

AN ODE TO THE SPEAKERS.

What fury, what sorrow, what heart-felt distress,
Baker feels at our popular members' success;
With malice and fury, in Brydges heart flare,
White Brown, is done brown, when he thought
he would sea: a.

Oh, yes, we confess
The Loafers have not a slight chance of success!

There's LKOOO, whose talents win fortune and fame,
Who stands on his legs & he covers with shame,
The Loafers who would, if they could, pull him down

And drag our Buchanan, all over the town
In mud. We confess
He's one of the boy's that will fix, his success!

Then there's RYALL, the doctor, not Billingsgate like,
And the LYND's jolly brothers, all ready to strike
With RAZ and McKINSTRAR, all fit for a lark
While Spencer and Barnes won't be kept in the dark,

These bricks we confess—
Are boys, who'll make sure of Buchanan's success!

Then there's CUMMING's, the coming man, for
aught we know,
Ex-Mayor, of Hamilton, and who will show
Master Brydges and Baker and such railway snakes,

That the best we can do, is to fix them on stakes,
Yes, these, we confess,
Are the lads, to secure, friend Buchanan's success!

And then there's a name, that rhymes with Rob Roy,
God a mercy, my lads, it is BOB MAO ELMOR—
It does one's heart good, man, to hear the boy shout

And cover with shame those he'd put to the rout
Eh, man, we confess
Bob is one of the lads to secure B's success!

Then there is, do not start, one JOHNNY E START,
Who deserves at the end of his name to see
Bart;
For he speaks like a Roman, so pithy and clear,
And when he has done, we all cry out, "hear!
hear!"

By Jove, we confess
He is one who has started, the cry of success!

For eloquent ATKINSON, who speaks from his heart,
And who feels that he's playing a right honest part;
We will say that his words are free from alloy,
And although he is black, he's a pure white Sepoy.

Thorrax, we confess
Brother ATKINSON wishes Buchanan success!

One word for the son of the Emerald Isle,
The gem of the sea, where all the girls smile,
'Tis DAVAN we mean, who speaks like a host
Who'll scare all the Baker's, with Brydges' ghost

Och hone—we confess
By the powers, he's sure, of Buchanan's success!

And another, Aousha Machree, we admire,
For the boy, when he speaks, is a buoy all on fire!

TERRY BRANIGAN, one, who will tell all the town,
That, sure as he lives, he will put Baker down

With his dough—we confess
Terry's one of the boys for Buchanan's success.

And NELLIGAN, lads,—not related to Nell
Who was Charley the seconds most beautiful belle!

Is a man, in whose bosom, fair honesty beats
Who hates dirty Brydges, and Baker's what cheats

Och hone—let us bless,
Such Knell's as will toll against Baker's success!

As for GIBBS—not the Gibbs, of London renown,
Who bartered his honor & Alderman's gown—
But Hamilton GIBBS, a true man of taste
Whovotes for Buchanan, and Baker he'd baste,

Hurrah, we confess,
That GIBBS is a man to ensure B's success!

And one meed of praise for McDOWALL, for all,
For KINREAD and for SKINNER, who keep up the ball;

Upon all, upon each, let God's blessing descend,
Long after the Polling shall be at an end,
For all, we confess

Have added their mite to Buchanan's success!
Hurrah, for the MILLER's, the WHITE's and GOURLAY,

For BURN's and for PRICE, who are men of the day;
For McKENZIE, for CURACK, & IRELAND, och hone,
And STINSON's, the GRANT's, honest to the back bone

Who'll shout—we confess
We're, for Hamilton, boys, & wish I. B. success!

Talk of MILLER's, my lads, don't forget all the MILLER's,
BILLY KEAR, I. M. WILLIAMS, whose coaches we fill—

China PATTON & BICKLOW—may they never feel low,
But grow big, and drop pattens, while singing chow—chow,

All these—we confess,
By the dragon, they're sure of Buchanan's success!

We could spin a long yarn, about MacINTOSH's,
CARPENTER's, and McCABE's, not thinking it both;
And hand all these names, adding Gen'l BROCK,
And LAWSON, whom Baker, shan't lead to the block

Down to fame! And confess
That these are the boys, whose secure B's success!

And now we'll conclude this long list of bricks
Who are bound, all together, like so many sticks;

As there's nothing like worth—sterling worth
we would say
Here's for GREAR and for STERLING, and so ends our lay,

Good Lads, we confess,
May God bless you all; wish BUCHANAN success!!

Latest intelligence from the Seat of War.
General Nicholson.

We are given to understand that the casual ties which occurred on the side of the Loafers, at the battle of the Court House was, that one General Nicholson had been dangerously wounded, and rifled by a rascally camp follower—that he nearly lost his "Banner," and that the monster Gunn had been left sticking in the mud.

An Appeal to Hamilton.

Oh Hamilton lads,
And omi-bus cads,
Haste and set yourselves right with your Baker!

This is Bridges cry,
But it is all my rakes,
For this Baker's a sly money raker!

If you want any tin,
To buy bread and gin,
Or to have a jollification,

It is twenty per cent,
At which it is lent,
This Baker loves multiplication!

For his motto my boys,
Is one that decays,
His arms, three balls, shot from a GUNN,
And his motto is this,
He don't think it a-miss,
Ease—"Do, but H C won't be done!"

MORE MISREPRESENTATION.

MR. BUCHANAN AND THE COLORED CITIZENS.

The following letter speaks for itself:

To the Editor of the Spectator.

My attention having been called to a letter in the Banner of the 5th inst., over my signature, in which I am made to state that I was discharged by Mr. Buchanan from his service, on account of my color, I now desire you to contradict this statement, being perfectly satisfied that the whole matter was wilfully misrepresented to me by Mr. Jones, and that Mr. Buchanan knew nothing whatever of the transaction.

Yours respectfully,

BENJAMIN BURKE.

HAMILTON, Dec. 7, 1867.

THE HAMILTON POEMS MODERATED.

Oh, omnipotent H. C. Baker,
You thought, like Paddy's hot pat-ator,
To burn the tongue of our own man!

No, our honest plucky B—
As all Hamilton shall see,
Will see you d—d with lying Ban!

In stature I B is not dwarfish,
And yet he has beaten the clan;
Brydges and Brown—Baker and Codfish,
Billings and Gray to a man.

Sepoys Hoorsay,
Buchanan will whoop,
The Great Western may bray,
If they don't shut up shop!

To Let Out on Hire.

A GUNN, of small calibre, lately spiked by the Sepoys, in front of the Court House, and since newly re-bored, is now to be let out on hire, as formerly! Half a dozen of such Gunns would roar some!

For terms and conditions apply at the bar of the Anglo-American.

ADVERTISEMENT.

OLD HORSES saddled to a T., by C. Saddler. Terms Cash. Advice 6s. 8d.

N. B.—Warranted to be the same 'osses as drew the Baker and the Bridge on nomination day to Buscomb's saloon.