

ceeded in capturing it. The final scene in its story, and the death of Lady La Tour, are thus related in Hannay's History of Acadia :

It was on the 13th April, 1645, that Charnisay began his last attack on Fort La Tour. The Lady La Tour, although hopeless of making a successful resistance, resolved to defend her fort to the last. For three days and three nights the attack proceeded, but the defence was so well conducted that the besiegers made no progress, and Charnisay was compelled to draw off his forces with loss. Treachery finally accomplished what force could not effect. Charnisay found means to bribe a Swiss sentry who formed one of the garrison, and on the fourth day, which was Easter Sunday, while the garrison were at prayers, this traitor permitted the enemy to approach without giving any warning. They were already scaling the walls of the fort before the garrison were aware of their attack. The Lady La Tour, in this extremity, opposed the assault at the head of her men, and repulsed the besiegers with so much vigor that Charnisay—who had lost twelve men killed and many wounded—despaired of taking the fort. He therefore proposed terms of capitulation, offering the garrison life and liberty if they would consent to yield. The Lady La Tour knew that successful resistance was impossible, and she desired to save the lives of those under her command. She therefore accepted the terms which Charnisay offered, and permitted him to enter the fort. No sooner did he find himself in possession of the place, to the capture of which all his efforts had for years been directed, than he disclosed the full baseness of his nature. He caused all the garrison, both French and English, to be hanged, except one man, to whom he gave his life on the dreadful condition that he become the executioner of his comrades in arms. But even the murder of these poor soldiers did not satisfy Charnisay's desire for vengeance. No doubt he would have assassinated the Lady La Tour also had he only dared, but the Court of France, venal as it was, would scarcely have tolerated such an outrage as that. But he did what was almost as bad. He compelled the heroic lady to be present at the execution of her soldiers, with a rope round her neck, like one who should have been executed also, but who by favor had been reprieved. But it mattered little to her what further plans of vengeance her great enemy might design ; they had little power to touch her. Her great heart was broken. She was severed from the husband to whose fortunes she had been so faithful, and could scarcely hope to see his face again except as a captive like herself. She felt that her work in life was done, for she was not born for captivity. So she faded away, day by day, until her heroic soul left its earthly tenement, and in three weeks from the time when she witnessed the capture of her fort she was laid to rest by the banks of the St. John, which she loved so well, and where she had lived for so many years. Thus died the first and greatest of Acadian heroines—a woman whose name is as proudly enshrined in the history of this land as that of any sceptred Queen in European story. As long as the sons and daughters of this new Acadia take