

News! In it you see where Mrs Bandmann's first song 'The widowed maid' comes: as she had not joined us in the ladies' cabin which was our rendezvous for the evening, we fancied her husband really had stopped her singing, & Mr Gubkin had just sat down to accompany himself in 'Infelice', when in slips Mrs Bandmann. She was too late to ~~join~~ them, but Gubkin went on with his, & she followed, but awfully nervous & I am afraid having had a scene with her insulting husband.

Between the parts we retired to the ladies' cabin to keep the ladies up to the mark with sandwiches, port & sherry, shortly returning Mrs B. determined to brass the Orange stem & sing the bearing of the Green in spite of them. It went off splendidly

Lots of people had heard of the objection, & enquired what was thought of them; & on the score she sang it with still more spirit than before, putting her whole heart & soul (if actresses uses those organs when they seem to do so) into the words, till one was not so astonished at that the song should ever have been proscribed. In case you never heard it I give you one of the best verses, & you judge for yourselves.

'Then if the colour we must wear in England's cruel red,

'Let it remind us of the blood that Ireland has shed.

'Then take the shamrock from your cap & throw on the sod

'And never fear, 'twink take root there tho' underfoot 'tis trod'

Our wraith went off all right, & I got through my threaded solo at about eight, at any rate for all who did not know enough to see that I hurried the time; but the accompaniment was judiciously