

ring fishery ; and a few neighbours, whose labours for the day had closed, were lounging beside him. There were two French luggers in the harbour, furnished with crews of stout English-looking seamen from Normandy,—crews at least thrice as numerous as the herring speculation in which they were engaged could ever pay ; but the Government of their country, still as anxious as in the days of Napoleon to create a navy, made up, by what was nominally a very extravagant bounty on fish, but in reality a bounty on seafaring men, the amount necessary to render their undertaking remunerative. And so, there, in the middle of a group of fishing-boats and small craft of the British type, lay the two hulking-looking foreigners, one of which rejoiced in the august name of “ *Le Charles Dix*,” with their bare brown masts and their dark half-unfurled sails, and crowded with seamen attired in dirty Guernsey frocks and red nightcaps. The post came in, and a newspaper, still damp from the press, was handed to a neighbour. He opened it, and repeated, with an air of mingled astonishment and incredulity, a few magical words,—“ Revolution in France!—Three days fighting!—Flight of Charles X.!” We were sensible, as the words were pronounced, of a thrilling sensation similar to that produced by an electric shock. Nothing could be more evident than that the consequences of an event so truly great could not be restricted to France. A new epoch had arrived in the history of civilization and of man ; but what was to be its character ? The curtain had arisen literally at the ringing of a bell ; and the stage, at the opening of the piece, as at the close of some tragedies, red with blood and cumbered with dead bodies, presented the imposing spectacle of a falling dynasty. But who could predicate regarding the nature of the plot on which the general drama was to turn, or anticipate with aught of confidence the outlines of even its next scene ? The poor Frenchmen of the two luggers, with just enough of bad