

had surged him, so to speak, upon the scaffold, he knew with ghastly distinctness that upon the scaffold he was, and destined never to leave it except as a mass of carion clay. Terrible was the glare of his eyes, fresh opened from the trance of intoxication. Dreadful, beyond the power of language to describe, was the hurried avalanche of profanities and entreaties, and abjurgations which he poured forth upon the verge of the dark precipice of eternity. The very headsmen, familiar as they were with all the varied phenomena of dying scenes, were arrested in their avocation, and looked with a kind of bestial curiosity upon this novel development of terror and despair. It seemed as if the immortal worm had already fastened upon the lost one's soul, and was gnawing it into the spasmodic energy of the damned!

No one recognised Brodeur as the sub-gaoler of the Conciergerie. Once, indeed, it struck Sanson, as if the tones of his voice were familiar to him, but the idea was banished as soon as entertained. Even if the mottled and disfigured creature had been identified as Couchon, it would have made no difference in his fate. During the carious harlequinade of the Revolution, the tyrant of yesterday was frequently the victim of to-day, and it was not the province of the finisher of the law to criticise the proceedings of his employers.

Accordingly the limbs of the red vested one were strapped tightly to the plank, which speedily assumed a horizontal position. The signal was promptly given, for there was a large harvest of life to reap, that dull leaden morning, and his tongue still vibrating with a litany of blasphemies, the head of Brodeur Couchon bounded, as if in sport, from the sharp touch of the knife!

Long time elapsed ere the spirit of Marie Dorion revived, and deep beyond fathoming was the sigh which she breathed, when once more the weary world opened upon her ken.

With a start, as if her nerves had been traversed by electricity, she heard her name enunciated by a well remembered tongue.

"It was only a dream," she said. "Only a dream, but oh! how very like reality it seemed!"

Once more the precious words, "Marie! dear Marie!" were syllabled, as if from some bright region beyond the grave.

The maiden looked up, and beheld her lover. "I, too, have departed," she solemnly murmured, "and we have met in Paradise!"

A long drawn, burning kiss of human love, convinced her that she was still upon the earth.

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"And did Eugene Labelle manage to effect his escape?" queried the prosaic bar-keeper of Russell's Hotel, as he gave the finishing act of manipulation to a sherry cobbler.

"To be sure he did, you fool!" responded Mr. Advocate O'Delvin. "How else, in the name of common sense, could he have become my client in Montreal?"

"Both Eugene and his Marie reached Canada, sound in mind and limb,—and I am ready at any time to make affidavit that a happier couple never dwelt beneath the shadow of the Royal Mount!"

CONCLUSION OF MY LOG.

At this juncture, the *boats* of the caravansary, whose services I had specially retained, entered the bar-room and certiorated me that my uncle and cousin were bearing down in full sail upon the Hotel. On the receipt of this intelligence, I immediately repaired to the parlour occupied by these personages, and in pursuance of the plan of campaign which I had chalked out, disposed myself behind the flowing window drapery of the apartment.

Not long had I been thus ambushed when the pair entered the apartment, accompanied by a companion, who exhibited all the outward tokens and types of a native of the model republic. The name by which they addressed him I could not with certainty make out, but it sounded like Billson or Hillson. I shall take it for granted that the former of these "captions" correctly adumbrated the gent in question, and design him accordingly.

My fair cousin carried in his hand an unopened letter, which, from its appearance, I had small trouble in expiscating was from