

Copy of Two LETTERS from the late **ANDREW HARDIE**, the former written to his Uncle, dated Stirling Castle, 5th September, and the latter to his Sweetheart the night preceding his Execution, dated 7th Sept. 1820.

*My Dear Relations,*

I now write you my long and last farewell letter, as I am in a short time to fall a victim beneath the stroke of the tyrant, for seeking those rights for which our forefathers bled, and for which I shall lay down my life without the least reluctance, knowing it is for the cause of truth and justice. I have wronged no person—I have hurt no person—and formerly been of an easy temper. I bless God, who has the hearts of every man in his hand, that it never entered into mine to hurt any of my fellow-creatures. No person could have induced me to take up arms in the same manner to rob or plunder. No, my dear friends, I took them for the good of my suffering country; and although we were outwitted, yet I protest, as a dying man, that it was with a good intention on my part. But, dear friends, it becomes me, as a dying man, to look over all these matters, which, bless God, I can do with pleasure. If I cannot forgive my enemies, or those who have injured me, how can I expect my blessed Saviour to make intercession for me, who so freely forgive his enemies—even when expiring on the cross he prayed, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." I could take the greatest enemy I have into my bosom, even the

Yes, my dear friends, my earnest prayer is that God may forgive him. My dear friends, I hope you will put yourselves to as little concern as possible. It becomes us to submit ourselves to the will of God, and to every dispensation of his providence. He often sees the most painful trial necessary—he is infinitely pure—he can do nothing wrong—he chastiseth whom he loveth—and I earnestly hope and pray he will sanctify this gracious dispensation of his providence to one and all of us, which is the earnest prayer of your unfortunate nephew while on earth.

**ANDREW HARDIE.**

*Stirling Castle, 5th Sept. 1820.*

*My Dear and Loving Margaret,*

BEFORE this arrives to your hand, I will be made immortal, and will, I trust, be singing praises to God and the Holy Lamb, amongst the spirits of just men, made perfect through the atoning blood of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, whose all-sufficient merit is infinitely unbounded for all the sins of a sinful world, and he is able and willing to save to the uttermost all those that are enabled to come to him by faith in his blood. What consolation does this render unto me, who, while writing this, is within a few short hours of launching into eternity, where I am not afraid to enter, although a poor, unworthy, and miserable sinner, and

not worthy of the least of his notice, yet I trust he will put upon me his unspotted robe of righteousness, and present my poor and unworthy soul to his father, redeemed with his most precious blood. Think, my dear Margaret, on the goodness of Almighty God to me in my last and closing period of my life. O think on it, and draw consolation from that source from which I obtained it, and from whence consolation and real fortitude can be obtained. Could you have thought that I was sufficient to stand such a stroke, which at once burst upon me like an earthquake, and buried all my vain earthly hopes beneath its ruins, and at once left me a poor shipwrecked mariner on this bleak shore, and separated from the world and thee, in whom all my hopes were centered. But, alas! how vain are all the earthly hopes of us weak-sighted mortals? How soon are they all buried in oblivion?

My dear Margaret, put yourself to no concern about me. O may that good and gracious God, who has supported me so peculiarly, support you also in every dispensation of his providence that he is pleased to visit you with. O that he may send his ministering angels, and soothe you with the balm of comfort. O may they approach the beauteous mourner, and tell you that your love lives triumphantly, lives though condemned, lives to a nobler life!

My dear Margaret, I hope that you will not take it for a dishonour that your unfortunate lover died for his distressed and suffering country. No, my dear Margaret, I know you are possessed of nobler ideas than that, and well do I know that no person of feeling or humanity will insult you with it. I have every reason to believe that it will be the contrary. I shall die firm to the cause which I took up arms to defend; and, although we were outwitted and betrayed, yet I protest, as a dying man, that it was done with a good intention on my part. But you know my sentiments on that subject long before I was taken prisoner. No person could have induced me to take up arms to rob or plunder. No, my dear Margaret, I took them up

But, my dear Margaret, this is not a very pleasant subject to you. I will leave it, and direct your attention to matters of more importance—to the one thing needful. Recollect, my dear Margaret, that we are one and all of us lost and miserable sinners, and that you have, as well as me, to stand before a just and good God, who is infinite and pure, and that he cannot look upon the least sin but with the utmost abhorrence, and that it is only through the blood of a crucified Saviour that we can expect mercy at his just and most awful tribunal. My dear Margaret, I will be under the necessity of laying down my pen, as this will have to go out immediately.

O may God's grace your life direct,  
From evil guard your way,  
And in temptation's fatal path,  
Permit you not to stray.

You will give my dying love to your father and mother, James and Agnes, Mrs Connell, and Jean Buchanan, and I exhort you all to a close walk with God, through our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and, when you have fulfilled a course of life agreeable to his word, that we may be united together in the mansions of peace, where there is no sorrow.

Farewell, farewell, a long farewell to you, and all worldly cares, for I have done with them! I hope you will frequently call on my distressed and afflicted mother. At the expense of some tears, I have destroyed your letters. Again farewell, my dear Margaret! May God attend you still, and all your soul with consolation fill, is the sincere prayer of your affectionate lover while on earth,

**ANDREW HARDIE.**