

HOW TO MAKE LOVE.

THERE is no circumstance in life where the advice of Horace to plunge at once *in medias res* is more necessary to be followed than in colonial love making. The chivalrous feeling which in former times prompted men to kneel and sigh for favour at a distance, and to treat woman rather as a spirit to be worshipped than as a piece of warm and breathing clay to be fondled, will not do in these utilitarian times when the genius of the world, in love, as in every thing else, is bent upon something practical, and from which immediate returns may be drawn. In love, therefore, no tactics are so successful as those bold demonstrations the immediate effect of which is to bring on a general action, and to decide the affair at once. Upon the same principle, distant fusillades ought never to be adopted, but a vigorous charge with the bayonet only relied upon, which in almost every instance will be sufficient to insure success. In love-making, therefore, those will always be most successful who at once come to close quarters. Every daughter of Eve

"Who would be wooed, and not unsought be won," will always give the preference to the addresses of a swan who presses them with warmth, to the spongy adorer who woos her with the refinements of poetry, and is content to sigh at a distance.

THEATRICALS.

Mr. and Mrs. Coppin appeared on Tuesday evening last, much to the gratification of those who witnessed the performances. The pieces were "The Stranger," the "Four Sisters," and "The Wonderful Minstrel's Visit to Sydney."

On Thursday evening there were two new pieces played, in both of which Mr. and Mrs. Coppin sustained the principal characters. The first piece was the "Lady of Lyons," which has been acted at home with considerable success, and is from the pen of Sir E. L. Bulwer. Mrs. Coppin played the Lady of Lyons, and Mr. Griffiths, Claude Melnotte, the other principal character. Mrs. C.'s playing was successful, but that of Mr. Griffiths was far inferior to what knowledge or Nesbitt's would have been in the same character. Mrs. Thomson and Mrs. Larra also played well. James, "the man who wears the boots," was as usual, anything but pleasing; whilst Coppin, Grove, Fenton, and Peat played well.

The afterpiece was a laughable little farce, called "The King's Gardener; or Nipped in the Bud." In this farce Coppin's best playing was brought out, whilst Mrs. Coppin played up to him in her usual good style. The King's Gardener is all wit and fun, and kept the audience in a continued state of merriment.

THE WINDSOR DUEL.

IN the OMNIBUS of last week was inserted a correspondence relative to a quarrel between Mr. Robt. Fitzgerald and a Mr. Whitaker, of Windsor. According to promises, we again notice the matter. Since then we have received various communications upon the subject—one of which feigns to give a description of the effect that has been produced in the Windsor district by the occurrence; to which we allude, concluding with the following significant remark—"The bowmen, hereabout, intend the arrows, they shoot at the quarters of M. Fitzgerald for the future, to be appropriated with white feathers, which are at present rather scarce." But we, of course, cannot give insertion to everything that the friends of either party choose for amusement to scrawl.

It appears to us, that any remarks such as the above, cannot be made to apply to Mr. Fitzgerald—as he at once placed the affair in the hands of a friend, and consequently had no further to do in the matter. Therefore we shall content ourselves with passing our opinion on the cause of the quarrel, and how far it became Mr. Fitzgerald to give such an offence to one who, it appears, was up to that time friendly towards him, and who was, moreover, an invalid.

It appears, then, that a meeting was some time since held of the friends of Mr. Paton, at Wiltshire, when Mr. Fitzgerald addressed those assembled. After Mr. Fitzgerald had done speaking, he turned round to Mr. Whitaker, and said "Come, Whitaker, it's your turn now to make a speech." But Mr. Whitaker begged to be excused, stating he was suffering so severely from asthma, through which, and the suffocating warmth of the room, he could scarcely breathe much less make a speech. Whereupon Mr. Fitzgerald, in the most insulting and taunting manner, expressed himself as follows:—

"You are as rotten in mind as you are in body." Here, then, we have the cause of quarrel before us, and, in our opinion, it was sufficient to have justified Mr. Whitaker, if he had had any weapon in his hand at the time, in striking Mr. Robert Fitzgerald to his "mother earth," leaving him or his friends to seek redress by the use of "villainous saltpetre;" or, what would seem more palatable to them, the law. But as Mr. Whitaker had not a weapon in his hand, and was an invalid, he took the only remedy that the usage of society permitted, viz.—placing the affair in the hands of a friend.

Mr. Whitaker, on his part, placed himself rather appropriately for a sick person in the hands of Dr. Dowe, and after some difficulty to get him to the point (as we are informed) Mr. Fitzgerald named Mr. W. F. Stewart to act for him.

Mr. Stewart was in due course informed of the cause of quarrel, and a written apology from Mr. Fitzgerald was demanded by Dr. Dowe on the part of his friend Mr. Whitaker, or the alternative—a meeting.

But Mr. Fitzgerald was so loth to give a written apology as he was to fight, for fear it should be published, and do him injury at the forthcoming election; and to evade the latter, went half way to the former to get off, by stating that it was not his intention to insult Mr. Whitaker. This he does through his friend Mr. Stewart.

So far, then, have we the manly, straightforward, and very gentlemanly conduct of Mr. Robert Fitzgerald before us, and a pretty specimen it is.

From this part of the performance, we come to that taken by the seconds. The conduct of Mr. Dowe was such as could not be objected to by the most fastidious as to such affairs; and that of Mr. Stewart, the public alone can form a correct estimate. But we say, the person who next puts his reputation and courage in the keeping of the said Mr. Stewart, will be very hard pushed for any one else to second him, if he really has a desire to do that which is becoming or honorable.

Mr. Stewart must speak for himself here, lest we have not read his letter right:—

"Windsor, March 14, 1843.

"My Dear Sir,—

"I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter. The misunderstanding between Messrs. Fitzgerald and Whitaker seems to me very trifling. Mr. Fitzgerald denies positively any wish to insult Mr. Whitaker, and I can see no reason why his denial should not be satisfactory. The mere term "rotten in mind and body," I conceive no sufficient cause for one man to call another out.

I remain,
Yours very truly,
W. F. STEWART.

J. Dowe, Esq., Windsor."

From the above epistle it would seem that Mr. Stewart is not by any means a "sensitive plant." We think most of our readers would agree with us in saying, it would not be a little that would induce Mr. Stewart to go out, or that would allow him to permit his "friend" to go out, when, according to his own letter, he cannot conceive that the mere use of the words to a gentleman at a public meeting—"You are as rotten in mind as in body," is a sufficient cause for one man to call another out. We can only say, that if such an insult be not a sufficient cause, nothing short of tarring and feathering is.

At a recent meeting of the Australian Club, it was resolved by a large majority to establish, by means of telegraph, an hourly communication with a noted rookery in Kent-street. The situation of signal-man to the club has been conferred upon Paddy G—nt. We have not yet learned who will conduct the communication on the part of the ladies.

It is said that since his return from Norfolk Island, His Excellency has been actively engaged in framing a report for the information of the Secretary of State, of the condition in which he found that penal settlement. We think the Governor's labour superfluous, since Miss M—ie, some time ago, took home a sealed report, of which we have no doubt she has been delivered long since.

It is not true, as reported, that Captain Mulhall stuck a female on the flats last time he took the "Tamar" to the Hunter.

How is it that the Customs' pay £150 per annum for an extra pair of ears for Mr. Deane? It is true that he may be an old and faithful officer, but if he retains his place on that account the expense caused by his physical infirmities should be born by himself. We have no idea of a Customs' officer hearing by proxy. When has Mr. Deane made any seizures? A boat was pulling from a ship in the Cove to the Jetty, where Mr. Deane was standing, followed at some distance by a whale boat. One of the boatmen in the first boat sprang ashore and whispered Mr. Deane that there was something coming for him. "Eh! eh!—what's that? I can't hear you," says the officer aloud. "There's something wrong in the whale boat," said the man, glancing around to see that he was not observed. "I tell you I can't hear you if you don't speak out." By this time the boat was within twenty yards of the shore. "I only wanted to tell you," bawled the man at the top of his voice, "that there's a boat load of spirits coming ashore. The whale boat took the hint, quietly pulled round, and returned to the ship she came from.

The platonic Lord Byron of the 80th Regt. is advised to return to quarters at an earlier hour than four in the morning, as Mrs. Lightbody of Kent-street says it is rather odd to see a gentleman tipsy, and doing the sentimental, at such an hour. It is almost as bad as carrying the woman's child, and being shoved in a gutter.

NURSERY RHYMES.—The following lines are so much in favour in B— N— nurse-y, that the little dears chaunt them night and day. The sly interrogative look of the precocious urchin whilst pronouncing the last line is said to be quite amusing:—

Little dancing loves we are,
Who the deuce is our papa?

THE COMET.—It is a mistake to say that the advent of this magnificent celestial visitant was not foretold. A contemporary alludes to its expected appearance, and the rupture which its fiery tail was likely to occasion among the Members of the City Council. The recent disputes of that body with the Gas Company are said to have reference to the theory which assigns to the comet a gaseous formation, and is the evil which the "Herald" predicted to the Council from its visitation.

TAKING A WEAKNESS.—The following joke is related of one who is considered by most of his friends as too well seasoned to be subject to such a weakness as is related of him, except from an occasional extra fit in the tender way:—"Ellen," said Jimmy, one morning as they were returning home, "Ellen, I'm very weak." "What's the matter with you?" asked Ellen. "Oh, Nel! I'm seiz'd with a weakness—I'm not able to go any farther, so I think I'll step in and get a glass of ale." Accordingly, Jimmy got his glass of ale, and he and Nel proceeded on their way. When, alas! another public-house appeared, and the "weakness" came on again. "Oh, Nelly, my dear," said Jim, "I'm seiz'd—d—d weak,"—and he groaned awfully—"that if I don't step in and sit down, I shall fall down." After a little soft persuasion, Nelly allowed the invalid to step in, when he, of course, had another nip; after which he partially recovered, at least, in his own estimation. On resuming their journey, Jimmy commenced to hum, rather merrily. "Once more to the breach, dear friends." But it was all over, for the air was too much for "exhausted nature," and, as he had prognosticated, he measured his length in the gutter, being thoroughly "unwell," and from whence he was removed home by the assistance of Nel, a Charley, and a wheelbarrow.

A BLESSED ANGEL.—"I wish I was dead, or the Doctor had me," sighed an interesting dame, who had been indulging rather too freely in her devotions to the jolly god. "Why, Jinny, how's that?" said the husband, who is a shoemaker living at the far end of Elizabeth-street; "Let me see; you was drunk on Monday and Tuesday—you wasn't much better yesterday. This is only Thursday, and surely you wouldn't wish to be a blessed angel all the week."

THE CLASSICAL ALDERMAN.—It is not generally known that Alderman B— is as much distinguished for his classical attainments, as for his legal acuteness on the Police Bench. On this account he goes under the name of the Grecian B—, not that he has been overheard to speak in that tongue, his quotations, probably to suit his auditory, being confined to the Latin language. A few evenings ago, while at a free-and-easy party, including the witty native "Rosy D—," of whose society the worthy Alderman is very fond, he had occasion to use his favorite expression, *sub rosy*. The pretty "Rosy," whose taste it appears is as classical as that of her admirer, found exception to the relative positions in which the quotation would place the Alderman and herself, and insisted that it should be *super rosy*, an alteration to which the polite Alderman immediately assented.

ELOQUENCE.—Councillor H—, of Jamison-street, whose oratorical displays in the City Council have conferred upon him such deserved celebrity, is desirous to have it generally understood that he bears no relationship whatever to the political partizan of by-gone times so well known as "Orator H—." It is said that the reporter of the *Herald* is about to publish the speeches of the worthy Councillor, corrected and revised by the author. This is certainly one step to advance the native literature of the colony.

NEW FASHIONS.—The ladies of Sydney have adopted the fashion introduced by our Gracious Queen, and now wear their bustles in front instead of behind.

We think Sir George Gipps might confine his lectures on domestic economy to his private apartments in Government-house. At all events, it is somewhat too bad to make a display of conjugal felicity by walking in the garden arm-in-arm, as was the case on Tuesday afternoon last, and yet be cavilling, in tones that strangers could not fail to overhear, about the expense of an extra tea party or two given by Lady Gipps in George's absence.

Mrs. Fergusson says that Mrs. Paul of King-street has of late taken to sleep *By-the-sea* side for the benefit of her health, by the advice of Dr. Charles George Glossop.

NORTH SHORE.—Rum work, we understand goes on in the bush here on Sundays since the establishment of the ferry-punt, and the decent and orderly portion of the visitors have requested us to interfere. We are willing to do so, and shall dispatch to-morrow a deputy to take cognizance of all infringements on the rules of decency and sober behaviour.

MR. COUNCILLOR EGAN.—We understand it is contemplated by the LADIES of Sydney, to present this gentleman with a piece of plate, for his exertions in their behalf on several occasions of late where he has by the general voice of the company been called upon to return thanks, when the softer sex was toasted. We heard a fair Jewess speaking of him in an enthusiastic strain the other evening:—"Well might he brag, said the fair one, that he has always done all that he could do for us, for I don't believe that, travel from DAN to Beersheba, and you can find a man to do as much."

A PROPER SCOUNDREL.—The temptations which allure female innocence in this vicious City are really frightful; and we are the more reconciled to our task, as the great moral teacher of the community, because it affords to us the enviable opportunity of being the protector of the fairer portion of the creation. As an instance of the heartless depravity abroad, we will relate a short incident:—Yesterday, a young girl, not more than ten or twelve years of age, while proceeding along Hyde Park to school, was assailed and her infant mind shocked by proposals of the most infamous and degrading kind made to her by a hoary-headed scoundrel, who, according to the account of the poor girl, makes it his daily practice to intercept young damsels—children they may almost be called—while proceeding in the mornings through Hyde Park to the various schools. In the instance referred to, the poor young girl, with streaming eyes, claimed the protection of some gentleman passing at the time, upon observing which, the infamous ruffian made off with all haste. There was no constable in sight at the time (and, by the bye, they never are to be found when they are required), otherwise the fellow would have been given in charge. It is some consolation, however, to know that the reprobate's person is known, and if ever he be found practicing similar infamous arts in future, he will be treated as his conduct deserves.

QUERY.—Does the portly jeweller of George-street still patronize Mrs. Kelk's coffee, little back parlour, piano, and the little girl? What became of the little gold watch and chain, Johnny Joel? You didn't think it would ever turn out a repeater, did you?

LECTURING.—Dr. Lang has just finished a new Hall in which he is about to deliver lectures on logic and philosophy. The interior of the structure has but a mean appearance, and indeed we cannot see the necessity for its erection, as the greater part of the College buildings (as they are called) are empty, or at least not used as schools, according to the original intention of their construction. The opening of the Hall was celebrated by a supper, at which the learned Doctor spoke incessantly, while his admirers were content to eat, drink, and listen. The Dr. speaks of resuscitating the defunct College, with what success will appear hereafter.

SERENADING.—We would advise the banker, merchant, and ship-owner, of the terrace on Church-hill, not to encourage the pretty little Swiss girl who warbles so sweetly beneath his window of an evening. Poor little wanderer—we know Ben's a boy of too much liberality not to take the stranger in.

Why does the Irish gentleman, dignified by Dr. Lang with the title of the lesser light of the Sydney Bar, delight in moonlight walks in Hyde Park? We hope the benches in that verdant locality will tell no tales. The swarthy beauty, not a hundred doors from the Bazaar in Elizabeth-street, had better use a little more discretion, or her evening assignations may be interrupted.

We do not think that that old gallant, the East Indian Judge, was ever the occasion of a *faux pas* on the part of the "nut brown maid" in Fort-street. We know enough of his propensities to believe that, in the absence of physical obstacles, he might have done so, but we rank him amongst the incapables.

It is rarely in human life we realise the inimitable paintings our imaginations form, and lose so during the effervescent period of youth. The bright impression glows upon the fancy, ravishes the mental view, but ere long vanishes, and leaves the prospect desolate and forlorn.

COURAGE.—It is a popular error to suppose that courage means courage in every thing. Put a hero on board a ship at a five-barred gate, and if he is not used to hunting, he will turn pale. Put a fox-hunter on one of the Swiss chasms, over which the mountaineer springs like a roe, and his knees will knock under him. People are brave in the dangers to which they accustom themselves, either in imagination or practice.

A GREAT ROGUE.—Judge Jefferies, of notorious memory, pointing to a man with his cane, who was about to be tried, said, "There is a great rogue at the end of my cane." The man to whom he pointed, looking at him, said, "At which end, my Lord?"

A pastry-cook at Bologna has produced a very novel substitute for a newspaper. It is composed of delicate paste leaves on which witty articles are printed, not with ink, but with chocolate-juice. Thus, after its literary contents are devoured, the reader may devour the production itself.

A Quaker, one morning, took his son to task for his extravagant conduct. "John," said he, looking him in the face seriously, "I'm afraid thou art getting a rake." "Nay, father, that art wrong," replied the youth, as dry and unconcerned as could be, "It's these art rakes, and I'm spreading it for thee."

Original Poetry.

SONG.

I've wandered 'neath thy glowing skies,
Thou bright and sunny land;

I've wandered by thy lonely sea,
When the low night wind was sighing,

I've wandered 'neath thy midnight sky,
In bright ecstasies beaming,

TO

The following lines are inscribed to Mr. Nathan,
with a request that he will compose music for them.

I've roamed in many a distant land,
And many a form of beauty seen,

I've seen the coquette Belle's of France,
The dark-eyed Andalusian maid,

I've seen the Austrian in her flowers,
The mild Italian's winning smiles,

I've felt the soft Sicilian's charms,
Her large black bright voluptuous eyes;

I've roamed in Islands of the Sea
Where Beauty dwells and Love resides,

VENUS AND ADONIS.

She lay within the Cyprian bowers,
Upon a rosy couch of flowers;

"Ah me!" The goddess silence broke,
The Zephyrs murmur'd as she spoke—

Whoever is in the habit of attending public
debate, whether in Parliament or elsewhere,

And therefore touches—pleases less.
A languor fixes all the Gods

What fairer fancy e'er supposes,
Than beauty on a bed of roses,

Who that hears beauty's soften'd wail,
An melt's not at the tender tale,

Graceful as first from out the sea,
(Caste womb for such an amorous birth)

Now, on the couch she late had prest,
They seated them—conceive the rest,

A certain M. P., longing to rival the glory of
the great men around him, seized an opportunity

Whoever is in the habit of attending public
debate, whether in Parliament or elsewhere,

A member of one of the learned professions was
driving his denzel along the road at Tooting,

FACTORY GIRLS.—After stating the astounding
fact, that in July, 1841, nine hundred and
seventy-eight of these factory girls were

THE VALUE OF THE POOR MAN'S VIRTUES.
—Canst as we may, and as we shall to the end of
all things, it is very much harder for the poor

Whoever is in the habit of attending public
debate, whether in Parliament or elsewhere,

HIS IMPRESSIONS OF CANADA.—Canada has
held, and will always retain, a foremost place in
my remembrance.

NOT

CAPT. O'CONNELL'S ADDRESS TO THE
LADIES OF THE CITY OF SYDNEY.

LADIES.—

A highly important change having, within these
few months, taken place in our body politic,

The change to which I allude, ladies, arises out
of a certain bill which has recently passed the

The other candidates in the field are making
great protestations as to what they will do, but

Their strenuous exertions for the extension of
our colonial population, is one ground on which I

Therefore do I solicit your favours in good hope
of success—for certain am I that if the thousand

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