

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."