

was to be taken away, it was placed on the stand by the Superior, who then gave three raps for me, and closed the door

The Bishop I saw at least once, when he appeared worse for wine, or something of the kind. After partaking of refreshments in the Convent, he sent for all the nuns, and on our appearance, gave us his blessing, and put a piece of pound cake on the shoulder of each of us, in a manner which appeared singular and foolish.

There are three rooms in the Black Nunnery, which I never entered. I had enjoyed much liberty, and had seen, as I supposed, all parts of the building, when one day I observed an old nun go to a corner of an apartment near the northern end of the western wing, push the end of her scissors into a crack in the panelled wall, and pull out a door. I was much surprised, because I never had conjectured that any door was there; and it appeared, when I afterwards examined the place, that no indication of it could be discovered on the closest scrutiny. I stepped forward to see what was within, and saw three rooms opening into each other; but the nun refused to admit me within the door, which she said led to rooms kept as depositories.

She herself entered and closed the door, so that I could not satisfy my curiosity; and no occasion presented itself. I always had a strong desire to know the use of these apartments; for I am sure they must have been designed for some purpose of which I was intentionally kept ignorant, otherwise they never would have remained unknown to me so long. Besides, the old nun evidently had some strong reason for denying me admission, though she endeavoured to quiet my curiosity.

The Superior, after my admission into the Convent, had told me I had access to every room in the building; and I had seen places which bore witness to the cruelties and the crimes committed under her commands or sanction; but there was a succession of rooms which had been concealed from me, and so constructed as if designed to be unknown