

THE ST. CATHERINES OMNIBUS.

FUN FOR THE MILLION.

The Mormon Currency is on the principle of the wit in one of Douglas Jerrold's comedies. He says:—My notion of a wife of forty is, that a man should exchange her, like a bank note, for two twenties!

A story has been told of a hypochondriac gentleman of rank and fortune in Ireland, who fancies that one of his legs is of one religion, and the other of another. He not unfrequently puts one of his unfortunate legs outside of the bed to punish it for its religious errors.

Moore tells a story of a dog, which is too good to be true:—A gentleman went to bathe, taking his favorite Newfoundland dog with him to mind his clothes. When he came to the edge of the water, the dog did not know him, and would not allow him to put them on. Rather a fix for the nude owner of the stupid dog.

There is a girl in Troy whose lips are so sweet that they stick together every morning, by the honey they distil, and she cannot open her mouth until she has parted her lips with a silver knife. She will be a treasure to her husband—not only on account of her sweetness, but because she can occasionally keep her mouth shut.

During a late thunder storm at Greenville, S. C., the lightning struck a mill, knocking over two slaves who were at work in it.—As soon as they regained their feet, the first exclaimed of one of them, in great surprise, was: "Who fire dat gun?"

Grandpa, where do people get the fashions from?
From Philadelphia.
Well, where do the Philadelphia people get them?
From England.
Ah! and where do the English get them?
From France.
But where do the French get them?
Why, straight from the devil; now stop your noise.

A man with one eye laid a wager with another person, that he (the one-eyed person) saw more than the other. The wager was accepted.

You have lost, says the first; I can see the two eyes in your face; and you can only see one in mine.

Billy Jones, said a bullying urchin to another lad, next time I catch you alone, I'll hog you like anything.

Well, replied Bill, I aint often much alone; I commonly have my legs and my fists with me.

John, said a father to his son, one day when he caught him shaving the down off his upper lip, don't throw the shaving water out where there are any barefooted boys, for they might get their feet pricked.

A SCENE IN NEW YORK. One of our exchanges thus humourously takes off Huntington's plea of moral insanity—a plea set up now-a-days by nearly every murderer and forger:

Sav, nigga, cum and hab de pleasure of dinna' wid your maw' humble serbeant, wont you heh?

Well, look here, Sam. I'm not particular in my sociashuns, but I wish to know, fust, before I vail myself of your parlite imptimashun, whar you hab year lodjins.

No difference, nigga, whar I lodge. I don't ax you to s'oop wid me, but only to eat dinner in a greeable sociumbility.

It is very hard, my Lord, said a convicted felon at the bar to Judge Burnet, to hang a poor fellow for stealing a horse.

You are not to be hanged, sir, answered the Judge, for stealing a horse, but you are to be hanged that horses may not be stolen.

John, what's a bakery?
A place where they bake, sir.
What's a brewery?
A place where they brew.
What's a gallery?
Ti hi—a place where there's ga's.

WHAT MENZ DOES.—Fanny, dont you think that Mr. Bold is a handsome man.
O' no,—I can't endure his looks. He is homely enough.

Well, he's fortunate, at all events; for an old aunt has just died and left him fifty thousand dollars.

Indeed is it true? well, now I come to recollect there is a certain noble air about him and he has a fine eye—that can't be denied.

Papa, I know what makes some folks call pistols, horse pistols.

Why, my son?
Because they kick so.
Mary, put that boy to bed, he is so sharp he will cut somebody.

Shop-keeper—Hulloa there! here you nigger, whar are you doing with those boots?
Sah, I'ae only just takin' 'em away.
Shop-keeper—Taking them away, you scoundrel, don't you know that is stealing.
Be keerful massa, how you accuse dis nigger ob stealing. I'ae merrally insano.

A boy was caught in the act of stealing dried berries in front of a store the other day and was locked up in a dark closet by the grocer. The boy commenced begging most pathetically to be released, and after using all the persuasion that his young imagination could suggest proposed:

Now, if you'll let me out and send for my daddy, he'll pay you for the berries and lick me besides!

The appeal was too much for the grocery man to stand out against.

'Rem' said his mother to a roguish boy of four, actively engaged in buttering the cat's nose with the best Goshen, 'Rem, will you stop that or not?' 'Or not,' was the cool-echoed reply of Master Mischief, as he cocked his eye at the impending slipper, and took another dab on his inch-and-a-half forefinger.

A Bond street milliner, with more truth than elegance, sent home a lady's dress with a letter, which began thus: "My dear madam, this comes *hooping* &c."

A coquette is a rosebud, from which each young beaux plucks a leaf, and the thorns are left for the husband.

A Cockney sportsman who was lately out shooting, after firing at a barn and missing it, shut himself inside, as he said he was determined to have 'one crack at it.'

A clergyman had just united in marriage a couple whose Christian names were respectively Benjamin and Ann.

"How did they appear during the ceremony?" inquired a friend.

"They appeared both *Annemated* and *Bennyfitted*," was the ready reply.

A wag in New York, standing at the corner of Oliver and Cherry streets opposite to one of the Catskill ice Carts, drew a piece of chalk from his pocket, and marked the letter M, before the word ice, which of course, made it read thus:—Cats kill mice.

In treating diseases of the mind, music is not sufficiently valued. In raising the heart above despair, an old violin is worth four doctors and two apothecary-shops.

Bald-headed Husband.—Just take the magnifying glass, duckey, and just see if there's any young hairs a-sprouting. I've just finished the seventh bottle of restorative and worn out three hair brushes rubbing it in. *Wife*.—Goodness gracious Nicodemus, there ain't no more hair on the top of your head than there is on the cover of our old copper tea kettle.

The following is a literal copy of questions proposed for discussion in a debating club out west:—Subjicks for discussion. Is dancing moralic wrong? Is the reading of fictishus wurks commendable? Is it necessary that femailes should resave a thurry litterary edecashun? Ot femailes take a part in boollitics? Duz dress constitute the moral parts of wimmin?

'I have no dependance on you,' as the sailor said when he let go his hold of a rope and tumbled into the sea.

Honesty is a term formerly used in the case of a man who paid for his newspaper and the coat on his back.

If you want an ignoramus to respect you 'dress to death,' and wear watch seals about the size of a brick-bat.

If you ask a young lady to 'walk out with you, she first looks at your dress, and then thinks of her own. There's where she's right.

How is it that the trees can put on a new dress without opening their trunks. It is because they leave out their summer clothing.

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