

All attempts to awake the slumbering brute, proved abortive, and so the cropping of his gore-matted hair, and the other details of the death-heralding "toilet," were performed all unknown to the recipient of those grisly attentions. When he was "fairly trussed out for the spit," as brother Sanson, being in a sportive mood, observed, Le Brun, determined to make sure certain, carried him forth upon his back and deposited him in the cart, whose destination was the Place de la Revolution, the Tyburn of those diabolical days. As his face was by no means a type of the picturesque and beautiful, Le Brun, who made some pretensions to taste for the fine arts, considerably covered it with a napkin, and thus snoring with all the unction of a New England nose-trumpeter, Brodeur Couchon set forth on his unconscious pilgrimage to the guillotine.

The humble apartment occupied by the heart-broken Marie Dorion, commanded a view of the place of execution, and at the window thereof she was seated on the morning when the events under narration occurred. Her love was quenchless even by death, and though she felt that the effort might cost her her life, she was determined to witness the closing scene of one who was dearer to her than existence itself, and around whom the gentle tendrils of her affections clung like ivy to the fostering oak.

Earnestly did the forlorn maiden supplicate the favour of heaven for him, who was so soon to fill a premature and bloody grave. With passionate devotion did she ever and anon kiss the little silver crucifix, which he had given to her on that never-to-be-forgotten evening, when he first breathed into her thirsty ear the delicious confession of his love. The sight of that sacred souvenir transported her for a season back to earlier and happy times. She fell into one of those day dreams which sometimes will cheat the sorrow-worn heart into a temporary oblivion of the bitter and comfortless *now*! Once more she was a denizen of dear Picardy. Once more she wandered in dreamy joy by the banks of the clear, vine-fringed stream which laved her native fields. Once more she heard the nightingale pour forth floods of vesper melody, as the setting sun

tinged with purple glory the distant western mountains.

On a sudden the gladsome vision of Marie was rudely dispelled by the ghoulish shouts of an approaching band of fiends, yearning and famishing for blood. Trembling in every limb, the miserable girl rose from her seat, and with an uncontrollable impulse stretched forth to catch the first glimpse of the marrow-freezing procession.

Too soon the infernal spectacle blasted her grief-fevered eyes. Too soon did she behold the ghastly cortège, headed as usual by troops of unsexed furies, whom it would be profanation to call by the sacred name of woman! Unbridled democracy has had many satanic triumphs, but the climax of them all was when she accomplished the translation of mothers, wives, and daughters into vampires, greedy as the horse leech for carnage, and longing to batten upon the agonies of crushed and writhing humanity!

And now the harsh rumbling of the victim-freighted carts grated upon the excited hearing of the watcher. How intensely she strained her gaze to try, if possible, to discover one of the actors in that deep tragedy. Alas, not long had she to continue her inquisition! A bright bit of colouring stood forth in terrible significant reality upon the moving, living panorama! With a shriek, the intensity of which caused the rascal multitude to stint for a moment their hellish *Jubilate*, Marie recognized the red vest, and in one instant she was smitten down as if by a thunderbolt! Cold and senseless as a marble image she fell into the arms of some one who chanced to be behind her, and the mort carts grated along, and the she-furies of Paris continued their infernal anthem to the myth prostitute divinity, as before!

The consciousness of Brodeur Couchon did not return till the moment when rude and ruthless hands were binding him to the plank, which faced the grooved promenade of the greedy knife. Providence, as if determined that the unhappy wretch should get, even on this side of eternity, a full draught of the cup of retributive bitterness, restored to him the entire possession of his senses. Though, of course, utterly unable to understand the nature of the flood of events which