

there was no nation in Europe which had not suffered keenly from the terrible ambition of the great Emperor. The desire to retaliate in some degree, now that the hour of retribution had come, no doubt existed; but it is just to say that the governing motive of the allied powers and the British executive in their treatment of Napoleon was to prevent a redisturbance of the peace of Europe—an object which it was believed, and surely on sufficient grounds, could not be attained except by the secure confinement of the arch-disturber. However this may be, there can be no question that there was an exhibition of littleness unworthy of the representatives of a great and generous nation, on the part of the British Government, in withholding from Napoleon the nominal title of Emperor. On the other hand there was as great a want of dignity on his part, when, instead of resigning himself with calm superiority to this last wanton fillip of destiny, he fretted and chafed over the deprivation of an empty honor.

We pursue our way on the road, which continues to ascend and wind up the mountain sides, until we arrive at Plantation House,—a substantial building, in the vicinity of which there is a wood, which we are informed is the only piece of forest on the island. The furious gales of wind that ever and anon sweep over the mountain sides and down through the valleys render arboriculture all but impracticable. Proceeding along the same winding road we look down on a valley of great depth, so steep as to be almost a compromise with the perpendicular. Near the head of this valley and about three miles from Jamestown is Napoleon's tomb, to which a neat pathway leads, and which we can see in the distance below us. But we hold on our way, past a little church, and round the head of the valley where, by the roadside, are two hotels, one no longer occupied, the other in a state of evident decadence.

Towards the south-west we could see the mountain masses rise and swell up until they terminated in the point called Diana's Peak. About half an hour's further walk eastward, along the side of a ridge from which great gulfs sloped down into the depths below, brought us to the grounds of Longwood. A short way off we are shown the only level piece of ground on the island of sufficient extent to serve for the purpose of a race-course. Turning to the right we pass through the gateway leading to Longwood, and after a walk of some three hundred yards further we enter by another gateway the immediate precincts. To our left is a range of buildings consisting of the custodian's house, the stables and other offices. Directly in front of us is Longwood. We are received by a lady who acts as our cicerone. She is the wife of a French officer, who, she informs us, has been deputed by his Government to see that the buildings of Longwood, the grounds and the tomb are kept in good order, so that they may preserve the aspect they presented at the time of the Emperor's decease. But the good lady feared that the recent troubles and misfortunes of France and the deposition of the third Napoleon would bring this oversight to a termination. Longwood is a low range of frame buildings by no means handsome in appearance nor even commodious. The entrance room had been Napoleon's ante-chamber. This apartment led to the drawing-room, beyond which was the dining-room. Connected with this was the Emperor's cabinet, and sleeping-room. Opposite the bedchamber was the library, and a little external gallery served for a bathing-room. All these apartments are entirely destitute of furniture; the walls are bare, and no outward sign or memorial of the illustrious dead remains, except a marble bust in the entrance chamber marking the spot where the soul of the Emperor had left its earthly tabernacle.