

BAKER'S DEFEAT.

It fell on nomination day,
 When the voters mustered early,
 That a rabble rout from the Railway shops
 Came to bully the electors fairly.

They marched them along through the public streets,
 With the Dodger for their leader,
 Nor stopped, but to liquor, till they came to the place
 Where the people were assembled together.

Now the people were true to Isaac, their chief,
 And hated the traitorous Baker,
 Who tried to sell their dear-bought rights
 To a haughty Railway Dictator.

And this rabble came, by Brydges' command,
 The rights of the people to trample;
 But the people were strong, and asserted their rights,
 And of Baker they made an example.

They voted him down with his Railway crew,
 And they whipped him off the hustings;
 So his partizans cleared as fast as they could,
 To the Rum Shop of R. C. Buscombe.

This Brydges and Baker were drawn by the crowd,
 Who from men had been changed into donkeys;
 And the people saw and looked on with disgust,
 Crying, "There go the Railway flunkies!"

This Baker and Brydges they spouted them hoarse,
 With slanders and lies on Buchanan,
 And the whiskey they poured down the rabble's throats,
 For they thought they could win them by gammon.

But the people said nay, with a terrible shout,
 When the day had arrived for the polling;
 And Buchanan went in, and Hugh C. was left out,
 With his friend, C. J. Brydges, condoling!

The Bakerites' Warning!

Prognosticating their fate at the Coming Contest.
 O, Baker, O, Baker beware of the day
 When Isaac shall meet thee in battle array;
 When the outraged electors shall rush to the Poll,
 To rescue their City from Great Western control;
 When the people of Hamilton rise in their might,
 To crush the vile Compact and vote for the right;
 To scatter the Cabal aspiring to power,
 And destroy all their schemes of a month in an hour!
 Then to Parliament, never, you'll go by the track;
 Of the Great Western Road, with its funds at your back;
 Then down with thy Brydges, ere yet you have crossed,
 Thy Captain so Gray in obscuro tossed,
 Thy Kerrs, Browns and Malcomsons vanquished in fight,
 Thy Worthingtons, Worthless, in every man's sight;
 Thy Richards and Olivers sunk in dejection,
 Thy Bishop gone back to his privy inspection!
 Thy Sadler his "brothers" of "colour" will shun,
 And Ford with his foul mouth and gut like a tun,
 Shall retire for a time to recruit his digestion,
 And confess himself sound on the roasted "goose question";
 Thy Banner that so flauntingly floats to the breeze,
 Thy Banner the Bailiff shall ruthlessly seize;
 Thy lies and thy slanders unblushingly told,
 Shall recoil on thy partizans seventy fold;
 And where will thy Jason be! whether thy Young!
 Thy Davidson, Mason, McMillan and Gunn!
 Gone! gone like th' exploded "Ontario Marine!"
 Or knocked into fits by th' "Stone Dressing Machine!"
 The small fry of the party, 'twere needless to name,
 Such as Tim, Dan, and Buscomb, and Councillor Graham,
 What matter to them though you do loose the day,
 If they get what they're working for—rations and pay;
 Then woe to the Bakerites! woe to their Lord!
 For higher than Haman with a "loop line" for cord,
 They'll hang him, who dared their prosperity ban,
 And his prospects politic eternally damn!
 But for Isaac, hurrah! at the head of the Poll
 They'll place him, and then shall, the proud muster roll
 Of Electors of Hamilton, prove that the right
 Has triumphed o'er factiousness, venom and spite;
 That Baker in Parliament never can sit,
 While the city has freedom, and the citizens wit.

An Important Query.

"I. B. or not I. B.?" that is the question.
 Echo, at the corner of Court House square replies—"I. B.!"

THE HAMILTON B'S.

says Brydges to Baker,
 "That Southern road maker,
 That Isaac we all most oppose,
 As I am no voter,
 But a Great Western stoker,
 Isaac ne'er shall lead us by the nose!"

Says Baker to Brydges
 "What you want friend, I think is
 One like me that can Isaac's Goose bake;
 If the shareholders stump up,
 And slander, and lie up
 Then the Devil old Isaac shall take!"

Says Billings the Doctor—
 That horrid concoctor
 Of gruel, quinine, and blue pills—
 "Old Isaac, the Sapoy,
 We must settle or destroy
 Naught like nightshade to close up his gills!

Brydges, Billings and Baker
 With a known undertaker,
 Dodger Grey he that sports his five T's—
 Got a rotten old Banner,
 That was put to the hammer,
 To print all the Lixs that we see!

Great Things and Great Gunns!

We have great Shsnties—great Loco-
 motives—great Cars—great Steamers—
 great Statesmen—great Hotels—great
 Bars—great Busses—great Brydges, great
 Bakers—great Sad-liars, and a great many
 very great things.
 But where is the Hamilton great Gunn?

SHOWING THEMSELVES AT LAST.

WHAT ABOUT THE "SERVOIS?"
 The meeting at the Anglo American Hotel,
 of Mr. Baker's friends, was indeed an extraor-
 dinary affair. The faithful were marshalled
 by a band of music, a torch-light procession,
 and the firing of crackers to gather the boys.
 At the meeting, strange as it may appear
 in the face of the many contradictions given
 to the statement that the Great Western Com-
 pany were interfering in favor of Mr. Baker,
 we regret to say that C. J. Brydges, Esq.,
 Managing Director, supported by Mr. Stephens,
 Secretary, R. Jason, Esq., John Young, Esq.,
 Directors of the Great Western Railway, and
 the staff of the Board were in attendance at the
 meeting!

ALL HOT, ALL HOT, ALL HOT.

Muffins, Tarts and Crumpets done to a
 T. at the great Baking establishment, close
 to the Shaving Shop.

The Globe's Honest and Independent Editor.

HAMILTON ELROTON, AS DESCRIBED IN
 THE "GLOBE.—We regret to hear that
 they are not to have the able assistance of
 the Banner newspaper in the contest, the
 honest and Independent Editor, Mr. Mac-
 Kinnon, having retired from it yesterday,
 in consequence of the change in the
 management.

EHRR, POSTHUMIUS! POSTHUMIUS!!

YE BAKERITES BY NAME,

In imitation of ROSKAT BUANA, by one burning with indignation.

I.
 Ye Bakerites by name, give an ear, give an ear;
 Ye Brydgesites by name, give an ear;
 Ye Brownites by name,
 Your Lies I will proclaim
 Your slanders I maun blame
 You shall hear.

II.
 What is right and what is wrang, by the laws,
 What is right, and what is wrang by the laws!
 What is right and what is wrang!
 A vile tongue, and a lang,
 To scatter 'masgat the thrang
 Ye black crews!

III.
 Then let your schemes alone, for the state,
 for the state;
 Then let your schemes alone for the state!
 Leave the state—or be undone
 Vote for the rising sun
 And leave Brydges alone
 To his fate.

Nursery Rhymes for the Election.

Baker, Baker, Baker, man
 How much now do you owe,
 To Brydges and Brown, as the Banner tells
 And to Dodger Grey also!

Pona, Pontis a Brydge, rode a horse tall—
 Pona, Pontis a Brydge, got a great fall!
 The Great Western road, with all their men
 Can't set Pona Brydge on his hobby again.