

had yet - owing to our meeting a strong head sea, which set the ship pitching & rolling at a tremendous rate. The ladies could not attempt to stand up to sing: the piano was run down to the lee bulkhead, & Miss Wakley was sitting above it, in consequence of the ship lying over so much. And in the middle of a beautiful duet from the Ancient mariner a chair broke loose & caught leather behind the knee & nearly brought him down: however he did not miss an note, hardly allowed his voice to falter. His original she was encored by way of compliment to him, as they allowed prettier things than that to pass without an excuse, but our brave bird trio was honoured with one, as I thought

likely, as it is a jolly old bit of music. Dr Barry insisted¹⁵⁹ on producing the very last bottles of his celebrated Calowitz to keep it up as a regular institution for concert nights, & of course had his health drunk again. Then we went to supper after which an address was presented to the Captain & all sorts of congratulations went round on the rapidly approaching end of the voyage - & I returned thanks for the ladies for the last time on board - a toast which fell to my share very often during the voyage - so that I began to feel rather stumped up for something new to say on the subject.