

A POLL, AND A POLE MEETING!

To be held on Wednesday 16th and Thursday 17th instant between the hours of 9 a. m. and 5 p. m.

A Barber's Pole,

WELL SOAPED AND WELL SOFT-SODERED

Will be stuck up in front of the Savings Bank. Its crest will be ornamented by a huge Loaf, stamped

HUGH C. BAKER,

The loaf is to be well filled with Currency Notes, as a prize to any voter, who will devote himself to the task of climbing to the top of the pole, eat the crust and pocket the tin, without Dodging or claiming the aid of father Adam, or a rickety railway Brydges.

All parties willing to make the attempt must be householders of 6 months standing, or paying rent to the amount of £7 10 currency. They must wear the Great Western uniform, or agree to do so for the future, and enter their names at the Canada Life Assurance Company daily, between the above named hours.

Hamilton, 14th Dec., 1857.

N. B.—Renegade Sepoys will be heartily welcomed, and be permitted to climb the pole in their linen Dickies and drawers, the time being too short to dress them in Great Western habits.

For further particulars, apply at the "Banner office"; at the Hugo Baking establishment; at Billings-gate; or at Brown's pump, King street.

A SCENE FROM HAM-LET.

SCENE 1ST.

BUCK ANN ANN—"Something is rotten at the Railway D. pot."

Enter Ghost and, Ham-Let

HAM—"Whither wilt thou lead me?—Speak I'll go no further."

GHOST OF BRIDGES—"Mark me."

HAM—"I will."

GHOST OF BRIDGES.— My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

HAM.— Alas poor ghost!

SCENE 2ND.

A Meeting of Directors.

GHOST OF BRIDGES.—"Honorable Sirs, I will most humbly take my leave of you."

CHAIRMAN—"You cannot, Sir, take from us anything that we will more willingly part withal."

(Exit Ghost)

The Busy B's.

How do the busy little B's
Waste all their shining hours;
By spreading calumnious reports,
Against I. B. of ours!

Mr. Brydges in favor of Mr. Buchanan's plan,

See Spectator Editorial, 1 Sep., 1856—written during Mr. B's absence in England, with the object of securing the Southern Road for the G. W. R. R., in which effort he was joined by the unanimous voice of the citizens of Hamilton.

And Mr. Zimmerman denounces it, as merely a SCHEME for the aggrandisement of Hamilton!

* * * * But the opponents of the scheme are not satisfied to await the result, and must needs keep up the excitement, in order, if possible, to throw discredit on the whole movement. In this they will be mistaken, however, for public opinion is fast gaining ground in its favor, and to this end the last letter of Mr. Brydges has contributed not a little. The erroneous impression that the Managing Director was opposed to any scheme for the amalgamation of the Southern line with the Great Western, has been removed by the letter in question, and the only objection urged by Mr. Brydges is against the mode in which the scheme has been attempted to be carried out. He distinctly avows that it would be to the interest of the Great Western Company to make its double line along the Southern road, instead of along their existing track, but favors the idea of forming a junction with the Great Western at Chatham, instead of continuing the road on to Amherstburg. This is an important admission in favor of Mr. Buchanan's scheme, and the only difference between the Managing Director and Mr. Buchanan would appear to be as to the method the latter gentleman has adopted of obtaining the control of the Southern Railway. This much admitted, the dispute rests solely between Mr. Buchanan and the Zimmermannites, the latter arguing strongly that the sole aim of the scheme is to aggrandize Hamilton at the expense of the rest of the Western peninsula. Capital, Hamiltonians! now tell us, who is your friend and who your foe? Was Zimmerman's opinion a good one, if so, Mr. Buchanan is the man for Galway!

**WARNING
TO
VOTERS.****The Vision of Jack Appl-g-rth's Ghost.**

The ghost of Jack A— came in at night,
And he looked with a grin at the Bakerite,
And said, Hugh C. Baker I know you too well,
And many a sad trick of you could I tell.

Oh! could I but cross the River Styx,
My story would you quickly fix,
For though you boast of your high descent,
You think far more of your cent per-cent.
I once was a miller and lived by my toll,
Till you swallowed me up, mill, body and soul,
You proffered me friendship, you promised me aid,

And don't you remember how often you said,
That if I would enter your Building Society,
I'd find it was nothing but Justice and Piety.
We were both Tories, and often repeated,
That Church and State Union the Nation still needed.

But now you are Radical, Rebel or Grit,
Or anything else your supporters think fit.
I was caught in your web like a poor simple fly,
Like a venomous spider you left me to die.

MORAL.

Then down with the Viper, for all of you can,
And vote for BUCHANAN for he is the man.

DRUM, VERSUS TRUMPET.
The Loafite War Shout.
The Sepoy War Shout.
A drum, a drum, The Sepoys come!
A crumpe, a crumpe, the Bakers stomp it!

SILK UMBRELLAS!
It was remarked on the nomination day, that the Canadian Sepoys were almost all of them armed—with silk and cotton umbrellas, whilst the Loafites had scarcely a tile amongst them. Their general, Baker, was almost the only man who wore his beaver up!