

# THE OMNIBUS.

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## THE OLD PLAY GROUND.

POPULAR BALLAD, WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE "OMNIBUS,"

BY TAU K. NUFF.

When sitting to day, on the old Play Ground,  
Where you and I so oft have sat together;  
When thinking of the joys, when you and I  
Were boys,  
Those merry days now gone, John, for-  
ever.  
Was here we sat, in the merry olden time,  
Never dreaming of the wide world before  
us;  
And our visions and hopes of the coming  
time,  
Were as bright as the sun that shone o'er  
us.

*Chorus first four lines.*

By this threshold, John, we have passed  
forlorn,  
To wander we knew not where;  
As heaven's that were bright,  
Were clouded by night,  
And the pathway lay dark and drear,  
But we're sitting to day, on the old Play  
Ground,  
Where you and I so oft, have sat together,  
And our memories' wild, have made me  
a child,  
In those merry days, now gone, John for-  
ever.

*Repeat last four lines.*

## TO THE SUSP. BRIDGE, NIAGARA.

Anonymous structure! What I'd like to know,  
And the constructors stand as bill this rode  
So far to the air? Say gentle mews,  
Did they they to hold on to? But, alas!  
The mews sez nuthin. O! Jerusalem,  
Got boyed on up! Imajinashin floored,  
Went got the hang of it!

I her it now!

Why did it inn balloons!!"

## JONATHAN AMONG THE SPIRITS.

A cute old farmer of Columbia Co., N.Y.,  
Called on a medium and requested that his  
sister might be allowed to occupy the body  
of a mesmerized medium on the platform for  
that purpose.

Is the spirit of Mary Stokes present in the

body of the medium? asked the operator.

Yes, was the answer.

Mr. Jonathan Stokes was now informed  
that he might ask any question he pleased;  
of which information he at once availed  
himself.

Is that you, sister Mary?

Yes.

Are you happy?

Supremely so.

What sphere are you in?

I am in the fifth sphere.

Ah, getting pretty well up, said Jonathan  
in an undertone, as if speaking to himself.

Well Mary, is it true that there is a hell of  
fire and brimstone?

Not at all.

Is sister Jane with you?

No. She is in the fourth sphere. I was  
with you when she died, and I aided her in  
ascending to her abode. I was with mother  
the night after she died, and secretly com-  
forted her.

Well, Mary, what do they do with the  
preachers that deceive the people? (The  
operator had been a preacher.)

They are placed in the lowest spheres, and  
their ascent is slow and interrupted.

Well, Mary, now you may go: perhaps  
they won't like it if you stay away so long.  
When I die, I want you to be on hand and  
take me up to the sixth sphere in a chariot  
and two horses, he continued, laughing.

The operator looked amazed.

You see, old hoss, said Jonathan, I just  
dropped in to try your mediums. But friends,  
he continued, turning to the audience. It's all  
a humbug—I have no sister, and never had,  
I was playing possum all the while.

## AN ENGLISH PILOT ON A 'BUST.'

The *Adriatic*, on her homeward trip,  
brought an English Pilot through to this port,  
having been unable to transfer him. He  
will return on Saturday in the *Baltic*, the  
Company having to pay all his expenses  
and second officer's wages, with the right to  
pilot the ship into Liverpool and bring her  
out again. His brother pilots have taken  
him in tow while sojourning here. They  
located him at the Pacific Hotel, and on New  
Year's day put him behind ten horses to  
make calls. 'Bless my eye!' says Jack,  
'if I ever was behind so many horses in my  
life.' They took him round to a great many  
places, and he was highly delighted with his  
adventures. He wanted to pay for his drinks

and he said it was not fair for one to pay for  
all. He will go back under the impression  
that this city is one vast bar-room on New  
Year's Day, and he says that it will be a long  
day before he forgets the hospitality of New  
York and her Pilots.

## THE BITER BIT.

The other morning two farmers just ar-  
rived from one of the rural districts with a  
large supply of cheese for our city market,  
were strolling about the town looking at the  
sights. In the course of their walk they  
were attracted into a famous mock auction  
store, not far from the City Hall, where  
watches of various degrees of excellence  
were going at a tremendous sacrifice. When  
the auctioneer saw the rustics enter, he  
offered for sale a handsome gold watch, with  
a heavy chain attached. One of them bid  
for it, and after some competition it was  
knocked down to him for the sum of  
\$15. Hand it up, says the auctioneer, and  
I'll fit it with a gold key gratis. No, thank  
you. I have the key of my valise, which  
will answer the purpose, says the green rus-  
tic, and he handed over the \$15, but held on  
to the watch. Two gentlemen then appeared  
on the scene from the back of the store and  
confidentially told the rural gentleman that  
he was cheated; that the watch was brass  
and good for nothing, and that he had better  
give it back and insist upon having his money  
returned, in which proceeding they would  
assist him. He declined, told them it was  
none of their business; that the watch was  
knocked down to him, not to them; and that  
he was quite content with his bargain.

They then commenced hustling him, and  
tried to force him into a room at the back of  
the store; but with a vigorous push of his  
brawny shoulders he forced them aside, and  
with stentorian tones, cried out, "This way  
was clear when we came in, and if it is not  
clear in a minute we'll make it so."

He looked an ugly customer, so the auc-  
tioneer, thinking discretion the better part of  
valour, allowed the verdant countryman to  
leave without further interruption. We ex-  
amined the watch which is a very superior  
double cased patent lever, and the chain  
which accompanies it, worth \$100. So it  
appears that one may get a good bargain  
even at a mock auction.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

..... "Industry must prosper," as the  
man said when holding the baby for his  
wife to chop wood.