

level and softer road where you can put the horse to his full speed, sometimes passing along the edge of the mountain where one leap over the low stone wall would send you 1500 feet below; and then over the tops of the hills through groves of fir, coffee and other trees and shrubs. Large quantities of prickly pear and furze grow here. The latter is cut for wood and loaded on the backs of asses and carried to the Town. You sometimes meet quite a drove of them. There is a post planted in the ground at the turn-off roads for the tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte in Saint Valley. You then follow down this to a white house occupied by Mrs. Talbot who has charge of the place. She keeps a register book, wherein I wrote my name,—“P. R. Jarvis, A.M. Ship Grotius, Toronto, Upper Canada”; paid £3:6, and was admitted to the enclosure.

The first thing that I took notice of, was an old painted sail spread out over a frame of bamboo showing an iron rail. Underneath this was the tomb of the Hero. The old guard led me through this railing and I stood upon the brink of the vault that once contained the remains of the fallen Emperor. There are wooden steps that lead down to the bottom of it. I went down and examined the bottom, which is about 5 x 8 feet. Two and a half feet high. The place then becomes larger and is like a small room. The cement is cut full of