

THE DISSOLUTION.

I.

Weep for the brave
M. P. P's now no more;
All gone, the bribes they gave
In shanty, booth and stave!
One hundred gay or grave
And more, sat side by side
Who for Canada's weal
Will never more divide.
Taché, he has resign'd
But was not ever set,
And all the M. P. P's are gone
To try and get a seat.

II.

Weep for the brave!
Our good Taché is gone!
No more divisions will he see
Or Buown's to be undone!
For many years the good premier
A brave Canadian cock,
Prevented many a factious trick
Avoiding shawl and rock.
Canadians sing his praise
And may you now and then,
Think of Taché, the good premier
Oh! find his like again!

III.

MacDonald has filled up the writs,
He to the Province goes—
Buchanan is for Hamilton
He'll crush his dastard foes!
He has a willing heart,
To send "Clear Grits" to Davy Jones
And give you a fair start!
Hurrah, for Hamilton, my boys,
For the Southern Road, hooray!
*In spite of Baker and Old Nick
Buchanan gains the day.*

HURRAH FOR BUCHANAN!

If a list for Hugh C. Baker, that would cover
half an acre,
Were filled with real voters—as they say!
Never mind, my jolly souls; when we meet
them at the polls,
They'll find Buchanan will be sure to win
the day.

Let them hoist what rag they choose, mixed
with Grays and Browns, and blues,
To bamboozle men too sterling to suspect
them;
We'll run up the "Union Jack,"—that will show
them in a crack,
We have men that see the dodge, and will
detect them.

Tho' the day of nomination, should have been
the termination
Of a struggle, that's a juggle, as they know;
Yet, as the disappointed batch, persist in coming
to the scratch,
We'll give them rope enough, and then—
let them go.

Then Hurrah for I. Buchanan, tho' he's not from
Ballyshannon,
Or where else his Irish friends so much
admire;
If "Scotch to the backbone," he's Canadian, too,
they own,—
And what can Hamilton in reason more
desire!

The Great Western in its might, may put forth
all its spite
Against the house that built it, where it
stands;

But tho' buttressed up with slander, with envy,
and with dander,
It will find itself defeated on all hands.

After tacking on our B'hoys, the nickname of
"Sepoys,"
And not a friend in England to defend them!
How dare they stand up here, and in elections
interfere,
Without expecting retribution to attend
them!

If Britain never minces, to vaunt her merchant
princes,—
Why is Canada to be without her boast;
That she has one within her realm, that is fit to
take the helm,
And be the first of merchant princes in her
host.

Then Hurrah for I. Buchanan, though he's not
from Ballyshannon,—
Or where else his Irish friends so much
admire;
If "Scotch to the backbone," he's Canadian, too,
they own,—
And what can Hamilton in reason more
desire!

COLLOQUY

BETWEEN A DESCENDANT OF THE FAR FAMED WIZARD
WHO WARNED LOCHIEL, AND H. C. S.

Hugh O! Hugh O! beware of the day,
When Isaac shall meet thee in battle array,
For a field of drunk voters is bared to my sight,
And the friends of the "Dodger" are best in the
fight.

HUGH C.

Avant! thou foul fiend—disturb not my dream,
In a vision bright honours before me did gleam;
And Buchanan, despairing, had left me the field,
And my foes in great terror the contest did yield.

WIZARD.

Hugh O! Hugh O! it was but a vision,
For the vaunts of the Dodger we treat with
derision;
Brave Isaac triumphant shall carry the day,
In spite of the Codfish and Alderman G—y.

HUGH C.

O Wizard! O Wizard! you're sadly mistaken,
C. J. B—s assures me the contest I'll gain;
Buchanan's supporters we easily can quash,
By a plentiful bribe of the G. W. Cash.

WIZARD.

Hugh O! Hugh O! in spite of your money,
When it comes to the poll, you'd feel rather
funny;
And the G. W. R. with all of its gold
Will find itself this time most deucedly sold.

HUGH C.

Begone! soothing tormentor, my hopes you
have crushed,
And the Government horrors that through my
brains rushed,
Have vanished, and left me to grief and remorse,
I retire, and leave Isaac to walk over the course.

WIZARD.

Hugh O! Hugh O! your resolve I admire,
And rejoice from the field you've seen fit to
retire;
Now take this advice like an honest John Bull,
Ne'er again make yourself a Great Western tool.

BUCHANAN AND THE SOUTHERN.

HAMILTON, 14th Dec., 1857.

To the Editor of the Hamilton Charivari,

BROTHER SEPOYS,

I calculate Mr. Buchanan, our top
sawyer, has touched Mr. Brydges and
Mr. Baker, the lower Sawyer, on the raw,
in his circular to the non-resident voters
of our city. That he is a brick, not baked
yet by Baker, is I guess a fixed fact. I
hope he will be fixed in the House, where
he will, I expect, demolish Grit and clear
Grit alanderers—As I am given to under-
stand, you intend publishing a sort of
Punchiana, in order that all Canada and
Great Britain may perceive the fixings
they want to saddle our intended member
with, do me the favor, Brother Sepoys, to
insert the following paragraph—Repetition
is no evil, for as a learned French Philo-
sopher, aptly said—"It is only by repeat-
ing that we can learn."

"Mr. Brydges will, by and by, find
himself unable any longer to delude the
belief that the Southern Railway can-
not be built independently of them; and
the President in London, Mr. Robert Gill,
who told the Shareholders that the South-
ern Railway was a monster Bubble, will
require to acknowledge that he has been
the instrument of deceiving them. For
the moment, however, what I have to do
with, is, the monster requisition to me, to
allow my name to be used as a candidate
for the City of Hamilton, which, of itself
is sufficient proof that all parties on the
spot here know that I am right, and Mr.
Brydges and his supporters wrong, as to
the true interests of the shareholders of
the Great Western Railway."

One word more—"Hurrah, for Hamil-
ton and Buchanan! Hurrah for Truth,
the best policy of Honesty, and accept
Brother Sepoys,

the best wishes of an

ISAACBETJEE BUCHANANBETJEE.

HE DOES'NT KNOW.—Mr. Baker knows
what he will oppose; he will oppose
Buchanan, he will oppose the Southern
Railway, he will oppose the Ministry; he
will oppose anything and everything if
you will only elect him—but do not ask
him what he will support, for gentlemen,
he doesn't know.