

THE OMNIBUS.

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MAIDEN RESOLUTION.

Oh! I'll tell you of a fellow—

Of a fellow I have seen,
He is neither white nor yellow,
But he's altogether green;
He has told me of a cottage,
Of a cottage among the trees,
And would you think the fellow
Tumbled down upon his knees!

Then his name it isn't charming
For it's only common "Bill,"
And he wishes me to wed him,
But I hardly think I will;
While the tears the creature wasted
Were enough to turn a mill,
And he begged me to accept him,
But I hardly think I will.

Oh, he whispered of devotion—
Of devotion pure and deep;
But it seemed so very silly,
That I almost fell asleep!
And he said it would be pleasant,
As we journey down the hill,
To go hand in hand together,
But I hardly think I will.

He was here last night to see me,
And he made so long a stay,
I began to think the blockhead
Never meant to go away;
At the first I learned to hate him,
And I know I hate him still,
Yet he urges me to have him,
But I hardly think I will.

I'm sure I would not choose him,
But the very deuce is in it,
For he says if I refuse him,
That he could not live a minute;
Now this is very shocking,
For we're taught we must not kill—
So I've thought the matter over,
And I think I'll marry "Bill."

HUNTING UP A SOFT PLACE.

I was down to see the widow yesterday, said Tim's uncle, and she gave me a dinner. I went down rather early in the morning; we talked, and laughed, and chatted, and ran on, she going out and in occasionally, till dinner was ready, when she helped me graciously to pigeon pie. Now I thought that, Tim, rather favorable. I took it as a symptom of personal approbation, because everybody knows I love pigeon pie, and I flattered myself she had cooked it on purpose for me. So I grew particularly cheerful, and thought I could see it in her, too. So after dinner, while sitting close beside the window, fancied we both felt rather comfortable like—I knew I did. I felt that I had fallen over

head and ears in love with her, and I imagined from the way she looked she had fallen in love with me. She appeared just for all the world as if she thought it was a coming—that I was a going to court her. Presently—I could not help it—I laid my hand a fly on her beautiful shoulder, and I remarked when I had placed it there in my brain's tows, Tim, for I tried to throw my whole soul into the expression; I remarked then, with my eyes pouring love, truth and fidelity right into hers:

Widow, this is the nicest, sweetest place I ever had my hand on in my life!

Looking benevolently at me, and at the same time flushing up a little, she said, in melting and winning tones—

Doctor, give me your hand, and I'll put it on a much softer place.

In a moment, in rapture, I consented, and taking my hand, she gently, very gently, Tim, and quietly laid it on my head—and burst into a laugh that's ringing in my ears yet.

Now, Tim I hav'n't told this to a living soul but you, and, by jinks! you musn't; but I couldn't hold in any longer, so I tell you; but mind it musn't go any further.

CAUGHT THE PANIC.

A tall, lank, Jerusalem sort of a fellow, pretty well under the influence of Mr. Alcohol, was observed swinging to a lamp-post on Fifth street last night. He was talking quite loudly to the aforesaid post, when a guardian of the night approached him.

Com., Sir, you are making too much noise, said the watchman.

Noise? who's that said noise? asked the post-holder, skowed his head and endeavoured in vain to give the intruder a sober look.

It was me, replied the watchman, as he exposed his silvered numbers to full view.

You? and who in the d—l are you? It taint me that's a making all the noise.—No, sir. It's the bank that's a making all the noise. They are a breakin', a crushin' and a smashin' of things to an incredible amount. Noise? It's the bankers that's a makin' all the noise. They are a cussin' a rippin', all 'round. It's the brokers that are a makin' of the noise. They are a hollerin' and yelpin', and a screechin', like wild i., uns, over the times, that works everything but them's vas. No, sir, it aint me that's a makin' of the noise.

You are as tight as a brick in a new wall, said the officer, amused at the good nature of the individual.

Me tight? Who said I am tight. No Sir you are mistaken. It's not me that's tight. It's money that's tight. Go down on third street and they'll tell you there that money is tight. Go into the workshops, and you find money is tight. Read the newspapers and you will find out that it's money that's tight. Me tight? I've got nary a red but Kanahawa, and the d—l couldn't get tight on that. No, Sir, I am not tight.

Then you are drunk.
Drank! Stranger, yer out of it agin. The world is drunk. The hull community is a staggering round, butting their heads agin

stone walls and a skinnin' of their noses on the curbstone of adversity. Yes, Sir, we're all drunk—that is, everybody is drunk but me. I am sober—sober as a police judge on a rainy day. I am not drunk; no, Sir, stranger, I am not drunk.

What are you making such a fool of yourself for then.

Fool! Sir, I am no fool. I am distressed. I've caught the contagion. I am afflicted.

Are you sick?

Exactly.

What is the matter with you?

I've got the panics.

The what?

The panics, Sir: it's a going to carry off this town. I tried to escape by hard drink, but it is of no use. The panics have got me, sure.

The watchman, more amused than ever, tendered his sympathy, and what was better, his aid to the panic-stricken individual. In the course of half an hour he had the pleasure of putting him into the door of his boarding-house, and pointing out to him the best remedy—a soft bed and long slumber. (Cia. Times.)

THE LITTLE PLACK BONY.

Chon, you reckmember dat liddle plack bony I pyed mit the pedlar next week?

Yah, vot of him.

Noting, only I gits sheated purdy pad.

So.

Yah, you see in de vinst blaze he ish plint, mit bote legs uns fery lame, mit von eye. Den ven you you gets on him to rite he rears up behind and kicks up before, so verer as a cash mule. I dinks dako him a liddle rite yesterday, und so sooner I gets straddle his pack, he gommeuse dat vay about so like a pootssem unt ven he gets tone, I vas so mixed up mit everydinks. I vent minezself zittin' around packwards mit his tail in mine hands vor ke peddle.

Vell vot you goin' to do mit him.

Oh, I vixed him petter as cham up. I pitch him in de cart mit his tail vere his heat cut to ps. I gif so as dozen cuts mit a hito cow; he starts to go, put so soon he see te cart before him he makes packwards burty soon, he stumbles behind unt sis toun on his haunches unt looks like he vas party champet mit himzself. Den I dakes him out, hitch him de rite vay, unt he goes rite off chuste so good as anybody's body.

..... Employers should keep a close watch upon their clerks who 'live fast.' Ditto upon those who live 'loose.' Ditto upon those who live 'tight.'

..... Philip II., of Spain, gave a whimsical reason for not eating fish. 'They are,' said he, 'nothing but element congealed, or a jelly of water.'

..... A doctor up town gave the following prescription for a sick lady a few days since. 'A now bonnet, a cashmere shawl, and a pair of gaiter boots.'

..... Why is money now-a-days like a drunken man? Because it am 'tight.'