

dreadful place, if such trials as she was subject to, were the way of introduction to it.

She did not speak particularly of the occasion of her visit to the Island: but, from the state of her health, and other circumstances, I had no doubt that it was similar to that which had brought many others there.

I found that her melancholy was that of despair. While speaking of her home, she seemed, indeed, to forget, for a moment, that it was impossible for her ever to see it again, and exclaimed, "O, how happy we should be, living there together!" But then, when recurring again to her actual condition, she assured me that she constantly prayed for death, and sometimes thought seriously that she would take her own life.

I felt very much for her, and once told her I would almost venture to attempt an escape with her. She said that would be entirely useless—we had no chance at all. I afterwards trembled to think how I had exposed myself, and that she might possibly inform against me: but this she never did.

I was not particular in noticing the number of days I spent on Nuns' Island: but I believe I was there very nearly three weeks. I am certain, at least, that three Sundays passed while I was there. One evening an old nun told me I was to return to the nunnery; and that night I set out in company with three priests, and several nuns, after putting on a black cloak and hood, as before.