

guez. France's brief sway has left but few traces. Of Napoleon himself the most permanent memorial in Elba is the festival in his honour celebrated on May 5. It is the anniversary of his death in St. Helena.

The iron mines were in operation in Elba two thousand years before Napoleon came and they are still the basis of the chief industry of the island. Their annual output is about 600,000 tons. Across the narrow stretch of the Mediterranean at Piombino are smelting works fed by these mines. Porto Ferraio itself has three great blast furnaces, and a Bessemer steel plant. The tall chimneys standing on the strand of the beautiful bay pour out their black defilement on the air. They may grieve the soul of the artist but they delight that of the trader for they make Elba prosperous. Wages are high in the island. The well known rule applies that in the vicinity of a manufacturing industry the wages of the agricultural labourer advance. Florence has no great industries and, in consequence, the labourers in the lovely vineyards on the hill-side of Fiesole receive two francs a day and count themselves happy. In Elba such labourers are paid as much as four francs a day with a flask of wine added. The island has every evidence of well-being. There are almost no beggars: one sees no bare-footed and ragged children in the villages; work is abundant: the manager of a small estate told me that he could not secure enough men. The people too are proud and independent. The housewife of Porto Ferraio has great difficulty in getting domestic servants, for the Elbans scorn this form of labour.

During Napoleon's stay in Elba he naturally dwelt chiefly at Porto Ferraio. At first he lived in the civic Hotel de Ville; but there he could get no privacy and on the heights between the two hills he reconstructed a house that had been used as a mill and was known as the Mulini. It became for him an imperial palace, for he was still Emperor in Elba. It stands to-day, little changed in structure from what it was in Napoleon's time, but in a pitiable state of neglect and desolation. With some difficulty I found in a neighbouring street the woman who had the key and she seemed frankly amused that I should take an interest in Napoleon. There is only one good room in the house, a *salle* built by Napoleon with four great windows looking out towards the sea and four towards the land. It is empty but for the busts of two Grand Dukes of Tuscany, brothers of Marie Antoinette, and, by an odd turn of fortune, uncles, by marriage, of Napoleon through his wife Marie Louise. The rooms are untidy and uncared for; the kitchen, with its cooking apparatus on a scale truly imperial, is laden with *débris*. I stepped out into the little neglected garden. It is hardly as spacious as the deck of a man of war. There were a