

114 I had to write the most of them, as all the volunteers we got proved duffers, and spoilt more paper than they were worth. But we did about 3 dozen and found it quite hard enough work.

But our concert was not the only one given on board our gay ship this week. The 2 classes of passengers forward had been organizing a mixed evening of readings & music, for which they had invited some of us to help. I was applied to by a man who had been very useful in the choir & whom I was very willing to oblige: & when he asked me to read something, I hardly knew what to do. But a bright thought struck me - I will get Leather to recite something & he will do much better than I shall.

115 So accordingly I told my friend that I was a great duffer at that sort of thing, but would ask my friend Mr. Leather to do so instead. And as he was agreeable - it was all right. The Parson gave them a reading from Charles Lamb - Leather a bit of Shakespear - & Sut-cliff a dreary bit of serious poetry, in which he failed so decidedly that we begin to think he is right about his own line. But we had some capital readings by some of the Steerage passengers. The music did not deserve as high a compliment. The concert room was the steerage dressed in flags, & with reader's desks lighted with the ship's coloured lights, as pretty as could be in such a place, but oh! how hot! They had been polite enough to reserve the 3 front rows for such ladies from the saloon as chose to come - so we must treat them as well next night.