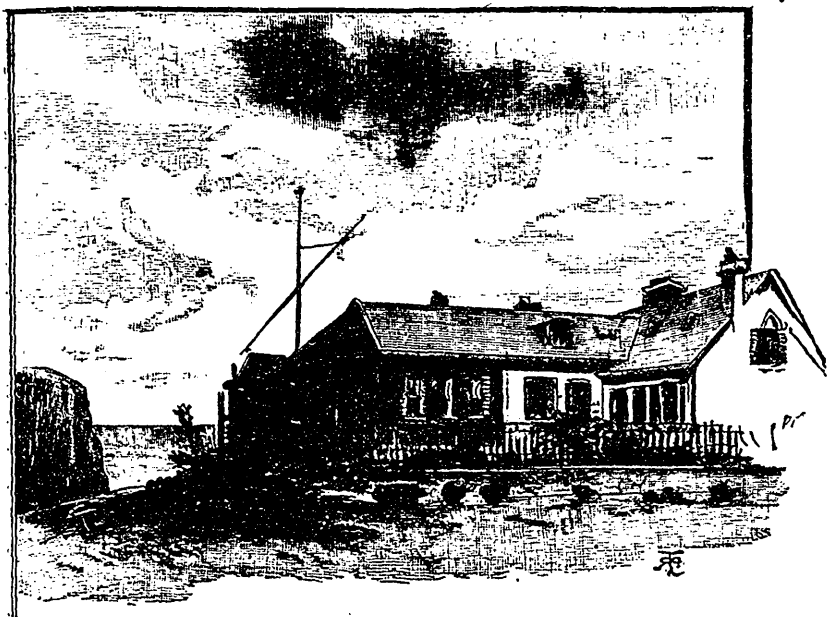


"Your society," he wrote, "was necessary to me. You alone could read, speak and understand English. How many nights have you watched over me during my illness? I request, and in case of need, command you to require the Governor to send you to the continent. When you arrive in Europe, whether you go to England or return to France, endeavour to forget the evils you have been called to endure, and be happy in the thought of the fidelity you have shown toward me. Should you see some day my wife and son, embrace them. In the meantime be comforted, and console my friends. My body, it is true, is exposed to the hatred of my enemies, they make me suffer the protracted tortures of a slow death, but Providence is too just to allow these sufferings to last much longer. The insalubrity of this dreadful climate, the want of everything that tends to



HOUSE IN WHICH NAPOLEON DIED.

support life will soon, I feel, put an end to an existence whose last moments will be an opprobrium to the English character."

Already it seems there was stealing upon his senses the darkening of the dim mystery of death. Constant and close confinement to his apartments had weakened him to an alarming extent. He yielded at last to the entreaties of friends and physician, and took an occasional walk in the grounds, or to some favourite secluded spot, whence he could look upon the sea. Here he would stand, a lonely, solitary figure, gazing gloomily over the broad expanse of turbulent, tossing waters, fit emblem of his own perturbed spirit.

It may be that, as he stands in silent musing, he strives with