

.....What has become of the chap that went to Hamilton to have some fun, and came home nearly sober. As we have not seen him lately, we conclude that he has been putting his head to work ever since. — His new hat glories in it!

.....We have just received a letter from Hamilton, dated Wednesday evening, the 16th inst. As we cannot give our correspondents' letters in full, we merely give the following extract:

"No. 2 Fire Company, who recently purchased one of Perry's first class fire engines, have just had a trial with No. 4, Company, who have No. 2's old machine; and strange to say, were beaten in throwing by No. 4, who certainly deserve a great deal of credit, and is considered one of the best companies in the city. It is reported by No. 2 Company that they can wash any two machines in the city, and I understand that Nos. 3 and 4, intend giving them a challenge; if so, I will send you the particulars. For my own part, I think it is time something was done to prevent No. 2 from boasting so much."

We clip the following from one of our exchanges, and some of our young men would do well to bear it in mind, as it is a word of excellent advice:

"First off your waist, little tenderly, engaged in a tender conversation with her tender sweetheart, asks you to bring a glass of water from an adjoining room, you can start on the errand, but you need not return. You will not be missed, that's certain — we've seen it tried. Don't forget this, little boys."

.....Some of our sentimental, moonlight-loving young men will find the following a true portrait of themselves:

"A lover is one who lives on sentiment and moonlight, who dislikes advice and salt pork, and supposes that all that's required to convert this world into a paradise is a six-keyed flute and a pair of blue eyes."

.....A husband and wife, travelling through the woods in haste, met with a melancholy accident, which is recorded in the following felicitous strain:—

"And while retreating through the woods,
And through the tangled fern,
He tore his trust-n' intention-ords,
And had to put on hern!"

....."I've four cents left, says a loafer, so I'll buy a paper with it. What paper will you buy I said a friend, curious to know the literary taste of his acquaintance. "A paper of tobacco," said the loafer."

If there are any more loafers (gentlemen, we mean,) who have "four cents left," we shall be most happy to sell them a little paper called *The Omnibus*, which is worth six papers of tobacco.

....."Don't get above your business," as the lady said to the shoemaker who was busily engaged measuring her ankle to ascertain the size of her foot.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HAMILTON, December 10th, 1857.

To the Editor of *The Omnibus*.

DEAR SIR,

A somewhat disagreeable case of giving the mitten came under my notice a short time ago, and as it might be interesting to some of your readers, I will give you a short sketch of the particulars. It appears that Mr. J. R. was paying his attentions to a Miss N. —, and used to induce Mr. A. L. —, to accompany her sister home from meeting, &c., in order that he might have the benefit of his company on returning. Matters went on quite smoothly for a time, Mr. R. being very attentive, and escorting her to panoramas, &c.; in fact, it was reported that matrimony was at no great distance. But as the course of true love's seldom runs smooth, it could not be expected to do so on this occasion. Accordingly, stories were told to Mr. R. to the effect that his company was not so agreeable in that quarter as he expected, or, in other words, that she considered herself above him. I suppose that is what made Mr. R. so melancholy about that time; all his friends were wondering what was the matter with him, and but very few guessed the truth. However, when he saw her afterwards at some public place, he did not appear to care about it, but I guess he thought considerably on the subject. At last he mustered courage enough to ask her about it, and to his great dismay he found the stories were pretty well founded; but that it was partly owing to the interference of the old folks. He now appears to be satisfied, but I think it will be some time before he gets fully reconciled to his lot, and will not be so spoony again for a long time.

I remain,

Yours truly,

J. P. TOWSER.

HAMILTON, Dec. 14th, 1857.

To the Editor of *The Omnibus*.

DEAR SIR,

I noticed a parcel of boys making themselves ridiculous one night last week. About twenty of them, with Big Joe at their head, went up York Street, for the purpose of giving some music to a new married couple. They went to work quite systematically, and placed sentinels all round to give warning of the approach of any policeman, and were on the point of opening the concert, when a policeman quietly made his appearance, having eluded the vigilance of the sentinels. He told them that they had better keep still for a little while, and he would go in and see what could be done for them. Very soon the bridegroom made his appearance, and gave

one of the crowd a couple of dollars to distract his health, and give the music intended for him to somebody else. The crowd then adjourned to a saloon, and I thought proper to steal quietly away without saying how much liquor was drunk on the occasion. — Among the crowd I noticed F. D., C. P., T. S., and C. H., whom I hardly expected to see there; but boys will be boys in spite of all the hard times.

If I see them cutting up any more times, I shall certainly send you word. In the meantime I remain,

Yours truly,

O. P. LOOKSHARP.

HAMILTON, Dec. 14th, 1857.

To the Editor of *The Omnibus*.

DEAR SIR,

A rather shameful occurrence took place on Sunday evening last, in the Primitive Methodist Church. A party of young men went, as was said, to hear divine service, on the above evening, but really to see whether they could make any disturbance or not. About ten or twelve of them marched up the aisle in single file, and occupied seats in the further end of the church. I noticed among them F. D., C. P., T. S., J. B., T. S., C. H., and Big Joe.

During the whole of the service they were playing all sorts of tricks on one another, such as pulling hair, sticking pins into each other, &c., &c. They also amused themselves by throwing small pieces of iron around the floor, some of which they kept very careful, and put them in the collection box at the close of the service. They must have imagined themselves in a theatre or nigger concert, as they were grinning and laughing the whole time. Such conduct as this deserves to be well shown up, and I wish some other person had taken it up instead of your humble servant,

P. G. S.

We are much obliged to Mr. S. for his letter, and think that such disgraceful conduct merits the censure of every respectable individual in the community. — Ed. O. J.

An Irish servant observing her mistress feeding a pet female canary, asked "How long it took them craters to hatch?" "Three weeks," was the reply. "Och! shure that's the same as any other fowl, except a pig."

The woman who made a pound of butter from the cream of a pike, and a cheese from the milk of human kindness, has since washed the close of a year and hung it up to dry on a bee-line.

A Dutchman thus describes the New Yorkers: "Fine people," says he, "they go about der streets all day, wheeking each other, and day call that business."