

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 you the minister? asked the bridegroom.

I am, replied he.

Oh, ye he, 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 afraid. 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.