

## LITERATURE, &amp;c

FLIGHT OF NAPOLEON FROM FRANCE AFTER THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.—On the 23d [five days after the battle] I returned to the Elysee. The emperor had been for two hours in his bath. He himself turned the discourse on the retreat he ought to choose, and spoke of the United States. I rejected the idea without reflection, and with a degree of vehemence that surprised him. "Why not America?" he asked. I answered, "Because Moreau retired there." The observation was harsh, and I should never have forgiven myself for having expressed it, if I had not altered my opinion a few days afterwards. He heard it without any apparent ill humor; but I have no doubt that it must have made an unfavorable impression on his mind. I insisted on his choosing England, and the reason I gave appeared plausible: but after I had left him, I met General F\*\*\* in the saloon, and communicated our conversation to him. His answer was, "You are mistaken in respect to the English Government. In that country, all the institutions are excellent for the nation itself; but foreigners are not admitted to enjoy their benefits. The emperor will never find anything in that country but oppression and injustice. The nation will not be consulted on the treatment he will undergo; and, believe my words, far from finding protection there, all possible outrages will be invented for revenge." \*\*\* The Emperor went to inhabit Malmaison. He was accompanied thither by the Duchess de St. Leu, Bertrand and his family, and the Duke de Bussano. I went there several times a day; for I could not leave Madame de St. Leu, who had suffered much in her health by the late events. The day he arrived in that retreat he proposed to me to accompany him abroad. "Drouet," he said, "remains in France. I see, the war minister wishes him not to be lost to his country. I dare not complain, but it is a great loss for me; I never met with a better head, or more upright heart. That man was formed to be a prime minister anywhere." I refused to accompany him, in the following words: "I have a daughter of thirteen years of age; my wife is four months advanced in pregnancy; I cannot resolve to leave her. Allow me some time, and I will join you wherever you may be. I have remained faithful to your majesty in better times, and you may reckon upon me. Nevertheless, if my wife had not a claim on me, I should do better to go with you, for I have sad forebodings respecting my fate." The emperor made me no answer; but I saw by the expression of his countenance that he had no better augury of my fate than I had. However, the enemy was approaching, and for the last three days he had solicited the Provisional Government to place a frigate at his disposal, with which he might go to America. It had been promised him; he had even been pressed to set off, but he wanted to be the bearer of the order to the captain, to convey him to the United States, and that order did not arrive. We all felt that the delay of a single hour might put his freedom in jeopardy. After we had talked the subject over among ourselves, I went to him, and strongly painted to him how dangerous it might be to prolong his stay. He observed, that he could not go without the order: "Depart, nevertheless," I replied; "your presence on board the ship will still have a greater power over Frenchmen; cut the cables, promise money to the crew, and if the captain resist, have him put on shore, and hoist your sails. I have not the least doubt but Fouche has sold you to the allies." "I believe it also; but go and make the last effort with the minister of marine." I went off immediately to M. Decres. He was in bed, and listened to me with an indifference that made my blood boil. He said to me: "I am only a minister. Go to Fouche; speak to government. As for me, I can do nothing. Good night." And so he covered himself up again in his blankets. I left him; but I could not succeed in speaking either to Fouche or to any of the others. It was two o'clock in the morning when I returned to Malmaison; the emperor was in bed. I was let into his chamber, where I gave him an account of the result of my mission, and renewed my entreaties. He listened to me, but made no answer. He got up, however, and spent part of the night in walking up and down. The

following day was the last of that sad drama. The emperor had gone to bed again, and slept a few hours. I entered his closet at about twelve o'clock. "If I had known you were here," he said, "I would have had you called in." He then gave me, on a subject which interested him personally, some instructions which is needless for me to repeat. Soon after I left him, full of anxiety respecting his fate, my heart oppressed with grief, but still far from suspecting the extent to which both the rigour of fortune and the cruelty of his enemies would be carried.—*Memoirs of La Fayette.*

## FROM THE AMULET.

## THE DEATH SONG OF ALCESTES.

"—Mightier far  
The strength of nerve or sinew, or the sway  
Of magic, potent over sun and star,  
Is love, though oft to agony oppress'd,  
And though his favourite throne be feeble woman's breast!"  
WORDSWORTH.

SHE came forth in her bridal robes arrayed,  
And, midst the graceful statues round the hall  
Shedding the calm of their celestial mien,  
Stood pale, yet proudly beautiful as they;  
Flowers in her bosom, and the star-like gleam  
Of jewels trembling amid her bridal hair—  
And death upon her brow! But GLORIOUS death!  
Her own heart's choice, the token and the seal  
Of love, o'er-mastering love, which, till that hour,  
Almost an anguish in the brooding weight  
Of its unutterable tenderness,  
Had burdened her full soul. But now, oh! now  
Its time was come! and, from the spirit's depths,  
The passion and the mighty melody  
Of its immortal voice in triumph broke,  
Like a strong rushing wind.

The soft pure air  
Came floating through that hall—the Grecian air,  
Laden with music—dute-notes from the vales,  
Echoes of song, the last sweet sounds of life;  
And the glad sunshine of the golden clime  
Streamed, as a royal mantle, round her form;  
The glorified of love! But she—she looked  
Only on HIM for whom 'twas joy to die—  
Deep, deepest, holiest joy! Or if a thought  
Of the warm sunlight, and the glowing air,  
Of her answering soul; 'twas but a thought  
That owned the summer loveliness of life  
For him a worthy offering! So she stood,  
Wrapt in bright silence, as entranced awhile,  
Till her eye kindled, and her quivering frame  
With the swift breeze of inspiration shook,  
As the pale priestess trembles to the breath  
Of inborn oracles; then flushed her cheek,  
And all the triumph, all the agony,  
Borne on the battling waves of love and death,  
All from her woman's heart, in sudden song,  
Burst like a fount of fire!—I go! I go!

"Thou sun, thou golden sun! I go  
Far from thy light to dwell;  
Thou wilt not find my place below,  
Dim is that world, bright sun of Greece, farewell!"

"The laurel and the glorious rose  
Thy glad beam yet may see;  
But where no purple summer glows,  
O'er the dark wave, I haste from them and thee!"

"Let not a voice of weeping rise;  
My breast is girt with power;  
Let the green earth and festal skies  
Laugh, as to grace a conqueror's closing hour!"

For thee, for THEE, my bosom's lord!  
Thee, my soul's loved, I die;  
Thine is the torch of love restored,  
Mine, MINE the rapture, mine the victory!

"Now may the boundless love, that lay  
Unfathomed still before,  
In one consuming burst, find way,  
In one bright flood all, all its riches pour.

"Thou know'st, thou know'st what love is now,  
Its glory and its might;  
Are they not written on my brow?  
And will that image ever quit thy sight?"

"No, deathless, in thy faithful breast,  
There shall my memory keep  
Its own bright altar-place of rest,  
While o'er my grave the cypress branches weep.

"Oh, the glad light, the light is fair,  
The soft breeze pure and free,  
And rich notes fill the scented air,  
And ALL are gifts—MY love's last gifts to thee.

"Take me to thy warm heart once more;—  
Night falls; my pulse beats low;  
Seek not to quicken, to restore,—  
Joy is in every pang—I go, I go.

"I feel thy tears, I feel thy breath,  
I meet thy fond look still;

Keen is the strife of love and death,  
Fainter and yet fainter grows my bosom's thrill.

"Yet swells the tide of rapture strong,  
Though mists o'er shade mine eye;  
Sing Pæan, sing a conqueror's song;  
For thee, for THEE, my spirit's lord, I die!"

MRS. HEMANS.

## PALESTINE.

The Rev. Dr. Russell, the author of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library, has been very successful in his attempt to give a condensed account of the history of the Jews—together with a description of the land which once was theirs, abounding as that land does in natural curiosities of every description, and sanctified as it is to us as well as to the Jews, by religious associations.

The following extract will reward perusal.—

In advancing, the aspect of the country still continues the same, white and dusty, without tree, herbage, or even moss. At length the road seeks a lower level, and approaches the rocky border which bounds the valley of Jordan; when, after a toilsome journey of ten or twelve hours, the traveller sees stretching out before his eyes the Dead Sea and the line of the river. But the landscape, however grand, admits of no comparison to the scenery of Europe. No fields waving with corn—no plains covered with rich pasture, present themselves from the mountains of Lower Palestine. Figure to yourself two long chains of mountains, running in a parallel direction from north to south, without breaks or undulations. The eastern, or Arabian chain, is the highest, and when seen at the distance of eight or ten leagues, you will take it to be a prodigious perpendicular wall, resembling mount Jura in its form and azure color. Not one summit, not the smallest peak, can be distinguished; you merely perceive slight inflections here and there, as if the hand of the painter, who drew this horizontal line along the sky, had trembled in some places.

The mountains of Judea from the range on which the observer stands as he looks down on the lake Asphaltites. Less lofty, and more unequal than the eastern chain, it differs from the other in its nature also, exhibiting heaps of chalk and sand, whose form, it is said, bears some resemblance to the piles of arms, waving standards, or the tents of a camp pitched on the border of the plain. The Arabian side, on the contrary, presents nothing but black precipitous rocks, which throw their lengthened shadow over the waters of the Dead Sea. The smallest bird of heaven would not find among these crags a single blade of grass for its sustenance; every thing announces the country of a reprobate people, and well fitted to perpetuate the punishment denounced against Ammon and Moab.

The valley confined by these two chains of mountains display a soil resembling the bottom of a sea which has long retired from its bed, a beach covered with salt, dry mud, and moving sands; furrowed, as it were, by the waves. Here and there stunted shrubs vegetate with difficulty upon this inanimate tract; their leaves are covered with salt, and their bark has a smoky smell and taste. Instead of villages you perceive the ruins of a few towers. In the middle of this valley flows a discoloured river, which reluctantly throws itself into the pestilential lake by which it is engulfed. Its course amid the sands can be distinguished only by the willows and the reeds that border it; among which the Arab lies in ambush to attack the traveller and to murder the pilgrim.

M. Chateaubriand remarks, that when we travel in Judea, the heart is at first filled with profound melancholy. But when, passing from solitude, boundless space opens before you, this feeling wears off by degrees, and you experience a secret awe, which, so far from depressing the soul, imparts life and elevates the genius. Extraordinary appearances every where proclaim a land teeming with miracles. The burning sun, the towering eagle, the barren fig tree, all the poetry, all the pictures of Scripture are here. Every name commemorates a mystery,—every grotto announces a prediction,—every hill re-echoes the accents of the prophet. God himself has spoken in these regions, dried up the rivers, rent the rocks, and opened the graves. "The desert still appears mute with terror; and you would imagine that it had never presumed to