

ODD CHARACTERS.

A GALLERY OF ECCENTRIC WOMEN.

By NANETTE MASON.

V.—THE LADIES OF LLANGOLLEN.



It is a romantic story—indeed, there is as much of romance about it as of eccentricity.

Rather more than a century ago there were two young ladies living in Ireland, named Eleanor Butler and Sarah Ponsonby. They were both of good family.

The branch of the Butler family to which Eleanor belonged was lineally descended from the noble house of Ormonde. The Irish titles of the family had been forfeited, but her brother John claimed them, and in 1791 was acknowledged 17th Earl of Ormonde, by the Irish House of Lords. The rank of an Earl's daughter was at the same time conferred on Eleanor and her sisters. Miss Ponsonby's father was nephew to the first Earl of Bessborough.

These two young ladies were fast friends. There was considerable difference between their ages, some say it was over ten years, but this point is rather obscure, and all we can venture upon asserting is that Miss Butler was by a good deal the elder. They were unlike, too, in character. Miss Butler was strong-minded; Miss Ponsonby quiet and gentle.

According to some, Miss Butler had been crossed in love, but this is another doubtful matter. What is certain is that she set herself resolutely against matrimony, and that her example was followed by her friend. Their relatives planned for them one advantageous settlement in life after another, but every suggestion on the subject was treated with scorn.

The two had planned a future for themselves. Their resolution was to fly from the world, and seek some secluded spot where they could live entirely for each other. A cottage on a hillside was the height of their ambition.

All interested in them they knew would be against such a project, so they set off one morning without taking leave of anybody. They did not, however, take precautions enough, and were soon missed and followed. They were found in disguise on board a merchant vessel, about to sail from the harbour of Waterford.

Argument and entreaty prevailed upon them to return, and their friends contrived to separate them for a time, thinking that the presence of the one only encouraged the other in romantic nonsense. Miss Butler and Miss Ponsonby, however, found means to correspond, and they arranged a new scheme of elopement, which was successfully carried out about 1778. They escaped to a seaport, embarked on board a Welsh trader, and landed amidst the wild scenery of North Wales.

It was a curious proceeding, but no one can deny that they were old enough to regulate their own actions. By this time Miss Butler was certainly on the shady side of thirty.

To prevent their course from being readily traced, and also to give a show of protection, Miss Ponsonby appeared on this occasion dressed as a smart footman in waiting on Miss Butler. They were accompanied by a faithful Irish servant, Mary Carrol, a person more advanced in life than either of themselves.

In Wales they hoped to find the cottage which fancy had painted, but at first their search was fruitless. They looked everywhere;

they asked all the Joneses, Hugheses, Morgans, and Williamses who crossed their path. No cottage at all suitable could they either see or hear of. In despair they approached the borders of England, and at the Vale of Llangollen it seemed they must bid farewell to the beauties of wild Wales.

"We turned round," said Miss Ponsonby to a friend long afterwards, "to take a last look at this land of our promise; the setting sun was then shining on the romantic ruins of Dinas Bran, and its sloping beams gave to the wooded sides of the glen so lovely an aspect, that it seemed to invite our return; so we determined to go back and again search for a residence in the shadow of the mountains."

Fortune just then began to smile upon them. They met with a cottage on a rising ground to the south of the village. It was a mean-looking residence, but they took it at once, and became tenants besides of some two and a half acres of land around their habitation. They could hardly have settled down in a more charming neighbourhood. Llangollen is the centre of numberless delightful walks and excursions, and, in the language of the guide books, "the more you know of it the better you like it."

It was long before the place of their retreat was discovered by their friends, and as they had brought away only a small sum of money they had some difficulty in making both ends meet. In fact, the two ladies experienced, what to them, whose up-bringing had been delicate and refined, were positive privations. Their garden and cow supplied them with food, but they themselves, aided by the faithful Mary, had to work hard that they might have enough to eat.

After they had stayed a considerable time in the vale, they were alarmed by an intimation from the proprietor of the ground that they must remove. "While very disconsolate at this," we are told, "the 'ladies of the vale,' as they were called in the neighbourhood, were further grieved by the abrupt disappearance of Mary Carrol. They supposed she had become wearied at length of solitude, and had gone to her friends; but Mary returned after a few days' absence, and, laying a paper on the table, exclaimed—

"Now, my dear children, you are settled for life!"

"She had visited the proprietor in London, and, by means of all her earnings in service, had procured a lease of the cottage and grounds around it."

About the time when Mary did this good turn the friends of the ladies found out their whereabouts. To all requests to return they replied that they had found happiness in retirement, and meant to stay where they were. This was said with so much determination that their friends resigned themselves to the inevitable, and settled such an annuity upon them as made their future comfort a matter of certainty.

Flourishing finances soon made a change in the cottage. As it stood it was far from a comfortable dwelling, but workmen were called in, and the result of their labours was something decidedly original. "It and the two and a half acres of turnip ground were converted into a fairy palace amid the bowers of Calypso." So says Miss Seward, who, when everything was completed and in fine going order, visited their retreat, which, she adds, "breathed all the witchery of genius, taste, and refinement."

The gushing description of Miss Seward is

a curiosity in itself. One sees from it what can be made out of a mean little house surrounded by a turnip field, especially when the improvements fall under the pen of a poetess. "It consists," says Miss Seward, "of four small apartments; the exquisite cleanness of the kitchen, its utensils, and its auxiliary offices, vieing with the lightsome elegance of the gay little dining room, as that contrasts with the gloomy yet superior grace of the library, into which it opens. This room is fitted up in the Gothic style, the doors and windows being of that form, and the window of painted glass, 'shedding a dim religious light.' Candles are seldom admitted into this apartment. The ingenious friends have invented a kind of prismatic lantern, which occupies the whole elliptical arch of the Gothic door. This lantern is of cut-glass, variously coloured, enclosing two lamps with their reflectors. The light it imparts resembles that of a volcano, sanguine and solemn. It is assisted by two glow-worm lamps, that, in little marble reservoirs, stand on the opposite chimney-piece, and these supply the place of the here always softened daylight, when the dusk of evening sables, or when night wholly involves, the thrice lovely solitude."

After describing the contents of the library, a collection of the best authors in the best bindings, Miss Seward steps out of doors, and goes on thus:—"The kitchen garden is neatness itself. Neither there nor in the whole precincts can a single weed be discovered. The fruit trees are of the rarest and finest sort, and luxuriant in their produce; the garden-house and its implements are arranged in the exactest order." The little dairy with its diminutive churn, at which Miss Butler might be seen of a morning turning out half-a-pound of butter for a late breakfast, is next described as perfect, and then we have an account of the surrounding grounds:—

"The wavy shaded gravel walk which encircles this elysium is enriched with curious shrubs and flowers. It is nothing in extent, and everything in grace and beauty and in variety of foliage; its gravel smooth as marble. In one part of it we turn upon a small knoll, which overhangs a deep hollow glen. In its tangled bottom a frothing brook leaps and clamours over the rough stones in its channel. A large spreading beech canopies this knoll, and a semi-lunar seat beneath its boughs admits four people. Cypress, yew, laurel, and lilac, growing luxuriantly in the shrubberies, complete the embowered and tranquil beauty of the scene."

A carriage drive crossed the lawn immediately in front of the cottage, and a guardial lion of stucco—but it looked a little like a bear—kept an eye on all who knocked at the front door.

The appearance of the two ladies of the cottage was original enough, their rule being to wear a sort of half masculine attire. Their hats were always men's hats; their dresses riding habits. Their neckties were stiffly starched. They exhibited a feminine love, however, for jewellery, and were rich in brooches and rings. In the matter of shoes, they chose the thickest and most substantial that were to be had for money—ploughboy shoes, indeed.

Lady Eleanor, to give Miss Butler the title which after 1791 was her due, was of middle height and rather inclined to be stout. Her face was round and fair and had the glow of health. The features were not handsome, but she was agreeable looking, which was almost

as good. When she gave expression to her feelings, she sometimes did so in such energetic terms as to make sober-sided people open their eyes.

Miss Ponsonby was somewhat taller than Lady Eleanor, and in figure very graceful and ladylike. Her face is described as rather long than round, the complexion clear but without bloom, and her look, from its soft melancholy, had a peculiar interest. "Though the pensive spirit within," says Miss Seward, "permits not her lovely dimples to give mirth to her smile, they increase its sweetness, and consequently her power of engaging the affections. We see through her veil of shading reserve that all the talents and accomplishments which enrich the mind of Lady Eleanor exist, with equal powers, in this her charming friend."

The difference in character and appearance between the two was taken special note of by another visitor, the well-known Madame de Genlis. "Lady Eleanor," she remarks, "has a charming face, embellished with the glow of health; her whole appearance and manner announce vivacity and the most unaffected gaiety. Miss Ponsonby has a fine countenance, but pale and melancholy. One seems to have been born in this solitude, so perfectly is she at her ease in it, for her easy carriage shows that she has not retained the slightest recollection of the world and its vain pleasures; the other, silent and pensive, has too much candour and innocence for you to imagine that repentance has conducted her into solitude, but you would suppose that she still cherishes some painful regrets."

The life they led is refreshing to read about. They did exactly as they pleased, followed their own fashions, conformed to their own etiquette, and busied themselves with books and flowers. They were never dull, and seem never—for Madame de Genlis was quite wrong in her supposition regarding Miss Ponsonby—to have regretted the life they had chosen. It was solitude, and yet not solitary. Their experience just tallied with that of the poet who sings:—

"How sweet, how passing sweet is solitude:
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper—solitude is sweet."

For many years after their settling at Llangollen they lived strictly retired. The romantic story of their friendship and seclusion was much talked of all through the country, and many people even of the highest rank would gladly have called upon them, but Lady Eleanor and Miss Ponsonby remained firm to their purpose, and received no stranger within their gates. They were content to peep at the world through the loopholes of retreat, and in a peeping fashion took, as was afterwards discovered, an extraordinary interest in everything and everybody, but all active intercourse was declined.

As they grew older, this stern rule was relaxed. It was first broken through in favour of some distinguished foreigners, amongst them Madame de Genlis, who in 1791 visited them, accompanied by her pupil, the young Mlle d'Orleans. Madame de Genlis long remembered both the cottage and its inmates. They seemed to be surrounded by a sort of enchantment. She had been awakened during the night by a mysterious sound of music. It was blowing hard, and, curiously enough, the winds on approaching this abode of friendship ceased their howling and melted into the most delicious strains. This appropriate music she afterwards learned was produced by an Æolian harp, which the ladies had rigged out in one of the windows. Madame de Genlis had never heard anything of the kind before.

Not long after this Miss Anna Seward came to see the ladies, and went into raptures over them. We have already quoted what she says as to the cottage and its surroundings. De Quincey was another visitor worth mention-

ing. In his "Confessions" he speaks of calling upon them as often as he passed through Llangollen, but the opium eater was not much drawn to them or they to him, apparently. The Duke of Wellington was at the cottage in 1814, the year before his famous victory of Waterloo.

The more visitors came the more the ladies seemed to rejoice in hearing the news they brought with them. They developed an extraordinary taste for gossip about people, books, and things in general. With this ran a taste for collecting curiosities of every sort, so that in time the cottage became a perfect museum. As collectors, however, they showed no discrimination, and had rare and curious things jumbled together with the saddest trash. Their leading fancy seems to have been for carved oak, and in this they made their friends pay tribute. If a visitor came back a second time, he or she was expected to bring a present of carved oak as a sign of goodwill.

Their friendship for each other, which had led them to renounce society, never flagged for a moment. But whilst loving each other so sincerely, they had affection to spare for their fellow-creatures. "In the neighbouring hamlet," says a writer near their own day, "and in all the cots round Llangollen, the 'ladies of the vale' were almost idolised for their kindness and attention in ministering to the wants of the poor. Their extraordinary career was, therefore, no useless one. In the district which they adorned their memory will long be held in reverence."

Amongst other praiseworthy deeds they seem to have conferred a boon on travellers by founding what is now the Royal Hotel at Llangollen. In the visitors' book there we read these lines by Dan O'Connell:—

"I remember this village with very bad cheer,
Ere the ladies, God bless them, set this inn
here."

The two looked always so fresh and vigorous that it was a tradition in the neighbourhood that they would live for ever. But time laid its unceremonious hand on them at last; they lost their usual vigour, and Lady Eleanor found her sight gradually growing dim. Both began to be taken up with parrots, dogs, and cats. Lady Eleanor owned a dog, "Trust." Miss Ponsonby had a white poodle, and there was a joint interest in a tortoiseshell cat. Their original enthusiasm of character wore off considerably, and they came to be more like old maids of the world.

Sometimes they spent an evening at the play. When Mathews the elder played in the Oswestry Theatre, he caught sight of them, and could hardly proceed for laughing. "Oh, such curiosities!" he says. "I was nearly convulsed. I could scarcely get on for the first ten minutes after my eye caught them. . . ."

As they are seated there is not one point to distinguish them from men; the dressing and powdering of the hair, their well-starched neck-cloths; the upper part of their habits, which they always wear even at a dinner party, made precisely like men's coats; and regular black beaver hats. They look exactly like two respectable superannuated old clergymen."

This was in 1820. The ladies had come twelve miles to the play, and they drove home the same night, for they never slept from home—they had not done so for more than forty years.

Mathews afterwards met them at dinner at Porkington, about a mile from Oswestry. "Never," he says, "shall I forget the first burst yesterday upon entering the drawing-room, to find the dear antediluvian darlings attired for dinner in the same manifold dress, with the Cross of St. Louis and other orders, and myriads of large brooches, with stones large enough for snuff-boxes, stuck in their starched neckcloths." He would fain have put

Lady Eleanor under a glass case and brought her away to Highgate for his friends to see.

The poet Wordsworth visited Plâs Newydd, as the ladies' cottage was called, in 1824. He composed a sonnet in the grounds, but the ladies were not pleased, because he called their house a "low-roofed cot," and declared that they could have written better poetry themselves. Here is the sonnet:—

"A stream to mingle with your favourite Dee,
Along the VALE OF MEDITATION (*Glyn Afyrwr*) flows;

So styled by those fierce Britons, pleased to see

In Nature's face the expression of repose;
Or haply there some pious hermit chose
To live and die, the peace of heaven his aim;
To whom the wild sequestered region owes,
At this late day, its sanctifying name.

GLYN CAFAILGAROGH, in the Cambrian tongue,

In ours, the VALE OF FRIENDSHIP, let *this* spot

Be named: where, faithful to a low-roofed cot,

On Deva's banks, ye have abode so long:
Sisters in love, a love allowed to climb,
Even on this earth, above the reach of time."

In the autumn of 1825 Llangollen was visited by Sir Walter Scott. The ladies had received some hint that he meant to pass their way, and on his stopping at the inn the great novelist received "an invitation so pressing to add one more to the list of illustrious visitors of their retreat, that it was impossible for him not to comply." Scott was accompanied by his son-in-law, Lockhart, and Lockhart writing to his wife gave an account of what they saw. From all they had read and heard of the romantic spinsters they were prepared to be well amused, but the reality surpassed expectation.

"We proceeded up the hill," says Lockhart, "and found everything about them and their habitation odd and extravagant beyond report. Imagine two women—one apparently seventy the other sixty-five—dressed in heavy blue riding-habits, enormous shoes, and men's hats, with their petticoats so tucked up that at the first glance of them, fussing and tottering about their porch in the agony of expectation, we took them for a couple of hazy or crazy old sailors.

"On nearer inspection they both wear a world of brooches, rings, etc., and Lady Eleanor positively orders—several stars and crosses, and a red ribbon, exactly like a K.C.B. To crown all, they have cropt heads, shaggy, rough, bushy, and as white as snow, the one with age alone, the other assisted by a sprinkling of powder. The elder lady is almost blind, and every way much decayed; the other in good preservation.

"But who could paint the prints, the dogs, the cats, the miniatures, the cram of cabinets, clocks, glass-cases, books, bijouterie, dragon-china, nodding mandarines, and whirligigs of every shape and hue—the whole house, outside and in (for we must see everything, to the dressing-closets) covered with carved oak, very rich and fine some of it; and the illustrated copies of Sir Walter's poems, and the joking, simpering compliments about Waverley and the anxiety to know who MacIvor really was, and the absolute devouring of the poor Unknown, who had to carry off, besides all the rest, one small bit of literal butter dug up in a Milesian stone jar lately from the bottom of some Irish bog.

"Great romance (*i.e.*, absurd innocence of character) one must have looked for; but it was confounding to find this mixed up with such eager curiosity and enormous knowledge of the tattle and scandal of the world they had so long left. Their tables were piled with newspapers from every corner of the kingdom,

and they seemed to have the deaths and marriages of the antipodes at their fingers' ends. Their albums and autographs, from Louis XVIII. and George IV. down to magazine poets and quack doctors, are a museum. I shall never see the spirit of blue stockingism again in such perfect incarnation.

"Peveril" (a family name for Sir Walter) "won't get over their final kissing match for a week. Yet it is too bad to laugh at these good old girls; they have long been the guardian angels of the village, and are worshipped by every man, woman, and child about them."

Three years after Scott's visit Prince Pückler-Muskau of Prussia called upon the ladies, and wrote an elaborate account of them; a sympathetic account, too, which is more than we can say of the foregoing extract from Lockhart. It will be noticed that there is a considerable difference between Lockhart's and the Prince's statements regarding the age of the ladies.

"I alighted," says the Prince, "and was received at the door by the two ladies. Fortunately I was already prepared by hearsay for their peculiarities: I might otherwise have found it very difficult to repress some expressions of astonishment."

"Imagine two ladies, the eldest of whom, Lady Eleanor, a short robust woman, begins to feel her years a little, being now eighty-eight; the other, a tall and imposing person, esteems herself still youthful, being only seventy-four. Both wore their still abundant hair combed straight back and powdered; a man's round hat, a man's cravat and waistcoat; but in place of 'inexpressibles,' a short petticoat and boots; the whole covered by a coat of

blue cloth, of a cut quite peculiar—a sort of middle term between a man's coat and a lady's riding habit. Over this Lady Eleanor wore, first the grand cordon of the Order of St. Louis across her shoulders; secondly, the same order around her neck; thirdly, the small cross of the same in her button-hole; and *pour comble de gloire*, a golden lily of nearly the natural size—all, as she said, presents of the Bourbon family.

"So far the whole effect was somewhat ludicrous. But now you must imagine both ladies with that agreeable *aisance*, that air of the world of the *ancien régime*—courteous and entertaining, without the slightest affectation; speaking French as well as any Englishwoman of my acquaintance; and, above all, with that essentially polite, unconstrained, and simply cheerful manner of the good society of that day, which, in our serious hard-working age of business, appears to be going to utter decay."

"I was really affected with a melancholy sort of pleasure in contemplating it in the persons of the amiable old ladies, who are among the last of its living representatives; nor could I witness without lively sympathy the unremitting natural and affectionate attention with which the younger treated her somewhat infirm friend and anticipated all her wants. The charm of such actions lies chiefly in the manner in which they are performed—in things which appear small and insignificant, but which are never lost upon a susceptible heart."

As we have mentioned, the eyesight of Lady Eleanor became weaker and weaker as she grew old; at last it failed utterly. There is something very touching in the affection with

which Miss Ponsonby now aided and cheered her companion. "It was now," says a visitor of this period, "that the friend of her youth and age, whose faculties God had spared, exerted them for the use of both, and performed all the offices of love and duty for her blind companion. She watched over her with maternal tenderness, read for her, worked for her, and did everything which would not be so grateful from any other's service. When I paid my visit, I found Miss Ponsonby leading her friend round the lawn, as a fond mother leads a child; and it would have stopped an angel on his errand of mercy to have seen them walking hand in hand through the shrubs and trees, while the friend who could see was explaining to the friend who could not see all the budding beauties of the spring in which they were both wont to take such pure delight."

The faithful servant, Mary Carrol, lived to an advanced age, when she died, and was buried in Llangollen churchyard. A monument was erected there by the ladies; it had three sides, and on one of these they placed an inscription in honour of Mary. The remaining two sides were left blank, with the intention that in time they should bear their own names.

The life-long union of the friends came to an end on the 2nd of June, 1829, when Lady Eleanor died. Miss Ponsonby was not long of following her to the grave; she lived for only eighteen months afterwards, during which time she was seldom seen except by her domestics. The three-sided monument was now completed, and the cottage, with its wealth of carved oak and curiosities, passed into other hands.

(To be continued.)

NOTICES OF NEW MUSIC.

THE LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED).

Sonata in C major, for pianoforte. By Erskine Allon.—This is a really interesting work, and quite equal to any of the recent publications of this important class. We think an artistic mistake (if a mistake can be artistic) is committed in using a device in every movement alike, which is quite effective in the first instance, but which, upon its reappearance in other parts of the sonata seems not only trite and commonplace, but positively disagreeable. The case in point is the repetition of the principal subject in the bass in octaves. The rather *prononcé* character of a melody in octaves at all times demands care and judgment. But the work is immensely interesting, and the subjects are national and homely in character, and, in short, we advise all fairly advanced pianists to make a study of it. It is a great pity, considering that this is one of the finest English sonatas ever produced, that it should be so full of misprints; for instance, all the last line of page 11 and part of page 12 should be in E flat, with the D made natural. This is one of many bad mistakes.

EDWIN ASHDOWN.

Five Romances for violin and pianoforte. By Sir George Macfarren.—The tendency of the late *Principal of the Royal Academy* towards Balfe-like melodies is seen at its culminating point in these romances. No. 3, perhaps, is more like a Scotch ballad, but in Nos. 1 and 5 especially, commonplace tunes are the subjects employed. The piano player's share is mostly the subordinate part of accompanist.

JOSEPH WILLIAMS.

Six Vocal Duets. Composed by Wilfred Bendall.—Will be welcomed by youthful sopranos, and enjoyed for their graceful imitation and pleasant part-writing.

No. 11 of the *Operatic Fantasias for violin.*

By E. Davidson Palmer.—Does not deal with *Tannhäuser* as successfully as other numbers have dealt with easier and older operas. It is uncomfortable for the musician, and unaccountable for the adapter, to alter Wagner's phrases, a fault most noticeable on page 7, where a rise of a 6th is made to do duty for that of an octave in the original overture. If beyond the violin compass, then the passage has no business in a violin Fantasia at all.

Pavane Romantique, for the piano. Composed by Henri Roubier.—A rather pompous piece, with a pleasant cantabile episode by way of contrast. It is supposed to depict "le dernier tournoi d'Henri II."

Les Cloches de Cornouille. Fantaisie brillante pour le piano. Par Sydney Smith.—This is no firework display, but really, of its kind, the best possible arrangement of favourite extracts from the well-known operetta above named; a most effective piece for admirers of this sparkling light music.

ORSBORN AND TUCKWOOD.

Eternal Rest. (Requiem æternam.) Composed by M. Piccolomini.—This song is published in every possible key to suit vocalists high and low. The system of dragging old and consumptive people into cathedrals in all the semi-sacred songs of the day, in order to drag after them a refrain, built upon portions of church prayers, is very far fetched, and painfully overworked.

Sea Rovers is the name of a brisk, hearty sailor-song, by Arthur Briscoe. We recommend this as a present to your bass and baritone brothers. It is as bright and moving as the sea itself.

The Student's Répertoire of easy pieces for the Piano. By Carl Malemberg.—No. 1, "Scherzino" is before us, and, excepting its title (for it has not the ghost of a *scherzo*, or laugh, about it), it is admirable for the purpose intended. It resembles a little minuetto.

Vesper Voluntaries, Book 19.—Contains some simple, pretty pieces, in the form of march, offertorio, minuet, and gavotte, better fitted for harmonium than church organ.

WEEKES AND CO.

Elinore; or, The Border Bride. A pastoral operetta in three acts, written by Edward Oxenford, composed by Edmund Rogers.—Full of good, straightforward, unoriginal phrases, over which choirs cannot easily go wrong. A feature in the second act is the instrumental piece described as "a furious fight takes place." Throughout, the vocal material is of the simplest.

Fantasias, by W. H. Birch, for violin and piano, on the national airs of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales (four books).—Are in reality a simple stringing-together of the national melodies, with very little that is fantastic in the arrangement.

Dance of Mummies, and Polonaise. Two piano pieces by Dr. Joseph C. Bridge.—Capital teaching pieces. The first is what few piano pieces with comic titles are ever likely to be, and that is, really funny.

REID BROTHERS.

O that the dove's light wings were mine. Song by Claude Melville.—A pretty, plaintive song and subject. Excepting one F sharp, the compass is not at all high.

La Reine. Par Claude Melville. Ancienne Danse de la Cour.—This, of course, turns out to be a gavotte, but a very taking gavotte it is, and easy to learn. Notwithstanding the mixture of French and English, these pieces are by the same composer.

BEARE AND SON.

As I laye a thynkyng. Song for soprano or tenor.—A fairly good setting of the beautiful last lines of Thomas Ingoldesby; lines very hard to do justice to in music.