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IN THE PATH OF NAPOLEON

100 Years After His Downfall

By JAMES MORGAN

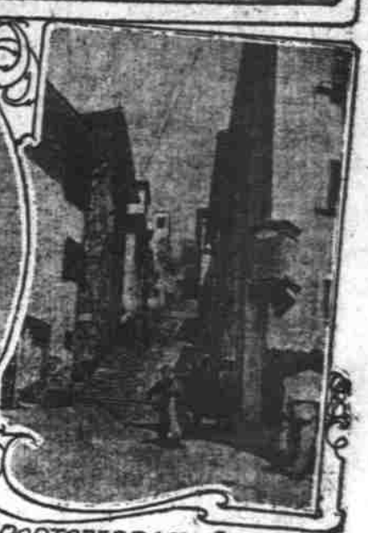
EMPEROR OF EIGHTY-SIX SQUARE MILES

PORTOFERRAJO

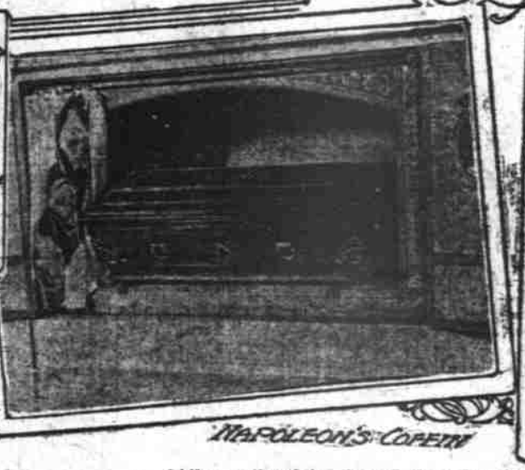
MULINI, THE TOWN PALACE

IN THE GARDEN OF MULINI

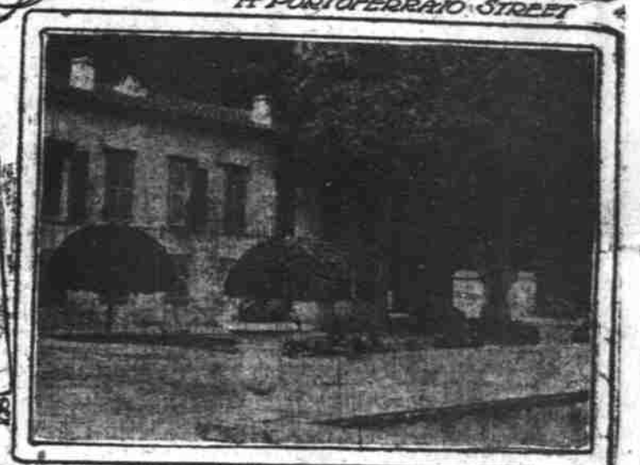
"THE NAPOLEON" OF THE MOVIES



A PORTOFERRAJO STREET



NAPOLEON'S COPERTI



SAN MARTINO, THE COUNTESS VILLA, MUCH TRIM, ON THE RIGHT, PLANTED BY NAPOLEON—HIS CHAMBER IN UPPER LEFT CORNER

The story of Napoleon's first exile and his empire of Elba is among the most amusing of the satires of history and as droll as a comic opera by Gilbert and Sullivan.

Mr. Morgan sets the stage of this chapter with the backgrounds of the brief imperial reign as he saw them on his recent visit to the Emperor's palaces and haunts in the beautiful but seldom visited island.

NAPOLEON AT ELBA

DATES AND EVENTS.

May 4, 1814	Napoleon landed at Portoferraio.
May 29, 1814	Annexed island of Pianosa.
May 30, 1814	The Guard landed.
Aug. 2, 1814	Mme. Mere arrived.
Sept. 1, 1814	Mme. Walewska arrived.
Nov. 1, 1814	Princess Pauline arrived.

The monarchs of Europe who sent Napoleon to Elba must have been embued with a rare sense of humor. It is easily the best joke in history.

What a mocking satire it was to give the great captain a little toy army and navy, crown the proud kingmaker Emperor of eighty-six square miles of rocks in the midst of his native Mediterranean and hand him a rattle for a scepter—to reduce the Empire of the mighty conqueror who had amused himself by dismembering kingdoms, to a tiny realm three to six miles wide and nineteen miles long—to leave the captor of the capitals of Europe in possession of only three or four wretched fishing villages—to make the sovereign of sovereigns ruler over 12,000 fishermen, miners and goatherds!

The mockery was only heightened by the choice of an island where the continent he had lost lay in full view view of the exile. For Elba is but seven miles at least from the mainland of Italy, although it is a steamer voyage of more than twelve miles from Piombino to Portoferraio, the imperial capital which Napoleon exchanged for Paris.

The Stage Setting.

The town of Portoferraio forms a delightful drop curtain for the opera bouffe, which was staged there and which enjoyed a continuous run of just 296 days and nights. At the top of the scenic picture, outlined against the sunset sky, two massive but now senile forts frown down in an amusingly menacing way. Beneath them the stony pink little town hangs on for its life to the steep side of a hill, while the ancient town wall zigzags down to the shore, where it thrusts a long, bended, protecting arm into a perfect harbor.

Out over the end of this huge crumbling wall hangs an old watch tower and out of a window in this sentry box idly leans that unfailing delight of tourist eyes—a bersagliere, with his rifle over his shoulder and his bunch of long cock's feathers trailing from his hat. Around the end of the wall the steamer glides into the snug little mole behind it and ties up at the stone dock.

At the shore end of the dock rises the ancient town gate, through which the visitor passes at once into the very Portoferraio, unchanging in its petrification, which was set agog at 8 o'clock in the morning of the 3d of May, in the year 1814, when the lookout on Fort Stella descried a British man-of-war, under full sail, bearing down upon the town.

The Great Surprise.

The inhabitants bustled about just as the people of a wooden town in America do when the fire alarm rings, for it was no new thing for Elba to be captured. They had already heard the startling news that the French empire was no more, and the French governor had promptly unfurled the white banner of the Bourbons. But when they were told that the great Emperor was coming to settle down among them, they warily dismissed the absurdity as intended to cover some secret design of the British, who had been blockading the island for many months; and the guns on the old wall were loaded, in readiness to repel the frigate.

Under a flag of truce, however, the townspeople were convinced that he who was but yesterday the lord of the earth had consented to accept the sovereignty of the Island of Elba, in lieu of all claims to the rest of the planet, and that in a sailor's sou'wester he was even then in the outer harbor pacing the deck of his Brittanic majesty's ship Undaunted. "The mildness of your climate," he flatteringly assured them in a proclamation, "and the romantic scenery of your island has decided me to choose it among all my vast domains."

As their strange, new fortunes dawned upon their understanding the alarm of the people gave way to stupefaction and then to a delirious joy, for they learned that the Emperor came with a chest full of gold and a pension of $400,000 a year from France. Instantly they took off their white cockades and stuffed them in their pockets, and they hastily stitched together and hoisted in place of the Bourbon lilies the imperial Elban flag, in accordance with a design which His Elban Majesty had thought out while on his voyage from the shore of France—three bees on a reddish-orange stripe running diagonally across a field of white.

When Napolean came ashore the next afternoon the guns of Fort Stella—the fort of his new star—boomed over the crowded rooftops, while, to an accompaniment by a volunteer orchestra of accordions and guitars, flutes, fiddles and tambourines, the civil, military and religious dignitaries, in such court costumes as their wardrobes afforded, humbly knelt on the dock to receive him. But the tongue of the overawed mayor clove to the roof of his mouth and he could only mutely hold forth the keys, which, through the kindness of his grand-daughter, the visiter may see today.

The Emperor, under a paper canopy adorned with paper roses and tinsel and attended—or mobbed—by an excited, talkative, jostling, struggling crowd of islanders, who had flocked in from the several villages, was then conducted to the cathedral, where he knelt in the doorway while the Te Deum was sung.

Ten crowded years stretched between that month of May, when he was hailed Emperor of Elba, and another May when he had been acclaimed Emperor of the French—the two extremes of imperial fortunes. The very day before he went down on his knees at the portal of the simple village church of Portoferraio, Louis XVIII, his successor on the throne of France, obsequiously attended by Bourrienne and welcomed with sycophantic flattery by Berthier, had entered Paris, and wobbling into the Tuileries after an exile of twenty-two years, had smilingly remarked as he saw the changes in the palace: "Well, I must admit that Bonaparte has been a very good tenant." But Talleyrand, his chief minister, gave him a cynical warning of the mutability of governments in France when he observed, as he took the oath of allegiance to the King, "Sire, this is my thirteenth." While that fat fifty-eight-year-old brother of Louis XVI was sitting in the Emperor's old room at the Tuileries and calmly signing royal decrees as of the "nineteenth year of my reign," Napoleon was entering his new palace, the City Hall of Portoferraio, where over night two or three rooms on the second floor had been fitted up for his occupancy.

The Mimic Empire.

Two of his generals had followed him into exile. Gen. Bertrand was grand marshal at the palace, while the military governor was Gen. Drouot, the artillery commander whose guns were wont to give the finishing touch to Napoleonic victories on the battlefield. The imperial household necessarily had its prefects of the palace, its court chaplain, its chamberlain, its physician, its musical director, its keeper of the wardrobe and its footmen and ushers. Inevitably, too, there was a mameluke. This was a decorative detail indispensable to the Emperor's background, and when Roustan, the original, stepped out of the picture, an understudy at once assumed the role. This mameluke was a Frenchman, to be sure, but he looked the part well enough when properly arrayed and renamed Ali.

An empire must, of course, have a military establishment. An army lieutenant, although a prey to violent seasickness, was the commander of the fleet, which consisted of the flagship Inconstant, a rotten old French brig of sixteen guns and sixty men; the Caroline, of one gun and sixteen men; the felucas Abeille and Mouche, each with eight men, and the xebec Etoile of six guns and sixteen men.

The foremost figure in the army was Cambronne, a gallant fire eater of the old guard, who declared that his "uniform and its very lining" commanded him to follow Napoleon. Arriving at Portoferraio with 700 Poles of the guard, some time after the empire had been set up, the veterans at sight of the Emperor "wept copiously into their mustaches," as the imperial chronicles record. Once the army was completely organized, it consisted of a Corsican battalion, the Polish Lancers, a mameluke contingent and the Grenadiers and Chasseurs of the old guard, with a grand total of 1,600 officers and men.

Not only did his veterans of the guard follow Napoleon to Elba, but his war horses also came to eat their oats in banishment. There was the little white arab Wagram, who pawed his stall and whinnied for sugar whenever the man whom he had borne to the conquest of Vienna and the capture of a bride came near. There were also bays and chestnuts who, in Spain or Russia or Germany, had sped him down the hill from the heights of glory. A silvery Persian, although a gift from the Czar, had nevertheless returned to Russia as an invading foe, and it was on his back that Napoleon viewed Moscow from Sparrow Hill. On his back, too, he would yet fight another battle—at Waterloo! Other and less distinguished tenants of the imperial stable brought up the total to more than 100 horses and mules, with above twenty carriages and thirty attendants.

The Emperor on Tour.

Nor did the horses lack for exercise. Imperial progresses were forever on the schedule, and daily His Majesty in his gold coach, with all brakes set and with the postillions cracking their whips even while they leaned back on the reins, coasted down the perpendicular streets of the capital, his grand marshal, his military governor and his grooms galloping at the wheels. He did not pause until he had visited all the little hamlets which, with rustic arches of triumph, with children scattering flowers in the imperial pathway, with priests chanting Te Deums, bravely tried to outrival one another in honoring their sovereign.

The Emperor graciously made due allowance for the awkwardness of his untutored courtiers, whose insular and pastoral democracy never before had been called upon to render homage to a crowned head. But when a militia sergeant in an excess of kindness and strength too vigorously aided him to mount his horse, which he ever found a difficult feat, by seizing him bodily and pitching him kicking and protesting into the saddle, he could not condone such conduct on the part of a common soldier. Instead of punishing the sergeant, however, he adopted a Gilbertian expedient and promoted him to a lieutenancy, a rank that somewhat excused the liberty he had taken with the sacred person of His Majesty!

In the very first fortnight of his reign the forts and the mines were inspected, most of the mountains were ascended and every mule path in the island was traversed by the Emperor, who left behind him wherever he went his command for public improvements. When the wagon roads left off, he took to the saddle, and when even the paths stopped he pressed on afoot, walking under a broiling sun for ten hours at a stretch and "working the flesh off the bones of every one," to quote again the chronicler of the empire.

When he had completed his exploration of Elba he sighed for more islands and sailed away to the south, where he found the midget islet of Pianosa, inhabited only by wild sheep. Annexing it on the instant, he fitted out and dispatched a colony with orders to fortify and cultivate it. In the same era of expansion the island of Palmaiola also was annexed and fortified.

In Napoleon's Garden.

Having surveyed and organized his empire, the Emperor next turned to the erection of his imperial palaces. To escape from the little suite, up one flight in the City Hall, with its noisy square, its thrumming and piping serenaders and the surface drainage that flowed by in odorous rivulets, he purchased a windmill, at the top of the hill. There he erected from his own plans his new Tuileries, but in memory of the demolished mill h christened it the Mulini.

The streets of Portoferraio consist chiefly of three steep stairways up the fort-crowned hight and several shelves across the face of the hill. These stairs are named via Napoleone, via Victor Hugo and via Garibaldi, their names recalling three interesting and diverse characters who at different times sailed into the little Elban world. Garibaldi hid there for awhile in the troubled days of '48, and there Hugo passed three or four years of his infancy, while his father, an army officer under Bonaparte, First Consul of France, was aiding to establish French rule in the island.

At the foot of each of those street-stairways lies the harbor, while Fort Stella, the Mulini Palace and Fort Falcone stand in a row at the top. The Mulini, which is the property of the Italian government now, really is no palace at all, but a severely plain, modest dwelling, its plastered walls rising one and two stories from a little public square, the Piazzale Napoleone. Some officials are now installed in it, but the green shutters are tightly closed on the Emperor's own special apartments, which are silent and untenanted, save for the spiders that spin their webs in the bare rooms where once Napoleon himself wove a clever little web.

At the end of the house a stone wall shuts in the yard, but the custodian swings the gate on its creaking hinges, the visitor passes in between two stone posts, on which cannon balls are piled, and is in the haunted stillness of the little dooryard garden of the imperial exile. It is still fragrant with the bloom of flowers, and in a circle of purple lilies stands a marble Minerva, the statue and the encircling flowers combining to suggest the warrior who put on the purple. There are also a palm and a pine tree, which seem to symbolize the wide rule that he exchanged for his island empire.

And did he not boast that "I overlook Europe from my windows?" Well, there are the windows, giving on the garden. There across the flower patch is the parapet of the little terrace, hanging high above the blue Tyrrhenian Sea, and there is Europe, away off through the cerulean haze, where the mountains of Italy break the horizon.

If the Mulini was not much of a palace it was a really charming prison. The Emperor's method of furnishing it was delightfully characteristic. It was part of the irony of his exile, that his nearest part on the Continent should have reminded him of the days when he was distributing crowns and coronets, and when he created his sister Elisa the Princess of Piombino, with more subjects beneath her rule than the allied sovereigns had left him when they remade the map of Europe.

But the vision of the bold headland of the principality did not awaken vain and bitter reflections. On the contrary, it suggested the thought that when the Austrians drove Elisa out she must in her haste have left behind her some highly serviceable household things, and he immediately sent his fleet to Piombino with orders to commandeer everything. The Austrian custodians protested, but what could they do under the guns of the Elban dreadnoughts, which lay menacingly before the harbor wall? Fortune sent the Emperor at the same time another cargo of furniture, which was most opportunely wrecked on the island coast. This proved to be the property of a brother-in-law, the Prince Borghese, and Napoleon only kept it in the family when he confiscated it to his own use.

Napoleon, Farmer.

With that accumulation of furnishings, he was enabled to set up housekeeping at the Mulini and have a surplus for his newly erected country villa of San Martino. This St. Cloud of the Elban empire lies about three miles from Portoferraio's only gate, which is made trebly difficult for assailants and invaders by taking the form of a long, dark, twisting tunnel through the broad wall.

Just outside the gate, the smokestacks of a modern steel mill smudge the azure sky. Beyond the mill the dusty road, the only road from the town, stretches about the beautiful little bay until the pilgrim to San Martino leaves it for the byway that winds up a pretty green hill where Napoleon's simple suburban retreat nestles in a sylvan shade.

Here the banished lord of all Europe settled down to the task of tilling a few acres of earth and to establishing a farm that should be a model for his subjects. He planted a grove of mulberry trees and he introduced the potato into the island. But a tablet on a wall in one of the hamlets thus records his overthrow as a plowman: "Napoleon, while passing by, took the plow from a peasant, but the oxen rebelled against the hands that had guided Europe and broke away from the furrow."

Since the Emperor was resolved to be a farmer, San Martino is but a farmhouse of twelve modest-sized rooms and even less palatial than the Mulini. Its two-story front contracts into a one-story cottage in the rear, where the rising hill cuts off the lower floor, and whither the driveway leads. The entrance, therefore, is to the upper floor and into the Hall of the Pyramids. A sunken fountain is in the center of this room, the walls of which are covered with imitation columns and carvings that some simple artist of the miniature empire crudely designed to recall the campaign on the Nile. On one of the columns the Emperor caused to be painted this inscription, calculated at once to taunt and reassure the monarchs who sent him to Elba.

> I think of nothing outside my little island. I exist no longer for the world. I only occupy myself with my family, my retreat, my cows and my mules.

Napoleon Is Happy Everywhere.

The room of Gen. Bertrand, the grand marshal, opens from one side of the Salle des Pyramides, while on the other side is the imperial salon, where two doves flutter in the blue sky that overspreads the ceiling, the Emperor having commanded that they "be fastened together by a cord, the knot of which tightens the farther they fly apart." It was the exile's expression of his hope and longing for Marie Louise. But alas, only a ribbon unites the doves, while swords and bayonets cut asunder the imperial pair.

In the next room beyond the salon of the doves the Emperor slept, while beneath it down a steep stair, which has only a rope in place of a banister rail, is the bathroom, where above his marble tub the naked figure of Truth painted on the wall, continues to peer into a mirror with this moral inscribed below: "He who hates the truth, hates the light."

San Martino Today.

The charm of San Martino lies not within its now bare and almost humble walls, but out of doors, where Nature was the imperial furnisher and decorator. There one may tread Napoleon's path into the depths of a lovely grove over a singing brook and to the spring, where he used to fill his leathern cup. Or the visitor may step from the imperial suite in the house out upon the terrace where, with his spy glass pointed straight ahead the Emperor could examine every sail entering the harbor of Porteferraio, and by turning a little to the left could survey the forts and roofs of his capital.

Long after the Elban exile was over and an even six feet of earth sufficed for Napoleon, San Martino was purchased by Prince Demidoff, the husband of Princess Mathilde, daughter of King Jerome Bonaparte. Unfortunately the prince was not so much interested in preserving the simplicity of the place as in glorifying his uncle-in-law. In his misdirected seal he set up a high iron fence of gold-tipped spears and costly ornate gates with bees and eagles and wreaths wrought in them.

But the capital offense of the nephew by marriage was the erection of a big stone temple with high columns and pillars, which he planted squarely in front of and against the villa as if to hide it from the world. Obtrusive as this structure is when viewed from the road, happily it is not seen from the house itself, but disappears beneath the terrace.

The prince thought to form a great Napoleonic museum, but he had no more than gathered together all the relics of the Emperor in the island than his feverish interest in Elba seems to have subsided and the collection was carried off to Florence, whence in time it was dispersed through the world. Thus the Elbans have hardly an old shoe or hat to show for their vanished empire. Fortunately they still have the walls the Emperor reared, but those of San Martino are held in a precarious proprietorship. They passed from the Demidoff family into the hands of an islander, who had grown rich from the Elban mines. But while this new landlord was attempting to fill the bare cabinets of the museum with a natural history collection he lost his fortune, and some Italian creditors took his property, including the historic but deserted villa.

An Imperial Hermit.

When the heat of the southern summer descended upon San Martino, a still simpler abiding place was chosen by the Emperor. This was in the house of a religious hermit, who tended an altar of the Madonna high up Monte Glove. On the 2,500-foot climb along the stony path to his solitary hermitage, where the altar candles are still kept burning, the traveler leaves the village of Marciana, at the shore, and passed through the mountain hamlet of Marciana Alta to the Madonna's lonely chapel.

There, in the late summer of his Elban year, Napoleon passed a fortnight in the four-room stone hut of the hermit, although he really slept in a tent. There, too, is a rocky throne—Napoleon's seat, it is called. From it he looked over the amethystine sea to the northern slopes of his native Corsica, with the town of Bastia shining white against the verdant mountain sides. How near together his two islands were, and yet how long the path between them!

Stern as the imperial refuge of Monte Glove is, it holds a soft memory, for it was in that wild fastness, in that grim solitude that Countess Walewska came to visit the conqueror of Poland and its fair daughter. The Countess brought their son with her, but her journey would have been more sentimental had it not been prompted by her anxiety about her pension. The Emperor, moreover, was alarmed by her unsolicited visit, because he was still hoping to be reunited with Marie Louise. After two days the mother and son descended the mountain and sailed away in their ship, leaving the mystified islanders disputing with one another whether the Empress and the King of Rome had been among them.

'Sighing for Wife and Child.'

The Elbans, only less eagerly than the Emperor, watched for the coming of Marie Louise and her child. Napoleon himself at first hoped and next implored that those who had taken away his empire would restore to him his wife and son. When he saw that his letters addressed to "My good Louise" were intercepted, he appealed to members of her family for some report of her and the little King, but no reply came, and then he dispatched secret emissaries to the Empress. His efforts were vain. The politicians, so far from permitting the mother and child to join him, would not even let them go to their allotted duchy, because Parma was too near Elba. They separated the Empress and the boy and moved her about from place to place, like a piece on a chess board. At first she mildly begged to be allowed to join her husband in his exile, but soon her father brought her back to her girlhood habit of obedience to his will, and almost before her summer wanderings in Switzerland were over, her pliant affections were quite diverted to Count Neipperg, an ingratiating courtier whom Metternich had craftily chosen to attend her.

Napoleon, however, continued to amuse himself with preparations for the coming of Marie Louise. Wherever he dwelt he fitted up a room for her, and her favorite saddle horse awaited her in the imperial stable. His chosen snuff box bore a miniature portrait of the King of Rome and on this he lavished fatherly kisses and sighs.

The mother of the Emperor, whose prophetic soul had foretold the coming of rainy days and whose maternal thrift had made provision for them, came to him as soon as he was fairly settled, and she faithfully stayed by his side. Mme. Mere's companion was her daughter, Pauline. The heedless gayety of this princess had been Napoleon's torment in prosperity, but now she just as gayly shared her brother's fallen fortunes.

Planning and Building.

The next of the imperial habitations the Emperor chose after he left the Hermitage was hardly less unconventional and romantic. This was an old castle at Porto Longone, the second port of Elba and on the opposite side of the island from Portoferraio, where a suite of six rooms was fitted up, the Emperor choosing for himself a turret looking out upon the Italian shore.

He now had four "palaces," the Mulini, San Martino, the Hermitage and the citadel of Porto Longone, and he sent his workmen to remodel for his own occupancy the house of the superintendent of mines at Rio, which he had visited the morning after his arrival in the island. Elban palaces, however, came cheap. A tent sufficed on Monte Glove, and for Porto Longone three iron beds, two carpets, a few plain chairs at a cost of $1 each and two or three equally simple armchairs and sofas were ordered. Indeed the furnishings of the citadel were almost as severely simple as they are today, when it is the gloomy abode of life convicts sent from the mainland.

The fact was Napoleon had no money to waste in riotous living, the Bourbons, with their inveterate stupidity, never having paid a sou of the $400,000 of annual revenue pledged to him in the treaty of Fontainebleau. But that and other of his financial troubles more properly belong in the story of his return from Elba.

The construction or selection of palaces was but a diversion, an innocent pastime of the island Emperor. His more serious care was bestowed upon the welfare of Elba. While he housed himself and maintained his table with almost ascetic frugality, he shared with the local officials half the expense of all public improvements that he ordered. He not only organized the government with as close attention to detail as he had framed the civil institutions of the French empire, but he also promoted the slender commerce and lagging industries of the island.

Finding no roads, he built them, and wisely planned a complete highway system, which still serves the convenience of the people, who have yet no railways. It was under his inspiration and direction that the husbandmen planted and sowed the waste places, and the long-neglected soil was made so productive that it supplies now nearly all the needs of a population three or four times greater than the number of inhabitants a century ago.

Although it was a tradition among the people that climate and earth alike were unfriendly to the olive, the lemon, the orange and the mulberry, he introduced them in the island, and they are flourishing there to this day. He developed an abundant water supply against seasons of drought. He adopted a rigorous quarantine against the importation of diseases, while he improved the health of the people by draining the swamps and by barring the mosquitoes from the springs and wells. He swept the streets and gave the islanders their first lessons in cleanliness and sanitation.

Portoferraio Today.

In that attribute which is next to godliness, the Portoferraio of today, with its 8,000 people, is a shining example and as well scrubbed as a village in Holland. The little hotel which perpetuates the memory of the imperial symbol in its name, "Albergo l'Ape Elbana"—Inn of the Elban Bee—is as clean and unpretending as the town.

The townspeople, the Elbans as a whole, are in keeping with their unique, if brief, chapter in history. The women are pretty, modest and modish, and the men kind, honest and self-respecting in their welcome of the stranger who comes among them seeking the shrines and mementos of the empire that rose and fell in ten months.

The custodian of the Municipio, a veteran of Solferino, gently unfurls in the salon of the Emperor the flag of the Empire, while the librarian proudly displays the cherished remnants of Napoleon's Elban library. The books were specially bound for him over in Leghorn, and include Caesar's Commentaries, early editions of Rousseau, representatives of the works of Anne Radcliffe, Mme. de Sewigne and Voltaire, and Robertson's History of America, published in 1778.

The janitor of the theater, for a church was made over into an imperial theater, seats his callers in the Emperor's box while he lowers the original drop curtain, with its pictorial allegory of Apollo fallen from the skies to shepherd a little flock, even as Napoleon descended from the throne of Europe to care for the Elbans. While one good man is showing some empty wine bottles which he treasures because they bear the "N" in the laurel wreath, Signorina, his daughter, arrays herself in the gown her great-grandmother wore at the imperial court. The Elbans even have a young man who sufficiently resembles their Emperor to have satisfied the requirements of the operators of a moving picture concern, who came to make some films of the exile and the flight, and this "Napoleon of the Movies" has become an added exhibit.

The empire has a day all to itself in the island calendar. This day of days is the 5th of May, the anniversary of the Emperor's death on another island less fair. Each year the custodian of the Municipio gives to the breeze the flag of the empire and solemn services are held in the church of the Misserecordia, which is hung in black and gold. From a niche in the wall behind doors covered with crowns and eagles, a coffin in imitation of the Emperor's at the Invalides in Paris, is reverently brought forth and borne to the altar rail, where the worshippers passing by may see through a glass the death mask of Napoleon resting on a pillow within the coffin.

This yearly memorial service was established for all time by the provision of Prince Demidoff's will, and the prince also left a legacy for the poor which is distributed on each 5th of May, when delegations comes from Italy, from Corsica, sometimes from France, to attend the ceremony.

But visitors at any time are few in number and the Elbans have not been tempted to commercialize their past and exploit it. There are neither guides nor guide books in the little, unsophisticated capital. The sturdy island race is yet unawed by the condescension and uncorrupted by the tips of tourists, who pass by Elba with the thought, perhaps, that it must be a dreary prison isle, the limbo of the condemned, instead of the rare little gem that it really is on the jeweled bosom of the tideless sea.

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Next Sunday—The return from Elba—Napoleon's flight, his landing in France and his recapture of the throne without firing a shot.