

sensual, and his temper cruel, treacherous, and revengeful, that man would be consumedly unreasonable who questioned his right to the designation of "a little pig!"

It is hardly necessary to say, that the fair Marie lent no favourable ear to the suit of this bipedal variety of the *sus* tribe. In fact, with all her amiability of nature, she could not conceal her repugnance to his person, and obtuse as Brodeur was, he failed not to mark that the maiden's eye fell at his advent, and recovered its animation when he took his departure.

As a matter of course, this state of matters filled Couchon with rage, both against Marie and her accepted lover. The former he thirsted to possess, if only for the purpose of making her miserable, and the latter he could have torn piece-meal with all the appetite and gusto of a famished tiger.

There was one object which always had the effect of aggravating to boiling heat the worst passions of his ulcerated nature. That was a red vest, embroidered by the fair hands of Marie, and presented by her to Eugene on one of the anniversaries of his birth. The sight of this garment had the same influence upon Couchon, that a scarlet rag has upon a wayward bull. It reminded him of the success of his abominated rival, and so lashed him into a paroxysm of temporary insanity. He could with equal composure have witnessed the maiden clinging to the breast of her betrothed, as the piece of dress which she had fabricated.

In the mean time, the revolution burst forth like a hurricane of hell. The scum boiled to the top of the social *caldarium*.—Religion, Rank, and Virtue were trodden into the mire by democratic hoofs, and murder bedecked itself in the soiled ermine of justice.

Brodeur Couchon joined the filthy dominant tyranny, and ere long became a prominent "friend of the people." Never was he so much in his element, as when dipping his heel in the blood of an aristocrat, and passing sweet were the draughts of wine which he imbibed from the desecrated chalice of the parish church. The character of the cup lent an infernal relish to his potations, which only the children of perdition could appreciate.

Amidst the faithless, the Labelles were "faithful found." With pious horror they regarded the demoniac scenes which were enacted around them, and as they did not attempt to conceal their sentiments, they soon became obnoxious to the champions of the "rights of man."

A series of persecutions, instigated by Couchon, was raised against the devoted family, which terminated in the sequestration of their little property, and the driving them forth upon the cold churlish wilderness of penniless life. This blow was more than the old man could sustain. Within three weeks from the sale of his paternal acres, the quiet grave received him, and his son and niece removed to Paris, hoping to find there the employment and security which were denied them in the once peaceful scenes of their nativity.

They had reckoned, however, without their host. Brodeur, whilst revelling chin-deep in the luxuries of crime, never for one moment lost sight of the ruling lust of his existence. The red vest, like a meteor, beckoned him to the capital, and short time elapsed ere he followed his intended victims to Paris.

He brought with him from the Province, a reputation for *patriotism*, which secured him the favour and countenance of the monsters who, for her multiplied transgressions, then ruled the destinies of miserable France. By these Ogres, Brodeur was appointed to a responsible situation in the prison of the Conciergerie, his function being that of Lieutenant, or deputy-in-chief to the head jailor.

This was a sphere which harmonised most thoroughly with his taste, and inclinations. In taunting and domineering over the hosts of noble and virtuous victims which constantly replenished that dismal structure he experienced a never-ending saturnalia of delight; and he tasked his invention to add poignancy to his own gratification, by enhancing their sufferings. Amongst other ingenious devices, he constructed a model of the guillotine, which he exhibited in his jocular moods to the parties who were destined to fall by that instrument of destruction, explaining to them its functions, and dwelling upon the artistic manner in which it performed its mission. Now-a-days, this may seem an exaggeration of cruelty passing