

AN
ACCOUNT
OF THE
MELANCHOLY DEATH
OF
SEVEN YOUNG MEN,

Who fell victims to their own Drunken
Resolutions, whereby they were all
Drowned, near Dumbarton, on a
Sabbath Excursion.



GLASGOW:
J. MURRAY, 47 GALLOWGATE.
1840.

ACCOUNT
OF THE
EVANGELICAL DEATH

OF
SIR JAMES CLARKE
AS HE LIES TO HIS OWN DEATH
IN SOLUTION, WHEREBY THEY WERE ALL
BROTHERS, NEAR DUNDEE, ON A
Sabbath Excursion.



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SABBATH PLEASURE PARTY.

THE following melancholy facts should never have gained publicity, to wound the feelings of the relatives of the unfortunate sufferers, had it not been from a sincere desire of doing good, and to show the fearful effects of evil company. Thomas Graham, one of the young men whose premature end we lament, was the son of respectable parents in this Town, and was shopman to a Clothier, enjoyed the confidence of his master and the love of all his acquaintances, attended the church regularly, and was in all respects a promising young man, and about the time to which this history refers, enjoyed the prospect of making an advantageous settlement in life. About this time a Club was instituted in a Publichouse, for drinking, smoking, talking of Politics, wasting their money and reviling religion. Of this Club, a young man of the name of Robert Thomson was the head, who possessed both wit, humour and talent, which would have done honour to a better cause. Thomas Graham happened occasionally to frequent the house where the Club was held. When Thomson, with the utmost civility, always plied Thomas with all the arguments in his power to induce him to

leave off his old-fashioned notions. Graham's mind was not fortified against his insinuations, and it is sufficient to say that he succeeded too well; a wonderful change was soon evident in his conduct, he would now join in the infidel laugh, he could now neglect his church, he first learned to omit, then to ridicule prayer, then curse, swear and drink. The alteration in his manner was too evident. His kind master expostulated with him on the foolishness of his conduct, his parents did often chide him, but both reproof and advice were wasted. At times conviction would flash upon his mind, but as soon as he visited the Club at night, he soon shook off all serious impressions; they met on the Saturday night previous to the fatal disaster, when all the party got drunk—while reeling in their cups Thomson, who as usual, was chairman, made a long harangue, and after descanting largely on the dulness of the Sabbath, when men were prohibited from lawful recreation, proposed that they should hire a boat on the morning and take a trip to Greenock, where he knew a publichouse where they would have the pleasure of dining with a few friends of their own sort. In the morning they assembled again, and after having a few glasses to wash away the debauch of the previous night

the boat was procured, and they proceeded on their excursion. As the boat left the shore the church bells summoned the people to the house of God. Graham listened, and his cheek flushed with something like shame at the thought of his conduct. Thomson perceived it, and immediately began to deride him. Thomas, said he, I see you have not entirely got quit of these qualms, I know that you are not divested of your psalm-singing notions, but to efface these foolish feelings, I will just sing you a stave of a merry song, so saying he applied a bottle of whisky which they had in the boat, and then proceeded with a coarse song. Graham declared that it was certainly foolish, but he could not be entirely easy, so many accidents happened on Sunday, it might be superstition, but he recollected the time that he looked on such accidents as so many judgments. Thomson immediately affirmed that he wanted no such methodist cant, that every Sunday in the year when the weather was fine, he had an aquatic excursion, and then pouring out a volley of oaths, declared that he was never drowned yet. Graham now began to be ashamed of his fear, and tried to be as thoughtless as his companions. It was a delightful morning, for the season and all around seemed to proclaim

the christian Sabbath, but their minds felt no relish for such elevated sentiments — what they should eat, what they should drink, and the merry companions they should enjoy the day with, absorbed all their thoughts. As they were now drawing near their destination, in a few minutes they reached the shore, they then hastened to the Inn, where their companions were assembled waiting their arrival. They were not only welcomed by them, but “mine host” waited on them, displaying all the urbanity he was master of. The dinner was ordered, which was prepared with all the haste possible, when it was over, a supply of drink of various kinds, with pipes, tobacco, &c. was called for, and now our gentlemen began to be merry, one laughed at the drones who were sitting pent up in a church, another praised Sunday as one of the best days of the week for amusement—the jest—the infidel laugh—and the obscene expression followed each other in rapid succession. Thus they passed the Sabbath until daylight was nearly gone, and the weather seemed rather threatening before they thought of departing. The Landlord who perceived their condition now tried to persuade them to stop all night, as he doubted the night would be stormy, and the night being so far

advanced, it would be impossible to reach home before dark. Thomson replied that they were warm enough within to resist a wetting, though ever so heavy, swore that any who were cowards might stay where they were, as for him he would be home if he should swim all the way. One of the company more cautious than the others, took the Landlord's advice, and in spite of the jeers of his more intrepid companions, resolved to stop where he was, the others were soon in the boat, and in spite of persuasion pushed off, little thinking that their end was so near. They hoisted their sail and the squall which had threatened long, now began to approach, the sky became gloomy and dark accompanied by a heavy gale, stupid from the effects of drink, they could not manage the boat, when it swamped and all perished.

These simple facts are told as they happened, and now with the melancholy fate of these unfortunate youths before us, let me impress on your minds to remember the Sabbath day, many an untimely death has been occasioned and could be distinctly traced to Sabbath abuse. God hath given us six days to follow our secular employment, and when he reserved one day for himself, he never intended it to be spent in folly or play, he hath

given it for our own good, for our improvement in virtue and piety; how singular it that man should choose to incur his Maker's frown, to gain the applause of a deceitful world. You may riot in vice for a while, and try to believe religion a lie, but the time will come when you will not be able to shroud yourself from conviction; evil company may represent religion dull, gloomy and deformed, but all who have tried it have declared its yoke to be easy and its burden light; and though many who walk in the ways of religion suffer affliction, the Lord is at hand that loves them. Should this little work meet the eye of any who have been blessed with a religious education, and who are in danger of having the good seed plucked away, let them beware of the first step to vice however small it may seem, and learn to resist the temptations of designing men. Thomas Graham was once all could be wished, and had he guarded against the company which proved so fatal, we should not have had the painful task of recording his premature death among those whose death we have also related.