

THE OMNIBUS.

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

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1859.

TO OUR READERS.

We take up our pen with a very bad grace indeed, to apologize for the non-appearance of the *Bus*, last Friday. It has, no doubt, led many to suppose that the wheels or axles or some other paraphrenalia had given way, and the blacksmith was repairing them, but we are happy to inform the public, that no such disaster has taken place. The reason why we disappointed our readers is, because we were making arrangements for "running the *Bus*," weekly. Our arrangements, so far, have been very satisfactory; and we hope, ere long, to be able to furnish our patrons with a budget of news once a week, instead of fortnightly.

We are very much obliged to our friends, for their support thus far. We hope they will continue in the good work, and if any of them should happen to have any "surplus capital for charitable purposes," they ought to "Remember the Driver." Small contributions thankfully received through any of our agents, who can always be trusted. "A nod is as good as a wink," &c.

OUR "TOWN WHEELBARROW!"

A. BARRISCOL, ESQ., DRIVER.

Our friend Joe C-l-g-n, the Tinkor, was, on Saturday night last, observed entering Coy. Hards' store, for the purpose of purchasing a new pair of hinges for the gate in front of Miss Maria's residence; the old ones having been completely worn out, by his frequent visits. That was right enough; wasn't it? In making this purchase, Joe's benevolence was truthfully exemplified, as the young lady furnished the cash, and Joe stole the nails!

Jack G-l, has returned to town, after an absence of some three months. He looks remarkably well. We observe no particular change in his appearance, other than one of his optics, wears a sable aspect,—the natural result of the recent engagement between him and the "Post's" *Cosin*.

Billy McI., has been appointed Manager of the "hounds," vice Nick S, resigned. Poor Nick, we regret to learn, has not yet fully recovered from the effects of his New Year's tour to Hamilton. Dame Rumor says he was "caged," while there, but don't believe her.

Dick S— had better spend his leisure evenings at home, in future. By doing so he will not disturb the slumbers of Miss Aguck, by his abominable screeching, under her bed-room window at unreasonable hours. Keep shady Dick, or she will have to "let slip the dogs of war."

J.C., has bought a new fiddle, and he starts for Thorold to-night, for the purpose of "officiating" at the "grass-widow's" big ball. The "White Swan," goes along, we wish them a "good time."

THE LONDON BALL.

(From our Special Reporter.)

The G. W. R. boys of Hamilton went to the ball at London looking their very best, with their hair curled, boots blacked, &c. J. McI—h, in particular, had his goatee cultivated up in a peculiar style. At Harrisburgh the M. P. P. for Hamilton came into the car where we were, and our goatee friend, thinking this a good opportunity for obtaining a situation on the G.S.R., buttoned up his claw-hammer, straightened himself a little, and entered into conversation with that gentleman, the result of which is not known to us.

We arrived at London on time, and immediately posted to the City Hall, where we soon got seated at the supper-table. D. McC. took the vice-chair, and in carving a huge round of beef made such an incision in his game's finger as to check his carving propensities. E. R—s followed suit on a turkey. J. McI. flourished some time on the goose question, and was obliged, finally, to hand it to his brother Bill, who, like Sampson, soon tore it limb from limb.

After a niple justice had been done to the viands, the tables were cleared out, and dancing commenced, under the auspices and flourishes of J. McI., assisted by W. R—s and D. McC—h, whose antics created great amusement. The party broke up at 5 o'clock, and the Hamiltonians started for home on the morning train.

After the train had started we took a tour through the cars. In the first car we entered we were met by J. B—n and E. R—s, who had a bottle of whiskey nicely wrapped up, which they termed the *bugus baby*, and it was astonishing to see with what affection W. R., G. McD., W. McI. and others kissed this baby. In another car we found J. H. treating the ladies to a little wine.

We arrived at Hamilton on time, and proceeded to the Burlington Hotel, where dancing commenced about 6 o'clock in the evening, and the aforesaid dancing men acted as before. The usual amount of *dead heads* made their appearance, among whom

we observed Frank I—, Charley R—, W. P—mb—n, J. McC—, and a host of others. Leaving the ball room, we entered Parlor D. where we found Dave McI— in rather a singular predicament for a man of his cloth, which, for the present we will keep mum.

The dance being over, we proceeded to the Arbor, where Bill R—, and others were engaged in an Irish quadrille, assisted by the Duke of Frederburgh, J. G., R. B., and other members of the "Fancy."

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, Jan. 30th, 1859.

To the Driver of the Omnibus.

DEAR DRIVER,

The last number of your microscopic serial created quite a sensation among the interested parties in this city; one of them, I am informed, was in a state of phrenzy, vowing on mental insanity. I have reference to G. N., the alleged chairman of the Bell Austin Supper. I think your special reporter must have made a slight mistake as to who was chairman, but so the cap seems to fit, and I have no other authority, than a direct denial from himself, your readers must judge for themselves. In speaking with him on the subject, he says: "I never had the pleasure of holding such a respectable position on such a respectable occasion, and it is a moral shame that a person like me, holding such a high position among the fair sex, should be brought before the public eye without any just cause; it might possibly have some weight, and probably seriously impede some of my matrimonial speculations."

The title, "Peck's Spongers" has been claimed by three persons, who are quarrelling among themselves as to who is the rightful owner. F. B. says he deserves it, and is bound to have it, if he has to walk over *Coy's* *passer* to obtain it. Jim H. comes next; he wants it badly, but as F. B. is the biggest, he dare not show fight and therefore calls it a draw game. Bill H—ble is the next on the list; he says he will have it or die in the attempt. Well, I will let them fight it out; but if the respectable sobriquet was left with me for distribution, I would bestow it upon Jim H., as the most worthy aspirant.

In my last I referred to two *worthies*, one of whom, P-t-r-k-n, is not yet "fit for use," but I will use him in some future *Bus*; the