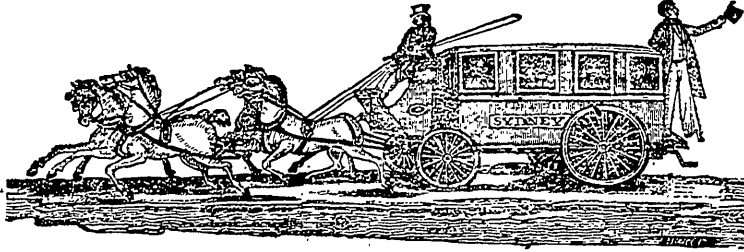


H. H. Wilson  
Full Street

# The Omnibus



AND

## SYDNEY SPECTATOR.

“Deterre nefas,” ——— OMNIBUS audet

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HAVING waited the time prescribed by ancient custom, at length we hear the welcome cry—all right! and off goes the OMNIBUS, on its uphill course,—a heavy looking, but as convenient vehicle as ever traversed the land of Cockayne. Let us endeavour to describe it, first explaining the name, lest young ladies, too knowing for their age; or old ladies, who ought to know better, and would make believe that their stockings are as blue as their noses, should put some misconstruction upon the word, or declare it to mean something—BAD; whereas it means everything—and comes within every-body's means. The OMNIBUS is for all, and to all, it is from all, and with all, it is—the PEOPLE'S. We know that to think ill, is the fashion of the day, among the only respectable, the most charitable, the truly Christian, the sanctified Christians of Almack's. But the fashion is a bad one, and we entreat the ladies of Sydney, not to affect it, for in any attempt to display too much blue, or too much starch they will, after all, show themselves to be no more than bleu-âtre—or blue water ladies, as some of them, who party a little francy, will perhaps write the word—and what is a blue water lady but a washer-woman at most. We also deprecate the interference of certain blue-coat boys who would set up for critics, before they have well got over their horn book, those poor scholars whose latin, like that of the first of their school, who translated the inscription to the good saint of Tours, is just 'Onne Mihi Beate Martine,' all my eye and Betty Martin. We pray the little boy blue that came winding his horn, next to meddle with us, by any translation, of our name or title; since, although his accounts are much relied on, in the highest quarters, where 'Tales of my Grandfather' or my 'Grandmother's' rather, are listened to, and received as historical facts—his last display of critical acumen has added nothing to his own reputation—or any-

body else's. We have given him the above little scrap of NUNSMAY POWERY, as best suited to his talents, taste, and acquisitions, and he may make it the subject of his little commentaries, without fear of the mischief that might follow any attempt to take a bull by the horns, a feat that he has already proved unequal to. But enough of our name. The CUP in our head next requires a word or two of explanation. That dashing carriage is our OMNIBUS. The little lame chap who drives it, is ourself. The little lame chap behind, on the step, with his hat in his hand is our cad—and that's our SPECTATOR with the glass at his eye—a nice independent little fellow, he is, but rather obscure, and no quiz though he uses a glass, and sometimes laughs—in his sleeve, for he is 'alienjus ineptiarum SPECTATOR.' He is a deep thinker, for all that, and will give his opinion,—occasionally, on serious subjects, with just as much gravity as ourself. He has all the advantage of experience, having had a peep behind the curtain, and is so sharp an observer, that nothing escapes him; he can see as far—through a mill stone, as most folks—in short he is up to every thing—even snuff, as a learned and very poetical barrister expresses it. We have known him for more than half a century, and we will be answerable for the truth of anything he says. His great fault is, that he is not what he ought to be, in the civil line, he is rude in speech, and cares no more for a Captain or a Major than we do, who have lost two or three places, for not being as respectful as we ought to our superiors. We are not like the Cad, whose only fault is, that he swears most audacious sometimes—after tea, when he is, generally, rather rash, and careless; if he were a little cautious, and not so fond of the whip, we should not have any objection to allow him to occupy our seat, but we are afraid he would break our neck when elevated in the box, or drive over some old apple-woman of a Sunday—or he so a little rough to poor people, who are not respectable, of course, though ready enough to hop, you see! up or down, backwards and forwards, from here to Parramatta, if his master desire. He is a particularly civil little fellow to the insides, who, are all toppers, and very large veigs laded—for he naturally expects a small compliment at parting, although it be, as Liston used to say, 'all hoptional.' But he never throws away his blarney, and pays great attention to the safety of Ali Cujus, or Somebody, as Betty Martin calls him, who has the best place in the coach, taking care that his carriage shall not be run over by the foot passengers when he goes into a crowd, such as there is on the roads during race time, when, if you believe him, SYDNEY could not ensure this excellent customer's safety without his assistance, for Ali Cujus can be

liberal enough, to a favorite civil Cad, as he has so great a command of other people's money, that he is never at a loss for change, and his generosity costs him nothing. The big little man next to him, is a blood relation to the late Lord Do-no-more, and mighty thick with the present man; he is very respectable, for he has an estate here, and an estate there, and takes two places that he may cook up his legs and look grand—the interior is altogether most aristocratical—but we shall make our readers better acquainted with our passengers by and by. They have all a great inclination to be angry, and would rattle us any amount if we would give up our whip, but we cannot trust them, although Ali Cujus is certainly a devilish good hand too at managing underbred cattle, but his method would never do for our blood. So he may drive his own team—he shall never drive us. One reason for our making it a rule never to change places with an inside is, that we cannot bear the idea of going through the world sideways; our stomach would not bear it—'twould make us sick—if we go a head at all, it must be straight forward, as Ali Cujus says, when he is practising the side step. We must be free in our movements, and have pure air. Now for our motto—A device without a motto would subject us to the animadversion of every Herald from Sydney to Port Phillip, but we have cut it shorter than it was at the head of our list of subscribers, and what is still better, we have shortened the amount of subscription as our list lengthened, which it has done, most wonderfully:—by giving less latin too, we avoid Betty Martin, and the Blues, who translated obstupere omnes, all our passengers were stupid, aliquis ex—a certain Ex-civil officer—and bipennium, you could buy it for a penny, like a cheap Magazine, so we have left all that out, and only adopt the four words

“—————OMNIBUS audet  
Deterre nefas.”

Which, blue ladies say, is not a motto, by no means, but a mot, a mot pour rire, a horrid pun, like the Chief Justice's, only fit to make folks laugh; but we will be judged by all the learned of the Colony, whether of the Australian College or the Australian Club, or the Australian Library, or the A. D. C., or the A. C. G., or the A. S. S., and we are quite sure they will agree, that it is no joke for a poor OMNIBUS to venture, which is the meaning of audet, deterre nefas, to fly in the face of the Government, and all that is respectable, in the society of the Colony, without one friend to support it, relying solely on the PEOPLE who are all poor, under the new-fangled systems and improvements, have not a farthing in their pockets, and are accused of wanting, in the present dearth of everything

even the spirit to write, in attacking the corruptions that they cannot fail to see in the Government, its privileged Officers, or its pet departments.

Our OMNIBUS ought to have started before now, but the fact is, our wheels wanted greasing—and the oil required is most uncommon scarce, in Sydney, at present; if we had been in the oil line, and no screw loose, we might have done as well as the old original BUSS, that, as our readers know, is conducted on a very different principle. Head matter, the only thing we could find, is a useful ingredient, but quite inadequate to set in motion a machine like ours, by itself. In fact, things looked so black for want of oil, and our off wheeler having taken the sulks on account of a deficiency in that which commonly makes the mare go, our rival proprietor was encouraged to think it was no go, and our expected failure was gazetted. Whence the prediction arose, we don't exactly know, and can only guess—HOW. In this distressing dilemma, we thought of steam, electricity, vacuum, &c., but were soon convinced that the last was an empty scheme, that the shock of parting with our beautiful leaders, would go near to break our heart, if we tried the second; and having found difficulties with Ajix Oile-us, the Greek merchant, we were likely to be just as much at a loss if we attempted steam, for, though we could have railing enough, on moderate terms, lead and iron being cheap, whom could we find, willing to part the coal, to get our steam up?

Persons who have never seen an OMNIBUS, except once—with a pair—may suppose ours to be a slow coach, but it is no such thing—it will travel with the speed of the mail, and wherever the mail goes, there goes the OMNIBUS, Omnibus in terra, all over the world—not an OMNIBUS floored, or on the ground, as no doubt, the learned critic of Almack's will be inclined to predict, of our cheap, safe, and remarkably pleasant carriage. Our patrons, however, for we have no friends, prophecy somewhat differently, and only fear we shall be run away with, by our leaders, or that we may be too fond of the whip, or lean too heavily on our DICKY. But let them be assured, and have a little confidence in the strength of our arm, if not in our skill as an old member of the Whip Club, which, by the bye, we left when they began to encourage the use of heavier whips than any gentleman could use, in our time. Our leader are undoubtedly fresh and spirited, but they have no vice, that we cannot curb, unless you call cantering a little, by that name; for, as Betty Martin will tell you, that was ever the vice of an Omnibus hack—and old Horace, when writing on the subject about eighteen hundred

years ago, expressed himself in his Satire-day paper thus!

*Omnibus hoc vitium cantoribus*

To which he added, prettily enough, *inter amicos* speaking of our friends inside *nunquam cantare rogati*, the rogues never could abide their cantering. From all which it is plain, that there can be no danger while we drive, though our insides might do mischief with the whip, if we permitted them to use it, as some of them would, if they could, for they are fond of it, and are said to have clubbed together to give five pounds each to a poor devil in their employ, for lessons in their own room.—See how sparing we are with ours.—We never waste a thong upon a jibber, or a jade, a shy man or a bolter, for it would only gall them, and do no good, but we are compelled to carry a whip, and to use it too, sometimes, with an obstinate brute, that nothing else can cure—as to the other fear, about our weight being too much for our DICKY—that again is a great mistake, there is not an *Omnibus Dicky* in the Colony, whose springs are stronger, tougher, or better tempered than ours—we are bulky, but not heavy; take our specific gravity, and we are lighter than you could suppose—we are a second old Weller—and will be found to have game as well as bottom. We will here drop the language of allegory, and seriously state our views and intentions in thus venturing to present ourselves to the public in the character of a journalist. We shall not tell the world that we are the most virtuous, or the most upright of men, that we are the most pure, the most independent, or the only honest. On the contrary, we are a fallible man, and we invite our readers to suspect us, we have private feelings to indulge, as well as a battle to fight for the PEOPLE, but while we call upon our fellow citizens to watch our contest carefully, we defy them to find us striking an unfair blow—although our having suffered individual injustice, may make us more sensible to a public wrong, and when we strike for the people, our private grief may cause the blow to fall more heavily. We do not write for a Government capable of rewarding our labour, nor for a sect in religion, or for a party in politics. We profess, indeed, to prefer the measures of the late Governor, to those of His Excellency Sir George Gipps, and we shall take occasion to offer our reasons, such as they are, for this preference. We are opposed to monopoly, and exclusiveness in all things—in government affairs as well as in social, commercial, or agricultural matters—and we shall be ready to make known to the world every case of suffering under the exclusive principle, that may be laid before us. We shall use our best efforts to get the liberal minded among our citizens to become more united in action, than they have yet been, by showing them their own strength. We shall not cease to point out to them, that nothing but union is required, to enable them to devise from the political world the now feeble remains of the party, that has so long monopolized the power, endeavoured to monopolize the wealth, and pretended to monopolize the respectability of the Colony. We shall do all that in us lies, to promote the establishment of patriotic, and liberal institutions, clubs, societies, and schools. We shall continue to call for until we obtain it, a constitution, on liberal principles, with a representative legislature, whose members shall be responsible to their constituents for Municipal Corporations, with adequate funds at their disposal, uncontrolled by those at the antipodes, or by some creature of theirs, sojourning with us, but not living among us here for a time. We will call for the price of our land, and strive hard to have it applied to its legitimate purpose. Whatever that may be, for we are by no means willing to pledge ourself to aid in supporting any visionary plan of parting with lands to procure abundance of labor, without capital to employ it, we will insist on the injustice of making any but those who profit by the service of convicts pay even a part of the expense of their support, the Home Government and the assignees alone are in our opinion called upon to defray it, at the same time, we admit the propriety of our supporting a sufficient Police for every other purpose. We will advocate free and bond, and oppose all those protections to one class of persons, that another must pay dearly for. We

will entreat the people to petition for a supply of that species of labor, by which we have grown into prosperity unequalled in the history of colonization, and the sudden withdrawal of which has sunk us into our present state. These generally speaking, are among the most prominent of our political objects. We intend to give all the domestic news of the week up to the hour of publication, compiled from the other papers and collected by our own reporter. We have arranged with some of the leading journals of Europe, to supply us with the news of the old world, in return for such intelligence, taking the affairs of the Colony, as our *Omnibus* can carry to them from here. The ladies of Sydney shall have the Paris fashions direct from the Boulevards and the Rue de la Paix as soon as they can have them in Regent-street. The Spectator will supply the fashionable reports—Arrivals, parties, and balls; for though we shall not attend many of them ourself, our reporter has a general invitation to most of them, being of the respectable class. Our country subscribers will find such intelligence respecting the state of the markets, strayed and stolen cattle &c., as we think may be interesting. Police matters shall not be neglected, nor shall we be ungenerously silent as to the improvements we may find introduced within the last two years. We will inquire into the foundation for the fashionable doctrine of the day that publicans must be sinners. In a commercial town like Sydney, in a port connected with a home so distant, and communicating with so many foreign countries all look upon a close attention to the movements of shipping to be a subject of paramount interest; we shall therefore employ a reporter expressly to collect the latest arrivals, departures, and changes likely to take place here, and in the ports with which we trade. Cargos, passengers, arriving at and leaving Sydney—the shipping news of every sort, in short, will occupy a conspicuous plan in this journal, and we have received assurance, that most of the shipping advertisements will be sent to us on account of our own very extensive circulation. Our sporting correspondents are among the leading men of the day, not only as to riding up with the hounds, but, as is most capable of giving a good account of the sports—and occupying a high place among the elite of the Society of Sydney—whether it be found in the Cumberland Turf or Cumberland Hunt the Almacks or whip club—the information they communicate may be relied on as authentic, and it will be within good taste, though not always in the same state or manner, for our sporting friends are numerous. We shall endeavour to explain, if we can do so, without being tiresome to our readers, how it has happened, that we find ourselves under the necessity of appearing in the character of a journalist, and we request kind indulgence as to the arrangement of our materials, in this, our first number, as well as to any deficiency of interesting intelligence or reading matter, that our inexperience in the printing department may occasion, as we can hardly calculate the capacity of our Sheet and may have underrated it while we have been too bold in calculating that of our head. We shall endeavour to rectify all our errors, as we gain experience, without the most distant hope, however of pleasing every body—for we know too well that we have enemies—aye, enemies who would not only crush ourselves and our journal—who would not only upset our *Omnibus* and break our neck; but, who have sworn to give us no rest till they shall see us deprived of our liberty, and we know that those who have so sworn, have met with support and encouragement in high quarters. The *Omnibus*, however, will roll on bravely, if not successfully.

Sydney, \_\_\_\_\_, 184  
 Captain Ezekiel Jinks,  
 Jinksville,  
 Connecticut, U. S.

Dear Zeek,  
 I guess you'll be wonderful struck like, on looking up at the corner at this, to see my present location. What in the world says you've taken our Josh to New South Wales? why a ship Zeek—though it's a fact I did feel a little kind of sneery like to trust myself in a British vessel, with a parcel of John Bull's after just coming out of one of our American liners, with a crew and officers of United States citizens. But I suppose that ain't exactly what you meant, and you're just now beginnin to feel shock n curious as to what speculation or notion brought me here; well now, I hardly know myself Zeek; but I heard such an everlastin din about these colonies, and the rip tearing fortunes pick up there, in rather less than no time, that I began to feel monstrous uneasy and itchy like—any how says I, there'll be no harm in going to one of these agent folks and pumpin' him a little,—only do it s'ck and smooth Josh, says I to myself, and John Bull's mighty easy n s'bed. Well, off I went to one of their offices, makin

up my mind as I went, to seek independence, and humour the crittur his own way—I knocked at the door with a considerable of a big rap and no one answering, I walked in,—a rael well-dressed kind a chap, sat by a great sea coal fire, read in the newspaper with his feet on the tender,—that's him, say I, for you'll always find John Bull's Government or Company's agents, well fed, slick lookin crittars. Good mornin says I, taking off my hat, he looked up from the paper and gave me a stare, so much as to say I: rael London English, who the devil are you? thinks I its best to go slap right away into it, so, taking a chair, Mister says I, (at the same time trying to look dreadful insinovin) I'm informed that you can give a man considerable information as to the actual prospect of advantage of settlin in the colony of Australia; you want to emigrate I presume says he? I conclude says I, that there must be a tarnation wide field for speculation there—they tell me that they raise a most an ast unidin crops o' cotton. Here it a pamphlet says he (holding up in his hand a bunch o' paper about the size of two aimacks stuck together, and a cover on wonderful resemblin those you see in a land office in York) which contains a most surprisin account of all those so t' of things, and also the condition under which emigrants come, when they enter the employ of the company for which I am agent, but you can learn a l' this on the passage says he, all you've got to do now, is to sign an agreement to serve the company so many years. Hold on says I, when I hear that, dont be so everlastin fast, I never sail I wanted to emigrate yet. Lord what a look the crittur gave me—why what o'her object had you in coming here, says he—I came for information says I, and I feel particularly obliged to you for what you have given me—I meant the book which I had snug in my hat—I looked so almighty pleasant, and so polite civil like, that he couldnt say a word so gettin up and goin to the door,—Good mornin Mister says I,—if I see any one that wants to emigrate I'll send him to you, but I dont exactly think it would convene with the principles of a citizen of the free and enlightened states of America, to bind himself to any service except the army and navy of the States, (you see I felt dead ul patriotic Zeek)—he looked at me with his mouth open, as though it was somethin to eat, I was talkin about, so I jist nodded to him, and walked out. Well after this, and readin the book too, the more a kind a haanke in I felt to go, so I went down to the docks, and seeing a ship with a sign up for Sydney, I stepped aboard, and seeing a feller walkin on the poop—hallo says I, Mister, is the skipper aboard? I'm the master of this ship says he, oh, beg pardon says I, walkin up the poop ladder—well Captain you're bound to New South Wales eh?—Sydney direct says he, without stoppin his walk—says I—I've a kind a notion a'oin myself, only you ask such an everlastin sight a money for a passage—eighty guineas and every thing found says he—Oh! my; says I, why that's hard upon four hundred dollars; (what would Uncle Joel and the Deacon say to that Zeek) I guess captain, you'd take considerable less than that, if a fellow stump down the rael specie, at the same time pulling a dollar out of my pocket, and beginnin to whittle the edge on't with my knife—well says he lookin hard at the Mexican, perhaps we might make it pounds—oh! its out o' all reason captain; but supposin we make a trade now, I'll give you two hundred and fifty these hard silver dollars, and a thousand genuine Havannah Cigars—their worth thirty dollars a thousand positively, and I've almos promised to let a gentleman that came over in the liner with me have em at that price—You're an American then says he? well now you've hit it exactly, I was actually raised in the state of Connecticut—I thought so, says he, I've been there myself—Do tell; now, says I, why Loi Captain, what uncommon nice company we should be on the passage, Yes says he, but I couldnt take you for that—You ha'nt tried the cigars, Captain says I, handing him one, but perhaps you dont agree with smokin, oh! yes, says he, wont you walk down and take a glass o' wine—quite agreeable Captain says I, so I went down to the Cabin and began to smoke—thats uncommon splendid sherry Captain—yes says he, its allowed to be very good, you'll hardly meet with such in America—no says I, and how wonderful it relishes these cigars, your genuine Havannah never di' favouris the wine Captain—you'd make an everlastin profit sellin these to the passengers—well we got on to talk about the trade for the passage, so aiter considerable hagin, and smokin, all the time, we finally nailed the bargain for two hundred and seventy dollars and two thousand o' the genuine Havannah—which I reckoned to stand me in about two dollars and a half a thousand in Connecticut, at Uncle Joel's facty y.—It didnt take me hardly no time to get rid of what notions I had left, for I felt a l' tie sherry like to try em in Australia, afore I had seen what sort o' critters were located there—o in four or five days I was all ready to start, with some hard dollars left, and the balance in undoubtable bills on houses of first chop standin in the location; together with the wooden pumpkin, water melon and garden seeds which I brought with me from Connecticut, I could a sold em mighty well in London, but I heard seeds fetched a most an almighty profit in Australia, so I guessed I'd take em along any how—Well off we started with about two hundred emigrants and a dozen cabin passengers; but I aint a goin to tell you nothin about the passage here, except that it was uncommon pleasant—for the fact is Zeek I've got a playin kind a notion into my head, to write you from time to time giving you my i-deas or this settlement and all that's goin on here, or as the Deacon would say, reflections on this colony and its resources, its inhabitants native and imported—together with its politics, commerce and future prospect,—short Zeek—I calculate to go a head the same kind a plan as our neighbour Mr. Slick of Slickville did among the Blue noses in the Canidas—why its a positive fact Zeek that even here you're a most always seein the sayin's and doin's of the clockmaker in the Canidas poked into one Newspaper or another, and I dont see no reason on aith, why our citizens in the States shouldnt have an equal account of this new branch of John Bull's family, though in most points its plagually like the rest o' the brood, and your Australian colonist is jist as self conceited, pragmatical,

puffed up, buslin sort a crittur, as your Blue nose—But as I was goin to observe, I picked up considerable a there leadin pint on the passage, as the Deacon who had been there before, a d was a right smart little feller, took a shockin fancy to me, and we used to be everlastinly arguin together, on emigration and immigration, and such and such things,—but it wouldnt be no kind a u-e, to tell about them now, as I shan't have room for a patch of what I shall have to say—I shall send this by the first vessel to the States, and you may look for one by every opportunity—Give my love to all the gals and tell 'em I'll send 'em a flamin account of the Australian gals room, and they are positively most shockin pretty, that's a fact. Remember me to Uncle Joel and Deacon Sawyer, and believe me

Your lovin brother  
 JOSHUA JINKS.  
 P. S. I disremember who the Deacon's daughter Cheerful was goin to marry.



**MASONIC MEETINGS.**  
 The Australian Social Lodge 260 will meet at the Masonic Hall, York Street, on Monday the 4th instant at 7 P. M.  
 The Lodge of Australia 548, will meet at the same place on Tuesday the 5th instant, at 7 P. M.  
 The Lodge of Instructions will meet at the same hour and place, on Thursday evening next, ODD FELLOWS.—The Independent Lodge of Odd Fellows will meet at their Lodge Rooms on Wednesday, the 6th instant.

**NEWS OF THE WEEK.**



De OMNIBUS rebus et quibusdam alijs.

**FASHIONABLE CHANGES.**  
 Arrived, a few days since, Major Gregory and lady from India—at Petty's Hotel, Church Hill. Sir John Jamison has left town for Regentville, to be in readiness to receive his numerous guests, who will attend the Penrith races next week.  
 T. A. Murray, Esq., has left town for his seat at Yarra Lumle, near Queanbeyan.  
 Colonel Gibbes and family leave town on Monday for Regentville.  
 William Gibbes, Esq., and lady for same place tomorrow.  
 Lieut. Russell, 28th Regt, and lady from Jamison-street to Regentville.

**THEATRICALS—The Debut.**  
 The Grand attraction, and most interesting novelty of the week, or perhaps of the season, was the debut of Mrs. L., who, under the name of Miss Clifford, made her first appearance at the Victoria on Monday evening. Miss Clifford, for if she chuses to assume the maiden, we certainly have no right to dispute the title, and are too gallant to dispute it if we could. Miss Clifford is a fine and very prepossessing young woman, and her debut was a very successful one; she is a good study, we do not mean for the Atelier of the Painter or the Studio of the Sculptor, handsome and well formed, as she is, decidedly; but she is a good study, in green-room parlance, she is perfect in her part; she is never at a loss from bad memory—never hesitates; and, perhaps, to this perfection Miss Clifford owes the greatest fault we found with her performance. She seems in too great a hurry to get over her business, to deliver herself, or what she has had the trouble of charin'g her memory with—it is a fault however, that a little practice, and a little care will enable her to get rid of, and after all it is perhaps the most natural appearance for a woman to wear under the circumstances were she ten years a Countess—but it will not do for a heroine, it must be perfect, not only in her study of the words but must represent the perfection of the character, and the passion; with a certain dignity that absolute nature does not require, in the emale of ordinary life, or in the Comedy Actress. We use the word prepossessing rather than handsome, in the first place, because we have high authority for its use, we remember to our ears as well as to our surprise having heard it in the mouths of undoubted and acknowledged judges of beauty, although we unfortunately differed with them, on that occasion, not having seen the party under the same favourable circumstances for forming a judgment—we had neither seen her in our own room, or in her most becoming dress, the word however is a good word of sound authority, and we use it in this case, we think, with peculiar propriety—for some of our promised preposessions give way in a certain degree on full-dress view.—We like Miss Clifford better in her shawl and bonnet—than in her Countess dress, probably because we have seen too much of the cold shoulder lately, in our intercourse with the world—Our Debutante like a great many women has got a habit of stooping, which spoils the figure and often arises from an attempt to bring herself down to the level of the little women with whom she ordinarily converses, and without the smallest affectation; but from natural politeness which makes us talk nonsense to children, gossip to old women or fall into the traps of Garry Owen, who talking to some of the Li merick respectables—Miss Clifford's first appearance brought a crowded house, and when the curtain fell, she was called for with cheers and shouts of applause, which were continued while on her way to the stage, she made her obeisance, acknowledgment which she did very prettily, the whole her debut may be pronounced a very successful one, as we have already said it was her acting is natural and graceful, and with