

# THE OMNIBUS.

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## 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 sedentary, the gracious and savory youth took up a bottle which was standing on the contiguous shelf, 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 *Intelligencer* 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 sat, and sot 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 bread 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 mourning, her intimate friend M<sup>lle</sup> A-- demanded,--

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 response, 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 acknowledgment 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!