

## ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

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## THE PURSER'S CABIN.

## YARN IX.

WHEREIN IS NARRATED THE STORY OF THE  
"RED VEST"—AND THE PURSER WINDETH  
UP HIS YARNS.

With evident appetite did the inmates of Russell's caravansery listen to the professional legend, recited by brother O'Devlin. As the night was still young, the social synod requested the learned gentleman to favour them with another narration, a desire which he expressed his willingness to gratify so soon as he had expurgated his throat of certain cobwebs which had there been engendered. This operation having been satisfactorily performed, through the agency of an elixir somewhat more potent than buttermilk—but which, in these back-biting days, I refrain from characterising more specifically—the worthy Advocate once more opened his mouth, and spake to the following purport:—

## THE RED VEST.

One of my pristine clients in Montreal, was a venerable old Frenchman, cyleped Eugene Labelle. A native of Picardy, he had been a witness of many of the horrors of the first revolution, and sundry stories of that ghastly and Godless time, when Satan appeared to be unbound, he recited to me, over his wonted vesper debauch of cigars and coffee.

Not the least stirring of these too true tales, was that which mirrored forth his own experiences, and the substance whereof I purpose briefly to recapitulate.

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The father of Eugene Labelle was a husbandman, and laboured a farm, which though of small extent was sufficient to satisfy his wants and aspirations. Being of a pious disposition he kept himself studiously aloof from the restless theorists who then agitated the land, and who strove to hurl the Cross from its pedestal, and to erect on its ruins the brazen image of the strumpet Goddess of Reason.

Eugene, and an orphan cousin, named Marie Dorion composed the family of Labelle the elder. Very comely were the externalities of the maiden, and of cognate pulchritude were her moral attributes.

Gentle, good-humoured, witty, and impulsive, it is nothing strange that she captivated the heart of my friend. After the usual modicum of moon-light promenades, vows were interchanged by the parties, and Labelle peré having given his consent it was arranged that the Curé should complete the transaction so soon as Eugene had attained the status of majority.

Marie Dorion possessed another admirer in the person of a contiguous agriculturist, called Brodeur Couchou. Most fitly did the surname of this personage, adumbrate his appearance and disposition. Stunted and gross in person—exhibiting a projecting upper lip, and teeth which remained patent, even the mouth was closed—and possessed of a cranial thatch which might be more appositely termed bristles than hair—a more hoggish libel upon the "human form divine" could not well be conceived. When to all this, is added the fact, that his tastes were