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THE OMNIBUS.

PRICE, 2d.

ST. CATHERINES, FRIDAY, JANUARY 22nd, 1858.

VOL. I. No. 3.

PUMPKIN PIE.

The near approach of Autumn months,
When blooming nature dies,
Brings near unto our longing lips
The time for pumpkin pies.

The time to us, of all most dear,
When warm before our eyes
The matron brings, with willing hands,
The wished-for pumpkin pies.

Rememberest thou, my brother John,
The happy hours gone by,
When you and I enjoyed so well
Our mother's pumpkin pie.

I'm dwelling now 'neath other suns,
And bright are other skies,
Yet memory oft brings back again
The thought of pumpkin pies.

And although now my hair is grey,
And death unto me nigh,
I wish still, as long ago,
A piece of pumpkin pie.

SHORT BUT SWEET.

The ass complained in moving words,
It was a shame and sin
To cast him from the stable out
And let the ram within;
But while the loudest were his moans,
Thus spake the ram in bitter tones:
"Be quiet pray, my long-eared friend,
With anger be less rife,
A butcher's standing by my side,
With roaty-sharpened knife.
Comfort yourself with this conceit,
"Mankind will not eat jackass meat."

A MIRACLE.

In the course of his canvassing pilgrimage,
our taciturn amicus, J. C. Aikens, paid a
visit to one of the villas of Corktown in this
vicinage.

For nearly half an hour did the ex-senator
sit without opening his mouth, doing nothing
except winking at the various members of
the family, an accomplishment for which
brother J. C. is somewhat famous.

At length, in order to diversify the scde-
rant, the gracious and savory youth took up
a bottle which was standing on the contig-
uous skelf, and, with a nod to the company,
commenced to imbibe the contents thereof.

"By the wig of John Westley, but I was
dry," exclaimed the amug-visaged strippling.

--not for many a long day have I had such
an invigorating draught."

With profound awe was this achievement
witnessed by the mistress of the mansion, an
orthodox daughter of mother Church.

Och--she cried out, as soon as she could
command a competency of breath--where
is the heretical spalpeen who will have the
cheek to say that miracles have ceased!--
Here has this poor dumb crayture drunk the
bottle of holy water which Father McNulty
(may the heavens be his bed!) left here last
week, and be the piper that played before
Nebuchadnezzar, he speaks as plainly as
Jack Cole himself.--*Streeterville Review*.

DID'NT SHUTE.

A story is related in the Concordia *Intelli-
gencer* of an old lady who 'set up' to see
the stars shute, and was disappointed. She
was wilfully imposed upon by a Professor
somebody--but hear her: "He told me as
how that on the 22d day of the month the
stars was goin' to fall agin like I hearn tell
of, the time that some folk thought the world
was goin' to be set on fire. Well, stranger,
I counted the days, and at last, according
to the nockes I cut in that door post thar, the
22d came. I had supper uncommon late
that night, and left the coffee pot boilin' and
some cold pork and greens and corn set by
the fire, and determined to set up and see
the stars shute. It was sorter coolish, but
I got under that shed so that I could give
em a fair chance; and I set, and set a
powerful deal, and then I'd eat a bits and
take a sup of coffee, and watch agin--and
I kept it up till broad daylight, and I did'nt
see a single one of the darned critters
budge."

CURIOSITY SATISFIED.

A pretty little blonde, actress at one of the
boulevard theatres, exhibited a singular
taste by appearing in a *toilette* of the deep
black upon all occasions, from the first of
January to the last of December. Desirous
of knowing the cause of this eternal mourn-
ing, her intimate friend M'lle A-- de-
manded,--

How happens it, my dear, that you are
always clothed in sable, like the page of
the defunct M. Marlborough?

That is my secret.

But one has no secret for a sincere friend.
Is it a how?

Perhaps.

Do you mourn at love?

Ma foi!--no.

A parrot--a King Charles--a protector?"
I detest all pets.

What, then, pray, is the virtue which you
desire to exhibit?

It is not a virtue.

Well, what then?

The whiteness of my shoulders, *curieuse*.
I expected it.

SERMONS.

It awazes me ministers don't write better
sermons--I am sick of the dull, prosy
affairs," said a lady in the presence of a
parson.

But it is no easy matter, my good woman,
to write good sermons, suggested the
minister.

Yes, replied the lady, but you are so long
about it; I could write one in half the time
if I only had the text.

O, if a text is all that you want, said the
parson, I will furnish that. Take this one
from Solomon:--

"It is better to dwell in a corner of a house
top, than in a wide house with a brawling
woman."

Do you mean me, sir? inquired the lady
quickly.

O, my good woman, was the grave re-
sponse, you will never make a sermonizer;
you are too soon in your application.

..... Is a man and his wife both one?"
asked the wife of a certain gentleman, in a
state of stupification, as she was holding his
aching head in both hands.

Yes, I suppose so, was the reply.

Well, then, she said, "I came home
drunk last night, and ought to be ashamed
of myself."

This back-handed rebuke from a long
suffering and loving wife effectually cured
him of his drinking propensities.

..... On a tomb-stone near San Diego,
is an epitaph which runs as follows:-- This
yere is sakrid to the memory of William
Henry Streken, who came to his doth by
boin' shot with Colt's revolver,--one of the
old kind, brass mounted, and of such is the
kingdom of heavin'.

CLERICAL WIT.--A clergyman's acknow-
ledgment of a present of game from a noble
lord, the patron of a vacant benefice:

Many thanks, my dear Lord, for the birds of
your giving.
The I wish with the dead you had sent
me the living!

THE OMNIBUS.

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

FRIDAY, JANUARY 22, 1858.

In consequence of publishing so many notes from our numerous correspondents, we have no room for editorial remarks; but we wish to inform the public most distinctly that we do not hold ourselves responsible for the views of any of our correspondents, and any untruths which may be published are of course liable to be contradicted. Bear this in mind.

(From our Special Reporter.)

BIRTHDAY SUPPER.

The thirtieth Birthday supper of Madam D. was celebrated at the Anglo-Saxon saloon on Thursday night, Jan. 14th. The Hall was tastefully ornamented with white-wash and greens; the supper was spread in the usual good style, Mr. C. N. presiding.

After supper had been partaken of, the chairman said it was the first time he ever occupied this position in such a respectable place, he then gave the usual loyal toasts, which were drunk with great enthusiasm.

Song by Mr. J. B. "The Army and Navy." The Vice-chairman Mr. R. D., after a few appropriate remarks, concluded by giving our worthy hostess, responded to in an able manner by Peck's sponge.

Song by Mr. J. P. The party then soon proceeded to the dancing department, and the "light fantastic toe" was kept up in great style by the flourishes of J. McI. We did not much approve of the conduct of Mr. S., with Mrs. D., we think married men ought to keep at home. It concluded with a grand corks-town break down.

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.]

Billy H. is trying to fool the public by pretending to keep quiet, but his last scrape on King Street east is creating quite an excitement; he finds he has too many irons in the fire, and is threatened by some of his particular friends that unless he mends his ways his parents will find him defunct some fine morning.

Dave and Jake, in connection with some of the "Bull Dogs," have been attracting the attention of the inhabitants lately by the manner in which they run after certain "pieces of calico." They appear to like the fun, but they ought to know that the "Bus" is waiting at almost every corner, and if they happen to get tired, why, jump in and take a ride.

It appears that a number of No. 4 battalion were making quite a noise in front of D. B.'s tavern, on Saturday evening last. One of their number named G. P., was kicked out for reasons not yet ascertained, and wished to give some big fellow a thrashing. In a short time there was a regular "free fight," which was mingled with shouts for "Phoenix," &c., much to the annoyance of the inhabitants of that vicinity. Such a "scrimmage" reflects great credit on the parties concerned.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HAMILTON, Jan. 11th, 1858.

To the Editor of The Omnibus.

DEAR SIR,

The G. W. R. boys commenced their New Year in quite a fashionable style after the Ball by getting a little inebriated. Prior to the starting of the cars from Clifton I was suddenly surprised by seeing one of our leading men come into the car tearing and swearing in a vulgar manner, and persisted in telling the folks what his name was and that he had twenty dollars in his pocket; that he had agreed to carry things out A. I., and he had done so, and now, going home, he was bound to get "tight." On the arrival of the train in Hamilton he was found laying prostrate on one of the seats. His friend G. McD. aroused him out of his beautiful slumbers, and conveyed him safe home in Paddy's jaunting car. A few of his old chums wishes to know if has the twenty dollars in his pocket now, as their whistle is almost dry, and they wish to wet it.

Another shocking affair came under my notice in the cars. One of our Hamilton aspirants, Mr. F. L., got so beastly tight and gorged up with beer, whiskey, brandy, and several other stimulous drinks, who could not lay peaceably together, consequently they had to make a separation, and in doing so, besmeared a young lady's dress in a very uncomfortable manner.

Mr. A. M. had better for the future not destroy other people's property, while under the influence of Mr. Alcohol.

Mr. E. R., and J. M., thought they felt in good condition for singing, for

they went from one couple to another, holding on by the backs of the seats, to keep them steady on their pins, while they would sing their favourites or something else, but every line generally ended with a hick-up.

Mr. W. F., J. D., J. B., D. G., J. O., J. J., Y., A. S., J. O., W. P., M. F., W. P., J. M., J. Me-K., and D. K., in a snug corner, singing their beautiful songs and melodies, with a long black necked bottle hanging above their heads, the contents, (which we have no doubt contained nothing less than Paddy's eye water, to wet the whistle when they were dry) was occasionally uplifted, till at last one of their leaving harmonious men, Mr. J. O. dropped into a corner and lay there nice and snug, until the train arrived in Hamilton, when some of his merry companions tried to arouse him, but they found it was no go, as the gin had not been diluted with water, it was bound to show its effects. The train being the express, did not stay long before it started again, and the conductor had the pleasure of conveying him to some other place of destination, but at all events, I heard the other day that he had arrived in Hamilton safe and sound.

I remain,

Yours truly,

ONE OF THE G. W. R. EMPLOYEES.

HAMILTON, Jan. 15th, 1858.

To the Editor of the Omnibus.

DEAR SIR,

Mr. Harry D. thinks the Hamilton society quite insufficient to amuse a snob of his stamp, and has accordingly intimated his intention of returning to England, the land of his adoption. He struts up and down King street every afternoon, by way of giving the softer sex a treat, as he conceitedly terms it. I think he had better return at once, as the commission he is expecting will doubtless not come to hand till the fighting is "finished" in India. He is becoming quite a nuisance at the Hamilton Post Office, enquiring after letters bearing the government stamp; the reply of the official in that department is regularly as follows: No such letter to your address, but we expect it daily, and heartily wish it may come soon, for then we shall expect to have some rest. Harry may possibly make a good soldier, still I doubt it, for instead of courage he is blessed with that commodity commonly called conceit, which has, in my opinion, rendered him unfit for any service except that of the ladies.

Yours truly,

IAGO OF SWEDEN.

THE ST. CATHERINES OMNIBUS.

HAMILTON, Jan. 15th, 1858.

To the Editor of the Omnibus.

DEAR SIR,

There has been considerable excitement manifested lately by a big shanghai, who makes his appearance on the corner of King and James Streets with a crowd of little boys around him, getting off some of his loose Buffalo slang, as he terms it, to every one that passes him. I should not have known him, Mr. Omnibus, had he not thought me a fit subject for his slang; and as a good many folks are enquiring who that "live pumpkin" is, I have great pleasure in informing them that his name is J. C—e, otherwise the "Baby Elephant," and he works at the G. W. R. Depot. The little gossoons were highly-amused at him; some thought his legs would make a first-rate pair of broom sticks for the witches to ride to the moon in, while others said, what a prime monkey he would make for an organ grinder, as he could talk the copper out of the hardest crowd that ever mortal man did see.

If he does not keep his big mouth under better control, he will find himself some fine morning with a swelled head and a pair of eyes that would do honor to a bruise.

Have this in the next "Bus load," if you please, and oblige

Yours respectfully,

OLD GULLIVER.

THE BELL MUSLIN "BENEFIT SUPPER."

HAMILTON, Jan. 15th, 1858.

DEAR OMNIBUS,

Last evening being the 30th anniversary of the Birth-day of Madame D—no, cards were issued for a "Birth-day Benefit Supper. A Band—(Nigger Hall's Quadrille Band, consisting of two violins and a bulldog, all as black as the ace of spades)—were engaged, and the old lady, with her gal, "Kate," spread themselves for a regular *splurge* on the occasion. We were invited, and, of course, paid due respect to the invitation, consequently our presence honored the festive board whereon the "good things of life," wherewith we replenish the inner man, were promiscuously strewn in abundance, like "comely eels in the verdant mud." Supper was unavoidably postponed until 11 o'clock, on account of an uninvited apparition in the bar-room, in the shape of the "Pat Conley Snatch Company," (this company, let it be understood, the old lady hates like she does Old Nick, for sundry reasons,) who *piéed in* with as much assurance as a pair of water-headed police.

Many guests (all "dead heads," of course,) were in the bar-room as tho' the 'Snatch Brigade' entered, but the old woman quickly packed them up stairs to the sitting room, where they remained till the 'grub-hammer' rung, undoubtedly having a nice time. It was nice, but much to the detriment of Anthony's dulcimer, for we saw a gentleman performing some *French airs* on it with the two legs of a clothes horse, which he purloined from some other part of the house a few minutes previous. We will introduce the aforesaid gentleman as a (*) in another portion of our letter.

But we are losing ground. Now for a vivid description of the proceedings. We will first touch on the guests. Among the number before referred to, we noticed Lord Ash-barrel, President of the 'Kangaroo Club,' "Tim," proprietor of the 'Boar's Nest' Saloon, Jimmy A., Johnny B., F. N—t, of "Little Burlington" notoriety, Tom T—y, Bill H., and 'Snibbles.' When we entered, we were followed by Bob W. and 'Dinny' C. who took their seats in close proximity to the 'camel's back,' an expression used by Lord A., when referring to Madame D.'s couch. Lord A. was squared upon the floor, cutting up peculiar antic—peculiar only to himself—and singing, with a stentorian voice, Sanford's 'Sailer Boy.'

A *French gentleman*, formerly occupied as a 'mutton-lugger' in the Anglo-American Hotel, made his appearance while we were in the room, quickly followed by Mrs. M., Madame D.'s maid of all work, who held in hand a salver or tray containing 8 glasses of rat-gut whiskey, "warranted to kill a mile." We almost forgot to mention the name of Mr. G. McD., one of the crowd we have been writing about. The aforesaid whiskey having been passed around, each one swallowed a potato, and the harmony went on 'merry as a marriage bell.' At this stage of the proceedings, the signal for supper was given. Laws! what a rush! G. McD. tumbled over Lord A., and Lord A. went sprawling to the floor in mud-turtle-fashion—on all fours.

The Banquet was served up in Madame D.'s own style, French fashion, or, to use an English word, *a-la-mode*. If this letter was not so long, we should have sent you a bill of fare, which was abstracted from the cook's trowser's pocket, while in a state of intoxication, by R. L.; consequently, you must imagine all the good things we had.

The 'dead heads' were assembled around the table; "wittals" disappeared rapidly, and more than rapidly, because we observed a young man, (we have mentioned his name before in this letter,) purloin a cranberry pie with the dexterity of Professor Anderson, in his great shawl feat. We were tickled at

the manœuvring of G. McD., in attempting to carve a turkey 'only nineteen years old.' I really pitied the poor fellow. Laws! how he blushed!—the sum total of it is, he felt cheap!

Another individual, "Tim," pocketed a chicken, and I believe he was observed by our hostess, but the poor old lady was too kind to say any thing about it.

Another young man made a fine fist of a plate of raisins, which, while attempting to stow away in a remote corner of his over coat pocket, fell upon the floor, making quite a noise, much to the discomfiture and chagrin of the pilferer.

A few more items of interest came under our notice, which we will transmit to you in time for your next publication. I have my eyes on two individuals, which I will introduce in my next; one is P-t-r-k-n, of Royal Hotel notoriety, the other I will not mention till I write.

Look out for a sharp one!

I remain,

Your obed't Serv't.

PHINANSHEL PANIC.

HAMILTON, Jan. 11th, 1858.

To the Editor of The Omnibus.

DEAR SIR,

While perambulating somewhere in the vicinity of the York Street Lumber Yard, I observed a well-known wood butcher named W. B—n, in the act of depriving one of the canine fraternity of his existence; and, horrible to relate, after several unsuccessful attempts with a gun of the 9th century, I observed the dog running up York Street barking, and the last I saw of the butcher he was charging his gun with a old brown stiek.

Yours truly,

JACK-KNIFE.

P. S.—If any more such brutal attempts at murder, or dog-slaughter, comes under my observation, you will again hear from

J. K.

..... Mr. J. M. C—h is a young man of considerable conceit. He takes a great delight in shutting the door of a dancing school on the "dead heads," as he terms them. If he is seen towing the Great Eastern behind the Banner Office any more, those dead heads will put a muzzle on him and send him down to Miss —, who, no doubt, will rake him down for his impertinence.

..... Mr. G. Mc had better keep out of the bed rooms the next time he goes to a dance.

FUN FOR THE MILLION.

.....Some one commended Philip of Macedon for drinking so freely. That, said Demosthenes, is a good quality in a sponge, but not in a king.

.....Theodore Hook met a friend just after leaving King's Bench Prison, who said to him that he was getting fat. Yes, replied Hook, I was enlarged to-day.

.....Ben Johnstone says:—'Learning is better than houses and lands: When lands are gone and money spent, then learning is excellent.

.....The English call Satan black, the Hottentots call him white; the Cape Colonies when Lord Grey was Colonial Secretary proposed to 'split the difference and call him Grey.

.....Put an American baby, six months old on his feet, and he will immediately say, Mr. Chairman, and next call the cradle to order.

.....A gentleman from Boston chanced to find himself among a little party of ladies way down east last summer, and while in the enjoyment of some innocent social play, he carelessly placed his arm about the slender waist of as pretty a damsel as Main can boast of, when she started and exclaimed:

Begone, sir! Don't insult me!

The gentleman instantly apologized for the seeming rudeness, and assured the half-offended fair one that he did not intend to insult her.

No? she replied, archly. Well, if you didn't—you may do so again, she added.

.....Among the very miscellaneous articles left in the carriages of the Aberdeen Railway, and sold under the sheriff's warrant the other day, were, we understand, a pair of crutches. The remarks of the bystanders were more varied than concluded.

Weel, said one, is na it surprisin' that ony lamiter wad na hae missed his staves!

I'll tell ye, said a second, It's been a thimble.

No, said a third, it's been some chiel that hisna gaid his fare, and has had to rin.

.....In the Florida *Peninsular* we find the following:—

A letter came to the post-office, in this place, a few days since, bearing the following inscription: 'To Gen. Win. B. Legs, Chief of the Seminole Indians, Everglades. Col. Loomis, we presume, will deliver this document—when he catches Billy.

.....Dr. Johnson, at a lord mayor's dinner, committed the scandalous impropriety of talking wit and wisdom to an alderman by his side, who desired to concentrate his whole energies on the turtle.

Sir, said the alderman, in a tone and with a look of awful rebuke, in attempting to listen to your long sentences and give you a short answer, I have swallowed two pieces of green fat without tasting the flavor. I beg you to let me enjoy my present happiness in peace.

.....A seaman having his leg shattered by a ball during an engagement, underwent amputation with the greatest indifference to pain. When the limb was off, it was, of course, immediately thrown overboard, upon which Jack called out to the man who had performed the last office for his departed leg, 'I'll complain of you to the captain. Although you were ordered to throw my leg overboard, you had no right to throw my shoe with it.'

.....A fast Irishman, in a time of revival, joined the church, but was found sinning grievously not long afterward.

Did't you join the Methodists? inquired a piously disposed person.

Faix an' I did—I jined for six months, and behaved so well they let me off for three.

.....It is said of an eminent clergyman in England, who published an edition of 'Bunyan's *Pilgrim*,' with numerous expository notes, that having freely distributed copies among his people, he afterwards enquired of one of them if he had not the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

O, yes, Sir.

And do you understand it?

Yes, sir, I understand it, and I hope, before long, I shall understand the notes!

.....An exchange tells a good story of the sale of a horse, at a high figure, after the auctioneer had stated that he had 'made a mile inside of three minutes.' Before taking away his purchase, the buyer asked when and where the horse performed the feat?

About three weeks since—on the Rutland Railroad, *down grade*, replied the knight of the hammer, as he furled his red flag and left the field of his triumph.

.....A clergyman being asked by a skeptical physician, how it happened that the patriarchs lived to such an old age? replied, they took no physic.

.....A western editor closes a pretty long article by saying,

'We have no rum for further remarks to-day.'

He had better send out and get some, if he can't manage to write without it.

.....An old bachelor, on seeing the words 'Families Supplied' over the door of an oyster saloon, stepped in and said he would take a wife and two children.

.....A-lasse! a-lasse! as the old bachelor said when he wanted to marry. He made the same exclamation after marriage, but spelt it differently.

.....Have you 'Blasted Hopes?' asked a lady of a green librarian, whose face was much swollen by the toothache.

No ma'm, but I have a blasted tooth-ache, was the reply.

.....An Irishman's description of making a cannon: Take a long hole and pour brass around it.

.....A young lady at a boarding school being asked why the noun bachelor was singular replied,

Because it is very singular they don't marry.

.....What is the feminine for heart? asked a teacher the other day of a little grammarian, who mistaking the word for 'heart,' promptly and beautifully replied, Woman.

.....A boy who sent to know how an old woman, named Wilkins, was in health, delivered his message thus:

Please marm, miasus wants to know how old Mrs. Wilkins is?

To which she replied,

She is just seventy-four.

.....The following is a specimen of sharp shooting between a coquette and her lover:—

You men are angels when you woo the maid. But devils when the marriage vow is paid.

The lover, not to be out-done, replied, nearly as follows:

The change, dear girl, is easily forgiven. We find ourselves in hell, instead of heaven.

.....My dear sir, said a candidate, accosting a sturdy wag on the day of election, I'm very glad to see you.

You needn't be—I've voted, replied the wag.

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