

unruly amongst whom raised the cry of "Smash them!—send them in!" and the cry was no sooner made than it was obeyed; stones flew thick as hail, panes were shivered, sashes broken, and they ran from one house to another carrying on their work of destruction. In its turn, they came to the dwelling of James—they raised a yell before it—a stone was thrown, and the crash of broken glass was heard. James opened the door, and stood before them. They yelled louder.

"Break away!" said he, contemptuously; "ye pulr infatuated sauls that ye are—break away, an' dinna leave a hale pane, if it's yer sovereign will an' pleasure! Ye silly, thoughtless, senseless idiots, how many hundred millions has it cost this country to cram the precious Bourbons on the people o' France again?—an' wha's to pay it, think ye?"

"No you, Jemmy," cried a voice from the crowd.

"But I maun toil frae mornin' til night to help to do it, ye blockhead ye," answered James; "an' ye hae to do the same, an' yer back has to gang bare, an' yer bairns to be hungered for it! Cates, friends, ye hae great cause for an illumination! But, as if the hundreds o' millions which yer assistance o' the Bourbons has added to the national debt were but a trifle, ye, forsooth, must increase yer county burdens by breaking decent people's windows, for their sake, out o' pure mischief. Break awa, friends, if it's yer pleasure, the damage wi'na come out o' my pocket; and if yer siller is sae plentiful that ye can afford to throw it awa in chucky-stanes!—fling! fling!" and, withdrawing into the house, he shut the door.

"Odd! I dinna ken," said one of the crowd, "but there's a deal o' truth in what he says."

"It was too bad to touch his windows," said another; "his son, George, has been in the wars, an' the life o' a son is o' mair value than a pound o' candles."

"Ye're richt," cried a third.

"Hurra for Jemmy the Leveller!" cried another. The crowd gave a loud cheer, and left the house in good humour; nor was there another window in the village broken throughout the night.

Next day, James received the following letter from his son. It was dated

*Toulouse, April 14th, 1814.*

"Honoured Father and Mother—I hope this will find you and my dear sister well, as it leaves me, thank Providence for it. I

think this war will soon be over now; for, whatever you may think of the French and their fighting, father, we have driven them from pillar to post, and from post to pillar, as the saying is. Not but that they are brave fellows, and clever fellows too; but we can beat them, and that is everything. Soult is one of their best generals, if not their very best; and though he was in his own country, and had his positions all of his own choosing, I assure you, upon the word of a soldier, that we have beaten him out and out, twice within this fortnight; but, if you still get the newspaper, you will have seen something about it. You must not expect me to give you any very particular accounts about what has taken place; for a single soldier just sees and knows as much about a battle as the spoke of a mill-wheel knows about the corn which it causes to be ground. I may here, also, while I remember, tell you what my notions of bravery are. Some people talk about courageous men, and braving death, and this and that, but, so far as I have seen and felt, it is all talk—nothing but talk. There are very few such cowards as to run away, or not to do their duty, (indeed to run away from the ranks during an action would be no easy matter) but I believe I am no coward—I daresay you think the same thing; and the best man in all T—durst not call me one, but I will tell you how I felt when I first entered a battle. We were under arms—I saw a part of the enemy's lines before us—we were ordered to advance—I knew that in ten minutes the work of death would begin, and I felt—not faintish, but some way confoundedly like it. The first firing commenced by the advanced wing; at the report, my knees shook, (not visibly,) and my heart leaped within me. A cold sweat (a slight one) broke over me. I remember the sensation. A second discharge took place—the work was at hand—something seemed to crack within my ears. I felt I don't know how; but it was not courageous, though, as to running away or being beaten, the thought never entered my head. Only I did not feel like what you read about heroes. Well, the word 'fire' was given to our own regiment. The drum of my ear actually felt as if it were split. My heart gave one terrible bound, and I felt it no more. For a few moments all was ringing of the ears, smoke and confusion. I forgot everything about death. The roar of the action had become general—through its din I at intervals heard