

LIFE,

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MEMOIRS, & PEDIGREE

OF

THOMAS HAMILTON DICKSON,

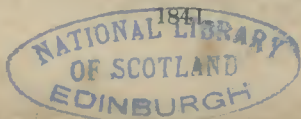
*Author of "A Collection of Poems and Songs," "The  
Porcupine," "The Historical Novel of the  
Village of Clamourtown," &c.*

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GLASGOW :

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

BY MUIR, GOWANS, & CO.



MEMORIAL & PROCEEDINGS

THOMAS MURPHY BROWN

MEMORIAL & PROCEEDINGS  
OF THE  
GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE  
STATE OF MISSISSIPPI  
IN THE YEAR 1852

CLASBON,  
PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR  
BY JOHN DOWD & CO.

# LIFE, MEMOIRS, AND PEDIGREE

OF

THOMAS HAMILTON DICKSON.

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THE subject of these memoirs was born in the village of Eddleston, and county of Peebles, on the 9th of March, in the year 1803, of respectable parents, whose temper and disposition seemed to have been soured by the vicissitudes of a life chequered by disappointment. Their pretensions were great, and if the contents of their purse had been as large, their son would have been one of the wealthiest men in the kingdom: descended from a family not the least amongst the Scottish aristocracy, alike fitted for the senate, the bar, the pulpit, or the field. They had been warriors prior to the days of Wallace, and had been endowed by nature with a gigantic frame, some of them having been known to be above seven feet, with strength proportionate to their heights, and seldom below six. At the celebrated battle of Chevy Chase, so decisive in its termination, it is said that one of my ancestors fell, and yielded life only when overpowered by numbers, and when he was lying on the ground mortally wounded, in the last throes of departing nature, he slew one of his antagonists who happened to come within his reach. At the celebrated

battle of Flodden Field, another of my ancestors was wounded, but not mortally. In fact, my predecessors filled every situation in the army, from the general down to the private soldier. My great grandfather, after being worn out by the fatigues of a military life, retired to his paternal possessions, which were situated in the vicinity of the far-famed Tweed, a river equal, if not superior, to any in Scotland. He devoted the few remaining years of his life to retirement and devotion; and from his mansion the houseless and destitute were never known to be turned away, without having their immediate wants supplied. He had nine daughters, and they were all married, and had large families, who intermarried with some of the most ancient and respectable families in the country. He died at the advanced age of eighty-two—a man not only great in body but in mind. His funeral was attended by the most wealthy and influential in the place, while great numbers of the poorer classes followed in the rear, mourning their loss, for he was a good man, and endeavoured to be serviceable to those who had not wherewithal to serve themselves.

My grandfather, when a youth, was gay and lively as the flowery month of May. It is related, while his father was at devotion he went to the carriage or cart house, which was situated in a hill above the dwelling house, and took off a coach wheel, and impelled it down the hill, the doors of the house being firmly secured at the time. As the wheel descended, every revolution added strength and fury to its

velocity, and struck the door like thunder, while the inmates were in a reclined position, and were quite unconscious of the danger. He married, while young, a lady of ancient family, whose name was Agnes Scott, by whom he had three sons and three daughters. My father was the youngest son. The other two, Thomas and Adam, were the oldest. Thomas died in the flower of youth. Adam was bred to the medical profession, in the University of Edinburgh, under Sir John Munro. He afterwards went to Jamaica, and was appointed Doctor to his Majesty's forces in that part of the world. He raised himself to great celebrity and wealth, but never returned home to his native country. My grandmother had two brothers in the Scots Greys—one was Colonel, and the other a Captain, who both fell at the ever-memorable battle of Fontenoy, heading that unconquered regiment to the charge. My grandfather was allowed to be one of the greatest wits of the part of the country to which he belonged. He was factor to the Earl of Tranquair and the Lord Justice Clerk. Besides which he had an estate of his own. Being one day at a sale of horses in the neighbourhood, the gentleman brought forward a mare, and recommended it to the public as an animal of the first-rate action. The gentleman asked my grandfather what he would give for the animal. "Give," said he, "I will give you a greyhound dog." After the battle of Prestonpans, when the dragoons fled from the scene of action, and were taking their flight in a south-west direction

through the county of Peebles, my grandfather raised his tenants, vassals, and dependants, to retard the progress of the Highlanders in their pursuit of the Royalists. It was said that the Earl of Tranquair raised men for the opposite purpose. After the rebels were defeated at Culloden, their chiefs were ordered to be sent to the Tower of London to take their trial for high treason. The above-mentioned nobleman was one of this number, and my grandfather interceded for him to the Lord Justice Clerk. When he called upon him for that purpose, his Lordship refused to give him audience on such an errand, and in the course of a few days he again called, when he still refused; and when he was a considerable distance on his way home, a footman belonging to his Lordship overtook him, and said, "Mr: Dickson, come back and speak to my Lord," and he accordingly returned along with him. When he was introduced to his Lordship, the latter expressed himself in a condescending manner, and said, "for your sake I will not send him." My grandmother died about this time.

My grandfather married a second time, a widow lady with a large family, and she did every thing she could think of for their advantage, and it is to be regretted that she succeeded too well, for the first family were left minus of every thing that he possessed. He was rather reduced in finances at the latter part of his life, in consequence of his second wife looking too much to her own family, and he died at the advanced age of eighty years.



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My father, in a fit of rage, seeing how things were, went off and enlisted in the King's Body Guards, where he soon rose to the rank of sergeant. This body were all picked men, and consisted of one hundred and twenty.—My father was six feet three inches in height, and was as handsome a man as any in the neighbourhood. This corps was broke by William Pitt, then prime minister, and replaced by lighter men and horses. This took place about the end of May, and as the weather was very sultry, he considered it would be better to walk in the night than in the day. As he entered one of the English towns in the morning, he came in contact with a recruiting sergeant, and a number of fifer and drummer boys; the sergeant desired him to show his discharge, which he would, in all probability, have destroyed, and then taken him up as a deserter. My father said, "most noble captain, you have risen too early this morning, and by mistake have put on the sergeant's coat instead of your own." From words they came to blows; but my father being a man of great physical powers, overcame him. During the struggle, the authorities received information of the affair, and dispatched officers, who seized him ere he was aware, and before the battle was terminated, who lodged him in jail, to his chagrin and remorse, not on account of what he did at the time, but rather in consequence of what happened afterwards. He was friendless, and a stranger in that part of the country—so he lived as hungry and solitary as a mouse in a church. After he had

een in confinement for a few days, a mechanic, who had the appearance of being a mason, entered his cell about the breakfast hour along with the turnkey, and gave him a clap on the shoulder. Says he, "I believe, Sir, you are a deserter." My father replied, "you may say what you please, but if you be so good as bring me pen, ink, and paper, I'll let the civic rulers of this town know whom they have in custody." The other simply said, "you may depend upon receiving what you wish to-morrow about this time, if it be in my power." He was as good as his word. My father wrote a letter to his Colonel, John William Keir, Marquis of Lothian, Colonel of King George the Third's Body Guards, and told him the awkward circumstance in which he was placed, and an answer was sent to the Magistrates in the course of a few days. My father was then liberated, and called before a meeting of the Council, and as he entered the door of the hall, he was saluted by some of the officials, who said, "Mr. Dickson, pull in a chair and sit down," and was received graciously, and treated to a glass of wine, and paid for the time he was in imprisonment, when my father made his bow and retired.

Before the corps was disembodied, the incidents that happened were numerous. There was an English troop, consisting of the same number of men as the Scotch, who were often at variance the one with the other, so much, that they sometimes came to blows. One of the English troopers sent a challenge that he



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would fight any two Scotch troopers. The challenge was accepted, and the day fixed, when the principal nobility, both English and Scotch, came to see the battle. The Scotchman was allowed to be superior to any in the troop in personal prowess: he was 6 feet  $5\frac{3}{4}$  inches on his stocking soles, and was proportionable in all other respects, and, withal, a very comely man, and mild in temper as a sleeping sea—but, like that sea, when roused by storms, none could oppose him with any degree of success. When the combatants entered the ground, the bully stripped himself to the skin. The Scotchman was void of science, and put himself to no trouble in preparing for the contest. When the ground was clear, and the signal given, the Englishman struck his antagonist a blow on the right shoulder. The Scotchman said, “hang him, let him come that way again!” and as he was coming a second time, the Scotchman held out one of his arms in order to parry off the blow, but the Englishman coming rather hastily in contact with it, he fell down to the ground, and could do no more, and when victory was proclaimed, by cheers, principally by the Scotch nobility, he took up the bully in his arms, and threw him about ten yards from him, to the astonishment of the nobility and spectators in general.

My father, when he was in the Life Guards, sometimes while guarding his Majesty King George the Third, struck knees with his sovereign, and he was apt to imagine that he was blood royal at the time.

A relation of mine, who was Colonel of the 42d Highlanders, commanded that gallant regiment at the celebrated battle of Alexandria in Egypt, and was wounded at the commencement of the engagement, and bled a whole day in his wounds. His brother officers wished him to retire to the rear, but he exclaimed, "never shall it be said that Dickson has skulked to the rear in order to save himself." Towards night he became so weak, by loss of blood, that he had to be supported on horseback. He returned home, and was raised to the rank of a General; but his mind was so affected by the wounds he received in the service of his country, that he was never after altogether compos mentis. He returned to Edinburgh, where he lived in retirement, except occasionally when he was visited by some old veteran. My father, being closely connected, visited him. When he was introduced to the general, he was received in an unceremonious and eccentric manner. I was then a child in my father's arms, and as he entered the door, he said, "who's this you have got, Walter?" My father replied, "my son, Tom." "Those Toms always turn out to be mad fellows." With that he took me in his arms, and paced the room with his drawn sword, for he never went without it, and said that I would be a grenadier yet, and then he flourished the sword round his head and mine, and at the same time exclaimed, "Let them come forward that dare to insult the name, the blood, of Dickson," while his eye gleamed with wild

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ferocity. While going up and down the room with me still in his arms, he hummed to himself the following couplet :—

“ O Tom ! O Tom ! what made you a sodger ?  
You might have staid at home and keepit things in order.”

While he marched round the room, with me in his arms, the footman entered and said, “ most noble and gallant Général, a gentleman below wishes to speak with you, if you are not engaged.” “ Go, sirrah, off immediately, and inform the gentleman that I am pre-engaged: he may call at any future period, this evening or to-morrow. Off, and give him the right-about-wheel.”

“ Well, Walter, you served in the Life Guards?” “ Yes, most gallant General, and they were as fine a body of men as you could clap an eye upon. Why, they were every one of them picked men, more especially the body guards, which was a troop consisting of one hundred and twenty, and to which I belonged. It is now broken by the celebrated Mr. Pitt, and changed into another form, composed of lighter men and horses.” “ O, what of that? there never was one of you engaged in battle. Appearance is nothing without reality. It is said you are feather-bed soldiers, and never were in battle in your lives.”\*

\* The Life Guards have since been at a battle, namely, the ever-memorable field of Waterloo, where they signalled themselves in one of the most effective and decisive charges ever known, and it is in a great measure attri-

“Most noble General, such a charge is void of truth, for there is not a regiment in the service could withstand them, because they were the heaviest, both men and horse.” “I don’t know about that,” said the General, “for you have done nothing anyhow. You are just summer soldiers, and look well while the sun shines; but in the face of a battle you can do little or nothing.” With that, my father began to whistle, “Scots wha hae wi’ Wallace bled!” and marched up and down the room, with his breast heaving with emotion, while his eye gleamed with unconquered courage. The General observing him in such a state of agitation, said, “O, Walter, I was only trying you, to see if your mind was as great as your body; and it gives me great pleasure to know that they are equally large.” My father bowed and retired. One day the General happened to meet the late Duke of York, who took the liberty of inquiring, “Dickson, what make’s your face so red?” “O, please your Royal Highness, the dye is not finished.”

I had two uncles. The one was a boatswain on board a man-of-war, and was in active service during the long-protracted war with France, and fought

When storms wild, in succession rise  
 Along the boundless deep—  
 While swelling seas and tearful skies  
 Mourn, and together weep.

buted to them the final victory, by which the Bourbon dynasty was restored to the throne of France.

He lived to come home, and I, at the time, had the pleasure of seeing him. He was a tall, powerful man, and was said to possess the strength of any two ordinary men. He had large black whiskers, equal in size to my own, if not superior. My other uncle was also a sailor, and was on board a small frigate, which was taken by the French, and all the crew were sent to prison, where it was thought he died, as he was never after heard of.

I had several relations of the name of Dickson. There were three generations, grandfather, father, and son, in the Ministry; the grandfather was well-known as the author of a popular commentary on the Psalms, a work in two volumes, an edition of which was published in Glasgow within the last few years. The father was, previous to his death, minister of the New North Church, commonly called Haddie's Hole, and was much beloved by his congregation. He regularly, once a year, visited the whole parish to which he belonged, and did not overlook a single individual, so far as he knew. He was a very plain, homely, unostentatious, and pious man, and none ever went to the grave more regretted than he was. The son has been for upwards of thirty years one of the ministers of the West Church Parish of St. Cuthberts, Edinburgh, and is a plain, good man—very much respected. He is noted for his great affability, and does not overlook the meanest of his flock. He possesses the manse adjoining the church, and has a numerous family. Although getting up in years, he is



still a hale, good-looking man, and possesses excellent health, which, I hope, may long continue.

His colleague, the celebrated Sir Henry Moncrieff, was a man of a very different character. He was haughty, proud, and aristocratic. If any one went to his noble mansion, for the purpose of getting married, or desiring baptism, the answer generally was, "O, I am much engaged at present, go to Mr. Dickson, you will be sure to find him in, and he will likely be at liberty;" but if any great person, rich in worldly possessions, went to him, the case was very different. Men and women servants then flew in every direction, ready to serve and obey. One of his oldest elders, a very decent, religious, and intelligent man, was one fine summer evening taking a quiet walk in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. At a lonely part of the road, which was very narrow, he met Sir Harry, and took off his hat for the purpose of saluting him, when the latter walked on, and took no notice of him. The elder was so confident that he could not but see him, that he called a meeting of the session, and charged him with disrespect, unbecoming the office which he occupied. The case was fully investigated, but his Reverence brought himself off by saying that he must have been in deep meditation, and on that account alone did not observe him. But it was thought at the time, that the case would have been very different had the complainant been a rich man. Sir Henry was a great Whig, and an

enthusiastic admirer of the celebrated Mr. Fox, and attended the anniversary meetings held in memory of that great statesman, till within a short period of his death. He was a dignified, reverend looking man, much resembling an English Bishop, and was perhaps the very last of the Scottish Clergy who wore a cocked hat, which well became him. Notwithstanding his peculiarities, he was much esteemed by his flock and all who knew him. He published one or two volumes of sermons, which are still much thought of. He died about 12 years ago, much regretted by his flock, and was succeeded by the Rev. Mr. Paul, whose father was predecessor to the Rev. Mr. Dickson.

There were several others of the Dickson family, who were bred to the law, and attained to some eminence in their profession.

My father was married about the beginning of the year 1802, to Agnes Hamilton, daughter of John Hamilton, farmer, near Bathgate. I was the first-fruit of their union, being born the 9th of March, 1803. I was the only child they ever had, with the exception of one who was still-born. My father came to the village of Balmore about the year 1806, and commenced working as a labourer. He continued in this way of life, going from one farm-house to another in the neighbourhood, living in a very retired and humble manner. His means being very limited, I was brought up in a very hardy way, and was sent to the parish school in the year 1809, where I continued till the year 1812. My mother died in the year 1810,

of inflammation in the bowels. She was a very strong, healthy, young woman; and by her death I was deprived of one of my natural guardians. At this period, young as I was, I felt the loss heavily, as I could perceive that she was a very frugal and industrious woman, and was doatingly fond of me, being her only child. I likewise from my birth had the misfortune of wanting the power of the right side, which has more or less continued to the present day; and I well remember being conscious that her love for me was doubly sincere on this account. A very singular circumstance happened in relation to this defect, which is well known and spoken of in the village and neighbourhood to the present day. I happened one day, while a youth, to pass a farmer's door, whose wife was standing at the threshold. She tauntingly and unfeelingly called after me, "cripple Dick," and some other opprobrious epithets. Soon after this she was brought to bed of a son, which resembled me in every particular of my defect. I have often thought that people should be extremely cautious in their observations upon the dispensations of Providence; and here was a remarkable instance of punishment for interfering with the high prerogative of Heaven.

I went to the parish school, which was situated in the village called Fluchter, being the most central hamlet in the parish, where I remained till I was about 13 years of age.

The hamlet has nothing remarkable. The school-master's residence is the only house of

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modern appearance and seeming dignity, which is generally the case with all houses where the occupiers are connected with church or state; the rest of the houses or cottages have the appearance of ages past and gone. There is a public library in the village, of which the minister is president, and the school-master librarian; but there are few, if any, readers, the people having a better idea of fur draining than literature or the fine arts. It is a fact that man, in many instances, is a passive creature; he eats, he drinks, labours, sleeps, and propagates his species, and seems, for the most part, to regard nothing else.

There are three singular characters in the village. One is a weaver, who was preses to four societies in one year, namely, the Librarian Society; the Society for Watching the Dead; the Farmer's Humane Society; and the Labourer's Society. Thus the local honours were heaped upon his noble head. Another was an Auctioneer, a Grocer, and a Tailor, all within the same time—so if man cannot live by the way as he journeys through life, it is not for deficiency of trades. The last of the three was engaged in the ever-memorable battle of Trafalgar, and is healthy and strong at the present day.

The village of Balmore lies about a mile to the south-east of the above-mentioned little hamlet, and there is no direct high-way to it, and people often go round about seeking the nearest. There is, however, a foot-path through fields, hills, and vallies. There is a

rivulet skirts the foot-path a considerable part of the way, and passes the farm-house of Temple. I know of three or four farms of the same name, within a few miles of each other, which are said to have been left by pious persons for the good of the Church, and hence their name. The farm of Temple, through which is the public foot-path, is in the estate of Glenorchard, a little distance from the mansion house, which stands to the south-east, situated in a vale or glen, rather upon rising ground, and is secluded and retired. The house is modern and commodious. The proprietor, Robert Gray, Esq., Justice of Peace, is an upright and benevolent gentleman. During the successive depressions of trade, most of the weavers in the village of Balmore were destitute of employment. He always supplied them with work when they could find it nowhere else. They are a very industrious class of men, with a very few solitary exceptions; for they have a proverb in the place, "for if ye dinna look to yourself, wha'll do it," which is equivalent to the English proverb, that "prosperity gains friends, and adversity tries them."

Several of the weavers are remarkable for industry. One, in particular, whose movement is like the wheels of a railway carriage, goes on without any interruption, so much, that he has impaired his health by hard labour and too constant confinement. His powers of digestion are materially deranged, which is caused principally by exertion and sedentary employ-



ment. He has a number of sprightly daughters,

Who have a blith laughing eye,  
 More fair than the summer sky,  
 When not a cloud intervenes,  
 But all with enchantment gleams.

I sometimes call at the house to relax the nerves of my mental and physical body, and pass the time with laughing, winking, and such like frivolity which youth, madness, and love so abundantly possess, and lavishly dispose of, and ask no returns beyond your own pleasure. They have a great many gallants, and are therefore more of the coquet on that account, for it is always the case that the girls who have a great many lovers are more waggish and deceptive than girls that have few or none. Their little heart is generally fortified by loquacity, light and trifling, and often without meaning. It often becomes disgusting. The world is a picture, having two representations on both sides. The one is a landscape variegated with flowers and fruit trees, in luxurious abundance—with rivers and rivulets of the purest water, winding and meandering along a fruitful and delightful landscape. The other side is a representation dark and gloomy as when night's sable mantle is spread from horizon to horizon. Storms howl along its dreary waste, where not a vestige of vegetation exists, to beguile the load of care which depresses humanity,

While oceans heave on high,  
 And mingle with the mournful sky.

The young and inconsiderate always behold the fair side of the picture, while those advanced in age and consideration always behold the dismal scenes on the opposite side, and it makes an impression upon their disposition and visage, until many of them become insane, and commit suicide, and are glad to get clear of existence. While, on the other hand, the light-headed and inconsiderate treat every thing in a frivolous manner; therefore their spirits are light, their cheeks are blooming, and their breast happy.

After I left the school, I wandered about from one farm-house to another, because I was destitute of both friends and money: sometimes acting in the capacity of stable-boy and cow-herd. On some occasions, on account of the hardness of the work, and bad usage, without giving any notice, I went away. I herded often upon a delightful vale called Balmore Haugh, which, in extent, is from 200 to 300 acres, and is bounded by the river Kelvin on the south, and the garden and policies of the Mansion-house of Cadder, belonging to Archibald Stirling, Esq., of Keir, Kenmure, Cadder, &c. It is bounded on the north by the public road that leads to Kirkintilloch, Milngavie, Campsie, &c., and upon the west, in the distance, is seen the Mansion-house of Killermont, and upon the north-east is seen the celebrated hills called Campsie Fells. The soil of the vale is very prolific, and capable of producing any sort of crop, but apt to be overflowed with water. While I

was attending the cows, I used to bathe, and became an expert swimmer, so that few or none could compete with me. When I grew up to near manhood, I generally went from house to house, and rose in the morning at four or five o'clock, and thrashed grain till breakfast-time. I remember of coming once to a house to ask permission to remain for the night, and the master would not allow me to lie in the barn for the night. It is worthy of notice, that on that very night the barn was burned, along with all that it contained, to the ground, and I providentially escaped.

One house, in particular, I made my headquarters, and generally stopped there on the Saturday and Sunday evenings. The landlord was a good, honest, even-down countryman, and was kind and indulgent to every person, and lived respected, and died justly regretted by all who knew him. He had six sons. The oldest was an ingenious mechanic, and could put his hand to anything. The second was destitute of these attainments, but was a very good farmer. The third was like too many in this world, who attempt to make an appearance different from what they really are. The fourth was a remarkably hard working man, and celebrated for game and bottom, as the pugilist would term it. The fifth was a strapping youth, likely to a woman's eye, and seemed always cheerful and happy. The sixth, and youngest, a promising youth, had nearly completed his time as a civil engineer, when he was cut off prematurely. There were three

daughters, who are still unmarried, and seem likely to continue so. They appear by their manner to be indifferent about matrimony, and seem to think they are better as they are. Not only them, but the whole neighbourhood, are remarkable for a state of single blessedness, which is, perhaps, the easiest state in an age so remarkable for self-interest, when every one cares not who lives or who dies, so be it they are living and happy themselves.

On one occasion a circumstance happened in the family, in the following manner:—It being harvest time, and while they were busily employed reaping, they had cut their hands; and in consequence, a report had spread in the neighbourhood that such had taken place. I happened to mention it to one of these dependants who stop at nothing for their own personal aggrandisement. This individual went and told that I was the original propagator of the report, which I was not, and received some trifling recompense for his supposed service. Likely it would not be much, for the peasantry of the North can hold as well as the people of the opposite direction can pull. Even the Clergy are remarkable for receiving the filthy lucre of this world, but not for putting it out, however destitute the wretch that implores assistance or relief.

One morning, about 5 o'clock, as I was lying sleeping in one of their out-houses, connected with a cottage of which they were proprietors, and there being only a division between the stable and the premises, which communicated

by a door technically called a heck door, the daughter of the house opened the door, when all at once entered four clod-polls with pitchers of water, wild with madness and frolic,—but if it was fun, it was at my expense, which only those in the lower regions could delight in. When they came to my bed, which was upon the ground, made up of straw and a few old sacks, and I was lying wanting my shirt, (for I always sleep without one,) they poured the whole contents about me, which was about fifteen gallons. I was more than astonished to know what it was, while they made their escape before I had time to recollect myself, for it is some time after we are awake before we know what we are about; and when I really was aware what had been done, what were the emotions of my breast! they were too acute for the feelings of an injured heart, while I exclaimed, has Heaven preserved me for a fate like this—to endure all, and take nothing amiss?

By Kelvin's verdant and flowery banks, oft have I roamed in the calm summer evening, when the sun was about to sink behind the far-famed Ben Lomond, so celebrated in history and song, to ponder upon the beauties of nature. The melodious thrush sang delightfully from the embowered woods of Cadder House, and seemed to impart a charm to the vale in the vicinity, while a rival repeated the notes still more loud and clear, from a wood some distance, known by three distinct names, Faulswood, Ebenezerwood, or the Black Plautain.



There is perhaps not in this world a scene so delightful as to walk by the side of a river, in a summer eve, when not a breeze disturbs the atmosphere, and the moon shines bright from an unclouded sky, while the evening star is seen in the extreme horizon, and seems to pour a flood of light and joy on objects below its smiling rays, while the moon holds forth her joyous journey along the vale, and cheers every flower with exquisite harmony and love, and the dew-drop suspended from the hawthorn blossom that decks the neighbouring woods contiguous to the margin of the river, or gently kiss the lily's breast, as the fond mother clasps her darling babe to her heart, where affections glow, kind and indulgent as pity's tears that are shed upon the head of the destitute and forlorn. The workers return to their night's repose, while the black-bird and mellow thrush prolong and chaunt their evening hymn to nature—not only nature, but the Architect of nature, by the side of the embankment of smooth - running Kelvin, while primroses, daisies, forget-me-not, and the queen of the meadow, grace with beauty, unrivalled by art, its verdant banks.

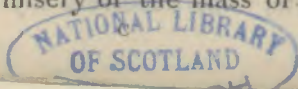
O love ! O love is like the skies  
 When robed with silver light ;  
 While jasper seas in splendour vies,  
 And bless the golden night.

O love ! O love is like the spring  
 When gentle breezes blow :

But, O never will pleasure bring  
To the sad victim's woe!

O love! O love is like a flower  
That decks the dewy mead,  
But soon the chilling blast sweeps o'er,  
And cause the heart to bleed.

It was on one of those nights when the queen of night's soft beams illuminated hill, vale, and mountain with a degree of splendour which words cannot comprehend, while the river itself seemed like a sheet of glass, or thousands of bright mirrors, I happened to be walking along the Kelvin, thinking upon my forlorn state, which is destitute of almost all the ordinary comforts of life, with one solitary exception, namely, health. The villagers consider me insane, or what they term daft, and should have no encouragement from them on that account, and they seem to think that this world should be inhabited by people that are wise, who endeavour to the utmost of their abilities to put in practice that thread-bare principle, "Haud awa' Hame," which is so much approved by men in every grade of society, and has been the chief cause of misery to thousands. When man lives in society to be selfish, and disregards every one's interest but his own, it deranges society, for society is like a machine. When one part is broken or disordered the other parts will not work, hence, I believe, is the chief cause of stagnation, depression, destitution, and misery of the mass of mankind,



for it was not man's original purpose to employ his time in this world like a mud-rake to pull all into him, and endeavour, to the utmost of his power, to gain, it matters not who are the losers. Society, or the base of society, is formed mutually: the one depends on the other. I believe all the evils proceed from our selfish nature, and a great many wish to be happy at the expense and misery of millions.

When I had just emerged into my teens, being healthy and of a warm temperament, lisp-ing love stole gently o'er my soul, while my heart heaved with emotions soft and tender as the evening zephyrs that gently wipes the tear from the flowerets fair, when the goddess of night gladdens up the vale with joy and delight, while rapture lends the magic wand to every object all around. Beauty then has charms doubly attractive to those that are of a contemplative disposition. I being rather of a reflective and retired habit, the more I pondered how to escape from the silver fetters of love, I found my fetters more rivetted and secure, and I languished in pain, if not in despair, without one of the dear creatures to set me at liberty. Wherever I turned my attention every pretty face made a deep impression upon me, and if they smiled, my bosom heaved with emotions that cannot be well described, and the blood rushed into my face. My countenance became cheerful, almost happy, and I was ready to exclaim, "O pity, pity, charming nymph, and wound the victim not again, with those eyes so full of darts, that penetrate my very heart—a

heart so sensitive, and full of emotions acute and tender."

Oft, then, they have laughed me to scorn, while their eyes assumed a repulsive indifference, if not contempt, whose looks seemed to imply that however fair the form without, the heart did not correspond, and therefore I thought it was a pity that such a fair creature, capable of charming and enslaving every man that came in her way, should have so cruel a heart as to glory in the torture she had inflicted, and it seemed to give her pleasure the more that I suffered by the cruel glances from her eyes.

Others would run off with a half-suffocated laugh, that was apt to direct one to where they had fled, while I exclaimed, O come sweet maid, and resume thy willing empire o'er the willing mind, or, whither hast thou gone, and left me here alone, to mourn thy absence? The sun may smile, and rivers flow, and flowerets deck the plain: from me ye've fled, and left me to complain. Is there in this world a heart that feels all the horrors of disappointment, which too often humanity cannot surmount with a degree of fortitude and strength necessary to bear up the drooping spirit of a chequered life? It is not materially necessary what is the object we have in view, however important or trifling—it is of no consequence, so be the mind wishes to gain and possess it, though often we are disappointed by the real or imaginary advantage gained by the possession of such an object. Such is the case with a fine woman; we anticipate more than it is

possible for man to realise. From this source flows the bitter stream of life.

I have had many sweet-hearts — at least sweet faces, and as for their hearts I know nothing about them, who all appeared to pay less or more attention towards me; but I found that I was to encounter a host of difficulties, which here it would be tedious to comment upon. I shall only mention a few examples, which I consider to be obstacles in the way of my happiness, such as parents who did not approve of me, and rivals—the parents because I was in rather destitute circumstances in life, and had not what was necessary to keep a woman comfortable, in their estimation, and seemed to have forgotten the old Scottish proverb, viz. “Marry for love and work for siller,” which is often neglected by the parents and guardians of the fair sex, for they often bestow their favour on those that have the most of the coveted things of this world; and thus often it is the case that the poor creature has not a heart to lose, or if she has, it is but seldom consulted, but disposed of without mercy to the best and highest bidder. The rivals generally took all the advantage of me, and even stormed the fair garrison of hope, and laid waste my fondest hopes.

Emma, my first love, was the youngest daughter of Gilbert Rosefield, who possessed in tack the farm of Rowantreefauld from a neighbouring gentleman. Emma was slender, and of a genteel form, with fine Asiatic eyes, and of a florid complexion. Her father had been



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blessed with a great many daughters, all of whom were remarkable for being frank and free, and for outside appearance could be excelled by none. They had, upon that account, a great many lovers, and there was not a place so famed around the country-side among the peasantry. Therefore it was not to be wondered that they had sweet-hearts in variety, among whom I was included, as being the most simple and insane, and was said to be somewhat slow in the movement. But when people are judges in their own cause, it is generally decided favourable to themselves. In the evenings the young men generally assembled in the smithy or nearest change-house, where they usually consulted if they were all agreeable to go and see the girls, and sometimes a night was settled before the meeting, when they would have a frolic among the fair maids in the neighbourhood, technically termed a *gell*, and old Rowantreefauld and his daughters were always the first to call at, and sometimes the old man was in bed, or by the fireside at his devotions. When we came there, we found other youths had the ladies pre-engaged, and therefore we were left minus, which enraged a number of our body. One night some of my companions stopped the vent of the chimney with a truss of straw, having previously secured all the doors of the house, so that none could escape, while our antagonists were sitting by the kitchen fire in the company of the girls, and the old mother was knitting stockings. They endured the smoke with a

degree of patience seldom surpassed by any in similar circumstances. I was told by one who was in the house at the time, that "the smoke was that thick, Dickson, at the time, that you might have cut it with a knife and fork, and ate it as you would a daud of beef." The old wife began to cough. Says she, "Lassocks, I find an unco youder, heigh, heigh, what's that o't?" "O, mither," replied all the daughters, "the lum is stappit, and the reek is a' coming down." The smoke had now reached old Gilbert, who was snugly ensconsed in bed. He gave a sneeze and a cough like a whale when taken from its natural element, to die unpitied on shore, while he exclaims, "what's that ye've burnin' on the fire, bodies. Heigh saf' us, it is a fleesome smeik!" Emma ran ben and told him that the lum was stappit. "O, faither, faither, the lum is stappit," and the old man cried out, "the vagabond loons! they are ower idle through the day, or else they wadna rin through a kintra after' it is mirk." With that he rises from bed, puts on his breeches, and his feet in his slippers, and moves as quickly as possible towards the door, while one of the daughters sitting at the fireside cried out, "O, faither, faither, ye'll no' won out, for the door is tied wi' a rape."

Upon my remonstrating with my companions on the impropriety of their conduct, (for if they had taken my advice they would not have stopped the vent nor secured the door,) they at length opened the door and took the straw

from the vent, and left the inmates at liberty to do what they chose, while we skulked in the yard amongst the stacks, and it was never known who was concerned in the proceedings of that night. I remember of running through the stack-yard, and got myself covered in a bed of greens, where I lay as flat as a flounder, quaking for fear I would be found out. While I was in this position a number of voices assailed my ears: "Hang them, whare are they? Confound their rotten sides. If we had them that stekit the door and stappit the lum, we would briz their heads till they were as saft as gelly." "O, but they'll no' be gotten," replied another voice. They ran down through the stack-yard, but they did not find me; and had they come through the greens, I was sure to have been taken. I never knew what became of my companions, how they made their escape.

Emma was the flower of that country-side, according to the opinion of the peasantry. She was cheerful, and treated every subject with a degree of levity that showed that her heart had not been wounded with previous sorrow, the canker-worm of all our joys. Much, in my opinion, have we to enjoy in this world, but much more to endure: sad experience tells me so. Never till this blessed hour have I been doomed to enjoy the girl of my fond affection. It is said that "the course of true love never runs smooth:" my poor heart knows the melancholy fact—doomed but to behold the object of its fond regard in the

possession of some more fortunate swain, while I stand alone, disregarded by friends or foes, who smile at my forlorn situation.

Emma had a great number of lovers, and, of course, it has been said that wealth makes wit waver. It was the case, for her mind wavered and was tossed as the little billow by the sporting and the merciless winds. At last a demon in human form laid siege to her fickle heart with deception's oily tongue, and ere she was aware, her treasure it was lost. Wealth of empires and of kingdoms her loss could not restore her health and treasure back again to its original possessor, and give that peace of mind to conscious innocence which a heart that is pure has always a face that never blushes with the blush of guilt, which vice and criminality, with all their guilt, cannot hide from the most careless observer. Pale were the cheeks that once could vie with the rose in beauty, when robed with heaven's brightest tear. Her form became emaciated; her eyes sank in her head with ghastly stare, and every look was full of horror and despair. One day I met her as she carelessly roamed along the flowery vale, and as I appeared in sight she shunned me as one would shun a serpent in the path, while I exclaimed, "O, Emma, shun me not—not for worlds would I harm you: may the wretch that harmed thee feel all the stinging horrors of an awakened conscience—may peace and hope forsake his cruel breast, and every comfort, till life's expiring term." She moved along regardless of my soothing

words, with wild irregular steps. At last she gave a shriek, and sunk pale and motionless to the earth, as one caught by the unerring hand of death all at once, and when I saw her fall, I hastened with all my speed—I raised her in my arms; pale as the fallen snow was her face, and bloodless were her hands: her pulse seemed not to beat. I laid her head on a bower of flowers, and ran with all the haste I could to a neighbouring brook, and brought a draught of its crystal contents to the fair one who was lying in a swoon, while I expressed myself thus—“O murdering sorrow, sheath thy sword again, and give not my fair one so much pain.” I took a little of the water, and rubbed her temples and her hands. She opened her eyes and faintly said, “Where am I now in this world, but to meet another woe, that in succession come as wave follows wave, and lash the friendless shore, amidst the horrors of the storm.” I gave her a drink, and conducted her home, while she leaned upon my shoulder the whole of the way. Her pale and lank visage would inform the most casual observer that the thorn of anxiety had penetrated deeply into her gentle and deserted bosom—deserted by the only object of its fond and tender regard. As we entered the house, she gave a sudden scream, wild as the lone seabird that shrieks along the mountain billows amidst the horrors of the mournful night, and was going to fall, when I grasped her round the waist, and supported her. Her mother said, “O, Emma, what’s the matter?” when



she only could express herself in half-broken sighs, while in her eyes gleamed the frantic ravages of despair, which words could not comprehend. Her chest heaved violently at every respiration, which showed the anguish of a wounded heart and soul. At length she said, with disconsolate voice, "No hope is left for me in this bleak world: my only hope is fled, ah, never to return. The man on whom my fond and artless heart too much doated, sighed—I believed him true: he gained my heart, then, like the ruthless spoiler that strews the beauteous boquet to the scorching rays of summer heat, regardless of its fragrant sweets, so did my faithless lover gain what he wished, for one momentary enjoyment left me miserable, alas, for life!"

I placed her in a chair, a little distance from the fire, while the whole family surrounded her. All appeared, by their looks, to be deeply concerned for her fate; and the feelings of her mother can be better appreciated than described. The whole family were bathed in tears at her forlorn situation.—The father, taking me aside, asked my opinion with regard to his daughter. I said her case was doubtful, if not dangerous. I told him, that, in my humble opinion, a medical man ought to be sent for: he said he would do as I advised. In about half an hour a messenger was dispatched to the nearest town or village for a physician. The messenger, accompanied by the Doctor, arrived within an hour and a half. He felt her pulse, and while her father and

mother, and the whole family, looked so wild and earnestly in the Doctor's face, her father asked his opinion with regard to his daughter. The Doctor shook his head, and gave one of those known looks which all Professionals attempt to perform, with a degree of prior excellence, superior to the plebeian race, whose looks are generally bewildered in an ignorant and stupid stare, that seems indifferent whether they look or not, and then when they do look, it is only when they cannot help it. The Surgeon, however, advised that she should immediately be put to bed, as being the most likely place for her ultimate recovery. He took a small phial from his pocket, and desired her mother to give her six drops in the evening, and she would likely fall into an agreeable sleep afterwards; after that she was to get six in the morning, and these would more than likely soothe and calm her harassed spirits. With that he departed, promising to call ere long, and wished her soon a happy recovery. Emma's father and myself conducted him a few miles on his road home. I inquired at him what was her disease. He said it was not in the body, but he believed it was in the mind, and passion was the occasion, and had agitated her whole system, which passion will do, however masculine or effeminate the form may be. When the mind is diseased, the body is not in good condition, and generally proves fatal to the latter. These passions become uncontrollable and arbitrary in their sway over the sensitive soul.

Emma gradually became worse, and at last terminated her existence surrounded by her parents and relations. The following epitaph I was anxious to place upon her grave-stone, but her father disapproved of it:—

Beneath this stone lies a beauteous form,  
That seldom is by sinful mortals worn.  
A villain sigh'd; and won, by seduction's art,  
The fond affections of a tender heart.

What more, a gen'rous soul will not express.  
She sigh'd—he smil'd, and left her in distress.  
Lo, insanity forlorn did succeed,  
And laid her low to mingle with the dead.

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SONG.

Come awa, my lassie, to Kelvin side,  
Where crystal streamlets smoothly glide;  
Then come, my lassie, for I lo'e you dear,  
I ha'e a heart that's aye sincere.

There the dew-drap decks the lily fair,  
Brighter than the tears o' despair,  
Where the gowan fine blooms on Kelvin side,  
And gentle as the flowing Clyde.

When summer mild strays o'er the flowery lea  
Cheery as thy sweet blinking e'e—  
Frae Cadder greenwood sings the mavis sweet,  
Where trees, flowers, and woodbines meet,

And form a happy bow'r o' fairy hue,  
Mair lovely than the falling dew.  
The sun is low, the silver moon is high,  
And gladsome is the evening sky.

THE END.