

TO THE WORKING MEN OF HAMILTON.

Ye who in your sweat and labour, daily win your daily bread,
Listen unto me. Your neighbour, listen—though I do upbraid,
More in sorrow, than in anger, yet in bitterness of heart
Weeping when I see a Brother act a mean and slavish part.
Ye have ta'en the yoke upon you—Meekly bow'd your heads, and then,
Stooping, to be beasts of burden, Who will care to call us men.
Oh! my Brothers ye have taunted, mock'd, and jeer'd, in face of heaven,
Mock'd and scorn'd the gift of freedom, God to us in love had given.

Who dares scorn the swarthy forehead, who dares taunt the horny hand;
Thay, have ever been the glory; strength and sinew of the land,
While in honesty of purpose, nobly daring to be free
With our strong right arm we win us—the best gifts of Liberty,
Liberty of thought and action, Liberty of heart and brain.
These once yielded, tell me Brother, what is worthy to retain.
Lost to manhood, lost to freedom, cowering hounds and whining slaves,
Better that our name should perish, better far, be in our graves.

Wherefore, did God give us reason 'heads to think and hearts to feel,
Surely not that we should cast them 'neath the tyrant's iron heel,
Wherefore, taught he this petition—"Give us this day our daily bread,
But that we might well consider, by whose hand we are cloth'd and fed;
Out upon you God despisers, ye have put your trust in men,
But when tribulation cometh—will they know or help you then,
No! for this they do despise you, ye have stoop'd and ye must kneel
Till they place their mark upon you, with a brand of burning steel.

Oh! my Brothers when I saw you, stooping to be servile tools,
In your folly and your madness, making God's of knaves or fools,
Who would bring disgrace upon you—yes, would slay your souls as well,
Dugging you with deep potatoes, from the liquid fires of hell;
O how virtuous manhood suffer'd, in that Devil inspired eclipse,
Faith in man had well nigh perish'd, and these words burst from my lips,
"Back ye sycophants to Europe—back and raise that servile shout,
When with palsied limbs receiving, what the work-house doles you out."

Wives, and mother's to your bosom, when ye clasp your little sons,
Feed them with the bread of freedom, *Now their Father's give them stones;*
Teach them manly self-reliance—teach them faith in God, and then
Fail not in a Mother's mission—teach them to be *always men*,
Then whatever may assail them, hearts in manhoods armour steel'd.
Struggling with the ocean tempest, storming o'er the battle field
They may sink beneath the billow, or they fall midst heaps of slain,
But the world will look with honour, to the *Mother's* of such men.

Oh! my Brother's in your folly, ye have sinn'd as Esau, sinn'd
Ye have sold your heaven-born birthright, at the temptings of a fiend;
Say ye boldly to your master's, you may claim my time and skill,
But my God-given gift of reason is not your's, and never will,
Last to self-respect dishonour, follow quickly, dark and foul,
Spurn the drunkard's cup 'tis given, to enslave your heart and soul;
Stand once more erect and scornful, them who would bring shame on us,
Better far our name should perish, than perpetuated thus.

H. C. Baker's Lament.

Alas! alas! for I'm defeated,
The people would not me elect;
The Dodger sadly has me cheated,
But I'll be even with him yet.

He thinks that I will pay the whiskey,
That the crowd so freely drank,
The *Banners* Bills, and Squibs so nasty
He scattered round, but I'll not thank

Him for his dirty tricks and capers,
Nor yet a cent shall I fork out!
Let C. J. Brydges pay the papers
The whiskey bills let Adam foot!

For me the sad humiliation
Of sore defeat is quite enough,
With every "shaving operation,"
Exposed in language plain and bluff,

For me no more I shall be tempted
From the dull duties of my desk,
They fooled me once, but I've repented
And long for quietness, peace and rest.

SAD NEWS FROM THE BAKER.

The party that he got to bake and did not!

BY OLIVER GOLDENITH.

"While thus we resolved, and the party delay'd,
With looks that quite petrified, enter'd the maid:
A visage so sad, and so pale with affright,
Waked Priam in drawing his curtains by night!
But we quickly found out, for who could mistake her!
She came with some horrible news from the BAKER:
And so it fell out, for that negligent sloop,
Had shut out the party, on shutting his oven."

Oh Brydges, oh thus—but let similes drop,
You may go back to London and shut up your shop!

Leggo's Last Story.

WHAT WILL YOU BET 'TIS A LIE!

An old maid, who had not made herself,
but who long longed for a hubby, finally
got desperate, at not finding one. In her
distress she went into the garden, and fall-
ing on her knees at the foot of a tree,
devotedly crossed her hands, and gazing
on the clouds, exclaimed, with all the pas-
sion old maids are capable of possessing
at the age of sixty—

"Oh Jupiter Jovis, I am so in lubby;
By Mercury send me a handsome young hubby,
All of a sudden she heard a voice crying, Oh!
To-whit—to who—who—who—who—who-o-o-o!"

A cold sweat ran down her face, and
watered the "forget me nots" at the foot
of the tree, who thankingly sent forth
most fragrant odours. This revived the
old maid, who filled with exstasy, shouted,

"Any one by Jove, any one, a Baker, a Baker
if you chose, so long as he be a hubby!"

Important from the Enemy's Camp
THE LOAFERITE STAFF!

Major General Brydges, *alias* Havelock,
M. D. G. W.
Colonel Young, R. D. G. W.
Major Juson, R. D. G. W.
Captain MacLaren,
Lieutenant Dixon.
Ensign Gates,
Paymaster Stephens, S. G. W.
Watergruel Billings, Esq., M. D., Ampu-
tator to the forces.

LIST OF VOLUNTEERS AND AMATEURS.

Honorary Lieut. Col. Adam Skinfint
Brown.
Unattached Commissary General Neeki
Glutton Ford.
Captain Dodger Grey, on active service
with the "Banner" of the forces.
The Artillery was composed of
A Monster Gunn, of small caliber.

A STRANGE STORY!

Is it true that General Nicholson, refus-
ed to lend his Banner to Major General
Loafer? Rumour, with her ten thousand
tongues, whispered that General Nick was
determined to strike his flag! Pay Master
General Stephenson, G. W. R. R., how-
ever, found the *Browns*, and coming down
with the tin, the General's mettle was up
in a jiffy!

Cesar and Pompey very much alike,
'specially Pompey.

ALL CLASSES ARE ALIKE TO HIM.—So
says Mr. Baker, and we hope he will not
take it amiss if we hint that he is very
much alike to all classes, as the result at
the polls will clearly indicate. It is a hap-
py thing to see the people care as little
for Hugh C. Baker, as Hugh C. Baker
cares for them.