

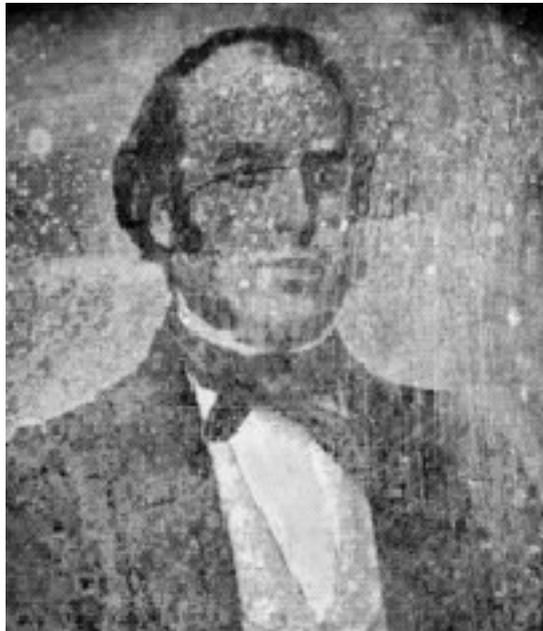
HISTORY & ANTIQUITIES
AYRSHIRE
& **NOTES** &
ARCHÆOLOGY • NATURAL~HISTORY

No. 29

Spring 2005

ISSN 1474-3531

£2.00



Adam Reid 1827-1857

Contributions for the Autumn 2005 issue of *Ayrshire Notes*, including information about the activities of Member Societies, should be sent before the end of July to Rob Close, 1 Craighrae Cottages, Drongan, Ayr KA6 7EN, tel. 01292 590273.

Local Societies may arrange production of additional copies of *Ayrshire Notes* for their members at cost price by prior arrangement with David McClure, 7 Park Circus, Ayr KA7 2DJ, tel. 01292 262248.

AYRSHIRE NOTES
is published in Ayr by
AYRSHIRE ARCHAEOLOGICAL & NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY
in association with
AYRSHIRE FEDERATION OF HISTORICAL SOCIETIES

AYRSHIRE NOTES 29, 2005, ISSN 1474–3531

The Story of Adam Reid © Janice Coutin 2005.

Further information about the AANHS (Ayrshire Archaeological & Natural History Society) and its publications will be found on the society's website: **www.aanhs.org.uk**

AANHS President	Stanley Sarsfield
AANHS Secretary	Mrs Sheena Andrew, 17 Bellrock Avenue, Prestwick KA9 1SQ. Tel. 01292 479077
AFHS Chairman	Stuart Wilson
AFHS Secretary	Pamela McIntyre, 5 Eglinton Terrace, Ayr KA7 1JJ. Tel. 01292 280080

Contents

The story of Adam Reid recounted through letters and diaries	4
Introduction	4
Chapter I: 1843 to 1847 – Ayr to London	5
Chapter II: 1848 – Jeanie leaves Ayr	22
Chapter III: 1851 - Jeanie’s death	27
Chapter IV: 1851 to 1852 - Sarah	31
Chapter V: 1853 to 1855 - Liverpool	36
Chapter V: 1856 - South Molton	37
Chapter VI: 1857 - Adam’s death	43
Epilogue	45
AANHS Publications	48

The story of Adam Reid recounted through letters and diaries

by Janice Coutin

Introduction

February 25th, 1845.. Alexander McWhinnie, my nephew died. Oh how uncertain death is. Young and old are both alike subject to be cut down. Death is no respecter of persons. Every death we hear of, every funeral we see, is just another warning, bidding us prepare. One day I must die and be laid in the silent tomb, at least my cold body will be laid there. Worms will feed upon it and in a few years this body now so healthy, vigorous and gay will be mouldering in the dust. The place and the friends that now know me, very soon shall know me no more for ever. Oh that I was wise and would consider more my latter end. Oh how blessed a thing it is to have Jesus for our friend in this changing world. He is the only friend who can support us at the hour of death. We may have many devoted friends here, but which of them can accompany us across the swelling billows of Jordan. Jesus only can do this. Jesus can make the dying bed feel soft as downy pillows are. None but Christ, None but Christ.

Adam Reid, my great-great-grandfather, wrote these words in his diary when he was seventeen. I had swiftly read them at around the same age when I discovered that my great aunt Nora, his granddaughter with whom I lived with my father, had kept it as well as a lot of other “old” family letters and paraphernalia. I could not be bothered at the time to read through them all but these words stuck in my mind and I often fantasised about meeting him.

Through a stroke of luck nothing was thrown away and even though I ended up living in France, they had been shipped out to me with furniture from my father’s house when he sold up to come and live with me in Strasbourg.

Then one sunny day in the summer of 2003 I decided to sit outside and have a look through them all. After having read some of the letters I realised that it would be such a pity if all these memories from the past just lay there in a trunk no doubt one day to be forgotten and probably thrown away, so I decided to type them out and even possibly make up a little book.

I decided to start with what I had covering Adam’s life (1827-1857) because, as well as his diary, I had a lot of letters from this period. I had not read everything beforehand so I discovered “the story” while I was typing them out.

The story turned out to be that of Adam, a young Scotsman who leaves his home town to find benefit as far as “worldly circumstances” were concerned as a bookseller first in Edinburgh, then in “the great city” of London and finally opening up his own shop in Liverpool.

It is also the love story between him and Jeanie, his first wife, who followed him to London, leaving her family and homeland behind to be with him. Of how Adam had to deal with her death – his narration of it so moving – and how he met Sarah, his second wife, my great-great-grandmother, and started a family before being struck down by consumption at the age of 31.

I had the delight of discovering Jeanie who, contrary to what I had thought beforehand having only glanced over her letters, was not just a fervent believer in the Lord, but also had a more hot-blooded side to her character. The times when “God is often to be forgot” can only incite one’s imagination. Her beautifully written letters not only describe her intimate feelings but also give us a glimpse of how life was in Ayr in those days.

Both Jeanie and Adam were devout followers of the Free Church of Scotland. They often speak of their religious beliefs and to some this might appear “old-fashioned”. However, we must take ourselves back to another era when life was much different - some might even find solace in what is said. In another one hundred and fifty years time, we will also be judged by what we have left behind.

Adam is an upright, hardworking young man albeit apparently a “boy among the lasses” in his youth. He is not devoid of a sense of humour, which can be seen for example when he starts to sign his letters to Sarah as her “Dear Old Man” instead of as the conventional “affectionate husband”.

As for Sarah, one can only guess her character from letters Adam wrote to her and a couple she hurriedly wrote to him while minding the bookshop on her own in Liverpool while Adam was away resting. She appears to be of a rather anxious disposition although active and with many friends. It is thanks to her that Jeanie’s letters did not get thrown away.

I have typed the letters and diaries as they are, not leaving anything out in case names or places might be of interest. I have added footnotes giving further information which I hope add to the understanding of the book as a whole.

Whenever I could not read a word I have put a question mark in brackets next to it. The only thing I have added is punctuation, especially to Jeanie’s letters, as it appears that in those days commas and full stops were not a priority!

I’ve dedicated the book to Jeanie because it is her letters and diary that make this book what it is.

Chapter I: 1843 to 1847 – Ayr to London

Adam Reid was born on 22 April 1827 in St. Quivox near Ayr in Scotland. His father, also called Adam, was a weaver who had married Helen Alexander on 25 August 1809. They had six children and Adam was the youngest, the baby of the family, born eleven years after his youngest elder brother.¹

In November 1845 Adam left Ayr to go and work in a bookshop in Edinburgh. Before leaving and unbeknownst to the people of Ayr, Adam had found his sweetheart. Her name was Jane Ingram, known as Jeanie. She was three years older than Adam, the daughter of William Ingram, a watchmaker, living in Newton on Ayr and his wife, Mary Allan. Jeanie and her three brothers were all born in Tarbolton.² I think Jeanie was a Sunday School teacher.

Adam's diary

Adam began his diary in 1843 and wrote this on the front page:

That in this book may be recorded many a sweet day's fellowship that I may have with Jesus. Many a foretaste of that happy land to which I hope I am going, is this day my earnest prayer.

The diary continues:

1843

*May 22nd Disruption of the Church of Scotland.*³

*May 29th Commenced as a bookseller with Mr Guthrie.*⁴

August First sat down at the Communion Table and became a Member of the Free Church of Scotland and I trust a member of the Church Invisible in Heaven.

Dec 11th Newton Free Church opened by Mr Stevenson⁵, Mr Thomson, Maybole and Mr Chalmers of Dailly. Collection £53

1844

Nov 11th Tarbolton Free Church opened by Mr Bannantyne, Mr Livingstone and Mr Main. Collection £33 or thereabouts.

1845

Jan 1st Spent the evening at Miss McCalls.

Feb. 28th (see first paragraph of the Introduction)

Feb 11th or thereabouts. Jeanie turned unwell.

April 25th or thereabouts On Sabbath went to see Jeanie at Auchenweat with Andrew.^{6 7} *Catrine Free Church opened by Dr Buchanan of Glasgow. Collection.*

Nov 11th Left Mr Guthrie's shop.

Nov 18th Left Ayr for Edinburgh and engaged with Grand & Taylor. Same day got lodging with Mrs Danskin for 3/6 a week

Dec 30th Gilbert McCrae got married.

Nov. 30th Ayr Free Church opened by Dr Candlish and Dr Brown. Collection £400.

Dec. 31st Wrote an essay to Jeanie on the past year.

1846

Jan. 1st 1846 Received a letter from Jeanie on same subject. Same day spent some time in thinking of the end of time. How soon my life must come to an end. Devoted myself anew to the service of my Saviour.

Jan. 4th Was very much affected with Mr Guthrie's sermon this afternoon. Text Genesis 2, 3 & 4.

March 28th Sabbath evening. Spent some time this Evening in meditating upon 13 Chap of Corinthians "Subject Charity". Oh what a blessed thing [it] is to be possessed of the Christian love here spoken of. Oh, my soul, endeavour to strive to get more of this love. Oh what avails over all other and are gifts without this. Though my faith was strong enough to remove mountains, yet if I have not charity it shall profit me nothing. Other Christian gifts must end with their life, there's no need for Faith in Heaven, there's no need for Hope in Heaven. Why? Because the saints have there obtained what they on earth hoped for. Love remains. There is nothing else but love in heaven. Love binds all the ransomed Saints together. There's no jealousy there, there's no hatred there. There's no strife there. Why,

because the law of heaven is love. We are told in the Bible that God is love. Every eye there beams with love, every heart there beats with love and every word there is spoken in tones .. (extracted from a sermon of Mr Guthrie).

Some pages are then torn out of the diary but there are Jeanie's letters which cover this period. Since Adam had left Ayr a correspondence had started up between them. Adam's letters to Jeanie were burnt as he had asked Jeanie to do so.

Letters from Jeanie to Adam

Seaview, 19th May 1846

My Dearest Adam,

You wish me to send you half a dozen closely written sheets this week on Christ's exaltation. Now Dear A. had Jeanie vanity enough to think that her head and pen would produce something which might enliven the remarks of her friend or even be in keeping with His glowing language, neither time nor pains would be grudged, provided she only could assist him in His arduous task. But as any remarks of hers at best could only tend to mar the beauty of the whole instead of adding to its merit, I think it needless for her to produce even one single sheet on so important a subject. It is not only an important but a very serious one. One which I trust the studying of will be blest unto your own soul. Study it prayerfully, my Dear Adam, a blessing will descend upon your own hand and may be the means under God of sending it home to the hearts of many who hear it. It will afford me much pleasure to aid you in this way during this and next week. Though weak and powerless my prayers are in themselves, yet through the all prevailing intercession of my Saviour Jesus Christ they may not be altogether ineffectual. Let our prayers be heartfelt and they shall not be forgotten by God. It is His delight to answer the prayers of His people. We loose much by not being more frequent and importunate at the throne of grace.

A rather strange fancy has taken possession of me this two weeks (viz) a love for reclusion. I really feel half enclined to congratulate you on your privileged solitude. It is good to be alone sometimes. Stern says "Solitude is the best nurse of wisdom". It strengthens the mind. Learns it to lean upon itself in retirement. We have time for reflection and self examination, a duty which we too often neglect and overlook and it is a pity that we should neglect it for it is a very profitable one. We would know ourselves a great deal better than we do would we devote a little more of our time to this important work.

I have been much alone during the last two weeks. I have been enabled to spend them so happily that my mind appears to have been directed into a different channel than usual. I never before fully realised the power of the words "Oh solitude how sweet thou art". A chain of circumstances however has caused me to praise more than I otherwise would the solitude I have been extolling. You know My Dearest it was just this season last year which looked so dark and gloomy as far as I was temporally concerned. Nothing before me but the prospect of bidding farewell to all earthly things, to friends dear and loved. But now what a difference in the full enjoyment of health and strength with the prospect of being spared yet a little longer in this vale of changes. Oh that I could improve my time as I ought when in health and strength. It is very profitable to glance back upon the past, to spend a little time alone in meditation. I dare say you have often found it so. But I must say no more just now on the pleasures of solitude and retirement lest I should inspire you with a love for

it, not only for a month or year but perhaps for life and thereby lift a stone to break my own head by depriving me of the company of your own dear self. Your company you know My Dear could be no encroachment upon my loved seclusion. It would only be solitude sweetened.

I am much obliged by your kind invitation to come and spend the Queen's birthday with you. Nothing would give me more pleasure. I am sure we would really spend a very happy day together could I only get the length of Edinburgh. I am very sorry that I cannot come yet to see you.

Andrew sends his kind love to you and desires me to tell you that he is kept so very busy with engraving just now that he need not ask to get away as it is quite impossible. He could be wanted even for two days. He is sitting beside me in the parlour while I am writing learning the accordion, it being his breakfast hour.

There is no fear of my managing to run off with any decent young gent as long as Andrew's here. He will scarcely let me speak to a young man in your absence. If Mr J. or any other was coming in at night he is quite displeased and always says he wonders what they want. Our people got good laughing at him last night. William said there was a young man coming up to see me tonight, he is a Mr McGleish who is with Mr Campbell, the clothier at present but is going to set up in business for himself this month. Had you seen Andrew how angry he was. He said he had no business to come here and told me to send down word to him not to come. I told him he need not be afraid, I would not run off with anyone but you although there was twenty young men in every night. He guards me like a policeman.

Now I am going down tonight to drink tea with Sally.⁸ I will give her your kind love. Aunt Lily came down with mother and returned again the same day with Mathew.⁹ She is a great deal better but still a little weak. She desired me to give her kind love. She was very sorry that you could not come up to see her when here. My dear friend Mrs Highet is very unwell this fortnight past. They are getting a little anxious about her. She is going to Auchenweeth with me on the first Saturday of June if we are spared.

You forgot the verse for Sabbath. Try and remember it upon Saturday.

I promised you a better letter this week but have failed again.

I must bid you adieu Dearest Adam,

Ever your affectionate Jeanie

Seaview, 2nd June

My Dearest Adam,

It is now my time to plead an excuse for writing this wee letter. And I am sure you will excuse me when I tell you that I have been busy this morning since 5 o'clock. Yesterday I was up at the same hour and will be up every day this week as early if spared. We will be cleaning all week so you see there is little time to spend in writing.

I dare say you will have got the Assembly over by this time. It appears to have been a very interesting one. We still get The Witness from the good folks down the street. It will be a long time I fear before you make up the sleep you lost in the common matter(?). I doubt you will not be able to rise at 5 o'clock for one fortnight. At least it is delightful to get up

early at present the weather is so beautiful. You should walk out in the morning it would be very healthful for you.

I hope you heard Mr Main upon Sabbath eve. He is an excellent person. I was up at the Prestwick Hall School on Sabbath eve. Mr Hugh Wood came in and addressed the children at the close. He also assisted father with the prayer meeting. He gave a very stirring address to the children. I could have listened for hours. I think him very pious. I felt very happy on Sabbath night when teaching. I wish I had a class again but our people will not permit me neither will the minister.

My dear Adam I am going to ask a favour. Will you be so good as post your next epistle on Friday afternoon so that I may have it in the evening as I intend leaving in the morning of Saturday with father for Auchenweat. I have still another favour to pray(?) for and it is this, that you will not feel disappointed although you should not hear from me so regularly during my stay in the country as you do at present as I will not have an opportunity of sending my letters to the post office. Perhaps you may not hear from me before this day fortnight. If an opportunity presents itself be assured I will avail myself of it.

I don't know whether Andrew will enclose a few lines with this or not. He said he would if he could find time but he is busy busy making up for the lost time last week.

I now close hoping to hear from you soon.

Ever your own, Jeanie

PS I hope you feel as happy in the shop as in your new lodgings. I saw you last night in my sleep reading to me in the parlour..

Do excuse this hurried scrawl.

Addressed to Mr Adam Reid, Mr James Lawson, Letter Carrier, 1 James Street, Edinburgh

Braehead, Kilmarnock, 30th June 1846

My Dearest Adam,

I promised you a long long letter this week. But I am exceedingly sorry that I will have to send off this shorter even than the last but I know you will excuse me when I tell you that I have no opportunity at present of writing a private letter. There are by far too many young gentlemen in the house where I at present reside for being boarded with my friend Mrs Wright. They are sadly anxious to know whom I am writing to so I must just hurry it over as quickly as possible.

But by this time I am sure you are wondering what wind has blown me to Kilmarnock. I came over here with my uncle upon Friday intending to return with him in the evening. But it came on an exceedingly wet night and my friend Mrs Wright, who is a cousin of father's, would on no account permit me to go home in case I should be the worse of it. So she has got me to keep ever since as it has been stormy every day since Friday.

I do not know whether you wrote to me on Friday or no. I rather think not as I charged Mathew if there was any letters to address them to me here. I expected none but the one from your own dear self and this is Tuesday afternoon and none has arrived. I am very anxious to know whether there is one at Auchenweat for me. I rather think I will have to wonder away until Friday so my friend says. She will not let me away till then. If it was not

too great a boon(?) for me to ask I would ask you to write me tomorrow in place of Friday as I doubt I have not patience to wait till then. I think Mathew surely would have posted it to me had he received one.

Bye the bye I must tell you how disturbed I was in my sleep last night. Well I met my dear A in some house, I cannot tell where for I thought I never had been in the house and I spoke to him but he would neither speak nor look at me. Easily you can imagine my feelings at that moment. I need not endeavour to describe them.

I now close at present but still promise to give you a long long one soon if spared.

I hope this will find you well as it leaves me and believe me ever yours only Jeanie

If you write address Mr James Wright, Gardener, Braehead, Kilmarnoch.

(Romans Chapt 5)

Do excuse this haste, Jeanie. Do write me as long a letter as your time will admit.

Seaview, 22nd July 1846

Tuesday morning

My Dearest Adam,

I hope ere this our united prayers have been heard and answered, that the Lord has graciously vouchsafed you all our requests. I trust you have been at his Table, that you have realised a close and sweet communion with him. That you had not nearly a glimpse but a bright and glorious view of the King in his beauty and the Land afar off. I hope your experience was that of the beloved disciple who leaned upon the bosom of Jesus in the upper chamber. If such was your privilege, oh did not your heart burn within you, my Dear Adam, at the condescension, the goodness of Your Lord. Well it might and how benefiting for you the song "What shall I render to the Lord for all his gifts to me. Bless the Lord, oh my souls, and all that go within me bless His holy name".

I had not the privilege of commemorating my dear Redeemer's death at his table upon Sabbath but it was a high day unto me. One of the happiest Sabbaths I have ever spent. Oh if such is the foretaste of heaven what must the reality be when these earthborn bodies of ours shall no longer cloy and withdraw the then glorified soul from God. How much I wished upon Sabbath eve that I could only be privileged to see God though only for a little. My heart was so full and I had no one to speak to, at least no one that I can feel open with. Oh it is a great blessing to have one you can tell all your heart too, one who has a fellow feeling with yours and can encourage you when difficulties assail. No such privilege is mine now since you have left. I still mourn and grieve over the loss I sustained in not being more open with you on this great and important subject when I was so often favoured with opportunities. But the want of an earthly friend makes me apply more frequently to the throne of grace, makes me search more earnestly after Jesus the best friend of sinners than I perhaps would do if I had an earthly friend always near. But it is a great comfort to me my dear friend to know that though deprived of your counsel you always remember me at the throne of grace. May the Lord grant you all your desires and bless you with every blessing in Christ Jesus.

I do not know whether I be the first or not to communicate the happy intelligence that our Church is now Free indeed. I dare say you will be aware that we had the pleasure

of the services of Mr Wood upon Sabbath when there was a collection for the liquidation of the debt upon the Church when the sum realised was upwards of thirty three pounds which sum cleared the debts and left in the treasures hand a balance of about nine pounds which I understand is to be appropriated to the new school. There is to be a meeting I think this week to get it set afoot. Mr Wood preached in the forenoon and evening and Mr McFarlane in the afternoon. The Church was crowded in every part. A number could not get in (in the evening I should have said). I saw Mrs Andrew and understood your mother was there too but I did not see her when the note was handed up to Mr Wood of the sum that was collected. He was quite overcome. The tears were observed running down his cheeks when he attempted to speak. His word was quite broken, he said. The morning sun would rise upon us a free congregation owing no man anything but to love one another and beseeched them to delay no longer but to raise an alter in every family, a temple in every house.

A rather strange circumstance happened upon Sabbath. You know I was telling you in my last that I had never seen Mr McLean. Well upon Sabbath forenoon as I was going to the Church and just a little bit past Robert Gray's¹⁰ a young man passed me. He was alone. I don't know what put it into my head but I thought that is McLean. William was before me when I made up to him and enquired if that was the Monkton's Free School teacher and he said it was. How do you think I came to know him? I never had any description of his appearance further than what you gave me. Really he is a pretty youth, it would be a great pity if he forgot himself. It's a wonder he has not captivated Miss J. Logan's heart more than he has done but perhaps she has observed a want in the beauty of the mind and in that case she is quite right to remain prone against his outward charms.

The two Misses Logans called the other day. Miss J. said she was all eyes looking for you when in Edinburgh. They were kindly enquiring for your Mss(Mastership?). I said Mr McLean was making kind enquiries also for me the other night and wished her to bring him in some evening but don't say this to him when you write.

Andrew was intending writing to you today but he went up to Auchenweat upon Saturday and has not yet returned. It wants a very little of post time so I cannot wait on him. You may expect a letter next week if he is spared. Andrew is neither offended nor yet has he forgot you. Dear A, he is as fond of you as ever but the truth is he is lazy, especially with writing. He gives William sore bothering about Glasgow. He says William is a very clever fellow. After all he served his apprenticeship in one week and it took him three weeks when he was in Glasgow.

The rest of our family are all well at present and those present meantime. Father and Mother desire to be remembered to you. Do you know I have never seen Mrs Ramsay since you were with me. She was on her way one day to see me but learned I was from home so she wrote me at Auchenweat. I had a long conversation with Mrs Highet of which you were the topic.

But my time and paper ends equally so I must refer to next time.

It was very serious you may be sure for Maggie cried nearly for half an hour.

Yours only Jeanie

Seaview 11th August 1846

5 o'clock Morning

My Dearest Adam,

It was just on this day twelve months I had the happiness to witness my Dear friend Mrs Highet united to her dear John.¹¹ And on this day last year when I left you for Glasgow. Many are the changes that have taken place since that, yet I have great reason for thankfulness, few of a painful nature has fallen to my lot except your removal to Edinburgh and my dear friend Jane Gibson's removal to the land of spirit and I trust what has been lost to me has been unspeakable gain to her. I think in a temporal point of view this may be said of your removal too.

I remember how unhappy I felt to leave Auld Ayr that morning not having seen you before I left. You had promised to come up either in the evening before or the morning I started but somehow or other fell through your appointment. You were always so punctual to your engagements before I could not divest myself of the thought that something was wrong that morning especially when I had the prospect of being absent for a considerable time. I need not expect Adam up to see me before I start this time or any other Young Gentleman. None but Maggie H. will come to bid me good bye. Another young gent by the bye I will miss this time when I start, for which I cannot feel too thankful that his services is not required, viz Doctor Crawford.¹² Will you believe me Dear Adam the doctor has never been in this house since that morning nor has never seen me in an official capacity during the whole of last year. Surely this says more for the state of my health than any words of mine. But I will speak to you about this when I have the unspeakable joy of seeing you; your ocular demonstration surely will be proof.

I now must speak plainly about my entended visit. Well I have at last received permission to visit my dearest friend for a few days. Meantime I entend if all is well and the weather favourable to leave this for Glasgow I think on Tuesday or Wednesday next where I shall remain for two or three days before proceeding to Edinburgh. You must not expect me to remain weeks. Be content with days. Most willing would I prolong my stay but you know the good folks will soon tire of me. Although they have kindly invited me frequently to come and see them, yet I really know little about them. Mrs Robertson I have never seen at all. I am expecting much happiness at the prospect of seeing you and spending some time with you. Perhaps I expect too much. I am so bound up in the creator that at a time like what I anticipate God is often to be forgot. Pray that this may not be the case but that our meeting may redeem to his glory and our good. That in place of being a drawback it may be the means of greatly accelerating our speed in our journey heavenward. Oh I do hope a blessing will flow from our meeting. We have not been privileged to meet personally for long and if your fears really are realised,¹³ which I sincerely hope will not, we may not have the opportunity of meeting again for a considerable time. What a pity if we should allow this opportunity to pass by unimproved.

We had a dreadful thunderstorm upon Saturday. It was one o'clock upon Sabbath morning before I was favoured with your letter, it being so late before our people got home. The shop being completely inundated with the heavy rain it took five of them, two men beside themselves, to carry out the water from the cellar which had got down the hatch.

Father said he was quite sure they had carried up beyond a hundred buckets full of water. They were in a sore plight. They could get nothing to keep it out. It came rolling down Sandgate like a mighty torrent gushing straight into the shop. Father, William and Andrew were obliged to come home after it subsided a little to get themselves changed. All their clothes were drenched from the shirt outwards. You may have a guess what it was like when I tell you in the confusion Andrew had cast his coat and laid it aside in the back shop out of sight so when he went to look for it he could not find it and they concluded it had been carried down with the water. I see by your last you have been visited with something similar. I hope it will be good weather when I come.

I must now close hoping to hear from you soon. If you have any injunctions to give me about my journey I will be happy to hear then. Meantime I beg you to excuse this scrawl as I have been very hurried, being busy this s... (?). We have had visitors for the last two weeks.

I have complied with your wish to burn the letters. I am sure did you know how grieved I was to do so you would not have asked me. Now it is my turn to make a special request and it is just the same as your own, viz to burn my two last for sure therein were double the nonsense in them than in yours. So I hope you will tell me in your next they too are counted to the flames of oblivion.

I am in perfect health.

Ever your own, Jeanie

Isaiah 25 – 8_9 verses

I have no time to read it over so do excuse the blunders. Yours Jeanie

[Glasgow] 1 Richmond Street, 14th October 1846

My Dearest Adam,

I duly received your note last night when I came in from drinking tea in one of our Glasgow counsellor's houses. I am glad that I have the prospect of seeing you so soon. I sincerely hope Friday or Saturday will be good days so that we may have our time as pleasantly occupied as circumstances will admit. I hope we will get a long walk together but the thought that it is to be the last¹⁴ will throw a shade around the otherwise unclouded sky. If the morning is good I will have much pleasure in meeting you at the railway, should nothing come in my way to prevent me, but on account of my having the charge at present sometimes I don't get my intentions carried out. So that if I don't come to the station you will know the reason and just come straight up to Richmond Street.

I had Provost McIndue of Bute with me on Monday night and had to entertain him the greater part of the evening myself. He slept all night in the house and left next morning for the North. I expect him back tonight again. Also the Rev. John Allan and his Lady. So you see I will have quantity to entertain the best way I can.

Glasgow people seem to sympathise with me in my loneliness in the absence of the family for I have been invited to tea for every evening this week and for the greater part of the next. Of course I will not get availing myself of them all although I was willing. Friday night will be a happy reprieve at any rate I hope. I don't see, my dear, how I can get down to Ayr with you as you know Mrs Black returns not until the end of next week. Sabbath is the

Sacraments and she wishes me to remain at all events until it is over. I would be so happy to have spent a few days with you before you left if it could have been judiciously accomplished. We will see when you come. I think it is likely you will see Mrs Black yourself as I expect her up from the Bridge of Allan tonight.¹⁵ She intends remaining a day or two.

Your devoted Jennie

Adam's diary

17th October to 5th November Nearly 3 weeks spent in Ayr previous to my going to London. Parents not very willing to let me go, especially my mother. However by the time I left Ayr I got them tolerably reconciled. I could not see any reason why I should not be in London as well as in Edinburgh, as safe there as here. It matters not where we go if God be with us, or it matter not where we be if God be not with us. If God be with me then I am safe anywhere and if God be not with me I am lost anywhere.

7th November Intended sailing this day but Mr Fraser being anxious I should stop a few days longer I resolved to do so.

21st November Sailed from Granton and arrived in London on the 23rd after a very rough but pleasant passage. I felt very sorry at leaving so many kind friends in Edinburgh. I have no doubt but this change will prove beneficial to me in worldly circumstances. If I have no reason to fear that my soul's well being will suffer therefrom. I am still under the protection of the same kind father who has guided me heretofore and I have God's promise for it that all things work together for good to those who love God.

25th November Got lodgings in a quiet Scotch family for which I was very thankful.

From Jeanie to Adam

Glasgow, 26th November 1846

My ever Dearest Adam,

It is with joy unbounded that I take up the pen this morning to address you. I received your welcome letter a few minutes ago and I hasten to reply. Oh how happy I was yesterday morning to learn that you had reached your destined haven in safety. I had considerable fears concerning you. The weather with us was so boisterous on Saturday night it blew a hurricane which created much uneasiness. Indeed I went to bed but not to sleep. Sleeping was out of the question when Adam was tossing upon the stormy billows. But thank God you are now safe. Oh how good the Lord is to me. Why so much ingratitude? Why so much rejoicing in the gifts and so little confidence and glorying in the giver? I am not the only one who feels happy at the safe arrival of my Adam. Everyone in No. 1 shares of the general joy, from the master to the servant all feel happy as well as me though of course to a less degree.

You and I appear to hold a very prominent place in the hearts of the good folks here. Many a time Agnes (that is the servant who remands(?)) asks for you. She appeared almost as happy yesterday morning when she brought up the letter to me as if it was from her own sweetheart. She asked me yesterday quite seriously the following question, "Miss Ingram, I am going to ask you something which I hope you will not take amiss. If you go to London next summer will you take me for a servant and I will keep myself free as there is no person I would so gladly engage with as with you. I have been thinking about asking you for some days past but never could muster sufficient courage." I could not help laughing at her. I told

her she need not keep herself free on my account as there was no saying when I would be in London, perhaps never. She looked very disappointed like when I said so.

Mr Black was in the room when I received your letter this morning and appeared quite delighted. I read him the bit concerning the cabman. He laughed heartily and said, "He is a noble fellow Jeanie lass. There is no fear of the cockneys getting the better of him. He acted nobly. Better indeed than I would have done." He said, "I am sure you will be wearying every day till you go to London". I told him I was dreaming about being there last night so he wished me to relate my dream to him, which I did. Many a blush he raises on my face, for everyone that comes in he begins and praises me up to them at such a rate. I am sure the people must think me a model of perfection, did not their own perceptive power disclose the truth.

I am glad dearest that you have the prospect of getting a situation with Mr Nisbet.¹⁶ I hope sincerely your anticipation may be realised. I daresay you will know by this time. I will be wearying until I hear from you again. Mr Black wishes much that you may get in [touch] with him. He is such an excellent person and takes such an interest in the spiritual affairs of the young. He will be of great service to you I hope whither you are engaged with him or not. I hope you will take good care of yourself or rather I should say, I hope you will at all times give yourself up to the Lord that he may take care of you, that he may guide, for of ourselves we can do nothing. Oh how soon would we fall if the Lord was not our keeper. I hope my Dear Adam when I come to London in reality (for I am often there in imagination) that I will have the joy of finding you stronger in the Lord and more zealous in his service instead of falling off. That such may be the result is the continual prayer of one who loves your soul as she does her own. I often think, my Dear Adam, what a blessing it would be were we always with one another so that we could assist one another in our pilgrimage heavenward and then again I begin to get doubtful of the result for I am afraid we would forget God, we are so much taken up with one another. Does that past experience lead to that conclusion? What a small share of our time was devoted to the Lord when we were privileged to meet. I daily see more and more the necessity of approaching the Lord with the petition "If thy presence go not with me carry me not up hence".

At the very time you were disembarking from the London steamer, I was embarking in one of the Belfast Steamers. A young lady from Ireland was staying here for a few days and she was again to return to her native country upon Monday. So Mr Black kindly desired me to take sail down the length of Greenock to cheer me up as he said and I was either to return by one of the boats coming up or to take the railway. He sent up a noddy¹⁷ for us. But before the boat sailed it came on wet and I thought it more prudent to return to Richmond Street than run the risk of getting myself wet. So Miss Henry proceeded on her passage alone. She was a real nice girl altho Irish.

You wished to know the news from Ayr but really I have none, for do you know I have only had one single letter since you and I left. I must not lead you to think however that they are forgetting me for it is my fault. I never answered it. My mind has been so disturbed of late that I could not muster courage to write any one but you.

I must now draw to a close at present anxiously waiting your next. Meantime I hope that you may be surrounded with every comfort and blessing and believe me Dear Adam, ever to be, Your devoted, Jeanie

Adam's diary

28th November Engaged with Mr Nisbet, Bookseller, Berners Street for £60 per year.

30th November Commenced my services with Mr Nisbet. The Lord truly has been faithful to his promise. I had no prospects of succeeding as well but God has led me in a way that I knew not of.

13th December John McWhinnie's eldest boy of my sister Margaret died. Another warning. Prepare to meet thy God. This is the fourth death in that family during the year that is now nearly past. Little thought had the parents that during the course of this year their family was to be so thinned. But God has wise purposes to be fulfilled which we may not at the time see. His ways towards man are often in the sea and his path in the deep water and his footsteps are not known.

25th December My first Christmas spent in London. A cold frosty day. Took a walk down to Blackwall and spent the day with Charles Park.

27th December Commenced a class in connexion with Mr Hamilton's congregation.

1st January 1847 Spent New Year's day in London and second away from home. What a contrast in the manner in which Christmas Day and New Year's day are kept in the two countries.

From Jeanie to Adam

Jeanie's next letter is dated 29 April 1847. In the meantime Adam and Jeanie must have decided to get married.

Seaview 29th April 1847

My Dearest Adam,

I think that I promised you a long letter this week and I need not apologise for want of matter to furnish a lengthy epistle. On the contrary I think I have materials for two epistles in place of one had I only the time and patience. I have nothing very particular for all that to make known, but still I recall to mind a number of incidents though in themselves of little value, yet I daresay they would not be devoid of interest to you who are so distant.

In the first place I must answer your letter of last week in case I should be interrupted and come short of time. The first question you ask I have already answered (viz) whether I have spoken to any of your people. Since I came home I mentioned in my last that I had spoken to all of them. I forgot whether I told you that your mother sent up word with William that day I arrived that I was to come down and see her. I have not spoken to any of them since last week as I have not been out of the house except upon Sabbath, the weather being very stormy.

Your old sweetheart Miss McWhinnie is quite well in body but I doubt a little troubled in mind. I never saw her so dull. She came up to see me on Monday night after I came home and she was asking what news from London. I told her we had just received "The Illustrated News" that morning but I had not got time to read them. One question she asked struck me very much. "Do you correspond with 'Miss Gillespie?'. I made no illusion to Mr Grant at all. It would have been cruel to have done so. Miss Paton has also been up

so has Miss Boyd and Miss Dalziel, Miss Hunter etc etc. They are all well and happy. There is a great noise at present about Mr Bain and Miss Dalziel going to get married. It is in everybody's mouth, but her mother told me there is no truth in it at all.

Mrs Dalziel is still very poorly. She has had a long time of trouble. Mr Bryden appears pretty well at present. He was in church upon Sabbath. The first time William sees him he says that he is going to tell him that you were wishful to know how he is keeping his health. Your friend Mr Guthrie is well but quite knocked(?) up with business at present. He is labouring on from morning till night without interruption. He is for the present Editor of the Agricultural having banished the old editor Moor for bad conduct, keeping up money etc etc¹⁸. Mrs Stevenson is now better. Mr Stevenson went in to Glasgow yesterday to bring her home. Her disease turned out to be small pox.

You were charging me with forgetting to tell you how and when father got his leg hurt. Do you know it was nearly four months sore before I heard a word about it and even then I had my information from strangers. Our people never once told me there was anything the matter. They have great respect of my feeling. Father was coming out of the vestry one dark night in January and he tripped over the little rail that protects the fenders(?) and hurt his knee. The shin was not broken but he had twisted it somehow. It has kept him a good deal at home ever since. He was not at the shop yesterday at all. He walks with a stick and is very lame. We are rather afraid that he will always be lame.

Mother and William intend leaving this if well for Aberdeen in the month of June. I don't intend visiting Aberdeen now until I am accompanied by my own Adam.¹⁹

I could not help laughing heartily at your proposal that I should write out a form of application to the watchmaker.²⁰ Really I would not know how to begin nor how to end it. I know of none more competent than yourself. I wonder what the bailie²¹ would say if I was to go down some night and ask permission to spend the remainder of my days with his favourite son. I would require to be very eloquent on the occasion in order to be successful. I was telling my father what you were saying. He had a good laugh over it. He said "give Adam my kind regards and tell him he is more welcome (than any young man I have ever seen) to run off with my only daughter. She has been a great favourite in the house and I would like her taken care of and I know of none who will be more kind and attentive than him. None in whom I would place more confidence." These were his words as near as I can remember. They were repeated with eyes filled with tears. So that is his consent unsought. Do you think you will come as good speed with the bailie?

Andrew is purposing going away to Glasgow next week or next again to the engraving. He will not be very long however...

Seaview 21st May 1847

My Dearest Adam,

I am very sorry that I will not be able to give you anything like a letter this week. I have only a few minutes to spare. Father made up his mind last night to go into Glasgow to make some arrangements regarding Andrew and we wish to take advantage of his going in to send his clothes. I have some things to sew which will occupy all my time. Father had a letter from his master. He is highly pleased with him and he is very anxious that he should

follow it out as a business and give up the watches altogether.²² He speaks of his serving a six years apprenticeship but we will never give into that more especially as Andrew has no desire to do so himself. Father is going to see if he will not take him for two or three months at one pound or thirty shillings a month. It will be very expensive keeping him, say thirty shillings a month to his master and his bill for last week's provision was eight shillings. It will be a goodly sum before we get him home again.

I am exceedingly happy that you have got kind and attentive people to live with. I must confess Dear Adam that it has removed a considerable load from my mind. I have felt a great deal of anxiety regarding you since you went to London. I am truly glad you have met with people who will make you take care of yourself. It is just such people that you require. You have so little care over yourself. I am sorry to say I have no such power. In no other instance would I desire to exercise the ruling power but in this trivial matter and it will really be too bad of you if you will still persist in denying me this privilege.

I have no news of importance this week that I remember at present. There was a meeting in the Church on Tuesday evening. I believe it was the winding up of the affairs for the year and one report was very favourable.

I had a visit of your sweetheart Sally last night. She was asking for you. I had a terrible onset with Miss McMaster the other day. She said I had nothing to do with you. She had the best right to your lordship. Another young lady addressed me to say that she was going to bring an action of damage against you for breach of promise and that she was determined to stop the cries in October. I think I may say to you as the old wife said to her son "You're the boy among the lassies".

I had nearly forgot to speak about the mark for your mother. I could not come to a conclusion regarding what to put on it. At last I came to the resolution of putting on "Remember me" as very suitable. If it should not please you do not send it but say in your next what you would like and I will sew it. I will sew one for you too if you tell me what to put on it. I am waiting for your epistle very much this week.

Do excuse haste Adam. Meantime, I remain ever, Your affectionate Jeanie

Undated²³

My Dearest Adam,

I am going to give you a very wee note tonight. You must not think however that it is with the entention of paying you back in your own coin. Oh no, not that I am not at all displeased that you sent me a note this week in place of a letter. I do like a long letter from you, yet I am not so very selfish as to expect one when you are so pressed with business.

This is the very reason that I am going to send you a short one. I have very little time at my disposal at present too. I have been a good time detained from my duty by callers. They are exceedingly plenty this two, three weeks by past. Of course they are very anxious to learn if there is any preparations going on. I sometimes prepare something idle during these visits in order that they may not see what I am sensing. I do all I can to keep down rumours but really it is not an easy matter.

Your Aunt Mrs Grant²⁴ passed the house a little ago taking a walk with a young man, apparently a stranger. I was sitting sewing when I heard her say to him "That's her at

the window". Everyone appears to be more interested than another. I forgot to warn William to take care and not allow Mr Grant to fish out anything but I dare say he would be on his guard. He carried a parcel for him and some two or three letters.

I wrote to Maggie Lawson on Monday morning and from what I said regarding my paying them a visit at some future time, perhaps by the end of next season if we were all spared, it will partly set aside the notion which they have got into their heads. I would like exceedingly if they knew nothing at all about it until we next in upon them but I am afraid this is impossible.

Did I tell you that Miss Guthrie is really going off now? She is to be married to Mr Thomson in a week or two.²⁵

I wondered when I received your note upon Wednesday morning to see the question asked "Is Andrew home yet?" being quite sure that I had told you in my previous letter. The mystery however was cleared up today. I found an envelope addressed to you with these words in it, "Andrew is home and well. He desires me to give you his kind regards". I had forgot that I had addressed the envelope and just addressed another to you. See how short my memory is, I hope it will improve by and bye.

Mr Stevenson leaves upon Monday for England being one of a deputation sent by the Assembly. I believe Bath and Bristol and the adjoining towns are to be the scenes of his labour. I think Mr Arnat will be sent to London. I hope he may, but we must not be too selfish for Glasgow people and many besides are exceedingly grieved at the prospect of his leaving. I heard this week that Mrs Henderson was very ill. The doctor has to give his opinion this week as to whether she was likely to stand the journey to Scotland.

Glasgow, 18th Sept. 1847

My Dearest Adam,

I was exceedingly glad to learn from you note of last week that you felt happy upon the communion Sabbath. I hope that happiness continues still and that it will continue. Oh what a blessed frame to be in; to have the heart brought into a close contact with Jesus the Sinner's friend. To duck under the shadow of His wing, to have our hearts withdrawn from the world and vanity. But oh what a miserable state to live with, without God to be sensible of the holdings (?) of his sweet and cheering smile. May you never experience the bitterness of such a state. Oh it is a dreadful state of mind to one who has previously known what it is to bask under the sunshine of his wondrous love. What cause have I for gratitude that such a season of misery has now passed away and former feelings of happiness and heavenly joy again are mine. Oh thank God with me Dear Adam for all his goodness which he is making to pass before me.

I was very sorry to learn that your dear Pastor was so ill. I hope he is now recovered. Please to let me know when you write again. Mr John was speaking about him the other night to me. He said he was much afraid that his career would be a short though bright one. He is very fond of Mr Hamilton. He was telling me he was giving a course of lectures when he was in London which were to be published and he desired me to enquire at you if they were out yet.

I am sure you must have been greatly surprised when Mr Bonar enquired for you. You see what an interest the father takes in you. I daresay Mr Nisbet will be very pleased to see the people take such an interest in you. I could not help remarking a coincidence in this respect last Sabbath. I think I mentioned to you before that we were to have the services of Mr Wood in St John's for three months. So he began his labours upon Sabbath last. After sermons, Mr Black went into the vestry and spoke to him and when he came home he told me he had asked Mr Wood to call and see me. But I am sure Mr Wood will not know me he

What follows might be the continuation of the same letter as it is written on the same paper:

good I am then sent out to walk for a couple of hours. On coming in I again resume my work until dinner. After dinner I generally read to Mr Black for a little so from that to ten o'clock at night I'm as busy as possible with my sewing again. I do not sit idle half an hour in the day. Every Saturday morning the first question Mr Black asks is "How is Mr Reid today?". He never omits it. Another question he puts weekly is "Has Mr Reid said yet how he likes London?" And the invariable answer is "No". Last Saturday he says, "give him my compliments and tell him to let me know when he writes next how he likes it". I asked you before Adam but your did not tell me. You told me once how you liked your situation but not how you liked London. I doubt you don't like it or you would have told me. You seem to think I will not like it when I come. As for the want of company I will not consider that my deprivation provided I am well and in good health. I will weary for the company of my own Adam when he is absent. Having his company I will have all that I want in London. Had it been our fortune to be near our dear parents it would have been a great happiness I dare say for both of us. I am deeply attached to all of our family and the parting then must be a severe trial to me. I feel very grateful to you My Dearest for your candour in showing me the dark side of the picture as well as the bright and I thank you for your warning. I am very apt to building high castles regarding the amount of happiness which I am to enjoy in anything which you are to form the subject. I am aware that very many difficulties will arise which at present I perceive not but they will [be] lightly felt if I am blessed as I hope to be with a loving husband. If I experience as kind a husband as I have a sweetheart I would count it great joy to suffer many privations for his sake. I hope we will be blessed with the protection and blessing of the Almighty and if so all will be well.

I hope to find a loving letter upon Saturday to make up for last Saturday's short one. You must not look to the amount of paper I send you but remember that one of my sheets hath as much as two of yours on account of the closeness of which I write no more, Dear Adam, at present but believe me ever Your own affectionate Jeanie.

Seaview, 11th October 1847

My Dearest Adam,

I have been searching up and down stairs for a sheet of paper for your letter but I cannot fall in with any except this little piece and it is not at all fit to be seen in London. I hope you will excuse it however as it is very late and I cannot get a new supply.

I am exceedingly glad that I am to have the privilege of another gem from Annie. They are indeed valuable. I am very glad that it is too of larger dimensions.

You know Adam I never like short letters although nowadays I am getting somewhat accustomed to them. Had you been in Mr Guthrie's shop in place of Mr Nisbet's I never would have submitted to so many notes. I think your weekly epistles in former days contained as much as four of the present weekly ones. However, days are altered and I must be silent.

I spoke to Mr Guthrie yesterday in church. He says he did not feel very stout but he thought himself much stouter than he was a few years ago.

The races are over for another year and I am sure it would be a great blessing if they never returned. All agree in the opinion that there never was more wickedness manifest than this season. The streets have been thronged with drunk people ever since Friday. One poor woman was so intoxicated that she tumbled into the water at the depot and met a watery grave. How faithful the passage which saith "The wicked doth not live half their days".

Father has just been telling us of a very amusing conversation he had tonight with an English traveller regarding your humble servant. He had been asking if I had changed my name yet.

Mr Stevenson is away at Wigtownshire for a few days. He is departed to lecture on the education question. I met him on the street the day before he left. He told me he would be absent nine days and then with a knowing look said, "I hope I will be in time".

Mr Stevenson was telling me he had purchased a book to present to me on the occasion. It is entitled "Personal declension and revival of religion in the soul" by the Rev. Octavius Winslow. It is a delightful treatise. I have the loan of it from Miss McMaitland at present. I think she must have told him that I was fond of it.

I hope Mrs Rankin's mother is keeping better. Please give them my kind regards not forgetting Annie.

I must close as this bit paper is full. I will try to get a larger piece for you next time. Your own affectionate Jeanie

Seaview, 20th Jan. 1848

My Dearest Adam,

I was very sorry to hear that you had to write me at so late an hour when you had more need to have been sound asleep after the toils of the day. I felt all the more sorry on this account that during all the by gone week my conscience had been accusing me of selfishness in making you write me every week at present when you are so exceedingly busy, seeing you must be more fit for your bed than commencing again to write, when you get home. Last week I resolved to tell you that I would deny myself for one week at least, but when I sat down to write, I could not manage. Courage self-prevalled. I don't like you to write me so late Dear Adam for I am sure you stand in much need of repose. And I must confess I make no small sacrifice when I resolve to want your much prized note for next week, provided life continues so busy.

Before I write more I must tell you (and I make the communication with much joy and I trust with much gratitude also) that I still continue to enjoy good health as good as last week. Truly the Lord is leading us round about with blessings and oh how unworthy we

are of all his gifts, you of the very least of them(?). Countless mercies have been ours especially since 1845 well we may say. They have been new unto us every morning. God has again restored me into health and strength while many thousands have been removed. We have had small trials in the enterval from the date before alluded to and trials which to me were felt even to be sore to bear, such as your leaving Ayr and then one still more weighty, your leaving Edinburgh, my illness etc etc. But all these things in place of being against us turned out to be merely blessings in disguise. What a debt of love and gratitude is ours. Oh for grace(?) and strength to devote ourselves anew and more earnestly (as you express in your note) to the service of Jesus.

In reading over the tract which you kindly sent to William this morning I felt very much overpowered by Mr J.[’s] narration to his wife “Mary”, of the Lord’s goodness to them especially where he says “page 4” “Dear Mary, goodness and mercy are following us. The Lord is our Shepherd and I feel tonight as if after this I could be careful for nothing. Oh, but he is a gracious God”. The tear was in his eyes - so it was in mine. Dear Adam I was reading it aloud to mother but I had to stop, it came so much home to me. I was quite overcome. It portrayed so vividly our past experience and it brought to my mind forcibly many sweet anticipations of the future. When like Mr J. and his Mary we may through God’s grace be enabled with our flaming hearts to recount the kind dealings of our heavenly Father to us his unworthy children. May we with their spirit (for their hearts were brimful and running over) sing Ten thousand thousand precious gifts. My daily thanks employ etc etc.

Chapter II: 1848 – Jeanie leaves Ayr

Jeanie’s letters stop here. Adam goes to Ayr to marry Jeanie and bring her back to London. The story continues with his diary and some pages torn out of what must have been Jeanie’s diary.

Adam’s diary

7th February Left London on a visit to Scotland. My first from London. Arrived in Ayr next day.

17th February My marriage day²⁶. A day long looked for and oh how anxiously. Twas but a day however past away as quickly as any. Same day left Ayr with Jeanie on my return to London. Slept in Carlisle same evening, Liverpool next evening and got to London on Saturday Eve. Feb 19.

Jeanie’s diary

17th February 1848 My marriage day. United to A. Reid, London. A day long and much look forward too. How beautiful the sun shined during the ceremony. Felt as if it was a token for good. Prayed earnestly that the sun of righteousness might arise and shine upon us. Oh that he would always shine then we would be happy indeed.

Immediately after the ceremony left the home of my childhood and youth, perhaps forever. Lord now knowest, if I am never again to see those dear ones. My much loved parents and three dear brothers. Thy will be done.

Felt much strengthened at parting, especially by dear Mrs Stevenson’s farewell text “My presence shall go with you, and I will give you rest”. Felt convinced the Lord had and still would guide me and my dear husband. At two o’clock took the train at Monkton for

Glasgow where we parted with my dear brothers William and John. Andrew accompanied us to Glasgow. Parted from dear Andrew with a heavy heart at the station of the Caledonian Railway. Reached Carlisle 11 o'clock same evening. Felt hot a little when crossing the border. Soon recovered myself again, on recalling to mind the sweet promise of the morning. My presence etc etc, Yes Lord I believe, help thou my unbelief. I know thou wilt go with me, not only over the border of my dear native country but over the border of time. Thou wilt launch me safely into eternity. The swellings of Jordan shall not overwhelm me, nor the shadow of death discomfort me.

Adam's diary

18th Left Carlisle for Liverpool where we were to visit Mr and Mrs Martin.²⁷ Found them waiting to welcome us at the station. Found them all well.

19th Bid adieu to our dear brother and sister, Mr and Mrs Martin, and started for London. Arrived at Barnsbury Station 6 o'clock evening in safety, stronger than I anticipated having been complaining with influenza for the last two months. Now Lord thou hast brought me into the promised land "what shall I render under the for all my benefits", enable me to show forth thy praise. May my chief aim be to live for thy glory. May I do all in my power for the advancement of thy kingdom. Oh Lord strengthen me for I am weak.

20th First Sabbath after my marriage. A dull and gloomy day in every way. Certainly not as it ought to be. Jeanie sickly.

Jeanie's diary

What gave her reason to doubt? Was it because she was ill and far away from home?

20th Oh strengthen me and enable me by thy peace, faithfully to perform the vows which I have taken upon me, to be an affectionate and loving wife to my husband Adam. May I be a helpmeet (?) for him in every sense of the word. May I at all time be enabled to look upon our connection in the light of eternity. What if I should prove a hindrance to my dear husband in his journey heavenward? What if I should by the coldness of my love to Jesus and my frequent inconsistencies, cause him to think lightly of my profession? Oh for grace to walk wisely. If I am not deceiving myself my most earnest desire and prayer is that God may be glorified in the new tie and that we may live together as heirs and joint heirs of Christ Jesus. What an honour for two poor sinful worms.

28th Have spent some pleasant and happy hours in spiritual conversation with dear Anne. What a blessing to live with such a humble follower of the Lamb. How does she exemplify in her walk and conversation that "for her to live is Christ and to die is gain".

9th March I have to confess before thee this day Oh Lord that I have rebelled against thy dealings with me. Thou hast (through the creator) been teaching me that this is not my rest, and my soul has arisen in rebellion. Oh speak peace to this poor troubled soul. O enable me to believe that thou art still watching over me, and that this is all permitted in love. Lord bring light out of darkness "Art thou not the same yesterday, today and forever?"

13th Oh what coldness and deadness do I experience this evening? All is darkness within, nothing but doubts, and fears. Why is this oh my Father? Why this mistrust of thy dealings with me. Hast thou not done all thou has promised in days bygone, yea and more than thou didst promise. Oh encrease my faith, help my unbelief enable me to cast all my cares down at the foot of the cross, and to leave them there. How often do I carry them to

the feet of the cross and just bring them away with me again? Oh that I could just leave myself in thy hands, trusting thee in the dark and cloudy day, as well as in the sunshine of prosperity. Has not my prayer been to thee my father "Here am I, do with me what seemeth to thee good". Now Lord when thou has slightly laid thy chastising hand upon me (and that in love) this wicked heart has risen in rebellion. Oh where is my faith, my trusting in thee, it is all gone like the morning cloud and early dew.

15th I thank thee oh my Father that this anger is turned away and that thou has again revealed thyself to me. Oh what wonderful condescension. The Lord of Glory giving ear to the prayer of a poor woman. Oh that I may be enabled from henceforth to follow hard after thee.

16th I have been receiving line upon line and precept upon precept. Thou hast been teaching me my heavenly Father, by thy afflicting providence, that this is not our resting place. That we are but pilgrims and sojourners here. How short a time is it since my dear cousin was arrayed in her bridal garb. How changed the scene now she walks forth in the sable robes of widowhood. The husband of her youth has been called to give in his account, gone and left her alone, in this vale of tears. Oh may she not weep as those who have no hope. O Lord be thou her husband and give her grace to set her heart on thee only. Oh that I may be enabled to give ear unto this warning voice. May I set my heart and affections upon things above and not upon things on earth. Lord enable me to give thee at all times the first place in my heart. I confess with sorrow that I am guilty of giving to the creature that place in my affections which should be thine. I ask not that my tenderness and affection for my dear husband should be lessened but that my love for thee should be encreased.

22nd April Five weeks have fled since I penned the above, during which time I have been drinking deeply of the cup of affliction, but a loving Father presented the cup and the ingredients lost their bitterness. I have been enabled to say with David, "it has been good for me that I have been afflicted." I have been awakened from my spiritual slumber and put in remembrance that this is not my rest, that I am but a pilgrim and sojourner here, being a traveller for another and a better country. That I must not stay nor linger by the way. Onward, onward, must be my motto. Oh that I could press forward like Paul. This I cannot of myself but leaning upon that precious promise "My grace is sufficient for the, my strength shall be made perfect in thy weakness". I will go forward boldly. Lord help.

26th Gaining bodily strength rapidly. Oh what shall I render to the Lord for all his gifts to me, who hath brought me back from the very gates of death and restored me and my beloved Husband. May this affliction and severe trial be blessed permanently unto both of us.

May. Removed to London Street.²⁸ Have felt a good deal of distraction of mind regarding this premeditated change, being still weak in body, and the thought of again being cast among strangers has disturbed me much. But why should it? It is the Lord, the voice is clear and distinct "Arise go hence" and have not I promised to go with you, and to prepare a place for you. Oh ye of little faith wherefore didst thou doubt. Well may the question be put. Oh how faithless I am. He who hath led us all our life long is still our guide and director. He has led us unto a quiet and pleasant habitation. Oh that our sojourn here may resound to the glory of God. May we be enabled to make known the name of Jesus. By our

walk and conversation before this people; may we show that we love, and are blessed by Jesus. Above all may we have grace given us to reverence and keep holy the Sabbath day amid so much awful and general desecration. May I especially be particularly on my guard (now that I have the charge of a house) not to violate the sacredness of this holy day by causing unnecessary work to be done.

7th June 1848 Let me with gladsome mind Praise the Lord, for he is kind. For his mercies still endure.

Ever faithful, ever sure.

Well may I sing of the Lord's goodness to me in this strange land. My lot has been cast amongst a kind and affectionate people. A people who careth for me as doth mine own people. Here again my fears have proved groundless. Oh for the faith of Abraham.

9th My health is improving daily. I feel much stronger in body, but alas no stronger in soul. I have been in a cold dead state all the week, prayer much restrained, the Bible seldom read, few thoughts of God or eternity and no heart sorrow for sin. Oh, what a register, what a portrait of a corrupt heart. How black and dark must it appear to the eyes of the spotless Jehovah. Wash me, oh my Saviour, wash me in thy precious blood and I shall yet be clean. Oh that I could love thee more, and seek more earnestly thy face.

16th Received a letter from my dear Father, and had the joy of hearing they were all well. Dear Mother is keeping strong. This is another and inestimable blessing.

14th July Received a letter from dear Mrs Maitland. How cheering to hear from distant friends, especially from such as dear M. I feel it to be a refreshing season. There is nothing light, no idle communication, all is told, every word written as it were for God's glory. May I follow her example in this, counting all correspondence as lost and profitless which has not the glory of God and the good of souls in view. Alas how little do I act upon the injunction that whither I eat or drink or whatsoever I do, to do all to the glory of God. How much is thought, how much is done, while God is not in all my mind? May I be cleansed from my transgression and washed from my iniquities.

8th August My dear Mrs Highet has been in a bad state of health for some time and I was not made aware of it till lately. Oh, how fondly did I hope when last we parted that she would long be spared unto us, she was then so well, seemingly quite restored to health and strength. O Lord, "Thy ways are not as our ways, nor our thoughts as thy thoughts". May I not be too desponding. He who can do all things may see fit yet to raise her up, but if not, Oh for grace to say "Thy will be done".

May I bear the rod and him that has appointed it and may her affliction rebound to God's glory and far. The good of my soul, and not of mine only but of all who know her especially those of her own family.

May the Lord sanctify this bereavement to her soul. May she now see the vanity of all earthly prepossessions on which alas heretofore she has too highly valued. I rejoice that dear Maggie has long counted earthly riches at their true value, and counts nothing as gain but the riches which is to be found in Christ Jesus.

30th August Have been a good deal indisposed this month and have met with disappointment but feel very grateful to God that he has enabled me to see his hand in them and that I have been enabled to submit without murmuring. I felt my need of the rod to stir

me from my cold Laodicean state ²⁹ when surrounded with every comfort my heart could desire. One would think my heart would overflow with love and gratitude, like him(?) of old. Words would fail to portray the feelings of my ravished heart, but alas it is far otherwise when mercies abound, then am I at ease in Zion. Adversity and affliction is my safest path. May this state of things not always remain, but may I work with God in the sunshine.

16th September Mrs Highet is very ill. A letter from Miss Hunter informs me there is little hope of her recovery. How deeply this has grieved me. Shall I never see my beloved Maggie again. Must the grave hide from my view my dear companion, her who was to me as any sister. Oh I cannot think of it. How my heart rebels. Oh Lord make me submissive to thy will, bow(?) this stubborn heart, enable me to say "Thy will be done".

How grieved poor Maggie must have been to part with her two dear brothers, ³⁰ who are on their way to another land. They will no more meet on earth. What a sore trial to dear Mrs Pettigrew to loose two sons in one day and the prospect of soon being called upon to part with her dear and only daughter.

Jeanie's diary stops here.

Adam's diary (8 months later)

25th June 1849 Jeanie went to spend a few weeks in Scotland, previous to my going also on a visit. Consequently I was left alone again for a short time in the great city.

11th July Went myself to Ayrshire to spend two or three weeks, which I did very pleasantly, very much to my enjoyment and very beneficial to my health.

24th Matthew Allan got married. Jeanie and I were present at the home coming on the 27th although our being there was not very convenient for us, we having resolved of necessity to be in London on the following day.³¹ However we went and much enjoyed ourselves. We drove up in a carriage with liveried servants because no other machine in Ayr could be found to contain the party. This however though rather aristocratic for us tended much to our amusement.

28th Left Ayr for London with the 8 o'clock train. Felt rather tired being up so late on the previous evening and this feeling not at all lessened by the prospect of so long a seat in the railway train. A dull and cheerless day it was, from Glasgow on to Carlisle the rain fell incessantly. We arrived in London on the morning of the following day at 5 o'clock.

1st May 1850 The Rev. James Stevenson and Mrs Stevenson came to spend a few weeks in London. They resided next door to us. Consequently we had much of their company and fellowship, which we much enjoyed, especially their evening visits when they worshiped with us at the family altar. They remained 3 weeks in London then went to Paris where they spent another and on the first of June again passed through London and spent a day with us and in the evening left London for home.

2nd June. Aunt Margaret Allan came to remain with us for a few months. ³²

27th July. Jeanie, myself and Aunt went to Richmond where I left them to enjoy its beauties and breathe its purer air and lay up a stock of health to enable Jeanie at least to bear up against the coming winter. The distance from London being so short, the mode of transit being so quick and so cheap I was enabled to visit them frequently after the hours of business and return in time for next morning's labour.

24th August Mr Murray got married.

27th August Jeanie and Aunt returned from Richmond. Jeanie much strengthened by the short residence in the country.

20th September. Aunt Margaret left us for home where her presence was acquired, owing to Mr and Mrs McAllan going to spend a short time at Aberdeen.

Chapter III: 1851 - Jeanie's death

Adam's diary

21st March. Jeanie gave birth to a daughter - rather prematurely which caused us to fear for its welfare. She was lively however and bade fair to live with us. Her birth was the cause of much joy to both of us, more especially as both seemed to do well.

30th Alas how transient are the joys of time. Our little Mary has already gone the way of all the earth. For a time it caused much grief to Jeanie and myself but we sorrowed not as those who have no hope for we felt assured that Jesus the Kind Shepherd had taken the little lamb to himself.

[On a separate piece of paper] 1st Sabbath in May Last time Jeanie and I partook of the sacrament together. She was remarkably well.

One day about 1 o'clock about 8 weeks before she died she had a strange presentiment that that day would be her last and she told me so and told me of a hidden treasure about (?) which she had saved from her weekly allowance for household necessaries for the purpose - when she had got a sufficient sum - of buying me a dressing gown. She said "you will find it in a drawer in the by kist.

Frequently had weak turns during which she could not speak.

26th May Jeanie and myself went to Richmond for the purpose of spending a short time hoping that by God's blessing that might be the means of perfecting her strength as she had never fully recovered her strength since her confinement. We remained a week and felt considerably benefited by it. We would have remained longer but the rooms we occupied having been pre-engaged at the week's end, we returned to London not being able to find suitable accommodation elsewhere.

[On a separate piece of paper] 1st June. Sabbath Day. A remarkable circumstance occurred. I went down on Saturday evening. On Sabbath day we went out to Richmond Hill, sat down on one of the seats and read a part of the "Royal Preacher". In the part which I read there is an extract from Tennyson's farewell to the book "Flow down cold rivulet to the sea". I remarked that possibly that might be said of one or both of us. "No more by thee my steps shall be, for ever and for ever." We at the time were sitting on the banks of the Thames.

Don't say Poor Jeanie, rather say rich Jeanie.

6th June Two days after our return to London Jeanie was seized with a violent attack of diarrhoea which brought her into a very weak state and from this weak state she never recovered. Her lungs gave way and in about five weeks, consumption terminated her existence here.

24th July For four weeks previous nothing else was expected. For about that time the doctor informed us that she would not recover. The first intimation of this sent a pang of sorrow to my heart such as I never felt before. Immediately told Jeanie of her state but she received the intelligence with very little emotion. She expected it. She had for a few days

before felt convinced that this was her last illness and that very soon she would leave this world.

All hope however was not banished from my mind. God had brought her from very near the gate of death before and I thought he would do so again. But those thoughts were soon distilled. The rapidity with which her strength failed, and her emaciated countenance and her hollow cough too plainly told us that consumption was making quick work within and that death had marked her for his victim.

Her mother came up about 3 weeks before her death and remained with us. A few days before her death her father also came and we three were present when her spirit fled.

During her illness my dear wife was happy. She feared not for she knew and felt that Jesus had taken away its sting. She was not able to speak much for the cough annoyed her frequently when she made the attempt to speak. But she spoke enough to let us know the state of her mind and to show us the peace and the joy and the gladness that dwelt within.

When she did speak it was of her own worthlessness of Jesus and his love and of the sure and certain hope she had that heaven was her home. She, I might almost say, never doubted for her peace was made with God before the time of trouble came. Her faith in Jesus had all along been strong and she had given to the Saviour her heart. She loved Jesus although she often mourned over the littleness of that love but however little she anxiously desired to love him more and Jesus accepted her. Jesus was her shepherd and through life's pilgrimage he watched over her with a shepherd's care. And when death drew near he still watched over her and he watched her tenderly. He allowed not her body to be racked with pain and nor the tempter to disturb her soul. And as the time of her departure drew near her faith continued as firm and her happiness and joy seemed to increase.

Till about four or five days previous to her death she was not entirely confined to bed, but was assisted up about mid-day into the adjoining room where she remained till night.

On one of these days her mother remarked that a greater number of people than usual were passing to the Exhibition.³³ Jeanie said "People are coming from all quarters of the world to see the Exhibition but here am I lying here and though so near, will never see it, but I am going to see a far grander exhibition than that."

20th July Her mother told her of the death of her dear friend Jeanie Hunter. Shortly afterwards I saw a sweet smile on her countenance and I asked her what she was thinking of. She said she was thinking how happy it would be to meet so soon with Jeanie Hunter, Jeanie Gibson and all her friends who had gone to heaven before her.

24th June The cough troubled her a good deal and once I remarked "My Dear, I doubt the cough is bothering you". She answered "Oh no my Dear Adam, the Lord is kind. He gives me few bothers."

Another day seemingly anxious for my salvation she said "O may we all meet at the right hand of God. Oh Adam press forward. Press forward. More than I have done. Oh I feel how little I have done for God's glory."

Another day I remarked it will be a happy meeting when we meet above. "What a hearty welcome you will give me" "Oh want I, my Dear Adam. And I will welcome your

other wife too whoever she may be. Oh I will be glad to see her. Tell her this and tell her it was my dying wish that she would be kind to you."

In answer to frequent questions "Are you still happy?" she said "Oh yes, Adam, I am happy, happy. Jesus is my refuge."

21st July On my leaving for the shop she looked steadfastly at me. I thought she imagined it might be the last look. Then she said sweetly smiling, sorrowful yet rejoicing. Frequently spoke of God's kindness to her in keeping her free from pain.

Sometimes the nerves seemed to trouble her. On one of these occasions her mother remarked. "The nerves is troubling you, Jeanie." She said "What about that when the soul is well? It does not matter how the body is." Then spoke of the mercies of God. Was always vexed about her unthankfulness and sorry, because she could not fully realise the spirit of that Hymn "When all thy mercies Oh my God" but now she was getting more thankful every day, and now could say "transported with the joy I'm lost in wonder, love and praise".

23rd July All day my Dear Wife was in a very weak state, so weak indeed about midday that I could not think of leaving her and remained with her during the rest of the day.³⁴

All night my dear wife continued very weak. I sat up with her till about four o'clock and during the night, several times I thought her spirit was about to depart. She continued in this weak state until about half past 8. And there for a short time she brightened up into a state of ecstasy during which God in his mercy (as she said herself) "granted her double strength" and permitted us to enjoy a sight the like of which we have never seen and never can forget. All the while she looked so happy her face seemed to be lightened up with a heavenly radiance as if she had already got a glimpse of the glory that was about to be revealed to her. She spoke to us cheeringly and consolingly of her bright and happy prospects and of the certainty of her soon being with Jesus. She regretted that hitherto she had been unable to speak so little to us but we were not to look upon this as if she had any doubt, she said, for her faith was along firm.

Then for a moment a cloud passed over her mind. "I surely canna be deceiving myself. Jesus will not deceive me." It was only for a moment however for she immediately exclaimed "Jesus is mine and I am His". I know he will receive me.

She remarked that I would be more exposed to the temptations of the world and seemed for a little concerned on that account.

Her mother said God will watch over him. "Surely you can trust him in God's hands." She answered "So he will. God is very kind. He will give you grace sufficient for you. Then I will see wee Mary. O how happy I am that we had wee Mary". Then looking at me, "you and me lived very lovingly together. We had our bickerings I'll no deny that." Then addressing mother said "whenever Adam said a word I flew up at him, I was very quick and, mother, sometimes I had a wee bit bicker in(?) you but it was always my fault." Then she contrasted with that the entire happiness of heaven when there was nothing but praise and joy and gladness. Her father remarked he feared she was tiring herself out. She said "Oh no." It was her duty to make use of the present opportunity. She was not to be prevented from speaking now because she might be a corpse tomorrow. Seeing her father crying she said (she noticed him first and said to us "father's crying"). "Don't cry farther.

There is no use for mourning here.” Then looking round to her mother and myself said “We are all rejoicing. This is a house of gladness”. And so it was. We all felt that there was more cause for gladness than for grief. We thought “If this is dying ‘tis a pleasant thing to die”. I now proposed to take worship and asked her what chapter she would like read. She answered, read me the Chapter which Mr Stevenson read to me at Dalrymple. This was 2nd Cor[inthians] 5th Chap. “Therefore we know that though the earthly house of the tabernacle be dissolved etc etc [we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.]”

Thus terminated this happy period and then my dear wife sank into her former state of weakness and spoke very little to us afterwards but that scene which we witnessed cheered us and made us more resigned and more willing than ever to let her depart and be with Christ.

We felt that it was indeed a blessed thing to die the death of a Christian and henceforth our petition to the throne of Grace will ascend more sincerely when we pray “Let me die this death of the Righteous and let my latter end be like his”.

During the two following days she could not speak much, but she always seemed happy and a smile lighted up her face when any of us spoke to her of Jesus and his love. She seemed to suffer no pain and was conscious till within 3 minutes of her death. On the night before her death I sat up with her till about four o’clock next morning and then I retired to rest. About 7 I was called into her room to assist in moving her a little. Immediately afterwards she began to breath heavily then turned her head round upon the pillow and instantly her spirit passed away. On the morning of July 24th at half past 7 o’clock 1851.

Such was the closing scene of my beloved Jeanie. Often had I looked forward to it with dread and wished that the day that saw her eyes closed for ever on this world would also see my eyes closed for ever on the things of time. We often wished that we might die together and be buried in the same tomb. We felt that each others’ company was necessary for each others’ happiness and that if one was taken and the other left we would have no further wish to live longer in what then would be a world of sorrow.

The time of separation has come and she who was so dear to my heart has been taken from me and her body now lies mouldering in the dust. But it is her body only that lies there. Her spirit where is it? Oh this is my consecration and this is my joy that her spirit is in heaven – safe in the bosom of Jesus.

Grace sufficient has been granted unto me to bear me up under this dreadful trial. A God of Love has taken my beloved from me and I know that he doeth all things for good to his people. I now look forward with hope to the time when I shall again meet with her never more again to part.

My Dear Wife’s remains were conveyed to Scotland and buried in the Churchyard of Newton upon Ayr on the 31st of July 1851.

The following Sabbath was the communion in Ayr and at the close of the address after the tables Mr Stevenson, her former Minister, in referring to the uncertainty of life spoke of three who since last communion were now gone to their rest, Miss Main, Mrs Hunter and Jeanie. The two last Jeanie Hunter and my Dear Wife were admitted to the communion for the first time in the first year of his ministry. They were both SS teachers and

all along they continued very intimate friends.³⁵ They died within 10 days of each other and though they died at a great distance the one from the other yet now they were lying nearly side by side in the same graveyard.

Chapter IV: 1851 to 1852 - Sarah

Adam's diary

After my wife's death felt her loss very much but was borne up wonderfully. I sorrowed not as those who have no hope. During the month of August spent a considerable time happily in the company of Mrs Wodrow of Glasgow who had come to London along with her two nephews for the purpose of seeing the Exhibition. Was of a little service to them in directing their steps through this immense city.

Mr and Mrs Allan visited London also during the month of Sept and lived in the same house with me and was very happy and enjoyed myself very much during their stay. One day we went to Windsor together. Another day spent in the Exhibition and another night went to hear an Oratorio in Exeter Hall accompanied by Miss Maitland.

*On New Years Eve first met with Sarah and an intimacy has grown up between us. If an alliance with her is to be for our mutual benefit and our souls' welfare, may God prosper it.*³⁶

27th April 1852 [John] Martin my brother-in-law came to London for the purpose of making arrangements for bringing the family up to reside here.

1st May Helen and the family came to London.

6th June Was attacked with small pox and confined to the house till June 19th. Not a very bad attack but as I was beginning to get better was seized with blood spitting which much alarmed me. Being advised to the country I sailed for Granton on the evening of June 19th and was much benefited by the sail. Indeed felt almost as strong as ever before I landed.

I spent two very happy days in Edinburgh. Maggie Lawson being there at the time, having arrived the same night with myself, we had several long walks together and enjoyed ourselves exceedingly.

23rd June We (Jeanie Martin, ³⁷ my niece whom I brought from London) went through to Ayr, left Edinburgh at 4 o'clock and got to Ayr at a quarter to 10 having stopped an hour in Glasgow to see one or two friends.

25th June Mrs Ingram, William and myself got a jig and went out to Barskimming, Catrine & Auchenweat to see friends. Was delighted with Barskimming. The scenery on the banks of the Ayr is very splendid. Rocks rise up rough and rugged for a great height and from the water edge to the summit are clothed with trees that seem to grow out of the solid rocks.

27th June My Father being desirous to see Edinburgh we set sail early this morning for Glasgow. Got there at half past 2 and reached Edin' by express at a quarter past 5. My father was delighted with Edin. Since my visit a few days previously, Janet Lawson had arrived from Newcastle and Janet and Maggie accompanied us in our rambles. We walked around the Calton Hill, attempted Arthur's Seat but could not get father more than half way up. Went to the castle and enjoyed the fine views from the battery and saw the regalia of Scotland. Visited the Grave of Chalmers and again went to Granton and shewed my father,

Maggie and Janet Lawson through the London Steamer Clarence with which father was much pleased and seemed as if he should like much to sail with her to London.

We remained two days in Edinburgh then returned to Ayr again on the afternoon of June 29th. I remained in Ayr till the 5th of July when I left by rail at a quarter past 8 via Carlisle, got to Birmingham at a quarter past 8 same day. Left Birmingham for Bristol immediately. Got to Tiverton about 4 o'clock in the morning and South Molton 23 miles farther by coach about 7. Sarah's friends were delighted to see me. All seemed anxious that I should enjoy myself and did all in their power to render me happy. One thing however prevented our enjoying ourselves to that extent we otherwise would. Poor Emma was dying of consumption. Only two months before, had she been married and now she was upon a bed of death.

9th July Having promised to be at business today I required to leave South Molton this morning by coach at a half past 9 and arrived in London by rail at a half past 5 same day and was at business by 6. I was much pleased with my short visit to Devonshire and felt very sorry to leave it and Sarah and such kind friends.

Adam's letters to Sarah in South Molton

41 London Street, Fitzroy Sqr, 13th July 1852

My Dearest Sarah,

I got home safe on Friday and made a very rapid journey. The latter part of the road from Didcot Junction to Paddington – a distance of 53 miles – was gone over in 52 minutes, that is rather more than 50 miles an hour. The train reached Paddington at half past 5 and I was in the shop by 6. All of them seemed glad to see me back and I was just as glad to get the ceremony of introduction over that night, which enabled me to sleep soundly and be at business as usual on the following morning.

I called on Mrs Chappell on Friday evening in order to tell them how Emma was when I left. Mr Chappell informed me that Mrs Galloway had sent to enquire for Emma, that she was at present staying with Miss Bailey and would be glad to hear from you. If you have not already written to her I think it would be advisable for you so to do.

The greater part of yesterday I spent at Hornsey with Mr and Mrs Craig, who are staying there for a few weeks.

I feel rather miserable since I came back but this was to be expected, after being snatched away as it were from the numerous friends whose company I have so much enjoyed during the last fortnight. And now there is nothing here to make up for it, with the exception of my mother and sister. Otherwise I am as dull and lonely as when first I came to London. This however I must put up with in the best way possible for a time and hope for pleasanter days. Now I cannot bear the idea of your being a twelvemonth at such a distance from me. If you were near so that I could see you at times, it would tend greatly to cause the time to pass more pleasantly by. Although it not be desirable and I would not wish it for your own sake for you to come to London immediately yet. I think in about two months if you can hear of some nice, easy, light place where you think you could be comfortable for a little. It would be advisable for the sake of the happiness of both of us, that you should accept of it.

Emma I suppose continues as when I left her. Every day I expect to hear from you that her spirit has taken its departure. Remember me very kindly to her.

I trust you keep well yourself – and have got a good appetite, as that is generally the index of ones well-being.

Keep yourself cheery, and ..

41 London Street, Fitzroy Sqr, London, 30th July 1852

My Dearest Sarah,

Although it is late yet I cannot go to rest without addressing a few lines to you. In the state in which you are, an extra letter in the week I doubt not will be welcome and perhaps in return I may be gladdened by an extra one too. I am sorry you grieve so much. I fear you grieve immoderately, and grief when carried to an extreme, is not laudable, but injurious and wrong.

Do not think I am harsh now, Dearest. I sympathize with you as much as any one can do. I know what it is to lose a beloved friend. I have felt grief pangs in all their bitterness. And I also know how hard a thing it is to bear up under such heavy trials. Without the all supporting grace of God they are enough almost to overwhelm us and to sink us into a state of deepest melancholy. It would be impossible to get quit of our load of grief ourselves. Someone stronger and more mighty must bear it for us. And the aid of this “One” we can receive if we ask it. Jesus is willing to bear all our cares for us if we only ask him. Listen to his voice “Come unto me all ye that are weary or heavy laden, and I will give you rest”. And again he says “Casting all your care upon him who careth for you”. It is not only our Sins that Jesus is able and willing to bear but it is our Grievs and our Cares. It matters not how numerous nor how great they be. He is willing to bear them all if we only cast them upon him.

Knowing this then Beloved, will you not ask Jesus to bear your grief? Will you not cast your care upon him. Go to him in Prayer, and with a humble heart on your knees, tell him all your griefs and sorrows. Ask him to bear your burden. And soon will you feel your burdened lightened. Soon will the balm of consolation be poured into your wounded spirit.

Oh how it would gladden me to know that your grief was lightened. The lessening of your grief would be the lessening of mine for how can I be happy when sorrow fills your heart.

But wherefore should you grieve so much, believing as we do that dear Emma has gone to the land of bliss.³⁸ Believing as we do that she is now happy in her Father’s house above. Why not tho rather rejoice in her happiness, rejoice that she is now beyond the reach of all the cares and sorrows of this world and rejoice too in the prospect we have, if we are the children of God, of again meeting with her very soon in that fair land where all is peace and joy.

Know also that the Lord has taken her to himself, and wherefore should we repine. The Lord gave her to us for a little and now he has seen it better for her that she should be transplanted as it were to another garden more genial, and on which the sun of righteousness himself shines. Taken away altogether from this bleak garden, where the winds blow so cold and piercing or in other words where sin and sorrow so much abound.

I must have done now as it is getting very late and I have a hard day's work tomorrow, being Magazine day. The busy time will be over when you receive this. The Sabbath will have dawned and I will be luxuriating in my rest.

*I will no doubt be thinking of you while you are reading this. Remember me very kindly to Father & Anna and all the rest, while I remain, Dearest, Every your own love,
Adam Reid*

41 London Street, Fitzoy St, London, 10th September 1852

Dearest Sarah,

My uncle in law and aunt came yesterday at half past 6 and last night and tonight my time has been entirely devoted to them. They began by scolding me for not going to see them when I was in Scotland.

I have faithfully promised to go next season and although I have not said that someone would then accompany me, yet I am sure when they know, your invitation would have not been less hearty than my own.

Were I to tell them I had a sweetheart they would not leave England without seeing her but of this I have not yet made mention. They purpose leaving for France on Friday and staying there for three weeks, and on their way back to Scotland probably they will be a few days longer with me.

About your coming to London; now dearest I would be disposed to leave it to yourself. I will only be too glad to see you. After Thursday my time will be my own and I will welcome you heartily whenever you come. Possibly I may not be able to meet you at the train, as two of our partners are in the country, and the charge of seeing the shop closed safely devolves upon me.

If you think you could be happy and enjoy yourself in the country for a few weeks longer it would be better for yourself to stay. But if you fancy you would be happier here then the advantages to be derived from the country would be in some measure done away with, and you would be as well here.

I wish circumstances and my feelings in regard to the feelings of others permitted my at once taking you to myself but however desirable for the happiness and comfort of both of us, such a step would be our union some months hence would tend to give more general satisfaction amongst relatives.

It is getting late now dearest so you must excuse me for having a shorter letter than usual. So Adieu for the present. You own Love, Adam Reid

My kindest regards to all friends.

The next letter is three months later during which time Adam must have proposed.

41 London Street, Fitzroy Sqr, London, 16th December 1852

Dearest Sarah,

I intended having written your letter last night, but was prevented. Mr Hunter and Mr Allan having come along to get a glass out of the bridegroom's bottle and when they went away I felt more disposed for bed, than for writing.

I now snatch a few minutes from my dinner hour, wishing to post the letter tonight as I know you will be disappointed if the postman does not, with the dawn of morning, bring you a letter from your love.

I am not certain with what train I will leave London but of this, and the probable time of my arrival, due notice will be given.

I do not expect to have Martin's company. I have asked him to come but do not mean to insist any more on his coming. If he does not like cheerfully to accept of my invitation and offer, he can just bide.

Annie left London on Saturday night.

How are you getting on with your dress? I suppose it is made now. Have you got a bonnet?

It does not seem a long time now til that long looked for ceremony will take place. Do you think sometimes, it is too soon and wish that it was further away? I cannot say that I have any such wishes. I am the better pleased, the shorter the time gets.

Adieu then dearest for the present, while I remain,

Ever your own love, Adam

41 London Street, Fitzroy Sqr, London, 19th December 1852

Sabbath Evening

Dearest Sarah,

When I last wrote I had not intention of writing again so soon, but now as I am able to make my arrangements more definitely it is well you should be acquainted with them as soon as possible, the more especially as I propose a change in the day on which we shall be married.

When I first resolved to be married on Christmas day, it was with the intention to leave that same afternoon so as to be at business on Monday morning. But now as it is not necessary for me to be at business on Monday, I think it would be a much better arrangement and more agreeable for you as well as for myself, that the ceremony should take place on Monday morning, and we would leave South Molton almost immediately afterwards and get to London the same night. I think this change will meet with your approbation.

Martin has resolved on coming. Mr and Mrs Chapell and he, will leave London on Friday morning and reach South Molton at night. I will leave London on Friday evening and get to South Molton with the morning mail, about half past 6 on Christmas morning and thus we will spend two clear days together, before we are linked together for life.

And if we cannot get married early enough on Monday morning to catch the coach, we can easily get a conveyance by which we would reach Tiverton by half past 2 and thus be in time for the mail to London.

Of course I do not look upon the change of the day as a matter of importance, so if you have made any arrangements by which the day could not easily be altered from Saturday to Monday, then our former intentions must be carried into effect. But at the same time I would prefer the change if it could be done without inconvenience.

Let me hear from you by return of post as to this matter.

Now Dearest, this is probably the last letter you will have from me in our present relationship and at its close let me just suggest that we enter not upon our new state of life without seriously asking the God of Mercy to follow us with his blessing.

Let us begin it by acknowledging God, as our God, and resolving that whatsoever others may do "as for us and our house we shall serve the Lord".

Adieu then Dearest, while I remain,

Every your own Love, Adam

Adam's Diary

27th December Married to Sarah Thomas in South Molton Church and return to London same evening and business next day.³⁹

So Adam got his way!

Chapter V: 1853 to 1855 - Liverpool

Adam's diary

1853

July Sarah and I went to Liverpool to see whether it would be a suitable place for starting a business on my own account. We decided on doing so and immediately began making preparations. Before returning to London, went to South Molton and spend a few days.

In August 1853, Adam's employer, Mr Nisbet, wrote the following letter to Mr M. Macfin Esq, B.. (?) S.. (?) House [Liverpool]

Berners Street, London, August 1853

Dear Sir,

Our Senior Assistant Mr Reid who has been in our employment for seven years discharging his duties very much to our satisfaction is about to leave us with a view to enter into business on his own account.

After much consideration, he informs me that he hears of no place so eligible as Liverpool and he has determined to ascertain for himself by a personal enquiry how far these anticipations are likely to be fulfilled.

Now Dear Sir may we solicit for him a few minutes conversation in order to afford him the information he seeks.

Mr Reid is a Member of Dr Hamilton's congregation and is both pious and persevering, etc (?). Should he see fit to settle in Liverpool we shall feel no fear that he will acquit himself otherwise than as becomes a Christian Young Man.

Mr R. is a married man.

With many apologies for troubling you with this extra matter.

James Nisbet & Co.

Adam's diary

October Left London for Liverpool but as business arrangements were not sufficiently advanced went to Scotland and spent 3 weeks among our friends.

November Went to Liverpool and took up our abode at 11 Buckingham Terrace.⁴⁰

10th December Mary Helen born.⁴¹ Hannah was with us and when she went to leave shortly after on driving to the station we found that the trains were all stopt, on account of the snow.

12th. Opened my shop in Liverpool.⁴²

20th Helen Martin, my sister died.

1st January 1854 Mary Helen baptized in Canning Street Church.⁴³

August 1854 During this month Sarah spent a fortnight in Scotland.

16th Sep 1855 Sarah Jane born. Mrs Chappell from London with us.

7th October Sarah Jane baptized in Canning Street Church.

October. John Martin died. On hearing of this event I went to London and saw after the funeral. Brought Helen and Jeanie Martin to live with us for a time.⁴⁴

Chapter VI: 1856 - South Molton

Adam's diary stops here. Since he was suffering from consumption, probably having caught it from Jeanie, he spent time in South Molton and Ayrshire to rest. When Adam was away Sarah minded the bookshop in Liverpool.

Adam's letters from South Molton to Sarah in Liverpool

South Molton, 4th May 1856

My Dearest,

We arrived here safely last night before 10 o'clock. Bill was at South Molton Road with a trap. Diddy⁴⁵ was very good all the way, except a little crying as she went through the tunnel at Liverpool. She slept a good part of the way. She would not speak to any of them last night for she was very sleepy and tired and she was not very fond of lying in a strange bed. She said "Me can't lie down papa". I took her down again and she went quietly enough when I went myself. She lay this morning till ten, and then she did not seem more friendly than before. Nobody would she let put on an article of clothes but me. She got very free however after she was dressed. Bill and I went out and had a long walk and when I came back I was told she had been playing and was very merry and she had been out several places with Mary Hannah. We have just had our dinner and I have brought her up stairs and put her in bed for a little and now she is fast asleep.

I was over at Mr Vicary's this morning and had two glasses of beer 6 months old which was very nice. He said he had kept some for me and I was to come over every morning and have a glass.

All here are very well. Father and Uncle Harry are better than ever I saw them. I was very tired last night. I went to bed at 11 and did not wake till the 8 o'clock bell awoke me. I did not cough once from the time I lay down till a little before I got up. Mary Vicary had been very bad with Erysipelas but now she is quite well.⁴⁶

When you write on Monday night let me know whether Nisbet has sent any Vicar's Life and if Mrs Matheson's book was delivered on Monday. It was to have come from Nisbets on Monday forenoon.

Be sure and write all particulars every night. I will write again on Tuesday.

I remain, Your affectionate Husband,

Adam Reid

South Molton, 11th May 1856

My dearest Sarah,

I duly received your last two letters. I can assure you I am always very anxious to get them. We have had two beautiful warm summer days. I hope they will continue for a little so long as I am here. I feel the benefit of the change every day. Just now I feel as if I could walk 20 miles. The cough was very little this morning. I think in a short time it will go altogether.

Doddy and I had a nice walk through the fields yesterday. You would have laughed to see her chasing the lambs. I was over in the church and heard the funeral service. Mr Serles is the name of the man that was buried. After dinner I am going out with Mr and Mrs Nutt, Sarah and Mary Ann out to a Mr Allan's, a farmer about 3 miles out and as the day is very beautiful, it will do me good.

I wish you were here for I am sure we would all enjoy ourselves very much. Doddy and I always have a chat about "Mama and Poppy" when we go to bed. Dod enjoys herself very much.⁴⁷ She is quite free with all now. I am just afraid they will spoil her stomach sometimes by giving her so many sweets, buns and so forth but she is quite well. And they say here that she is much improved since she came. And they say also that I look a great deal better.

Last night Bill and I had a glass of "Rum Hot" at the Kings Arms. This morning I have not gone to church. Bill, Mary Anne and Doddy and I are going for a short walk through the fields before dinner. Father has a shoulder of lamb for dinner.

Doddy often speaks of Mama and Poppy. She will be glad to see you again. They say here I must stop for a month but this is impossible. I will stay another week and I will see then how I am.

I have written another note to Mr Blyth and if he has not sent the money yet then post the letter on Monday night. I have asked him to pay it on Thursday and if he does not, I must pull him up.

I remain, Your own Dear Old Man Adam Reid

South Molton, Tuesday 13th May 1856

My Dearest,

Your letter came last night as usual, but I did not get [it] for about 2 hours after its arrival as I was out. Bill and Bill Nutt and myself went out in the afternoon to see "Bishops Nympton Revel" and we did not get home till half past 8. So that was a long walk for me and I was not much tired. On Sabbath we had a walk as long when we went out to Mrs Allan's farm about 4 mile out. We went away at half past 2 and did not get back till after 10. So you see I am improving. We have had four beautiful days, but today it is cloudy and threatens rain before long. Still Doddy and I had a walk through the fields before dinner. I generally go out myself as all here are busily employed.

A lot of the young folks had a pic nic at Filleigh yesterday.⁴⁸ I believe there was about 17 or 18, but I spent the day as comfortably at Bishop Nympton.

I am sorry to hear you head again troubles you. You say you have been thinking but I don't think you have got any very troublesome thoughts to bother you just now.

Has "Wilson's Notes" come and are they all delivered? If not John will find the list in the "Magazine book".

In next letter send 57 worth of receipt stamps heads, for Mr Vicary.

Doddy is sleeping just now when I am writing

Everything has improved very much since I came. The trees in the churchyard are looking very green, and jackdaws are building their nests in the tower.

Father is going to Barnstaple on Friday. If things are going on well with you I think I will stay over Sunday.

They are all very anxious for me to stop. Certainly I am improving very much but still there is no place like home. I am just going to Mr Fenner's to tea. Mrs Manly has never heard from her son yet.

I hope to hear good accounts of business. Meantime I remain, Your affectionate loving, Dear old man, A. Reid

South Molton, Thursday, 15th May 1856

Dearest,

This is a very wet morning which entirely prevents me going out. So I have sat down to write as soon as breakfast is over. Doddy has followed me up stairs and is playing beside me. I intend to bring her with me when I come. For even if you came here, it would be impossible for you to take care of the two in the railway. One is quite enough for anybody to take care of.

I am sorry to say I have not got quit of my cough yet. It is better than it was when I left but still it troubles me a little when I get up and occasionally during the day. But the weather has not been very favourable. We have had 3 or 4 fine days but the remainder have been either cold or wet. I am very much stronger than I was. I have not yet decided when to leave. I should like to stay as long as possible for the sake of my health but the state in which business seems to be does not make it very pleasant to be away. I will likely decide before I write again.

Try and catch a few more Americans. Now is the time for the Guides to be selling. When they ask for Bradshaw's Guide you should always say that Black's is the best and show it to them. Bradshaw only gives the time the trains start, whereas Black's gives a description of all the Railways and Towns in England.

I think it is a long time since I left and shall be glad to see you and Poppy again.

Doddy was speaking about you this morning. She said "I shall see Mama and Poppy". She is just asking me "Is that Mama's letter?"

I will write again on Saturday and I hope to hear better news of business before that time. This morning I did not wake till 10 minutes past 8 and "dod" would have slept much longer if I had let her.

I think I have no more to say just now.

I remain, Your aff. husband, Adam Reid

From Sarah to Adam at Newton Head, Ayr

59 Ranelagh Street Liverpool, 13th August [1856]

My God keep you healthy. Good bye my love.

My Darling,

I'm writing to let you know how we are getting on. I am sorry I did not tell you yesterday how much we took. It was £2 5s, today £2 1s so far.

It has been very showery all day again here. I trust it is not the same with you.

Mr Kelley was in and had his book on another of Wilson's works. I told him a (?) his letters and he said I ought to have had it on the Thursday. I told him I had it put in the (?) (?) today or Friday. He said it would do quite well. It did not matter it was all right.

Miss James, sent by the boy on mother's orders. She has returned some of the books that were sent. I think the one only of theirs .. from old maids the .. knows what they do wrong that little Wilson the school master has had several books here since you left. Several from Gillings I got for him. He can scarcely tell what he requires either. I have sent over to Miss (?) two books, History of Greece and History of France. You will see John has marked them up on the paper (?)

Now My Darling I hope you will not trouble for everything is going on as well as if you were at home. I trust you are getting better and (?) that is keeping cheery. Pray write and let me know.

Dobby Trawler (?) was in today. He said he would like to have seen you. He told me to say he had been. There was a Mr Garley in yesterday and said he would like to see you. He bought Meurs (?) Life and said he would call when you returned. Mr Turner the stationer (?) in James Street, called last night and asked for you. He told me to ask if you could call on him when you returned. I do not know what he wants.

Pray give my dear Dod a plenty of kisses from me. My best love to you My Darling. I remain your loving affectionate wife,

Sarah Reid

From Adam's father

Newton on Ayr, 4 August 1856

Dear Adam and Sarah,

We received your note today and as you are to be from home on Wednesday I think it right to let you know that you are to have some visitors on Wednesday evening. William Martin and young Miss McWhinne is coming to Liverpool with the Earl of Carrick which leaves Ayr on Wednesday morning at 3 o'clock and also young William Park, Bailie Park's son who is going to London but he would like to stay a day in Liverpool to see it. If he calls, if you cannot accommodate him with a bed for one night if Sarah would recommend him to some respectable house where he would get a good bed this would be a favour. Some of us will be at the station on Wednesday evening at 9 o'clock.

We remain Your affect. Father and Mother, Adam Reid

From Sarah to Adam

[undated] 59 Ranelagh Street, Liverpool

My Darling,

I have been thinking of you and Dear Doddy. I trust you are safe at your home. I'm sure you must be tired. It has been very warm here, you and poor Doddy must have felt it. I am sure I shall long to have a letter to know how you and how my Dear Doddy behaved poor little thing. I am sure she will feel strange. Do not go away from her for a bit. I have

felt all day as if I could bring up my heart thinking of you. I am real silly but I cannot help it my darling.

I must tell you we have only taken £1 4s. so far today. Miss Fraser's States have come and I sent them up.

I received a letter from your father this morning to say there was four of them coming. I think I can manage a couple of beds for them.

I shall feel more comfortable when I get your letter to hear you got save home. I have nothing more to say just now. With my best love to you my darling and our Dear Doddy some kisses. I remain your loving and affectionate wife, Sarah Reid

May God bless you both is the Prayers of your fond wife Sarah

From Adam in Ayr to Sarah

Ayr, 14th August

Dearest,

My cough is keeping better. Yesterday and today I was troubled little during the day, or during the night – only in the morning when I got up. My mother brings in a can of new milk every morning to me before I get up.

I wish "Charley" had kept to his former intention and not gone to Devonshire till the end of the month. The shortness of my stay here will prevent me from getting the benefit I expected. My mother was asking me yesterday when I was going away. I said on Monday. She seemed not very well pleased. She said you might have stopt a little longer, when you were able to stay so long in Devonshire. I certainly would stay another week if business was going on well and if it did not interfere with your trip. But as it is, I think I might manage to stay till Wednesday morning.

Jeanie will not leave South Molton till Wednesday week. Now if I am home on Wednesday night you could leave on Friday evening at 6 afternoon. This would give you four clear days to see Jeanie - Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday. But if you think this is too hurried, say so in your letter tomorrow and I will come on Monday morning as I thought of at first.

The weather has been very good the last two days. Occasional showers have fallen but I have not been caught in any.

You had better write home and tell some of them to write to your friends in Bristol asking them to wait on you at the train and take you to a quiet place where you can get a bed. On whatever day you go you will be in Bristol at a quarter past 9 at night.

I am afraid Miss Lewis is a pest. I shan't take these books back from her. The two books she has sent to bind, get done as soon as possible and do all you can to please her till I come back.

I remain, Your aff husband, Adam Reid

Adam seems to be getting rather irritated by problems cropping up in the bookshop not helped for sure by his state of health.

59 Ranelagh Street, Liverpool, 5th September 1856

Dearest,

It is now a fortnight since you left and this I suppose will be the last letter I will write to you at South Molton at this time, that is if you leave on Monday morning as you said in last letter. If you write to Mrs Thomas at Bristol she will be able to recommend you where to go.

We continue to have fine weather here. I hope it is the same with you. The doctor came yesterday and spent a long time with me. He thoroughly examined my chest. He did not order anything fresh in the way of medicine except a pill which I am to take every night. He told me to put on a small blister, which I did last night. It has rather annoyed me today for it is very sharp if I happen to move my left arm suddenly.

The cough has troubled me very little for the last two days and I hope this blister will have the effect of making it still less. I continue to feel very well and eat very heartily.

We must think of getting a supply of butter etc. from Devon soon. Would this be a good time to get it? You can ask father and see what he says. I wrote to Blyth last night and told him if the account was not paid before Wednesday, that I should commence proceedings against him. It is most annoying to be obliged to write in that way to a customer, but still there is nothing else I can do.

Dod is quite well. Last night I was called down at tea time and when I went back she had got the pot of jam and was eating it as fast as she could with a spoon. I can assure you she made a large hole in the pot. This morning she said "I wonder when Mamma and Poppy coming back to see me". I hope you will get all the good you can out of the short time now you intend to stay. You will write on Sabbath and say whether you will leave on Monday morning. If the weather is fine you can stay a few [the letter ends here]

Newton Head, Ayr, 14th October 1856

Dearest,

I received your letter again today and sorry to hear business is so dull. I hope it will improve. Also I fear I will be obliged to hurry home again without reaping much benefit from my absence.

It was very kind in Miss Grindley, but I think I will not visit Edinburgh at present but rather remain here in quietness as long as I can and see if that will do me any good.

*In regard to the lady that called to buy a book, I think you might recommend Chalmers' *Life or Bickersteth's Life*. There are nice copies of both books there.*

I am much about the same. I am not troubled with anything but cough. The chilliness has gone away and my strength is keeping up.

I am glad to say the weather still keeps fine.

I hope all is going on well and above all things I hope that nothing is sold on credit without being entered. Not having more to say I must close and remain your affectionate husband,

Adam Reid

Tell John I cannot make out what this means "W Gene's(?) works and Vol". If he means the first vol he should have said so. Tell him to be more careful in writing down orders for it puts me to a deal of annoyance not knowing what to order.

The other note from Mr Saffley I cannot make out either. It is the First Prize Essay on something but I cannot make out what.

I hope you mentioned in last night's letter whether you found the two books that I thought was in the shop and that you also sent Hamilton's Invoice. If you forgot mind it tonight.

Tell Mrs Nixon that "Brief Thoughts" cannot be got in London or Edinburgh. If she pays the postage I will get them from Kelso.

Chapter VII: 1857 - Adam's death

Adam and Sarah had a son, born in Liverpool on 23 March 1857. They called him Adam. He died in South Molton, on 13 June 1857.

Adam's health did not improve. He must have sold the bookshop and taken the family to South Molton where he spent his last days. A letter from a business colleague in Liverpool was sent to him in South Molton which gives an indication of Adam's state of mind.

Liverpool 23rd May 1857

My Dear Mr Reid,

I duly received you note of the 15th May and was very sorry indeed to learn from it that you were not gathering any strength but I hope my Dear Sir that by this time you are expressing(?) more benefit from the change. I would have written to you earlier but have been myself laid up from a disordered stomach and feel the full force of your warning which you so kindly addressed to me. How careless are we of that best of blessings and alas how little do we prize it when in the height of its enjoyment. Permit me most truly and affectionately to sympathise with you in that feeling which finds it "difficult to reconcile yourself to your present situation". Truly it's difficult indeed for flesh and blood to understand it but with the temerity (?) of that Spirit which is promised to you, you will I have no doubt got at his mind (?) with respect to your present affliction.

I truly hope that God is with you. This is the condition that we ought all to long for to understand his dealings with us and by the Grace of God it is the condition that we ought all to strive ... (? to realise. David must have found this to be the case when he said "it was good for me that I was afflicted". They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. But in times of truth when everything seems to be going against us 'tis very difficult to feel this, but faith in a living Saviour will do much for us. Yea it will do all things for us "Other refuge have I none". I hope and trust that you are feeling this.

I take it very kind of you indeed that you should have thought of me on this occasion the more so as you seem to be suffering from fatigue and I am selfish enough to wish that it may not be the last letter that I am to receive from you. I feel such an interest in you that I can scarcely express it. My partner Mr Dunnett returned home the other day so much improved that he is scarcely to be recognised now as the Mr Dunnett of December last. Not a vestige of his cough seems to have remained with him and he looks stronger than ever.

I hope that all you little family are well and that Mrs Reid continues to enjoy good health. Your wishes with respect to your next were anticipated by my people and we continue to trade with your successor as usual.

With kindest regards and with best wishes, Remain Your most truly,

J. M...

The shortest communication from you will be thankfully received.

Adam died in South Molton on 10th September 1957, aged 31.

Adam's and Jeanie's parents wrote letters of condolence to Sarah:

From Adam's parents (written by his father)

Newton, 12th September

Dear Sarah,

I duly received your brother's note on Friday morning and were very sorry to hear that Adam was sinking so fast. From your note on Thursday morning we were so far prepared for the worst but indeed we had very little hope of his getting better since the last time he was here we had very little hope. When I went down to the station with him that morning he left, I just thought I would never see him again - but now that it has pleased the Lord to remove him from this world of troubles that he is gone to a world where trouble is unknown and where the weary are at rest.

I hope you will soon recover from the fatigue you have had by Adam's last illness and be fit to take charge of your little family and put your trust in God for he has promised to be a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless. You will receive £5 as funeral expenses from the society - as per order it is sent to Sarah Reid.

I should have been very glad to have seen Adam in life but that was not to be, and I should have been very glad to have attended his funeral 'at my advanced age', and the great distance, and the difficulty I would have of leaving the wife in her present depressed state I could not think of coming for (but?) I have not the slightest doubt that you will pay every respect to his remains - be so good as give my best respects to your brother for his kindness in letting us know about Adam's last illness and his death. Be sure and drop me a note when you receive this, and also if you received the £2 I sent on Thursday.

I hope this will find you all well.

We remain,

Your affect.

Father & Mother Adam Reid

Adam's mother died in 1862 aged 78 and his father in 1866 aged 79.

From Jeanie's parents, Mr and Mrs Ingram

Ayr, 14th September

My Dear Mrs Reid,

Mrs Ingram and I was sorry to hear of Mr Reid's death. We trust you will be enabled to bear this heavy bereavement sent at this time and may we all be improved by this another lesson given us of the shortness of our time upon this earth and may it lead us to seek more earnestly that city which hath foundations whose builders and maker is God.

We will be glad to hear from you at your convenience and we heard from a letter you sent to his father here that you intend being through in this quarter soon if you are spared to be so. We will be most happy to have a call from you.

We were sorry to learn through your brother's letter to us that you are very unwell. Hoping how[ever] soon you may be fully restored to usual health. We remain your ever aft. friends

Mr and Mrs Ingram

Epilogue

Adam's body, once so healthy, vigorous and gay has now mouldered in the dust but thanks to this book he lives on. He and all the people he knew have come to life again.

I continue to fantasize about meeting him and can only hope that if there is an afterlife I will, but as Jeanie would say I will just have to "wonder away".

Only I and my children and grandchildren are Adam's descendants on this earth.

After his death Sarah brought her two young girls up in South Molton. In 1877 Doddy married George Robertson, a house-decorator and amateur painter whose watercolours, in particular of Appledore in North Devon, decorate my house. They had four children: George, Mary (May) my grandmother, Nora and Blanche. In 1891 all the family including Sarah and Poppy were living in Stanhope Street, London.

Poppy did not marry but had the job of bringing Doddy's three young girls up when both Doddy and her husband died in 1898. Poppy and Sarah took the three girls back to South Molton while brother George stayed on in London and became a railway accountant. George and Blanche both died of consumption before the age of 30. Sarah died on Christmas Day 1901 at the age of 81 and Poppy on 7 June 1932, aged 77.

In 1915, May married my grandfather, Thomas Henry (Harry) Rice from Lydford in North Devon. My father, Geoffrey, was born in South Molton in 1920 and the family went to live in Ealing. My father married my mother, Gwladys (Betti) Sanderson from Wales, and I was born in 1949. My parents divorced a couple of years later and my father and I went to live in Twickenham with my grandparents and great aunt Nora, who had never married.

Harry and May died in the mid-fifties so from the age of seven I was brought up by my father and Aunt Nora.

Geoffrey would have preferred to have been brought up in South Molton rather than in the London suburbs as he loved the outdoors and reminisced about the happy childhood holidays he had spent there. In fact he wrote a few pages about those times and I also have his diaries and some letters he wrote when in the Indian Army - but that is another story altogether.

-
- 1 Adam's brothers and sisters are: Alexander (3.6.1810-?), Margaret (23.2.1812-10.1881: Mrs William McWhinnie), William (20.2.1814-?), Helen (31.12.1815- 20.12.1853: Mrs John Martin), Janet (17.5.1818- : Mrs Findlay Ferguson Knight. The Knights emigrated to New York where Findlay worked as a bookbinder. His great-grandson, Tom Knight, lives in New York and is a well-known baseball historian).
 - 2 Jeanie's brothers are William (14.8.1825-19.2.1887 who became a watchmaker like his father), Andrew (14.2.1830-?: who become one of the first photographers in Ayr) and John (24.6.1832-?). [A sister called Margaret was born on 15.6.1828 but must have died young.] Jeanie's father moved his watchmaking premises from Tarbolton to Ayr in 1833 (*Ayr Observer*, 20 August 1833, 1d).
 - 3 At its General Assembly in Edinburgh in 1843 the Church of Scotland split when nearly 200 ministers marched out to gather in another hall and form the Free Church of Scotland. The new church included more than one third of all former Church of Scotland ministers. The main issue of discord was the encroachment of the civil power on the independence of the Church, in particular concerning the nomination of ministers. The instigators of the separation came from the evangelical wing, as opposed to the moderates, which had been most influential in the Sunday school movement and missions, including the providing of ministers to the British colonies through the Glasgow Colonial Society.
 - 4 This is probably David Guthrie's bookshop, 1 High Street, Ayr.
 - 5 James Stevenson (1810-1865) was the minister of Newton on Ayr from 1836. He 'came out' in 1843 and served as Newton's Free Church minister until his death in September 1865.
 - 6 Auchinweat is near Tarbolton.
 - 7 Jeanie might have met Adam through her brother Andrew as they are around the same age and Jeanie often mentions him in her letters.
 - 8 Sally had been one of Adam's sweethearts.
 - 9 Mathew Allan (1807-1889) was the tenant of Auchinweat, succeeding his father, Andrew, who died in 1843. He was Jeanie's mother's brother. "Aunt Lily" is their sister, Lillias, born in 1805.
 - 10 Cabinet makers.
 - 11 Mrs Hightet, born Margaret "Maggie" Pettigrew, married John Hightet on 11 August 1845 in St. Quivox.
 - 12 James Lindsay Crawford, MD (1820-1858).
 - 13 This might mean Adam having to leave Edinburgh to find work in London.
 - 14 Adam was leaving for London in November.
 - 15 A spa town near Stirling.
 - 16 This is with James Nisbet & Co, 21/22 Berners Street. They were also publishers of many religious books and tracts. The building where the bookshop was is no longer standing.
 - 17 A light two-wheeled hackney-carriage.
 - 18 David Guthrie was the publisher of the *Ayrshire & Renfrewshire Agriculturist*, of which John Moore was the editor. For more on Moore see the article by Rob Close, 'Two Hundred Years of the *Ayr Advertiser*', in *Ayrshire Notes*, 26 (Winter 2003), p.14.
 - 19 John Allan (1796-1885), Jeanie's uncle, was the minister of Union Church, Aberdeen from 1832. He joined the Free Church in 1843, but resigned as minister of Union Free Church in 1846 due to a throat infection. He died in Ayr. [Hew Scott, ed., *Fasti Ecclesiae Scoticae*, vol. 6, Edinburgh 1926, p.41. which gives the wrong year of birth.
 - 20 This is Jeanie's father who was a watchmaker.
-

-
- 21 Adam's father's will says that he was a "Freeman and lately a Bailie of Newton-upon-Ayr"
[A person who has the right to trade in a burgh (he was a weaver) and then a town
magistrate].
- 22 This might be why Andrew decided to become a photographer (dageurrotype artist) rather
than a watchmaker.
- 23 This letter might have been written in July 1847 as Jeanie may be referring to the wedding
of Henrietta Guthrie and Andrew Dow Thomson who married on 4 July 1847 in the
Parish of Barony.
- 24 This might be Marion Reid (9.12.1792-?), one of Adam's father's sisters, who married
James Grant on 4 January 1813 in St. Quivox.
- 25 This might be Henrietta Guthrie who married Andrew Dow Thomson on 4 July 1847 in the
Parish of Barony.
- 26 They were married by the Rev'd James Stevenson of the Free Church, Newton upon Ayr.
- 27 Adam's sister, Helen, and her husband John Martin.
- 28 Adam's diary says: *5th May. Removed from Barnsbury St to 41 London Street.* London
Street is now called Maple Street.
- 29 Laodicean: indifferent in religion, lukewarm - having the fault for which the Church of
Laodicea is reproached.
- 30 This might mean that her brothers emigrated to America like so many others at that time.
- 31 Matthew Allan, Jeanie's cousin, married Barbara Gordon in Tarbolton.
- 32 Jeanie's aunt.
- 33 The Great Exhibition of the Works and Industries of All Nations at Crystal Palace in 1851.
- 34 Adam had crossed this paragraph out.
- 35 SS: I think this means 'Sunday School' teacher.
- 36 Sarah Thomas was a seamstress from South Molton in North Devon. She was about four
years older than Adam. Her father, John Thomas, was a sexton living at Church Yard
which was the old town centre. I do not know why Sarah was in London at the time.
Adam mentions in his letters to her sent from London people that knew her, Mr and
Mrs Chappel, Mrs Galloway, Miss Bailey, Mr and Mrs Craig and her friend Emma who
also came from Devon.
- 37 Born 5.6.1836 and therefore aged 13.
- 38 Emma died on 25 July 1852.
- 39 They were married by the Rev. Theophilus Clarke.
- 40 There is no longer a Buckingham Terrace in Liverpool. It might have been renamed.
- 41 My great grandmother.
- 42 The bookshop was in Ranelagh Street. The building is no longer there.
- 43 This was a Presbyterian church at the junction of Canning Street and Bedford Street which
has been replaced by a modern church built for the German Evangelical Church in
1959.
- 44 Jean Hall Martin, born 5.6.1836 and Helen Alexander Martin born 17.1.1847.
- 45 Mary Helen's nickname.
- 46 A skin infection.
- 47 Sarah Jane, their second daughter, was known as Poppy.
- 48 A small village between South Molton and Barnstaple.

AANHS Publications

Publications of the Ayrshire Archaeological & Natural History Society (AANHS) are available from Ronald W. Brash MA, Publications Distribution Manager, 10 Robsland Avenue, Ayr KA7 2RW. Further information about the AANHS and its publications will be found on the society's website: www.aanhs.org.uk

A Scottish Renaissance Household (MacKenzie)	£3.00
Plant Life in Ayrshire (Kirkwood/Foulds)	£4.20
The Barony of Alloway (Hendry)	£3.60
Robert Adam in Ayrshire (Sanderson)	£3.60
The Cumnock Pottery (Quail)	£5.00
Tolls and Tacksmen (McClure)	£3.60
Smuggling and the Ayrshire Economic Boom (Cullen)	£4.00
The Port of Ayr 1727–1780 (Graham)	£4.20
John Smith of Dalry, Part 1: Geology (ed. Reid)	£6.00
John Smith of Dalry, Part 2: Archaeology & Natural History (ed. Reid)	£7.20
Mauchline Memories of Robert Burns (ed. Strawhorn) (reprint)	£3.50
Antiquities of Ayrshire (Grose, ed. Strawhorn) (reprint)	£4.20
Cessnock: An Ayrshire Estate in the Age of Improvement (Mair)	£4.50
Robert Reid Cunninghame of Seabank House (Graham)	£3.60
Historic Ayr: A Guide for Visitors	£2.00
A Community Rent Asunder: The Newmilns Laceweavers Strike of 1897 (Mair)	£3.50
The Rise and Fall of Mining Communities in Central Ayrshire (Wark)	£3.00
The Last Miller: The Cornmills of Ayrshire (Wilson)	£6.00
Historic Alloway, Village and Countryside: A Guide for Visitors	£2.00
The Street Names of Ayr (Close) 128 pages	£5.00
Servants in Ayrshire 1750–1914 (Aitchison) 144 pages	£5.00
Ayrshire in the Age of Improvement (McClure) 192 pages	£6.00
Historic Prestwick and its surroundings, 64 pages	£2.50
Vernacular Building in Ayrshire (Hume), 80 pages	£4.50
The Early Transatlantic Trade of Ayr 1640-1730 (Barclay & Graham) 104 pages	£4.50
Armstrong's Maps of Ayrshire (1775: reprint, 6 sheets)	£12.00