

An account of Matthew Clydesdale and Simon Ross, who were executed in front of the Prison, at Glasgow, on Wednesday the 4th of Nov. 1818, for the crimes of Murder and Housebreaking.

THIS day, Matthew Clydesdale and Simon Ross were executed, pursuant to their sentence.

Clydesdale, from the time of receiving sentence of death, appeared resigned to his fate—the early impressions of religion seemed to remind him of his awful situation, and he paid considerable attention to the instructions of several pious persons who diligently attended, in order to prepare him, as far as possible, for his dreadful change; but Ross, who was rather ignorant, was not much affected with his lamentable condition, till within a few days of the time appointed for carrying his sentence into execution.

Matthew Clydesdale, about thirty-two years of age, was born in Lanarkshire, and was by trade a weaver. He worked occasionally as a collier; but never followed that occupation from the time he was blamed for hurting his brother while at work in a coal-pit: his brother died some time ago. The crime for which he this day suffered was the murder of Alexander Love, sen., a collier, on the 27th of August last, at Laigh Drumgelloch, parish of New Monkland. Love was an inoffensive industrious old man, and was going to work, in company with his grandson, about two o'clock in the morning, when he was murdered. There was something in the temper of Clydesdale, when he drank spiritous liquors, that his most intimate acquaintances never could fathom; and it was thought that he had momentary fits of derangement when in liquor; indeed the atrocious act which brought him to an ignominious death looks something like it. It is known, that about six hours before the murder was committed, Clydesdale was very merry, entertaining his companions with singing songs, and during that time had drunk, in company with two others, a share of six half-nutchkins of whisky, and two bottles of porter, and parted with his companions in the utmost good humour. On his road home, he unfortunately fell in with the poor defenceless old man, who had nothing about him to tempt any person to rob him, nor was it said that he had ever offended Clydesdale, yet he murdered him, and assaulted his grandson—then went home, and, without any agitation, told he had been attacked by tinkers on the road, who attempted to rob him—that one of them had

wounded him on the knee—that he wrested the instrument out of his hands, and did the best he could with it, but would tell no man what, but the man who had wounded him would never do it again. Intoxication is no extenuation of the crime: however, it is not unlikely but the unfortunate man, from the state his senses were in at the time he committed the horrid deed, might imagine that he actually had been attacked. He has left a wife and two children to lament his untimely end.

Simon Ross, about nineteen years of age, was born in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, and worked some time as a Fleisher; but being of an idle disposition, and much given to loose company, was taken little notice of.—Bad company, idleness, and drinking, indeed, are the ruin of every young man, and certainly were the ruin of this unfortunate youth, as well as many of his companions. He began with the petty theft of stealing a cheese, for which he was confined in Bridewell; and, instead of repenting after he had been set at liberty, and endeavouring by industrious habits and good behaviour to gain a fair character, he still continued to keep company with his old companions, and was shortly after accused of being one of the four that assaulted Stewart Lyle, on the Barrowfield road, about twenty months ago. Lyle died of his wounds; and as there was no proof against Ross, he again escaped. He was afterward accused as one of the three who broke into the house of a lame woman, at Gartcraig, last January, whence they carried off every thing portable. He again escaped for want of proof; but the other two said to be concerned in this robbery have since been transported for other crimes. Notwithstanding the above fortunate escapes, it appears that Ross could not be induced to forsake his dangerous and disgraceful way of life, and he still went on in evil habits, until he was convicted of house-breaking and theft at Rutherglen, on the 15th of April last, and for which crime he this day suffered an ignominious death. May those who witnessed his melancholy end, and are treading in the ways which led to it, take warning by his fate, and endeavour to regain the path of rectitude, while it is yet in their power.

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