

half so fine. As she relies on steam for light weather she carries no Stun'sails, but she makes up for it in the stretch of all her canvas, & her stay sails ~~are~~ the largest suit of fore & aft sails I ever saw. The sailors have a custom of chalking every one on his first visit to the fore-castle, & expect in return a bottle of grog as a first footing. On Friday poor little Frisky Mrs Atwood's black & tan terrier disappeared, it must either have gone overboard like the others, but as it was an old sailor that is not so likely & it is suspected that it must have been thrown overboard. At all events there had been a row the day before with some of the men, & they are just the

fellows who would do such a thing, when their blood was up. Some of them had been caught Drugging grog as they were getting up stores from below; one was so violent that he had to be put in irons, & was bundled up the poop ladder, & placed on the after gratings: not a pleasant sight & much to the alarm of the imberbed ladies who dine on deck all alone, & did not fancy the drunken ruffian being so near them. The last great event of the week was the fact that on Saturday night the Southern Cross was visible for the first time. Of course the old colonists affected great glee thereat (in which I can't say I joined) and the new comers wondered.