

It will be seen from the following who was thought the directing mind at the opening of the Railway.

THE IRON AND THE FIRE.

Written on the opening of the Eastern Section of the Great Western Railroad
1st November, 1853,

AND RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO
ISAAC BUCHANAN, ESQ.,
CITY OF HAMILTON.

Hurrah, for the straight, hard Iron road !
For the fire-horse swift and strong !
Hurrah for the pond'rous chariot-train
That fleetly speeds along ! [dale,
Through wood and wild—through hill and
Past Hamlet, hut, and hall,
The sporting fire-horse flies apace,
With a swift adieu to all,

Trees, rocks, and streams seem darting past
Like shadows on the wind—
The earth itself is rushing on,
To recede, fast, behind !
Away ! away bounds the mighty steed,
While wondering crowds admire,
And, breathless, gaze on the fearful force
Of iron moved by fire.

The horse—the horse of our grandfathers days,
With bones and muscles strong—
And the camel tall and the elephant,
Could drag huge loads along ;
But the iron-horse, from the hand of man,
Impelled by mind and steam,
Whirls mountain chariots through the air
With the swiftness of a dream !

Speed on, strong horse ! with thy tidings glad,
Through wood and wild, speed on—
Then bear'st abroad in triumph now,
The conquest mind has won !—
The marvels, mysteries, magic, spells,
Of a darker, bygone day,
Before the fact of the iron horse
Must quickly pass away—

And fleet and far o'er the Iron road
Strong thoughts shall soon be borne,
To burst the bondsman's irksome chain,
And blast the tyrant's scorn ;
Intelligence, and power, and peace,
As the Maker, God, designed,
Like a rainbow wreath shall gird the earth,
As the heritage of mind.

Land of the wood, and ocean lakes—
Of the wild beast's dark abodes !
Land where the shirtless savage raved
Wild mummeries to his gods !—
Land of the savage now no more !
Blest, peaceful, prosperous land !
Thy wealth and freedom are secured
By a massive Iron band !

The red man's murderous bow—
His flimsy bark canoe—
His frantic worship—war whoop wild
And nostrums not a few—
From Art and Commerce fled away,
Yielded to mental force ;
And Science now, on her Iron road,
Sends forth her iron-horse.

Hail, Canada ! Thy fame, in part,
Is shadowed here to-day,
When sounds the steam-car's whistle loud
Round our commercial Bay,
And hark ! the whistle sounds again ;
Crowds press, with keen desire,
To witness mind's stupendous power
In iron and in fire.

METTLE versus NETTLE.

Touch it gently, stroke a nettle
And it stings ye, for your pains ;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft, as silk, remains.

A WELLINGTONIAN SPEECH.

Field Marshall Isaac, after addressing his Sepoys and the Bakerites in a most eloquent speech, concluded his address with the following :

"Sepoys and Loafers, one word and I have done. It does not depend upon me to prevent being slandered and spoken ill of ; it is only in my power that it be not done deservedly."

DICK

This illustrious orator purposes issuing a volume of orations, to be published at the *Banner* office, as soon as Tom Gray and Bill Nicholson can settle the pending question of disputed possession. Dick's orations have been pronounced by experienced Physicians to be the most potent Soporifics yet introduced, and mothers will do well to procure a copy of the book, as by reading a single harangue they can still the noisiest brat in the family, and make him as mum as a Bakerite, after the second day's polling !

Enormous Lying of Mr. Baker's Friends.

"Twasslander filled her mouth with lying words
Slander the foulest whelp of Sin. The man
In whom this Spirit entered was undone—
His tongue was set on fire of Hell ; his heart
Was black as death ; his legs were faint with heat
To propagate the lie his soul had framed,
His pillow was the peace of families
Destroyed, the sigh of innocence reproached,
Broken friendships, and the strife of brotherhood.
Yet did he spare his sleep, and hear the clock
Number the midnight watches, on his bed
Devising mischief more ; and early rose,
And made most hellish meals of good men's
names"

One would think that the above had been composed expressly for the Hamilton election. The "*Banner*" of the foe ought to have the following words, printed in huge letters on its cotton folds.
"The Flag that braves ten thousand lies
And feels not ill at ease!"

Mr. Baker's Politics.

Notwithstanding the full discussion of the principles of the respective candidates, it is yet a matter of doubt of what Mr. Baker's politics are made up. We take it, however, that he goes strictly on *principal*, and that his interest in any given question can always be calculated by so much *per cent*.

THE LAST RUSE OF BAKER.

"Tis the last Ruse of Baker, left standing alone,
All his long requisition, now scattered and gone ;
No man of his kidney, no shaver is nigh
To help him along, or to give sigh for sigh.

BAKER'S DREAM.

Buchanan, some say, dreamed a dream ;
And so did Baker it doth seem ;
Baker thought he was with Pharaoh—
'Twas no such thing, he was with Cere-Oh !

He says that Isaac had for treasons,
"Seventy-five thousand golden reasons"—
For Isaac found no "Railway bog,"—
'Tis Brydges wants to go the whole-hog !

Now Baker thought he was returned—
His dough, like his ambition burned,
'Twas but a Danam, as you shall see
He'll never be an M. P. !

In an uneasy chair he slept ;
An eye to Number one he kept ;
This modern Cyclops—once a Tory
Shall be the hero of our story.

He spied Sir Isaac, Southern liner,
And he, alas, Great Western fier
With Brydges thought to catch the fishes !
But all they got, were empty dishes !

The trout he said, were much too cunning,
To keep the Southern Line from running ;
A Rae exclaimed—"too well I knew them"—
They spurn'd the crumbs the Baker threw
[em.

"I am ! and there is none but me,"
Cried Brydges, "as you soon shall see :—
Will Isaac ever stir a peg,
To hatch this Golden Southern egg ?"—

"Yes !" cried a Western trout—"he will ;
And what is more, our bellies fill !—
Your doom is seal'd—Go, and bewail
At Isaac you'll, no longer RAIL !

A SAD LIE.

Charlie Sadlier cannot condescend to apologize to his "coloured brethren" for the liberty he took with some of their names the other night at the Court House.—Charlie has cooked his goose more ways than one during the last few weeks, and he may think himself fortunate if his Baker has not *overdone* one nice little tit bit with which he hoped to tickle his palate some fine morning !

A Baker in a Well in search of Truth !

Ding, dong, dell
Bakers' in the well !
Who sent him down ?
Adam Skinfint Brown !
Who'll pull him out ?—
No Sepoy scout !
These let him LIZ,
White Truth will cry
Oh ! fie !

"Better half a Loaf than no Bread."

Such is the old proverb, and the present Railway officials with some of their hangers-on, including the Dodger, know very well that should they now lose their Baker their bread will soon follow ! No wonder they cling to the dough !