

English to bargain for herrings, but not enough to understand the details of a revolution, were sadly perplexed by the intelligence, of which the town's-people present, in as plentiful a lack of French as they manifested of English, could but communicate to them vaguely enough the general result. They got hold of the newspaper, and scanned it with all the eager excitability of their nation, though apparently to little purpose. They could merely here and there pick out a few Norman words which the Conquest of William had served to naturalize in our language, and pronounce them with tremendous emphasis after the French mode; but all they succeeded in picking out of the broadsheet seemed to be summed up in the emphatic heading of the editor's article,—*Revolution Française—Trois Jours de Combat—La Fuite de Charles Dix*. They learned quite enough, however, to exhibit in a small way how slight a hold French kings have in these latter times on the affections of the French people. One of the masters, seizing a lump of chalk, stepped to the stern of his vessel, and, with great coolness, blotted out from the board the name of *Charles Dix*. He did in the harbour of Cromarty, on a minute scale, what his countrymen had just done in Paris.

And now Paris has witnessed yet another Revolution. The bell has rung; the scene has shifted; drama the second has come as suddenly to a close as drama the first; and the after-piece begins, like its predecessor, with fighting and bloodshed, and the masque-like pageant—picturesquely symbolical of the whole event—of an empty throne paraded through the streets, and then dashed down and burned at the foot of the "column of July." The effacing chalk has been applied, and the name of another monarch blotted out. And amid the general thrill of undefinable electric interest and restless anxiety there obtains exactly the same uncertainty regarding what is to come next. It is not unworthy