

in any of our part songs we had better have the concert without her, as it can't be helped, & so it remains. but you will be thinking I ~~you~~ never ^{will have the} ~~go to the~~ Concert: well that's what I thought too. After an important discussion as to whether Gentlemen (I mean performers) should dress, it was decided black morning coats & light gloves would do; so at 8 o'clock we led our lady performers, who of course were all smart, into the charmed circle round the piano moved forward for the occasion as far as the ~~major~~ ^{major} nest, where we seated ourselves under a canopy of flags, while Miss Watley played the Introduction to the Ancient Mariner to compose our nerves. This was a late thought of Seathes' the day before, & luckily Miss

¹²¹ Watley is quick enough at reading music, & was able to manage it in the short amount of time she could monopolise the piano in the 2 last days, though like so much music of modern composers its effects are produced by anything but simple means. It was all the more good natured of her as she knew the pianoforte to be such an indifferent one that it could do justice to no one's playing, & that it was only intended to reassure Seathes' nervous flock. Then off we started and the chorus went so well as to astonish ourselves, never so well before, the parts sharply taken up & as true as possible right to the end. After such a beginning we could fear nothing afterwards. I need hardly copy out the programme as you have that in the "Somersetshire