

to engage Angélique to intercede in her behalf; but Angélique's appeals were fruitless before the stern administrators of English law. Moreover, Angélique, to be true to herself, was false to her wicked confederate. She cared not to intercede too much, or enough to ensure success! In her heart she wished La Corriveau well out of the way, that all memory of the tragedy of Beau-manoir might be swept from the earth, except what of it remained hid in her own bosom. She juggled with the appeals of La Corriveau, keeping her in hopes of pardon until the fatal hour came, when it was too late for La Corriveau to harm her by a confession of the murder of Caroline.

The hill of Levis, where La Corriveau was gibbeted, was long remembered in the traditions of the colony. It was regarded with superstitious awe by the *habitans*. The ghost of La Corriveau long haunted—and, in the belief of many, still haunts the scene of her execution. Startling tales, raising the hair with terror, were told of her round the firesides in winter, when the snowdrifts cover the fences; and the north wind howls down the chimney and rattles the casement of the cottages of the *habitans*, how, all night long, in the darkness, she ran after belated travellers, dragging her cage at her heels, and defying all the exorcisms of the Church to lay her evil spirit.

Singularly enough, after the ancient gibbet had rotted down and three generations of men had passed over the accursed spot where her bones and her cage had been buried together out of human sight, a *habitan* of Levis, digging in the earth, discovered the horrid cage, rusted and decayed with its long interment. It was taken up and exhibited in the city as a curiosity, though few remembered its story. Finally it was bought at a great price by a collector of relics—the ghastrier the better—and deposited in the Public Museum at Boston, in New England, where it remains dissociated from the terrible memories which were connected with it. A young lady of Quebec, acquainted with the legends of her country, and whose quick eyes nothing escapes, discovered not long ago the horrible thing, covered with the dust and oblivion of time—the last relic that remains of the memory of La Corriveau.

The house in St. Valier, the scene of her atrocious crime, was burned to the ground on the night she was gibbeted, by the indignant *habitans*, to whom it had ever been an object of supreme terror. With it were consumed the relics of the laboratory of Antonio Exili, and the deadly secret of the *Aqua Tofana*, a secret which it is hoped modern chemistry will not rediscover, but let remain for ever, among the lost arts of an ancient and evil world!

Our tale is now done. It ends in all sadness, as most true tales of this world do! There is in it neither poetic nor human justice. Fain would we have had it otherwise, for the heart longs for happiness as the eye for light! But truth is stronger as well as stranger than fiction, and while the tablet of the *Chien d'Or* overlooks the Rue Buade; while the lamp of Repe-