

THE OMNIBUS.

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A GEM OF A SONG.

(The following doggerel verses were handed us for insertion, and we comply from the very absurdity of the lines. The author will, no doubt, make a very good poet, but it will be sometime hereafter. We would advise him not to make any more attempts at rhyme until he can show something more creditable.—Ed. Om.)

My name is Peter-Skin, as all agree,
And a tiger boy I'm bound to be;
Whenever duty calls me out,
It's for my hat I'll jump and shout,
And at the ropes I'll make a hop,
Just like a sow in a pail of slop.

Though my ears are long, so folks tell me,
A donkey's relation I must be;
Though a butcher-boy I am by trade,
Hard Times a porter have me made;
At blacking boots from day to day,
My former trade I've cast away.

Among the gals I'm sure I'm "some,"
In my upper story there's plenty of room,
And this same fault the girls do tell
Everybody that knows me well;
And when on excursions I do go,
Of myself I always make a show.

MAJOR JONES.

Everybody who knows Major Jones, is aware that he carries a precious sight more money of a peculiar sort under his hat than money in his porte-monnaie. Jones got off a sharp hit at the garroters in this wise:

A short time since a highwayman undertook to rob Major Jones. He met Jones in piece of woods over in Jersey. He asked Jones for his pocket-book. Jones refused to yield. Highwayman then took Jones by the neck and undertook to 'choke him down.' Jones made fight and kept it up for half an hour. At the expiration of that time Jones caved, and the highwayman commenced rifling his pockets. The contents were eighteen cents.

Is that all you've got?
Every darned cent.

What made you fight so long?
Did'nt want to be exposed. Bad enough to have only eighteen cents; but a great deal worse to have the world know it.

The highwayman was so pleased with Jones's pride that he made him a present of a nip of 'red eye,' and a cracker to wash it down.

UNFORTUNATE SLURRING.

A chorister of a country church lately made a sad mistake in the choice of a tune, there being a long *sur* in it, which came directly upon an unfortunate word, which produced a startling effect, namely:

"With reverence let the saints appear,
And bow-wow-wow before the Lord."

The clergyman's little wisset pup, happening to catch the note, sung out his treble pipe, started the Squire's old Towser's full bass, and in an instant the whole posse of dogs set up such a chorus that Handel's *baileterm* would have dwindled into a mustard seed in comparison.—*Maine Farmer.*

RAILROAD WIT.

We recently (says an exchange) took a trip West, and while passing over one of the railroads on the route, and being fond of the *weed*, had taken a seat in the baggage car for the purpose of indulging in a good Havana, a nervous individual entered the car and commenced over hauling the baggage. The baggage master, after eyeing him a moment, accosted him with—

What's a wanting, sir?

I am looking for my trunk, demurely answered the nervous man.

I will take care of your trunk, sir—that is my business, retorted the baggage-master.

Oh, I am aware of that, sir; but I would always much rather keep my trunk *under my eye.*

Well, then, sir, you should have been born an elopphant.

A SHORT STORY BY DICKENS.

Dickens tells the following story of an American sea-captain:

On his last voyage home the captain had on board a young lady of remarkable personal attractions—a phrase I use as being entirely new, and one you never meet with in the newspapers. This young lady was beloved intensely by five young gentlemen passengers, and in return was in love with them all very ardently, but without any particular preference for either. Not knowing how to make up her determination in this dilemma, she consulted my friend, the captain. The captain being a man of original turn of mind, said to the young lady: Jump overboard, and marry the man that jumps after you. The young lady, struck with the idea, and being naturally fond of bathing,

especially in warm weather, took the advice of the captain, who had a boat manned in case of accident.

Accordingly, next morning, the five lovers being on deck, and looking devotedly at the young lady, she plunged into the sea, head foremost. Four of the lovers immediately jumped in after her. When the young lady and her four lovers were got out again, she says to the captain, What am I to do with them now, they are so wet? Says the captain, Take the dry one! And the young lady did, and she married him.

AN INCIDENT.

While the Queen of England was recently at Balmoral, and walking about her very fine grounds, she accidentally met an old egg-woman on her way to the Castle, which she supplied with eggs. The Queen being in a humorous mood, determined to give the old woman, to whom she was not known, an agreeable surprise. Accordingly, she asked her where she was taking so large a quantity of eggs to. The old woman bluntly replied: I am ganging to Balmoral, and these are for the Queen.

I am very much in want of eggs, said her Majesty, and if you sell me these, I shall pay you double what the Queen gives.

The old woman's eyes sparkled with joy as she declared that the lady could have them, and she would return and fetch another basket for the Queen.

Victoria drew a sovereign from her purse, and perfectly astonished the old woman by refusing to take any change. She asked where the eggs were to be taken, and the Queen then replied: To Balmoral, to be left for me, the Queen.

The old egg-woman was bewildered.—Raising both her hands in the air, and then clapping them together, in astonishment and delight, she cried out:—Gude Laird o' mercy! an' is it *your ain seel*, Mrs. Albert?

..... Can you tell me where the gymnasium is?

Jim Nasium—Jim Nasium—I don't know him.

It isn't a he, sir.

Well, I don't know her, then.

It isn't a her, sir.

Well, I don't know them, then.

It isn't them, neither, it's an it.

Well, go and hunt it, then.

..... The man who was "filled with emotion," hadn't room for his dinner.