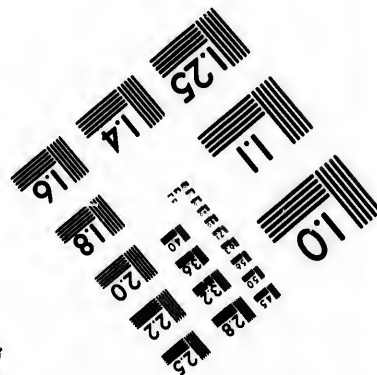
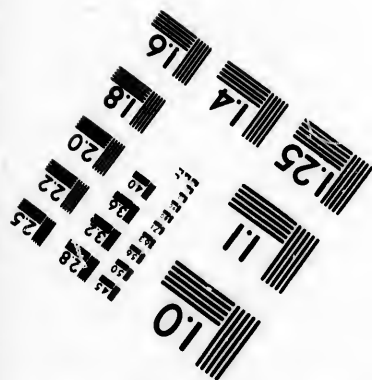


6'



Photographic Sciences Corporation

**23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503**

**CIHM/ICMH
Microfiche
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH
Collection de
microfiches.**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

© 1984

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- ☐ Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- ☐ Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- ☐ Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- ☐ Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- ☐ Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- ☐ Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- ☐ Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- ☐ Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- ☐ Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distortion le long de la marge intérieure
- ☐ Blank leaves added during restoration may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées.
- ☐ Additional comments:
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- ☐ Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- ☐ Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- ☐ Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- ☒ Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- ☐ Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- ☒ Showthrough/
Transparence
- ☐ Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- ☐ Includes supplementary material/
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- ☐ Only edition available/
Seule édition disponible
- ☐ Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata
slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to
ensure the best possible image/
Les pages totalement ou partiellement
obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure,
etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à
obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
								✓			

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

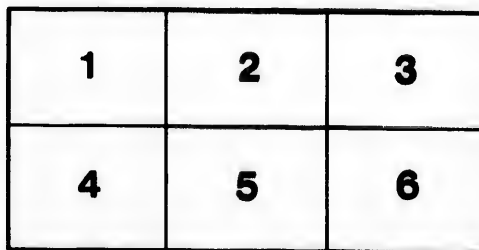
Library of the Public
Archives of Canada

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol → (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ▼ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

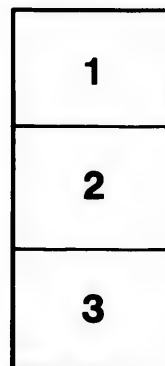
La bibliothèque des Archives
publiques du Canada

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole → signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ▼ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.



ammm

Hamilton **C**harivari;

AN

ELECTION FLY-SHEET,

EDITED ON THIS OCCASION ONLY,

By Canadian Sepoys !

DULOX ET DECORUM EST PRO HAMILTONIA VIVERE.

Vivat !



Regina !

Hamilton, C. W., December, 1857. — PRICE, NIL !

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 C! Hugh C! 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 C! Hugh C! 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 C! Hugh C! 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 C! Hugh C! 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.

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 sear 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 boys that will fix, his success!

Then there's RYALL, the doctor, not Billingsgate like,
And the LYNDs, 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 ELNOY—
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 sear 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 the 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. Saddleir. Terms Cash. Advice 6s. 8d.

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

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,
Drugging you with deep potations, 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 exostary, 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.

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 !

BAKER'S DEFEAT.

It fell on nomination day,
When the voters mustered early,
That a rabble rout from the Railway shops
Came to bully the electors fairly.

They marched them along through the public streets,
With the Dodger for their leader,
Nor stopped, but to liquor, till they came to the place
Where the people were assembled together.

Now the people were true to Isaac, their chief,
And hated the traitorous Baker,
Who tried to sell their dear-bought rights
To a haughty Railway Dictator.

And this rabble came, by Brydges' command,
The rights of the people to trample;
But the people were strong, and asserted their rights,
And of Baker they made an example.

They voted him down with his Railway crew,
And they whipped him off the hustings;
So his partizans cleared as fast as they could,
To the Rum Shop of R. C. Buscombe.

This Brydges and Baker were drawn by the crowd,
Who from men had been changed into donkeys;
And the people saw and looked on with disgust,
Crying, "There go the Railway flunkies!"

This Baker and Brydges they spouted them hoarse,
With slanders and lies on Buchanan,
And the whiskey they poured down the rabble's throats,
For they thought they could win them by gammon.

But the people said nay, with a terrible shout,
When the day had arrived for the polling;
And Buchanan went in, and Hugh C. was left out,
With his friend, C. J. Brydges, condoling!

An Important Query.

"I. B. or not I. B.?" that is the question.
Echo, at the corner of Court House square replies—"I. B.!"

The Bakerites' Warning!

Prognosticating their fate at the Coming Contest.

O, Baker, O, Baker beware of the day
When Isaac shall meet thee in battle array;
When the outraged electors shall rush to the Poll,
To rescue their City from Great Western control;
When the people of Hamilton rise in their might,
To crush the vile Compact and vote for the right;
To scatter the Cabal aspiring to power,
And destroy all their schemes of a month in an hour!
Then to Parliament, never, you'll go by the track;
Of the Great Western Road, with its funds at your back;
Then down with thy Brydges, ere yet you have crossed,
Thy Captain so Gray in obscurity tossed,
Thy Kerres, Browns and Malcomsons vanquished in fight,
Thy Worthingtons, Worthless, in every man's sight;
Thy Richards and Oliveres sunk in dejection,
Thy Bishop gone back to his privy inspection!
Thy Sadler his "brotheren" of "colour" will shun,
And Ford with his foul mouth and gut like a tun,
Shall retire for a time to recruit his digestion,
And confess himself sound on the roasted "goose question";
Thy Banner that so flauntingly floats to the breeze,
Thy Banner the Balliff shall ruthlessly seize;
Thy lies and thy slanders unblushingly told,
Shall recoil on thy partizans seventy fold;
And where will thy Jusun be! whether thy Young!
Thy Davidson, Mason, McMillan and Gunn!
Gone! gone like th' exploded "Ontario Marine!"
Or knocked into fits by th' "Stone Dressing Machine!"
The small fry of the party, 'twere needless to name,
Such as Tim, Dan, and Buscomb, and Councillor Graham,
What matter to them though you do loose the day,
If they get what they're working for—ratons and pay;
Then woe to the Bakerites! woe to their Lord!
For higher than Haman with a "loop line" for cord,
They'll hang him, who dared their prosperity ban,
And his prospects politic eternally dam!
But for Isaac, hurrah! at the head of the Poll
They'll place him, and then shall, the proud muster roll
Of Electors of Hamilton, prove that the right
Has triumphed o'er factionness, venom and spite;
That Baker in Parliament never can sit,
While the city has freedom, and the citizens wit.

THE HAMILTON B'S.

says Brydges to Baker,
"That Southern road maker,
That Isaac we all must oppose,
As I am no voter,
But a Great Western stoker,
Isaac ne'er shall lead us by the nose!"

Says Baker to Brydges
"What you want friend, I think is
One like me that can Isaac's Goose bake;
If the shareholders stump up,
And slander, and lie up
Then the Devil old Isaac shall take!"

Says Billings the Doctor—
That horrid concoctor
Of gruel, quinine, and blue pills—
"Old Isaac, the Sepoy,
We must settle or destroy
Naught like nightshade to close up his gills!

Brydges, Billings and Baker
With a known undertaker,
Dodger Grey he that sports his five T's—
Got a rotten old Banner,
That was put to the hammer,
To print all the Lizes that we see!

Great Things and Great Gunns!

We have great Shsnties—great Loco-
motives—great Cars—great Steamers—
great Statesmen—great Hotels—great
Bars—great Busses—great Brydges, great
Bakers—great Sad-lars, and a great many
very great things.

But where is the Hamilton great Gunn?

SHOWING THEMSELVES AT LAST.**WHAT ABOUT THE "SEPOYS?"**

The meeting at the Anglo American Hotel,
of Mr. Baker's friends, was indeed an extraor-
dinary affair. The faithful were marshalled
by a band of music, a torch-light procession,
and the firing of crackers to gather the boys.
At the meeting, strange as it may appear
in the face of the many contradictions given
to the statement that the Great Western Com-
pany were interfering in favor of Mr. Baker,
we regret to say that C. J. Brydges, Esq.,
Managing Director, supported by Mr. Stephens,
Secretary, R. Jusun, Esq., John Young, Esq.,
Directors of the Great Western Railway, and
the staff of the Board were in attendance at the
meeting!

ALL HOT, ALL HOT, ALL HOT.

Muffins, Tarts and Crumpets done to a
T. at the great Baking establishment, close
to the Shaving Shop.

**The Globe's Honest and Independent
Editor.**

HAMILTON ELECTION, AS DESCRIBED IN
THE "GLOBE."—We regret to hear that
they are not to have the able assistance of
the Banner newspaper in the contest, the
honest and Independent Editor, Mr. Mac-
Kinnon, having retired from it yesterday,
in consequence of the change in the
management.

ENRU, POSTHUMIUS! POSTHUMIUS!!

YE BAKERITES BY NAME.

In imitation of ROBERT BURNS, by *one burning*
with indignation.

I.
Ye Bakerites by name, give an ear, give an ear;
Ye Brydgesites by name, give an ear;
Ye Brownites by name,
Your Lies I will proclaim
Your slanders I maun blame
You shall hear.

II.
What is right and what is wrang, by the laws,
What is right, and what is wrang by the laws!
What is right and what is wrang!
A vile tongue, and a lang,
To scatter 'masgat the thrang
Ye black crews!

III.
Then let your schemes alone, for the state,
for the state;
Then let your schemes alone for the state!
Leave the state—or be undone
Vote for the rising sun
And leave Brydges alone
To his fate.

Nursery Rhymes for the Election.

Baker, Baker, Baker, man
How much now do you owe,
To Brydges and Brown, as the Banner tells
And to Dodger Grey also!

Pons, Pontis a Brydges, rode a horse tall—
Pons, Pontis a Brydges, got a great fall!
The Great Western road, with all their men
Can't set Pons Brydges on his hobby again.

A POLL, AND A POLE MEETING!

To be held on Wednesday 16th and Thursday 17th instant between the hours of 9 a. m. and 5 p. m.

A Barber's Pole,

WELL SOAPED AND WELL SOFT-SODERED

Will be stuck up in front of the Savings Bank. Its crest will be ornamented by a huge Loaf, stamped

HUGH C. BAKER,

The loaf is to be well filled with Currency Notes, as a prize to any voter, who will devote himself to the task of climbing to the top of the pole, eat the crust and pocket the tin, without Dodging or claiming the aid of father Adam, or a rickety railway Brydges.

All parties willing to make the attempt must be householders of 6 months standing, or paying rent to the amount of £7 10 currency. They must wear the Great Western uniform, or agree to do so for the future, and enter their names at the Canada Life Assurance Company daily, between the above named hours.

Hamilton, 14th Dec., 1857.

N. B.—Renegade Sepoys will be heartily welcomed, and be permitted to climb the pole in their linen Dickies and drawers, the time being too short to dress them in Great Western habits.

For further particulars, apply at the "Banner office"; at the Hugo Baking establishment; at Billings-gate; or at Brown's pump, King street.

A SCENE FROM HAM-LET.

SCENE 1ST.

BUCK ANN ANN—"Something is rotten at the Railway D. pot."

Enter Ghost and, Ham-Let

HAM—"Whither wilt thou lead me?—Speak I'll go no further."

GHOST OF BRIDGES—"Mark me."

HAM—"I will."

GHOST OF BRIDGES.— My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

HAM.— Alas poor ghost!

SCENE 2ND.

A Meeting of Directors.

GHOST OF BRIDGES.—"Honorable Sirs, I will most humbly take my leave of you."

CHAIRMAN—"You cannot, Sir, take from us anything that we will more willingly part withal."

(Exit Ghost)

The Busy B's.

How do the busy little B's
Waste all their shining hours;
By spreading calumnious reports,
Against I. B. of ours!

Mr. Brydges in favor of Mr. Buchanan's plan,

See Spectator Editorial, 1 Sep., 1856—written during Mr. B's absence in England, with the object of securing the Southern Road for the G. W. R. R., in which effort he was joined by the unanimous voice of the citizens of Hamilton.

And Mr. Zimmerman denounces it, as merely a SCHEME for the aggrandisement of Hamilton!

* * * * But the opponents of the scheme are not satisfied to await the result, and must needs keep up the excitement, in order, if possible, to throw discredit on the whole movement. In this they will be mistaken, however, for public opinion is fast gaining ground in its favor, and to this end the last letter of Mr. Brydges has contributed not a little. The erroneous impression that the Managing Director was opposed to any scheme for the amalgamation of the Southern line with the Great Western, has been removed by the letter in question, and the only objection urged by Mr. Brydges is against the mode in which the scheme has been attempted to be carried out. He distinctly avows that it would be to the interest of the Great Western Company to make its double line along the Southern road, instead of along their existing track, but favors the idea of forming a junction with the Great Western at Chatham, instead of continuing the road on to Amherstburg. This is an important admission in favor of Mr. Buchanan's scheme, and the only difference between the Managing Director and Mr. Buchanan would appear to be as to the method the latter gentleman has adopted of obtaining the control of the Southern Railway. This much admitted, the dispute rests solely between Mr. Buchanan and the Zimmermannites, the latter arguing strongly that the sole aim of the scheme is to aggrandize Hamilton at the expense of the rest of the Western peninsula. Capital, Hamiltonians! now tell us, who is your friend and who your foe? Was Zimmerman's opinion a good one, if so, Mr. Buchanan is the man for Galway!

**WARNING
TO
VOTERS.**

The Vision of Jack Appl-g-rth's Ghost.

The ghost of Jack A— came in at night,
And he looked with a grin at the Bakerite,
And said, Hugh C. Baker I know you too well,
And many a sad trick of you could I tell.

Oh! could I but cross the River Styx,
My story would you quickly fix,
For though you boast of your high descent,
You think far more of your cent per-cent.
I once was a miller and lived by my toll,
Till you swallowed me up, mill, body and soul,
You proffered me friendship, you promised me aid,

And don't you remember how often you said,
That if I would enter your Building Society,
I'd find it was nothing but Justice and Piety.
We were both Tories, and often repeated,
That Church and State Union the Nation still needed.

But now you are Radical, Rebel or Grit,
Or anything else your supporters think fit.
I was caught in your web like a poor simple fly,
Like a venomous spider you left me to die.

MORAL.

Then down with the Viper, for all of you can,
And vote for BUCHANAN for he is the man.

DRUM, VERSUS TRUMPET.
The Loafite War Shout.
The Sepoy War Shout.
A drum, a drum, The Sepoys come!
A crumpe, a crumpe, the Bakers stomp it!

SILK UMBRELLAS!
It was remarked on the nomination day, that the Canadian Sepoys were almost all of them armed—with silk and cotton umbrellas, whilst the Loafites had scarcely a tile amongst them. Their general, Baker, was almost the only man who wore his beaver up!

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 charter'd 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 Nasson, 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 doubler 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.

