

Hamilton, April 1st, 1859.

To the Editor of the *Chronicles & Curiosities*.

DEAR SIR,—

Having heard of your willingness to do all that you possibly can to ameliorate the condition of this, our ambitious city. I have ventured to trouble you with the following project, and bespeak for it your kind consideration, sincerely trusting that you will do all in your power to bring it to maturity.

There has been felt for a long time past, the necessity—amongst all classes—of forming an Association whose chief object and great aim would be to interfere and meddle with other people's business as much as possible; and the members of the Association would require to give their almost undivided attention to the affairs of other people, barely leaving time to attend to their own business.

The name of the Association, might, I think, very properly be: "The Hamilton poke your nose into other peoples' business Association."

I will now briefly explain what would be the necessary qualification for persons desirous of becoming members. He must be able to play the spy upon the actions of his fellow citizens, report their sayings and doings to his *patron*—whoever that may happen to be; and if any of his *friends* are taken ill, kindly enquire of the doctor concerning their health, gently insinuating that they probably take a little too much of the *cratur*—and in fact carry all sorts of tales to those who are anxious to hear them. Another indispensable qualification would be, that he should be able to dominate over, bully and abuse, those whom he may consider are placed by providence in an inferior position to his own; but those who are elevated in the social scale, and blessed with this world's goods in abundance, he must be prepared to kiss even the very ground on which they tread, and consider nothing too mean to do in their service.

Now after all these (as you will doubtless agree with me in considering them) necessary qualifications to ensure membership, you will very naturally wish to know when the Association is to be formed, and how long it will be before it goes into operation.

There is just now one rather serious difficulty in the way, and it is, that we (for there are a number of citizens ready to become members,) are in want of a suitable person to take the office of managing director. His salary would be nil, as the honor of conducting the business of such an association, would be ample compensation to the most avaricious. He would require to provide his own office, and furnish it suitably with bed, chairs, cooking

stove, etc., and in short everything that might be required to render himself comfortable. His meals would have to be taken in his office, and he would generally have to provide for his dinner, two turkeys, ham, tongue, and anything else the most fastidious epicure could desire; for it must be obvious even to the most careless mind, that if the affairs of the association are not watched over with the greatest vigilance, there would be great danger of the member becoming lax in the performance of their duties, and actually attending to their own business, a thing not to be thought of for a moment. Now, Sir, where can we get such a man for managing director. There's J—d—h G—the very person we want, and one pre-eminently qualified to undertake the arduous duties, of such a responsible position; besides has he not taken a grand house at the very edge of the mountain, where he would only need to erect a large telescope, and he could then at a single glance scrutinize the doings of every citizen.

Mr. Editor, won't you second our endeavors, and prevail upon him to accept the office. He may tell you that he has more important business on his hands, and from all I hear, he has—trying to provide our Mayor with a better-half; and really the way in which father-in-law, brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law, in prospective, stick to the chief magistrate, it is very evident they are determined that he shall not give them the slip. I think sir, you will agree with me that our Mayor had better get his May-ness at once, and leave his father-in-law to attend to the duties of Managing Director of the Poke-your-nose-into-other-peoples-business Association, to which office we the members of the said Association will unanimously elect him with shouting and great joy.

I am,

Yours, very truly,

X. Y. Z.

For the *Chronicles and Curiosities*.

"To Grouler, doth ye Critic,"

DEAR MR. BRANIGAN,—

It is really laughable to the readers of the *Grouler*, to see the attempts, made by the editor of that sheet, to "break you down." He has now tried all the means available; and then he must turn critic, and charge you with plagiarism, in order to make you appear small in the eyes of your readers. In his attempt last week, he has neither shown the wit of Ben. Jonson, nor the canting of Jeffrey. That you have been guilty of the charge, on a small scale, I will not deny; for it is done occasionally by every journal in the world; but I think it comes with a very bad grace from the *Grouler*, who gives more stolen articles to its readers than any paper of the kind ever published. In its first issue, it treated its patrons to four columns of a witty article, entitled "Doesticks at Niagara;" and people, who knew no better, gave the *Grouler* credit for it. Now, it is well

known, that that article is but slightly altered from an old threadbare story that went the rounds of the press some two years ago, called "Doesticks on Lager Beer." Leaving out a few old anecdotes, he next gives his "Feline Extravaganza," and that, every one knows, he stole from the *New York Clipper*. Then comes the anecdote of the Irishwoman, and the city poultry dealer's "Broad Faced Owl," which might have been seen in *Yankee Notions* some four years ago. No one need be surprised at these statements; for with a revival of trade and good times, they may certainly expect to find in the columns of the *Grouler*, a revival of old hackneyed stories.

Yours, &c.,

PLUFF.

[We insert your letter; and feel obliged for the good feeling you display. We were not aware of the piracies to which you refer, as we never read the insignificant sheet in which they were published—Ed.]

To the Editor of the *Chronicles*.

"Dost thou think because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale."

Among the many queer things transacted in this most queer city, nothing strikes a man of common sense, more than the absurdity of the "Sparting Club," which may be seen and heard on the market steps every Sunday afternoon.

Their text—total abstinence—is without doubt, excellent in its place. No thinking man will dispute its beneficial effects; nor will any deny the innumerable ills induced by intemperance. But granting all these incontrovertible facts, the method adopted by the said Club is anything but advantageous to their cause. The general principles of Temperance, none can gainsay; but when its allottates descend to individual examples, the purity of their motives may well be doubted.

Take for example the ranting bundle of nonsense that issued from a green son of St. Crispin, last Sunday, stigmatizing the "Black Horse," as a resort for blackguards and rowdies; Long John's, as a den of robbers; and *Martin Murray's* (probably the best conducted Saloon in Hamilton) as still worse. Such language, to say the least of it, is *ungentlemanly*, and (if the party expressing it were worth prosecuting) imprudent.

The cause of Temperance can be well served without personal abuse; and if the present style of oratory is persisted in, the real friends of Temperance will, without doubt, have cause to exclaim, "save us from my friends."

VENDEZ.