

of Quebec. Her great wealth and unrivalled power of intrigue enabled her to keep that place, down to the last.

The fate of La Corriveau, her confederate in her great wickedness, was peculiar and terrible. Secured at once by her own fears, as well as by a rich yearly allowance paid her by Angélique, La Corriveau discreetly bridled her tongue over the death of Caroline, but she could not bridle her own evil passions in her own household.

One summer day, of the year following the conquest of the Colony, the Goodman Dodier was found dead in his house at St. Valier. Fanchon, who knew something and suspected more, spoke out; an investigation into the cause of death of the husband resulted in the discovery that he had been murdered by pouring melted lead into his ear while he slept. La Corriveau was arrested as the perpetrator of the atrocious deed.

A special court of justice was convened in the great hall of the Convent of the Ursulines, which, in the ruinous state of the city after the siege and bombardment, had been taken for the headquarters of General Murray. Mère Migeon and Mère Esther, who both survived the conquest, had effected a prudent arrangement with the English general, and saved the Convent from all further encroachment by placing it under his special protection.

La Corriveau was tried with all the fairness, if not with all the forms, of English law. She made a subtle and embarrassing defence, but was at last fairly convicted of the cruel murder of her husband. She was sentenced to be hung, and gibbeted in an iron cage, upon the hill of Levis, in sight of the whole city of Quebec.

La Corriveau made frantic efforts during her imprisonment 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 Beaumanoir 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,