

1803

Eliza, or the Unhappy Nun: Exemplifying the Unlimited Tyranny Exercised by the Abbots and Abbesses Over the Ill-Fated Victims of Their Malice in the Gloomy Recesses of a Convent. Including the Adventures of Clementina, or The Constant Lovers, a True and Affecting Tale.

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*Vanghen del.*

*H. Hill sc.*

## ELIZA.

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ELIZA,  
OR THE  
UNHAPPY NUN:  
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OF  
CLEMENTINA,  
OR THE  
CONSTANT LOVERS,  
A TRUE AND AFFECTING TALE.

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*“ Place her in the deepest Dungeon ; let stale Bread and mouldy Water  
be her only Portion.”*

MOTHER ST. CLARE.

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EMBELLISHED WITH A FRONTISPIECE.

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# A REMARKABLE SUICIDE

IMPELLED BY

## CONSTANT LOVE.

THE *Marquis Abruzzo* and the *Count Pellegrini*, the heads of two different branches of the same family, had been for twelve successive years at law with each other, to recover the immense fortune of a relation : this had so far exasperated them against each other that they became the most inveterate enemies. The *Marchioness Abruzzo* and the *Countess Pellegrini* followed the example of their lords, and carried their enmity to the same height as they did. *Pellegrini* had a son, and *Abruzzo* a daughter ; both infants.

After a well-contested trial, a verdict was at length given in favour of the *Marquis Abruzzo*, and he became possessor of the estate, and his house became one of the most wealthy and powerful in *Genoa*, whilst the *Count Pellegrini* was reduced to penury ; the expenses of the lawsuit had so far diminished his small income, that he was unable to support the dignity of his rank, and educate his little *Clementina*, then six years of age. This gave him great uneasiness, and preyed constantly on his mind : to think that his beloved daughter should be obliged to disgrace her noble family by entering into a profession, nay, perhaps to beg, were reflections which he could with difficulty support, and which continually haunted his tortured mind. One day he mentioned his inquietude to the abbess of a rich convent, with whom he was acquainted. " I will take your daughter under my care," said she, " and will myself attend to her education ; and, if she should ever feel herself inclined to enter our holy order, we shall feel ourselves highly honoured in admitting her into our society." *Pellegrini* thanked her with tears of joy ; the next day he conducted *Clementina* to the convent, and entreated the abbess to prepare her mind by degrees for a monastic life, and to lose no opportunity

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tunity of representing to her that the only way of avoiding misfortunes was to take the veil; the abbess promised to comply with his request, and faithfully kept her word. Constant grief at the ruin of his family, and inquietude as to their fate hereafter, preyed upon the *Count Pellegrini's* mind, and a year after he died of a broken heart. His widow was left entirely destitute, and lived in obscurity by the help of her relations, who generously supplied her with every thing that could make her life comfortable. She visited her daughter frequently, and sought to instil into her mind, the necessity of a life of seclusion. Notwithstanding all this, *Clementina* frequently evinced a strong dislike to a monastic life. The desire of living in the world increased with her years; and, when she attained her fifteenth year, she looked forward to the period of her taking the veil with horror. The tears and entreaties of her mother at last prevailed, and she entered into her noviciate. It is the custom in *Italy* to suffer the young females, who are destined to take the veil, to live among their relations for some time previous to their pronouncing the vows which for ever separate them from society; this short period is always made as agreeable to them as possible; they are generally dressed in the most costly and elegant manner, and introduced into all public places of amusement.

*Clementina* was therefore sent to her mother; the beautiful and unhappy victim was adorned with a robe of white and silver, whilst her mother's relations vied with each other in adorning the lovely hair of poor *Clementina* with their most costly jewels; thus decorated and radiant with beauty, the lovely girl was led to every place of amusement. This was continued for six weeks. *Clementina* was possessed of great sensibility; she was delighted with the life she led, and could hardly conceal her grief when the time of returning to her sad prison approached.

The day came, on which she was to return to her convent. The friends and relations were already invited to witness the

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the sad and awful ceremony of her taking the fatal vow when, accompanied by her mother, she went to take leave of one of her relations the *Marquis Carracci*, and for the first time met her cousin *Jeronymo*, son of the *Marquis Abruzzo*, her father's inveterate enemy. *Jeronymo*, who was then nineteen, was deemed the handsomest youth in *Genoa*; he had ever pitied his uncle's hard fate, but, knowing the enmity which subsisted between the two families, he concealed his sentiments from his parents; and, not being in possession of his fortune, contented himself with privately sending half of his pocket-money to his aunt; he had carefully avoided meeting his aunt and cousin at any of his relations from motives of delicacy; he had hitherto succeeded, but that happening to be the *Marquis Carracci's* birth-day, he had been obliged to visit him instead of his father, who was confined at home by a fit of the gout. The instant *Clementina* entered, he knew her from the strong resemblance she bore to his family. The *Marchioness Carracci* received *Clementina* in the politest manner, placed her on a sofa by her, and presented to her all the young men in company, *Jeronymo* excepted, whom she purposely left out of the number, on account of the animosity which subsisted between the two families. *Jeronymo*, therefore, undisturbed enjoyed the pleasure of contemplating the charms of his beautiful cousin, without being known by her; her interesting countenance, her soft and languishing eye, her open and ingenuous look, excited his admiration: but, when he beheld the grief which at times altered her countenance, and saw her lovely eyes filled with tears which she in vain tried to repress, when he saw the violence she did to her feelings in forcing a faint smile in order to conceal the grief which seemed to prey upon her heart, a tender pity took possession of his soul, and inspired him with the wish of alleviating her sorrows, and love soon confirmed him in his determination.

He approached her: *Clementina's* eyes were fixed upon his fine countenance; she thought she could read in his

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expressive features the interest with which she had inspired him; at last she asked his name of a lady who sat near her: the lady whispered something to her. *Clementina's* eyes were again lifted towards him,—she then cast them down, and her lovely cheek was covered with blushes.

*Jeronymo* could not conceal his agitation: it was late, and the greatest part of the visitors had already retired. *Clementina's* mother was conversing with some ladies. The seat next to *Clementina* became vacant, and *Jeronymo* took possession of it. “How happy I am in having the felicity of meeting my lovely cousin,” said he, addressing her. “Your name is *Jeronymo Abruzzo*?” replied she with a timid look. “It is,” returned *Jeronymo*; “and I am proud of bearing that name, since it proves that I am related to you.” *Clementina* and *Jeronymo* remained buried in reflections for some time: after a long pause, he resumed, “Are you then determined to take the veil?” “Alas! am I not obliged to do it?” answered she, with an agonized voice. “I wonder at your question! you know the situation of my family, a convent is the only asylum that is left me. Alas! had I a fortune, a monastic life would not be my choice.” “Is it indeed true?” cried *Jeronymo*; “then I will serve you.—It is my duty to do so.” At that moment the bells of the convent proclaimed the fatal hour, and summoned the inhabitants to attend the awful ceremony which was to deprive the beautiful, and wretched *Clementina* of her happiness for ever; she started with horror!—*Jeronymo*, in an agony, exclaimed, “Permit me one more question: may I flatter myself that I am not disliked by you?” “For God's sake,” answered poor *Clementina*, “do not add to my misery!” “Do you love me?” again repeated he. *Clementina*, gently lying her hand in his, said, “Love you?—Alas!—but hark! do you not hear? to-morrow, my dear cousin!—to-morrow!” “To-morrow you shall be mine,” cried *Jeronymo*, “or I shall not exist!” He kissed her hand with transport, bathed it with tears, and then suddenly left the room.



room. *Clementina* could scarcely believe her own senses ; and fancied that an angel of peace had appeared to her under the form of her cousin.

The amiable *Jeronymo* ran to his father : he was told that he was asleep. " I must speak to him !" exclaimed he, and he instantly approached his father's bed, took hold of his hand gently, and pressed it to his lips. The marquis awoke and said, " What wouldest thou, my son ? " " Forgive me," answered *Jeronymo*, " if I disturb you at so late an hour, but the happiness of my life is concerned. Oh ! my dear father ! " " What dost thou mean ! " again exclaimed his father, greatly surprized at his agitation. " You have often expressed a wish to see me married, and even desired me to choose a wife among the noble families with whom we are acquainted." " I did so," said the old marquis ; " and it is my most ardent wish at this moment." " Well then, my dear father," joyfully exclaimed *Jeronymo*, " I will obey your command, I have found at last a woman worthy of my love ; the beautiful *Clementina* is the object of my choice ! " " Thou art out of thy senses ! " exclaimed the marquis : " I heard that she some time past took the veil ! " " She has not yet pronounced the vow, which must for ever destroy her happiness and my own : to-morrow will be the fatal day on which she is to be sacrificed, and society deprived of its brightest ornament. Oh, my dear father ! do not refuse your consent : suffer me to become the happiest of mankind, by uniting myself to the lovely *Clementina*."

" Have you forgotten," cried the marquis, extremely irritated, " that she is the daughter of my greatest enemy ? Relinquish the absurd idea, I will never consent to such a union." " Never ! my father ? " replied *Jeronymo* : " No never," answered his father. " Then hear me, Heaven ! whilst thus kneeling I solemnly swear," said the amiable young man, " to marry with no other woman but *Clementina* ! "

The marquis was astonished at his son's resolution ; he knew the firmness of his disposition ; and, thinking his



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Love must be very violent, to make him adopt such a determination, he at last, after many remonstrances, gave his consent; besides, he sometimes felt remorse for his injustice towards *Clementina's* father, as he was not ignorant that he died in consequence of the ruin of his family, and thought that his son's marriage with *Clementina* would in some degree repair his want of humanity to the deceased. *Jeronymo*, delighted, went instantly to the archbishop's palace, and with great difficulty, from the lateness of the hour, gained admission to the venerable and worthy prelate: he related to him all that had passed, telling him that he had obtained his father's consent to marry *Clementina*, and implored him to forward his happiness without delay. "Happy young man," said the archbishop, "you have obtained in *one day* what I have in vain endeavoured to accomplish for years! God Almighty has at last heard my prayers, and will unite two families hitherto separated by the most implacable hatred. Oh! that the Count *Pellegrini* could witness this happy change. I will instantly send my orders to the abbess." "I know, my lord," said *Jeronymo*, "that the abbess cannot dispute your orders, but I wish you to give me the dispensation, that our marriage may be celebrated immediately, lest my father should change his mind." The venerable man gave him the necessary orders in writing, which empowered him to marry *Clementina* whenever he chose. *Jeronymo* thanked him a thousand times, and with the welcome paper went immediately to *Clementina's* house: her mother was not yet retired to bed, she was preparing for the ceremony which was to take place, the next day. *Clementina* had retired to her apartment in order to prepare her mind for the awful ceremony; she could not repress her tears, and the image of her beloved *Jeronymo* would, notwithstanding all her efforts, still present itself to her agonized mind.

The Countess *Pellegrini* was extremely surprized to see *Jeronymo* at that hour, but her astonishment was greatly increased when he imparted his intention to her. She could

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could scarcely believe that he was in earnest, and it was not until he shewed her the dispensation that she could be persuaded he did not really mean to insult her, by raising hopes which he did not mean to realize. In the excess of her joy she conducted him to her daughter's chamber. *Clementina* started from her kneeling position, her lovely face was covered with blushes. *Jeronymo* in a transport of joy threw himself at her feet and pressed her hand to his burning lips; her mother, having informed her of her lover's intentions, the lovely girl, overcome by various emotions which assailed her at once, fell half fainting into the arms of her future husband. When their joy was a little calmed, the countess said, "But, my dear children, how will this business be arranged? the nuns have made all the necessary preparations, the repast is also provided, and all the nobility is invited to attend." "So they should, my dear madam," said *Jeronymo*; "they will witness the celebration of our marriage." "Excellent!" exclaimed the delighted mother; "suppose we were to—but it would perhaps be impossible!" "It is not impossible!" cried *Jeronymo*. "I guess your thought, dearest madam; it shall be so!" "Indeed," returned she, while pleasure sparkled in her eyes; "have you really guessed my thoughts?" "I have," he replied; "listen to me: we must keep our project a secret; you and my beloved *Clementina* must go in the morning to the convent at the hour appointed: you will both go into the church, where I shall wait for you near the altar; and, when the ceremony begins, and the priest makes the usual question of 'what dost thou want?' I shall come forward and answer in her stead. I will then shew him the archbishop's order to perform the marriage-ceremony, and insist upon his complying instantly. Oh, *Clementina*! that indeed will be an hour of bliss!" "I am like a child," said the good countess; "I anticipate the pleasure I shall experience at the performance of this excellent plan, I shall not be able to sleep all night for joy."

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*Clementina* at first objected to the plan, but her mother's joined to her *Jeronymo's* entreaties soon silenced her objections, and she even began to think that her vanity would be highly gratified in being united to her lover in the presence of so numerous and distinguished an assembly. *Jeronymo* remained with his beloved till six in the morning, he then left them to dress for the approaching ceremony, and to give the ladies an opportunity of preparing themselves also.

About nine, all the bells of the convent began to ring, as a signal that the ceremony would soon begin. *Clementina* and her mother arrived at the convent a few minutes after; they were received at the church door with great form, and a chaplet of flowers was put upon *Clementina's* head; and she was led, while the most delightful music was playing, towards the altar. She trembled violently, and looked anxiously for *Jeronymo*, whom she soon saw standing close to the altar; his eyes met her's and inspired her with courage. All the nobility were ranged on each side, and the nuns entered into the choir. The croud was so immense, that it was with difficulty that the guards could keep them within bounds. The priest ascended the altar, and made a sign to *Clementina*, and she approached. "What do you wish?" said he to her with a loud and audible voice. "She wishes to be married to me," said *Jeronymo* advancing, and presenting the dispensation of the archbishop. The priest read it with a look of amazement, shewed it to his assistant, and then read it aloud. He began the marriage-ceremony; and some of *Jeronymo's* friends, who had been apprized of the plan, came forward to serve as witnesses.

The astonishment of the spectators was extreme; they could scarcely believe their own senses; and every eye was fixed upon the new married couple. The nuns, forgetting every sense of propriety in their confusion, unveiled their faces, to have a better view of this extraordinary scene; the spectators pressed closer to the grate, and gazed

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with open mouths; the most profound silence reigned throughout the church.

When the nuptial ceremony was finished, *Jeronymo* led his bride to the banquetting room, and the Countess *Pellegrini* invited the nobility to partake of the refreshments. As *Jeronymo* perceived that the abbess was extremely irritated; he told her his reasons for not informing her of his plan, and promised to defray the whole of the expenses of the entertainment, and to pay besides a large sum for the education and board of his wife since she had been under her care. He did all this to appease the haughty and revengeful abbess, who was a woman of high birth, and connected with the most powerful families in *Genoa*. At this information her resentment seemed entirely to subside; she spoke and behaved in a friendly manner to *Clementina*, and the remainder of the company laughed at the singularity of the adventure. The refreshments were served with the greatest profusion. *Clementina* complaining of thirst, the abbess herself helped her to a glass of lemonade, which she drank at one draught, and soon after left the convent to go and receive the blessing of her father-in-law, whose indisposition had prevented his attending the marriage-ceremony.

On her way to her father, she felt herself rather unwell, which she attributed to the agitation of her spirits. She leaned upon the bosom of her beloved *Jeronymo*, and complained of a violent pain in her stomach. When she arrived at his father's, she knelt to receive his blessing; but, on attempting to rise, her pains increased to such a degree that she was unable to stand: she was shortly after taken with violent convulsions: a physician was sent for, who declared her life to be in great danger. "I have drunk a glass of lemonade at the convent," said the unfortunate *Clementina*: "it was given to me by the abbess. I . . . ." she could say no more, and instantly expired in the arms of her distracted husband. It was with the greatest difficulty that they could take her away from him. He raved! *Clementina's* last words were for

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ever present to his mind, and they had a great deal of trouble to prevent his going to the convent and murdering the abbess with his own hands. His force increased, and he became quite frantic. They were obliged to tie him down to his bed with strong cords, lest he should hurt himself. He repeated every moment the name of his beloved *Clementina*.

Poor *Clementina's* corpse was opened: the surgeons, who performed the operation, pronounced that she had been poisoned. A prosecution was commenced against the abbess, as no doubt remained of her being the author of the abominable deed. After a long trial, she was at length convicted of the crime. Notwithstanding sentence of death was pronounced against her, her powerful relations caused it to be mitigated into imprisonment for life; but the populace, exasperated at the act of injustice, assembled in great numbers round the convent, and waited until the abbess was brought out to be conveyed to prison. They tore her forcibly from the hands of the officers of justice: her supplications were in vain; and the wretch, after suffering every ignominy they could inflict, expired by their hands: a dreadful example to monastic cruelty! The day of *Clementina's* funeral came: the hearse slowly proceeded through the court-yard, followed by the weeping relations of the unfortunate *Clementina*, and a vast concourse of people. The awful sound of the trumpet,\* which preceded the mournful procession, roused *Jeronymo*, who had been for some hours in a kind of lethargic sleep. He broke, with supernatural strength, the cords with which he was bound, ran to the window, and, looking at the hearse which contained the corpse of his *Clementina*, he exclaimed, "Oh, my beloved! take me with thee!" and sprang out of the window!—He fell! and his brains were dashed out and scattered over the black pall which covered the body of his *Clementina*. They were buried in the same grave: the agonized marquis of

\* In Spain and other Roman Catholic countries, a trumpet formerly preceded all funerals.

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*Abruzzo* soon followed his children. *Clementina's* mother to whom he bequeathed his fortune, lived a short time after her ; but the death of her dear *Clementina* soon put an end to her existence, and once more re-united her to her beloved daughter.

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*A melancholy instance of the unlimited power which the abbots and abbesses of convents could exercise on the unhappy victims entrusted to their care.*

WHEN the late unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth attempted to escape from his persecutors, in 1791, I was then in *France*, where having resided for some years, I had an opportunity of witnessing the beginning and process of that dreadful revolution, which has shaken that devoted country to its foundation. The excesses which were daily committed in the capital determined me to leave it, and retire at a great distance from that scene of bloodshed. My health was at that time very bad, and I had every reason to suppose I was attacked with a pulmonary complaint ; I therefore chose the south of *France* as the place of my future residence, hoping that the well known salubrity of the air would prove beneficial. Being arrived in *Provence*, I found, to my great sorrow, that the revolutionary spirit had reached the shore of the *Mediterranean*, and that I was not to expect the tranquillity which I had promised myself to enjoy in that climate, to which nature has been so prodigally bountiful. I was however fortunate enough to discover a retreat in a delightful village not far from *Nice*, and in that charming place I flattered myself that I should regain my health and strength. I walked out every day, and admired the unrivalled beauty and luxuriancy of the country ; the hills were covered with fruits of all sorts, the flavour of which is unknown to the inhabitants of a higher latitude. At the distance of about five miles from

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the place of my residence, stood a convent of the order of . . . it was most beautifully situated upon the brow of a hill, from the summit of which an extensive and enchanting prospect delighted the eye. I took great pleasure in walking to that convent almost every day; I wished greatly to visit it, but upon inquiry found that it was impossible, as it was a convent of nuns, and the abbess was uncommonly strict, and reputed one of the most venerable of the holy sisterhood. I was told that formerly several young ladies were sent to that convent as boarders, and that some of my fair country-women had been educated in it; but that, owing to some report of the abbess' having treated one of them rather cruelly, no English person had been sent there for many years. I inquired how long the present abbess had been at the head of the convent, and I was informed that she had presided nearly forty years, being at that time about three score and ten. The man who gave me that information was extremely superstitious, and looked upon the abbess as a saint; he seemed quite distressed at the thought that any person could be profane enough to suppose her guilty of *any* crime. I learned, however, that many persons were of a different opinion, and considered her as a very cruel woman. After having resided nearly a year in the village of . . . I found my health considerably better, and resolved to return to my beloved country at the end of autumn, 1792, particularly as I heard, it was likely that hostilities would take place between the two countries. In the beginning of August, news were received of many horrid murders and assassinations committed at *Paris*. Whether the men, who were then at the head of government, sent some propagators of their principles to *Nice* and the environs, I cannot assert; but certain it is, that in a few days the spirit of plunder and rapacity seemed to be instilled in almost every one. I began to think my situation was not wholly without danger, and I determined to quit the country immediately. I desired my landlord, who was a worthy man, to accom-



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pany me to *Nice* to procure my passports ; at our return we were told that a party of peasants, headed by a recruiting-serjeant, had set fire to two or three beautiful country houses belonging to some noblemen, and that they appeared resolved to destroy every mansion and convent in that part of the province. The cruelty of the abbess of the neighbouring convent immediately occurred to my mind. Wretched woman, thought I, thy crimes will probably be severely punished, even in this world. My honest landlord begged me not to go out ; he assured me my life was in danger : “ These wretches,” said he, “ hate the English ; and they would perhaps murder you, if they knew you were a native of that country.” I thanked him, and followed his advice. In the night we heard a most terrific and confused noise ; the cries of terror and lamentations were mingled with oaths and execrations ; distant firing added horror to the scene. I sprang out of bed ; and was dressing to go out and inquire the cause of those dreadful cries, when my landlord came to me, and conjured me not to appear ; he said he was going, and he would tell me all that had happened. He returned in about an hour, and, with terror in his countenance, he informed me that the villains had set fire to the convent, brutally treated the nuns, and murdered the abbess. My blood ran cold at that horrid account ; and I imagined every moment that they would come and murder me likewise ; but my landlord assured me that there would be no danger for two or three days, because they were gone to the *Chateau de L....*, which was at twenty-two miles distance ; and where they were sure of finding an immense quantity of valuable articles, as the owner was one of the richest noblemen in the province. The next morning my landlord asked me to walk with him to the half-burnt convent : “ It is an awful sight,” said he, “ but you will have an opportunity, which seldom happens, that of visiting the cells where the nuns reside, for above one third of it remains entire, and the fire has been extinguished.” When I approached the smoking ruins, I felt an indiscribable

horror ;

horror ; traces of blood appeared in various places ; the recollection of the cruelties which had been inflicted on the wretched nuns greatly affected me ; and, though I had been assured, that the abbess had acted basely towards an English lady, I could not help regretting that her punishment had been so dreadfully severe. I examined attentively the cells ; some of them had not been rifled, and contained many valuable relics, and specimens of ingenuity. Behind that part of the convent which remained entire, was a large paved yard which led to a most beautiful garden. As we were traversing the place, my landlord said in a low voice : “ I detest the wretches who have set fire to this convent : I execrate their leaders, and from my heart pity the victims of their ferocity ; but the abbess of this convent deserved her fate, miserable as it has been.” “ I have heard,” answered I, “ that she was a very cruel woman ; and that she had ill-treated one of my countrywomen, but I never heard the particulars ; can you inform me of them ?” “ I cannot,” replied he ; “ all that I know is, that a young and very amiable English lady perished in this place about thirty-two years ago, and I believe no one has ever known how she died. It is *my* opinion that she was murdered ; but,” continued he, “ let us explore this court, I have been informed that there is a dark dungeon where she used to confine the nuns whenever they dared disobey her ; she had great power, and the bishop venerated her so much, that it would have been useless to have made any complaints against her.” We carefully examined every part of the court, but could find no trap-door. At last my friend thought of a method of discovering the opening if there were any ; he took a large stone and struck several parts of the pavement ; near one of the corners it sounded very hollowly. “ Depend upon it,” said he, “ that the dungeon is near this place ; let us remove this square stone.” With a great deal of trouble we succeeded, and perceived a very deep cavity ; we removed two more stones, and discovered a dark and narrow staircase. “ Let us venture down this horrid place,”

place," exclaimed my landlord; "and you will, I dare say, have convincing proofs of the cruelty and tyranny of the abbess. How many unfortunate females have probably ended their days in that horrible dungeon!" He descended cautiously; and, after a few minutes, he called to me. "Hasten down, you will be astonished." I was indeed very much surprized, when I beheld two large dungeons, considerably lighter than I expected; I perceived that they extended under another part of the convent, and that the light proceeded from a grated window. In one of the dungeons was a low and very bad bed, and a crucifix; but the other dungeon was much better furnished; and we judged that nuns, who had not committed heinous crimes, were confined in it. The bed was much better, a table was close to it, and there were besides a chair and a Bible; against the wall was a large ivory crucifix. As I was examining the different articles, I perceived that the table had a drawer, and opening it I found a manuscript, written partly in English and partly in French. Upon the outside leaf was written in a French hand: "Recit des Suffrances de Mdlle Eliza H.....n:" which signifies, "A narrative of the sufferings of Miss Eliza H.....n." "I believe you are right," said I to my landlord, "this is an English name; I dare say that is the unfortunate young lady you mentioned." "I have no doubt of it," answered he, "but let us not remain in this dismal place; let us return home; you can read it there without interruption." As soon as I was in my room I eagerly perused the manuscript, of which the following is an exact copy.

"My God! what have I done? what crime have I committed to be thus buried alive, and condemned never to see the glorious sun again! Souls of sensibility, if you find this paper when I have ceased to exist, pity me; pity the sufferings of the wretched Eliza H.....n.

I was born at S.....d, in the north of England; my father was born a Roman Catholic, and disliked greatly every other religion. When very young, he fell desperately in love with my mother; and, though she was of

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the established religion, he married her, but he insisted on all the children being educated in the Roman Catholic religion ; and desired her, or rather *ordered* her, never to speak to them in praise of any other religion. Their first child was a boy, who was sent at an early age to a college on the continent, that he might be regularly educated in his father's religion. I was the second child ; my mother loved me dearly, and treated me with the utmost fondness ; my temper was said to be good, I returned my mother's affections by attending dutifully to all her wishes. She took the utmost pains with my education : and before I had attained my seventh year, I was better instructed than children generally are at ten years of age. When my dear mother perceived that I was fond of learning, and anxious to excel all my young playmates, she ventured to speak to me of religion ; she defined it according to the dictates of her kind and sympathizing heart ; she painted the excellence of it in such glowing colours, that I became as fond of religious conversations as she was. Firmly attached to her religion, and believing it to be the best, she forgot the promise which her husband had extracted from her, and gradually instructed me in the established religion ; pointing out at the same time the improprieties and errors of other sects. My father examined me one day, desirous of knowing how I employed my time, and whether I had improved ; when he examined me on the subject of religion, he was surprized and greatly irritated at finding me so averse to the Roman Catholic religion. Convinced that my mother had instilled those principles in my mind, he sent for her ; and, having severely reproached her for deceiving him, and educating me in a belief which he detested, he told her that it would be of no use, for he was determined all his children should be brought up in his religion ; and, to erase all the impressions which I received on that head, and at the same time to prevent her from continuing them, he assured her that he would send me to a convent in France, as soon as he could discover an abbess who would

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watch me carefully, and inculcate those principles which he so ardently wished me to follow. After a short time he discovered this fatal and wretched convent. Having agreed with the abbess, he tore me cruelly from my beloved mother's embrace, and sent me to this hated place. I have since found out that he requested the abbess to punish me severely if I did not attend with the greatest assiduity to the rites and ceremonies of the Roman Catholic church; and he farther desired her to endeavour to persuade me that the life of a nun was the most agreeable that could be led; and that it would be my duty to take the veil as soon as I had attained my fifteenth year. I shall never forget the agony of parting with my dear, my venerated, my tender, mother. Alas! her pangs were not inferior to mine; for I learned that she had sunk under her grief, which was increased by her husband's cruel treatment. The abbess at first treated me with the utmost kindness; for a long time she behaved to me with the utmost affection, without ever mentioning the subject of religion. At last, at the expiration of about eight months, she began to examine me, and reproved me sharply for my *heretic* opinions: she then informed me that it was my father's orders that I should render myself worthy of being admitted in the holy sisterhood; for, he designed that I should take the veil and dedicate the whole of my life to the service of the church. Unkindly treated as I had been by my father, torn from the arms of my dearly beloved mother, who, I had just learned, had breathed her last about two months after my departure, I cared little for the world, and would gladly have followed the abbess's advice, if I had not felt an insurmountable aversion to some of their ceremonies. However, I did not like to tell the abbess that I was determined to remain in the religion in which I had been educated, as I was well convinced that I should be ill-treated and had no means of redress: no friend to apply to! My father I knew would be inexorable. I told the abbess that I would do every thing that my father and she thought the best for me; but that I should

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wish to make a longer probation than was generally the case, in order that I might understand fully the duties incumbent upon *my sacred* calling. 'My daughter,' answered the abbess, 'you are now twelve years of age: you are tall, and have received a much better education than is commonly given to young people of your age: twelve or eighteen months are generally the time that we allow to young girls; but, desirous of indulging you, I shall give you two years and a half. You will have time to examine the benefits attendant upon this holy institution; you will be nearly fifteen, and I trust that your good sense will point out to you the propriety of conforming to the will of heaven, who wishes to reclaim you from error.' I confess that, during the first year of my *noviciate*, I thought the life of a nun melancholy but not disagreeable; but I soon discovered that the abbess was a cruel unrelenting woman; all the nuns hated her, yet they were so much afraid of her, that they dreaded to express their sentiments to each other. Among them was a lovely young female about eighteen years of age; she had taken the veil about a year before I arrived at the convent. Her name was *Sister Madeleine*: she was of a most amiable disposition, yet it was easy to discern that grief preyed upon her soul. As I was extremely grave, she took a particular fancy to me: 'My dear Eliza,' she said one day when we were alone, 'you do not much like the idea of quitting the world for ever?' I ingenuously confessed that I did not, and that I should have preferred a gay life to the secluded and monotonous existence of a cloister. 'Alas! dearest Eliza,' replied she, 'you are perfectly right; unless you are compelled to take the veil, do not comply with the wishes of the abbess; it is a dreadful life, particularly for one who has tasted the pleasures of this life. *Sister Madeleine* shed some tears as she spoke. 'You are unhappy,' said I; 'will you not impart to your friend the cause of your unhappiness?' 'You are the only friend I have in this world,' she replied, 'and I shall immediately prove to you that I cannot



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be happy in this dismal place, by informing you that I once loved. Alas! I love still, an amiable young officer, who was distantly related to me; he returned my passion with equal ardour; my cruel step-mother had me carried to this place by night, and compelled me to take this hated veil; my adored *Montjore* died of grief at having lost me for ever, and here I drag a lingering existence, fervently imploring Heaven to accelerate the moment of my dissolution. I have felt less unhappy since you are here; the wish of alleviating the grief, which I see imprinted upon your countenance, has made me forget part of mine."

"I was affected at *Sister Madeleine's* short but pathetic adventure, and it increased my dislike for a convent. Alas! the time drew near, and I saw no method of escaping, as the abbess shewed me a letter from my father, in which he threatened me with his malediction if I refused to comply with his will. I imparted the dreadful tidings to my dear *Madeleine*. 'Poor wretched *Eliza*,' she said, 'you will be as miserable as I am; well, we must submit to our fate, perhaps it will not be for a long time; death will come and release us from our vows.' The day arrived, and I was compelled to bid adieu to the pleasures of this world. When I pronounced the detested vows, I formed the resolution of breaking them if I ever found an opportunity, as I was well convinced that an oath taken by compulsion could not be binding. As soon as I had taken the veil, the abbess treated me with the utmost kindness; she knew that I could not escape, and, proud of having fulfilled my father's cruel intentions, she thought she would conciliate my affections by an apparently kind treatment; she was deceived, I detested her, and all the nuns, except my dear *Madeleine*, who has since proved the sincerity of her friendship for me, and the excellence of her heart. At the festival of *St. Philip*, we all went in procession to the church of . . . . to hear the bishop preach. In leaving the church I observed a young officer, who looked at me with the greatest attention; he



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followed the procession, and kept as close by me as propriety would permit; his eyes were always fixed upon me. Alas! I thought I could see love and respect depicted in them, and I felt that I should love him much better than my solitude. When we were alone, I spoke of him to my beloved *Madeleine*; she told me, that she had observed him, and that she was convinced he would endeavour to impart his sentiments to me.— ‘Would to Heaven!’ continued she, ‘that his sentiments were honourable, and that you might escape from this dismal abode! but take care of yourself, dearest *Eliza*, you are lost if that old dragon, the abbess, should know of your correspondence. You speak of it, said I, as if it were very sure that he loves me, and that he is to write to me!’ ‘Depend upon it, you will hear from him;’ replied *Madeleine*. Alas! she was right; a distant relation of *Sister Madeleine’s* visited her, and, as soon as she had the opportunity, told her that *Charles de R . . .* an intimate friend of her husband’s, was violently in love with a nun belonging to that convent; that he had followed her during the whole time the procession lasted, and had at last prevailed upon his friend to request his wife would be good enough to go to the convent, and endeavour to find out who this lovely English nun was; for, by her walk and elegant figure, he was sure that she was an English lady. *Madeleine*, without my knowing it, told her that I returned his passion, for that I had done nothing but speak of him since I saw him; she added, that I had been compelled to take the veil, and that I should be delighted to find an opportunity of quitting the convent for ever. Accordingly, two days after, *Madeleine* came to my cell, and delivered me a letter that her friend had given her. It was from my dear *Charles de R . . .*; he described his passion in the most ardent and honourable manner, and vowed by all he held sacred to make me his wife. He begged that I would forgive him for thus abruptly declaring his passion, and desiring me to fly from the convent; but that, this would be perhaps the last opportunity

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tunity he could find to write to me. He appointed a day, and said, that if I would walk in the garden of the convent as late in the evening as I could, he would be on the other side with a postchaise and a few friends; and, with the help of a silken ladder, I might escape, and make him the happiest of men. Love pleaded his cause, and I consented. My beloved friend promised to assist me; I wanted her to escape also; 'No, my dear *Eliza*,' she said, 'the world has now no more charms for me; *Montjore* is dead—how can I be happy? but *you* will be happy.' Alas! I was doomed to be wretched, instead of being blessed. Whether the abbess suspected something from the unusual agitation which appeared on my countenance, I know not, but she visited my cell while I slept, and found the dear letter of my adored *Charles*, which unfortunately I had not destroyed. She convened all the oldest sisters of the convent, and having imparted to them the horrid crime of corresponding with a man, and meditating to escape, she ordered me to be confined in this dungeon until death put an end to my penitence. Four of her servants came to my cell.—I was just awake, and did not know that the abbess had taken my letter; they bound my arms, and, loading me with reproaches, dragged me in this horrid place. The abbess came to reprimand me in the severest terms, and to assure me, that I should never see the sun again. I wept, I fell at her knees, but all in vain. Since that horrid day, I have had nothing but bread and water. *Sister Madeleine* comes as often as she can to weep with me. She has furnished me with pens and paper, and I determined to write my lamentable adventure, that, if it should ever be seen by my father, he may shed a tear to the memory of a daughter whom he has driven to desperation. My God! forgive me! I cannot live longer in this horrible dungeon, torn from all the world, from *thee*, beloved *Charles*! alas! *thou* didst wish to save me.—Accept my last thanks,—Adieu for ever!"

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The manuscript finished with the following lines written by *Madeleine* in French ; " Poor unfortunate *Eliza* ! God have mercy on her soul. She could bear her sufferings no longer ! This morning when I entered her cell, she was kneeling before a crucifix, and with a steady hand, she was drawing a sharp knife through her throat. I flew to her, but, alas ! it was too late,—I was covered with her blood. She looked at me, and, lifting her hands to Heaven, as if to implore forgiveness, she expired in my arms ! Almighty Creator ! forgive her ! may her sin be upon the cruel wretch who drove her to that dreadful SUICIDE !

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## HENRI DE FRANCEUR.

### *A French Tale.*

**HENRI DE FRANCEUR** was born at *Dijon*, in *Burgundy*, in 1735. His father was a respectable tradesman, and, though his honesty and industry were remarkable, he had experienced so many severe losses, that it was with difficulty he could maintain his family, which consisted of seven children. His wife, the beloved partner of his sorrows, had sunk under the accumulated pressure of grief and penury, and *Mr. de Franceur* exerted himself to support his dear children in as comfortable a state as he could, devoting every moment, in which he was at leisure, to the improvement of their minds. Though he was an excellent father, and treated all his children with great kindness, he could not help feeling more partiality for *Henri* ; his disposition was so amiable—he was so gentle, so obedient, and so desirous of improving, that it was impossible not to love him more than his brothers. When he had attained his twelfth year, his father, who lamented his inability to give him as brilliant an education

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as he wished, wrote most pressingly to a rich merchant at *Paris*, who had frequently offered his services. *Mr. de Francaeur* ingenuously confessed his embarrassed situation. "I can barely subsist," said he; "but that I do not mind so much as the impossibility of sending my children to a college, where they might receive an education suitable to the rank which their grandfather held at *Dijon*. *Henri* in particular might become a prodigy, his assiduity is truly astonishing; he devotes all his days to study. You have often expressed a wish of serving me—if you can find some situation where *Henri* may improve himself, I shall be for ever thankful." The merchant was a man really possessed of the most benevolent sentiments; he wrote immediately to *Mr. de Francaeur*; "Send me your *Henri*; I shall take care of him, and give him every opportunity of indulging his laudable desire of studying. I shall treat him as my son, provided he continues to behave as well as you say he does."

*Mr. de Francaeur* overjoyed, called his son to him; "My dear *Henri*," said he, "you must quit me for some time, but it is for your good, my circumscribed means prevent me from enabling you to pursue your studies; my friend at *Paris* has promised to treat you as his son; you will have every opportunity of improving, and you may one day become the support of your aged father, and perhaps of some of your brothers. Go, my dearest *Henri*, may the blessing of Heaven be with you! Be obedient and grateful to *Mr. Laborde*, revere him as a second father." *Henri*, who dearly loved his father, was greatly affected at being forced to leave him; he would gladly have abandoned all his flattering prospects to remain with him; but *Mr. de Francaeur* knew too well the value of *Mr. Laborde's* offer to neglect it; and *Henri*, after assuring his father that he would write to him every week, set out from his native town, and arrived safely at *Mr. Laborde's* house. He was received and treated with the utmost kindness. *Mr. Laborde* allowed him to visit all the curiosities of the capital, after which he sent him to

the college of . . . . recommending him to the principal in the warmest terms. He had not been six months at the college, when *Mr. Laborde* received a letter from the principal, in which he praised *Henri's* diligence and assiduity in the warmest terms, and said, that he would unquestionably become one of his best informed pupils. The kind *Mr. Laborde* enclosed that letter in one of his, and sent it to *Mr. de Francœur*, who was delighted at hearing so favourable an account of his dear *Henri*. When *Henri* had been five years at the college *Mr. Laborde* resolved to send for him, and endeavour to place him advantageously : he therefore wrote to *Henri* and desired him to set out in a month. *Henri* immediately answered his letter, and in the most pressing terms requested leave to remain six months longer. *Mr. Laborde* was rather surprized at the request, and still more at the agony which he expressed at the thought of quitting the college, but he attributed it to his love for study, and he consented. When the time was nearly elapsed, *Henri* wrote to his benefactor, and in the most urgent terms entreated him to let him remain some time longer. *Mr. Laborde*, astonished at that request, wrote to the principal, and, after having imparted to him his design of removing *Henri* from the college, he inquired whether *Henri* had fulfilled his expectations. The principal answered that *Henri* was one of the best educated, and one of the most amiable young men that he had ever known. *Mr. Laborde* then determined to pay a visit to *Henri*, and learn from him the cause of his repugnance to quit the college ; he received his benefactor with the most affectionate respect ; “ *Henri*,” said the venerable *Laborde*, rather seriously, “ I have heard an excellent account of your improvement and behaviour, but you are now nearly nineteen, I wish you to quit the college, I am desirous of placing you in some of the public offices, until I find you a situation, you will remain with me, and be treated as my son ; what is the reason that you appear to dislike residing with me ? I thought you loved me.” “ I

do indeed love and revere you," exclaimed *Henri* in tears, but I — you will be displeased with me." "What have you done? Why should I be displeased?" replied *Mr. Laborde*. "Because I have not revealed to you the motive which makes me so desirous of remaining here." "I think I can guess it," said *Mr. Laborde* smiling; "you have some attachment." "It is true," stammered out *Henri*: "I love, I adore, *Miss de M.* . . . she lives two miles from the college; I have the happiness of seeing her three times a week; her father detests the capital, and will not suffer her to go there; if I quit this place, I shall never see her again; and forgive me, if I say that I cannot exist without her." "Does she love you, my dear *Henri*?" "Oh yes! very much; she could not live without me." "Well, well," said *Mr. Laborde*, "I shall see whether I cannot prevail upon *Mr. de M.* . . . to give you his daughter, but you must not be too sanguine in your expectations, for he is very proud of his family. I have known him many years, and have often heard him say, that he would give no portion to his children if they married without his consent; but, however, I shall see what I can do. Let us depart for *Paris*, and to-morrow I shall wait on *Mr. de M.* . . ." Late in the evening of the succeeding day, *Mr. Laborde* sent for *Henri* in his closet, and informed him that *Mr. de M.* . . . was so incensed at his daughter's attachment, that he was determined she should never have a shilling. "But, *Henri*," continued *Mr. Laborde*, "I have such a high opinion of you, that I thought you would prefer *Miss de M.* . . . without fortune to any other woman, even with a large fortune, and accordingly I told *Mr. de M.* . . . that I wanted only his consent; for, that it was my intention to provide for you, in placing you in some lucrative situation; therefore in a week's time *Miss de M.* . . . will be yours." It is impossible to describe the joy, the happiness, of young *Francaeur*. He wrote immediately to his father; and, after describing *Mr. Laborde's* behaviour with the warmth of gratitude, he requested his blessing and consent. *Mr. Laborde* kept his word; and,



eight days after, *Miss de M . . . .* made *Henri de Francœur* the happiest of men. A few weeks after their marriage, *Mr. Laborde* sent for his young friend; "My dearest *Henri*," said he, "I have at length succeeded,—I have procured you a situation of twenty four thousand livres a year, (*about 1000*l.* sterling,*) you will be immediately under the *Controller of Finance*; no one but he can remove you from the office, and he has promised to be your friend. I now feel happy. I assured your father, that I should take as much care of you as if you were my son; I have, I hope, fulfilled my promise. I am old, and shall not probably live many years. I shall die with the consoling thought that you are secure from want." *Henri* pressed his kind benefactor to his heart, and ran to impart the happy news to his fond and faithful *Elizabeth*. He had the good fortune to please the controller, and his days glided in tranquillity and happiness. Six years after, his revered, his excellent, friend and patron, *Mr. Laborde*, quitted this world. *Henri* and his amiable wife felt the sincerest affliction, and shed tears of gratitude on his grave; before their grief had subsided, *Henri* received a letter from his brother acquainting him with the death of *Mr. de Francœur*. "My dearest *Elizabeth*," said *Henri*, "I have lost my two fathers, almost at the same time!" He was so much affected, that his health was impaired for a short time, but at last, the endearing attention of his wife, and the infantine carresses of his beloved children, restored him to tranquillity. *Henri de Francœur* was so universally respected by those who knew him, that his father-in-law sent for him, and treated him with the utmost affection. Poor *Elizabeth* was now completely happy; for, though she sometimes visited her father, she had felt distressed at his neglect of her beloved husband.

Fortune smiled upon *Henri de Francœur* until the year 1774. At that time he was happy as a man can be; he had *thirteen* children; and, though a family so numerous prevented him from amassing a fortune, he lived contentedly, and did not wish for more. The *Abbé du T . . . .*



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was very unexpectedly appointed *controller-general*: his name will be long remembered with detestation. The *Baroness de . . .* his avowed mistress, expended immense sums with the most shameful prodigality; her style of living surpassed in magnificence and luxury that of any princess, and the contemptible *Ablé*, in order to support her in her extravagance, made several changes in the department of finance, and removed several persons whose services were of the greatest utility. One morning when the unfortunate *Henri de Francœur* went to his office, he was denied admittance; and, upon inquiring the reason, a man gave him a letter, by which the *Ablé du T . . .* informed him, that his services were no longer wanted. He fainted instantly, and it was with much trouble that the person who happened to be present could recover him. As soon as he could walk, he slowly and dejectedly bent his way towards his home, where his presence had so often defused gladness, but alas! his countenance was so altered, that the affectionate *Elizabeth* and her children were alarmed. "Great God! what has happened?" she exclaimed. "Thou art as pale as death! Oh, my beloved, what ails thee?" "Dost thou think I can see you all starve?" calmly he replied, with the hollow voice of despair. "Starve!" they all cried; "Yes, starve: the *Abbé du T . . .* has dismissed me. I have lost my place, and you consequently have no means of subsistence," but—"Calm thyself, for God's sake!" said the wretched and weeping *Elizabeth*: "I shall go to my father's, he loves me, he will perhaps assist us." "I do not think he will," replied *Henri*; "he is not very rich—and besides, he will not swerve from his oath; but try what success thou canst have. I shall go to the *controller-general*, perhaps he will take compassion on our situation; I wish I had gone to him before I made you all unhappy." He left the house with a gleam of hope. When he arrived at the *Abbé du T . . .*'s he found it very difficult to gain admittance; at last he was ushered in a most magnificent apartment, where the *Abbé* was sipping his chocolate; "What do you want?" he asked *Henri* in the most impolite manner.

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ner. " My lord, I have taken the liberty of waiting on you to represent my wretched situation to you. I have a wife and thirteen children, they subsist merely through my exertions ; I have served in the financial department with honour for fifteen years, you have this morning been pleased to dismiss me from my employment. Allow me to observe, that, by so doing, you have doomed fourteen innocent persons to experience the horrors of penury." " I have done what I pleased," interrupted the detestable *Abbé*, " and I find you extremely impertinent to come and trouble me with your complaints." " But, my lord, what must I do ? what is to become of my unhappy children ?" " Let them starve, it is nothing to me." The *Abbé* then ordered one of his attendants to turn *Henri* out of his house. The distracted man fell on his knees, and silently imprecated the terrible malediction of Heaven on the cruel and insulting *Abbé*. He then went home with a heavy heart, and found his *Elizabeth* in tears. Oppressed by their sorrows, they remained silent for some time ; at last the unhappy woman threw herself in the arms of her *Henri* ; " My father will not do any thing for us," said she sobbing ; " he says he pities us very much, but that, even if he had the means of supporting us, the terrible oath which he took, of never assisting any of his children if they married against his will, would prevent him ; and thou, my *Henri*, thou hast also been unfortunate in *thy* application to the *Abbé*." " The vengeance of Heaven be upon him !" exclaimed *Henri* impetuously ; " he wishes our children to starve. Oh, *Elizabeth* ! Oh, my adored children ! what will become of you ? As for *me*, I do not care, but the thought that I shall perhaps see *you* die of hunger fires my brain. I cannot remain in that state of horrid suspense, I shall go to all my friends. I have many, perhaps they will assist me." He darted out of his house. The children endeavoured to console their afflicted and weeping mother ; their sympathizing grief served as a balm to her distress ; she was particularly struck with the tender attention of

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little *Eugene*, who was only eight years of age; he spoke of his father with such affection, and used so many means to console his mother, that he nearly succeeded. At that moment *Mr. de M. . . .* (her father,) entered; “My dearest daughter,” said he, “believe me when I assure you, that I regret very much my impossibility to serve you. I sincerely wish that imperious circumstances did not prevent me; but do not give way to despondency, I have spoken to the *Count de V. . . .* who has promised he would use his interest, and endeavour to persuade the *Abbé* to give your husband another situation. I am afraid he will not succeed to the full extent of his wishes, but I have no doubt of his being able to ameliorate your situation, therefore calm yourself: where is your husband?” “My dearest father,” answered the poor *Elizabeth*, “he is gone to his friends to solicit their protection; would to God he knew what you have just told me, for he is so extremely distressed that I greatly fear he will never recover this shock; after having lived in a state of happiness for fifteen years, to be thus suddenly reduced to want and misery, that has had a dreadful effect upon him; I shall be truly wretched until he return.” As she spoke, she heard a knock at the door, and sprang to meet her beloved *Henri*. Alas! it was not he; a stranger asked whether her name was not *Françoise*: upon her answering in the affirmative, he gave her a letter, and hastily withdrew. She looked at the letter! It had no direction! She trembled as she opened it! Scarcely had she begun to read it, when she uttered a loud and piercing shriek, and fell senseless on the floor. Her father and the children ran to her, and thought her dead. He sent immediately for a physician, who bled her, and said, that she had only fainted. Her father had picked up the fatal letter; and, as soon as he heard that the life of *Elizabeth* was not in danger, he hastily perused the letter, which he perceived had been written by the unfortunate *Henri de Françoise*. The following were the contents of it; “Dearest *Elizabeth*, when thou readest

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this, thy faithful *Henri* will be no more: the *Seine* will contain the body of him who loved thee so well; do not think me rash in thus disposing of my life without thy consent: hear what happened, and thou wilt not blame my memory. After I quitted thee, I went to all my friends to request them to unite their interest, and endeavour to procure me a situation which might enable me to support my beloved family. Oh, my *Elizabeth!* thou wilt shudder to hear how thy unfortunate *Henri* was received. *Mr. C. L . . . t* was the first to whom I applied; he assured me, that he knew no greater pleasure than that of rendering me every service in his power, but that in this instance he could not speak in my favour without running the risk of losing all his protectors. "It is very clear," said he, "that the *Abbé du T . . .* is irritated against you, and it would be dangerous for me to testify my friendship for you on the very day that such a powerful man has turned you out of his house; in every other case command me." I left him with contempt, and went to the Chevalier *Francis Jules de R . . .*; he lamented my misfortune and protested to me, that he was very sorry that I had been turned out of the *Abbé's* house, for he intended to invite me and my wife to go to the country with him. "And you must be aware," said he, "that I cannot invite the man whom the *Abbé* has dismissed from his employment and turned out of doors!" Furious at these disappointments, I rushed out of his house, and went to that old *Mr. de D . . .* whom thou didst esteem more than any of my friends. When I related to him my misfortune, he appeared very much affected at it, and told me, that he could do nothing for me in point of recommendation, but that he would lend me *five hundred louisd'or*, (about 500*l.*) and that I should return them when it was perfectly convenient; he got up, went to his bureau, and, turning round with an air of disappointment, "Good God! my dear friend," said he, "I have involuntarily committed a very great mistake; I have not *ten louisd'or* in the house; I am extremely sorry, that it is not in my power

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to assist you; I now remember that I lent all my ready money to my cousin.' At that moment his servant entered, and told him that *Prugon*, the coach-maker, had called to know whether he would purchase a beautiful English curricule, the price of which was only 310*l.* "Oh! by all means," replied the man, who could not find above ten louisd'or. "Here is the money," said he, giving 320*l.* to the footman; "get the difference from him, and return it me." When I found, that the man, who expressed so much sorrow at his not being able to lend me any money, gave without hesitation 320*l.* for the purchase of a curricule, I began to perceive that all my friends were of that kind, who are faithful only in time of prosperity; my agony increased every moment, and I dreaded the hour in which I should be compelled to declare to you, that I had not the means of supporting you. I had only a feeble hope left—it was to call on the Chevalier *Silvio de Montano*, that Italian nobleman, who had always expressed the greatest desire of serving me, or any one of my family. After I had related the whole transaction to him, he looked at me, and said calmly, "I am much distressed at this sudden reverse of fortune,—you will lose all your friends: as to me, I never assist any of my acquaintances, it would subject me to many disagreeable applications." I immediately bowed, and was leaving the room when he called me back, and asked me what I intended to do; adding, that he would enable me to support my family in affluence if I would accede to his proposal.—Oh, *Elizabeth!* dearest partner of my bosom! it was to connive at thy dishonour. The infamous wretch had the audacity of proposing to me to barter thy virtue for gold. I became desperate. I insisted upon immediate satisfaction. I used such insulting epithets, that the villain was at last roused:—we fought! and the hand of thy *Henri* has avenged thee!—But thy husband could not live—he could not see thee and our beloved children starve; my punishing that villain would prevent me from seeking even the means of procuring bread for you all. I quit thee! Adieu,

## SUICIDE THROUGH DISTRESS.

*Elizabeth!*—my fond, virtuous, unhappy, wife, adieu!  
“Think sometimes of him, who was *once* thy fortunate  
and beloved husband, *Henri de Francœur.*”

Mr. de M. . . . felt indescribable distress at the perusal  
of the letter; and he immediately resolved to endeavour  
to find the body of the unfortunate *de Francœur.* As he  
was going, the wretched *Elizabeth* came down with her  
children, and told her father that she knew where he was  
going, and that she intended to accompany him. “I  
must see once more the body of my dear *Henri!*” she ex-  
claimed. Her father tried in vain to make her alter her  
resolution; he represented to her that it would only add  
to her distress, but she remained firm, and the mournful  
family proceeded to that part of the *Seine*, which is gene-  
rally dragged once a day. When they arrived, some men  
were employed in that melancholy office; and, in a few  
minutes, the body of poor *Henri de Francœur* was brought  
up. Though much disfigured, the distracted *Elizabeth*  
knew it instantly, and threw herself upon it; the weeping  
children surrounded the livid body of their father. Sud-  
denly *Eugene* started up: “Which of you all loved our  
father the most?” he demanded with a loud voice.  
“I! . . . I!” answered several of his brothers. “I shall  
prove to you,” replied he, “that little *Eugene* loved him  
more than all of you.” In saying those words, he ran to  
the river-side, and plunged into it, with such rapidity, that  
no one could prevent him; every attempt to save him  
was tried, but without effect. Mr. de M. . . . took the  
greatest care of his daughter, and sent her two of the best  
physicians, but it was too late, her heart was broken, and  
she died ten days after the fatal death of her much-loved  
and unfortunate husband. The tragical story reached the  
king’s ears, and he granted a small pension to the orphans.  
All the friends of Mr. de M. . . . interested themselves  
for the children of *Henri de Francœur*, who had been so  
generally esteemed; and whose days would have flowed  
in a course of uninterrupted happiness, had not the detest-  
able *Abbé du T. . . .* deprived him of the means of sup-  
porting



porting his amiable and numerous family. When the revolution happened, in 1789, three of Henri's children were living, and it is supposed they have fallen victims to its horrors.

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SUICIDE OF WILLIAM L . . . . ,

*A native of Sheffield.*

*(Thomas & George Barnwell)*

AT the beginning of the last century, lived, at Sheffield, Mr. T . . . a merchant, who might be called a man after God's own heart : his delight was in doing good, and assisting the poor ; he was an excellent father, and a faithful and affectionate husband. Returning home one day in a very severe winter, he was much distressed at beholding a beautiful boy, about eleven or twelve years of age, who was nearly naked : he was shivering at the door of an inn, and imploring charity of every person who entered. At the moment that Mr. T . . . was passing, the brutal landlord came out, and with a whip drove unmercifully the poor weeping supplicant from his door. Mr. T . . . immediately called the boy, gave him some money, and asked him who he was, and why he was begging ? The boy answered, that his father's name was Edward L . . . n ; that he was a blacksmith, and had five children ; that he had been ill and unable to work, and they were consequently starving. Mr. T . . . went with the boy to convince himself of the truth of his statement, and, finding it correct, he generously relieved them, and took William home with him in the capacity of a servant ; promising him that, if he behaved well, he would be a good friend to him. William, who was overjoyed at his change of situation, did every thing in his power to please his master ; and Mr. T . . . admiring his diligence, determined to give him an education, calculated to qualify him for a counting-house ; and, if he found his abilities equal to his



good-will, he intended to place him at some respectable merchant's. William improved rapidly; and, continuing to behave well, Mr. T . . . . conceived such a friendship for him, that he would not part with him, but took him in his own counting-house. For two years, he continued to behave in an exemplary manner, and Mr. T . . . . intrusted him with large sums to pay bills or make purchases: his accounts were always correct, and Mr. T . . . . 's partiality for him increased daily. When he had been a clerk nearly three years, he unfortunately became acquainted with a female of the worst of morals. She was a native of the metropolis; and, having been the ruin of many young men, she had left London for fear of punishment. She was not more than thirty; her person was elegant, and she could assume the most prepossessing appearance. William L . . . . n became desperately in love with that dangerous woman; for some time he visited her only in the evening, and continued so assiduous in his business, that Mr. T . . . . did not suspect his having any attachment. However, his visits became more frequent, and he was so often absent, that Mr. T . . . . gently reprimanded him; William had a good heart; he assured his benefactor, that he felt much distressed at having incurred his displeasure, and promised to behave better. Mr. T . . . . pressed him very much to know the cause of his absenting himself so frequently; and, after much hesitation, William acknowledged that he loved Miss Helen G . . . . , and that she had admitted his visits. "My dear William," said the worthy T . . . . , "I have seen Miss G . . . . : she appears an agreeable woman, but no one knows her. She came from London about eighteen months ago; she said that she had left the capital for the recovery of her health; but I will candidly own that I have no great opinion of her. I request it as a favour that you will discontinue your visits until I have made some inquiries about her character; if she prove worthy of your love, I shall have no objection to your marrying her; but if, as I greatly fear, she be a worthless woman, I trust

## SUICIDE THROUGH DEPRAVITY.

that you have sufficient fortitude to abandon all thoughts of continuing your connexion with her." William promised he would act conformably to Mr. T . . . . 's wishes ; but, alas ! love had taken such an entire possession of his heart, that, when evening came, he could not resist the wish of going to Miss G . . . . 's. The artful woman had gained such an ascendancy over him, that he was weak enough to impart to her the conversation which he had had with Mr. T . . . . . She pretended to be much affected, but she determined to be revenged on him, and flattered herself that she would at last succeed in persuading William to rob his benefactor, and supply her with large sums of money. She began by telling him that Mr. T . . . . . confined him too much ; and that a young man of his age, and of his abilities, ought to have more liberty. William listened to her insidious discourse, and began to feel less gratitude for Mr. T . . . . . A few days after, Mr. T . . . . . sent for William, and said to him, " My conjectures were but too true : Miss G . . . . , I am sorry to say, is an abandoned woman ; from indisputable authority I have learned that she is a most profligate character. I claim the performance of your promise ; my dear William, I conjure you to cease visiting her ; I hope you will follow my advice, and not compel me to interpose my authority." William was greatly irritated against his benefactor ; he was so blindly attached to Miss G . . . . , that he fancied Mr. T . . . . . had fabricated those reports merely to prevent him from visiting her : he however disguised his sentiments, and seemed to acquiesce in Mr. T . . . . 's request. Instead of following his excellent advice ; the misguided youth neglected his business, and was almost constantly at the house of his worthless paramour. Mr. T . . . . . spoke to him with the kindness of a father : but, finding that all his attempts to recall him to virtue proved ineffectual, he wrote to him a short note containing these words : " William, I have treated you kindly, and I have a right to your gratitude and affection. Reflect on what I propose to you : either quit Miss Helen G . . . . , and regain my

## SUICIDE THROUGH DEPRAVITY

confidence, or leave my house, and never see me more ! T . . . .” The infatuated youth carried that note to his mistress, and she easily persuaded him to quit Mr. T . . . . ; but she found it more difficult to persuade him to rob his benefactor of notes to a considerable amount : she at last succeeded, and the unhappy William L . . . . n, once a virtuous and respected youth, repaid Mr. T . . . .’s kindness by robbing him of 245l. to supply a contemptible wretch ! He shuddered when he had committed the detestable deed, and hastened to the abode of his detestable mistress. She laughed at his scruples ; and told him that they should set out for Scotland the day after, lest Mr. T . . . . should perceive the theft and suspect him. Early the next morning, a messenger delivered the following note to William. “ Fly instantly, unhappy youth ! you have robbed me, but I forgive you ; my partner suspects you, and you will be taken up in less than an hour. Fly ! this is the last proof of friendship that I can give you. T . . . .” William felt the keenest remorse for his behaviour to the best of men ; he, however, prepared to escape : but, as he was quitting the house, the officers of police seized him, and charged him with robbing Mr. T . . . .’s counting-house to a considerable amount. They carried him before the justice ; he confessed every thing, and, in consequence, Miss G . . . . was pursued and overtaken. William and the abandoned woman (who had seduced him) were confined in separate cells until their trials, which were to take place in eight days. The next morning, the wicked woman was found dead ; and, by the livid spots on her corpse, it was evident that she had poisoned herself. In the evening, when the turnkey went to William’s cell, he found him strangled ; the miserable youth, unable to bear the sting of remorse, and the thought of an ignominious death, had found means to suspend himself to the bed-post, and was quite cold when he was discovered. A sad and awful example to all profligate young men !

THE END.