

died—he became fretful and unhappy. He said, that now he “hadna aue to do any thing for him.” His health also began to fail, and to him peace brought neither plenty nor prosperity. The weaving trade grew worse and worse every day. James said he believed that prices would come to nothing. He gradually became less able to work, and his earnings were less and less. He was evidently drooping fast. But the news arrived that Napoleon had left Elba—that he had landed in France—that he was on his way to Paris—that he had entered it—that the Bourbons had fled; and the eyes of James again sparkled with joy, and he went about rubbing his hands, and again exclaiming—“Oh, the great, the godlike man! the beloved of the people!—the conqueror of hearts as well as countries!—He is returned!—he is returned!—Every thing will go well again!”

During ‘the hundred days’ James forgot all his sorrow, and all his solitariness; like the eagle—he seemed to have renewed his youth. But the tidings of Waterloo arrived.

“Treachery! foul treachery!” cried the old man; and he smote his hand upon his breast. But he remembered that his son was in that battle. He had not heard from him—he knew not but that he was numbered with the slain—he feared it, and he became tenfold more unhappy and miserable than before.

A few months after the battle, a wounded soldier arrived at T—, to recruit his health among his friends. He had enlisted with George. He had served in the same Regiment, and had seen him fall at the moment, the cry of “The Prussians!” was raised.

“My son!—my poor son!”—cried the miserable father, “and it is my doing—it is a’ mine—I drove him to list; and how can I live wi’ the murder o’ my poor George upon my head?” His distress became deep and more deep; his health and strength more rapidly declined; he was unable to work and he began to be in want. About this period, also, he was attacked with a paralytic stroke, which deprived him of the use of his right arm; and was reluctantly compelled to remove to Stirlingshire, and become an inmate in the house of his daughter.

It was a sad grief to his proud spirit to feel himself a burden upon his child; but she and her husband strove anxiously to sooth him, and to render him happy. He was still residing with them when the Radical meetings took place in various parts of the country, and especially in the west of Scotland, in

1819. James contemplated them with delight. He said the spirit of liberty was casting its face upon his countrymen—they were beginning to think like men, and to understand the principles he had gloried in, through good report and through bad report—yea, and through persecution, for more than half a century.

A meeting was to take place near Stirling and James was sorrowful that he was unable to attend; but his son in law was to be present, and James charged him, that he would bring him a faithful account of all the proceedings. Catherine knew little about the principles of her father, or her husband, or the object of their meeting. She asked if it would make wages any higher; but she had heard that the military would be called out to disperse it—that government would punish those who attended it, and her fears were excited.

“Tak my advice, Willie,” said she to her husband, as he went towards the door, “tak a wife’s advice for ance, and dinna gang near it. There will nae gude come out o’ it. Ye can mak naething by it: but will lose baith time and money, and I understand that it is likely great danger will attend it, and ye may be brought into trouble. Sae, dinna gang, Willie, like a guid lad—if ye hae ony regard for me, dinna gang.”

“Really, Katie,” said Willie, who was a good natured man, “ye talk very silly: but ye’re just like a’ the women, hinny—their outcry is aye about expense and danger. But dinna ye trouble yourself, it’s o’ nae use to be put about for the death ye’ll ne’er die. I’ll be hame to my four hours.”

“The lassie’s silly,” said her father, “wherefore should he no gang? It is the duty o’ every man to gang that is able; and sorry am I that I am not, or I wad hae rejoiced to hae stood forth this day, as a champion, in the great cause o’ liberty.”

So, William Crawford disregarding the remonstrances of his wife, went to the meeting. But while the people were yet assembling, the military were called out; the riot act was read; and the soldiers fired at or over the multitude. Instant confusion took place, there was a running to and fro, and the soldiers pursued. Several were wounded, and some seriously.

The news that the meeting had been dispersed, and that several were wounded, were brought to James Nicholson and his daughter as they sat waiting the return of her husband.