

THE OMNIBUS

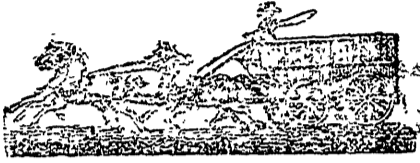
AND SYDNEY SPECTATOR.

VOL. I., NEW SERIES.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1843.

[No. 4.

Printed and published at the Omnibus Office, Lower George-street, in the City of Sydney, in the Colony of New South Wales, by Charles James Goggerly, resident at the Omnibus Office, above described.



GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COMMUNICATIONS relative to Domestic and Country occurrences are requested; all Correspondence will be considered strictly confidential, and the manuscript destroyed at once if not accepted for the paper, unless instructions for its preservation or return are given.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A CRICKETWARDEN.—The irreverent and indecent behaviour of certain parties who frequent St. James' Church during the evening service we are fully cognizant of, and the present is not the only complaint we have received on the subject. Better things were certainly to be expected from the parties guilty of behaviour so sinful and so disreputable. We are unwilling to expose them; but if they do not immediately reform their conduct, their names will appear at full length in an early number.

CENSOR.—The remark touching the behaviour of a prominent one-armed youth during his almost nightly visits to a certain part of the Victoria Theatre, are severe, but we have reason to know that they are deserved. We are, however, always loath to resort to harsh measures, and shall keep the article in question in reserve, to await the effect of this slight notice on the conduct of the individual referred to.

A SHAVER.—The barber of George-street is not of sufficient importance to receive any notice in our hands. We fly at his bar, and unless he accidentally cross us in our flight we will not stoop to such base and ignominious quarrel. We leave the barber to the little wits—our contemporaries who have a relish for such caron.

P.V.—It is not the first time Mr. Councillor F—— has been caught in a delicate situation with the full-fledged blue-eyed Miss A. C—— in the outer Government Domain. If he only had the presence of mind to desire John to drive the gig onwards while he himself is absent on duty, the impropriety would not appear so glaring. Strange things are certainly done in the outer domain, and we would advise those who are anxious to bring about a reformation in public morals to clear away the brush, in order that the old libidinous goats who frequent these classical haunts may be deprived of their cover. Little did Mrs. Macquarie think, when she laid out these beautiful bowers and arbours, to what base uses they would be applied.

The "LOVERS OF THE WANDERER" we have received, and the M.S. is under consideration. Our object is always to combine amusement with truth, and if we find that the communication in question partakes of this latter quality we shall willingly insert it. From the varied experience of the celebrated personage who is the hero of this lively sketch, its publication is calculated to afford to the world "a great moral lesson."

C. J.—His letter is libellous; and what is more to the purpose, it is not true. Pretty little Isabel, of the Terrace, never could have been guilty of the conduct with which he charges her.

CENSOR.—The diminutive sun-dried little Jew who keeps an auctioneer and curiosity shop in King-street we have heard of before, and also of his penchant for stale mutton, but as we do not consider him by any means a foeman worthy of our steel, his insignificance has hitherto saved him from the honor of our notice. The communication, however, will be preserved in order to be used at another time, if the present notice produces no amendment. To prevent this, we advise the old hardened sinner to repent, and to consider the evil example which his present unnatural courses set to his virtuous daughter.

PASQUIN.—We will not listen to a whisper derogatory to the lovely daughters of the bookseller at the corner. They are great friends of ours, and Pasquin is altogether out respecting them. The communication is therefore rejected.

X X X.—Celia Woods is a sufficiently attractive person truly. But as we have received what we deem a sufficient explanation of the causes of her treatment to the old man, that part of the communication cannot be inserted. As to Remond, we think he is not a bad meaning little fellow, though a bit of a puppy. Robinson's sheepish ways cannot interfere with his conduct in the upper circle of the Theatre, which is privileged ground; he is certainly a gentleman, and, we believe, always conducts himself with becoming discretion in his office and in public. Anything either of the parties may have to say, should be to us, not of us. Impertinence from either would be visited with a kicking.

MILKS' BOY.—We don't know you. If you are the Mr. Macadam that takes such pride in the title when you sport your cloth cap, bright buttons and coat, amongst the gals at the Theatre, you cannot be trusted, if report says true. We believe you to be an unworthy appendage of the house of Dobson and Feg, the attorneys. Your authorship of the attack upon the more respectable articles and other clerks of the legal profession is well known; you need not boast of it. The trick of getting your articles placed on the files of the Court is also known, and many other little particulars that will prevent you ever being "admitted."

CLUB-FOOT.—We fear that in your signature we discern the cloven foot. What is it to you, if old Evans, of George-street, will patronise Mrs. Kerk's shell-fish and coffee?

ISAAC.—Yes, Harry Barnett had better mind his wife than look after Mrs. D. E. or F. Telling Mrs. B. of anything of the kind would be worse than a thrice-told tale. As to "Mrs. B.'s little affair," as you call it, before marriage—not a word, 'tis past.

THE ALBION INN.—Not a word about your papa, you glady; do you remember the young gent. who did the "very active" in the coach when you and Miss C. were going to Campbelltown. Was he not a nice young man?

QUINTUS.—John Terry Hughes and old David son shall have a ride with the mare. They are "all honorable men," and their merits should certainly be published. The little domestic affair might hurt the young lady's reputation, but we'll see.

BOX-HILL shall meet with attention.

Mrs. FOLK.—Your daughter, dear lady, is no doubt a beautiful creature, and as to the swelling, it merely reminds one of a MOSS-ROSE.

ANTI-DAUGURROTYPE.—No, he is a good man, at least, has behaved himself as such since his arrival in the colony this time. His dad is not such a bad 'un either.

BRICKFIELD-HILL.—The Levey of whom you write may be a discarded servant of Mr. Isaac Moses, or a lag, but surely we have nothing to do with it, provided it be the case. As to his being the *bona fide* author of the attack on Mr. Moses Isaac, is impossible: first, because there was no attack; and secondly, that Levey is far too ignorant to write a single line of any one. Levey's "tricks upon travellers" will certainly meet with attention.



OMNIBUS audeat
Deterere nefas.

THE OMNIBUS AND SYDNEY SPECTATOR.

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1843.

TO OUR READERS.

The Public is respectfully informed, that new arrangements having been made by the proprietor of the "OMNIBUS AND SYDNEY SPECTATOR," for the conduct and management of that publication, from the present number, the system on which it has heretofore been carried on will be completely altered; and the proprietor trusts that his present efforts for the public amusement, will form sufficient apology for the non-fulfilment of some of his promises to previous correspondents.

GENTLE READER! In addressing you for the first time we feel somewhat ill at ease under the circumstances in which we are placed. When first the OMNIBUS commenced its weekly jaunt, great was the gathering round its doors; all were anxious to obtain a seat, until the unlucky Cad, worried by incessant importunities for "a place," fell a victim to the voice of public popularity—
"He never smiled again."

In patient expectancy, was the coming of the well-known vehicle waited for at the appointed hour, but "no sound of coaches" was nigh! Why tarry with the wheels of his chariot? was the murmur of the multitude, and some who had booked themselves and paid their fares beforehand, looked blue. But time, the explainer of all things, in his season cleared up all. The OMNIBUS had stopped; its race was run. To explain in a few words, the Conductor was literally "dashed" and the Cad done up. "Yet a little while," and the OMNIBUS is again with you; and, if, since it last appeared among you, times have somewhat changed; if other literary purveyors to your amusement have sprung up, and other fountains of popular entertainment have been unsealed; if, in fact, you feel rather disposed to turn the cold shoulder on your old friend, yet we would fain in humblest guise insinuate ourselves more into your good graces. To say that our pride is down, and for the time being (although we may on chance occasions pick up

passenger or two) we have resolved on converting our OMNIBUS into a mail cart, whereby we propose to transmit to our friends all the latest news and intelligence public and private—and having contracted with the Postmaster-General, and the Sydney authorities, our charges for postage will be most reasonable.

The OMNIBUS is indeed once more *a-gait*, and it is now conducted on different principles to those on which it formerly relied. To speak seriously, we well know that to bring our publication into good repute, we have an up-hill battle to fight—we feel that we have much of prejudice, something of ill nature, and not a little of just resentment to contend with. But although in our connection with the OMNIBUS we shut not our eyes to these things, yet we feel in ourselves that we are not accountable for the sins of our predecessor. Nor did we, when we undertook our present task, intend to suffer our energies to be damped by such considerations, and still, however difficult the accomplishment of our object may seem, yet we are confident that "time in the hour" will in their season reinstate us in popular favor.

And why, we would ask, looking around us, should we fear? Where are our adversaries? It is well, once for all, to glance them over. First, then, there is our respected grandmama, poor old soul! she is grown somewhat fat and unwieldy, but there is some pith in her still. Who is there that could personify the press of this colony and would not in their mind's eye shadow forth the *Herald* as a venerable old lady, with a mob cap and spectacles, possessed of a dim perception of passing events, but a vivid and pertinacious recollection of things as they were in her own time? How different from that somewhat antiquated spinster the *Australian*. Really her staid virginity blushes in yellow roses in her cheeks; how well her amiable coquetties become her: how gracefully "she slips off the old love, before she is on with the new." Oh, the flirt! at her time of life it is shameful, and we fear, making every allowance for the frailty of single blessedness, that we cannot say she is better than she should be. The *Chronicle* shot up too fast, grew too tall, got bewildered in the mazes of controversy, and now bellows in the last ravings of lunacy. The *Observer*—now here is one of a different stamp altogether—a regular out-and-out Tartar—a thorough t'emagent—quarrelsome without reason, peevish without knowing why, one that won't be praised itself, nor let any body praise another: indeed, from the irritability it displays, 'tis evident that the "Caledonian violin" has much to do with its writer's fingers. Then for the weeklies—"The SUN'S eye has a sickly glare," and it makes those sick that look upon it. One yet remains—of him we would gladly speak kindly, being a kind of bastard cousin of ours—and if we give him a little advice let him take it kindly. Remember, SAT, you are our junior, and although in the "fulness of your hot desire"—"your rose and fair expectancy of youth," you may have been led into great extravagancies, you may have been induced to fancy that you had talent and "that the world was your oyster," and, like mine ancient, you "with sword would open." remember that you are but yet as a stripling in literary warfare. The little paper of which we speak has on more than one occasion displayed considerable powers of invention—considerable smartness of expression—considerable moral boldness in reproof of vice, but its hot-headed inexperience has in too many instances depraved the first into positive falsehood—the second into vulgar slang—and the third into shameless effrontery. Mend thy morals, SAT; draw not on the stores of indecency for your supplies of evil and spite.

