

THE OMNIBUS.

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

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 18th, 1857.

TO THE PUBLIC.

In presenting this new weekly journal to the notice of a discerning public, we must apologize for its rather diminutive appearance, but we hope that the news contained in it will induce the size to be overlooked. We will take the temperate side of politics, or, in other words have nothing to do with political squabbles in general, but confine our remarks entirely to incidents of a local character.—Such a journal as this, we believe, is much needed in this neighbourhood, and it will be our endeavour to give satisfaction to all our patrons; if we occasionally give them some hard hits about facts, they must not be offended, but just purchase half a dozen copies of the *Omnibus* and circulate them among their friends out of spite, for which we will be truly thankful.

We intended to publish *The Omnibus* three or four weeks ago, but on account of sickness we were obliged to defer it; in consequence of which we had to omit some first rate notes sent us by correspondents, as they are rather old by this time; therefore it has left us rather short of good notes, for the first issue of our periodical, but we hope to have enough in future to make up any deficiency. If our friends will patronize us as they ought to, we will shortly be able to publish a weekly journal, till they split their sides at the frolics of the boys in general, besides other interesting matters.

The *Omnibus* will be published every other Friday, and can be obtained from any of our agents for 2d. per copy. It will contain jokes both grinnable and laughable, and care will be taken that nothing stale shall enter in to spoil the general harmony. We are much obliged to several correspondents for furnishing some items of news which will be interesting to the public in general, and hope they will continue in the good work.

Small favors thankfully received. If you want two-pence worth of fun, just read *The Omnibus*.

..... We learn that G. M. (a young gentleman who likes his "old yo" without the addition of water,) was discovered the other evening trying to creep home (baby fashion) on his hands and knees. Through the kindness of some of his friends a full board was procured, and his lordship safely brought home.

Hurrah for fun!!!

STREET CONVERSATION.—We overheard a young lady of Hamilton remarking the other day that the celebrated black whiskered Captain of a Fire Company, in that city, did not command half as much respect from the young ladies since he shaved his moustache off, and thought that his appearance without that appendage at the ball given by No. 3 Company was a surprise. She says, moustache he used to wear was not a genuine one. She also said that she would not give a button for the privilege of kissing him now; but before the razor came near his upper lip she would gladly have given him five or six buttons. We cannot say whether his moustache was a false one or not as we have no personal acquaintance with the gentleman, but we would advise him now to cultivate his eyebrows on his upper lip if he is able; and thus save the young ladies the trouble of passing any remarks on him.

..... We learn that Billy McC. of this town has been making himself very officious in a certain quarter.—We forbear mentioning the place this time, but we warn him to keep clear or he will get sent off with a tin pan tied to his coat tails.

..... Our friend Nick S., we learn, made himself very prominent in catching a big rat on the corner the other day. We thought he intended to make a squirrel pie of it for dinner, but when we left he was chopping its tail and ears off, probably to make a bull dog of it.

..... G. S. will be wanted some of these days, with his fiddle, in order to keep up the excitement, at a wedding which is expected to come off shortly in this town.—If his fiddle strings are not in good order at that time he will get a ride in the "Omnibus" gratis.

..... We wonder if the man who lost a three-cent piece in the middle of the road the other day has found it yet. At the last accounts he was busy searching for it with three candles and a lantern.

..... We would like to inform the chap who appropriated a nice fat turkey to his own benefit, without asking the permission of the owner, that if he does not send us a log and a wing and a piece of the stuffing, we will give him a gratuitous ride in the *Omnibus*!

..... We learn that at a recent revival in Hamilton, Mr. H. S.—e became penitent, and joined the church. A few evenings ago he was seen very much intoxicated. We wonder if such proceedings are against the rules of the church or not; we should certainly think they were.

'Cause, said I, (makin believe I wanted him,) our colt sprained his foot, and I cum to see if the Squire wout lend me his mare to go to town.

She said she guess'd he wou'd—better sit down till he comes on. Down I sot; she looked sort o' strange and my heart felt queer all around the edges; arter a while sez I—

Ar you goin down to Hestoy Mutin's quillin?

Sed she, I don't know for certain; are you goin?

Sed I reckoned I wou'd.

Sed she, I spose you'd take Patience Dodg?

Sed I, mout and agin mout not.

Sed she, I heard you're going to get married.

Sed I, shouldn't wonder a bit—Patience is a nice gal.

I looked at her—I seed the tears a cummin.

Sez I, may be she'll ax you to be bridesmaid.

She riz up, she did, her face as red as a boiled beet.

Seth Stokes, sez she, and she couldn't say any more, she was so full.

Wont you be bridesmaid? sez I.

No, sez she, and she bust rite out.

Well, then, sez I, if you wout be bridesmaid, will you be the bride?

She looked up at me—I swan to man I never seed anything so awfull putty—I tuk rite hold of her.

Yes or no, rite off, sez I.

Yes, sez she.

That's your sort, sez I, and I gave her a buss and a hug. I soon fixed matters with the Squire. We soon hitched traces to trot in double harness for life, and I never had cause to repent my bargain.

A BAD CROW.—When the Duke of Rutland was Viceroy of Ireland, Sir John Hamilton attended one of his levees.

'This is a time'y rain,' said the Viceroy, 'it will bring everything above ground.'

'I hope not my lord,' replied Sir John, 'for I have three wives there!'

A Dutchman speaking of contrary matters, gave his observations thus, touching the rule of contraries:—"Some say that a hog is the contrariest ting in the world, but I say dat a chicken is: for de oder day I try to make one set; I make one nest and put some eggs in it; den I catch one chicken and put him down on de eggs; he jumps up agin; den I makes leotle box and puts over him, and I makes leotle up and peeps in he was a tiff standin' up!"

..... It has been satisfactorily ascertained that ducks entered the water for divers reasons and come up for dirty motives.