

production, and, equally of course, my darling coaxed me into acquiescence.

"Look here, dear," she exclaimed very suddenly, "how oddly this paint has peeled off here in the corner! It looks as if there were another picture underneath."

I looked carelessly at first, then curiously.

"So it does," I replied, and taking the cloth from her hand, I carefully continued the process till about four square inches had been cleaned off, revealing part of a limb.

"My word!" I exclaimed, and Geneviève must have thought me mad, for catching up the picture, I hurried away with it to my studio, packed it up, tore out of the house, took a cab, and in half an hour's time was

excitedly watching the operations of the restorer to whom I had taken it.

To make a long story short, it turned out to be a Correggio which some Goth had covered with his own infamous daub. It was sent to Christie and Manson's and sold for £2,500.

Mr. Browne's triumph may easily be imagined, but he would not allow that the money belonged to him. "It was his dear girl's dowry," he said.

"So you see you have married an heiress, after all, you mean fortune-hunter!" cried Geneviève, with glad tears in her eyes.

"Yes, and therefore I shall paint no more 'pot-boilers!'" I exclaimed. I kept to this resolve, and next year I had a picture in the Academy.

R. M.

THE STORY OF "AULD ROBIN GRAY."

BY JAMES C. HADDEN, AUTHOR OF "THE NATIONAL MUSIC OF SCOTLAND," ETC.



THE Lindsays have for many generations been known for their literary inclinations. From Sir David Lyndsay of poetical celebrity, down to the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, so well known as an astronomer, the family has never been without a representative in the world of literature.

One of the most cultured of this ancient house was James Lindsay, fifth Earl of Balcarres, and father of Lady Anne Lindsay, the subject of our present sketch. He had himself written an elaborate history of the Lindsays, and enjoined upon his family that the record should be kept up through succeeding generations. Earl James had seen service both by sea and by land, but having, along with his father, taken a considerable share in the Jacobite uprising of 1715, he never gained promotion, and the estate was in consequence greatly impoverished. He ultimately severed his connection with the army, and at the time of the '45 rebellion he was leading a bachelor life at Balcarres.

The result of this life of inaction upon one who had been always more or less of an invalid might have been foretold; the old earl became ill, and was advised to try the restorative powers of the waters at Moffat. He went to Moffat, where he at length regained his health, while he at the same time lost his heart. The object of his love was Miss Dalrymple, a blooming beauty of twenty-three, young enough to be his daughter. Apart from the great disparity of age, the earl does not appear to have possessed such personal charms as would readily engage the sympathies of a lady who was both young and handsome, and so his proposal of marriage was firmly declined. The disappointment so affected the old warrior that he became seriously ill, and went so far as to make his will. Having no near relatives, he left the half of his fortune to the obdurate young lady who had dealt so unkindly with him. The earl did not die, however,

for Miss Dalrymple, hearing of his generous bequest, and being touched by his devotion, consented to become Countess of Balcarres. The union proved to be a happy one, and it was blessed with a family of eleven children, of whom Lady Anne was the eldest.

The countess proved herself to be an imperious mother, and it could not be said that any of her children were spoiled by being spared the rod. They were continually being shut up in dark closets, or compelled to go without food, according to the nature of their offences. Lady Anne seems to have been the hardest of all to punish; bread and water were to her no hardship, and close confinement did not check her high spirits. But the others bore their punishments less easily, and so one day a meeting was held, when it was unanimously resolved that they should all run away to the house of a friendly couple not many miles distant. The resolve was put into execution, but unhappily for the children they were arrested in their flight by Robin Gray, the old shepherd at Balcarres. The punishment for each was tincture of rhubarb, and Lady Anne, as the eldest of the delinquents, received the largest dose.

It was the memory of this incident which subsequently led to the adoption by Lady Anne of the name of Robin Gray for the principal character in her song. Like many of the popular ballads of Scotland, "Auld Robin Gray" was written to an old air, which was first associated with words of a coarse and vulgar nature. This melody, with its then accompanying words, was frequently sung in the castle by a female friend of the family, and it was in order to give it a more fitting setting that "Auld Robin Gray" was written. In a letter to Sir Walter Scott, Lady Anne gives the following account of the composition of the song:—"I longed to sing the air to different words, and to give to its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it. While attempting

to effect this in my closet, I called to my little sister, now Lady Hardwicke, who was the only person near me, 'I have been writing a ballad, my dear; I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes—I have already sent her Jamie to sea, and broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sick, and given her Auld Robin Gray for a lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow in the four lines, poor thing! Help me to one, I pray!' 'Steal the cow, sister Anne,' said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately *lifted* by me, and the ballad completed."

"Auld Robin Gray" soon became popular at Balcarras and throughout the shire, but Lady Anne never betrayed the secret of its authorship. Her reticence does not seem to have been caused by the mere wish to avoid publicity, but, as she herself says, was owing "to the dread of being suspected of writing anything, perceiving the shyness it created in those who could write nothing." The matter was not allowed to rest, however, for as the song gained in popularity its authorship was more and more sought to be discovered, and a reward of twenty guineas was at length offered to any one who would definitely settle the point. Even the learned Society of Antiquaries took up the subject, and their secretary was instructed to wait upon Lady Anne for information. The secretary had but little success, his cross-questioning meeting with a reply which left him as ignorant as before regarding the authorship of the song. "The ballad in question," said Lady Anne, "has, in my opinion, met with attention beyond its deserts. It set off with having a very fine tune set 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 of America, acted by Punch, and afterwards danced by dogs in the streets—but never more honoured than by the present investigation." Lady Anne subsequently explained to Sir Walter Scott, that had the secretary asked the question obligingly instead of trying to entrap the truth from her, she would have told him the fact distinctly but confidentially.

In compliment to her mother, Lady Anne many years later wrote a second part to "Auld Robin Gray." This continuation was of very inferior merit, and has been justly forgotten. Though the authoress carefully refrained from giving a copy of the second part to any one, her mother committed the verses to memory from Lady Anne's singing, and through her a copy of the song came into possession of Sir Walter Scott. The eminent novelist quoted one of the verses in the "Pirate," giving the name of Lady Anne Lindsay as the authoress. This was the first occasion on which the authorship of the song had been publicly announced, and it was this which prompted Lady Anne to furnish Scott with a detailed account of the composition. In her letter she thanks the author of "Waverley" for having "so distinguishedly noticed and

by his powerful authority assigned the long-contested ballad of 'Auld Robin Gray' to its real author."

Lady Anne had written other songs besides "Auld Robin Gray," but none of these were possessed of sufficient merit to bring them into popular favour. The famous ballad by which alone her memory has been perpetuated, was one of those happy strokes of genius which come but once in a lifetime. Not even Burns himself has produced its superior in simplicity and homely phrase. Almost every writer on Scottish poetry and song has awarded it a tribute of commendation. "The elegant and accomplished authoress," says Ritson, "has, in this beautiful production, to all that tenderness and simplicity for which the Scottish song has been so much celebrated, united a delicacy of expression which it never before attained." Sir Walter Scott characterises it as "a real pastoral, which is worth all the dialogues Corydon and Phillis have had together, from the days of Theocritus downwards." "It is perfect; a ballad so tender, so homely, so pathetic, so tragic, that criticism is disarmed, and falls down in worship before it."

"Auld Robin Gray" has not been left exactly as it came from the pen of the authoress. The first verse is frequently omitted—for what reason we are unable to say, for it is certainly a most fitting introduction to the story:—

"When the sheep are in the fauld, when the kyes 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."

But besides this, several alterations have been made throughout the song, some of which called forth the remonstrance of Sir Walter Scott.

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

is frequently marred by the omission of the word "no," and in the fifth stanza the name "Jeanie" has most unwarrantably been substituted for "Jamie." Many other alterations in the text of the song have at one time or other taken place; but a genuine copy will be found in "Songstresses of Scotland."

The tune to which "Auld Robin Gray" is now sung is not the one for which Lady Lindsay wrote her verses. The old air, while not wanting in a certain kind of rugged beauty, was inferior to the present highly popular melody. The latter was composed by the Rev. William Leeves, Rector of Wrington, in Somersetshire, and cannot therefore be claimed as a Scottish melody. The popularity of the ballad is doubtless due, in a great measure, to this very beautiful air.

Lady Anne Lindsay married Andrew Barnard, son of the Bishop of Limerick, and afterwards secretary to Lord Macartney, Governor of Cape Colony, and thus spent a considerable portion of her life far from the home of her ancestors. She died in 1825, at the family residence in Berkeley Square, London, leaving her fame to rest on the simple and touching ballad of "Auld Robin Gray."

