decamped for parts unknown.

TOM.—You labor under a mistake in attributing to the person named the productions of "Kitty."

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 aught in malice."
—SHAKESPEARE.

HAMILTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 19, 1859

THE LICENSE INSPECTOR.

No sooner had the Council decided upon approving of a good and worthy citizen to be the Inspector of Licenses for the current year, than out comes the *Times* with a tirade of abuse and personality against Mr. Austin, the man judiciously chosen to fill that responsible office. It comes with a very bad grace from the Dodger—who is at the bottom of it all—to talk of summonses and writs, and non-payment of taxes; a man who has taken precious good care to put that worthless article called property out of his hands on well-known questionable pretexts. Mr. Austin, like many others in town, has had his disappointments and misfortunes, and behaved alike honorable through all his vicissitudes, which is more than can be claimed for the Dodger; and a newspaper, making even a slight show of respectability, might look out for more potent assumptions than the deficiency in punctuality of paying overdue taxes, to meet out unwarrantable slar.ter upon a worthy and extensively respected citizen. The public will hardly credit the fact, that the day the article alluded to appeared, the gas company's agent was refused permission to remove the metre from the street office. What could that mean? Why, it looks very much like a direct refusal, or inability, to pay a long overdue gas account! What, then, is the next move of the gas company? It employs men to cut up the street opposite that office for the purpose of shutting off all further communication by that establishment from the main pipe. Will the *Times*, under these, if not dishonest, yet very humiliating circumstances, come out and abuse the gas company and try to attach public odium to it for the transaction? No; that it dare not do; but it could descend to the pitiable meanness of attacking an individual, publicly and worthily chosen to fill a responsible office, apparently for no other reason than that he was behind in his taxes! Out upon the cowardliness of such conduct.

ALDERMAN ROACH.

It is not perhaps generally known that Mr. Ambridge and Mr. White have lately been making themselves officious in matters concerning one of the Aldermen of St. Mary's Ward.—From private pique and disappointment, these gentlemen conceived the unworthy idea of ousting Mr. Roach from his seat in the Council, upon the plea that the said gentleman held a hotel license. Whereupon a writ of disqualification was issued, and served, alas, too late to take effect this year. Had Mr. Roach been a nonentity and glaringly worthless as a civic magistrate, there might have been some excuse for taking this step,

probably the thanks of the community might have been hinted at. But when Mr. Ambridge and Mr. White tried their hands upon perhaps the most attentive, indefatigable, and efficient member at the Council Board, a burst of indignation rose up against them that they will not soon forget. The gentlemen named have long been famous for their professions of economy; and to put the city to the expense of a new election, does not tally with the expressed sentiments of these Grit economists.—If they had been successful in this dodge, there would be no knowing where or when the expense would end—St. Mary's being to a man determined that no other should represent them. The ratepayers in this ward know when they have a good representative, and they also know how to retain him.

"MAKING THE WILDERNESS BUD AND BLOSSOM AS THE ROSE."

In our peripatations the other day, in quest of curiosities, we strolled towards the mountain's base, in the neighbourhood of the grounds and residence of J. M. Williams, Esq. The air was warm and pleasant, and came laden to our olfactories with odoriferous fragrance. In our anxiety to discover the flowers that kissed it, we sauntered through the grounds until we came upon the object of our search—a green-house—filled with the choicest flowers and roots. In compliance with Mr. Peach, the gardener's, kind invitation to inspect the collection under his culture, we entered, and must confess, that the contents of Mr. Williams' green-house are not surpassed for variety and thriftiness of appearance by any other that we know of in this locality.—Having devoted the early part of our life to the study and practice of Horticulture, we may be pardoned for assuming the position of a connoisseur in this particular science.—but whether we be or not, we have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Williams may well be proud of his gardener, for he has certainly made the "wilderness to bud and blossom as the rose." When we reflected that only a few years since, this very spot was densely studded with forest trees, we were forcibly struck with the agreeable change which the untiring hand of science had effected. The plants which most took our fancy were different species of Cineraria; Begonia; Primula Senensis, or Chinese Primrose; Lilly of the Nile; Heath; Aliason, or Grand de Flora; Cufee; Fuchsias; Oleander; Ivy Geranium; and Strawberry plants, bearing fruit. After admiring these, and many other choice Specimens, we were shown by Mr. Peach a very tastefully constructed house, in miniature, which, when finished, is to be surrounded by the necessary grounds, shrubbery, &c. It is the workmanship of the gardener, and gives evidence of considerable genius and taste. In another year or so, Mr. Williams intends replacing his present residence, which is comfortable and picturesque, with one of more substantial and abiding material. By the time this can be accomplished, his grounds will be unexcelled for beauty and elegance, by any attached to the many delightful villas for which our city is becoming noted.