

Poet's Corner.

[From the Dublin University Magazine.]

BEYOND THE RIVER.

Time to a river deep and wide;
And while along its banks we stray,
We see our loved ones o'er its tide
Sail from our sight away, away.
Where are they sped—they who return
No more to glad our longing eyes?
They've passed from life's contracted bourne
To land unseen, unknown, that lies
Beyond the river.

'Tis hid from view; but we may guess
How beautiful that realm must be;
For gleamings of the loveliness,
In visions granted, oft we see
The very clouds that o'er it throw
Their veil upraised for mortal sight,
With gold and purple tinting glow,
Reflected from the glorious light
Beyond the river.

And gentle sirs, so sweet, so calm,
Steal sometimes from that viewless sphere;
The mourner's feel their breath of balm,
And soothed sorrow dries the tear.
And sometime listening ear may gain
Entrancing sound that thither floats;
The echo of a distant strain,
Of harps' and voices' blended notes,
Beyond the river.

There are our loved ones in their rest;
They've crossed Time's River—now no more
They heed the bubbles on its breast,
Nor feel the storms that sweep its shore.
But there pure love can live, can last—
They look for us their home to share;
When we in turn away have passed,
What joyful greetings wait us there
Beyond the river.

Select Story.

[From Fraser's London Magazine.]

A GAME OF CHESS
WITH NAPOLEON.

An Exceedingly Interesting Story.

[CONTINUED.]

"The English embassy at this time occupied a hotel adjoining the Cafe de la Regence; at the door of which latter temple of fame I planted myself in a careless-looking attitude, with my pulse beating like a sledge-hammer. The night was dark above, but bright below, shining forth in all the glory of lamp-light. At the porte cochere of the British Envoy's hotel stood a light travelling carriage. I was in the nick of time. Schmidt was ready, enveloped in a heavy redingote. Five horses were being caparisoned for the journey. I went up to the carriage, and addressed my chess friend—

"How's this, Schmidt? no chess to-night?—I've been looking for you in the Regence!"

"Chess—no, indeed, I've other fish to fry. Have you not heard the news? It's no secret. Bonaparte has landed from Elba on the coast of France. Paris will ring with the tidings in an hour or two. I'm off this moment for London with despatches."

"I don't envy you the journey!" said I. "What a bore—shut up in that machine all night, and not even a pretty girl to keep you company?"

"But duty, you know!" said Schmidt, with a smile.

"Duty, indeed! but, perhaps, you light up, en grand seigneur, and read all the way? To be sure you can study our new gambit?"

"What a pity you can't go with me!" responded Schmidt, in the pride of five horses and a carriage all to himself. "What a pity you can't go with me—we'd play chess all the way!"

"My heart leaped to my mouth. The trout was going the bait. Schmidt had drawn the marked card!

"Don't invite me twice," said I, laughing, "for I am in a very lazy humor, and have no one earthly thing to do in Paris for the next few days." This was true enough.

"Come along, then, my dear fellow!" replied Schmidt—"make the jest earnest. I've a famous night-lamp, and am in no humor to sleep. I must drop you on the frontiers, because I dare not let the authorities of Calais or Boulogne see that I have a companion, lest I should be suspected of splot-jobbing, but I'll pick you up on my return. Now, are the horses ready there?"

"Do you really mean what say, Schmidt?"

"Indeed I do!"

"All right, then, tell me what," said I, "I'm your man?"

"I darted into the Cafe de la Regence, snatched up the first chess equipage that came to hand, and stood in a moment again by the side of 'my friend.' The postillions were on their saddles, in we leaped, bang went the door, round rolled the wheels, and away bounded our light calash at the rate of ten French miles an hour!"

"Gad," said Schmidt, with a grin—"what a joke this is! We shall have something in the chess way to talk about for the next hundred and fifty years!"

"We shall, indeed," replied I. For a moment we were stopped at the barrier of St. Denis, and here I became sensible of the truth of R——'s reasoning. The gates were closed and a heavy force of horse and foot drawn up by the portals—My friend's passport was strictly scanned, and we learned that no other carriage could pass that night, the order being special. I may here say, that throughout the route, thanks to the telegraph, our horses were always changed at the various post-houses with lightning speed.

"Good night, gentlemen!" cried the officer on guard, and away we went through the barriers, dashing over stone and sand, rut and road, like the Phaeton running away with its master. I looked back on Paris for the last time. "Aux grands homes, la patrie reconnoissance!" thought I. Should I succeed, the R——s will at least bury me in the church of St. Genevieve!

"Now at this point, my friends, the chess-board I consider was in reality placed between Napoleon and myself, its type only being the chequered piece of wood on which Schmidt, poor fellow, was setting up the chess-men. By-the-by, if you ever play chess in a carriage, and for want of the men being pegged at their feet you cannot make them stand, wet the board with a little vin de Grave, as we did, and you'll find no difficulty.

"Yes, Napoleon and I were about to play a game at chess, and although he might be said to have taken the first move, his attack was necessarily clogged by so much incumbrance, and our chances, at least, became equal. 'To beat the Emperor,' thought I, 'all must be risked in a rapid attack, which shall countermine his plans. The position must not be suffered to grow too intricate. My first stroke must be successful, or I may as well throw up the game at once. Nothing, however, can be done for some hours, so, rogons! there's a Providence for the virtuous!"

"Imagine for yourselves the details I am compelled to omit. We played chess all night, talked, laughed, and enjoyed ourselves. We supped en route in the carriage—and, as my courteous antagonist was deeply engaged in discussing the relative merits of a *Perigord pate* and a bottle of old Markbriener, I could but sigh that time had been denied me to put a vial of laudanum in my pocket. Schmidt should have slept so soundly!

"Time wore on. 'Shall I pitch him out by main force, reflected your humble servant. 'Shall I decoy him forth, leave him like one of the babes in the wood, to the care of the redbreasts, assume his name, and dash on alone?' Too hazardous. I must take care not to find my way into that dirty old goal at Calais, where the starving debtors are so everlastingly fishing for charitable pence with red woollen night-caps. The Code Napoleon does not allow of 'robbery with premeditated violence.' More the pity! and then, probably, if alone, I could not procure horses. Shall I tell Schmidt the whole truth, and throw myself on his friendship? No—I should be checked and check-mated. We have rattled through Abbeville, we are even passing Montreuil, and I am just where I was. But stop—a thought lights up my brain. Will it do?"

"Luckily my adversary was, as I have said, the slowest of all slow chess-players—heavy, sleek, and sleepy. This gave me the more time to ruminate while he concocted his views upon the chequered field; and my scheme, such as it was, became at length matured. While Schmidt, the innocent, with his fishy eyes was pecking over the board, how little he thought upon the real subject of my meditations! At this moment some persons would liken Schmidt to the Indian traveller, laughing in the fulness of his joy, while the Thug, his companion, makes ready the fatal scarf wherewith to strangle him! Others would compare him to a calf grazing in a butcher's field. You may liken him to what you will.

"Do you cross from Calais or Boulogne, Schmidt—Check to your king!"

"Check? I shall interpose the rock. Oh, thro' the Anglomaniac of the Bourbons—our embassy has worked the telegraph double duty, and at both ports a fast-sailing boat awaits me. I think I shall win this game. Your queen seems to me not upon roses. If the wind hold strong south-west as now, I shall prefer crossing from Boulogne."

"By this time we had reached that little village

I forgot the name of the dog-hole, seven miles on the Paris side of Boulogne. It was half-past four in the afternoon, and we had eaten nothing since our scanty breakfast of bread, butter, and *cafe au lait*, at eight in the morning. Chess, chess, still had our chess gone on. I knew Schmidt was rather of the gourmand order, and now or never must the buffalo be taken in the lasso; I easily prevailed on him to alight at the little inn of the village, which was also the post-house, for a quarter of an hour, to snatch a hot dinner; which, I assured him, was far better than his dining at Boulogne and crossing the sea on a full stomach; so, chess-board in hand; away went Schmidt, the simple, into a little dark back room, to study his coming move while dinner was dishing. "Now or never!" I say, was my battle-cry. I rushed out, and demanded what think you? a blacksmith! I was gazing on our carriage when the man stood before me. No one was within hearing.

"What a curious thing is a carriage like this; friend!" said I, musingly.

"It is!" responded he, in a tone which seemed to say—"Have you come from Paris to tell me that?"

"A strange wilderness of wheels and springs, of wood and iron. Now what would follow were that large screw there taken out? Answer me promptly!"

"What would follow? Why the coach would go on very well for a few hundred yards, and then it would overturn with a crash, and smash all to shivers!"

"Hum," said I—"and the travellers would doubtless go to shivers, as you call it, also? And what if only that tiny screw there were withdrawn?"

"The body of the vehicle would equally fall upon the hind axle, but without material consequences—causing, however, some inevitable delay."

"Are you the blacksmith always in attendance here? I mean if this carriage overturned descending yonder hill, would it fall to your lot to right it?"

"It would!" and the Frenchman's eye sparkled with intelligence. I could have hugged the swarthy man to my bosom. I adore a blacksmith!

"Here are ten Napoleons," said I—give me out that little screw, I have a fancy for it. And the screw was in my hand.

"And now," continued I, here are ten other Napoleons. I hope no accident will happen to us as we leave the village—but, should the carriage overturn, have it brought back here to repair, and take a couple of hours to finish the job in, that you may be sure the work is done properly, you know. And remember, O most virtuous of blacksmiths, that a man who earns twenty Napoleons so lightly has two ears, but only one tongue."

"Assez, assez, mon maitre!" grinned Vulean, emphatically, "je comprends; soyez tranquille! Allez donc!"

"I pocketed the precious screw, and rushed into dinner while the horses were putting to. Schmidt was so tranquil I felt provoked I had such a lamb to deal with. I intend that screw to go in my family as an heirloom."

"We left the inn at full gallop. A very small quantity of pace like ours proved a dose. The body of the carriage dropped gently into a critical position. The postillions pulled up."

"We are overset," cried I.

"God forbid!" said Schmidt—"say it's the English courier!" The man was so deep in that dear chess. "What's to be done?" cried he, coming to his senses.

"I had already sprung out."

"There seems little the matter, Schmidt. Back the carriage to the inn, and all will be right again in a twinkling."

"So said, so done. My friend the blacksmith assured us he would repair all damage directly—and, while he began to hammer away, like a Cyclops forging thunderbolts, we philosophers coolly resumed our chess in the inn-parlor. The position of the game was now highly critical, both for me and Napoleon, and also for me and Schmidt. My latter adversary was decidedly under a mate, and his coming move I felt must occupy twenty heavenly minutes. Surely his guardian angel must have been just now taking his siesta!

"I left the room and carted to the stable. A groom was busy at his work."

"Have you saddle horse ready for the road?"

"Yes, sir, we've a famous trotting pony—won the prize last—"

"Enough! I am sent on in advance. Tell the landlord my friend within settles all. Give me the bridle!"

"I mounted my Bucephalus, and galloped off like the wind."

"Boulogne! Boulogne!" cried I, aloud, as I rac-

ed through the village in a state of ungovernable excitement. I was playing the great game with a vengeance. If that horse yet lives, be sure he recollects me.

"I rattled into Boulogne, the St. Belage of Great Britain, and the very gendarmerie quailed before me at the gates. In a minute more I had alighted at the water-side. The soldiers shouted behind for my pass-port. I threw them some gold which, as none of their officers happened to be in sight, they were vulgar enough to pick up from the beach. I cast my eyes around. It was six o'clock and the scene was deeply interesting.

"The breeze had set in well from the west. The evening was cold, but bright—the air slightly frosty. The sun yet shone, and lighted up the harbor, tinging the far-off waves with ten thousand different shades of emerald hue. It was known already that Napoleon had escaped from his prison-house, and was marching on Paris—and the English residents were flying from France like sheep before the wolf. A golden harvest was reaping on this narrow sea, and I was hailed in a moment by several bronzed fishermen, with offers of service and vaunts of the superior qualities of their several respective vessels. I selected at a glance a stout trim-looking boat, and leaped on board, leaving my horse to his meditations. I hope, for the hospitality of Boulogne, he was taken care of.

"For Dover!" cried I to the master of the boat. "My pay is five guineas a man—I must have eight men on board in case it comes on to blow. Be smart, fellows, and away!"

"The men were active as eels. The police were about to detain me with some infernal jargon about my pass-port again.

"Cut off," cried I eagerly.

"My captain (if I may so term a Breton sailor, half smuggler, half fisherman) severed the rope which held us to the pier-head, our heavy brown sails were flung to the wind, and we were sweeping across the waters.

(Conclusion in our next.)

THE FIGHTING PREACHER.

The itinerants (who were the *legis ulminea* of the American ministry of the day) were unusually brawny, athletic men; physically, if not mentally, educated almost to perfection.

They had occasion sometimes to preach to their rude hearer with their fists as well as their stentorian lungs.

At a camp meeting, says Mr. Finley, a row was raised on Saturday, by about twenty lewd fellows of the baser sort, who came upon the ground intoxicated, and had vowed they would break up the meeting. One of the preachers went to the leader for the purpose of getting him to leave—but this only enraged him, and he struck the preacher a violent blow on the face and knocked him down. Here the conflict began. The members saw that they must either defend themselves or allow the ruffians to beat them and insult their daughters. It did not take them long to decide. They very soon placed themselves in an attitude of defence. Brother Birkammer, an exceedingly stout man, seized their bully leader, who had struck the preacher, and with one thrust of his brawny arm, crushed him down between two benches. The aid-de-camp of the bully ran to his relief, but only to meet the same fate; for no sooner did he come within reach of the Methodist, than with crushing force he felt himself on the ground on the back of his comrade in distress. Here they were held in durance vile till the sheriff and his posse came and took possession, and binding them with ten others, they were carried before a justice who fined them heavily for the misdeemeanor. As soon as quiet was restored, Bishop Ashbury occupied the pulpit. After singing and prayer, he rose and said he would give the rowdies some advice:—

"You must remember that all our brothers in the church are not yet sanctified, and I advise you to let them alone; for if you get them angry, and the devil should get in them they are the strongest men to fight and conquer in the world, I advise you if you do not like them, to go home and let them alone."

In speaking of one of his brother itinerants one to whom it was owing "that Methodism is now the prevailing religion of Illinois," he says:—

At the camp meeting held at Alton, in the autumn of 1833, the worshippers were annoyed by a set of desperadoes from St. Louis under Mike Fink, a notorious rowdy, the triumphant bully of countless fights, in none of which he had ever met an equal or even a second. The coarse, drunken ruffians carried it with a high hand—outraged the men and insulted the women, so as to threaten the dissolution of all exercise, and yet such was the terror the name of their leader—Fink—inspired, that no individual could be found brave enough to face his prowess.