

didn'ts o end. E. R.—bals), was courting some of the country girls, which exasperated their beaux very much; I would advise him to keep abazy for a time in case of accidents.

The Hamilton boys soon got in a fighting condition and thrashed all the bumpkins they could find, both in the bar and ball room, and imagined themselves owners of the whole place. When the hour for departure arrived, they found some of their friends making free with the contents of their pockets, which was soon stopped by the application of tisis and dancing slippers.

When they got nicely into their sleigh, about 60 came out to thrash them at parting, but were soon driven back into the hotel, with sandy broken noses, &c. Several of the boys procured bogus babies to cheer them on their homeward journey. W. McI. threw his into the snow, and A. K—g jumped out to search for it; brains; he was so intent on getting them up that he got left behind and had the pleasure of riding home in a butcher's vehicle.

They arrived at home about 7 next morning, and after leaving their lady passengers at home, drove round town, making as much noise as they could, and this ended one of the most scientific sleigh rides that ever came under my notice.

I remain,

Yours respectfully,

PHINANSHEL PANIC.

HAMILTON, Feb. 10th, 1858.

To the Editor of the Omnibus.

DEAR SIR,

On Sunday last, three fast youths of our city, named W. R—s, P. H—l, and C. McD—d, concluded to treat themselves to a sleigh ride. Mr. R. having been at the "London B.M.," understood the refreshing influence of a kiss from a "bogus baby," and accordingly procured one of the aforesaid articles; the paternal relative of Mr. R., who, by the way, is a bit of a wig—having entered the sleeping apartments of the baby, replaced it by a counterfeit "bogus baby," in the shape of a bottle of water. The hour of departure having arrived, Mr. R. placed the whiskey bottle (in a horn) in his pocket, and the trio went on their way rejoicing; the snow being rather deep, they soon succeeded in sticking fast in a drift; by the time they had extricated themselves, feeling rather cold, they resorted to warm the inner man with "a drop of the cream" fancy their chagrin Mr. Editor

when instead of the "real sting," they found they had been carrying a bottle of cold, foot-bitten water.

I remain,

Your obed't Servt,

PIKESTAFF.

Barrie, Feb. 20th, 1858.

To the Editor of The Omnibus.

DEAR SIR,

I had a number of your excellent and interesting sheet put into my hands for perusal a day or two ago, which was the first intimation I had of its existence, or I should have contributed before. In future I will keep you posted up in the interesting news of this neighborhood.

We have a News Depot here, with some of the members of which I would fain make you acquainted. The proprietors are Messrs. McC., (the would-be Clear Grit candidate for the North Riding,) and R., a great, unwashed miserly fool from the country, who glories in his furred cloth and cow-hide boots; this gentleman it is who retails the news carried to the Depot, with additions to suit.

The other regular news-mongers who visit the Depot are—No. 1—J. A., the C. L. A., who advises McC., J. P., how to invest his surplus cash to advantage; a stranger seeing him make his four visits a day, would suppose that home was not comfortable, or firewood scarce. No. 2—W. B. C., a colored gentleman, who pries into other people's business all day, and retails his news to the members at night; this gentleman, although white-washed a short time ago, shows the original color still. No. 3—A. M., a great bull of a tavern keeper, who represents the Orange interest, assisted by No. 4—J. W., a tailor; both these gentlemen together have about as much sense as a tailor's goose! No. 5—R. S., the brewer, who said he had his brains stolen, (which is evidently false—never had any.) by the untold exertions of his friends at the Depot he now fills the Reevo's chair, the Clerk reading the Resolutions for him. No. 6—J. L., a carpenter, the gentleman who does the groaning for the Methodist congregation, and who goes snooks with McC & S., in their land jobbing. No. 7—J. E., late a haddle and earnest maker, now clerk in R Office, whom you would take for one of the aborigines. No. 8—W. M., stationery, toys, &c; promised a man his vote at last election but was bought over—small potatoes. No. 9—J. E., a brickmaker, (half white,) boxed occasionally in Hingland. Nos 9 and 10—E. B., and J. M., the cuckoo and the little bird that follows—not worth particulars—

newly initiated. No 11—D. McC., evn. the gentleman who ran five times for Council, and was defeated each time until this year. Mr McC' is an old country attorney, with a rubicund visage, slightly stumpy; supposed cause--barley water! No 12—P. McC. jun., clerk to old McC. sen., who expects to be a Judge some day--false hope! independence unbounded! No 13—M. McC., another promising law student; a lanky, callow-looking individual, who sports a delicate moustache; has acted as runner between the Depot and Pa's office for some time; likely to prove a great acquisition to the firm of B & McC.

All the gentlemen enumerated, besides many others, may be seen ranged on the counters of the aforesaid firm of McC & K from about dark until nine or ten o'clock every evening, discussing the various pieces of scandal brought in by the runners, or, when news is scarce, the aforesaid Mr C. R. amuses the members with an invention or two when they separate with the promise to be punctual next evening, and to gather all the news they can in the interim.

Yours truly,

PYTHAGORAS.

NOTES FROM OUR HAMILTON CORRESPONDENTS.

[As we have not sufficient space to give our correspondents' letters in full, we merely subjoin a few extracts.—Ed. Om.]

.....Some of our young bloods about town, named Billy McKinnon, Johnny Blackburn, Billy Ford, and Bob Bostwick, created quite a sensation, by appearing in public, some days ago with their heads shaved, according to the custom of the Sandwich Islanders, or Cannibal fashion, and looking more like a parcel of singed monkeys than anything else; they had better keep at home until the wool grows again.

.....The following specimen of an Irish Coxillion was called off at a certain sleighing party not long since, by G. McD.

1st. Ladies forward; arms round partners necks and scream; gentlemen forward and balance to country-bucks; a grand solo by Jack K—s; all retire to room.

2nd. Country-bucks forward and stand; J. B—n forward with a grand flourish on a big country-buck; W. R—s retires with small piker; D. K., W. McI., and P. S., all balance in a line, with a noble retreat; W. P. H. R. and J. J. retire under the bed, and could not be found.

3rd. All promenade; ladies forward; kiss partners; grand rush to centro and door; advance and retire; upset fiddler; sides the same.