

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 around the firesides in winter, when the snow-drifts covered the fences, and the north wind howled down the chimney and rattled 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!

Our tale is now done. There is in it neither poetic nor human justice. But the tablet of the *Chien d'Or* still overlooks the Rue Buade; the lamp of Repentigny burns in the ancient chapel of the Ursulines; the ruins of Beaumanoir cover the dust of Caroline de St. Castin; and Amélie sleeps her long sleep by the side of Heloise de Lotbinière.