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# THE OMNIBUS.

PRICE, 10 CENTS.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, APRIL 5th, 1853.

Vol. I No. 1

## ROSALIE, THE PRAIRIE FLOWER.

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

BY T. A. K. M. P.

On the distant prairie, where the heather wild  
In its quiet beauty lived and smiled,  
Stands a little cottage, and a creeping vine  
Loves around its porch to twine,  
In that peaceful dwelling was a lovely child,  
With her blue eyes beaming, soft and mild,  
And the wavy ringlets of her flaxen hair,  
Floating in the summer air.

Chorus:

Fair as a lily, joyous and free,  
Light of that prairie home was she;  
Everyone who knew her felt the gentle power  
Of Rosalie, the Prairie Flower.

On the distant prairie, when the days were long,  
Tripping like a fairy, sweet her song;  
With the summer blossoms and the birds at play,  
Beautiful and bright as they.  
When the twilight shadows gathered in the west,  
And the voice of nature sank to rest,  
Like a cherub smiling seem'd the lovely child  
With her gentle eyes so mild.

Chorus—Fair as a lily, &c.

But the summer faded, and a chilly blast,  
O'er that peaceful dwelling swept at last;  
When the autumn song birds woke the dewy morn,  
Little Prairie Flower was gone.  
For the angels whispered softly in her ear,  
Child, thy Father calls thee, stay not here,  
And they gently bore her, robed in spotless white,  
To their blissful home of light.

Chorus for the last verse.

Though we may never look on her more,  
Gone with the love and joy she bore,  
Far away she's blooming in a fadeless bower  
Sweet Rosalie, the Prairie Flower.

.....The art of economy is drawing in as much as one can, but unfortunately young ladies will apply this 'drawing in,' to their own bodies, when they wish to avoid anything like a waist.

## A RUNAWAY COUPLE.

A runaway couple, 'true loveyer's,' of the verdant Yankee stamp, arrived at a small inn near Boston and wanted the landlord to send for a minister to splice them.

The landlord complied, and the licensed minister came.

Be ye the minister? asked the bridegroom.

I am, replied he.

Oh, ye be, eh! What's your name?

Stiggins.

Wall, neow, Stiggins, said the Yankee, du it up brown, and your money's ready; and forthwith the Reverend gentleman commenced:—

You will please join hands.

The Yankee stood up with his lady-love, and seized her fervently by the hand.

You promise, Mr. A——, said the parson, to take the woman—

Yaas, said the bridegroom.

To be your lawful and wedded wife.

Yaas, yaas.

That you will love her and honour her in all things?

Sartin yaas I tell yer.

That you will cling to her, and her only, as long as you both shall live?

Yaas indeed, nuthin else! continued the Yankee in the most delighted and earnest manner.

But here the Reverend gentleman stopped much to the surprise and discomfort of the ardent bridegroom.

One moment, my friend, responded the minister slowly; for it occurred to him that the laws of the State did not permit this performance without the 'publication of the banns' for a certain length of time.

What—what—what in thunder is the matter? Don't stop here! Put her thru! What's split, parson? Anything give out?

Just at this moment, my friend, I have remembered that you cannot be married in Massachusetts as the law—

Can't! Wot in natur is the reason; I like her—she likes me—what's to hinder?

You have not been published, sir, I suspect.

That's a fact; ain't a-goin to be nuther; that's the reason why we crossed over in your little Rhody, (the scene was on the border of Rhode Island,) on the sly you see, parson.

I—really—sir; said the minister.

R-o-a-l-l-y; wal, never mind, go a-head. Taint fair, don't you see it aint! You've married me, and haint teched her! Now

don't stop here! Taint the fair thing; by gracious taint now, and you know it.

I will consult, said the minister hesitatingly.

No yer won't, no yer do! You don't consult nothin or nobody till this ere business is concluded! And with this he turned the key, and put it (amidst the tittering of the witnesses whom the landlord had called in) in his pocket.

Seizing the hand of his trembling bride, he said, Go on now from where you left off, put us through and no dodging. It'll be all right; if it aint all right, we'll make it a right in the morning, as the saying is.

After reflecting for a moment, the parson concluded to run the risk of the informality, so he continued: You promise, madam, to take this man to be your lawful husband?

Yaas said the Yankee as the lady bowed.

That you will love, honor and obey him.

Them's 'em, said Jonathan, as the lady bowed again.

And that you will cling to him so long as you both shall live.

That's the talk!—stick to one another allers!—and the lady said yes again.

Then, in the presence of these witnesses, I proclaim you man and wife.

Hoorah! shouted Jonathan, leaping half way to the ceiling with joy.

And what God has joined together let no man put asunder.

Hoorah! continued Jonathan. What's the price? (The parson seemed to hesitate.) How much? spit it out!—Don't be afeared. You did it like a book. Here's a V. Never mind the change. Send for a hack. Landlord, give us your bill. I've got her! Hail Columbia! The poor fellow seemed to be entirely unable to control his joy; and ten minutes afterwards he was on his way to the Railway station with his wife, 'the happiest man out of jail,' said the eye witnesses who describe the scene.

.....A head properly constituted, somebody says, can accommodate itself upon whatever pillow, the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it. One of the best opportunities for practice known to us, is afforded in night travel, using the edge of a railroad car seat, relieving it occasionally with the two-inch window-sill. Full success, however, rarely attends the experiment, unless the head is properly constituted.

.....Men of the noblest disposition always consider themselves happiest when others share their happiness with them.

## THE OMNIBUS.

### THE OMNIBUS.

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

FRIDAY, APRIL 9, 1858.

#### PUGILISM.

The lovers of the noble art of self-defence had a fine opportunity of seeing an exhibition of genuine talent, at the recent prize fight in London, C. W., the men were both true, and stood well to their work, and we have rarely seen so an animated scene. The picturesque spot chosen for the combat, the noble attitude of the principals, and the eager interest visible on every countenance, would form a good subject for the pencil of an artist. We have not room for a description of the rounds suffice it to say, that it was all that could have been expected, and no feelings of animosity were excited in either party, but all was as friendly as it should have been.

An amateur performance, however, took place outside the ring, between *hard-fisted* Bob, and the *rigger-driver* Bill, assisted by a small crowd, among whom were Johnny H., Ned R., and Billy T.; who bore marks of the scrimmaging for some days after, in the shape of black eyes, damaged noses, and sundry spots, resembling in color something between a beet and a boiled cabbage. We believe they enjoyed it finely.

**NOTICE TO OUR FRIENDS.**—In consequence of the hard times we are obliged to increase the price of the *Omnibus*, to 10 cents per copy. This is but a small sum compared to a *Bus* load of fun, and we think none of our friends will begrudge the amount to keep it going. The best way to secure the receipt of the *Bus* regularly, is to enclose \$1 to any of our agents, and eleven copies (six months subscription) will be guaranteed. Be sure to send the name and P. O. address, legibly written, and they will be sent by mail, as soon as published. Liberal terms made with those who send the cash for a quantity of each issue. As only a certain number are printed, parties wishing to subscribe, must send their subscriptions in time.

**IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.**—We would like to know what all our correspondents are doing now. What's become of Old Towser, lugs of Sweden, Jackknife, Old Gulliver, and the rest? Are they all asleep. Surely, there has been something funny doing in their respective vicinities lately, they have not been on the lookout for those interesting items that I promised us. If they don't send them along soon, they may look out for a ride.

#### OUR "TOWN WHEELBARROW!"

A. DAMPHOOL, ESQ., DRIVER.

Little Johnny T., has been amusing himself by swallowing "Tom and Jerry," until he felt himself owner of the whole universe, when he "went in" for breaking all the crockery ware in his neighbour's house, to the great terror of all the feminine gender therein contained. It is reported that the peelers are after Johnny, if so, he had better make tracks.

The chap who was seen, the other night playing cards for the drinkables when he ought to have been at prayer meeting, deserves to have his name shown forth as a specimen of the back-sliding tribe. It is only out of regard to his friends, that his name is omitted, as there are hopes of a great reform taking place very soon, which will, no doubt be very beneficial to his pocket.

What was Tom D. doing on the corner last Thursday evening, with a suspicious looking bundle under his arm? It's not at all likely that he was borrowing anything.

Bill, the pig-stealer, has been endeavouring to coax some young porkers from their legitimate proprietors, for reasons unknown. This is rather suspicious, and we might almost say, *swinish*.

#### 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, April 3, 1858.

To the Driver of the Omnibus.

DEAR DRIVER,

Things in general are remarkably dull in this locality at present. Nothing of public interest—nay, not even a canine pugilistic encounter, has taken place since my last. Laboring under these circumstances, and as a general and special contributor to your snail, but beneficial sheet, I ask the kind indulgence of your readers, and hope they will be satisfied with the following items, which I send merely to "keep the ball a-moving," and promise, without fail, in future to keep them well posted in the current events of the "City of Ambition."

#### Recruiting.

The fife and drum are still in operation among us for the purpose of alluring the struggling vagabonds in this vicinity, with the prospect of military honors. Rear Ad-

miral, general-major-captain-serjeant-corporal-private Wheeler, drill-searcont of Rifle Company, No. 2, in this city, has, I have been informed, succeeded in catching eighty-four snickers, all of whom, I am happy to say, belong to those species of the human family termed "Dead-heads," Dutchmen and "County-bucks," which gives me

Reason to suppose,  
That the "city beaux,"  
Are "up to snuff,"

and as yet, notwithstanding the stagnation in trade and the general depression in the money market both at home and abroad, cannot be forced to "take the shilling," altho' at the present time it may be reckoned as one of the scarcest commodities of the season with all of us.

#### Madame Delano in a fix.

O Thunder! what do you think? Police Constable F—y, formerly blacksmith's clerk to the defunct firm of Pronguoy and Hankey, has at last come to the conclusion that the Anglo-Saxon Saloon, kept by Madame D—o, is a house of disreputable character, and had it indited as such only a few weeks ago. This is none of my business, but I think Mr. F's experience could have told him the same long before this. I have seen him there myself at very unreasonable hours, but that was nothing, because it was previous to his departure for T—y, N. Y. That he was always at Madame D's on business, there is no doubt, but in my opinion, it is not right that he should prove so ungrateful to an old and tried friend for the purpose of gaining notoriety as an M. P. I will now endeavor to give a brief sketch of the trial and its consequences. The old lady, her boy Clinton and her two girls, Kate and "Porcupine," all attired in their "best harness," made their appearance in the Police Office at the desired hour, and it was singular to behold the presence of mind evinced by the old lady during the proceedings. She addressed his worship in a most elephant manner, but it was all to no purpose. Several dead-head witnesses were examined, all of whom swore positively against her, and finally she was obliged to fork over to the tune of 20 dollars and her license was cancelled to boot. In the evening, she invited a few of her friends who had a good time over her extensive stock of wines and liquors, as she would not, [thanks-to E—y] be allowed to dispose of them in any other manner.

In my next I will bring forward one of our "City Fathers." How will you like his daguerretype?

Yours respectfully,

PHINANSHEL PANIC.

Barrie, April 7th, 1858.

To the Editor of The Omnibus.

DEAR SIR,

Since my last, hardly anything of importance has happened in town, the usual surmises as to who the Omnibus correspondent is, are floating round, but they invariably hit on the wrong parties.

I suppose you are aware, that there has been great pigeon shooting, in our vicinity lately. Well, last week two of our would-be destructive genls, started out on a pigeoning expedition, with the necessary equipment, and the usual stock of groceries, not forgetting the bogus baby (alias a bottle of old rye). Their names are, Mait. McC. (who is now trying, by the aid of Bear's Grease, and a pair of pin-cors; to add a whisker to his incipient moustache,) and Charley R. (who still adheres to his habit of exaggeration.)

Upon arriving at their destination, they resigned the baby, &c., to a shanty close by, while they went out to shoot the pigeons.

They soon fired away all their shot, and sent back to the shanty for more, giving the messenger directions to bring the baby and the etables along. The messenger they chose was the notorious Chris. L., (who, if he had his deserts, would now be glorying in the shaved head, and parti-colored livery of the Queen's pensioners, in the place to which he will undoubtedly follow, those whom he has already sent there.)

On this occasion, he did not belie his reputation, for, before returning to the sportsmen, he used all the shot, eat all the provisions, and finished the bogus baby, and then coolly said that he couldn't find them. So much for them.

Our Rifle Brigade are now out on their ten day's drill, and a truly martial sight they are. Their Drill Officer is a dapper little watch-cobbler, who is always making a fool of himself. Among the members most noted for dullness and stupidity in learning the exercises, are; Featherston O. (who is a mixture of meanness, self-conceit and hypocrisy. His motive for sucking around the following is too apparent), Ned and Tom M. (both too smart to live long,) Jim and Jack M—w, (rather insignificant but Jack does know how to collect sham accounts) Jo R—s, part speculator, part bailiff, and part Record clerk, who is as divided in mind as an office; with Ed. S—, and our Josh, upon whose actions the Omnibus has had a most beneficial effect.

On Wednesday they dismissed in front of the department devoted to the scientific operations of our learned chronometrical artificer. W—s, who has travelled every country of the known world, and learned a thousand languages; who has flirted with

the Parisians, heb-a-nubbed with the Egyptians, salaamed with the Hindoos, used chop sticks with the Chinese, drank lager beer with the Dutch, played the guitar with the Italians, and sung the war-whoop with the North American Indians.

The Recruiting Sergeant for the 100th Regiment was in attendance, but among all the warlike and fire-eating shoemakers, tailors, &c., who compose the Rifles, none could be found who were willing to exchange the comforts of the whiskey bottle at home drill for the glory and honor of active service.

Yours truly,

PYTHAGORAS.

COLLINOWOOD, April 6th, 1858.

To the Editor of the Omnibus.

DEAR OMNIBUS,

The character of your journal, as devoted to the exposure of existing abuses and the general advancement of the people in the sciences of cachination and mental improvement, emboldens me to address you.

As one of the many abuses here, I would wish to exhibit to you, the conduct of the majority of our Town Council.

When they are doing something, it is always something foolish. The most sensible action they are guilty of is doing nothing, for then they don't expose their stupidity.

Surveyor G—d, (late of the East India Co.'s service,) brought in a By-Law at the last Meeting of the Council, which took up three hours of their time, and amounted to this, that the denizens of this town should have their smoke orifices (chimneys) swept regularly. I would suggest that they appoint Chris. W—n, the notorious East Ward sweeper, to the office of town sweep.

Our nautical Councillor, McW—t, did not make his appearance till late. I wonder if he had been warbling the "Old Commodore" for some of his particular friends at the Corners.

Our cobbler Councillor, R—d, whose non-acribendary qualifications caused his ejection from the bailiffship, had, for the first time in his life, the good sense to say nothing, and thereby lost the glorious opportunity for immortalizing himself as a buffoon.

If our Council don't improve soon, and learn to do something for the good of the town, and net veto the wise measures introduced by the few sensible members, they will be shown up in

their  
true  
colors  
by

WILKINS MICAWBER.

P. S.—I would like to hint to our present Chief of Police that if he don't conduct him-

self more as if he was connected with a Temperance Society, and keep a better look out for the windows when his ocular organs are off his prisoner, a free seat on the top of the Bus will be

provided

by

W. M.

MARRIED

On the 7th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. T. J. Armstrong, B. W. Ross, Esq., Deputy Sheriff, Barrie, to Mary Anne, second daughter of D. S. Carter Esq., Township of Tivy.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

(From our Special Reporter.)

PRESENT—The Reeve, Messrs. McCarthy, Pass, Dougal and Hopkins.

The following papers were laid before the Council, viz: Petition from A. J. Thornton, asking for the Corporation phyacking work for the ensuing year; Statement of fees received by Market Clerk for not attending to his duty; Bill from W. F. Smith, for sundry oyster and champagne suppers ordered by Messrs. Pass, Hopkins and McCarthy, and to be charged to the town; Bills from H. Fraser and A. Miscampbell for sundry drinks by ditto; and sundry reports from the Town Inspector as to the state of the Kempenfeldt road, the condition of the farms on each side of it, and the proceedings of the men employed in constructing the telegraph line to his residence.

The Council resolved itself into Committee of the whole to consider the Report of the Town Inspector.

The Reeve spoke in a dialect which seemed to be a mixture of Yorkshire and Dutch, but was afterwards translated by the Clerk to be in favor of the Report.

Mr. Hopkins mildly suggested that it would be more satisfactory to have a little about the town in the Reports, but he was immediately frowned down by the chairman and Mr. McCarthy, and the Report passed.

Whereupon the Council adjourned.

[I am aware that the Advance pretends to publish a Report of the Council Proceedings, but the above is the true version, although some of the proceedings have been omitted, for want of space. The last report of the Advance consists entirely of motions, "that the Report now read be adopted," and it must be apparent to every one that our august body of assembled wisdom would surely do something more sensible than the Advance Reporter would try to make us believe.—Rep.]

FUN FOR THE MILLION.



AIN'T IT FUN!

Photo Phaz phaz Phoked at random string,  
Pharmishes all with lots of Phun!

..... A distressed agriculturist popped in to pay his rent, putting on a long face to correspond with the times. On entering the house, he said, the times being so hard, he couldn't raise the money at all, and flashing a bundle of notes on the table, said, There, that's all I can pay. The money was taken up, and counted by the landlord, who said, Why, this is twice as much as you owe! Dang it give it to me again, said the farmer, I'm dashing, if I didn't take it out of the wrong pocket.

..... Quits.—A Coroner's inquest was held upon a man who died from taking Vegetable Pills. On opening the body, the interior was discovered to be one huge cabbage but dead, to its core, from confinement and want of water—a beverage which the patient unfortunately never drank. The jury returned a verdict of "quits." Quits, gentlemen, exclaimed the dismayed Coroner,—never heard of such a thing! What do you mean? Why, replied the foreman, we find that the cabbage killed the man, the man killed the cabbage, and if that aint quits, blow me.

..... It is not a bad story, though an old one, of a Spanish peasant, who, during a great hunting match, was fortunate enough to catch his sovereign in his arms, as she was thrown from a restive horse. A solemn Hidalgo—High Chamberlain Grand Alguazil or something—while acknowledging the service the peasant had rendered, could not forbear from remonstrating with him on the impropriety of laying his plebeian hands on the sacred person of royalty. It was urged, in excuse, that had not timely aid been rendered, her most Catholic Majesty must infallibly have broken her legs. Fellow, interposed the official, sternly, the Queen of Spain has no legs!

..... An exchange paper says that the girls in some parts of Pennsylvania, are so hard up for husbands, that they sometimes take up with philosophers and lawyers.

..... A DREAFFUL CATASTROPHY.—So you had a bad business, at your house last night, Sam, said a colored gentleman, on meeting his colored crony, a waiter at a hotel. Oh, yes, Lemuel, dat we had, it almost scart me into taking a drink. He was gist from California, wid heaps of noosepapers. He cum ober de Jerecipelus by de Nigoran-ger route and put up at our house probious to his ribal. I tert de man was out ob his head kase gabe me a shillin', as soon as he laid eyes on me; from dat mint I stuck by him, for fear some interested passon might get a hold ob him. De nex mornin, as de chambermaid was agwans up stairs wid a skuttle ob cels, for her breakfast, she smelt ludlum passin de man's do—soon as she smelt dat, she smelt a rat. She nooked at de man's do but no answer. Den she broke de do' down an dere laid de man wid his boots on kind in de trout was a sticking a bottle ob ludlum. She hollared, and we all kotched hold ob it, and tried to pull it out, but it wa'nt no use. We had to send for de sturgeon. De sturgeon cum, and made a decision here in de neck, nigh de bonax, which reached as fur as de equilbrum reached into de sarcofogus, and patten a cortven into de decision, gab it a poke wid a dispatchus, when out flew de bottle and all was safe. What was safe, de man? No, de bottle—de man was dead afora de sturgeon cum, but he had to do sum-fer to earn a fee. Was dere anything found in de pockets, Sam? How do you s'pose I know, do you tink I put in my hand to feel? What do you mean to sinewax? Oh, nuffin only I neder seed you hab sich good close on before, dat's all.

..... CHECK MATE.—Dad, you know that brass thing the feller gave me for my trunk there at the Depot? Yes, Well, 'twan't nothing but brass, was it? No, I s'pose not. Good, wal, I tacked it onto the hackman, back there, for a quarter, and he went off satisfied. Jonathan found out what kind of a game he had played, when he saw the hackman present his check, and take his trunk from the baggage-master, in spite of his own protestations that it belonged to him.

..... THE KISS.—A kiss, says an ingenious author, is like the Creation, because it is made of nothing, and is very good. Yes, but alas, it does not last six days, we wish it did.

..... A gentleman, who, under the least excitement, would exclaim, there is a crisis coming, was considerably amused at being gravely informed by a little four year old son, that the cry was had come, and was in bed with trasher.

..... An Irishman says, "Poverty is no disgrace, if it is secret. In buyin' it."

..... When Sheridan was charged with inconsistency, the wit replied that the accusation reminded him of the entertainer of a convivial party, who hearing his friends observe that it was time to take leave, as the watchman was crying past three, observed: Why, you dont mind that fellow, do you? he tells a different story every half hour.

..... TRIGAMY.—A young man at Keokuk Iowa, lately married a young and pretty woman, and shortly after opened a letter directed to her and found it from a husband in Ohio. He demanded an explanation, when she quietly replied, I have a third one in Alabama, and whats the odds? Three to one answered the gentleman, as he walked off for his hat and coat.

..... The young fellow, whose girl told him, that she did not want him any longer, wears a fifty-six pound weight in his hat to prevent him from growing longer.

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 mill."

Any person in want of such a valuable 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 character, or itinerant imbibor, yeapt 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. Catharines, Feb. 10, 1858.

THE OMNIBUS

Is published every alternate Friday by TEDDY STUMPS, at the price of 10 cts. 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 will much oblige us by forwarding them to any of our agents, and they will meet with prompt attention.