

THE OMNIBUS.

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Hurrah for fun and don't make any fuss,
For fear of a ride in the "Omnibus."

FRIDAY, APRIL 9, 1858.

PUGILISM.

The lovers of the noble art of self-defence had a fine opportunity of seeing an exhibition of genuine talent, at the recent prize fight in London, C. W., the men were both true, and stood well to their work, and we have rarely seen so an animated scene. The picturesque spot chosen for the combat, the noble attitude of the principals, and the eager interest visible on every countenance, would form a good subject for the pencil of an artist. We have not room for a description of the rounds suffice it to say, that it was all that could have been expected, and no feelings of animosity were excited in either party, but all was as friendly as it should have been.

An amateur performance, however, took place outside the ring, between *hard-fisted* Bob, and the *rigger-driver* Bill, assisted by a small crowd, among whom were Johnny H., Ned R., and Billy T.; who bore marks of the scrimmaging for some days after, in the shape of black eyes, damaged noses, and sundry spots, resembling in color something between a beet and a boiled cabbage. We believe they enjoyed it finely.

NOTICE TO OUR FRIENDS.—In consequence of the hard times we are obliged to increase the price of the *Omnibus*, to 10 cents per copy. This is but a small sum compared to a *Bus* load of fun, and we think none of our friends will begrudge the amount to keep it going. The best way to secure the receipt of the *Bus* regularly, is to enclose \$1 to any of our agents, and eleven copies (six months subscription) will be guaranteed. Be sure to send the name and P. O. address, legibly written, and they will be sent by mail, as soon as published. Liberal terms made with those who send the cash for a quantity of each issue. As only a certain number are printed, parties wishing to subscribe, must send their subscriptions in time.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.—We would like to know what all our correspondents are doing now. What's become of Old Towser, lug of Sweden, Jackknife, Old Gulliver, and the rest? Are they all asleep. Surely, there has been something funny doing in their respective vicinities lately, they have not been on the lookout for those interesting items that I promised us. If they don't send them along soon, they may look out for a ride.

OUR "TOWN WHEELBARROW!"

A. DAMPHOOL, ESQ., DRIVER.

Little Johnny T., has been amusing himself by swallowing "Tom and Jerry," until he felt himself owner of the whole universe, when he "went in" for breaking all the crockery ware in his neighbour's house, to the great terror of all the feminine gender therein contained. It is reported that the peelers are after Johnny, if so, he had better make tracks.

The chap who was seen, the other night playing cards for the drinkables when he ought to have been at prayer meeting, deserves to have his name shown forth as a specimen of the back-sliding tribe. It is only out of regard to his friends, that his name is omitted, as there are hopes of a great reform taking place very soon, which will, no doubt be very beneficial to his pocket.

What was Tom D. doing on the corner last Thursday evening, with a suspicious looking bundle under his arm? It's not at all likely that he was borrowing anything.

Bill, the pig-stealer, has been endeavouring to coax some young porkers from their legitimate proprietors, for reasons unknown. This is rather suspicious, and we might almost say, *swinish*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—As our columns are open to all parties, we do not hold ourselves responsible for the sentiments of our Correspondents. As our Agents have received PARTICULAR INSTRUCTIONS, they will pay no attention to Communications, unless authenticated by the author's signature.

HAMILTON, April 3, 1858.

To the Driver of the Omnibus.

DEAR DRIVER,

Things in general are remarkably dull in this locality at present. Nothing of public interest—nay, not even a canine pugilistic encounter, has taken place since my last. Laboring under these circumstances, and as a general and special contributor to your small, but beneficial sheet, I ask the kind indulgence of your readers, and hope they will be satisfied with the following items, which I send merely to "keep the ball a-moving," and promise, without fail, in future to keep them well posted in the current events of the "City of Ambition."

Recruiting.

The fife and drum are still in operation among us for the purpose of alluring the struggling vagabonds in this vicinity, with the prospect of military honors. Rear Ad-

miral, general-major-captain-serjeant-corporal-private Wheeler, drill-sergeant of Rifle Company, No. 2, in this city, has, I have been informed, succeeded in catching eighty-four snickers, all of whom, I am happy to say, belong to those species of the human family termed "Dead-heads," Dutchmen and "County-bucks," which gives me

Reason to suppose,
That the "city beaux,"
Are "up to snuff,"

and as yet, notwithstanding the stagnation in trade and the general depression in the money market both at home and abroad, cannot be forced to "take the shilling," altho' at the present time it may be reckoned as one of the scarcest commodities of the season with all of us.

Madame Delano in a fix.

O Thunder! what do you think? Police Constable F—y, formerly blacksmith's clerk to the defunct firm of Pronguoy and Hankey, has at last come to the conclusion that the Anglo-Saxon Saloon, kept by Madame D—o, is a house of disreputable character, and had it indited as such only a few weeks ago. This is none of my business, but I think Mr. F's experience could have told him the same long before this. I have seen him there myself at very unreasonable hours, but that was nothing, because it was previous to his departure for T—y, N. Y. That he was always at Madame D's on business, there is no doubt, but in my opinion, it is not right that he should prove so ungrateful to an old and tried friend for the purpose of gaining notoriety as an M. P. I will now endeavor to give a brief sketch of the trial and its consequences. The old lady, her boy Clinton and her two girls, Kate and "Porcupine," all attired in their "best harness," made their appearance in the Police Office at the desired hour, and it was singular to behold the presence of mind evinced by the old lady during the proceedings. She addressed his worship in a most elephant manner, but it was all to no purpose. Several dead-head witnesses were examined, all of whom swore positively against her, and finally she was obliged to fork over to the tune of 20 dollars and her license was cancelled to boot. In the evening, she invited a few of her friends who had a good time over her extensive stock of wines and liquors, as she would not, [thanks-to F—y], be allowed to dispose of them in any other manner.

In my next I will bring forward one of our "City Fathers." How will you like his daguerretype?

Yours respectfully,

PHINANSHEL PANIC.