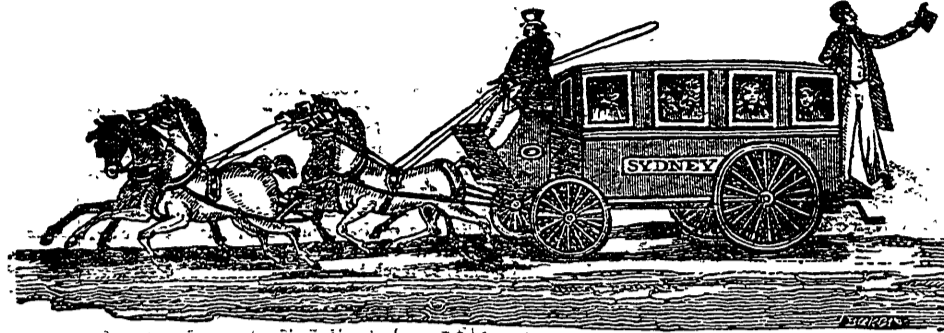


The Omnibus.



AND SYDNEY SPECTATOR.

“Deterere nefas,” ———— OMNIBUS audit

VO. I.—NO. 5.]

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 30, 1841.

[PRICE SIX-PENCE.]

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Accept Preface.

“My daughter asks me for a Preface,” began old Dr. Eurny, when writing the Poem to a novel of madame D’Arblay’s, which is pretty respectable authority for complying with what we believe to be your wish, ‘my sons’ of Australia, in giving you our little bit of a weekly introduction—a very little bit of sugar, to put you in good humour with us, and to bring you, in spite of your misfortunes, to the consideration of the grave subject, that must come next, without any sulky feeling, or prejudice against Ali Qais, or even Ali Cujus. My printers ask me for copy, promising to pay—great attention, and get the *Omnibus* out, this time, at the proper hour; and the Devil is at our elbow waiting for us—Poor little Devil!!! That we, who are so great a *Philosopher*, should lay our peccadilloes at thy door, like the great men of this world. Yet ‘tis true, thou art, at this moment, waiting for us; and sure no less a power could seduce us into lowering our *dignity*, (for even *dignity*, we have been accused of, by a respectable Almac Man) and with a copy of the *Herald* before us, containing a splendid speech on the vulgarity of punning and joking, evidently meant to prejudice the *Chief Justice* against us, by inclining his honor to believe, that our disposition was a very pocket picking disposition, and by our *credit!!!* which, considering the times, is considerable, we don’t know but the professor is right, for we are told that we pick your pockets of more six pences with our puns, and our familiar, undignified jokes, than he of the Tabard, with all his gravity, and his splendid dress—for notwithstanding his dignity, learning, and gentility, he is not a *pun-gent* speaker. Our comfort is, that we can order about our little ugly old *Nick* and manage him, as we do our leaders, but in addressing the pretty young *Nick-le-son*, we must use the language of petition, and beg him to

advise his professor to be a little more lively and interesting, in short to make a *radical reform* of his style, a *tee total change* of his principles—we should say, pray Doctor, dear Doctor pray! make your *Rennie say-do*. As usual, we have a thousand excuses to make to *respectable* people whose minds seem so much prejudiced against us, that they won’t believe a word of our innocence, or that of our little youthful *devil*, but will stand out for his being the *old one*. ‘Tis absolutely wonderful what a passion all the *ca’m, d’gnified All Mac men*, who alone have any pretension to *respectability*, and encourage horsewhipping, are in with me—*Blockheads* are formed by *Block heads* on the North Shore, to prevent the passage of our squadron of *Omnibusses*, all the blunder-busses in that quarter of the Globe, are *promed* and loaded in readiness for the *attack*. Naval Bay is become a *party* station, under the Command of a *gallant Major*. The *Sovereign* of a *Small naval State* has formed an *alliance* by the influence of which, with the greater powers, he hopes to crush us.

The Almac tailors, and even the Filio-sartors of the Club in Beat-street are in a rage, at our talking of any party of *respectables*, in New South Wales as the Button on horseback equestrians—we are aware that they all have “souls above buttons,” now; but they should remember that in the ancient Empire, the Celestial State, Buttons, are *Tufts*, *Dignitaries*, *Mandarins*, *Hong* (not Lung) merchants, and *Big Wigs*; it is not very reasonable than for Little Wigs, or broken or suspended though not hung merchants to take offence at such a trifle.

Then, if we meet a Rider, who stands up for the honor of his order, in imitation of an old Tory Lord in England, and is displeas’d with our naming an equestrian at all; at the next turn we fall in with a Walker, a lady killer in a mizzled wig, that he would make pass for a big wig, by cocking it on the side of his head, who looks as terrible, as such a creature can look, for no earthly reason that we know, unless it be our having once said something about the *Foot passengers* running over one Ali Cujus in his Coach.

Again we have the Browns stirring up our old friends and neighbours, the Blues, to seize upon our *colors*. All the *green eyed* monsters will be upon us with still more virulence and animosity, than the tailors themselves, if we mention *cabbage* or *greens* of any sort, but that is not on their own account, but their wives,—or their *infirmities*.

We, however, do all we can to avoid offence, and have even refused to puff a wonderful gosling with two heads, brought us by one Jack Duce, the proprietor, beautifully preserved in spirits; lest we should offend anybody of that nam-

offering Duce to mention his *husus*, if he would permit us to call it a goose, thinking that nobody whatever his conscience might whisper, would venture to put on the *goose cap*—but he would not have it so—it was too young, he said—so we determined to say nothing about it; besides we were a little afraid of being thought *beastly* by any of our *nee* contemporaries; but lest you should imagine that the bicephalous quadruped, for it seems the creature had four legs, was a bird of our own hatching, or like *Jove’s daughter* Minerva, and her cock of old, the *offspring of our brain*. We may as well refer you to Pullinger on the race course, where he says the spirited *lepusary* he seen. The Devil will not wait any longer—so no more at present—good bye! till next Saturday-Sans, adieu.

THE PRESENT AND THE PAST. SIR GEORGE AND SIR RICHARD.

WHEN we published the first of these articles in the *Omnibus*, our object was to endeavour to awaken the attention of our fellow colonists, to the necessity that exists for exertion on their part, in order to inform the ministers at home, or what is of more consequence still, to give the people of England true notions of our state, and of our wants. This much, we think, we have already effected; but we must not stop here, we must tell the colonists more, much more yet, we fear, before they will bestir themselves. The people of young states like very young individuals, will not think much on political subjects till reflection is forced upon them by events; but when they find themselves tottering on the brink of the yawning precipice, they will perhaps listen to a warning voice, and halt before they take the fatal one step more. The people are already conscious that Australia’s most unlucky star was in the ascendant, and the fatuity of Lord Glenelg, at its greatest height, when His Lordship unfortunately stumbled upon Sir George Gipps, the ex-member for Miss Lawrence, then a Captain in the engineers, late radical commissioner in Canada, and sent him, all this way, across the globe, to *harry* us. We care not what instructions a gentleman receives, when he accepts a government; but we understand the duty of a gentleman in every situation, and we know what the first duty of a Governor should be, nor has a residence of nine years left us in ignorance of what his special care should be, who is set over a young colony like this, in its very peculiar circumstances. We would not accept a government on condition that we shut our eyes to its situation, and be blind to its wants, or wishes, we would not consent to have the matter of our despatches dictated to us before hand, or that we must conciliate, or *ménager* Mr. This, or Mr. That, whose friends whispers, are incessantly poured into the ears of

the Secretary of State in London—while conscious that, by doing so, we were effecting the ruin of the province plac’d under our charge—and we will not believe that even Lord Glenelg was stupid enough to instruct Sir George Gipps to that effect—we will not believe that any minister, however decided as to his own course, however obstinate he may be, could ever instruct a Governor, *not* to give him information, *not* to tell him the truth, about the situation of things in his government. No minister can desire to be left in ignorance by his subordinates. The conduct of Sir George Gipps has been most culpable in this respect, by not giving correct information to ministers in his despatches, he has done us an irreparable injury, by so well enacting a part so foreign to his real character, he has effected mischiefs to almost an equal extent. For a great majority of persons (and the majority are not always close observers) gave Sir George credit for his simulated character—so well did His Excellency play it; they would have sworn that a more straight forward man, or a more plain dealing Governor never existed; making sure that he was employed in sending home such an honest account of our situation, the people did little or nothing—they told *him* indeed; but had they not unfortunately forward so very erroneous an estimate of his character, they would have either insisted on his doing something more than forwarding their opinions in the shape of their most humble petitions to the Queen and the Parliament, and would have had their own agent in London to explain what they were, and what the value of their opinions was in the Colony; but unhappily Mr. Buller was absent, when they were so deceived—most unhappily they had nobody to represent them at the time it was of so much consequence—to be represented. When their petitions went home, when they knew that even before Sir George Gipps left England, the British Ministry considered themselves justified by the Parliamentary proceedings in carrying into effect if the thought proper, the peril fraught measures which they had besought him to have inquired into, and reported on, by a committee of the Council, as to the probability of their usefulness being equal, or in any degree comparable to the mischiefs they had foreseen; and which have fallen upon us, so surely and so heavily—when they knew that he had turned a deaf ear to, or coldly cushioned a request so reasonable, and conveyed to him with the greatest humility; When they knew that these ministers were only waiting to receive the despatches of their much trusted servant, to have his opinions, matured after a year’s residence in the Colony, whom they had placed in it for the purpose, to be enlightened by him, as to the weight that belonged

to the petition signed as it was by more, we believe, than four thousand persons. It was then that they gave His Excellency an opportunity which he was not slow to profit by, of turning the scale against them, and if he did not represent the utter insignificance of the faction that was working our ruin, he at least allowed their whis- perings to reach, uncontradicted, the ears of those whom he should not have deceived himself, nor suffered others to deceive. It was at this very moment when he suffered the Ministers at home to be grossly misled, and when he was so successful in deceiving people here that you heard men cry out loudest—Oh, the upright Governor the straight forward man.—He may be disagreeable, he may be vulgar and overbearing, but he means well, if he be rough, he at least will never deceive, he will never prove false, or unjust—but the faction triumphed, the conciliated faction triumphed, with His Excellency's assistance the Petition of the PEOPLE unsupported as it was by His brilliant advocacy, failed.—It was thrown aside as a matter of course, and, we are—ruined. Ministers were suffered to believe that when we had no more convicts sent here, free persons would replace them, whereas they should have learned from His Excellency, that it was the advantage we derived from convict labour, that alone furnished us with the means of carrying out free men. They should have been told that when the Colonists are penniless, it will be vain to send out cargoes of pauper operatives, even if means of transport for them were forthcoming. The convicts whose labor we are deprived of, without an effort to prevent it, being made by our Governor, (for if there had been, doubtless, we should have heard of it from so plain dealing a man,) were of more worth to us than all the profit of the colonial staple. Did Sir George Gipps tell the Ministers this? did he remind them that the cost alone which themselves allow to be something not much under an annual million out of the British treasury on account of these convicts of whom we are deprived, would not be compensated by any advantage to the Mother Country, while it ruined us? Did he explain to them, as he was bound to do by his duty to England that was his mistress, and to us whom he should have looked upon as placed under his protection, that this heavy drain was not compensated by a single advantage, that it was depriving her of a great, and increasing market, for her manufactures, and, though her market might not be closed against our wool, we should soon have no wool to send to it; for we cannot continue to keep up our fine flocks if we have not shepherds,—we cannot have shepherds without money to pay them,—and we cannot have money when we are deprived of some hundreds of thousands every year, which we gained by convict labour? This is what he should have told them,—this, if it had been explained to the Ministers, might have produced such grand and liberal measures of economy as would have proved useful to Great Britain, while they prevented our ruin. What has Sir George done instead of this? He has talked about economy, ad nauseam, speechified and bullied his civil officers, uttered a vast deal of nonsense, about cutting down salaries, he has made a headless Police at a greatly increased expense, and he has the air of a man quite satisfied with himself—pleased with what he has done.

It may be necessary for us who are but little known to the Colonists as a political writer, to give proofs, or at least examples in illustration of what we have so boldly asserted. Indeed, we have been told that it was hard to blame the Governor as having caused any part of the misery we are suffering,—that we cannot prove, that he has caused it. There are men so nice, and so respectable, say so excellently pure and religious, that they would rather cast the blame upon their GOD, from whom they say they derive their hopes, than on a great personage of this world, from whom they tell you they hope nothing—but whom they know, notwithstanding, to have the power of giving away little places, eye, and of making little places to give away, which very nice and respectable people, have no objection, though they be disinterested, to accept—and we are again called upon by some of these for facts, and circumstances and "facts are stubborn things." But here we give no facts before?

are there none in the foregoing columns? if not we ask no better than to close with Sir George Gipps on any other portion of his financial measures, and to give our facts—not because we consider them of a more permanent or a more general interest than any other,—we do not say finance should be the paramount object of a Governor's attention; but it is an important one, it is that which presses on our notice with an extreme severity at the moment, and therefore we give it precedence of many other sins of omission, or commission that we lay at the door of His Excellency the Governor and Captain General; and as time and space permit, our readers shall have those facts—we have given the weight of arithmetical calculation, in support of the undeniable fact of our utter ruin, to show how the carrying into effect of one measure is owing to Sir George Gipps—and if it cannot actually, or correctly speaking, be termed a measure of finance few will read this sheet, without being fully satisfied how fatally it has affected our finances—it is that which has driven us to destructive borrowing—it has caused money lending companies under various denominations to flourish, and if we feel a crush or a crisis now, when we are receiving the benefit, as some are silly enough to call it, of their assistance and advances, what a crush must the reaction cause, when the day of payment shall arrive? and it has already arrived for many,—many of those that hold large stakes in the country, which stakes were theirs, by a lucky turn of Fortune's wheel, or, rather, by the ignorant mismanagement of former Governors and Governments than by any merit or respectability attached to them, are now forced to part with their property, to sell off their lands by auction, to pay those money jobbers, and are throwing their estates into the hands of little stake-holders—whom they despised and would not suffer to partake of their advantages. If the mischief of this went no further, we should not consider there was much harm done. But these great exclusives will not fall alone, not one of them has gone or will go without bringing down his number of victims, proportioned to the extent of his landed possessions, and the credit he can obtain upon his respectability.—We name no names,—we need not, for the Governor sees it, and the PEOPLE feel it. We have challenged contradiction to any thing we have advanced, we have not flattered those who have thought it wise to get the control of the press into their hands—on the contrary, we have placed them at His Excellency's side, what the Governor's conciliation, management, and affected straight forwardness has left undone, our plain talking has effected—we have drawn tighter the bonds that unite him with the faction, satisfied that, at last, truth and the PEOPLE will prevail.



Masonic Meetings.

The Australian Social Lodge 260, will meet at the Masonic Hall, York-street, on Monday night, Nov. 1st, at the usual hour.
The Lodge of Australia No. 548, will meet on November 2nd, at the Masonic Hall, York-street, at the usual hour.

ODD FELLOWS.

The Grand Lodge of this Order, will be held at the Lodge Room, King-street, on Wednesday evening, at the usual hour.
The first degree and Lecture will be given at the Lodge Room, on Thursday evening, at eight o'clock.



NEWS OF THE WEEK.

De OMNIBUS rebus et quibusdam aliis.

Fashionables Changes.

Mrs. Christie and the Major on a visit to Mr. Donnanthorne, on the rocks—for a change—of air. We were happy to see the beautiful Mrs. C. taking a drive with the other Major, a day or two ago—*apropos de fonets*, the old gentleman looks more like the great Duke, than ever—and, as a whip, he is greatly improved—*of late* He is grown very daring.

THEATRICALS.

We understand that M. Charriere will shortly take a benefit at the Victoria; on which occasion the French Vaudevilles will be performed, besides the favorite Ballet called Le grand Galop de Gustave; or, Le Bal Masque. Besides Monsieur and Madame Charriere, the public will enjoy a treat, as well as a novelty, in witnessing the performance of Mrs. Larra, who has passed a large portion of her life in France, and speaks the language well; and also that of Mr. Knowles, who is, we believe, a good French scholar, assisted by other ladies and gentlemen amateurs, who have consented to take a part in the two Vaudevilles. We sincerely hope, for the honor of Australia's claim to good taste, that, when the day is named, the fashionables will be in a hurry to secure seats, for, independent of the talents of this young couple as artists, and the great additional attraction given to our theatrical entertainments by the performance of his Ballets, M. Charriere has claims, on the patronage of the public, as a modest gentleman, such as an English parent would select for introduction to his family, to teach his art.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "OMNIBUS."

SIR,—You tell us your Spectator is also an Observer, but I think he should also be a reporter and therefore I suggest with great deference that he should give us a little theatrical criticism which does not always consist in flattering either managers or performers. I saw you at the theatre at the representation of Frankenstein, and I suppose we shall see your opinion of it in Saturday's Omnibus. In the mean time, allow me to ask you whether it is necessary to represent the maker of a monster as a monster of bad acting himself. We have seen this very clever creation acted by the best players in London, who rather seemed to think Frankenstein a character that should be made to interest our feelings in his favour! but Grove thinks it should be played monstrously ill—as if it were true that—"who slays fat oxen should himself be fat!"

Yours, &c.
MERCURY.

[We seldom do venture a criticism on theatrical performers, because we think there is as much done at the Victoria as can well be expected—and the manager deserves praise and encouragement from the press and the public. But we acknowledge the truth of one part of Mercury's observation, that Frankenstein might have been made more interesting—by another cast, without going out of the company. Mr. Grove is a very useful actor but Frankenstein is out of his line. Ed.]

We were much delighted on Wednesday evening, with the splendid variety of entertainment afforded us, by the performance of Mr. Nathan's Concert—we had never before heard his interesting and accomplished daughters sing any where but in the Cathedral of St. Mary's, and were by no means prepared for the gratification we experienced, at hearing them in a place where their really fine voices were sufficiently effective. Mrs. Bushelle possesses a much more powerful one, of which she makes good use, and is improving daily—but these young ladies appear to possess the science in its best perfection. One of them sang so many songs, that we feared she must be overpowered by too great exertion before the end, but she went on most heroically and if she was fatigued she did not suffer it to appear, and we now confess that we have seldom heard a singer go through so much, without once offending our ear by the slightest jar or discord—there was not what we (who are not ourselves a musician, and are unacquainted with the proper term) call a *grawlk*—throughout the whole of the evening; and so thought the audience, for they encored her most unmercifully. The house was full although ungraced by the Governor and his train of fashion, or that of any of the Knights, or ladies of his Court; but as Mr. Nathan calls it the first of a series, we presume His Excellency and Lady Gipps who is an amateur, will take an early opportunity of patronizing this highly gifted family. We had some difficulty in recognising our little friend, Miss Jones, who sang a song in the character of a little old maid, which she acted well, and sang with so much spirit, looking at the same time so spiteful, like a *repenting exaltado*, that she gave universal satisfaction to the PEOPLE, and was encored enthusiastically. We never heard Falchon before except in his Irish songs, and we were much pleased with his performance.

The accumulation of business in the Chinese public offices, occasioned by the war, has given rise to a change of style in the writing of the celestial clerks—for instance, Fu Fa Form, belonging to the war department, communicates the imperial orders respecting the barbarian invaders to SKI HI, commanding the engineers of the *awroy* empire, in this very laconic despatch—"Blow 'em up SKI HI." By order, &c. TE. To. of the Police, communicates an order respecting the opium trade to Ts. Po, a subordinate officer, by this short note; Ts. Po—Let the opium be burned, the barbarians hanged, and let drinking in China cease, on pain of being broken and kicked out by Ts. To. Respect this CHUNG PIN, manager of logs, which is something like a commissioner of woods and forests with us, and being a most respectable and exemplary character, is commonly called the *Good Boy*—and is a very high *button* still—writes thus inquiring about the barbarian intrusion, to WHI SO, a *great button* too, WHI SO, how did they get in? Turn them out—frighten them to death—say WE are in a passion! Crush the timid deer! CHUNG PIN,

SOME OF THE ERRATA TO BE CORRECTED IN OUR LAST—In the 2nd page, 3rd column, and 5th line from the bottom of the article to correspondents—for "station," read "Statesman"—For the paragraph beginning "William Holiday," read what follows, (an account of the Embarkation and Departure of His Excellency the Governor, mislaid by the Printers last week.)

OCT. 22ND.—His Excellency the Governor embarked with his C. A. D. C., his P. S., and two servants, about noon on Tuesday last, for Port Phillip, in the 'Seahorse,' steamer. The departure did not create any very great sensation, though it did make considerable noise; for his progress was attended by the fine brass band and the FRENCH HORNS of the SLASHERS, and there was a great swarming on board the steamers. Our Spectator should have noticed the arrival of Colonel Berney, and the small bit—a—a of a child in a boat—planted there for the purpose, of course; but the poor fellow, we meet in Spectator, is rather hard of hearing. His Excellency was accompanied by several civil officers, actual, and expectant—the grateful attentions of the latter, for favors to come, were very conspicuous. His Excellency was attended, as we have been informed, for we were not present, by every friend he had in Sydney—but the crowd was not great, and their sorrow was not loud—but deep, we presume. His Excellency did not actually embark till the Seahorse was under way, and every possible opportunity had been afforded, in vain, for a cheer or a shout; but owing to the depression of the times, or owing to some thing, or something owing, his Excellency's friends were silent—among the most distinguished were Captain Innes, Majors Nunn and Christie, Doctors Wallace, Mitchell, and Nicholson, His Worship Mr. Water Justices Brown, Major Christie's fat friend Griffin, the bank Manager, who takes the opportunity of going to Port Phillip with the Governor to cram him with finance, and one or two of the amateur players, in "Raising the Wind." The Swivel Officers in the steamers did their duty well; if Sir George could get his civil officers to turn round on a pivot any way he wished, or manage them by steam, it would be a great improvement. The Herald expects His Excellency back by the Seahorse—from what our Spectator witnessed the other day, we suspect it is the safest way for him to travel, much safer than his land horse.

TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO.—At a meeting which we believe was accidental, of three sensitive friends of ours, that took place in the streets some weeks ago, the OMNIBUS was, of course the leading topic; and the best mode of inflicting a proper punishment on ourselves was discussed. The party was composed of two military, and one civil person—the soldiers proposed horsewhipping without benefit of clergy, and *breaking our necks afterwards*; the civil man recommended *law essays de raison*. The two former proposals were rejected by the majority, as having been tried once before, rather *ingloriously*, the man of law (for the civil man had been a sort of lawyer), explained that *breaking a quarrelman's neck* might be brought in *murder* by the *Crown's* jury, who are generally *vulgar* People, although our best judges *might approve* of its being *threatened*; but the gallant Officer went to Mr. A., an eminent lawyer, under whose advice he is "never minding for the present," but waiting for a chance, although he said he never felt so much hurt at anything before. It is singular that none of them ever thought of appeasing us, by the slightest excuse for the insults or the injuries, they expect us to bear with—though they know we are the most *placable* of men, that a word would soften us to forgive the most cruel injuries. But some of their judicious friends of the press say that we are *callous*. We shall endeavour to show that we can feel, however, and will continue to feel an insult, until it is *atoned for*, and *discontinued*. Whilst our afternoon friend will do well to observe, and take a leaf or two out of our book, without much delay, unless—he will understand us.

The enclosed lines were sent us, as the production of a young *native-born* gentleman, who lately left this Colony for England, for the purpose of completing his studies at one of the Universities—addressed to a lady now residing in Sydney. We have already seen some samples of poetic talent, among the native youths of Sydney College, when we have sometimes had the pleasure of attending as an examiner, which gives us a very favourable opinion of the Australian *Grafo*, and we are happy to gratify the young poet's friend who signs himself 'SETTLER,' by giving his packet a place in the OMNIBUS.

TO S. M.

My best beloved! Although duplicitating skies
And wrathful fortune, sternly thus conspire,
To bid thy servant's lingering steps retire,
Far from the tampered beam of beauty's eyes—
Bound still to thine by Love's eternal ties,
That heart remains, where chaste and warm desire
Yet fondly glows with all its former fire.
And Death's cold touch and wasting time defies—
Yes—and as urged by Fate's commands I go,
To farthest regions, and unkindest shores
Oh there, thy magic name's mysterious charm,
Breath'd in a sigh, shall Danger self disarm,
And while the combat raves, or tempest roars,
Lull the loud storm, and soothe the threatening
foe!

A HINT FOR THE CHIEF CORRECTORS.—Complaints have reached us about the deficiency in weight of the cheap broad in Cumberland-street, which makes it as dear as the dearest. If this report be correct, our active constable might make a good thing in the short-crust way, with great ease.