

barassment the cheese fell to my lot. I did not want it, & so gave it to the fellow who threw the dice for me - who I dare say relished it better. Another important event, the dog Bianco has been shorn, not by Neptune's barber, but by the Cleaf & dumb Swin under Bandmann's own supervision. Bandmann's signs to tell him what he wanted were at first mistaken for an order to hunt for fleas. The 2<sup>nd</sup> number of the paper came out at last on Thursday, with some difficulty as Smyth would not write a second editorial; so they had to concoct rather a lame apology for one. I don't think its appearance calls for much comment, barring the general consternation at the editor's chuck in alluding to some passenger's matrimonial intentions, which

allusion considering that the mode of publishing is reading <sup>105</sup> in public before all passengers, the victims included, who of course had no suspicion that so notorious mention was to be made of their position, was rather cool & cruel. To conclude the memorabilia of the week on Saturday the S.E. trades show signs of having down, & as we could not knock out the regulation minimum pace with canvas only, we had to have the screw down again.