

THE OMNIBUS.

Price, 2d.

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[The following beautiful pathetic ballad furnished us by our esteemed friend and correspondent, Tau K. Nuff, Esq., will doubtless be relished as a treat by the musical portion of our patrons. Comment as to its merits is unnecessary, as it speaks for itself, and will well repay a perusal. It is quite new, but is becoming very popular among the elite of the United States and the Canadae.—Ed.]

NELLY GRAY.

A POPULAR BALLAD, SELECTED EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE "OMNIBUS."

BY TAU K. NUFF.

There's a low, green valley on the old Kentucky shore,
Where I've whiled many happy hours away,
A sitting and a singing by the little cottage door,
Where lived my darling Nelly Gray.

Chorus.

Oh! my poor Nelly Gray, they have taken you away,
And I'll never see my darling any more;
I'm sitting by the river, and I'm weeping all the day,
For you're gone from the old Kentucky shore.

When the moon had climbed the mountain,
and the stars were shining too,
Then I'd take my darling Nelly Gray;
And we'd float down the river in my little red canoe,
While my banjo sweetly I would play.

Chorus. Oh! my poor Nelly Gray, &c.

One night I went to see her, but she's gone the neighbours say;
The white man bound her with his chain;
And has taken her to Georgia for to wear her life away,
As she toils in the cotton and the cane.

Chorus. Oh! my poor Nelly Gray, &c.

My canoe is under water and my banjo is unstrung;
I'm tired of living any more—
My eyes shall look downward and my song shall be unsung,
While I stay on the old Kentucky shore.

Chorus. Oh! my poor Nelly Gray, &c.

My eyes are getting blinded and I cannot see the way—

Hark! there's some lonely knocking at the door—

Oh! I hear the angels calling and I hear my Nelly Gray;

Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

Chorus to the last verse.

Oh! my darling-Nelly Gray, up in heaven there they say,

That they'll never take you from me any more,

I am coming, coming, coming, as the angels clear the way;

Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

[We publish the following by particular request, although it is against our rules to publish two songs at once. However, our musical friends will, no doubt, be very well satisfied, and if the rest of our readers are not displeased, it will be a satisfied, satisfactory and salubrious source of scientific sociability to all parties.—Ed.]

ANNIE MAY.

Gone from the hearts that loved her,

Gone from her home away,—

Gone in her childish beauty,—

Little Annie May.

Gone like the moon's light glimmer,

From off the rippling stream,—

Gone like a beautiful picture,—

From childhood's glowing dreams.

Chorus first four lines.

But in a land of beauty,—

Of never fading flowers,

Where care nor sorrow comes not,

(A holier clime than ours).

She dwelleth now and kneeleth.—

Beside the throne of God.

In praise to Him who raiseth,

The spirit from the sod.

Chorus first four lines first verse.

A LEARNED SHOWMAN.

The following is said to have been sent for publication to the Cleveland Plaindealer from a travelling showman. The production is dated from Wheeling, Virginia, and is considerable of a curiosity. It is about as spicy as Inspector-General Cobey's last Financial Report, and far nearer to the point:—

wheelin, va seby the.

6 18&58.

Gents—ime movin, sloly down your way
I want you should get up a tremendous ex-

citement in the columnz of your va'erble papers about my show. it nox the socks off from all other shows in the u. s. my wax works is the delite of all. the paper-acts my wax works up steep. i want the editur to cum to my show Free us the Flours of may, but i Dont want them to ride a Free hos to death. the editur in pittsbur air the snakyest editur i ever see. they cum to the Show in Crowds and then ask me ten Sents a line fur pufs. they said if i made a Row or Disturbance about it they would all jins an giv my wax works perfeck Hel. the editur of the jurnal said he would Tip over my apel curt in duble quick time if I Blowed round him about his prises. i put up to the Extorshun long enuf and lett in Dizgust. now which papers is the most respectable in your city. i shal get my handls printed at your ofisii—I want you to understan that, but i must keep the other papers in good unier. now mr. Ed tell me frankly with no discephun for discephun of all kinds i do despice. also git up an excitement in the Plain Dealer. since i last rote you ive Added a Cangaroo two my colles-hun of Living Wild Beasts. it would make you lart to see the little cuss jump an squeel. if you say anything about my show pleas state my snakes is under perieck subjeeshun.

yours truly

A. WARD.

A LARGE DINNER PARTY.

We heard a case of brag the other day that is not easy to beat. One of the parties was a steamboat captain from St. Louis, while the other was a hotel keeper in Boston. They were sitting in the bar-room of the Gerard House, in company with one of the proprietors. I'll tell you what it is, Illinois, said Yank, you can't begin out West to keep hotels like we do. Why there are more people set down at the Tremont than all the St. Louis hotels put together will begin to hold. See here, Yank, rejoined Illinois, you can't pull wool over my eyes in that sort of style. Now I've been in Boston time and again, and I've seen more waiters at the hotels in St. Louis than there are people in the Tremont House. That's because the people have to wait on themselves, said Yank; in St. Louis the class of travellers are so poor that you took 'em for waiters. Pshaw! said Illinois, that's all gas—that is. Why, I've seen dinner parties given in St. Louis of such size that it took an eight-horse engine just to squeeze lemons for the punch!