

infested and old, had finally grown too dilapidated even for the cow. It had been converted by degrees into a kind of summer retreat, and Admiral Cockburn had received instructions to enlarge the house, and prepare it for the reception of "General Bonaparte." This work was immediately begun, and in the meantime, the Emperor, dreading the close confinement of Jamestown and the prying scrutiny of its residents, craved permission to occupy a summer house belonging to Mr. Balcombe, owner of a small place called "The Briars," about a mile distant from Longwood. The worthy man, only too glad to be of service, willingly granted the request; and in this unprotected and cheerless abode the fallen monarch began his long and drear imprisonment.

Despite the discomforts and privations of his position, despite the fact that his every movement was noted and reported to the Governor, that he was accompanied in his walks and rides by an English officer, and not allowed to pass certain limits, he seldom lost that dignified calmness and uncomplaining fortitude which made the sojourn at St. Helena one of the most brilliant pages of his history. With admirable composure he arranged for each day's duties and amusements. Certain hours were set apart for writing, and others for reading and dictation to Las Casas, his whilom secretary, while at eventime he would indulge in long and animated conversations with his followers, discussing vital questions of politics and religion; and thus they strove to make their loneliness endurable, if not enjoyable.

On the 10th of December, the Emperor and his suite removed to Longwood, now ready for occupation, yet still too small to accommodate those who had come to share the fortunes of their master. A room was furnished for Count Las Casas, but General Bertrand had to secure quarters in a distant hut, and General Gourgaud, with Dr. O'Meara, were under the necessity of "camping out." In time, however, rooms were prepared for all. At Longwood the fact that he was a prisoner was painfully impressed upon Napoleon's mind. As an exile on a desolate island, and with no hope of succour and no loophole for escape, common humanity would have dictated that he should be spared these humiliating details of prison life which must have been a constant fret to his proud and unbroken spirit. Armed guards patrolled his garden walks. Only on rare occasions was he permitted to make excursions, and never alone; and, adding insult to injury, the Governor, doubtless acting under instructions, refusing to recognize his imperial title, ever addressed him as General Bonaparte, and issued orders that his companions should accost him in like manner. But, as the ivy in the storm clings closer to the sturdy