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# THE OMNIBUS.

Price, 3d.

ST. CATHERINES, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 12th, 1868.

Vol. I. No. 1.

## A GEM OF A SONG.

(The following doggerel verses were handed us for insertion, and we comply from the very absurdity of the lines. The author will, no doubt, make a very good poet, but it will be sometime hereafter. We would advise him not to make any more attempts at rhyme until he can show something more creditable.—Ed. Om.)

My name is Peter-Skin, as all agree,  
And a tiger boy I'm bound to be;  
Whenever duty calls me out,  
It's for my hat I'll jump and shout,  
And at the ropes I'll make a hop,  
Just like a sow in a pail of slop.

Though my ears are long, so folks tell me,  
A donkey's relation I must be;  
Though a butcher-boy I am by trade,  
*Hard Times* a porter have me made;  
At blacking boots from day to day,  
My former trade I've cast away.

Among the gals I'm sure I'm "some,"  
In my upper story there's plenty of room,  
And this same fault the girls do tell  
Everybody that knows me well;  
And when on excursions I do go,  
Of myself I always make a show.

## MAJOR JONES.

Everybody who knows Major Jones, is aware that he carries a precious sight more money of a peculiar sort under his hat than money in his porte-monnaie. Jones got off a sharp hit at the garroters in this wise:

A short time since a highwayman undertook to rob Major Jones. He met Jones in piece of woods over in Jersey. He asked Jones for his pocket-book. Jones refused to yield. Highwayman then took Jones by the neck and undertook to 'choke him down.' Jones made fight and kept it up for half an hour. At the expiration of that time Jones caved, and the highwayman commenced rifling his pockets. The contents were eighteen cents.

Is that all you've got?  
Every darned cent.

What made you fight so long?  
Did'nt want to be exposed. Bad enough to have only eighteen cents; but a great deal worse to have the world know it.

The highwayman was so pleased with Jones's pride that he made him a present of a nip of 'red eye,' and a cracker to wash it down.

## UNFORTUNATE SLURRING.

A chorister of a country church lately made a sad mistake in the choice of a tune, there being a long *sur* in it, which came directly upon an unfortunate word, which produced a startling effect, namely:

"With reverence let the saints appear,  
And bow-wow-wow before the Lord."

The clergyman's little wisset pup, happening to catch the note, sung out his treble pipe, started the Squire's old Towser's full bass, and in an instant the whole posse of dogs set up such a chorus that Handel's baileturm would have dwindled into a mustard seed in comparison.—*Maine Farmer.*

## RAILROAD WIT.

We recently (says an exchange) took a trip West, and while passing over one of the railroads on the route, and being fond of the *weed*, had taken a seat in the baggage car for the purpose of indulging in a good Havana, a nervous individual entered the car and commenced over hauling the baggage. The baggage master, after eyeing him a moment, accosted him with—

What's a wanting, sir?

I am looking for my trunk, demurely answered the nervous man.

I will take care of your trunk, sir—that is my business, retorted the baggage-master.

Oh, I am aware of that, sir; but I would always much rather keep my trunk *under my eye.*

Well, then, sir, you should have been born an elopphant.

## A SHORT STORY BY DICKENS.

Dickens tells the following story of an American sea-captain:

On his last voyage home the captain had on board a young lady of remarkable personal attractions—a phrase I use as being entirely new, and one you never meet with in the newspapers. This young lady was beloved intensely by five young gentlemen passengers, and in return was in love with them all very ardently, but without any particular preference for either. Not knowing how to make up her determination in this dilemma, she consulted my friend, the captain. The captain being a man of original turn of mind, said to the young lady: Jump overboard, and marry the man that jumps after you. The young lady, struck with the idea, and being naturally fond of bathing,

especially in warm weather, took the advice of the captain, who had a boat manned in case of accident.

Accordingly, next morning, the five lovers being on deck, and looking devotedly at the young lady, she plunged into the sea, head foremost. Four of the lovers immediately jumped in after her. When the young lady and her four lovers were got out again, she says to the captain, What am I to do with them now, they are so wet? Says the captain, Take the dry one! And the young lady did, and she married him.

## AN INCIDENT.

While the Queen of England was recently at Balmoral, and walking about her very fine grounds, she accidentally met an old egg-woman on her way to the Castle, which she supplied with eggs. The Queen being in a humorous mood, determined to give the old woman, to whom she was not known, an agreeable surprise. Accordingly, she asked her where she was taking so large a quantity of eggs to. The old woman bluntly replied: I am ganging to Balmoral, and these are for the Queen.

I am very much in want of eggs, said her Majesty, and if you sell me these, I shall pay you double what the Queen gives.

The old woman's eyes sparkled with joy as she declared that the lady could have them, and she would return and fetch another basket for the Queen.

Victoria drew a sovereign from her purse, and perfectly astonished the old woman by refusing to take any change. She asked where the eggs were to be taken, and the Queen then replied: To Balmoral, to be left for me, the Queen.

The old egg-woman was bewildered.—Raising both her hands in the air, and then clapping them together, in astonishment and delight, she cried out:—Gude Laird o' mercy! an' is it *your ain sel*, Mrs. Albert?

..... Can you tell me where the gymnasium is?

Jim Nasium—Jim Nasium—I don't know him.

It isn't a he, sir.

Well, I don't know her, then.

It isn't a her, sir.

Well, I don't know them, then.

It isn't them, neither, it's an it.

Well, go and hunt it, then.

..... The man who was "filled with emotion," hadn't room for his dinner.

THE OMNIBUS.

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

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1859.

TO OUR READERS.

We take up our pen with a very bad grace indeed, to apologize for the non-appearance of the *Bus*, last Friday. It has, no doubt, led many to suppose that the wheels or axles or some other paraphrenalia had given way, and the blacksmith was repairing them, but we are happy to inform the public, that no such disaster has taken place. The reason why we disappointed our readers is, because we were making arrangements for "running the *Bus*," weekly. Our arrangements, so far, have been very satisfactory; and we hope, ere long, to be able to furnish our patrons with a budget of news once a week, instead of fortnightly.

We are very much obliged to our friends, for their support thus far. We hope they will continue in the good work, and if any of them should happen to have any "surplus capital for charitable purposes," they ought to "Remember the Driver." Small contributions thankfully received through any of our agents, who can always be trusted. "A nod is as good as a wink," &c.

OUR "TOWN WHEELBARROW!"

A. BARRISCOL, ESQ., DRIVER.

Our friend Joe C-l-g-n, the Tinkor, was, on Saturday night last, observed entering Coy. Hards' store, for the purpose of purchasing a new pair of hinges for the gate in front of Miss Maria's residence; the old ones having been completely worn out, by his frequent visits. That was right enough; wasn't it? In making this purchase, Joe's benevolence was truthfully exemplified, as the young lady furnished the cash, and Joe stole the nails!

Jack G-l, has returned to town, after an absence of some three months. He looks remarkably well. We observe no particular change in his appearance, other than one of his optics, wears a sable aspect,—the natural result of the recent engagement between him and the "Post's" *Cosin*.

Billy McI., has been appointed Manager of the "hounds," vice Nick S, resigned. Poor Nick, we regret to learn, has not yet fully recovered from the effects of his New Year's tour to Hamilton. Dame Rumor says he was "caged," while there, but don't believe her.

Dick S— had better spend his leisure evenings at home, in future. By doing so he will not disturb the slumbers of Miss Aguck, by his abominable screeching, under her bed-room window at unreasonable hours. Keep shady Dick, or she will have to "let slip the dogs of war."

J.C., has bought a new fiddle, and he starts for Thorold to night, for the purpose of "officiating" at the "grass-widow's" big ball. The "White Swan," goes along, we wish them a "good time."

THE LONDON BALL.

(From our Special Reporter.)

The G. W. R. boys of Hamilton went to the ball at London looking their very best, with their hair curled, boots blacked, &c. J. McI—h, in particular, had his goatee cultivated up in a peculiar style. At Harrisburgh the M. P. P. for Hamilton came into the car where we were, and our goatee friend, thinking this a good opportunity for obtaining a situation on the G.S.R., buttoned up his claw-hammer, straightened himself a little, and entered into conversation with that gentleman, the result of which is not known to us.

We arrived at London on time, and immediately posted to the City Hall, where we soon got seated at the supper-table. D. McC. took the vice-chair, and in carving a huge round of beef made such an incision in his game's finger as to check his carving propensities. E. R—s followed suit on a turkey. J. McI. flourished some time on the goose question, and was obliged, finally, to hand it to his brother Bill, who, like Sampson, soon tore it limb from limb.

After a niple justice had been done to the viands, the tables were cleared out, and dancing commenced, under the auspices and flourishes of J. McI., assisted by W. R—s and D. McC—h, whose antics created great amusement. The party broke up at 5 o'clock, and the Hamiltonians started for home on the morning train.

After the train had started we took a tour through the cars. In the first car we entered we were met by J. B—n and E. R—s, who had a bottle of whiskey nicely wrapped up, which they termed the *bugus baby*, and it was astonishing to see with what affection W. R., G. McD., W. McI. and others kissed this baby. In another car we found J. H. treating the ladies to a little wine.

We arrived at Hamilton on time, and proceeded to the Burlington Hotel, where dancing commenced about 6 o'clock in the evening, and the aforesaid dancing men acted as before. The usual amount of *dead heads* made their appearance, among whom

we observed Frank I—, Charley R—, W. P—mb—n, J. McC—, and a host of others. Leaving the ball room, we entered Parlor D. where we found Dave McI— in rather a singular predicament for a man of his cloth, which, for the present we will keep mum.

The dance being over, we proceeded to the Arbor, where Bill R—, and others were engaged in an Irish quadrille, assisted by the Duke of Frederburgh, J. G., R. B., and other members of the "Fancy."

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, Jan. 30th, 1859.

To the Driver of the Omnibus.

DEAR DRIVER,

The last number of your microscopic serial created quite a sensation among the interested parties in this city; one of them, I am informed, was in a state of phrenzy, vowing on mental insanity. I have reference to G. N., the alleged chairman of the Bell Austin Supper. I think your special reporter must have made a slight mistake as to who was chairman, but so the cap seems to fit, and I have no other authority, than a direct denial from himself, your readers must judge for themselves. In speaking with him on the subject, he says: "I never had the pleasure of holding such a respectable position on such a respectable occasion, and it is a moral shame that a person like me, holding such a high position among the fair sex, should be brought before the public eye without any just cause; it might possibly have some weight, and probably seriously impede some of my matrimonial speculations."

The title, "Peck's Spongers" has been claimed by three persons, who are quarrelling among themselves as to who is the rightful owner. F. B. says he deserves it, and is bound to have it, if he has to walk over *Coy's* *passer* to obtain it. Jim H. comes next; he wants it badly, but as F. B. is the biggest, he dare not show fight and therefore calls it a draw game. Bill H—ble is the next on the list; he says he will have it or die in the attempt. Well, I will let them fight it out; but if the respectable sottiquet was left with me for distribution, I would bestow it upon Jim H., as the most worthy aspirant.

In my last I referred to two *worthies*, one of whom, P-t-r-k-n, is not yet "fit for use," but I will use him in some future *Bus*; the

other is no less a personage than Jim L.—w. who is, I think, an aspirant to the legal profession. He may be seen frequently wounding his way, with other *chymis*, to yards a Stone 'otage' up west; at other times he may be seen emanating from some of our 'ash' nable saloons with a 'brick in his hat.' When *tight* he becomes obstreperous and is fond of using disrespectful and of some language on the street, which is very unbecoming. Our wooden-headed police have often seen him cutting up his dudoes, but as he is one of the 'bugs,' he is passed by without admonition. Here, I think, our M. P.'s are much in fault as those who deserve it should be chastised, whether rich or poor.

I will introduce a member of the broad-cloth fraternity in my next, which, no doubt, will prove *beneficial* to him, as well as interesting to your readers.

I remain,

Yours respectfully,

PHINANSHEL PANIC.

[We have received the following from our Toronto correspondent, by which it appears that a certain *swell* music master has been experimenting on the gullibility of the aristocracy of B——. The letter speaks for itself.—Ed. Om.]

TORONTO, Jan. 30, 1858.

To the Editor of the Omnibus.

DEAR SIR,

Presuming that the following account of certain doings lately at B——, (a town not 100 miles from here,) will not be uninteresting to your readers, I send it. Last November a person came to B. in the capacity of music master, announcing that he had been band master in a regiment at the Crimea, &c. Of course, he was believed, and immediately taken into favor with the aristocracy, whom he effectually conciliated by curing the rickety old organ of the English Church of a long-standing asthmatic disease, (probably stoppage of the *wind-pipes*.) and was received into the select choir, (which is principally composed of *three moustached boys*!) where he wounded the feelings of a limb of the law, H. S——, by taking his place near the divine form of a certain young lady. After teaching for some time, he announced a Grand Concert, assisted by two Herrs from the Court of Hanover, under the patronage of a Judge, two lawyers (H—— the *would-be* Reeve and B—— with the moustache), and a Bank Agent (L——, *wot* has the smart clerk, *Josh*.) who are the flower of the aristocracy. The Concert went off famously;

the Herrs performed to perfection, assisted by a half-comed *Grubb*.

It was not long before the musician came forth in his true colors. A little over a week ago was discovered that he had completely *jauced a Jew jeweller*, named L——, by appropriating sundry articles of jewelry during the owner's absence. Thereupon L—— and his host F—— called in the assistance of en-Deputy Sheriff L——, who, with his accustomed activity, waited till the next morning before he did anything, when he arrested the suspected offender, and having searched his trunks and found nothing, let him go, without even watching him. Upon inquiry it was discovered by the assistance of S., (the *handsome* P. O. clerk,) that a carpet bag had been sent here the night before. Upon the receipt of a telegram from B——, our energetic chief-of-police, S——, (whose *penchant* for champagne supports and firing pistols when there is no need of it, is well known,) opened the bag and found the missing jewelry. The culprit was arrested next day, and now awaits his trial at the next assizes.

This sad affair has been felt as a general blow by the *big folks*, who should have been more circumspect with regard to *unknowns* after the lesson which the great "Railway Swindler" gave them some time ago. Mr. W—— (the watchmaker,) felt especially *lamb* about it, and has been heard to utter sundry *cl——s* in connection with the eyes and immortal past of his former dear friend the musician.

I shall write again soon, and in the mean time believe me,

Yours truly,

T.

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.]

.....An individual employed in the G. W. R. Loco. Dept., Hamilton, named Tom W——, has of late made himself ridiculous by *tattling*, &c., and it is currently reported that he was aspiring to the office of *wipe* or *tool* to the future Supt. of said Dept. One day last week he singled out a fellow workman named R. B——n, as a fit subject for his rebuke, who, after reasoning with him some time, took the liberty of giving him a sound *trashing*, which he richly deserved. As I have not heard the *finale* of the affair, I shall leave it till my next letter.

.....A few weeks ago an item of no under my notice, which, in my estimation, is too good to be lost. The circumstances are as follows: A young man, a member of the *weed* fraternity, rejoicing in the *opulent* cognomen of "Gallus Joe," set out on a *bender*; went to Dundas, and got *terribly tight*. On returning to Hamilton, he proceeded to the 'Arbor,' where he imagined himself *Joe Pentland's Show*, and after performing various antics, characteristic of the above-named fraternity, he *unfortunately* fell through a screen in the *latrines*, feet first, where, for a while, until he was picked up, he resembled 'a vagrant in the stocks' of olden time.

..... Who was that *tight* individual that was observed coming out of a lager beer saloon and entering Madame D.'s place of abode with a copy of the *Morning Times* pinned to his coat tail, on Sunday afternoon last? When last seen he was making a *bee line* (very crooked, though,) towards home, with the aforementioned appendage waving like a *Banner* behind him.

BIRTH.

At Hamilton, on the 7th inst., Mrs. Collins Pratt of twin daughters.

[We have just received a telegram from Mr. Pratt, stating that Mrs. Pratt and the little Pratts are in a *Prattling* condition, and likely to *Prattle* until they cease to be Pratts!—Ed. Om.]

SITUATION WANTED.

A young man of very exemplary habits is 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 capital hand to draw custom, and an adept at drawing champagne corks. Compensation is not requisite; a moderate salary being all that is necessary, with the "run of the till."

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

MUSCOVY AUTOCRAT,

St. Catherines, 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 "character," or itinerant imbiber, 'yclept John M-t-l-y. When 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. Catherines, Feb. 10, 1858.

FUN FOR THE MILLION.



Ain't it fun!

*Phew Phaw phor Phokes at random strung,  
Phurnishes all with lots of Phun !!*

..... Have you, said a young lady, entering a music store in which we were standing, and leaning over the counter, and addressing the young man. Have you, "A hawk that loved me only?"

"Yes, miss, was the reply, and here is "A health to thee, Mary."

Mary took the songs, and was leaving the store, when suddenly she returned.

O, I forgot, I want "One sweet kiss before we part."

The clerk glanced at the front store—no body was there—he looked at the counting room—the 'boss' was out—rapidly he leaned forward—Mary, advanced her face—her mouth assumed the "lip-tickle" shape exquisite—and eleven soul-stirring busses were at once turned out in the neatest style of prompt workmanship. Go thou and do likewise. "And she said she would."

..... The following is a literal copy of an epitaph on a tomb-stone in a country church-yard, not ten miles from Trenton:—

"This mortal body of a horse

Was hurried to the tomb,

But Christ, by virtue of his cross,

Will bring my spirit home."

The dear deceased had his brains kicked out by a vicious animal, and his widow has engraven the fact on imperishable marble.

..... Fough, madam!—fough did you say, said the frascible landlord to the landlady, as he was trying to carry what was ostensibly a chicken. Yes, sir; and were I to give my opinion on the fowl, I should say it was old enough to have scratched up the seeds of original sin when they were first planted.

..... A countryman, while walking along the streets of New York, found his progress stopped by a glass barricade of wood.

"What is this for?" said he to a person passing.

"O that's to stop the yellow fever."  
"Aye; I have often heard of the Board of Health, but I never saw it before."

..... Persons to mean to advertise in the correct way, resort to all sorts of methods by which to get advertising for nothing. An agent for a tobacco-house recently painted his advertisement upon the sidewalks of Trenton, N. J., with tar. The tar adhered to everybody's feet, destroyed shoes, spoiled carpets, &c., and the fellow came near being mobbed by a number of angry citizens.—The mayor issued a warrant for his arrest, but he was off in the cars just five minutes before the officer reached the depot.

..... Could any one refuse an appeal so urgently and so delicately made? We think not, and in this belief we add, on our own responsibility, that the hat was returned. We append the appeal:

The gentleman, who inadvertently took our new beaver, and left an inferior article in its stead, will do us infinite kindness by returning our own, and he shall receive our warmest thanks, and two apologies: an apology for the trouble we gave him, and the apology for a hat he left us.

..... WELL SAID.—A proud scion of aristocracy one day taunted a member of Parliament with his humble origin saying, I remember when you licked my father's boots. Well, sir, was the noble response, did I not do it well?

..... A young lady asked a gentleman the meaning of the word *strrogate*! It is, replied he, a gate through which parties have to pass on their way to get married. Then, I suppose, replied she, that it is a corruption of *errow gate*. You are right, Miss, replied our informant, as woman is an abbreviation of *wo to man*.

..... The following is a description of a bat said to have been given in a school boys composition. A bat as a flying insect about the size of a stopple; has India rubber wings, and a shoe string tail; he sees best with his eyes shut, and bites like thunder.

..... John, can you tell the difference between attraction of gravitation and attraction of cohesion? Yes sir. Attraction of gravitation pulls a drunken man to the ground, and the attraction of cohesion prevents his getting up again.

..... A gentleman replied to a female vagrant who accosted him, that he never gave to beggars in the street.

If I knew where your honor lived, quickly responded the woman, I'd be after calling at your house, and then I shouldn't interfere with your arrangements.

..... Why is a room full of married ladies like an empty room? Because there is not a single one fit it.

..... Said a gentleman to his friend the other day: Times are improving, and men are getting on their legs again. How so? Why, those who used to ride in their carriages now walk.

..... Mike, and it's yourself that can be after telling me how they make ice creams? Troth and I can, don't they bake them in cold ovens to be sure.

No Go.—A letter addressed to the 'Church of God,' at Portland, Maine, some years ago was returned in the General Post Office with the endorsement, *miss-directed*—we have nothing but sectarian churches in this place.

..... FAME.—An old chap at the state fair overheard some men conversing together about Millard Fillmore's being present, exclaimed,

Fillmore, Fillmore, let's see; what did he do? Won't he up for something once?

We left him trying to think what Fillmore was up for, and mentally exclaimed, 'Such is greatness.'

..... What kind of plaster should a doctor recommend in a case of love sickness? Court-plaster.

..... Jim, how does the thermometer stand to day? Why ours stands on the mantel-piece, right again the plastering.

..... Men who boast loudly that they never show quarter, are certain, in times of danger, to show none but their hind ones.

..... The man who was 'moved to tears' complains of the dampness of the premises and wishes to be moved back again.

..... Strange, Moore and Wright, three notorious punsters were on a certain day dining together when Moore observed, 'There's but one knave among us, and that's Strange.' 'O, no,' said Wright, 'there's one Moore.' 'Ay, said Strange, that's Wright.'

..... A filled chemist finds love composed of fifteen parts of gold, three of fame, and two of affection.

..... Carlyle says: Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure there is one rascal less in the world.

THE OMNIBUS.

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