

to be carried across the ferry to a churchyard on the opposite side of the Frith. A group of French fishermen, who had gathered round me, were looking curiously at my mode of working, and, as I thought, somewhat curiously at myself, as if speculating on the physical powers of a man with whom there was at least a possibility of their having one day to deal. They formed part of the crew of one of those powerfully manned French luggers which visit our northern coasts every year, ostensibly with the design of prosecuting the herring fishery, but which, supported mainly by large Government bounties, and in but small part by their fishing speculations, are in reality kept up by the State as a means of rearing sailors for the French navy. Their lugger—an uncouth-looking vessel, representative rather of the navigation of three centuries ago than of that of the present day—lay stranded in the harbor beside us; and, their work over for the day, they seemed as quiet and silent as the calm evening whose stillness they were enjoying, when the letter-carrier of the place came up to where I was working, and handed me, all damp from the press, a copy of the *Inverness Courier*, which I owed to the kindness of its editor. I was at once attracted by the heading, in capitals, of his leading article,—“Revolution in France—Flight of Charles X.”—and pointed it out to the Frenchmen. None of them understood English; but they could here and there catch the meaning of the more important words, and, exclaiming “*Revolution en France!!—Fuite de Charles X.!!*”—they clustered round it in a state of the extremest excitement, gabbling faster and louder than thrice as many Englishmen could have done in any circumstances. At length, however, their resolution seemed taken; curiously enough, their lugger bore the name of “*Charles X.* ;” and one of them, laying hold of a large lump of chalk, repaired to the vessel’s stern, and, by covering over the white-lead letters with the chalk, effaced the royal name. Charles was virtually declared by the little bit of France that sailed in the lugger to be no longer king; and the incident struck me, trivial as it may seem, as significantly illustrative of the extreme slightness of