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THE OMNIBUS.

THE COURTIN'.

Zokle kept to his unbeknown,
And peeked at her the while;
An' themest likely all alike,
With'th' nought to his fair.

The very way, Sir, she was in,
Looked wery front to collar;
An' she looked full as rosy agin,
Ea' the apple she was peelin'.

She heard a foot, and knowed it too,
A rump on the scraper,
All ways too once her faslins flew,
Like sparks in burst'n' paper.

He kinder fished on the mat,
Sum doubtful of the sockle;
His heart kept goin' pity-pat,
But hern' wery pily Zokle.

MANAGEMENT OF LOVE AFFAIRS.

I've heard folks say that the wimmin was contrar'—Well, they is a little so;—but if you roun' 'em right, haul 'em here and let 'em out there—you can drive 'em along without whip or spur, just which way you want 'em to go.

When I lived down in Ephe, there was a good many fust rate gals down there, but I did'n't take a liken to any of 'em till Squire Cummins cum down there to live. The Squire had a mighty purty darter. I said some of the gals was fust rate, and a loettle more. There wote many dressed finer and looked grander, but there was something grand about Nance, but they could n't hold a candle to. If a feller seed her once, he could not look at another gal for a week.—I tuk a liken to her right off, and we got as thick as thieves. We used to go to the same meetin, and set in the same pew. It took me to find same and him for her, and we'd swell 'em out in a manner shockin to hardened sinners;—and then we mosy hum together, while the gals and fellers kept a lookin on as tho they'd like to mix in. I'd always stay to supper; and the way I could slick 'em with 'nseriatics' and put 'em away was nothin to hobb'dy. She was a realfal civiltew, always gettin something nice for me. I was up to the hub in love, and was goin in for it like a locomotive.—Well, things went on in this way for a spell, till she had me tight enuff. Then she begun to show off kinder independent. When I'd go to the meetin, there was no room in the pew,—then she'd cum and streak off with another chap, and leave me suckin my nagers at the door.

Instead of stickin to me as she used to do, she got to outin' me with all the other fellers, just as if she cared as much for me no more.—I was wery wery.

I got considerable mad,—and that I make as well consid'ing the end of it all once;—and down I went to have it out with her. Ephe was a hull grist of fellers there. They seemed mighty quiet till I went in, the sho got to belin all manner of nonsense,—and nothin' to me, and darn'd little of that. I tried to keep my dander down, but it won't any way.—I kept movin about as if I had a pin in my trousers! I went as if I had been thrashin. My collar hung down as if it had been hung over my stock to dry, I couldn't stand it; so I cleared out as quickly as I could, for I could 'twas no use to say nothin' to her.

I went straight to bed and thought the matter over a spell. Thinks I what gals tryzes me, can't as like of her plain posarins, I'll take the sink out of her; if I do n't fetch her out of that high grass, I'm fit for saug-egg meat.

Heard tell of a boy wings that got to know'd just on Sunday mornin' the mades her—
You can't do it, a feller, when she has you so late?

Why, sez the boy, it's as everlastin slippery out. I couldn't get along, no how; every step I took forward, I went two steps backward; and couldn't have got here at all, if I hadn't tun ed back to go further way.

Now that's jest my case. I have been puttin after the gal a considerable time. Now, thinks I, I'll go 'tother way—she's been slieten of me, and now I'll slieten her. What's says for the goose is says for the gander.

Well, I went no more to Nancy's.—

Next Sabbath day, I slicked myself up, and I dow say, when I got my fixins on, I took the shine clear off of any specimen of human natur in our parts. About meetin time, off I put to Elthum Dodge's, Patience Dodge was as nice a gal as you'd sen twixt here and yonder, any more than she wasn't jest like Nancy Cummin. Ephraim Mussoy had used to go and see her; he was a clever feller, but he was dreadful jellus. Well, I went to meetin' with Patience, and set right wite Nancy; I didn't set my eyes on her till after meetin; she had a feller with her, who had a blazer red head and legs like a pair of compasses; she had a face as long as a thank-given disaster. I knowed who she was thinnin about, and I wan't the chap with the red head nutter. Well, I got to see Patience about a spell. Kept my eye for Nance, seed how the cat was jumpin;—she didn't cut about like she did, and look'd rather solemn; she'd gin

her tow eyes to kips and make up. I kept it up till I like to have got in a mure about Patience. Tho critter that I was goin' after her for good, and got as proud as a turkey.

One day Ephe cum down to our place lookin as wrothy as a militia officer on a trainin' day.

Look here, says he, Seth Stokes, I would as a small clap of thunder, I'll be darned—

Hallo! says I, what's broke?

Why, says he, I tains down to have satisfaction about Patience Dodge, here I've toon courtin ever since last year, and she was just as good as mine till you cum a goin' after her, and now I can't touch her with a forty foot pole.

Why, says I, what on earth are you talkin about? I ain't got nothin to do with you gal; but epose I had, there's nothin for you to get wofly about. If the gal has taken a liken to me, 'tain't my fault; if I have taken a liken to her, 'tain't her fault; and if we've taken a liken to each other, 'tain't your fault. But I sump to be taken with her, and you can't get her for an' nothin, you hadn't ought to get savage about nothin.

Well, says he, rather cooled down, I am the unluckiest thing in creation. I went another day to a place where there was an ole woman died of the bots or some such disease, and they wote sillin' out her things. Well, there was a thunderin' big chist of drawers, full of all sorts of truck; so I bot it and thought I had made a spec; but when I cum to look at 'em, there warn't nothin in it worth a cent, except an old silver thimble, and that was all rusted up, so I sold it for less than I give for it. Well, when the chap that bot it took it hum, he heard somthin rattlin—broke the old chist and found lots of gold in it, in a false bottom I hadn't seen. Now, if I had tuk the chist hum, I'd never found that money; or, if I did, they'd all been counterfeits; and I'd have been tuk up for passin on them. Well, I jest told Patience about it, and she rite up and called me a darned fool.

Well, says I, Ephe, that is hard!—but never mind that—jest go on—you can get her; and when you do get her you can file the rough edges off jest as you please.

That tickled him, and away he went a little better please.

Now, thinks I, it's time to look after Nancy. Next day down I went to Nancy's, she was all alone. I axed her if the Spotts was in. She said he wasn't.

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." "I ain't, 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 painful 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 someone handkerchiefs for a rich bachelor, she means to sow 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 do dark passage of dis life; but it would puzzle de debil himself to see thro 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.

St. Catherine's, Dec. 14th, 1857.

THE OMNIBUS.

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