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THE OMNIBUS.

Price, 2d.

ST. CATHERINES, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 19th, 1858.

Vol. 1 No. 5

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.

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. DAMPFOOL, 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 *bugus 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 of 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

didn'ts o end. E. R.—bals), was courting some of the country girls, which exasperated their beaux very much; I would advise him to keep abazy for a time in case of accidents.

The Hamilton boys soon got in a fighting condition and thrashed all the bumpkins they could find, both in the bar and ball room, and imagined themselves owners of the whole place. When the hour for departure arrived, they found some of their friends making free with the contents of their pockets, which was soon stopped by the application of tisis and dancing slippers.

When they got nicely into their sleigh, about 60 came out to thrash them at parting, but were soon driven back into the hotel, with sandy broken noses, &c. Several of the boys procured bogus babies to cheer them on their homeward journey. W. McI. threw his into the snow, and A. K—g jumped out to search for it; brains; he was so intent on getting them up that he got left behind and had the pleasure of riding home in a butcher's vehicle.

They arrived at home about 7 next morning, and after leaving their lady passengers at home, drove round town, making as much noise as they could, and this ended one of the most scientific sleigh rides that ever came under my notice.

I remain,

Yours respectfully,

PHINANSHEL PANIC.

HAMILTON, Feb. 10th, 1858.

To the Editor of the Omnibus.

DEAR SIR,

On Sunday last, three fast youths of our city, named W. R—s, P. H—l, and C. McD—d, concluded to treat themselves to a sleigh ride. Mr. R. having been at the "London B.M.," understood the refreshing influence of a kiss from a "bogus baby," and accordingly procured one of the aforesaid articles; the paternal relative of Mr. R., who, by the way, is a bit of a wig—having entered the sleeping apartments of the baby, replaced it by a counterfeit "bogus baby," in the shape of a bottle of water. The hour of departure having arrived, Mr. R. placed the whiskey bottle (in a horn) in his pocket, and the trio went on their way rejoicing; the snow being rather deep, they soon succeeded in sticking fast in a drift; by the time they had extricated themselves, feeling rather cold, they resorted to warm the inner man with "a drop of the cream" fancy their chagrin Mr. Editor

when instead of the "real sting," they found they had been carrying a bottle of cold, foot-bitten water.

I remain,

Your obed't Servt,

PIKESTAFF.

Barrie, Feb. 20th, 1858.

To the Editor of The Omnibus.

DEAR SIR,

I had a number of your excellent and interesting sheet put into my hands for perusal a day or two ago, which was the first intimation I had of its existence, or I should have contributed before. In future I will keep you posted up in the interesting news of this neighborhood.

We have a News Depot here, with some of the members of which I would fain make you acquainted. The proprietors are Messrs. McC., (the would-be Clear Grit candidate for the North Riding,) and R., a great, unwashed miserly fool from the country, who glories in his furred cloth and cow-hide boots; this gentleman it is who retails the news carried to the Depot, with additions to suit.

The other regular news-mongers who visit the Depot are—No. 1—J. A., the C. L. A., who advises McC., J. P., how to invest his surplus cash to advantage; a stranger seeing him make his four visits a day, would suppose that home was not comfortable, or firewood scarce. No. 2—W. B. C., a colored gentleman, who pries into other people's business all day, and retails his news to the members at night; this gentleman, although white-washed a short time ago, shows the original color still. No. 3—A. M., a great bull of a tavern keeper, who represents the Orange interest, assisted by No. 4—J. W., a tailor; both these gentlemen together have about as much sense as a tailor's goose! No. 5—R. S., the brewer, who said he had his brains stolen, (which is evidently false—never had any.) by the untold exertions of his friends at the Depot he now fills the Reevo's chair, the Clerk reading the Resolutions for him. No. 6—J. L., a carpenter, the gentleman who does the groaning for the Methodist congregation, and who goes snooks with McC. & S., in their land jobbing. No. 7—J. E., late a haddle and earnest maker, now clerk in R. Office, whom you would take for one of the aborigines. No. 8—W. M., stationery, toys, &c; promised a man his vote at last election but was bought over—small potatoes. No. 9—J. E., a brickmaker, (half white,) boxed occasionally in Hingland. Nos 9 and 10—E. B., and J. M., the cuckoo and the little bird that follows—not worth particulars—

newly initiated. No 11—D. McC., evn. the gentleman who ran five times for Council, and was defeated each time until this year. Mr McC' is an old country attorney, with a rubicund visage, slightly stumpy; supposed cause--barley water! No 12—P. McC. jun., clerk to old McC. sen., who expects to be a Judge some day--false hope! independence unbounded! No 13—M. McC., another promising law student; a lanky, callous-looking individual, who sports a delicate moustache; has acted as runner between the Depot and Pa's office for some time; likely to prove a great acquisition to the firm of B & McC.

All the gentlemen enumerated, besides many others, may be seen ranged on the counters of the aforesaid firm of McC. & K from about dark until nine or ten o'clock every evening, discussing the various pieces of scandal brought in by the runners, or, when news is scarce, the aforesaid Mr C. R. amuses the members with an invention or two when they separate with the promise to be punctual next evening, and to gather all the news they can in the interim.

Yours truly,

PYTHAGORAS.

NOTES FROM OUR HAMILTON CORRESPONDENTS.

[As we have not sufficient space to give our correspondents' letters in full, we merely subjoin a few extracts.—Ed. Om.]

.....Some of our young bloods about town, named Billy McKinnon, Johnny Blackburn, Billy Ford, and Bob Bostwick, created quite a sensation, by appearing in public, some days ago with their heads shaved, according to the custom of the Sandwich Islanders, or Cannibal fashion, and looking more like a parcel of singed monkeys than anything else; they had better keep at home until the wool grows again.

.....The following specimen of an Irish Coxillion was called off at a certain sleighing party not long since, by G. McD.

1st. Ladies forward; arms round partners necks and scream; gentlemen forward and balance to country-bucks; a grand solo by Jack K—s; all retire to room.

2nd. Country-bucks forward and stand; J. B—n forward with a grand flourish on a big country-buck; W. R—s retires with small piker; D. K., W. McI., and P. S., all balance in a line, with a noble retreat; W. P. H. R. and J. J. retire under the bed, and could not be found.

3rd. All promenade; ladies forward; kiss partners; grand rush to centro and door; advance and retire; upset fiddler; sides the same.

FUN FOR THE MILLION.



AIN'T IT FUN!

*Phew Phar phr Phokes at random strung,
Phurnishes all with lots of Phun !!*

.....A certain dissatisfied wife says that her husband is such a blunderer, that he can't even try a new boot or shoe without 'putting his foot in it.'

.....A Spanish proverb says that the Jews ruin themselves at their passovers, the Moors at their marriages, and the Christians at their law suits.

.....The following question is now before the Sand Lake debating society: Which do women like the best—to be hugged in a polka, or squeezed-in-a-sleigh? We shall issue the decision in an extra.

.....Old gentleman, affectionately—My son, why do you chew that filthy tobacco? Precocious youth, stiffly—to get the juice out of it, old codger.

.....Oh, Mr. Grubbles!—exclaimed a young mother, 'shouldn't you like to have a family of rosy children about your knees? No ma'am, said the disagreeable old bachelor, I'd rather have a lot of yellow boys in my pocket.

.....DANIEL A DEAD HEAD.—Speaking of lions—that was an 'idea' of the hard shell preacher, who was discoursing of Daniel in the lion's den: 'There he sat all night, looking at the show for nothin. It didn't cost him a cent.'

.....A corpulent gentleman with a capacious stomach, rose at a public dinner to return thanks, which he did by laying his hands quite attractively on his stomach, and saying, 'We thank Thee for these blessings, so bountifully spread, and our capacity to enjoy them.'

.....A shrewd old gentleman once said to his daughter, 'Be sure, my dear, that you never marry a poor man; but remember, the poorest man in the world is one that has money and nothing else.' There is much in this, and we recommend it to the ladies.

.....A practical joke was once attempted to be put on Mr. Eiskine, as he went one day to Westminster Hall, with an ample bag crammed full of briefs. Some wagish barristers hired a Jew's boy to go up and ask him if he had any old clothes to sell? No, you little Hebrew imp, exclaimed the indignant counsellor, they are all new suits.

.....SAD MISTAKE.—Major Beale, the chivalrous Vermonter, has just returned from his European tour, but his fellow townsmen are astonished at his altered appearance. When in Paris he challenged a French Colonel, and the weapons being swords, at the first stroke the Major's nose was severed from his face. Hastily picking up and replacing the organ, he tied his handkerchief over it. After leaving on the bandage for eleven days, he removed it, when to his consternation he found that he had placed it wrong side up, and it was now healed. Although it looks ugly, he finds it very convenient for taking snuff.

.....Pigs can't be driven, but they often lead.

.....Poverty is not a woman, it is so fond of pinching a person.

.....An editor in Minnesota threatens to break up house-keeping, and go to boarding with his delinquent subscribers,

.....A modest writer calls the Niagara River, 'the pride of rivers.' That pride, certainly, has a tremendous fall.

.....The hoop question, like most others, has two sides to it. The ladies take the inside, of course.

.....The 'first business of Lynn is the manufacture of shoes. That, however, is intimately connected with the last business.

.....How is coal this morning? asked a purchaser of an Irishman who was at work in a coal-yard. Black as iver, said Pat.

.....A servant left her place the other day, because she had to drink brown sugar in her coffee. This is a progressive age.

.....A little child in church, observing the minister to be very vehement in his words and gestures, cried out. Mother, why don't they let the man out of the box!

.....Bachelors are not entirely lost to the refinement of sentiment, for the following toast was given by one of them at a celebration. 'The Ladies, sweet briars in the garden of life.'

.....A French writer calls dyspepsia, the remorse of a guilty stomach.

.....'Old Grimes is dead.' Mr. S. D. Grimes died recently in Georgia, at the great age of 110 years. He was never sick.

.....An Albany man advertises for his runaway wife, who is but fifteen years of age, of a loving disposition, and had on three rattan hoops!

.....A literary son of the Green Isle, in writing a letter to his sweetheart, addressed her thus: 'To Miss Bridget Casey, R. A B A C B D K C.' (Arrah! Lo usy, Biddy Casey.)

.....An Irishman tells of a fight in which there was only one whole nose left in the crowd, and that belonged to the taylor's kettle.

SITUATION WANTED.

A young man of very exemplary habits desirous of obtaining a situation in a Dry Goods or Grocery Store. He is rather good looking, with face generally much flushed, nose rather elevated, the tip of which somewhat resembles a reddish. He is a capable hand to draw custom, and an adept at drawing champagne corks. Compensation not requisite; a moderate salary being all that is necessary, with the "run of the till."

Any person in want of such a capable assistant, can be supplied on addressing a letter, (post paid) to

MUSCOVY AUTOCRAT,

St. Catharines, C. W.

Feb. 9th, 1858.

CHARACTER FOUND.

On Saturday night last, between 11 and 12 o'clock, on the corner of St. Paul and Ontario Streets, a noted "car. ter," or nine-ant imbiber, "yclept John M-t-l-y. Who (found) it was in a superior state of glorious unconsciousness, which has since been slightly alleviated. The owner can obtain it by applying at the grocery, "over the way," and paying off old scores.

St. Catharines, Feb. 10, 1858.

THE OMNIBUS

Is published every alternate Friday by TEDDY STUMPS, at the low price of 2d. per copy, and can be obtained from any of our Agents.

Advertisements inserted on reasonable terms, and any of our friends wishing to advertise, or who may have important communications for the benefit of the public, much oblige us by forwarding them to our agents, and they will meet with prompt attention.