

# THE ST. CATHERINES OMNIBUS.

HAMILTON, Jan. 15th, 1858.

To the Editor of the Omnibus.

DEAR SIR,

There has been considerable excitement manifested lately by a big shanghai, who makes his appearance on the corner of King and James Streets with a crowd of little boys around him, getting off some of his loose Buffalo slang, as he terms it, to every one that passes him. I should not have known him, Mr. Omnibus, had he not thought me a fit subject for his slang; and as a good many folks are enquiring who that "live pumpkin" is, I have great pleasure in informing them that his name is J. C—e, otherwise the "Baby Elephant," and he works at the G. W. R. Depot. The little gossoons were highly-amused at him; some thought his legs would make a first-rate pair of broom sticks for the witches to ride to the moon in, while others said, what a prime monkey he would make for an organ grinder, as he could talk the copper out of the hardest crowd that ever mortal man did see.

If he does not keep his big mouth under better control, he will find himself some fine morning with a swelled head and a pair of eyes that would do honor to a bruise.

Have this in the next "Bus load," if you please, and oblige

Yours respectfully,

OLD GULLIVER.

## THE BELL MUSLIN "BENEFIT SUPPER."

HAMILTON, Jan. 15th, 1858.

DEAR OMNIBUS,

Last evening being the 30th anniversary of the Birth-day of Madame D—no, cards were issued for a "Birth-day Benefit Supper. A Band—(Nigger Hall's Quadrille Band, consisting of two violins and a bulldog, all as black as the ace of spades)—were engaged, and the old lady, with her gal, "Kate," spread themselves for a regular *splurge* on the occasion. We were invited, and, of course, paid due respect to the invitation, consequently our presence honored the festive board whereon the "good things of life," wherewith we replenish the inner man, were promiscuously strewn in abundance, like "comely eels in the verdant mud." Supper was unavoidably postponed until 11 o'clock, on account of an uninvited apparition in the bar-room, in the shape of the "Pat Conley Snatch Company," (this company, let it be understood, the old lady hates like she does Old Nick, for sundry reasons,) who *piéed in* with as much assurance as a pair of water-headed police.

Many guests (all "dead heads," of course,) were in the bar-room as tho' the 'Snatch Brigade' entered, but the old woman quickly packed them up stairs to the sitting room, where they remained till the 'grub-hammer' rung, undoubtedly having a nice time. It was nice, but much to the detriment of Anthony's dulcimer, for we saw a gentleman performing some *French airs* on it with the two legs of a clothes horse, which he purloined from some other part of the house a few minutes previous. We will introduce the aforesaid gentleman as a (\*) in another portion of our letter.

But we are losing ground. Now for a vivid description of the proceedings. We will first touch on the guests. Among the number before referred to, we noticed Lord Ash-barrel, President of the 'Kangaroo Club,' "Tim," proprietor of the 'Boar's Nest' Saloon, Jimmy A., Johnny B., F. N—t, of "Little Burlington" notoriety, Tom T—y, Bill H., and 'Snibbles.' When we entered, we were followed by Bob W. and 'Dinny' C. who took their seats in close proximity to the 'camel's back,' an expression used by Lord A., when referring to Madame D.'s couch. Lord A. was squared upon the floor, cutting up peculiar antic—peculiar only to himself—and singing, with a stentorian voice, Sanford's 'Sailer Boy.'

A *French gentleman*, formerly occupied as a 'mutton-lugger' in the Anglo-American Hotel, made his appearance while we were in the room, quickly followed by Mrs. M., Madame D.'s maid of all work, who held in hand a salver or tray containing 8 glasses of rat-gut whiskey, "warranted to kill a mile." We almost forgot to mention the name of Mr. G. McD., one of the crowd we have been writing about. The aforesaid whiskey having been passed around, each one swallowed a potato, and the harmony went on 'merry as a marriage bell.' At this stage of the proceedings, the signal for supper was given. Laws! what a rush! G. McD. tumbled over Lord A., and Lord A. went sprawling to the floor in mud-turtle-fashion—on all fours.

The Banquet was served up in Madame D.'s own style, French fashion, or, to use an English word, *a-la-mode*. If this letter was not so long, we should have sent you a bill of fare, which was abstracted from the cook's trowser's pocket, while in a state of intoxication, by R. L.; consequently, you must imagine all the good things we had.

The 'dead heads' were assembled around the table; "wittals" disappeared rapidly, and more than rapidly, because we observed a young man, (we have mentioned his name before in this letter,) purloin a cranberry pie with the dexterity of Professor Anderson, in his great shawl feat. We were tickled at

the manœuvring of G. McD., in attempting to carve a turkey 'only nineteen years old.' I really pitied the poor fellow. Laws! how he blushed!—the sum total of it is, he felt cheap!

Another individual, "Tim," pocketed a chicken, and I believe he was observed by our hostess, but the poor old lady was too kind to say any thing about it.

Another young man made a fine fist of a plate of raisins, which, while attempting to stow away in a remote corner of his over coat pocket, fell upon the floor, making quite a noise, much to the discomfiture and chagrin of the pilferer.

A few more items of interest came under our notice, which we will transmit to you in time for your next publication. I have my eyes on two individuals, which I will introduce in my next; one is P-t-r-k-n, of Royal Hotel notoriety, the other I will not mention till I write.

Look out for a sharp one!

I remain,

Your obed't Serv't.

PHINANSHEL PANIC.

HAMILTON, Jan. 11th, 1858.

To the Editor of The Omnibus.

DEAR SIR,

While perambulating somewhere in the vicinity of the York Street Lumber Yard, I observed a well-known wood butcher named W. B—n, in the act of depriving one of the canine fraternity of his existence; and, horrible to relate, after several unsuccessful attempts with a gun of the 9th century, I observed the dog running up York Street barking, and the last I saw of the butcher he was charging his gun with a old brown stiek.

Yours truly,

JACK-KNIFE.

P. S.—If any more such brutal attempts at murder, or dog-slaughter, comes under my observation, you will again hear from

J. K.

..... Mr. J. M. C—h is a young man of considerable conceit. He takes a great delight in shutting the door of a dancing school on the "dead heads," as he terms them. If he is seen towing the Great Eastern behind the Banner Office any more, those dead heads will put a muzzle on him and send him down to Miss —, who, no doubt, will rake him down for his impertinence.

..... Mr. G. Mc had better keep out of the bed rooms the next time he goes to a dance.