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THE OMNIBUS.

PRICE, 2d.

ST. CATHERINES, FRIDAY, JANUARY 8th, 1853.

Vol. I. No. 2.

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 best tones, 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 worfers everything but them's ves. 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 wal's 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 ferry 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 gommeense 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.'

THE OMNIBUS.

Hurrah for fun, and don't make any fuss,
For fear of a ride in the "Omnibus."

FRIDAY, JANUARY 8th, 1858.

AN APOLOGY.

We have to offer an apology to our friends for the non-appearance of *The Omnibus* last Friday. In order that there may be no misapprehension of the motives, we will state the facts of the case. In the first place our three journeymen "went in" for a Christmas frolic, which lasted for three days and three nights without intermission, during which time they were playing either *forty-fives* for the beer, or imbibing an aqueous substance called whiskey, slightly diluted with water; after which they finished the old year with potatoes deep and strong of Rum Jamaica, pickled pig's feet, and oyster stews. All our other hands, down to the very *derl* were at various intervals, either "corned," "tight," or had different sizes of "bricks in their hats." However they commenced the New Year in first rate style, although the claret had been tapped from some of their noses, and others made their appearance with a very dubious black and yellow circle round their eyes—of course it will not be supposed for a single instant, that they had been in close proximity to a "scrimmage," but we took their own words, that they had met with a slight accident, which somewhat deranged their ocular organs, and as they promised to be better boys in future, we concluded not to discharge them this time, and hope that our friends and the public will overlook this delay of a week under the faithful promise of no more shortcomings.

We must also apologize to our Hamilton correspondents for not giving their letters in full; we are certainly much obliged to them, but for want of space we are obliged to curtail their "notes."

We have received a number of anonymous letters from different parties, but as we have made a rule to notice nothing without knowing the real name of the person sending them, we decline their correspondence.

Correspondents will also please notice that their letters will receive no attention unless the postage is paid to our agents.

In conclusion we wish all our patrons a Happy New Year, and may they live to enjoy many of them.

Look out for sport in a very short time,
As the "Omnibus" drives along;
For fun is often displayed in rhyme,
Which is rich, but not very long.

— We would like to ask Mr. J. if he has recovered his equanimity since he attempted to pass the compliments of the season to a young lady, and being rather bashful pulled his handkerchief (as he supposed) out of his pocket to wipe the perspiration off his face. This excited the risibilities of the young lady very much, and on endeavouring to ascertain the cause, he found to his great dismay that he had been using an "immentionable" article instead of a napkin!

NOTES FROM OUR HAMILTON CORRESPONDENTS.

[As we have not sufficient space to give our correspondents' letters in full, we merely subjoin a few extracts.—Ed. Om.]

..... The Hamilton firemen had quite a spree on the occasion of the entry of the New Year. They, with their *musheens*, promenaded the principal streets, making as much noise as though they had just broken loose from Bodlam; but as such proceedings were not at all out of place, no very serious damage was the result. No. 1 Company and No. 4 felt so good on the occasion that they "went in" for a nice little "cotillion," and a short time afterwards there were divers bloody noses, smashed top-knots &c., &c. One poor fellow "came out" rather slim, with the exception of his nasal protuberance, which was swelled up like an overgrown pumpkin.

..... Bill H—ble commenced the New Year in quite a fashionable style, by getting a little *elevated* on the occasion, and having got into a muss with a fellow, he poked him through one of the Burlington Hotel windows, to the great detriment of the panes of glass therein contained. Mr. S—h, one of his friends had quite a good sized brick in his hat on the occasion. I will not send you the particulars of their spree this time, nor all the places they were seen at, but if they are not more careful, full details will be given of their future movements.

..... Mr. J. McK— made quite a sensation with a new beaver hat which he *borrowed* somewhere. Himself and a few friends had quite a time of it on the occasion, and as borrowing was the order of the day, one of the crowd borrowed a can of lobsters, which found their way into the T. B. Saloon where they were demolished in short order, with pepper sauce and jack knife accompaniments. Some persons were talking about a bottle of ginger wine which was drunk in front of the Mechanics Hall, and at last accounts the bottle was rolling along the sidewalk like a locomotive.

..... A certain young gentleman named J. N—w made himself very officious in resouing some pieces of wood which had formerly belonged to a wagon, from one of the late Buchanan bonfires, and in so doing *accidentally* came in contact with something in the shape of a doubled up fist, which caused him to perform various antics not very agreeable, but which caused great amusement to the crowd. He had better let bonfires alone in future, if he has any regard for his cranium.

..... There are several young gentlemen in Hamilton who take a great delight in "spindle shanks," and if you are not too much crowded for space, Mr. Omnibus, I would like to make a few remarks on them. Mr. D. B—n, who is, I believe, a candidate for legal honors, comes first into notice. He is reported to be most particularly careful in the manufacture of his unmentionables; so much so, indeed, as to be unable to wear anything in the pantaloon line, except they are fashionably "tight." It appears that this has been carried out to his utmost wish, as it now takes him a whole hour every morning to put them on, and he has even been known to grease his lower limbs for the purpose of facilitating his laborious task. He thereby creates great amusement for his friends, who think him very foolish for spending so much valuable time in gratifying such a nonsensical and ridiculous whim. It makes him appear like the body of a wax statue set upon two matches, and it would not be very surprising if some ignorant individual did not take hold of them and endeavour to light his pipe by friction on the pavement. It is to be hoped that he will take warning and dress himself a little more careful in future, as he is probably not aware of the amusement he creates.

[This correspondent has sent us three or four items, which we are obliged to omit for want of space.—Ed. Om.]

..... Charley E—, the chap wet tries to raise a goose on his chin, makes himself ridiculous on King Street every day at noon, in company with two or three young fellows, by running against every peaceable looking man they come across, accidentally of course. A person would suppose that King Street was wide enough for a dozen such chaps, but it appears not. If they cannot behave better, they had better walk in the middle of the road.

..... Mr. Omnibus, there has been considerable excitement lately in a certain quarter by the appearance of a young gentleman with a nice black eye. It is a great wonder to his friends how it happened, as he has generally avoided all description of rows, in consequence of which I forbear sending his name.

THE ST. CATHERINES OMNIBUS.

AT IT AGAIN.—We learn by special dispatch from Hamilton, that our two friends, Nick S. and Billy M.C. had quite a spree, on New Year's day, on which occasion they appeared to enjoy themselves to the uttermost and ended by getting gloriously tight. They were, together with some of their Hamilton friends, taken care of for the night by policemen, and obtained lodgings at the expense of the city, for which they were not charged a cent, in consequence of being strangers, while their friends were fined one dollar each for their privileges.

PERFECTLY ASTONISHING.—One of our exchanges says:—“Our Devil beats all creation for impudence, disobedience, sleight of hand, feats of strength, and collecting old accounts.” Now we would like to inform our contemporary that we have a Devil who will beat him all hollow, or, in other words, take the shine completely off him, as he is the greatest little rascal that his master ever met among mankind. He can twist a chicken's neck off in the twinkling of a bed post, even if the proprietor and two bull dogs watches the hen coop with the eyes of Argus. He can beat all the young gallants in town at handling old ladies over mud puddles in such a manner that they accidentally plump into the centre of it, to the great detriment of clean hose, &c. He can drink more beer, and eat more of the good things of this life than any other animal of the species; and he can lick any three pudding-heads twice as big as himself in two minutes and a half, without showing any symptoms of weariness! We cannot enumerate all his capabilities, but we would like to see the two lumps of darkness engaged in a trial of skill, as we believe it would be both instructive and amusing!!!

CORRESPONDENCE.

DUNDAS, Dec. 28, 1867.

DEAR OMNIBUS,

I have just seen the first number of your paper, and like it very much. If you had room enough, I shall feel much obliged by an insertion of the following. On Christmas Eve, a party of young men, among whom were R. T. and J. S. got on a regular spree, and not being content with the usual way of proceeding on such occasions, went to work and demolished sundry panes of glass, &c., and raised particular Cain all over town. I forbear giving the particulars in this my first letter, but if the folks are not very careful you shall hear of further actions more worthy of note. In the meantime

I remain,

Yours truly,

KNOWLEDGE.

HAMILTON, Dec. 29th, 1867.

To the Editor of the Omnibus.

DEAR SIR,

I noticed in one of the columns of your valuable sheet a letter signed J. P. Towser, to the effect that a Mr. R—b got the mitten from a young lady. In justice to Mr. R. I beg to inform you that nothing of the kind ever transpired, and, in my opinion, your correspondent has been actuated by a vindictive spirit in thus endeavouring to circulate falsehoods.

Your correspondent says that Mr. R. was very melancholy about that time, but I assure you that such was not the case, as I never saw him in better spirits for a long time; also, with regard to Mr. R. being *spooky*, I would inform your correspondent that so far from such being the case, he is of too independent a spirit to manifest any feeling of that sort, even if he had received any provocation, and I think your correspondent was very much to blame in thus attempting to throw a slur on the character of Mr. R.

An insertion of the above for the benefit of Mr. Towser will greatly oblige

Yours respectfully,

TRUTH.

HAMILTON, December 28th, 1867.

DEAR OMNIBUS,

I have read the first number of your paper, and give it my unqualified approval. I think it is the very thing we want, and I will do my best to forward its interests. I have made a few notes which if you think worthy of inserting you may do so.

I and a few friends went to the Methodist Stone Church Tea Meeting some time ago, with the intention of enjoying a pleasant evening, and fully determined to behave ourselves as your correspondent and his friends always do, but fancy our astonishment when on going down to the basement floor, we found two or three policemen headed by the celebrated Rev. D. R—e (who is said to have been once connected with a travelling circus) promenading the room, and when some of the “Bull Dogs” (who by the way are given to barking at times) got up a little laugh, the Rev. D. R—e told him in his usual polite manner that if they did not behave themselves, he would with the aid of his intimate friends the policemen, find them a place where they would be quiet enough. Picture to yourself my dear Omnibus two bonny blue eyes beaming on you, and a pair of rosy smiling lips whispering sweet and low, almost tempting you to taste them, and then fancy a stern face backed by two Blue

Bottles intruding itself on the picture with a look that seemed to say, “how dare you, an Alien, intrude upon one of my flock; upon one of the faithful. Oh Mr. Omnibus would you not have felt as I did—would not your spirits have fallen below zero as mine did—would you not have felt mean, and would you not have taken the first opportunity to absquatulate as I did?”

Oh, dear!

By the bye, as I was speaking before of the Bull Dogs, I would bid the public beware of them, for they have slipped their collars, and are going it tight and strong. I would also bid them beware, or, if they do not keep still, they will, with your permission, Mr. Omnibus, get a “free ride.”

I remain,

Your obed't Serv't,

OLD TOWSER.

P. S.—Should you accept this, you will hear from Old Towser again.

SAD CONDITION.

HAMILTON, Dec. 14th, 1867.

To the Editor of the Omnibus.

DEAR SIR,

I was almost driven into hysterics a few nights since, by observing the manoeuvres of a well-known aspirant to judicial honors, named P—r. I saw him as he retired from the precincts of one of those retailers of “rot-gut,” just after uploading an ablation of the last mentioned fluid. He made impotent attempts at a bee line towards home, but they soon terminated in pacing the survey of a rail fence. This navigating did not last long, for, coming in contact with an “automaton whiskey-barrel,” at angular juxtaposition, they indiscriminately made their quietus in separate declivities of the sidewalk. The new-comer soon recovered from the collision; but the hero of our story, after several extraneous and futile attempts to erect a perpendicular with his head as a base (stand on his head,) during which he almost dislocated the vertebrae of his neck, he soon mellifluously played on his nasals to the tune of old Morpheus. He had not remained in this supine position long, before a peaceable tenant of the sty familiarized herself to the snug quarters, and nestled down with all the prodigies of her periodical delicate amours about her.

Yours, &c.

CLUTERBUCK CUDWORTHY.

Which can travel the fastest, heat or cold. Why heat you dunce. Can't anybody catch cold.

..... A butcher's wife was examined as witness in a recent case at the Sunderland County Court, and on being asked if certain accounts were ‘cooked,’ she gravely replied that she did not know they were eatable.

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 beau 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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