

give a written declaration to this effect and to submit to the same restrictions which were imposed upon the Emperor. All signed except General Bertrand; and, hurt and mortified by his refusal, Napoleon said, "Bertrand is always the same; although he constantly speaks of going, when the time comes he will not have the courage to leave. We must be able to love our friends with all their faults."

Day by day the estrangement between Sir Hudson Lowe and his prisoners grew wider. No opportunity was lost to harass, annoy and insult these unfortunate men. Though their liberty in outdoor exercise was not absolutely curtailed, yet, rather than submit to the humiliation of an armed escort in his walks and rides, the Emperor, for weeks together, would shut himself up in his rooms, and seek in such recreations as reading and conversation forgetfulness of the past and some slight measure of present enjoyment.

Some days were dark, some days were bright. Dark, when weakened by close confinement, and dimly conscious of fast-failing health, he would sit in silence brooding over the failure of his ambitious schemes and the grim darkness of the impenetrable future. Bright, when some European vessel, anchoring in the harbour, would bring boxes of books and journals, which he would read with avidity and discuss with animation, cheering himself and charming his followers by the exercise of an intellect whose brilliancy no physical condition could dim and no imprisonment impair. One of these treasured boxes contained a picture of his idolized son, and the sight of the graceful and noble features awakened in Napoleon a wealth of parental affection which had long lain dormant. Tears filled his eyes, as he exclaimed, "Dear boy, if he does not fall a victim to some political atrocity, he will not be unworthy of his father."

Thus closed the first year at St. Helena. Early in the second year the little family circle was broken; and Count Las Casas, who had thoughtlessly sent a letter to England describing their condition without first submitting it to the Governor, was put under arrest and finally sent away from the island, even permission to say a word of farewell to his beloved sovereign being refused. Napoleon felt this blow most keenly. Las Casas had been, of all his followers, the one most necessary to his happiness; the tenderest in affection, the most unremitting and zealous in respectful attention. The farewell letter that out of the fulness of his heart he wrote to his departing friend, was throughout expressive of unchanging love and esteem.