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THE OMNIBUS.

Price, 2d.

ST. CATHERINES, FRIDAY, MARCH 26th, 1859.

Vol. 1 No. 7.

[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 editurs in pittsbur air the snakyest editurs 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 cart in duble quick time if I Blowed round him about his prizes. 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 offis—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!

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. L., (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 Daverport, 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.

THE OMNIBUS.

Port Dover, March 16, 1858.

DEAR OMNIBUS,

Some time ago, a few of our young bucks in town decided upon getting up a sleigh-ride for the amusement of themselves, in particular and society in general. The prime movers were—a Crow, (the victim of tight pants and such involuntary expressions as By J—s,) and a Wolfe, [strange that such a notoriously ravenous creature should be a favorite with the fair sex; but so it is.]

The time was fixed for Tuesday night last, and the Wolfe provided the oysters, but on Tuesday afternoon it was discovered that they had vanished, and gone to Brampton to a Ball and Supper. The ladies, indignant at the desertion, took the matter into their own hands, and vowed that the sleigh-ride should go on without the young gentlemen, who consider themselves as necessary requisites to every party.

Of course, it did go on, and a very good good time they had, making full use of the oysters conveniently provided before hand; they arrived at their destination in excellent spirits, after a very pleasant drive. Before supper, some one enquired what they should do with Jack White, when a small chair, with a round hole in it, was placed in the middle of the floor at his disposal. Dancing then commenced, and continued until about 2 o'clock next morning, when they broke up and returned home.

Our Murch, after imbibing considerably before departure, amused the company with temperance lectures all the way home, in his usual happy style.

The fun of the joke, however, was that the Ball or Party at Brampton was a hoax, and the two specimens of the animal kingdom were obliged to return completely sold.

Porter's Clerk didn't go the sleigh-ride, not having recovered from his previous sprain, and the boys being in a d—l of a hurry that night he didn't like to ask him for fear of getting the ask.

The other male members of the party, including Tom M—, (who wants to be very sweet on some one I know,) and L.W., (the Railway official connoisseur,) could be made the subjects of some pretty nice paragraphs, but I'll give them a ride some other time. As for Messrs. C. and W., I would advise them to be more punctual in their appointments in future or they will get more rides; and the next time the former falls down, and drags his partner with him, he must first ask the ladies' permission before he ventures to express himself so freely, especially in the company of Mrs. White.

I remain,

Your obed't Serv't,

A follower of the kicked out
Surveyor, Wm. G.

Belleville, March 17th, 1858.

To the Editor of The Omnibus.

DEAR SIR,

Some of our *Just-asses* of the Peace have been making themselves real asses lately. With their usual wisdom and foresight, the most guilty and most notorious individual, at a recent preliminary examination of three persons, for harness stealing, was admitted to bail, and the rest sent to gaol. Among these worthies were; I am sorry to say, John A., (you remember the news-monger); R. S., (the brewer without trains); D. M., (the would-be Railway Director, and the Sh—s man-of-all-work,) and W. O.

E. A. W., (the *Brazilian monkey*, and the father of our fast Josh, who will persist in going where he gets snubbed off every night) was not on the Bench that day, owing to a severe attack of gout. G. L., [the wensel,] and J. L., [who takes all he can get and a little more.] went security for this Penitentiary Bird, who has cleared, tearing his old yellow stockings, leaving the aforesaid in for it. They should have taken warning by his former transactions in stealing, passing counterfeit money, &c.

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 people are very fond of tails, says a correspondent. During the late sleighing, a young blood, (son of a soap and candle manufacturer,) in this city, procured a horse and cutter, and drove up to the residence of his "dearly beloved," who is the daughter of J. J. McD., [the man that won't live with his wife, but can make love to all the servant girls in christendom.] Upon soliciting her company for a sleigh ride, she went to the cutter and examined the buffalo robe, which was a very fine one indeed. "But there was something wanting, it had no tails behind, and owing to this defect she declined. The young man was amazed at this strange proceeding, and was about driving off, when she called him and requested him to wait a few minutes. He did so, and she retired to the house and shortly after returned with a robe having the required appendage. Young Soupy was so delighted at this unexpected apparition, he did not know what end he stood on. Miss J. J. got in the cutter, and they flew off like a pair of doves, with their tails behind them.

..... I happened into a certain place the other evening, just in time to witness a female pugilistic encounter, the particulars of which, as far I have ascertained, are as follows: The parties connected in this affair were Mrs. M—, the former proprietress of the "Niagara Saloon," and Mrs. G—, alias Kate B—, one of the accused correspondents of Cole, the murderer. It appears Mrs. G. had in some way blazed about Mrs. M. concerning her intimacy with Mr. W., who by the by is a married man. Upon hearing this, Mrs. M. became riled, and consequently sought satisfaction. Having armed herself with a raw hide she repaired to the residence of the object of her search, whom she found seated by the window busily engaged in reading the *Cleveland Plaindealer*. Having passed the compliments of the season, in her usual graceful style, Mrs. M. explained the object of her visit, and flourishing her raw hide around the ears of Mrs. G. she demanded satisfaction in a most vehement tone. A general *melee* ensued, and in a few minutes, Mrs. M. was seen emanating from the precincts of the dwelling in question, in a mangled condition, "her ear-rings flapping on the breeze," and her garments all tattered and torn," which gave me reason to suppose that she was the conqueror—over the left.

"She who fights and runs away,

May live to fight another day!"

So says

Mrs. JOHNSON.

..... The 100th Regiment are using the rifle and drum with great success here in alluring the straggling vagabonds in this vicinity with the prospect of military honors. They make a very commanding appearance while promenading through the streets.— I don't mean to say they are always tipsy, but 'pon my word they take up a great deal of the sidewalk.

..... Dave B—, of greased unmentionables notoriety, is again making himself conspicuous in this part of the world. Have a care, Davy, or you will get taken down a couple of pegs!

..... The "Kangaroos," under the able Presidency of Joe, the elevated, vice Lord Ashbarrel, will astonish the fair sex, some of these moonlight evenings, by their beautiful warblings.

..... Mr. H—, it appears, is again seen on King Street in his old trunks. He appears to delight in it. Does he really think himself a favorite among the fair sex? Poor fellow! If he does, he is much to be pitied. Rumour says he likes the brandy bottle. Is it so?

RUN FOR THE MILLION.



AIN'T IT FUN!

*Phew Phaz phor Phokes at random strong,
Phurwishes all with lots of Phum!*

..... A beggar posted himself at the door of the Chancery Court, and kept saying, A pony, please sir!—only one pony, sir, before you go in! And why, my man, enquired an old country gentleman. Because, sir, the chances are, you net have one when you come out, was the beggar's reply.

..... Do you sing? says the teapot to the kettle. Yes, I can manage to get over a few bars! Bah, exclaimed the teapot.

..... Why does a lady wearing crinoline appear comical?
Because she is very funnel-ly dressed.

..... A wise man will speak well of his neighbour, love his wife, take home a newspaper and pay for it in advance.

..... Wife, said a henpecked husband, go to bed.
I won't!
Well, then, sit up; I will be raided!

..... A first rate joke took place lately in our court room. A woman was testifying in behalf of her son, and swore "that he had worked on a farm ever since he was born." The lawyer who cross-examined her said, "You assert that your son worked on a farm ever since he was born?"
I do.
What did he do the first year?
He milked.
The lawyer evaporated.

..... Mr. Jones—That is a fine horse you're leading, Patrick. He carries his head well.

Pat—That's true. An' its a grand thail he carries behink him.

Jones—Behind him! Don't everything that carries a tail, carry it behind!

Pat—No, your honour.

Jones—No; what don't?

Pat—A oint, shure, carries its thail on one side, and his head on t'other.

..... LETTING THE CAT OUT.—A young beauty behold one evening two horses running off at a locomotive speed with a light carriage. As they approached she was horrified at recognizing in the occupants of the vehicle two young gentlemen of her acquaintance. Boys! boys! she screamed in terror, jump out—quick, quick out—especially George!

..... Tammy, my son, what is longitude? A clothes line, daddy. Prove it, my son. Because it stretches from pole to pole.
What precocity!

..... Ma, that nice young man, Mr. Saustung, is very fond of kissing. Mind year seam Julia. Who told you such nonsense. Ma, I had it from his own lips.

..... A parishoner inquired of his pastor the meaning of this line in Scripture "He was clothed with curses as with a garment." It signifies, said the divine, that the individual had got a bad habit of swearing.

..... Many a personage thinks himself necessarily a great man, because, like Julius Caesar, he has lost his hair, or, like Cicero, has a wart upon his nose.

..... Why is a man in difficulties like an ostrich in wet weather?
Because he can't find the dust to cover his bill.

..... One hundred hours of vexation, says the Italian proverb, will net pay a farthing of debt.

..... Surely some people must know themselves—they never think about anything else.

..... Good morning, Jones. How does the world use you? It uses me up, thank you.

..... Punch's advice to those about getting married—Don't.

..... The best capital to begin life on is a capital wife.

..... The weight of specie in the Banks of New York city is 60 tons.
We wonder if it is sandy.

..... Hearts—little red things that men and women play with for money.

..... No woman should paint, except her who has lost the power of blushing.

..... A laugh is good at all times.

..... An Irish gentleman, the other day in an excess of connubial affection, exclaimed, Heaven forbid, my dear, that I should ever live to see you become a widow!

..... Motto for an Auctioneer—A sale in sight appears.

..... A truth for Lawyers to stare at.—The case most easily got up is the staircase.

..... An old maid speaking of marriage, says it's like any other, while there is life there is hope.

..... Funny—to see a milkman, looking over the "prices current," to see how chalk is going.

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. Catherine's, 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, yecept 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. Catherine's, 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 will much oblige us by forwarding them to any of our agents, and they will meet with prompt attention.