

SKETCHES BY ROZ.

THE STEAM EXCURSION.

(CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.) "Now," said Mr. Percy Noakes, who had just stepped from the fore-cabin, where he had been busily engaged in decanting the wine, "if the Misses Briggs will oblige us with something before dinner, I am sure we shall be very much delighted."

heavy, uniform lead-colour, which house-painters dab in the first instance over a street door which is gradually approaching a state of convalescence. It had been spitting with rain for the last half-hour, and it now began to pour in good earnest. The wind was freshening very fast, and the waterman at the wheel had unequivocally expressed his opinion that there would shortly be a squall. A slight emotion on the part of the vessel now and then, seemed to suggest the possibility of its pitching to a very uncomfortable extent in the event of its blowing harder; and every timber began to creak as if the boat were an overladen clothes-basket. Sea-sickness, however, is like a belief in ghosts—every one entertains some misgivings on the subject, but few will acknowledge them. The majority of the company, therefore, endeavoured to look pleasantly happy, feeling all the while especially miserable.

wretched condition. Never was such blowing, and raining, and pitching, and tossing, endured by any pleasure party before. Several remonstrances were bent down below on the subject of Master Fleetwood; but they were totally unheeded in consequence of the indisposition of his natural protectors. That interesting child screamed at the very top of his voice, until he had no voice left to scream with, and then Miss Wakefield began and screamed for the remainder of the passage.

by sitting opposite to us in the reading-room at the British Museum, and what made the man more remarkable was, that he had always got before him a couple of shabby-genteel books—two old dog-eared folios, in mouldy worm-eaten covers which had once been smart. He was in the chair every morning just as the clock struck ten; he was always the last to leave the room in the afternoon; and when he did, he quitted it with the air of a man, who knew not where else to go for warmth and quiet. There he used to sit all day, as close to the table as possible, in order to conceal the lack of buttons on his coat, with his old hat carefully deposited at his feet, where he evidently flattered himself it escaped observation.

English Extracts. A Mouse sucked by a Cat.—A cat belonging to Mr. Smith, the respectable bailiff was in the constant habit of taking her place on the rug before the parlour fire. She had been deprived of all her litter of kittens but one, and her milk probably uncommoded her. I mention this in order to account in some degree for the following circumstance:—One evening as the family were seated round the fire, they observed a mouse make its way from the cupboard which was near the fireplace, and lay itself down on the stomach of the cat, as a kitten would do when she is going to suck. Surprised at what he saw, and afraid of disturbing the mouse, which appeared to be full grown, they did not immediately ascertain whether it was in the act of sucking or not. After remaining with the cat a considerable length of time, it returned to the cupboard. These visits were repeated on several other occasions, and were witnessed by many persons. The cat not only appeared to expect the mouse, but uttered that sort of greeting purr which the animal is so well known to make use of when she is visited by her kittens. The mouse had every appearance of being in the act of sucking the cat; but such was its vigilance, that it retreated as soon as a hand was put out to take it up. When the cat after being absent returned to the room, her greeting call was made, and the mouse came to her. The attachment which existed between these two incongruous animals could not be mistaken, and it lasted some time. The fate of the mouse, like that of most cats, was a melancholy one. During the absence of its nurse a strange cat came into the room. The poor mouse, mistaking her for its old friend and protector, ran out to meet her, and was immediately seized and slain before it could be rescued from her clutches. The grief of the foster-mother was extreme. On returning to the parlour, she made her usual call, but no mouse came to meet her. She was restless and uneasy, went mewing about the house, and showed her distress in the most marked manner. What rendered the anecdote I have been relating the more extraordinary, is the fact of the cat being an excellent mouser, and that during the time she was showing so much fondness for the mouse, she was preying upon others with the utmost avidity. She is still alive.—Jessie's Gleanings in Natural History.

GOVERNMENT GAZETTE. Tuesday, January 16, 1898. Colonial Secretary's Office, Sydney, January 16th, 1898. STONE CURBING. TENDERS will be received at this office until twelve o'clock, on Monday, the 29th instant, from such persons as may be disposed to undertake the curbing of the footways in the streets of Sydney, to such extent, and at such times, as may be required during the current year. Particulars may be obtained at the office of the Town Surveyor. By His Excellency's Command, E. DEAS THOMSON.

SHABBY-GENTEEL PEOPLE

There are certain descriptions of people who, oddly enough, appear to appertain exclusively to this metropolis. You meet them every day in the streets of London, but no one ever encounters them elsewhere; they seem to be indigenous to London as its own smoke, or the dingy bricks and mortar. We could illustrate the remark by a variety of examples, but in our present sketch we will only advert to one class as a specimen—that class which is so aptly and expressively designated as "shabby-genteel."

Now shabby people, God knows, may be found anywhere, and genteel people are not articles of greater scarcity out of London than in it, but this compound of the two—this shabby-genteel—is as purely local as the statue at Charing-cross, or the pump at Aldgate. It is worthy of remark too, that only men are shabby-genteel; a woman is always either dirty and slovenly in the extreme, or neat and respectable, however poverty-stricken she appears. A very poor man, "who has seen better days," as the phrase goes, is a strange compound of dirty slovenliness, and wretched attempts at a kind of faded smartness.

Rising Genius.—Timothy Sly's Own Epitaph (not the Master's).—Dear Dick, I copied my school letter to father and mother ten times, before one was good enough; and, while the teacher is putting the capitals and flourishes in, I shall slip this off on the sly. Our examination was yesterday, and the table covered with books and things bound in gilt and silk for prizes, but were all put away again, and none of us got none, only they awarded Master Key a new furlpen nib for his essay on Locke, because his friends live next door, and little Coombe got the tooth-ache, so they would not let him try his experiments on vital air, which was very scarce. It didn't come to my turn to get a prize; but, as company was to stop, I put the cat into the water-but, which they clean out in the holidays, and they will be sure to find her, and we were all treated with tea, and I did not like to refuse, as they might have suspected something. Last night we had a stocking and bolster fight after we went to bed, and I fought a little lad with a big bolster; his name is Bill Barnacle, and I knocked his eye out with a stone in my stocking, but nobody knows who did it, because we were all in the dark, so I could not see no harm in it. Dear Dick, send me directly your Watses hymns to show for I burnt mine, and a lump of cobbler's wax for the master's chair on breaking-up day, and some small shot to pepper the people with my quill gun, and eighteen pence in copper to shy at the windows as we ride through the village, and make it one-and-nin-pence, for there's a good many as I've spite against, and meet me at the "Elephant and Castle," and if there's room on the coach you can get up, for I want to give you some crackers to let off as soon as we go home, while they are all a-kissing of me. Your affectionate brother, Timothy Sly.—Comic Annual for 1897.

THIRTY POUNDS REWARD; OR, A CONDITIONAL PARDON. WHEREAS it has been represented to government that Sergeant James Fox, of the 80th Regiment, about eight o'clock in the morning of the 30th of December last, was attacked at a place called Lennox Bridge, between Emu Plains and the Pilgrim Inn, on Mitchell's Pass, by two armed men, (one of whom has been apprehended) having their faces covered with pieces of striped cotton cloth, and was robbed of money to a considerable amount—and whereas a man named Thomas Williams, (whose description is appended) supposed to be the other offender, is still illegally at large: Notice is hereby given, that a reward of thirty pounds will be paid to any person if free, who will give such information as will lead to the apprehension and conviction of the said Thomas Williams, or if a prisoner of Crown, he will be recommended to Her Majesty for a Conditional Pardon. Description.—Name, Thomas Williams—native place, England—height, about five feet six inches—complexion, fair—hair, light brown—eyes, light hazel. General Remarks—nose hooked, rather larger than common, light sandy whiskers, original trade a Potter, he has been employed since he obtained his freedom as a sawyer, and was lately employed along with Stokes, by Mr. Henry Hall, of Emu Plains, in sawing timber for him in the bush, about three miles from Lapstone Hill, Bathurst Road. By His Excellency's Command, E. DEAS THOMSON.

CONDICIONAL PARDON.

WHEREAS it has been represented to His Excellency the Acting Governor, that a messenger conveying letters from Queenbeyan to Monoroo, was robbed on or about the 5th instant, of a parcel containing three hundred one pound notes of the Commercial Bank of Sydney.

FIFTY POUNDS REWARD.

And, as a further encouragement, a reward of Fifty Pounds is hereby offered by the Directors of the Commercial Bank to any person who shall discover the said offender or offenders, so that he, she, or they, may be apprehended and convicted of the said offence.

STATE OF THE FEMALE FACTORY, Parramatta.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Number. Includes rows for Under Colonial Sentence, In Solitary Confinement, Confined by order of the Keeper, Nursing Children, Number Assignable, Number not Assignable, In Hospital, Total number of Women, and Total number of Children.

THOMAS BELL, Keeper.

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