

THE OMNIBUS.

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

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1853.

HARD TIMES.

It appears that hard times has no influence in preventing *rum suckers* from swallowing their customary dose of stimulating beverages; and how they get the dimes to pay for "the drinks" might almost be classed among the seven wonders of the world. The tavern keepers, however, seem to flourish amazingly, and appear to take great delight in making their customers a little jolly; so as to show off their pugilistic attainments in the most scientific manner.

Two or three very striking cases have come under our notice during the last week, but as we have reason to suppose that it was the first offence, (as the Magistrate would say,) we forbear mentioning the particulars this time. A word to the wise is sufficient. Any man in his right mind would see in an instant that when he makes a beast of himself he is entitled to no more consideration than an old sow in a mud puddle. When a pig is properly butchered, scalded, and cooked up, he makes very good pork, and we would advise the wives of these gentlemen to whom we refer, that they had better cook up their husbands in a similar manner; (except the butchering,) and they will find a very marked improvement, especially if they are scalded nicely with boiling water; and rubbed down with a scrubbing brush while they are under the influence of Mr. Alcohol; and in a delightful state of glorious unconscionableness.

To the Public.—We hope, hereafter, to make the *Bus* still more attractive to our numerous readers, and we wish to inform them that through the kindness of Tau-K. Nuff, Esq., they will be presented with one of the latest popular songs in every issue. A. Dampfool, Esq., our town Driver, will continue to fish up all items of a local nature which may be interesting, and any of our *young men* about town who may place themselves in interesting positions will, no doubt, be highly pleased with a drive in "Our Town Wheelbarrow," under such able management. Our numerous correspondents do not seem very backward in coming forward; judging from the numerous epistles we have received, and we are sorry to be obliged to discard so many in consequence of their containing no items of interest to the public.

OUR "TOWN WHEELBARROW"

A. DAMPHOOL, ESQ., DRIVER.

J. H. — is again making himself officious in the goatce line. He has succeeded in making it look kinder human, and, of course, had to accelerate its movements by sundry applications of a suspicious looking black bottle, which he applies very often. This said application produces great effect, not only on the young *spreuts* but on the whole cabbage head. He should have stopped before it took such effect. N. B.—It required four of his chums to carry him home on Saturday evening last.

Our friend, the "Young Elephant," is at his old tricks again. He was observed, one evening last week, deliberately tying an old tin kettle to a big black dog's tail, and sending him down street followed by a posse of smaller curs, yelping and howling in the most hideous manner. If these tricks are continued, he will soon become the terror of the whole canine fraternity.

At the late fire in St. Paul Street, certain young gentlemen, among whom were J. C. and L. M., were seen making themselves very officious in helping Mr. J. — to take care of his stock, and, a few days afterwards, various articles of jewelry, &c., made their appearance in a most unaccountable manner. It is doubtful whether the material for their boots will cost much for some time to come! A fire is a perfect treasure to some folks.

The *Tinker* must keep shady now since he spoiled his new pair of pants. Rumour says they were rather tight, and owing to the pressure of "Hard Times," unfortunately burst (behind). His friends sympathize with him very much, and it is to be hoped that he will be more careful in future since the accident.

Jack T. — has shown certain alarming symptoms of hydrophobia lately, which seems to have taken a great effect on his nervous system. He had better take a dose of stewed mollygrubs, seasoned with grandiloquent humbugs, and go to bed for a week or so.

..... When is a hen most likely to hatch?

When she is in earnest (her nest.)

..... Why are cowardly soldiers like butter?

When exposed to a fire they run.

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, Feb. 19th, 1853.

To the Editor of The Omnibus.

DEAR SIR,

Quite a number of our "young folks" were on a sleighing excursion to a Ball at Nels Village, on Wednesday evening last, and send you a few of the most important events for the benefit of your numerous readers. They started in a large *Bus* sleigh from Burlington, about 6 o'clock, with bag and bogus baby accompaniments. (The bag pipes were decidedly an improvement.) On their arrival at the Suspension Bridge, W. R. — was delivered of a bogus baby, which event caused J. McI. and Billy L. to get pretty tight before they got to the end of their journey.

On arrival at their destination, they found their great dismay; that the country burning would not allow them in the ball room for which kindness some of them got thrashed before supper by the fighting men of the sleighing party. When supper was announced, the tables were immediately filled by the Hamiltonians, to the exclusion of the legitimate proprietors. After supper they took possession of a small room and had private "free and easy" to themselves. The baby was replenished, and one for the ladies also made its appearance. Messrs W. P. m-b-r-t-n, J. B. —, G. McD. — and W. R. favored the company with song, and J. McI. — imagined himself the immortal bard, Shakespeare, to their great amusement.

They then got possession of the supper room, and secured the services of "Nigger Happy's Quadrille Band"—composed of Nigger Happy and his violin—to whose delightful and soul-stirring music the dancers stepped out in fine style, under the able direction Professor McI. This apparently took the shine out of the folks in the ball room stairs, and as they crowded in rather fast, Messrs. G. McD., J. B., J. K., W. R. and D. K. — took the liberty of giving the sundry friendly taps; P. S. and W. McI. standing sentry in the hall.

J. McI., (the pseudo dancing master,) engaged the landlady for the whole evening to dance with him. Mr. P. m-b-r-t-n tried to make love to several young ladies, but