

belief, but such episodes were far from being uncommon during the golden reign of "liberty" and "universal brotherhood."

No small per-centage of his spare time Couchon devoted to searching for the whereabouts of Eugene Labelle. Though fruitless for a long season, his exertions were at last crowned with success, and that in a manner somewhat unexpected. The young man had found employment in the establishment of a blacksmith, having some knowledge of that branch of mechanics, and was thus enabled to support himself, and contribute to the comfort of Marie, who pursued the somewhat uncertain calling of a sempstress. One day Eugene was deputed by his master to repair a lock in the Conciergerie, and whilst thus occupied, Brodeur suddenly came upon him. With a yell of mingled hatred and triumph, the discoverer pounced upon his victim, and ere many seconds had elapsed, poor Labelle was a tenant of the cell upon the door whereof he had just been operating.

In those days it was not difficult to trump up criminating matter against an obnoxious party. It is a well known fact, that a large proportion of the unfortunates whose blood soiled France at the close of the last century, were condemned on grounds frivolous enough to provoke a smile, if smiles could in any way be associated with murder. The discovery of a crucifix upon the person of Eugene, coupled with Couchon's testimony that he was an enemy to the republic, were held as ample grounds for conviction, and the hapless lad was doomed to follow the bloody path, which so many illustrious spirits had trodden before him.

On the day preceding that fixed for his execution, or rather, I should say, his assassination, the heart-broken Marie Dorion was admitted to take a last farewell of the "beloved of her eyes." Tearful and sad, was the communing of the lovers, and yet they sorrowed not as those whose hopes were bounded by this mundane scene. The faith which they had preserved pure and intact amidst the prevailing floods of infidelity, enabled them to realize the glorious celestial monarchy, which can never be vexed by the "madness of the people," and they spoke of their re-union in that nightless region as a matter of certainty.

Just as she was about to depart, the last kiss having been imprinted, and the last embrace exchanged, Marie unfolded a small parcel, and took therefrom an article which caused the eyes of Eugene to become dim with sudden moisture. It was the red vest! That simple vestment had been associated with their happiest and most sunny days, and the sobbing girl requested that it might be worn by her lover, at the closing scene.—Cloddish and gross must be the philosophy of the man, who could sneer at that wish as being frivolous or childish. In the hour of sharp and desolating sorrow, even a withered leaf, plucked when life's sky was bright and cloudless, becomes invested with a sustaining magic, strong beyond the faculty of words to describe.

As a matter of course, the boon craved by Marie was at once granted, and the twain parted, never more expecting to meet on the earthy side of the valley of the shadow of death.

More than twenty fellow-sufferers were appointed to accompany Eugene Labelle to the scaffold on the coming morning, and as the hour of slaughter was to be early, it was arranged that for the sake of convenience, they should pass their last night, not in the cells they had hitherto occupied, but in a sort of common hall. Less trouble would thus be occasioned when they came to be assorted and arranged for the shambles. All conversant with the dark annals of the period to which we have reference, are aware that arrangements similar to the above, were far from being uncommon. The multiplicity of murders to be perpetrated, constrained the slayers to be thrifty of their time.

Eugene having put on the vest, now a million fold more dear to him than ever, sat down upon his mattress of straw, and began devoutly to prepare himself for the momentous change which he was about to undergo.

Whilst thus occupied, his cogitations were broken in upon by Couchon, who entered the apartment accompanied by one of the turnkeys of the establishment. He carried a bottle of brandy in one hand, and his flushed countenance, and unsteady gait, bore plain testimony that his libations therefrom had been in no respect analagous to the visits of angels.