LADY ANNE BARNARD.

1750—1825.

LADY ANNE BARNARD came of one of the most lordly lines in Scotland. On the Lindsays' side she was descended from the bold barons of Crawford, Spynie, and Balcarres. Reckoning by both sides of the house, she was "the daughter of a hundred earls."

Her birth at Balcarres in 1750 had been looked forward to by the Jacobites as the fulfilment of a prophecy, that the first child of the last descendant of so loyal a house would restore the exiled Stuarts. But, as Lady Anne herself records with great glee, wizards, witches, bards, fortune-tellers, and old ladies were covered with confusion by the arrival of a daughter—only a daughter—at what the Lindsays were fond of calling the *château*, which

had been rendered poverty-stricken by fines and forfeitures.

The country-seat of Balcarres, that proved so wonderfully capacious in after years when Mistress Cockburn was one of its occupants, was very old-fashioned. It was situated not very far from that succession of Dutch-like towns on the Fife coast which, before their prosperity fell under the death-blow of the Union, one of the King Jamies had sharply characterised as "a golden fringe to a beggar's mantle." But the beggar's mantle part of the comparison was hardly fair to the sheltered and cultivated strath which extended from Largo Bay to the East Neuk. Balcarres lay midway in the strath, backed by its Craig and the Hill of Rires, and facing the sea frith which brought "the wind of God" fresh from the German Ocean. Between the nest of the Lindsays and the bare coast, there basked in the sunshine, and cowered a little in the keen frost of the region, farms and woods, a blue loch, and two drowsy hamlets. In the west, with the sun setting behind it, was the green sandy

Law of Largo, out of the shadow of which Sir Andrew Wood had sailed his yellow carvel and cleared the frith of English boats. In the east was the round hummock of Kelly Law. Close to this was the castle of the musical Earl of Kelly—the early home of Lady Betty, Lady Ann, and Lady Christian Erskine, good friends and neighbours of the Lindsays. A little nearer stood the quaint, steep little village and exquisite church of St. Monans, with Balcaskie House and Newark Castle, where, after the '15, Earl James of Balcarres had been hidden by the aid of one of the young ladies of the Anstruther family. Another Anstruther, Sir John, of Elie House, married, in the same year that Lady Anne Barnard was born, the famous beauty and wit, Jenny Faa, a daughter of the gipsy merchant of Dunbar. Between Balcarres and Elie were the village, the estate, and the house of Kinneuchar, on their Loch Bethune, the laird of which having been present at a public dinner and compelled to drink as a toast the health of William, Duke of Cumberland, rose up and proposed the health of Sib-

bald, the butcher in Colinsburgh, swearing that as he had drunk his friends' butcher, they should drink his butcher. Farther off, in the Largo direction, was the white house on the hill of the Grange, the lairds of which, the Malcolms, had been once and again humble allies of the Lindsays—a Malcolm having been with Earl Alexander in Holland, and another (whose wife, herself an earl's daughter, had supported his family by spinning and selling thread in his absence) with Earl James at St. Germain.

Lady Anne, like Lady Grisell Baillie, was the eldest of many children; and, like Miss Jean Elliot, she belonged to a family whose literary bent was as ancient as the days of Sir David of the Mount and of "old Pittscottie." Earl James, Lady Anne's father, having himself written a history of his house, laid on his family the injunction that a son or a daughter in each generation should carry on the record. A pleasant fruit of this injunction survives in Lady Anne's sketches of her youth and of the friends by whom she was surrounded. These sketches are included in the "Lives of the Lindsays."

Earl James, who died at seventy-seven, when his eldest daughter was seventeen years of age, had seen service both by sea and land; but his own and his father's share in the '15 spoilt his promotion. He was grey and gaunt, somewhat of a Baron Bradwardine, though more accomplished than learned. In his brigadier wig and gouty shoe he lost his heart at Moffatt to fat, fair, severely sensible Miss Dalrymple, who in her twenty-third year was nearly young enough to have been his grand-daughter. The Earl proposed. Miss Dalrymple said nay. The Earl, more or less of an invalid all his life, fell sicker than usual under his disappointment, and made his will. Having no near relations, with great dignity and magnanimity he left his obdurate mistress half his slender fortune. But the Earl did not die then; and Miss Dalrymple, hearing of the deed, was smitten to the heart, and became the energetic Countess, the over-anxious, imperious mother of eleven spirited children. The eight sons and the three daughters were no sinecure of a charge even to so strict a disciplinarian as the buxom, bloom-

ing Countess. They were for ever breaking out of nurseries and school-rooms to commit raids in the domains of Mammy Bell, the old housekeeper; often carrying the war into the garden or the offices. The Countess would inflict chastisements, not by proxy, but with her own little white hand, which, as Lady Anne bore testimony, could strike hard. Lady Balcarres found variety in her subjects; and some of them were stiff-necked enough. "Oh, my lady, my lady!" cried Robert, plain and practical always, "whip me and let me go if you please." Her little son John, who lived to be the prisoner of Hyder Ali in Seringapatam, told Lady Balcarres, when she took a plaything from him because of a fault, "Woman, I told you I would do the same thing, and I'll do the same to-morrow again." To-morrow came, and he kept his word. He was whipped, and another plaything withdrawn; but the sun shone warm: "Ah!" said he, "here is a fine day; my mother cannot take *it* from me."

Lady Balcarres led her children no easy life in return for their contumacy. What with

whipping, imprisonment in dark closets, fasting, and doses of rhubarb administered impartially to all the culprits, according to their offences—from tearing of frocks and breeches to running away—the Countess did not shirk her duty.

"Odsfish, madam!" remonstrated the worthy old Earl, "you will break the spirits of my young troops. I will not have it so."

But no spirits were broken where earnestness and affection formed the foundation of the despotism. Little, blue-eyed, golden-haired Lady Margaret, who had the precocious infirmity of sighing and hanging her cherub head in her nursery because nobody loved her, was cured for the time of her morbid pining. As for generous, joyous Lady Anne—the "sister Anne" and "Annie" of that great circle—she was the hardest to punish of them all; for she ate and drank bread and water with complete philosophy, and would ask the butler to give her a bit of oat-cake out of mere pleasure in the change.

The healthy Spartan children had many pleasures which are out of the reach of their daintily-bred brothers and sisters of to-day.

These old Balcarres children were allowed a large amount of personal freedom in rambling and scrambling. They could wade in the burn which flowed through Balcarres Den; the sisters in tucked-up yellow and silver silk frocks with gauze flounces, manufactured, to suit the children's needs, out of part of the marriage finery of Lady Balcarres. They could pay daily visits to the farm-yard, looking in on their familiar friends of oxen, swine, and pigeons. They could sit on lazy cows' backs, devouring turnips for the sitters' own share, and scattering grain to obsequious cocks and hens. They had a Sunday rest from all tasks, save the repetition of so many verses of a psalm and attendance at the parish kirk; and they had a Sunday dinner at my lord's and my lady's table, winding up with a fatherly treat of sweetmeats.

The solid rudiments of knowledge were imparted alike to boys and girls by a reverend and absent-minded tutor. The airy superstructure of womanly accomplishments in Ladies Anne, Margaret, and Elizabeth was reared by the most fantastic of indigent gentlewomen, "the least

little woman that ever was seen for nothing,"—Henrietta Cumming. Not only as Lady Anne's governess, but as the "Sylph," and favoured "Hen," "Henny," and "Hennifie," of Mistress Cockburn's correspondence, this curious little lady deserves yet another paragraph.

She was found by Lady Balcarres weeping and painting butterflies in the garret of an Edinburgh lodging-house, which was kept by her aunt. She had persuaded herself of her descent from the Red Comyn himself, and was possibly brought to Balcarres partly as a speculation, partly as an act of charity. Henrietta sang sweetly, wrote letters which Mistress Cockburn compared, for want of another simile, to the letters of Rousseau, and worked, as has been recorded, at mantua-making, millinery, and ruffles, for which she could draw elegant designs in flowers and birds. The Countess had thoughts of setting the reduced lady to instruct her daughters in these branches, and causing her to mess with my lady's maid, whose origin was doubtless no lower than that of a country manse or parish

school-house. But Henrietta turned the tables on the strong-willed Countess. By lavish tears and persistent starvation, she found her way to the family dinner-table. By her opposition to what she called Lady Balcarres' "haughty and unprovoked misrepresentation" of the act of friendship by which she condescended to teach the little ladies, and her spurning of a salary, she established herself for half a lifetime in Lord Balcarres' crowded household on terms of comparative equality. Not only so; she got from the good, burdened man a legacy on his death, and what was more unjustifiable, procured, through his influence, during his life, a pension from Government. Henrietta's pride, which would not let her take wages for her work, did not prevent her from accepting public alms to which she does not seem to have had the shadow of a title, unless in the fact that she painted a gown for Queen Charlotte. Yet the little woman, sharp-tongued when she could let her tongue out, was one of those characters in whom the falseness, supposing she proved herself false, and the truth were about equally

balanced. They deceive themselves almost as much as they deceive others. She was not only fascinating, because she was pretty and clever, and possessed a simplicity as real as it was affected, but in the midst of her calculating worldliness, and in defiance of it, she could be magnanimous, and was devotedly attached to her friends.

Although Henrietta's offices were detrimental in some respects, she shared in full the Lindsays' love of letters. She was capable of at least joining the two elder sisters in their voyages of discovery in the old library, where, according to Lady Anne, they had leave "to drive through the sea of books without pilot or rudder." The girls were free to lug down whatever musty volumes took their fancy. The desultory knowledge and accomplishments which they thus acquired were remarkable. It is as if the old Lindsays had found a "royal road to mathematics." This is proved when we sing Lady Anne's ballad, and read her letters, and hear how Lady Margaret translated Bürger's "Leonore" in fair verse, while Lady Elizabeth did

the same service for Tasso's "Gerusalemme Liberata."

Lady Anne was old enough to be her father's companion by the time that Lord Cummerland, the son and heir, had finished his studies at St. Andrew's University, and the Honourables Robert, Colin, James, William, Charles, John, and Hugh were being sent, in the earlier relays, to attend the college in Edinburgh, prior to becoming "a family of soldiers." Lady Anne was the Earl's amused young associate in his self-imposed obligation of compiling the family chronicles. One of her earliest recollections was seeing him receive a huge bundle of papers, wrapped in a plaid, from the Laird of Macfarlane, the ugliest chieftain, with the reddest nose, whom the child had ever seen.

Lady Anne is said to have imbibed her father's disposition, and she certainly profited by his honourable, shrewd, yet fond advice to his two girls, who were of an age to understand him. He counselled them to be good and mild, cheerful and complaisant. He told them that men loved such companions as could help to make them

gay and easy; and for this end fair nymphs should provide chains as well as nets in order to secure victims as well as acquire them. He bade them have the Muses as well as the Graces to aid Nature, which had been very good to his "Annie" and his "dear Peg" (budding beauties and wits of sixteen and fourteen). After insisting on the advantages of music, and of the Italian language in the service of music, and after urging the claims of books and religion, he declared that as much of philosophy as concerned the moral virtues would help to make them happy, even if they were "condemned" to be old maids. If they became wives, he urged them to be amiable. This was the best instrument for gaining power, as their husbands would have more pleasure in pleasing them than in pleasing themselves. Finally, he held up for the example of his daughters the two traditionary models of virtuous womanhood among the Lindsays—Earl James's respected aunt, Lady Sophia, and his dear sister, Lady Betty—declaring with faith, which was touching in its child-likeness, "whom I wish to em-

brace you kindly in another world when you have had enough of this." As a fitting commentary on their old father's advice, Lady Anne and Lady Margaret were daily witnesses of his tender gallantry towards their mother, which was but the quintessence of his tender gallantry towards all women. He delighted to ride across the country, bearing a busy dame's commissions. Having on one occasion caught an old woman, his pensioner, in the act of helping herself to his cherished turnips, he scolded her hotly for the liberty, receiving no answer but her curtseys. When she did speak she made the audacious request, "Eh! my lord, they're unco heavy; will ye no gie me a lift?" and he followed up his scolding by hoisting the sack on her back.

But a multitude of influences helped to mould young Lady Anne. The Balcarres of her day was rich in inhabitants. It could muster fifty members of its own household at a ball, and its household was peculiarly rich in character. Old Lady Dalrymple, the children's grandmother, was comparatively of a soft and sleepy

order of womankind. In her own house in Edinburgh she came down every morning in search of the key which hung upon her finger. But very different was Miss Soph Johnstone, whose rough voice sung at its highest pitch—

"Eh, quo' the tod, it's a braw licht nicht,
The wind's in the west, and the mune shines bricht."

The clatter of the private forge she had erected in her bed-room, the caw of the rooks, and the gurgle of the shattered and repaired Venus *jet d'eau* in the garden, were the notable sounds on a quiet day at old Balcarres. Soph, the Laird of Hilton's daughter, came to pay a visit to Lady Balcarres on her marriage. She remained for thirteen years, taking up in succession each child till it was out of long clothes. She was only true to her first love in the person of Lady Anne. But Soph's partisanship was a fatal distinction. Lady Anne's admission to the sanctum of the forge, and her installation into the mysteries of fancy horseshoe-making, awoke Henrietta Cumming's jealous resentment, and alienated the governess entirely from her eldest pupil. There

was an inevitable enmity between rude, fierce Soph Johnstone, and suave, capricious Henrietta Cumming. Lady Anne's first exercise of tact was in trying to maintain peace between the two belligerents, and to make them both happy. For it was the necessity of a gay, pleasure-loving nature, even in girlhood, to have all around her happy. It remains to the credit of Lady Anne that from youth to age she spared no trouble and grudged no pains for this end, and that she was in general as incapable of bearing malice against her neighbours as of fancying herself slighted by them. But this satisfaction in the contentment of her fellow-creatures did not prevent her from playing mischievous pranks on them, especially when she was instigated and backed by her trusty ally, Lady Margaret. One of their worst tricks was their writing and forwarding a letter, purporting to be from a rich cousin who had lately returned from abroad, to no less a person than Soph Johnstone, soliciting her company for a long visit. Miss Soph was completely deceived. She wrote and despatched a letter of

acceptance, gave out her clothes to be mended, ordered a new wig, and explained to her young friends, with a certain sober softening down of her eccentricities, the motives of her departure. The giddy girls stood aghast at what they had done; and the consequences of their escapade frightened them out of such practical joking. There arose upon them a late sense of the piteous contrast between their own circumstances and those of their victim. Before she should have dismantled her forge, they rushed to her room with a full confession of their delinquency, and made earnest promises not to offend in a like manner again. Throwing themselves on Soph's masculine scorn of anything like petty recrimination, and relying on her bark being worse than her bite for all young people's folly, they experienced clemency at her hand.

Lady Anne in her youth was not confined to Balcarres. The rock of the Bass, which resembled "a huge whale" rising out of the water opposite the *château* windows, was hardly the most suggestive object in the sweep

of the frith. Dancing eyes, with plenty of speculation in them, would often wander in the direction of the ferry of Kinghorn. Beyond the ferry lay Edinburgh, the metropolis, where the Lindsays had not only an indulgent grandmother, but hosts of cousins and allies. Among those kinsmen and friends, "Annie," "sister Anne," "charming Lady Anne," with her instinctive *savoir-faire*, her good-humour, and overbrimming fun and feeling, must have been immensely popular. The Lindsays, on their side, were strongly drawn to their cousins, when, in the end, Cummerland married a Dalrymple, and Robert a Dick.

An aunt of Lady Anne's, a figure more picturesque than engaging, lived in the Lawnmarket, where Burns had his lodging. This was the Dowager Countess of Balcarres, Margaret of Scotstarvet, who had the blood of the wizard of Balweary in her veins. A scantily provided-for widow, she hoarded her jointure to relieve the embarrassments of her husband's brother's children. She used to walk out, in order to visit the younger Lady Balcarres, dressed in a

large black silk bonnet projecting over her face, a black gown, and a white apron. She always carried a staff in her hand.

A favourite haunt of Lady Anne's was the old Earl of Selkirk's house in Hyndford Place, which was then occupied by Dr. Rutherfurd, Sir Walter Scott's grandfather. Lady Anne played on the Misses Rutherfurds' harpsichord, and sang her ballads to the accompaniment. Behind the screen, with the harlequin and columbine, Lady Anne chatted with her cronies—the Misses Rutherfurd, and Miss Hepburn of Congalton. Miss Jeanie Rutherfurd boasted to Lady Anne of the wonderful bairn, her nephew in George Square.

At the assemblies, when Lady Margaret was selected to dance in the Beauty set, Lady Anne would by no means decline on that account to stand up next in the Heartsome set; while both the sisters might figure together in the Maiden set.

The theatre was a resort of the Lindsays. Its audience was then so aristocratic, and the members so well known to each other,

that it presented many of the features of a county gathering. Thus, when Lord Balcarres died, as Mistress Cockburn wrote, the news of my lord's death thinned the play-house till after the funeral. Lady Anne must have improved scores of opportunities of "crying her eyes out" over *Jane Shore* and *The Gamester*, and of "laughing till she was fit to drop" at *The Provoked Husband* and *The Beaux' Stratagem*.

In her own home, at assembly or play-house, Lady Anne could scarcely have helped coming across a quiet, middle-aged woman of her own rank, and a family connection—Miss Jean Elliot—although it was not till long years afterwards that the apparently sober-minded woman was found guilty of writing an extremely romantic and doleful ballad.

Notwithstanding the natural attractions of Edinburgh, the Lindsays were judiciously taught to consider that no spot on earth had superior attractions to Balcarres, and that no reasonable being ought to be other than perfectly happy there. The extremely low condition of the family purse rendered it impossible that they

could take frequent excursions, even within the modest limits of driving twenty miles in the Balcarres coach to the Kinghorn ferry, and of hiring a pinnace, and having themselves rowed across the tossing barrier. It might be one great secret of the success of these Lindsays that they early learnt self-denial, and that they stood shoulder to shoulder throughout their history. Lord Cummerland, living on his pay, supplemented his brothers' and sisters' allowances. The Honourable Robert bestowed the gains arising from his trading, in a gift of fifteen hundred pounds, to purchase his brother James's majority, and employed any sums realised by him in England in helping to pay off the debt on the Balcarres estate.

The Lindsays trace their descent from a Norman line. Their "lightness" is French, and so is their form of family affectionateness, with its power of accommodating itself to varying tastes and tempers, from youth to age. One hears of the hereditary reddish-golden hair, and that too can be proved to be Norman—of the purest water. Lady Margaret, the beauty of

Lady Anne's generation, had the golden hair, the eyes of "heavenly blue," the dazzling fairness of skin, the Grecian nose, and the fine turn of the head and throat, on which her elder sister lovingly enlarges. It would seem that Lady Anne bore more resemblance to the Lindsay who was her immediate predecessor, the gay but gaunt earl. If, however, she was not beautiful, she was very elegant and graceful, with all the "presence," animation, and piquancy which are the most irresistible weapons of many a high-bred belle.

As beauties are given to marry, Lady Margaret at the age of eighteen, married Mr. Fordyce of Roehampton, and went with him to England. Lady Anne, two years older, missed her sister's presence much She tried to fill up the blank in her life at Balcarres by scribbling prose and verse on the covers of old letters. Her little room up the steep winding stair commanded a view of the loch and the frith, and she was now often occupied in it. In these circumstances, as she wrote long afterwards to Sir Walter Scott, she composed "Auld Robin Gray."

There was an old Scotch air (not, however, the air to which the song is now sung, for that we owe to an English clergyman) of which Lady Anne was very fond, and which Soph Johnstone was in the habit of singing to words which were far from choice. It struck Lady Anne that she could supply the air with a tale of virtuous distress in humble life, with which all could sympathise. Robin Gray was the name of a shepherd at Balcarres, who was familiar to the children of the house. He had once arrested them in their flight to an indulgent neighbour's. Lady Anne revenged this arrest by seizing the old man's name, and preventing it from passing into forgetfulness. While she was in the act of heaping misfortunes on the heroine Jeanie, her sister Elizabeth, twelve or thirteen years her junior, strayed into the little room, and saw "sister Anne" at her escritoire.

"I have been writing a ballad, my dear," the frank elder sister told her little confidante; "and I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea, broken her father's arm, and made her

mother fall sick, and given her auld Robin for a lover, but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow in the four lines. Help me to one, I pray."

"Steal the cow, sister Anne," said the little Elizabeth.

The cow was immediately lifted, and the song completed.

"Auld Robin Gray" at once became popular at Balcarres and in the neighbourhood; but Lady Anne's authorship was only known to the immediate members of her family. In spite of her resolution to be silent on the question, she had sometimes difficulty in escaping detection. After singing "Auld Robin Gray" at Dalkeith, Lady Jane Scott, the Duke of Buccleuch's sister, said to her that she sang the song as if she had written it herself, and declared that if Lady Anne would not bribe her by a copy she would betray the secret. Lady Anne's ultimate explanation of her reticence was, that she dreaded to be known as a writer, because those who did not write would become shy of her. It was an innate feeling of Lady

Anne's that she had rather confer pleasure than inspire awe. When the outer world took up the song and made much of it, a reward of twenty guineas was offered for information as to its source, and the period to which it belonged; the Society of Antiquaries thinking the subject worth investigation. Lady Anne, more from hauteur and a spirit of merry mischief than from any other feeling, held curiosity at arm's length, and baffled all investigation. Her best reward was seeing a company of dancing dogs act the little drama below her windows.

Lady Margaret was to fare worse than her brothers—worse than any of them, although the young midshipman William was drowned off St. Helena in 177—, and Captain James was struck by grape-shot in storming the redoubts of Cuddalore, and died of his wound in a French hospital in 1783. Light compared with hers were the sufferings of Captain John, who was taken prisoner by Hyder Ali's forces in the battle of Conjeveram in 1780, and lay in irons at Seringapatam, where he and his friend

Captain Baird may have lightened their terrible captivity, which lasted three years, by talk of home and half-forgetful laughter over the eccentricities of their old friend, David Baird's aunt, Miss Soph Johnstone. The ills of the brothers were those of the body rather than of the soul; and those even of Captain John were short compared with Lady Margaret's. Before she had attained her nineteenth year, her husband had ruined and disgraced himself. Her letters to him contain nothing but resignation and tenderness. By the time she was twenty-two, she had to pay a farewell visit to her beautiful bridal home in order to choose from that which had been hers what she was able to re-purchase. "I prayed for a little rain to sadden the glories of the prospect to a more suitable gloominess," she wrote to Lady Anne. But her prayer was not granted: the day was delightful; the place in perfect order; and every tree and shrub flourishing. She could only give a parting look, peep at the cartoons and the great room, and step into the carriage, carrying with her "a bunch of roses."

When Mr. Fordyce died within a few years, Lady Anne went up to London, and joined Lady Margaret (who was a childless widow) in Berkeley Square. Here the two sisters lived together between fifteen and twenty years. The great world of London was different from what was even then rapidly becoming the provincial world of Edinburgh. The Countess of Balcarres was wont to excuse herself jestingly for not dwelling with her daughters on the plea that she was nobody in England. But the sisters Lindsay were somebody in London. The beauty, modesty, and intellectual refinement of the young widow, Lady Margaret Fordyce, and the spirit and genius of Lady Anne Lindsay, were not such common qualities that they should have been lost in a crowd. In time, the little Lady Elizabeth of the sisters' early memories married happily the accomplished Earl of Hardwicke. The Honourable John Lindsay, in consolation for his sufferings, was to take from the congenially witty and lettered house of North a wife of whom Sir Walter Scott remarked that she never opened her mouth without reminding him

of the princess who could not comb her locks without scattering abroad pearls and rubies. This sister-in-law served, without any other bond of union, to bring Lady Anne and Lady Margaret *en rapport* with the Guildford set, including Horace Walpole, the Ailesburys, and the Berrys.

Burke and Wyndham, who had so petted "little Burney," were familiar friends of the sisters in Berkeley Square; and so were Sheridan and Dundas. The Prince Regent himself, whose inclinations tended in general less worthily, was capable of being a princely friend in this instance. He was especially attracted by "sister Anne," as he too chose to call her. On one occasion when he was ill he sent for her to cheer him, and to receive from him a gold chain as a token of his regard, because he might never see her again. The Lindsays, whose loyalty was a passion which no suffering could cool, valued to the utmost the Regent's good-will.

Lady Anne and Lady Margaret, with Lady Charlotte North and the Guildfords, must have made the pilgrimage, customary with pilgrims

in their rank, to Strawberry Hill, and been courteously treated by its old fine-lady master.

No doubt the book-loving sisters indulged in an early perusal of Cowper's "Task," and joined in the nine days' wonder at Darwin's "Botanic Garden." Very likely they had some acquaintance with Hannah More, who frequently visited London, making her head-quarters with Bishop Porteus, meeting Horace Walpole at Garrick's widow's, and writing her "Religion of the Fashionable World." Mrs. Carter, the translator of Epictetus, was likewise of the great world, and was in the way of ladies who did not dream of going out of their way to seek literary merit.

Breaking in upon their grief for the brothers they had lost, and their anxiety regarding that other brother whose fate remained for a time uncertain, Lady Anne and Lady Margaret would hear the declaration of the Independence of America, where some of the Lindsays had fought; and they would read of the killing of Captain Cook, and of the death of Charles Edward. As Londoners of the period, they

would have the full benefit of the Popish riots and of the trial of Warren Hastings. With the spice of malice that marked the rest of the quality in the matter, Ladies Anne and Margaret were sure to enter into the last enterprise of an Irish Gunning, when the niece of the famous beauties, after the great fortunes of the house were on the wane, ventured on the bold but unsuccessful stroke of maintaining, to the Marquis of Blandford's blank astonishment, that he had made her an offer of marriage. On account of Mrs. Piozzi's daughter, Queeny, who had become one of themselves, a Scotch earl's popular sisters might consent to grace the *fêtes* still given at Streatham, but which had sadly fallen off, like their rash mistress. If so, the visitors would learn from Mrs. Piozzi all that she had done in Mr. Thrale's lifetime for the Doctor, and how small the great man had shown himself to her in the end. The members of the Balcarres family must have witnessed with intelligent delight the playing of John Kemble and Liston, of Sarah Siddons, Miss Farren, and Mrs. Jordan.

By 1789 Lord Balcarres had married his cousin, Miss Dalrymple, who, through her mother, was heiress of Haigh Hall, in Lancashire; and while he was with his regiment, "young Lady Bal" was in Edinburgh for the education of her children. The Honourable Robert Lindsay had returned from India, and was celebrating his marriage with another cousin—pretty, domestic Miss Betsy Dick of Prestonfield. Before he had left Scotland, "he had marked her for his own" while she was yet a child. He had not only bought the estate of Leuchars, in Fife, but had settled annuities on his mother, Countess Anne, and on his sister, Lady Margaret. Countess Anne had removed to Edinburgh, and settled there with her cousin, dear friend, and protector, whom she thenceforth styled her "husband" —Mrs. Anne Murray Keith. Their house was in George Square, and opposite that of young Lady Bal, whose carriage and horses were at the command of the old ladies. They found themselves in the very centre of kindred and friends more numerous than often fall to the

lot even of men and women who have done well for themselves.

The Countess's house in George Square, to which Lady Anne came on visits, has been lovingly described by Mrs. Gillespie Smyth, daughter of Ambassador Keith. It had its snug parlour profusely adorned with family pictures. Books loaded the tables, the place of honour being assigned to the Bible and the Book of Common Prayer. Next to them stood a well-bound, well-thumbed Shakespeare, volumes of English divines, and a copy of Dryden's Fables, "opening of itself at 'The Flower and the Leaf.'" Politics and history, in which the mistresses of the house had always regarded themselves as deeply concerned, had their oracles. French literature was represented by La Fontaine's Fables (great favourites of Earl James's), "a huge 'Télémaque,' with sprawling cuts," and of course a "De Sévigné." Supplying a hint of an equally voluminous correspondence, an unfinished letter was on a little writing-table, the files of papers belonging to which would have done honour to a

Secretary of State. A delicately enamelled gold snuff-box and a bag for knitting completed the picture.

The ladies saw a good deal of company, for Mrs. Murray Keith was fond of receptions and of patronage, and to both "husband" and "wife" their whist-table was indispensable.

In 1790, rendered anxious by a letter in which the Countess, their mother, referred to her increasing infirmities, Ladies Anne and Margaret came down on a six-weeks' visit to Scotland. Owing to some difficulty of accommodation, the sisters slept in the house of their sister-in-law, which was opposite to that of old Lady Bal, whom they were there to see. Lady Anne was comforted concerning her mother. The Countess was mellowed by age "as only strong wine mellows." Her anxieties for her family were set at rest. Her elder sons prospered. As for her soldier and sailor sons, they were bound to be content with winning the laurels which the spirited woman declared were, in her opinion, "very substantial food." Her son John was long ago released from his captivity.

His grievous privations, which, had his mother known of them earlier, must have cut her to the heart, were only the recollections of hardships which serve to point a soldier's tale, and make him welcome at every hospitable fireside. For William and James, who had died a sailor's and a soldier's death, they were but gone before, and, with their father, they would meet and welcome her in that haven to which her thoughts were more and more turning. Her temper had lulled and sweetened, if her memory was going from her. But while the past had to be recalled with difficulty, and by the help of others, the Countess could be brighter than she had ever been in the present. She was always more and more occupied with the future which the pages of her Bible promised her, "when we shall all be young together again, Annie," she said with pathetic yearning.

In compliment to her dear old mother, who frequently said, "Annie, I wish you would tell me how that unlucky business of Jeanie and Jamie ended," Lady Anne wrote her second part of "Auld Robin Gray." Though she

sang it to her mother, she did not give even the Countess a copy of the sequel to the song. But motherly affection triumphed over failing nature, and the memory which could retain little else, preserved the fresh verses from Lady Anne's singing. Old Lady Balcarres was in the habit of repeating the second part of "Auld Robin Gray," with the pride of being the only person, beside her daughter Anne, who had the power of doing so. To Lady Anne's own account of the writing of the second part of "Auld Robin Gray," Mrs. Pringle, of Whytbank, added the following particulars:— "About that time a ballad entitled, 'A Continuation of Auld Robin Gray,' was sung in the streets, and published in magazines and newspapers, which greatly annoyed the family, and was very trying to the sweet temper of Lady Anne. But it was not considered worthy of being disclaimed. In order to prove its spurious origin, Lady Anne retired to her room, and in a short time produced the fragment from which Sir Walter Scott copied a verse in the 'Pirate.'" Mrs. Pringle, then much in George

Square, picked up the fragment from hearing Lady Balcarres reciting it. Mrs. Pringle did not get it in confidence, but she considered it in the light of a trust, and only put it on paper for one of Lady Anne's own early friends—Mrs. Russel, born a Rutherfurd, of Hyndford Place. On Mrs. Russel's death it is supposed that the copy fell into the hands of her sister, Miss Christy Rutherfurd, and from her passed to Sir Walter Scott—"the little nephew" of George Square. Sir Walter's confession confirms the explanation. He had heard the first part of "Auld Robin Gray" sung by his aunt, Mrs. Russel, and given by her without hesitation as the song of her old friend, Lady Anne Lindsay. Many years afterwards he had got seven or eight verses of the second part from Mrs. Russel's sister, another and very dear aunt, Miss Christy Rutherfurd, —the great friend of Mrs. Murray Keith. All these persons were perfectly convinced of her ladyship's right to the whole ballad, and the ballad's right to her ladyship.

On this visit to Edinburgh, Lady Anne found

her old friend, Mistress Cockburn, still alive, and wonderfully unaltered by age, while Soph Johnstone was rapidly shrivelling into a wretched miser.

Returned to London, Lady Anne and Lady Margaret would hail with keen curiosity and pitiful questioning the arrival in London, and the presentation at court, of the Countess of Albany, the widow of Charles Edward, the last of those Stuarts to whom the Lindsays had been blindly faithful. The sisters, in common with the mass of aristocratic England, were doomed to watch in wonder, sorrow, and horror, the events happening over in France,—from the fate of the king's soldiers at Versailles to the guillotining of Marie Antoinette,—and hastened to throw open their doors and hearts to the flocks of refugees with historic names—Richelieus, De Birons, De la Tremouilles. The mature women must have criticised sharply the new fashions—the caps, casques, tight skirts, shawls fastened on one shoulder, and the classic sandals, which were worn instead of the hats and feathers, the gowns with square-cut bodies,

and bunchy trains pulled through the pocket-holes, the red mantles, and the shoes with high heels which were in vogue when the Lindsays were girls. Surely the well-brought-up daughters of high-principled little Lady Bal raised their eyebrows, shrugged their shoulders, and turned their backs on the dances which were being introduced by Emma, Lady Hamilton. Sisters Anne and Margaret would crave once more, with bated breath, news of lost Lord Howe and his fleet. Was not their young brother Hugh, the cadet of the large family, in one of Howe's ships?

About this period Lady Anne, after having waited till she was upwards of forty years of age, married Andrew Barnard, Esq., son of the Bishop of Limerick, a handsome, pleasantly-gifted man, without much wealth, and somewhat her junior. It is said that Mr. Barnard was far from the first or the most distinguished pretender to Lady Anne's hand, but that beneath her gay ease and readiness there lurked a certain fickle indecision, as well as a certain contentment with the present, which was fatal to the hopes of the lovers. It is expressly told that

she had kept her heart in her own possession till, in the afternoon of her life, she bestowed it on Mr.. Barnard. That her choice in the end was to her perfect satisfaction every line which she wrote afterwards witnesses.

Misfortune continued to pursue Lady Margaret—"the most beautiful woman in Europe," as Lady Anne describes her. In Lady Margaret's prime, as in her promise, she wasted her affections. A second time she lavished them on a man "who sacrificed her life and happiness to his selfishness," not scrupling to extort the sacrifice while he refrained from fulfilling the obligation which would at least have given him a poor legal right to the womanly all of Lady Margaret's heart and fair prospects. Lady Anne had to part from her sister in these circumstances, to go with her husband to Ireland, where his father had the see of Limerick.

In 1797 Lady Anne accompanied Mr. Barnard to the Cape of Good Hope, whither he went as private secretary to Lord Macartney, when his lordship was appointed Governor of the new colony. The change from Berkeley Square

to what was then the primitive Dutch Cape was a very plunge from high cultivation, with its excitements and diversions, to rude simplicity and bald nature. It was a test to Lady Anne's principles and temper. But she liked the change, and her principles and temper stood the test. In the absence of any lady of Lord Macartney's family, she enjoyed being what she called "the woman" of the station, and a very fair *Governess* she proved herself.

Lady Anne was a high-born lady, fresh from princely and noble society. The residents of Cape Town, duly impressed, looked up to her, while they could not help being flattered by her presidency over their society. She had a lively perception of the gulf which existed between the colonists and herself, and did not hesitate to let it be seen—always in the best-bred way. She could both keep her own place, and keep other people in theirs. But she was too good-humoured to be entirely supercilious. She did indulge (in her journal) in all sorts of droll observations on the ladies, characterising them

as "mad in white muslin," with "no countenance, no manner, no graces;" but "with a vulgar smartness which told that the torch of Prometheus that animated them was made of mutton-tail." She conjectured that the dancing, "which was in a sort of pit-a-pat, tingling little step, and without halting a moment," had been learnt from some beauty on her way to Bengal; and she compared the unconscious self-satisfied dancers to such women as may be found in a country town "at an assize-ball a great way from the capital." She arrived at the characteristic conclusion that what these Dutch belles wanted most was "shoulders and softness of manners," and settled that she would thenceforth quite understand the term, "a Dutch doll."

But Lady Anne did more than take her fun out of the colonists. She really desired to recommend the English Government to the half-sullen conquered province. She had a feeling that it was her duty to keep the colonists in good-humour, and to improve, as far as possible, their tastes and habits by furnishing them with a fine example of English womanhood,

ladyhood, and sovereignty. No woman could have been quicker in resources, or less guiltless of supposing that she could demean herself by any act of condescension, usefulness, or innocent amusement, as means to an end.

The next thing to admire in Lady Anne during her exile was her immense power of accepting a situation. Beyond praise are the zest and relish with which, after her confessed hearty appreciation of "the politest society," she turned to a traveller's compensations, and became again a child of nature as she had been in the farm-yard and the Den of Balcarres. She found treasures everywhere. The ignorance of her simple, buoyant intelligence was rather in her favour. She was neither bored nor bowed down by weighty authorities and scientific laws, and she did not harass herself with mental cramming before or after her excursions. To be told everything as she went along was her comfortable plan of gaining knowledge, of which her memory enabled her to appropriate and digest a surprising amount. Thus stories of families of rabbits every member

blind of one eye, *king* bees whose sting was certain death, stones full of all colours of paint-powder, rose-trees blowing exactly at four o'clock each afternoon, were received with the utmost satisfaction, and swallowed almost without a struggle.

At the Castle, Lady Anne gave balls on the first day of every month, and tea and music every Thursday. She took the subaltern officers under her peculiar protection. At stated times she and Mr. Barnard entertained Lord Macartney, the aides-de-camp, or the town magnates to dinner; the burden of stimulating and supplementing the genius of Revel, the Swiss cook, falling upon Lady Anne. With a suspicion of her coming difficulties, she had carried with her from England "a map" of a quartered and subdivided ox and sheep for the instruction of the Dutch butchers. She insisted on an ample provision of light at her parties, using up for that purpose, on one occasion, the same wax-candles which had shone on the *élite* of London society, with a sprinkling of royal dukes, in Berkeley Square. Generally speaking, Lady

Anne managed all the etiquette, hospitality, and housekeeping of the Castle, and was a very busy and important woman.

She gave herself up to old and novel country pleasures when she and Mr. Barnard retired to their country-house of Paradise—a Dutch farm-house on the side of a mountain three thousand feet high, with rows of orange-trees in flower and fruit shading the windows. She fed her cats and chickens, she, drew, she gardened.

Both at the Castle and in Paradise, Lady Anne luxuriated in pets. She had a little tame buck that would fain have slept upon her feet. A couple of secretary-birds ("namesakes of Barnard's"), with long legs, black velvet breeches, and large wings, never ate standing, but sat down to dinner as regularly as did their master and mistress. A sea-calf was coaxed into living by having a teapot with milk thrust into his mouth every time he opened it to bleat. A penguin, resembling the old ladies who wore sacques with long ruffles, spent half its time in the pond with the calf, and half in the drawing-

room with Lady Anne. Two jackals were the delight of the dogs, from their coquettishness; and two young wild cats were nursed by a dog. A horned owl was an emblem of wisdom, and a beautiful green chameleon, of folly.

Lady Anne was constantly over head and ears collecting specimens of Cape plants and animals —great rarities in those days—to take home with her or to send to her friends in England. She had the Lindsay affectionateness which kept her heart warm in absence, and enabled her to retain the kindly generosity of "sister Anne" of Balcarres. She was prone to serve others before herself, in true elder-sister fashion. Withal, it does sometimes strike us as if these acquisitions, and the enriching of her friends, formed a little too much the business of Lady Anne's life. From procuring a tiger-skin for the Prince Regent, and castor-oil seeds to mix with gold and other beads for the Queen and the Princesses, to endowing less exalted personages, she is never at rest in making her gains. Though she writes in good faith of her reluctance to ask for any curiosity which had

taken her fancy, and blames herself for false delicacy and shyness, one does not remark the presence of these qualities; and in spite of the barter of good things which she effected, and the invitations to the Castle which she freely dispensed to all who conferred favours on her, here and there her progress reads like a spoiling of the Egyptians. A doubt is left on the mind whether Lady Anne did not share in the royal and aristocratic delusion, that not only was service to her its own reward, but that no claim which she could proffer could be an exaction if it was proffered for the sake of her friends. In spite of this she was a humane, enlightened woman, an agreeable secretary's wife, and deserved most of the simple enough spoil which she did not scruple to take.

As Lady Anne had asked for the bit of oatcake from the butler at Balcarres from love of variety, so she enjoyed every homely incident of her life among the Dutch boors. It is enjoyable still to read the wonderfully lifelike extracts published from her journal. It is hardly possible not to exalt "the blood and the breed-

ing," with their unflagging spirit. Her ascent of Table Mountain and her sleeping on it was a brilliant episode. Before starting, she had been guilty of a piece of waggery. "I had stolen a part of Barnard's wardrobe for precaution, which made him, as I bounded up the rocks, laugh, and call out, 'Heyday, Anne! what are these?' 'Yours, *meyne lieve vreunde*,' said I; 'you must acknowledge it is the first time you were ever conscious of my wearing them.'" The slave-guide smiled, and called her a "*braave vrow*,"—as Lady Anne translates it, "a rare wife,"—and she was very proud of the compliment. She left all the gentlemen behind her, "envying the *braave vrow;* her light heels being the effect, perhaps, of the lightness of her heart." She reached the top first. To find herself three thousand five hundred feet high, to behold a considerable town more invisible than the smallest miniature, and to feel the pure air invigorating her, "gave her a disembodied feeling." "And now," she said to her most learned companion, Mr. Barrow, with her habit of commanding, which was nevertheless a very

bright habit in her, "thou man of infinite charts and maps, explain to me all that I see before me, and what I do not see. What is this? What is that? What are the different bays I hear you all wrangling about? And do not suppose that I am to clamber to the top of Table Mountain for nothing." Before giving each gentleman his bumper of Madeira to invigorate him for the descent, she made the request that all the party might unite in the full chorus of "God save the King," a request which was instantly complied with, "every hill—the Lion's Head, Lion's Rump, Devil's Hill, Hottentot Mountain—singing his part, as they (the company) had done before, till 'Great George' grew less at every turn, and at last gave up the ghost like a private gentleman in a valley." The lady and her squires had snipes for supper (on which she has the note: "N.B.—I believe we ate a dozen apiece at least"), the slaves lay round the fire, and "Barnard and I," so she wound up her narrative, "within our tent found a good bed, on which two heads reposed themselves that were truly grateful for

all the blessings conferred on them, but most so for their happiness in each other."

A cluster of wandering stars rose on Lady Anne's horizon, in the shape of Lord Mornington, with his brother and suite, on his way to fill the Governor-generalship of India. These travellers brought with them a delightful waft of old associations, news from city and court. They were especially welcome to the "Governess" of the Cape of Good Hope. She had a natural sympathy with Governors-general, through her brother Balcarres, who was trying the office as Governor of Jersey before filling it on a greater scale as Governor of Jamaica, and several more of her brothers had been or were in India—where were not Lady Anne's brothers? But it was not to his Excellency that her ladyship awarded her hospitality first. She wrote, with true nobility of heart, that she and her husband would have been happy to accommodate people that they loved so much (a Governor-general, to boot), "had not the prior claims of the A——s as older friends, nearer friends, and *poorer friends*, made it impossible to sacrifice the holy

motive to the agreeable attraction." Only the successful invasion of his enemies the bugs into his quarters brought the Governor-general as a humble petitioner for what the Barnards had not the heart to deny him—one of their back parlours.

The Barnards' tour into the interior, undertaken in the year of the Irish Rebellion, is an excellent specimen throughout of genteel comedy. The company, in addition to Lady Anne and Mr. Barnard, with their servants, included a young lady, the beauty of the colony, who was visiting Lady Anne, and Lady Anne's cousin Johnny, one of the innumerable Dalrymples—a cavalier of seventeen, who had been judiciously appointed aide-de-camp to the beauty on the journey. The beauty, it should be told, took every inconvenience *en route* as a personal injury.

The conveyance, sometimes drawn by horses, sometimes by bullocks, was a waggon, supplied with a wooden case to pack the travellers into. Each furnished his or her stock of necessaries. Mr. Barnard took the lead with the heavier

pièces de résistance—hams, Hamburg beef, liqueurs, powder. The careful *haus-vrow* Anne Barnard followed. Besides "a conjuror" for cooking stews, pine-apple cheeses, a jar of Batavian ginger, tea, coffee, sugar, rice, and what her mother the Scotch countess would have called "the napery" of the expedition, she lugged with her a great assortment of coarse handkerchiefs, ribbons, beads, common knives, needles and thread, to dispense among the subjects of the Government. The beauty carried a selection from her wardrobe, and a knitting-case containing some pins, pen and ink, and a half-finished purse, dividing the care of the knitting-case between herself and her aide-de-camp.

For the convenience of shooting without loss of time any game which might start up, five loaded guns were slung in the waggon, and the only stipulation open to Lady Anne and the beauty was to have the guns placed where the ladies had the *least* chance of being shot.

On the front seat sat "the illustrious Gasper"

the driver, and behind him Lady Anne, on her knee the family drawing-book of the Barnards, which had descended from mitre to mitre, and found itself very much astonished at its present situation. By her sat the secretarius Barnard, for the express purpose of popping out at the partridges on half a minute's notice. Behind them again were Cousin Johnny and the beauty, seated on the woolsacks, viz., mattresses, "a situation she said she preferred to the front seat, where she could have *only* seen the country. Johnny highly approved of her preferring this seat, as the country was not fit to be looked at." The common costume of the explorers—ladies and gentlemen alike—was great-coats.

Thus the cavalcade jogged across the sandy plains and skirted the table-lands in search of adventures. They rested every night at Dutch farm-houses, and partook, in so far as it was possible, of Dutch boors' fare—bock, fowls, pheasants, mutton-tail—paying or not paying for their entertainment as their compulsory hosts received or refused remuneration. Lady Anne found every prosperous farmer's

wife fatter than another, and with bigger monsters of children. So scornfully pitiful were these *booresses* of the Governess's childless state, that she got Mr. Barnard to consent to having four fictitious boys left in England. She would not have girls, lest people should say she neglected them; but she would leave four boys across the sea engaged in their education. Once, finding a childless matron like herself, she considerately suppressed her supposititious progeny, that she might not overwhelm her sister in misfortune.

The gentlemen found sport among the bocks and the pheasants. Johnny shot a pow, or wild peacock, which Lady Anne plucked for him, and they had it roasted and ate it as a great delicacy. Ladies and gentlemen visited a cave with petrifactions, where lions were *smelt* by the horses.

There was an overturn, out of which the beauty came "preserved, in the sweetest sense of the word, as the cask of ginger had had its top knocked off in the fall, and had poured its contents in at her neck and out at her toe, by

which means she was a complete confection." On occasions the party dined off the top of a cask, and lay down to sleep like a company of strolling players. In an extreme case of a sluttish *ménage* the beauty wanted a clean cup, and the hostess presented her with a child's soiled nightcap to wipe the cup, out of which Mr. Prince (a clerk and auctioneer who attended on the secretary in the character of a courier) had just drunk. Unconquerable Lady Anne was so provoking as to hope this would have made the beauty laugh, but the poor beaten beauty was more ready to cry.

The travellers visited the Moravian missionaries, or Herrnhütters, and Lady Anne made them a gift of seeds. As the most gracious mark of her esteem, she presented them also with the flesh strawberry which had been sent to her by her sister Lady Margaret, "the most beautiful woman in Europe," believing that they were duly impressed by the last piece of information. Lady Anne was for ever drawing mountains and Hottentots. Everywhere she laid herself out to amass calabashes, serpents' skins,

and Job's tears. Everywhere she lavished handkerchiefs, ribbons, and beads on the slaves as well as on their mistresses, on the Hottentots as well as on the Dutch, with now and then a bit of womanly thoughtfulness and partiality. Each boor was, will he nill he, hospitable; and as most of them declined payment in money, a large proportion of their fat wives got invitations to return Lady Anne's visit when they were down in Cape Town—an honour which she was surprised to see them take phlegmatically.

Mr. Barnard bought up a farm's whole stock of dried peaches, for which he had a liking; and he cured a boor of threatened gout in the stomach by administering timely glasses of Madeira. Lady Anne ordered a cargo of cured fish for winter use at the Castle, and longed to cut the tacked tongue of a dumb child, but did not dare to attempt it.

The family of the Van Rheimes stood out as quality among the boors. Van Rheime was a Cape Town man, disgusted with town life; his *vrow* was gentle and cleanly. His farm, with its underwood of aloes, was famous for its sport.

A hunting waggon, drawn by eight horses, in which Lady Anne and the beauty, not to be behind the gentlemen, accompanied their friends, galloped over the rough tracks within sight and aim of ostriches, pows, and bocks, while the crack and patter of the shooting went on without ceasing, on every side. There was fishing also to be had on the farm, and the Barnards' party, with the whole Van Rheime family, drove to the Breech Rivière, and saw the nets drawn. The produce was "a huge skate as large as a house, which sighed bitterly, and died with difficulty, and was ordered into oil." Over and above it were bécasse fish, similar to eels, but with bills like woodcocks. During another day's sport zebras were hailed at a distance.

The Barnards made their longest sojourn with the Van Rheimes. A regular friendship sprang up between the hosts and their guests. Mr. Barnard gave to Jacob Rheime a gun which the secretary had valued. Lady Anne gave to the *vrow* a little of everything that remained in her boxes, and, as a particular token of regard, she left her smelling-bottle, with its

double gold top. The heads and waists of the children were tied up by Lady Anne's own hands with scarlet and white ribbons. Every slave was made happy with a handkerchief, and scissors, thread, and needles, a knife, and two schellings. Lady Anne records as a worthy tribute to the memory of the Van Rheimes, "Had I a fortnight at my command to spend pleasantly, where I should be sure to be welcome, I should not make a scruple of going to Jacob Van Rheime's, to partake of his fish from his pond—the ocean, and of his bock from his park of two hundred miles in circumference."

Lady Anne's journal reads very like an earlier, rude cabinet version of Miss Eden's "Up the Country." The Barnards' plan had been to return from the Cape of Good Hope by a circuitous route, including New South Wales, Egypt, and Greece. To their regret, however, the Peace of Amiens, in 1802, gave the colony back to the Dutch. While Mr. Barnard was obliged to remain at the Cape for a year to settle colonial business, Lady Anne proceeded to England with the fleet. Her purpose was to

endeavour to procure a situation under Government for her husband on his return; but her talents as well as her influence, in this respect, failed.

In England she found that women's hair had crept down to their eyebrows, and their waists up to their chins. Her friend the Prince Regent was not only married, as all his good subjects had wished him to be, to his cousin of Brunswick, but had come to grief in his character of husband. Lady Anne's connections, the Norths, were much mixed up with the impulsive, unruly, injured Princess of Wales. Lady Charlotte Lindsay, the Honourable John's wife, was one of the Princess's favourite ladies-in-waiting—altogether an awkward complication of relations for a friend of the Prince Regent's.

Miss Jeanie Rutherfurd's wonderful little nephew had brought out the "Minstrelsy of the Border"—a work after Lady Anne's heart. He was just about to publish "Marmion." Jane Austen and Maria Edgeworth were writing their novels of real life; Mrs. Radcliffe her romances; and Elizabeth Hamilton her

popular tale of the "Cottagers of Glenburnie;" while Joanna Baillie was putting on the stage (the worst place where they could have been put) her "Plays of the Passions." Mary Berry had become the intimate friend of Elizabeth, Countess of Hardwicke, by the instrumentality of Joanna's brother, Dr. Baillie, and, through Mary Berry, Lady Anne ought to have known Joanna Baillie. But Joanna was no fine lady, nor was she a woman of fashion. Distinguished woman of letters as she was, she led a simple retired life with her mother and sister at Hampstead, while Lady Anne did not quit her own sphere, not even to meet Sir Walter when, in the zenith of his fame, he went up, once and again, to London, to be *féted* and lionised.

Lady Anne travelled down to Scotland in 1803—4 to see her mother. The Countess and her "husband," Mrs. Keith, had returned to end their days at Balcarres. Earl Alexander, though he had found an honourable escape from his main difficulties by his governorships, had been forced to give up Balcarres, and retain his wife's estate of Haigh Hall. However, the *château*

and its farms were not doomed to pass from the Lindsays. The Honourable Robert redeemed them, reserving to his brother the right of repurchase, which Earl Alexander did not choose to exercise. It was with Robert Lindsay and his wife and family that the two attached old ladies had taken up their residence. Lady Anne, after her exile, enjoyed revisiting "the dear old nest," where, as she said, "eleven brother and sister chickens had been hatched and fostered, who through life had never known once what it was to peck at each other." It is very likely that on this and on future visits Lady Anne was lodged in the room termed "Cromwell's room," from its repute of having been slept in by the Protector: it was on the same stair, but lower down than her less dignified perch of earlier days.

Before Lady Anne saw Balcarres again, a cloud of misfortune had darkened over her, such as that which the Lindsays had encountered in 1780—4, when Captain James was killed, and Captain John was in the hands of Hyder Ali. She had returned to England in time for the

great sight of Nelson's funeral, and for the public lamentation over the death of William Pitt; but private losses were about to sweep all others out of her mind. In 1808 she sustained a heavy blow in the death of her husband, after a true union of fourteen or fifteen years.

Mr. Barnard had requested in his will that Lady Anne would send testimonies of his regard to those friends whom she knew he honoured and esteemed. She had engravings taken from his picture, and sent one to the Prince Regent. His Royal Highness, whose own matrimonial experience had been disastrous, was sufficiently moved to write a note expressive of his gratitude, condolence, and, above all, remembrance of old times.

In the same year Lady Anne's nephew, the Earl of Hardwicke's eldest son and heir, Lord Royston, perished by the wreck of his yacht during a storm in the Baltic. He was a fine young man of twenty-four, with all the Lindsays' love of letters, and he was so ardent a traveller that he had been absent from England since before the attainment of his majority.

In June of the following year Miss Berry mentions being at an assembly at Lady Margaret Fordyce's, where were present the Princess of Wales, with her lady-in-waiting, Lady Charlotte Lindsay, and Lady Charlotte's sister, Lady Glenburnie. There is no mention of Lady Anne Barnard as having been there. Possibly she did not go out in those days, or she stood out against identifying herself with the Princess, continuing reluctant to believe that the "finest gentleman" was the worst husband in Europe. Later in the same year, 1809, Lady Anne and Lady Margaret once more went together to Scotland and Balcarres. This seems to have been Lady Margaret's (if not Lady Anne's) last return home. Lady Anne describes the time as saddened by the sense that the heart which would have rejoiced with theirs was still, and by the inevitable contrast between this and former sojourns. The sisters found their mother without a complaint, though she was now eighty-two. She was oppressed only by the want of memory, "which being known and acknowledged, gave her no concern." The

old Countess was handed down to dinner every day by her youngest grandson, aged five years. There were only seventy-seven years between the cavalier and his lady, "who did not feel quite happy unless she had a few compliments paid to her on her dress and good looks."

Lady Anne and Lady Margaret remained over the great family festival, that was at once their mother's birthday and Christmas Day. Each member of the family presented the venerable heroine of the occasion with his or her *cadeau*, and Lady Anne put hers, a black lace cloak, over "the nice little figure," and wished her mother many happy returns of the day. "She seemed proud and pleased—her eyes sparkled with unusual intelligence. 'Is not this too fine for me?' she said; 'but I accept it with pleasure, and in return, Annie, I will make you a present which I hope you will live to enjoy the benefit of. I mean the knowledge that old age is not the miserable state that people suppose it to be; on the contrary, it is one of calm enjoyment. . . . . The thoughts

of that untried country, Annie, to which I am invited by my Saviour, are to me the source of inexhaustible delight. I trust,' said she with fervour, 'that I shall there meet with you all again, through His merits, in perpetual youth and endless happiness. And this castle of mine, Annie, is not a *château d'Espagne*, as Madame Annie Keith calls some of my projects when she does not approve of them.'"

In 1810 Lady Anne still had her house at Wimbledon. The poor Hardwickes removed to it to be out of the way of receiving people, after Dr. Baillie had gone down to Wimpole Hall only to see the last of "little Charlie," their second and sole surviving son.

Shortly afterwards Lady Anne must have taken up house again with Lady Margaret in their old quarters of Berkeley Square. But "changes were the order of the day," and this reunion was to be of brief duration. Lady Margaret's disloyal and cruel lover had goaded, by slow torture, a spirit meek as that of a saint, so that she turned upon him at last.

While "his conduct latterly inspired her with

the disdain it merited," a deep resentment utterly foreign to Lady Margaret's character corroded her heart. Lady Anne witnessed the work with indignation and pain. She declared that it was only "at the earnest instance of affection," and "upon a solemn occasion of religious duty," that she prevailed on her sister to abjure for ever a sentiment contrary to the spirit of Christian forgiveness of injuries. "She did so when taking the sacrament in Dublin" (it might be from the hand of the gentle Charles Lindsay, the likest to Lady Margaret of any member of the family), and peace was restored to her mind. But it was too late for youth, beauty, and health, which had all fled.

Yet the clinging heart could not continue to beat without a new stay round which it might wind its tendrils. At an advanced period of life Lady Margaret became the third wife of a worthy and cultivated gentleman, "who, as he then acknowledged, had been attached to her almost from infancy," notwithstanding that he had twice married in the interval. This Jacob was Sir James Bland Burgess, an old

pupil of Dr. Somerville's. Sir James was member for Helstone, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and Knight-Marshal of the Household. He was literary, like the rest of these literary people, with whom the malady seemed not merely hereditary, but infectious. He was the author of "The Birth and Triumph of Love," and "Richard I.," an epic poem, scarcely so well known as the household song of "Auld Robin Gray." He had married first Elizabeth Noel, daughter of Viscount Wentworth; then Anne, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Montolieu; and at last he married his first love, Lady Margaret Fordyce.

Lady Margaret's marriage took place in the year 1812—the great year when London was again and again illuminated for Lord Wellington's Peninsular victories. Lady Anne must have recalled how Lord Mornington, when she was his hostess and "Governess" of the Cape of Good Hope, had talked to her, and afterwards written to her, of his brother Arthur's exploits in India. This was the season, too, when Lady Hardwicke gave her famous pri-

vate theatricals, her friends being tormented by hundreds of hopeless applications for tickets. When the audience was graced by the presence of the Prince Regent and two royal dukes, not to speak of the two banished French Dukes of Berri and Bourbon, what green-room could have been better fitted with an ally and assistant, if Lady Anne, as she surely did, looked in behind the scenes?

Lady Margaret Burgess was comforted by the consideration and kindness of her second husband, and by the regard of his children, to whom she proved a mild stepmother. She was happier than her friends had ever known her; but she was worn out and weary in the midst of her happiness, and she died, in devout readiness to obey her Master's call for her to depart, within two years of her marriage.

Lady Margaret's last illness and death occurred in the most brilliant year of the decade, '14. On the arrival in England of the allied princes, Mary Berry, in her journal, makes constant reference to her association with Lady Hardwicke and Lady Charlotte Lindsay; but

the name of Lady Anne Barnard—not the least distinguished of the four—never once occurs, an absence which may be accounted for by the circumstance of what was to Lady Anne a special bereavement.

Though Lady Anne was far from withdrawing from the society of her kindred and friends during the next ten years, she seems to have lived less in the world after the deaths of her husband and sister. What she said with regard to her contribution to the family memoirs, she might have said of the late autumn of her life, which had boasted its own time of picturesque incident and interest: "Having for the present closed all that it is necessary to say of kings and courts, I return to the haunts of my heart, like the traveller who has been long away, gleaning from other countries what may amuse the dear circle at home, grieving with tenderness over chasms in that circle—never to be filled up; but grateful for what remains of friendship and affection still on earth to cheer the evening of life."

Lady Anne added, on her own account, "Of

Elizabeth's (Lady Hardwicke's) society I have all that I can in reason expect from the avocations which, as a mother and a grandmother to four families, multiply themselves upon her every day. My brothers rally round me with kindness when business calls them to town; but it is in the affection of my two nephews (Lord Lindsay and my young guardsman, James, son of Robert Lindsay) I find the tenderness so unusual in young men, which is ever ready to fly to be my prop and support when I feel a want of it. No ostentation is to be found in their attentions. They do not tease me with solicitudes about my health, with giving me chairs when I do not wish to sit down, or asking me to drink wine, or to be helped to what at home I may venture to ask for. All is liberty and equality here, untaxed by restraint; it is granted by them to me, and by me to them; even their wives permit me to steal into my own den (my drawing-room, of forty feet long, surrounded with papers and drawings), and employ myself all the morning without thinking themselves ill-used by my absence. . . . . My friends press me to go out

to amuse myself; but I should go without any interest beyond the charm of getting home again. By the side of my fire I have got into the habit of living in other days with those I loved, reflecting on the past, hoping in the future, and sometimes looking back with a sorrowful retrospect where I fear I may have erred. Together with those mental employments I have various sources of improvement. I compile and arrange my memorandums of past observations and events; I retouch some sketches, and form new ones from souvenirs taken on the spot. Sometimes I employ an artist to finish these, but all is first traced accurately with my own pencil, so impossible do I find it to get any one to enter exactly into the spirit of my subject. With such entertainment for my mornings, and a house full of nephews and nieces, together with the near connections of my dear Barnard, all tenderly attached to me, I have great, great reason to bless God, who, in taking much from me, has left me so much."

One of these nephews, when asked by a younger member of his house to give some

account of Lady Anne as she was at this time, declared that it would be no easy matter to draw the portrait of one whose charms and weaknesses were so intermingled. He dwelt on her benevolence and her power of giving and receiving pleasure. He had often seen her change a disagreeable party into an agreeable one; she could make the dullest speak, the shyest feel happy, and the witty flash fire, without any apparent exertion. He loved her as a mother, and so did all who dwelt under her roof. He gave a characteristic anecdote of her. "She was entertaining a large party of distinguished guests at dinner, when a hitch occurred in the kitchen. The old servant came up behind her, and whispered, 'My lady, you must tell another story; the second course won't be ready for five minutes.'" Is there not an anecdote almost the same told of Madame Maintenon?

Of the sprightliness which won for the Lindsays the distinctive term "light Lindsays,"—the lightness, contrary to a common acceptation of the word, being often rooted in honest, unquestioning piety,—Lady Anne had her full

share. It continued with her almost unabated, as did the pleasant self-satisfaction of her easy autocratical tone, her frank and genial affability. We rarely have such unstinted, unbroken sprightliness in women now.

We may no longer hope to meet with such genuine gaiety of heart as electrified the listless aides-de-camp and subalterns, and even, by help of an interpreter, delighted the stolid Dutch boors and their fat wives, when Lady Anne was Governess of the Cape, the indomitable spirit within her finding ample fund for quips and flights when she was a widow well up in years. Our self-satisfaction has been rudely shaken; the most autocratical of us has been lifted bodily from her pedestal. As a rule a higher goal of good causes men and women more frequently to fall in the race, and to halt painfully after the falling. "Deeper and more elevated feelings, where they exist to any appreciable extent, must cast at least some shadow over the soul that possesses them." That shadow, intensifying and softening human

nature, will, on the other hand, take from its limpid, shallow brightness.

But while we would not recall the lower standard, the surface sparkle of good-humour which prevailed among our grandmothers, and while we are willing to pay the full penalty for something better, we are fain to look back wistfully on that constant blitheness which we have in a measure lost, and to acknowledge heartily all that was true and sweet in its origin.

Countess Anne still survived at Balcarres in great old age, "happy with her knotting," and "entranced with her Bible and the lives of the patriarchs."

In 1815 the battle of Waterloo shook, like a thunder-peal, the quiet homes of age, especially homes like that of the Lindsays, where the nephews and grandsons of a noble race of soldiers had in course of years taken their fathers' places in the field. At Tunbridge, Lady Hardwicke was one of the four ladies who held each a plate at church after a sermon in aid of a collection for the wounded at Waterloo.

In literature, Walter Scott and Byron had taken the place of Cowper and Darwin. Edmund Kean and Miss O'Neill were playing on the London boards, in the room of Elliston, John Kemble, and Mrs. Siddons.

In 1816 Lady Anne for a time lost the society of her sister Hardwicke by the marriage of her daughter, Lady Elizabeth Yorke, to Sir Charles Stuart, afterwards Lord Stuart de Rothesay, English Ambassador in Paris. Lord and Lady Hardwicke and Miss Berry accompanied the couple to Paris, which had become a kind of *terra incognita* to the English since the old days of Horace Walpole's friendship with Madame Dudevant. The party inspected the scenes — having still a horrible freshness to strangers—of the French Revolution, attended the court of the restored Bourbons, and visited the remnant of the old noblesse in the Faubourg St. Germain. Lady Anne could watch their progress from her arm-chair, and hear their adventures, altogether different from those of her waggon tour in Africa, with sympathy as entire as that which she had given to

the domestic joys and sorrows of the "little Elizabeth" of Balcarres, whom Lady Anne lived to see the mother of the four peeresses of Mexborough, Caledon, Somers, and Stuart de Rothesay.

Lady Anne was kept informed of the old Countess's secure and perfect contentment, and did not fail on her part in affectionate and dutiful attention. But no trace occurs of Lady Anne's having gone down again to visit her mother at Balcarres. In 1816 Countess Anne entered her ninetieth year, and a letter was written to Lady Anne giving all the little family details of the long celebrated birthday. How the Countess's health was drunk by a numerous party, and the door was left open between the dining-room and bed-room, that she might hear the cheers with which it was received. In return, she drank a bumper to the health of her descendants, old friends, and neighbours, and sent back to them a feeble cheer. In the drawing-room her own gift of a hundred-guinea vase to her daughter-in-law was displayed, to the Countess's great satisfaction. And in the very hour of enjoyment Lady Anne's

remembrance of the day had presented itself, and her mother insisted on having the two pretty boxes her daughter Anne had sent her in her own keeping.

In 1817 Lady Hardwicke was able to be down in Scotland, and to bring back to Lady Anne a personal report of their mother.

In 1818 a tie dating three-quarters of a century back was dissolved by the death at Balcarres of Mrs. Anne Murray Keith; but the Countess was far beyond human grief. In forgetting everything she never quite forgot this loss, very temporary as she felt it; yet she only remembered it to have much pleasure in hearing the circumstances of her friend's last moments repeated to her, calling the narrative "a bonnie story, and very edifying," and forbidding her attendants to regret Mrs. Keith's death any more than Lady Margaret's, or that of any other true Christian "who escaped easily and beautifully from the world."

In 1820 Lady Anne wrote to the Countess a touching letter from a daughter of seventy to a mother of ninety-three.

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,

"I received your sweet message by James Lindsay, desiring me to pray for you sometimes. Sure I am that I ought to ask you to do the same for me, as I have little doubt of your possessing a better interest in the heavenly mansions than your poor Annie, whose views, alas! are not yet so much detached from this world as yours are; but I hope they will follow your example, and that we shall meet again as blessed spirits after we are purified from the foibles that flesh is heir to. Meantime you must on your part do something for me. Allow the painter I send you from Edinburgh, who is an intelligent man, to take your picture exactly as you are. You will be more valuable to us sitting cheerfully, composedly, and apparently far advanced in life as we all hope to be, in your chair, than if he was to make a young Venus of you. God bless my dear mother, and give her as many healthy and happy years as she can desire to enjoy before 'the renovation of youth and nature' arrives, which old Lord Mansfield told

me, not long before his death, he was then expecting with patient hope.

"Ever and ever,

"Your affectionate and dutiful daughter,

"ANNE BARNARD."

The painter went and executed his commission, and the ancient lady, done with the business of life, was "infinitely pleased and gratified," instead of plagued by the ordeal.

In answer to this letter of Lady Anne's, her mother sent her the message, "Tell Annie that

> 'My wheel I turn round, but I come little speed,
> For my hand is grown feeble, and weak is my thread;' "

quoting from the second part of "Auld Robin Gray," of which the Countess had been chosen to be the sole keeper, and all the verses of which she could repeat almost to her last day. She could still find occupation in her work and delight in her Bible. In summer she enjoyed her garden-chair, which took her sometimes as far as the turnip-fields which Earl James had been so eager about a long lifetime before. She was treated with such tender delicacy by her

good son and his wife that she came to believe Balcarres was her own again, and the two, with their family, were her guests; so that it was a pretty and a proper piece of respect which they paid to their hostess and the lady of the house, as well as their mother, that they should come and sit with her for half an hour and read her a chapter or a hymn every evening before she retired to rest.

But the flame of life was very low in the socket, and in the year 1820, Countess Anne, then in her ninety-fourth year, died an almost painless death, and was laid to rest with the chivalrous old husband of her youth, and with the cousin and friend whom she had named in merry mockery the husband of her age,—Mrs. Murray Keith having bequeathed her body as a fitting legacy to the ivied chapel of Balcarres.

Lady Anne survived her mother nearly five years. In the same year with Countess Anne died her "old flirt"—as she used to call him, alluding to his courteous attentions to her—King George III.; and with the hasty return to England of the Princess of Wales in order

to procure her coronation, followed the impeachment and trial of Queen Caroline. Lord Hardwicke was on the committee in the Lords. Lady Charlotte Lindsay having been for a period of years a lady-in-waiting, and a favourite with the Queen, underwent a searching and lengthened public examination. Lady Charlotte's honest, impartial evidence, which in the main was in the Queen's favour, received deserved praise; but when they questioned her on family misfortunes, and referred to the deaths of her brother Francis and her sister Lady Glenburnie, which had happened within a few weeks of each other, she burst into tears. Dr. Lushington, one of Queen Caroline's counsel, in commenting upon Lady Charlotte's evidence, by implication brought a charge against her husband which not only made Lady Charlotte feel deeply aggrieved, but must have caused a pang of indignant pain to Lady Anne, and to every member of the united and loyal Lindsays. Dr. Lushington suggested broadly that Colonel the Honourable John Lindsay, living in a little island near Guernsey, apart from his

wife, on account of the state of his affairs, had sold to the Government party the letters which his wife had written to him on his being proposed for the office of chamberlain in the Princess of Wales's household. Far better that John Lindsay should have died a soldier's honourable death with his brother James, or that he should have perished in his captivity at Seringapatam, than that such an accusation had been established.

But Lord Balcarres, in his remonstrance in the House of Lords against the insulting inference which would have fatally compromised his brother, reminded Dr. Lushington conclusively that the letters which the Honourable John Lindsay was supposed to have sold, were those of the very woman whose personal influence over him prevented his accepting the office of chamberlain. Dr. Lushington withdrew his half statement with a sufficient apology.

It does not appear that he had any authority whatever for his suggestion, beyond the thoughtlessness and rashness which John Lindsay, in the following explanation, ad-

mitted: "About four years before this trial, the Princess of Wales had been anxious to appoint him her chamberlain, with a salary of four hundred pounds per annum, upon condition that he and Lady Charlotte should reside with her in the palace of Rastadt, where she at that time intended to live. Lady Charlotte then explained to her husband the reasons why she did not wish the proposal to be accepted. Colonel Bayley was at this time the Governor of Guernsey; Colonel Lindsay lived alone, and was frequently visited by Colonel Bayley. The consequence of this intimacy was that Colonel Lindsay very imprudently confided to him all that had passed between him and his wife on the subject of this appointment, and occasionally read him passages from her letters. Colonel Bayley was a confidential friend at Carlton House, and these communications were passed on and received there with avidity. Colonel Lindsay had no idea he was communicating with an agent of the King's, until an offer was made to him of any number of soldiers that he might require to work his stone quarries,

and of various other conveniences of which he was in need, upon condition that he should give up the letters. This he refused to do, and it opened his eyes at once to the imprudence he had committed."

In 1821, died Napoleon Bonaparte, who had been the scourge and terror of Europe for the better part of Lady Anne's life, on that little islet rock off which her young brother William had been drowned.

Only the year before her death Lady Anne was confessing the spells of the Wizard of the North, although oddly enough she had failed to recognise either in Mr. Scott the poet, or in the Author of "Waverley," the little lame prodigy of her early friend and his aunt, Miss Jeanie Rutherfurd.

When reading the "Pirate," Lady Anne came upon a verse from the second part of her "Auld Robin Gray." High praise was awarded to the ballad, and it was assigned to Lady Anne Barnard.

Careless as Lady Anne was of literary reputation, she could not but derive satisfaction

from appreciation so honourable and so unexpected. Added to the gratification was the pretty puzzle of where the Author of "Waverley" could have read or heard the second part of "Auld Robin Gray," when she had not made a single friend proud by the possession of a copy.

Lady Anne wrote to Sir Walter, with the arch request "that you will convey to the Author of 'Waverley,' with whom I am informed you are personally acquainted, how gratefully I feel the kindness with which he has (in the second volume of the 'Pirate,' thirteenth chapter) so distinguishedly noticed, and by his powerful authority assigned, the long-contested ballad of 'Auld Robin Gray' to its real author."

She confessed that the position in which she had placed herself with regard to the song, had at last become irksome to her. She asked how she could so fully mark her thankfulness to him who had relieved her from her dilemma, as by transmitting to him (more than half a century after the incident had happened) fairly and frankly the origin, birth, life, death, and confession, will and testament of "Auld Robin

Gray," with the assurance that the Author of "Waverley" was the first person out of her own family who had ever had any explanation from her on the subject. She then entered into the details of the composition of both parts of the ballad, and announced her conjecture that it was through Mrs. Murray Keith, her own and her mother's friend, and his friend also, that several verses of the second part had reached the Author of "Waverley." Lady Anne referred to the existence of another version of the second part from Jeanie's own lips, but promised that "that which has been already so highly honoured as to be placed where it is, shall for ever keep its ground with me, and the other shall remain in the corner of my portfolio." The end of the letter is characteristic:—

"Let me now once more, my dear sir, entreat that you will prevail on the Author of 'Waverley' to accept, in testimony of my most grateful thanks, of the only copies of this ballad ever given under the hand of the writer; and will *you* call here, I pray, when you come next to

London, sending up your name that you may not be denied. You will then find the doors open wide to receive you, and two people will shake hands who are unacquainted with *ennui* —the one being innocently occupied from morning to night, the other with a splendid genius as his companion wherever he goes.

"God bless you!

"ANNE BARNARD."

Sir Walter responded readily to this letter: gave an account of his antecedents where the song was concerned, and identified himself with Lady Anne's youthful days and recollections. Afterwards Lady Anne wrote to him, as he told Basil Hall, one of the kindest letters he had ever received, and a good deal of agreeable correspondence passed between them. One result of it was the printing and circulating by Sir Walter, with Lady Anne's permission, of "Auld Robin Gray," in a thin quarto volume, among the members of the Bannatyne Club of 1824. But the meeting which Lady Anne had desired never took place.

Lady Anne found occupation to the end—she was so enamoured of occupation that she had a paper expressly recommending it—among what she called her vagrant scraps. In it she wrote, "When alone, I am not above five-and-twenty. I can entertain myself with a succession of inventions, which would be more effective if they were fewer. I forget that I am sixty-eight, and if by chance I see myself in the glass looking very abominable—I do not care. What is the moral of this? That as far as my poor experience goes (and it is said that we must all be fools or physicians at forty), occupation is the best nostrum in the great laboratory of human life for pains, cares, mortifications, and *ennui*."

Lady Anne had written other verses besides "Auld Robin Gray;" "Where tarries my Love?" doubtless, among them. It is said that at Sir Walter Scott's request she made a collection of these, and of similar verses by other members of her family, and had gone so far as to prepare for the press a volume, entitled, "Lays of the Lindsays." But the halting in-

decision which formed part of her character, and perhaps a little scorn for intellectual influence in women—apart from the *rôle* of *dame de société*, which she had played well in her day — interfered, and the volume was suppressed.

As illustrative of this scornful phase in Lady Anne's character, one remembers the words, half jesting as they were, "with which," in the sentence of a descendant, "the authoress closed an impertinent cross-examination to which the secretary of some antiquarian society, deputed to inquire into the matter, had subjected her." (She herself described the interview in a better spirit to Sir Walter Scott, explaining that Mr. J—— had endeavoured to entrap the truth from her in a manner which she had resented; but had he asked the question obligingly, she would have told him the fact distinctly but confidentially.) Her words were:—"The ballad in question has in my opinion met with attention beyond its deserts. It set off with having a very fine tune put to it by a doctor of music; was sung by

youth and beauty for five years and more; had a romance composed from it by a man of eminence; was the subject of a play, of an opera, of a pantomime; was sung by the united armies in America, acted by Punch, and afterwards danced by dogs in the street—*but never more honoured than by the present investigation.*"

The task which Lady Anne had finally set herself was to sort the family papers for family perusal—to carry them forward by her own recollections, and by procuring from her brothers narratives and anecdotes of their experiences.

How many suns had set, and on what different coasts, since the child Lady Anne stood on tip-toe in her blue and yellow brocade, with round eyes and mouth, and defied frost-nips to fingers and toes, while she inspected curiously the unpacking of the red-nosed Laird of Macfarlane's contribution of the store in the plaiden bundle, which was carefully deposited in Earl James's closet a little later! The girl sympathised half ignorantly in the eagerness with which her father forgot asthma

and gout, in order to turn over the musty packets, every now and then clutching and gloating on a treasure.

"It was a sweet satisfaction" to Lady Anne, her brother Lord Balcarres observed, that as she advanced in years, she not only realised the enjoyment of life in a delightful amusement, but had also the gratifying and conscious pleasure that she was obeying the earnest wish of her honoured father, who, knowing her ability, had urged her to continue a family record of which he had set an example.

Lady Anne's own statement was:—"I took up my pen and wrote—at first with a little pain. To turn back in fancy to the season of rose-buds and myrtles, and to find one's self travelling on in reality to that of snow-drops and cypresses, is a position which may naturally produce some inequality of style—the more so as I was often tempted by the gaiety and truthfulness of my old journals to transcribe from them *verbatim*, while on other occasions I have allowed the prudent and concise pen of the old lady to lop and abridge in a manner that I fear

has greatly injured the spirit and originality of the work, though it has brought it into a more reasonable compass."

Lady Anne's task was highly congenial to her. She had in full what she termed "the family taste of spinning from the brain in the sanctum of the closet." She was persuaded of the truth of old Earl James's dogma, that "as every man has felt, thought, invented, or observed, a little of that genius which we receive from nature, or a little of that experience which we buy in our walk through life, if bequeathed to the community, would ultimately become a collection to do honour to the family where such records are preserved." No papers on earth could have had to her a tithe of the interest implied in the papers of the family in the honour and prosperity of which she was "built up." Her "serene, placid, and contented old age" was not rendered melancholy by pondering on the days that were no more. Lady Anne cherished a bright conviction of lasting re-union with the family she had loved so well. Thus dwelling on old stories, and

surrounded in fancy by dear old faces in the dear old home, death, not unwelcome, found her.

Lady Anne Barnard died in 1825, in the house in Berkeley Square so long occupied by Lady Anne and Lady Margaret, and shortly after the death of her brother, Earl Alexander, at Haigh Hall, Lancashire. Lady Anne's brother, Charles, Bishop of Kildare, and her sister, Elizabeth, Countess of Hardwicke,* with the longevity of not a few of their predecessors, survived—the last of Lady Anne's generation—till far down in the present century.

In her prose composition Lady Anne's style reaches that degree of excellence when one ceases to think of style. It is always natural and graphic. As a family biographer, while she is sensible, candid, tender, and witty, she is not quite free from the usual faults of family biographers, verbiage and partiality. But, unquestionably, as her recollections were written for the family circle, they are entitled

* Said to have been the last survivor of the children painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds

to more allowance on these points. The inequality of style, which she herself detected, peeps out, and the expression of her thoughts is more apt to be rambling and disjointed than when they were laid before the reader with the vivid simplicity and humour of her Cape Journal.

"Auld Robin Gray" was one of those happy hits of genius, by which at a stroke, almost without trouble and in unconsciousness, a result is produced which no amount of labour could add to or improve. Wherever Scotchmen dwell, wherever the Scotch language is understood, even by those who are not Scotch by birth and belongings, "Auld Robin Gray" is prized as being what Sir Walter Scott called it, "a real pastoral, which is worth all the dialogues Corydon and Phillis have had together from the days of Theocrites downwards." Versions of "Auld Robin Gray" are almost as numerous and various as its admirers, but Sir Walter Scott and Lord Lindsay have preserved the original. Modern taste frequently omits the first

verse, fitting introduction to the story though it is :—

" When the sheep are in the fauld, when the kye's a' at hame,
And a' the weary warld to rest are gane,
The woes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
Unkent by my gudeman, wha sleeps sound by me "

With regard to the incident—"To mak the crown a pound," Lady Anne informed Sir Walter Scott that the old Laird of Dalzell gave her a lawyer's advice, the antiquarian acumen of which delighted her. "My dear," he said to her in *tête-à-tête*, "the next time you sing that song alter the line about the crown and the pound; and when you have said that 'saving a crown' Jamie 'had naething else beside,' be sure that you add 'to mak it twenty marks my Jamie gaed to sea,'—for a Scotch pund, my dear, is but twenty pence, and Jamie wasna siccan a gowk as to leave Jeanie and gang to sea to lessen his gear. 'Twas that sentence," he whispered, "telled me the song was written by some bonnie lassie that didna ken the nature o' the Scotch money as well as

an auld writer in the town o' Edinbro' would hae done."

Sir Walter's commentary on the advice is equally good. "I think Dalzell's criticism rather hypercritical, but very characteristic. . . . A crown, I would say, is no denomination of Scotch money, and therefore the pound to which it is to be augmented is not a Scotch pound. If it were objected to my exposition that it is unnatural that Jamie should speak of any other denomination of coin than the Scotch, I would produce you a dozen of old papers to prove that the coast of Fife in ancient times carried on a great trade with Holland and other countries, and of course French crowns and pounds sterling were current denominations among them. Moreover, he shows himself so ready to gang to sea, that, for aught I can tell, or Dalzell either (if he were alive), Jamie may have gone a trial voyage already, and speaks rather as a mariner than in the usual style of 'poor Scotland's gear.'"

In the line—

"His ship was a wrack—why didna Jamie dee?"

the name is commonly tampered with, and not, as Sir Walter Scott thought, to the improvement of the original. "I observe an alteration in 'Auld Robin' in an important passage," he remonstrated, referring to the copy which Lady Anne herself had sent him.

"'His ship was a wrack—why didna Jeanie dee?'

I have usually heard or read it 'Why didna Jamie dee?' I am not quite sure whether in their mutual distress the wish that Jamie had not survived, beloved as he was, is not more deeply pathetic than that which she utters for her own death. Besides, Jamie's death is immediately connected with the shipwreck, and her own more remotely so."

"Your query," replied Lady Anne, "is a very natural one. When I wrote it first it was 'Why didna Jamie dee?' Would he not have been happier dead than seeing my wretchedness and feeling his own? But the pens of others have changed this to their own fancy. . . . I feel the justness of your criticism, and from the first meant it to be as you recommend it."

The wistfulness of "auld Robin's" petition,

"Jeanie, for their sakes, will ye *no* marry me?"

is decidedly marred by the ordinary omission, small as it is, of the "no."

The two verses which contain the woefully summed-up tragedy have sustained transformation and mutilation:

"My father urged me sair—my mother didna speak,
But she looket in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him my hand—my heart was *in* [not *at*] the sea—
And so Robin Gray he was gudeman to me

"I hadna been his wife a week but only four,"

"When" (not "sitting so mournfully at a neighbour's door,") but

"mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist, for I couldna think it he,
Till he said, 'I'm come hame, love, to mairy thee'"

Whoever has seen the primitive seat, common in the locality of the song, will witness to the superiority of the first version.

The next verse has suffered much; it is generally rendered—

"Oh, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say,
We took but ae kiss and tore oursel's away;

I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee,
And auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me."

Lady Anne wrote it with more telling touches :—

" Oh ! sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say o' a',
I *gi'ed him ae kiss* and *bade* him gang awa' ;
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee,
For tho' my heart is broken, I'm young, woe's me ! "

There can be no doubt that the song ends fitly with the verse—

" I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin,
I darena think on Jamie, for that would be a sin ;
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For oh ! Robin Gray he is kind to me."

Though it may sound paradoxical, the completeness of the song as a work of art lies not only in the fatal chain of circumstances to which the innocent lovers are victims, but in their faithful submission to inevitable misfortune, and the struggle after duty, which is sure to be triumphant in the end, though it be a thorn-crowned triumph. Jamie consents to relinquish Jeanie, and Jeanie resolves to be a good wife to the husband who is good to her.

According to such a true and noble conclusion of the whole matter, Auld Robin Gray is an innocent victim like the others in the common calamity which has befallen them. There is no escape from it save by each sufferer trying like Jeanie to do his or her best. With that key the lock of their prison-house of circumstances is opened, and the riddle of their hapless destiny in a measure solved. The whisper is heard that "our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh out for us a far more exceeding, even an eternal weight of glory."

It was a grievous blunder to write a second part to "Auld Robin Gray." Lady Anne herself suspected it. It was a more grievous blunder still, as detracting from the perfect innocence of the victims, to make auld Robin the treacherous villain of the tragedy. Had the second part of "Auld Robin Gray" become popular, the world would have owed no thanks to the Laird of Dalzell for putting the idea into Lady Anne's head. It was his angry exclamation on listening to the first part of the song:

"Oh! the villain! Oh! the auld rascal! I ken wha stealt the poor cow—it was auld Robin Gray himsel'!"—which tempted her to murder her own creation by criminating Jeanie's kindly gudeman. But the world was right in never greatly favouring the second part of "Auld Robin Gray," either in part or as a whole.

If one can at all forgive the blunder of a second part, it has verses not unworthy of the author of "Auld Robin Gray." The first three verses have beauty of their own, and so have the lines which detail the theft of the cow, and the concluding verses.

"I cared not for Crummie, I thought but o' thee—
I thought it was Crummie stood 'twixt you and me."

"How truth soon or late comes to open daylight!
For Jamie cam' back, and your cheek it grew white—
White, white grew your cheek, but aye true unto me—
Ay, Jeanie! I'm thankfu', I'm thankfu' to dee."

"The first days were dowie while time slipt awa',
But saddest and sairest to Jeanie o' a'
Was thinkin' she couldna be honest and right,
Wi' tears in her e'e while her heart was sae light."

One hears no more of the second or third

version of this sequel, which was "from Jeanie's own lips," and which Lady Anne mentioned to Sir Walter Scott; but there is a comical French version of the original song by Florian, printed in the "Lives of the Lindsays." It begins,—

"Quand les moutons sont dans la bergerie,
Que le sommeil aux humains est si doux,
Je pleure, hélas! les chagrins de ma vie,
Et près de moi dort mon bon vieux époux"

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

When the sheep are in the fauld, when the kye's a' at hame,
And a' the weary warld to rest are gane,
The woes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
Unkent by my gudeman, wha sleeps sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride,
But saving a crown he had naething else beside;
To mak the crown a pound my Jamie gaed to sea,
And the crown and the pound—they were baith for me

He hadna been gane a twelvemonth and a day
When my father brake his arm, and the cow was stown away;
My mother she fell sick—my Jamie was at sea—
And Auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.

My father couldna work, my mother couldna spin,
I toiled day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and, wi' tears in his e'e,
Said, "Jeanie, for their sakes, will ye no marry me?"

My heart it said na, and I looked for Jamie back,
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack;
His ship was a wrack—why didna Jamie dee?
Or why am I spared to cry, Woe is me?

My father urged me sair—my mother didna speak,
But she looket in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him my hand—my heart was in the sea—
And so Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife a week but only four,
When, mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist, for I couldna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame, love, to marry thee."

Oh! sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say o' a',
I gi'ed him ae kiss and bade him gang awa'.
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee,
For tho' my heart is broken, I'm young, woe's me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin,
I darena think on Jamie, for that would be a sin;
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For oh! Robin Gray he is kind to me.

SECOND PART

The winter was come, 'twas simmer nae mair,
And, trembling, the leaves were fleeing thro' the air;
"Oh, winter," says Jeanie, "we kindly agree,
For the sun he looks wae when he shines upon me."

Nae longer she mourned, her tears were a' spent,
Despair it was come, and she thought it content—
She thought it content, but her cheek it grew pale,
And she bent like a lily broke down by the gale.

Her father and mother observed her decay;
"What ails ye, my bairn?" they ofttimes would say;
"Ye turn round your wheel, but you come little speed,
For feeble's your hand and silly's your thread."

She smiled when she heard them, to banish their fear,
But wae looks the smile that is seen through a tear,
And bitter's the tear that is forced by a love
Which honour and virtue can never approve

Her father was vexed and her mother was wae,
But pensive and silent was auld Robin Gray;
He wandered his lane, and his face it grew lean,
Like the side of a brae where the torrent has been

Nae questions he spiered her concerning her health,
He looked at her often, but aye 'twas by stealth;
When his heart it grew grit, and often he feigned
To gang to the door to see if it rained.

He took to his bed—nae physic he sought,
But ordered his friends all around to be brought;
While Jeanie supported his head in its place,
Her tears trickled down and fell on his face.

"Oh, greet nae mair, Jeanie," said he wi' a groan,
"I'm no worth your sorrow—the truth maun be known;
Send round for your neighbours, my hour it draws near,
And I've that to tell that it's fit a' should hear

"I've wrong'd her," he said, "but I kent it ower late,
I've wronged her, and sorrow is speeding my date;
But a' for the best, since my death will soon free
A faithfu' young heart that was ill matched wi' me.

"I lo'ed and I courted her mony a day,
The auld folks were for me, but still she said nay;
I kentna o' Jamie, nor yet of her vow,
In mercy forgive me—'twas I stole the cow.

"I cared not for Crummie, I thought but o' thee—
I thought it was Crummie stood 'twixt you and me;
While she fed your parents, oh, did you not say
You never would marry wi' auld Robin Gray?

"But sickness at hame and want at the door—
You gied me your hand, while your heart it was sore;
I saw it was sore, why took I her hand?
Oh, that was a deed to my shame o'er the land!

"How truth soon or late comes to open daylight!
For Jamie cam' back and your cheek it grew white—
White, white grew your cheek, but aye true unto me—
Ay, Jeanie, I'm thankfu'—I'm thankfu' to dee.

"Is Jamie come here yet?" and Jamie they saw—
"I've injured you sair, lad, so leave me you may a';
Be kind to my Jeanie, and soon may it be;
Waste nae time, my dauties, in mourning for me."

They kissed his cauld hands, and a smile o'er his face
Seemed hopefu' of being accepted by grace;
"Oh, doubtna," said Jamie, "forgi'en he will be—
Wha wouldna be tempted, my love, to win thee?"

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The first days were dowie while time slipt awa',
But saddest and sairest to Jeanie o' a'
Was thinkin' she couldna be honest and right,
Wi' tears in her e'e while her heart was sae light

But nae guile had she, and her sorrow away,
The wife of her Jamie the tear couldna stay;
A bonnie wee bairn—the auld folks by the fire—
Oh, now she has a' that her heart can desire.

LE VIEUX ROBIN GRAY.

Quand les moutons sont dans la bergerie,
Que le sommeil aux humains est si doux,
Je pleure, hélas ! les chagrins de ma vie,
Et près de moi dort mon bon vieux époux.

Jame m'aimait,—pour prix de sa constance
Il eut mon cœur ; mais Jame n'avait rien ;
Il s'embarqua dans la seule espérance
A tant d'amour de joindre un peu de bien.

Après un an notre vache est volée—
Le bras cassé mon père rentre un jour—
Ma mère était malade et désolée,
Et Robin Gray vint me faire la cour.

Le pain manquait dans ma pauvre retraite,
Robin nourrit mes parens malheureux.
La larme à l'œil, il me disait, " Jeannette,
Epouse moi du moins pour l'amour d'eux ! "

Je disais, " Non, pour Jame je respire ;"
Mais son vaisseau sur mer vint à périr ;
Et j'ai vécu—je vis encore pour dire,
" Malheur à moi de n'avoir pu mourir ! "

Mon père alors parla du mariage—
Sans en parler ma mère l'ordonna :

Mon pauvre cœur était mort du naufrage,
Ma main restait—mon père la donna

Un mois après, devant ma porte assise
Je revois Jame, et je crus m'abuser.
" C'est moi," dit-il, " pourquoi tant de surprise?
Ma chère amour, je reviens t'épouser!"

Ah! que de pleurs ensemble nous versâmes!
Un seul baiser, suivi d'un long soupir,
Fut notre adieu—tous deux nous répétâmes,
" Malheur à moi de n'avoir pu mourir!"

Je ne ris plus, j'écarte de mon âme
Le souvenir d'un amant si chéri;
Je veux tâcher d'être une bonne femme,
Le vieux Robin est un si bon mari.