

FUN FOR THE MILLION.

An Irish man was asked at dinner whether he would take some apple pie. "Is it hot-some?" inquired Teddy. "To be sure it is; why isn't it?" Because, said Teddy, I once had an apple that was killed with apple-plexy, and sure enough I thought it was something of the same sort."

A raw Irishman, on his first sight of a locomotive, declared it was the devil. "No," said his companion, "it's only a steamboat hunting for water."

A Yankee, who was struck with the charms of a certain Miss Prockett, wrote the following in her prayer-book at church:

O lovely miss prockett
 yo eye in its socket
 is brifo as a rocket
 jest takin' its start;
 an' when silly you knock it
 at me what a shock it
 sends thru mi vest pocket
 rye into my hart?

Would you rather die by the guillotine, or be tossed to death? By the latter process; because a hot steak (stake) is better than a cold chop.

John, did you find any eggs in the old hen's nest, this morning? No, Sir. If the old hen laid any, she mislaid them.

NOTE TO AN UNDERTAKER.—The following is a literal copy of a letter, lately sent to a parish clerk in Hertfordshire: "Mister my wief is dede and wants to be berid dig a groov for her and she shall run and be berid furrer, at wanner clock you knows want to dig it, by mi, nither well but let it be dip."

A grocer having mentioned to one of his lady customers that the submarine telegraph was broken, she replied, that if, in their next attempt, they should grease the cable with no of his string butter, which she had been using for some time, she thought it would impart strength to it. The grocer smiled faintly, out of compliment, but did not say the point of the joke.

A lawyer had his portrait taken in his favorite attitude—standing with his hands in his pockets. His friends and clients all want to see it, and everybody exclaimed— "Oh, how like the original." "It's very like the original." "It's the very picture of him." "But it, like him, exclaimed an old farmer— "Just show us where he's not like him, everybody exclaimed. "Faint, no faint, responded the farmer; don't you see he's got his hands in his own pockets? "I would be as like again if he had his hands in somebody else's."

An Irish lad complained the other day of the selfish treatment which he received from his father. He treats me, said he, naturally, as if I was his son by another father and mother.

A person looking at some skeletons the other day asked a young doctor present where he got them. He replied, we raised them!

What is the difference between a young girl and an old hat? Merely one of time— one has feeling, and the other has felt.

A gentleman of Alabama was lying in bed one morning, when a friend stepped in and said: "P—, breakfast is coming on. I let it come, replied P—, with a look of defiance, I ain't not afraid of it."

Man with dog (to barber).—Do you do curling here.—Yes sah! Man.—Well, just see what you can do with my dogs tail, will you?

A late religious writer stigmatizes the authors of yellow-covered novels as literary scorpions who sting virgins to death with their tales.

An honest farmer thus writes to the chairman of an English agricultural society, Gentlemen, please put me down on your list of cattle for a bull!

Jones, said a sympathising neighbor to a bachelor friend about to marry: What in the world put matrimony in your head? Well the fact is, I was getting short of shirts.

"I say, Pat, what are you about—sweeping out that room?" "No," answered Pat, "I am sweeping the dirt, and leaving the room."

Henry A—tells a good story of a young man who had a light and incipient moustache. One day, while fingering the few hairs, he said to Harry:

"Hain't I better off this moustache?" "Oh no!" replied Harry, "let it alone, and it will die of itself."

Why are good husbands like dough?—Woman need (knead) them.

It is a question worthy of careful investigation, whether a person whose voice is broken, is not all the more competent to sing pieces.

An Irishman who had been fined several weeks in succession for getting drunk, coolly proposed to the judge that he should take him by the year at a reduced rate.

Is it not reasonable to suppose, that when a young lady offers to lend a fine handkerchief to a rich bachelor, she means to sew in order that she may reap?

Dr Darbin, the great Methodist orator once attempting to preach from the text, Remember Lois wife, and made a failure. Afterwards remarking to Dr Bond that he did not know the reason of his failure, the venerable doctor replied that he had better thereafter let other people's wives alone!

John I saw your cousin Isaac a few weeks ago, and he had just received a fall which cut a most horrible gash in his arm. An, poor fellow; what did he fall on? Well, really, I forget now, but it rather strikes me he fell on Tuesday morning.

Talking of law, said Pompey, makes me think of what do mortal Cato, who lib more dan a thousand year ago, say. Him say, de law is like a green glass window, dat give light enough to light us poor errin mortals in de dark passage of dis life; but it would puzzle de debil himself to see throo it.

Why did Adam bite the apple? asked a schoolmaster of one of one of his pupils.— Because he had no knife to cut it! replied the hopeful biblical student.

Two Irishmen were in prison—the one for stealing a watch. Hello, Mike and what o'clock is it? and the cow stealer to the other. And sure, Pat I havent my time-piece handy but I think it was about milking time.

Pat Math's said he once partook of a rooster so old that he was bald-headed. To get the feathers out the 'house-gal' had to use a claw-hammer, and the old creature was so tenacious of life, that after being baked two hours, he still continued to crow. With a few leather pickles such poultry must be inviting.

Frank, where have you been. I have been playing at an old game, chasing a dog in Walnut street.

Nothing elevates us so much as the presence of a spirit familiar, yet superior to our own.

A horse with five feet has made his appearance in Westchester, Pa.

Bright Young has only 16 wives at present. This is owing to the pame.

Why are potatoes and corn like certain sinners of old? Because, having eyes they see not; and having ears, they hear not.

As dreams are the fancies of those that sleep—so fancies are but the dreams of men awake.

A public fault ought not to suffer a secret punishment.

It is folly to attempt any wicked beginning in hope of a good ending.

Why is a blush like a girl? Because it becomes a woman.

What five letters may form a sentence of forgiveness? Ans.—r-r-r-r-r.

Women are to be measured, not by their beauties, but by their virtues.

"Hog or dog?—that's the question," as the fellow said when he sat down to a dish of fried sausages.

LOST.

A few evenings ago, near Mr. Nugent's tavern, a little blue terrier puppy dog, rather green, with red nose, probably derived from looking at a brandy cask; short turr up tale, and long toes. Whoever will give information to the subscriber as to where he may be found will be suitably rewarded.

P. SUMPKINS.

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