

THE OMNIBUS.

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

FRIDAY, MARCH 26, 1858.

A SERENADER SWAMPED.

Our "Town Driver" gave a certain Mr. M—— sundry hints in the last *Bus* with regard to the propriety of discontinuing his attentions to a very amiable young lady, who takes every opportunity of insulting him, and showing him that his absence is better than his company.

This young gentleman has, for some time past, been improving his musical talents (although some folks affirm that he was never possessed of any,) by endeavouring to produce agreeable sounds from an old guitar, which can conscientiously boast of *three whole strings!*

Well, having succeeded to his own satisfaction, he proceeded, on Monday evening last, to soothe the sweet slumbers of his dearly beloved by serenading her. When made aware of his presence by the discord, she resolved upon paying for the music in a suitable manner! and, stepping down to the kitchen, soon reappeared with a *pail of dirty water!* which she unceremoniously poured upon his devoted head, while engaged in one of his *best songs!* If this does not cure him of his foolishness, we wonder what will.

☞ We announce with pleasure the receipt of the first number of a new weekly journal, one of our own class, entitled *The Grumbler*. It is published in Toronto, at No. 21, Masonic Hall, Toronto-st., to be had from all booksellers, on the cars, &c. Its office is to grumble heartily at everybody and everything that causes the least abuse of any of our popular rights, &c. &c. The Parliament, City Council, and all public Companies receive their due attention. It is extremely well edited, very neatly printed, and will be a valuable addition to our ranks.

☞ One of our correspondents tells us a member of the *News-Depot*, (J. M., the cuckoo follower,) has been converted from the error of his ways, and received as a reclaimed sinner at the penitent bench. F. I., (the young butcher who imbibes,) has followed his example, with numerous others. We are very glad, indeed, to see this change, and hope it may continue.

OUR "TOWN WHEELBARROW!"

A. DAMPHOOL, ESQ., DRIVER.

☞ Leander, our 'swellish young man,' is still loafing around town. He was to have gone to Port Hope last week. Why didn't he go? Rumour says it was want of money. If such is the case a subscription would be very beneficial, and enable him to sing '*My Mary Ann*' much more suitably.

☞ J. L. (the long-winded orator.) got gloriously *light* the other evening, and after making sundry unsuccessful attempts to crow like a rooster, he settled down to a bark, which so enraged the large canine quadruped belonging to Mr. S, that he ran out and seized the offender *behind!* in a short time he was observed shaking something very furiously, which, upon a close examination, proved to be the seat of a man's unmentionables! Mr. L. has not been seen since.

☞ Our worthy patriarch, Abraham, has again tried to sell his old watch, which he warrants to be *very good*, although totally destitute of time! The fiery son of the Emerald Isle whom he tried to fool gave him a sound thrashing.

•• We are obliged to omit many of our Driver's notes on account of lengthy correspondence.

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, March 12, 1858.

To the Driver of the Omnibus.

DEAR DRIVER,

We are having a nice time of it up here just about now. The *Peelers* have just made a *fury-ous* attack on the *cribs* in this city, and many of our fast young men have been obliged to pawn their watches, jewelry, &c., or fork over their *rhino* to the tune of \$20, for the purpose of extricating themselves from the 'scrape.'

About forty individuals, of both sexes, were arraigned on Monday last before the Captain, to answer to the charges preferred

against them, and the Police Office was thronged to excess. The males were successful in palming off *logus* names instead of genuine ones, but I believe the Captain 'smelt a rat,' as he said something about it which I did not hear, and after some remarks from Ald. B——, alias 'coal-heaver,' and Johnny P——, alias 'the Corktown euchre player,' that part of the proceedings was *dropt*. I will now give you a list of some of the *poor victims*, with their respective *aliases*.

The first batch tried was taken from the 'Cottage,' King St. These were

David Johnson, alias Alfred C——, a blacksmith by profession, and brother to the Hamilton Coach Factory; James Murphy, alias Bill H-n-b-l, a chairmaker, employed by ex-Captain of No. 1, and an aspirant to the defunct title of 'Peck's Sponge'; E. K. Collins, alias Geo. P——, clerk in an oyster store on James Street, who first appeared rather indignant, but after admonition from the Captain he *forked over* and quickly mizzled; James Morison, alias Fred. (formerly bar-keeper at Peck's.

Batch No. 2 was taken from Delphine's: they were

William Cooper, alias A S——, son of a respectable lumber dealer; John McCue, alias Bill McV——, a member of the 'Fancy.' John F. Price; I did not see this young man, but as I know a person of this name, I suppose they are identical; he was one of the parties who *shoed up* a watch.

Batch No. 3 was taken from a house on Wellington Street, kept by the firm of Daverton, Chapman & Co. They were

John Gilles, which would be complete with the addition of 'by'; Herbert Wood, (real name,) dead head, frequently seen around the Anglo-Saxon Saloon; Thomas Chapman, (real, excepting the Thomas,) a small, 'English gentleman,' a great man for dogs, one of the firm.

Batch No. 4 were taken from the Duchesse of Fredenburgh's, on Hughson Street. They were

Lawrence McC——, (real name,) bar-keeper, Golden Gats Saloon; G. F., the Duke, one of the 'Fancy'; Robert Williams, alias R. W——h, a companion to the Duke.

The above may give you a faint idea of some of the doings in our 'ambitious little city.' It is a fast town, and a great many *fast* folks inhabit it.

I promised, in my last, to give you some of the exploits of a couple of *fast* young men; but as this letter is pretty long already, I must defer it to a subsequent one.

I remain,

Yours respectfully,

PHINANSHEL PANIC.