

The Song of the Gin Shop.

'Mong Rowdies tattered and torn,
Imbibing Cocktails of Gin;
A Dodger stood on a Tavern floor,
Distributing Railroad Tin.
Bribe—Bribe—Bribe,
To each man with a nod and a wink;
And he cried, as a horn himself he'd imbibe,
"Boys what'll you have to drink."

Drink—Drink—Drink,
Till some of them lie on the floor;
And drink—drink—drink
Till the house is in an uproar.
It's to have a vote
To dispose of at my will,
For by Tom I'd allow myself to be bo't,
And then I could drink my fill.

Drink—Drink—Drink,
Till their legs begin to totter,
And drink—drink—drink,
Till crowds of them lie in the gutter;
Lager and Brandy and Gin,
Gin and Brandy and Lager,
Till the sidewalks are far too narrow for them,
And along the street they stagger.
O men with Barrows to spare,
O men who have Cabs to hire,
Convey these gents to the Engine House,
And don't let them lie in the mire.
Drink—Drink—Drink,
Till their eyesight weakens apace—
And lamp posts they often mistake for friends
And clasp them in loving embraces.
But why do I talk of drink,
Because I strongly suspect
That a certain Railroad's footing the Bill,
To which I greatly object,
To which I greatly object
And my ind I boldly will speak,
Goo't Heaven's are Railways char't'ed to bribe
Are we to be ruled by a clique.

Bribe, Bribe, Bribe,
From morning gray till night,
And whom to return—A man of straw
A Snob a hapless wight,
A Railway tool—and a "Dodger's own,"
A family compact's choice,
With a mind so black, that I sometimes think
Its weaker than his voice.

Bribe, Bribe, Bribe,
But they'll find it of no avail,
And Bribe, Bribe, Bribe,
But all their efforts will fail,
The cause of right and truth
Will prevail o'er lies and deceit,
And Buchanan we'll place at the head of the
And his slanderous foes defeat. [poll,

TERRIFIC EXPLOSION.

Such is the heading of a Brydges-Bakerite hand bill. Let Brydges look to his boilers, which will soon explode and blow him, his lies and his slanders, to an unmentionable place, paved, as it is said, with GOOD INTENTIONS!

Cholera Mixture Wanted!

We regret to state that the effects of the Lager Beer at Pfeiffer's, the other night, operated most injuriously on Hugh C. Baker's internal organization, introducing a laxity and tenderness most unusual in the bowels of a money lender! Dr. Billings, however, soon quieted the agitation by a powerful dose of Cholera mixture

A LOOP LINE.

A Frenchman, condemned to be hanged in London, when on the scaffold kept calling out "Miserecorde, miserecorde." A fellow in the crowd, thinking that he meant, *measure the cord*, exclaimed "villain, it is long enough to hang you! has it not hanged many a more honest man than you."

May we not tell Mr. Brydges that he has taken line enough lately to hang himself, without a "Loop."

Key Jim Along—A New Version.

Hey get along Hugh! Jim along Hugh C.
Such a sorry Jack as I never did see;
Hey get along Hugh! Jim along Hugh C.,
Tom Gray's member you never will be!

Adam Brown tries hard to get you in;
Brydges scatters the Railway tin;
The Banner tells a very big lie,
And Young senile Birkett for to cry
Hey get along Hugh! Jim along &c.,

M. W. Browne is a very great man,
He'll sell his clay wharf if he can;
But the Dover Road will not come in
Without the Southern, so kicks up a din
Of—Hey get along Hugh, &c.,

Captain Nesson, I know very well,
The steamer *America* he used to sail;
He thinks from Brydges he'll get a berth,
If he can make Isaac bite the earth.
Hey get along Hugh, &c.,

Big Ford painted the Railway Bridges,
So round with the Baker crew he bridges;
No wonder the Baker is his man,
He goes for "loaves and fishes" whenever he can.

Hey get along Hugh, &c.,
Jason and Young am both very proud,
They thought that they could rule the crowd;
But the people they did them defy,
For they chose Isaac, and then did cry
Hey get along Hugh! Jim along Hugh C.,
Such a sorry Jack as I never did see;
Hey get along Hugh! Jim along Hugh C.,
Tom Gray's member you never will be!

STOP THIEF! STOP THIEF!

Among the thieves and knaves, he is the most execrable who endeavours to rob another of his character, to enhance his own. He who repents not for these injuries, and does not make restitution if possible, to his defrauded neighbor, will hear those words at last, more terrible than the knell of death!

"THOU SHALT NOT STEAL!" for
"The cove as priggs what is't his'n
Is nab'd at last, and sent to pris'n."

The Battle of the Court House.

When Field Marshall Isaac, at the head of his Canadian Sepoys, took up his position at the hustings, his eagle eye spied a hillock of stones and bricks, which lay in horridly tempting piles on the right hand side of the field. He ordered his men to take possession thereof, thereby proving himself an able general, as he had all the Baricks on his side.

A RAILWAY RAILLERY.

The Railway man o'er the sea has gone!
In the Stock Exchange you'll find him;
A doubter of brass he has girled on,
And his fame comes on behind him.

"Stock Exchange!" said that Railway man,
Tho' the Sepoys would betray thee;
One man at least thy rights shall guard,
One oily tongue shall praise thee!"

But the Southern was built, and the Stock Exchange
Rued the day it had listened to him;
That tongue of oil ne'er spoke again,
And ne'er again could he do 'em.

He said, from Paris I'll take a loop,
And quash this Southern knavery thunder!
To say I'm wrong, I ne'er could stoop,
Rather I'd tear thy rails asunder.

Few and short were the speeches they made
To the few that around them attended;
On their consciences fell heavy the city betrayed,
And a few Railway jobbers befriended.

They thought with their eyes full of tears of
brine,
And around their hats the green willow;
Of the foe and the stranger tapping their line,
And Havelock far o'er the billow.

Lightly they talk of the Western done,
And the golden dross that paid it;
And little they'll seek to leave him alone
In the "Trunk" where a Burton has laid it.

A "Roland" Wanted.

The Bakerites want a Roland for their Oliver. If this cannot be had Oliver is to be sent as a Missionary to spread the light of political truth amongst fashionable young ladies, for whose delicate sensibilities his prim and gingerly oratory is admirably adapted.

Am Rhein, Am Rhein, da wachsen unsere Heben,

In Hamilton, im Gegentheil, strebt man uns nach dem Leben!

An die deutschen Wähler Hamilton's.

Freunde! Glaubt nichts von den Lügen, die Herr Baser, Brydges und Conferien austreuen. Die Wahl ist eine persönliche Sache, unabhängig von Politik und Religion, zwischen Drn. Brydges und Drn. Buchanan. Man will Euch durch Lügen betrügen.

Wählt unsern Charivari! Es lebe Hamilton! Es leben die Deutschen! Die Katholiken setzen ihr einziges Vertrauen in den Volsmann Buchanan, der für jede Seite die gleichen humanen Gefinnungen best.

Eure Freunde,
die Herausgeber des Charivari.

THE SIEGE OF HAMILTON, C. W.

Latest News by Electric Telegraph.

Major General Brydges Havelock, out of Luck—now!

THE CANADIAN SEPOYS IN LUCK—NOW.