

Poet's Corner.

KINDNESS.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

There is no dearth of kindness,
In this world of ours;
Only in our blindness
We gather thorns for flowers!
Outward, we are spinning—
Trampling one another!
While we are inly yearning
At the name of "Brother!"

There's no dearth of kindness
Or love among mankind,
But in darkling loneliness
Hooded hearts grow blind!
Full of kindness tingling,
Soul is shut from soul,
When they might be mingling
In one kindred whole!

There's no dearth of kindness,
Tho' it be unspoken,
From the heart it buildeth
Rainbow-smiles in token—
That there be none so lowly
But have some angel touch;
Yet, nursing loves unholy,
We live for self too much!

As the Wild-rose bloweth,
As runs the happy river,
Kindness freely floweth
In the heart forever.
But if men will hanker
Ever for the golden dust,
Kindest hearts will canker,
Brightest spirits rust.

There's no dearth of kindness
In this world of ours;
Only in our blindness
We gather thorns for flowers!
O, cherish God's best giving,
Falling from above!
Life were not worth living,
Were it not for Love.

Select Story.

[From Frazer's London Magazine.]

A GAME OF CHESS
WITH NAPOLEON.

[CONCLUDED.]

"We dashed under the bows of a large English built packet, straining at her lashings like mad, ready to kick off in ten seconds. Her sails were flying abroad, and several hands were at the tacks, ready to sheet them home. The captain was reading the very stones and windows of the town, impatiently through a glass. The mob of idle spectators were so busily engaged watching his proceedings, I was hardly noticed.

"A nice craft, that!"

"Yes, sir, waiting for the English courier. If he don't make haste she'll lose her tide."

"I should be sorry for that," said I. "Give her a wide berth and go ahead."

"And we did go ahead. I have crossed Calais Straits many times, but never under such exciting circumstances. Every bit of canvass we could stretch was spread, and the billows washed our decks from stem to stern. The men were on their mettle, and the little vessel answered gloriously to the call; shaking herself after each wash like a wild duck, and dipping her wings again to kiss the briny waters. At one moment I verily thought we should have been swamped. My fellows themselves hesitated, and seemed inclined to take in sail.

"Carry on," cried our captain.

"A little more washing and we were in comparatively smooth water under the chalk cliffs of the Albion. By half-past nine I had left Dover, and was tearing along the London road behind 4 fleet horses. Canterbury and Rochester were won and lost. I took the direction of London, and my carriage pulled up before the gate of R—'s villa at five o'clock in the morning. I had come from Paris in thirty hours."

"Thirty-one" here interpolated the accurate Mr. Goldhall.

Wolverdenden smiled.

"The inmates must have thought I had come to take the mansion by storm, so powerful were my appeals to the great bell, as I stood at the gates in the early sunbeams of the morning. In five minutes more, I found myself by the conjugal bed of R—, God only knows how I got there!"

"Assuredly the R—s received me as they had never done a visitor before, sitting up both in bed, side by side, rubbing their eyes, as just awakened from a deep sleep, I had made my entry

vi et armis, and, by the time R—was fully awakened up, had handed in my credentials.—Without pausing a moment in my hitherto successful career, I rapidly explained the circumstance of the case, and minutely detailed the situation of our Paris house. What words I used I cannot remember. Indeed, I spoke as in a state of delirium. I had not slept for two days and nights, and my brain began to reel for want of rest.

"Go into my dressing-room there," said R—, with the most imperturbable sang-froid. "Do me the favor to open the shutters, and in three minutes I will be with you."

"I retired mechanically; a heavy load seemed already removed from my chest. In every tone of the great man's voice was something more than authority; there was genius, talent, and power. I felt that our position was fully understood, and so profound was my confidence in the king of the London merchants, I already felt assured we should find relief in his counsels. How extraordinary that so much effect should have been produced by half-a-dozen common-place words!"

"I threw myself upon a sofa. R—joined me. He wore a scarlet night-cap, and enveloped in the blanket he had hastily dragged off the bed, he looked, with his grisly beard and massive throat, like a chief of the Cherokee Indians about to give the war-whoop. But I thought at the moment of neither night-cap nor blanket; I thought only of Napoleon Bonaparte on the one hand, and R—on the other; and I would have staked my life on the latter, simply because he seemed master of himself. It is easy to govern others!"

"R—was grand, he was sublime! Startled abruptly from his sleep—informed that the whole fortunes of his house were trembling in the balance—that the mighty European edifice he had for so many years been laboring to establish, was tottering in the wind—that name, fame and fortune were being rent asunder, he was still R—. He was the lion of the desert awakened to battle by the jungle tiger of the East, and rushing at once to the desperate conflict. Only be it remarked, that lions of the desert seldom appear in flannel, even in the zoological gardens."

"Return to France," said he; "to my brother, with all speed. Spare no exertion, at all hazards, to be in Paris some little time before Napoleon enters. Your mission will not be forgotten by our house. To make you waste time, now mark my words! I have no faith in the Napoleon dynasty. The emperor has returned too soon."

The army will declare in his favor, but the nation torn by war, will not stand by him. The natural cry of France is—Peace! peace! that we may heal our wounds. The emperor may win a battle, but he must fall before numbers, and his fall this time will be forever. I give him a hundred days' reign, and no more. Very well. If I believed in the endurance of Napoleon, I should say *Make a friend of him—lend him this gold*: but, as it is, the bullion must be preserved. I know the Bourbons. If the emperor borrow the gold, even in the name of the government, and pawn the palaces of Fontainebleau and the Louvre for the amount, the others are capable of disavowing the transactions. And although the absolute loss of this sum would not of itself shake us, yet the credit of our name would be severely damaged; a run upon our branch houses would inevitably follow, and we should be compelled to stop payment before we could realize our assets. And yet true policy forbids our now directly affronting the emperor. How then to act? The problem to be solved is this—to keep the gold out of his hands, and yet to remain friends with him. And thus would I have my brother proceed. Treasure up my every word, sir, and digest it *en route*. All paper money in France will now be depreciated.—Any premium will be given for gold to hold during the crisis. We have undue bills to the amount of millions and millions flying about Paris. I pray you mark this, sir. Seek out the holders of our paper, call it all in, and pay it off in gold.—The money market will be so pressed that even our name will be at a discount. Work out of this scheme, and watch the result. Every holder of a note of hand will be glad to allow ten per cent discount for gold. Call in all. Leave not a rag of paper existing in any corner of Paris, with our name thereon as acceptors. Should it chance that even then you do not find bills to absorb the gold, let my brother extend the operation, and discount equally the flying bills of the three Paris houses marked in his secret memorandum-book as A, B, C. Never mind whether the bills have two, four, or six months to run. I say pay off all. Ferret them out from every corner of Paris. Lock your paper in your desk, and the ship will ride out the storm. How like you the plan, sir? Ha! The bills will be useless to Napoleon. Gold alone will

meet his views, and he must get it through those houses who have been in the secret of his return. Meanwhile, bid my brother be foremost at the Tuileries' levees, and profuse in his assurances of devotion to the emperor, with regret that he has no gold."

"R—paused, as if to demand my applause for his plan. I saw it all; the riddle was solved.—Success was all but certain. Check to Napoleon! and probably check-mate; for other blows are yet in reserve for him; R—resumed, with the gravity of a veteran commanding in a battery with the bullets flying around him—

"Tell my brother, moreover to operate on the French funds for a rise, the moment they recover from their first depression. Operate largely, and in the certainty that the Bourbon star will shine again, in less than four months, brighter, and more enduring, from this dark cloud having passed away. Remind my brother, however, to operate against the emperor, only through third parties, and to beware, for Napoleon will owe us a grudge for present proceedings; though at first he will be too eager to court public opinion to dare to seek revenge on our house. And now away, with you sir, on the wings of the wind; but hold! what is the earliest hour at which the courier of the English embassy can be at the foreign office here?"

"I should say eight or nine."

"Ha," said R—, "then stop a moment." "Thy coming is indeed a God-send."

"Seating himself, R—hastily wrote and sealed a short note, addressed to Lord C—"

"Leave London by Westminster, and hand in this note as you pass Downing street, (of course you know London,) to be delivered as early as possible. Lord C—comes punctually to business at nine o'clock, and will find it on his desk. It is right that I should briefly acquaint his lordship with the outbreak of Napoleon."

"But," remarked I, (child as I was compared with R—), "would you not prefer my leaving it at his lordship's private residence—in which case he will get it at least two hours sooner?"

"Content yourself, young man," returned the chief, with a grim smile, "obey orders without reasoning upon them. Ahem, he might not like to be disturbed so early. Besides, how do we know that he will come? There—I date my envelope half-past five, a.m." "Can you do more?" "And now away, sir. We shall soon meet again. Return by Calais. The Boulonnais might lay hold of you."

"But allow me to remark, one difficulty remains," observed I—"I have no passport."

"Oh, I can remedy that in a moment. The English government allow me to keep a few blanks for emergencies."

"With R—, to will and to do appeared to be the same thing. He filled me up a passport ready signed, describing me as an 'a special mission,' and we parted with a cordial squeeze of the hand. I can truly say, I neither ate nor drank in or near the British metropolis."

"How shall we drive, sir?" asked the post boys, as we crossed Westminster bridge.

"Drive!" said I, "as if the devil were after us!"

"Luck was on my side throughout this eventful chess game; for such I contend it was in the highest signification of the word. Life is chess on a grand scale, and chess is an emblem of life, with its hope and its fears, its losses and its gains; only in chess, if you lose one game by a false move you can set up the pieces and play another. My chances of checkmating the emperor now increased hourly. The ball was at my foot. It may be said, the greater share of the laurel branch ought to be R—'s. Never mind, I was not puffed up with pride. Could I have a more worthy partner than the mighty monarch of European finance?"

It was king against Kaiser, and mine own was, at least, the hand that moved the pieces. "Fate was constant throughout my journey. I reached Dover and Calais without an accident, and reeled into our Paris counting house more dead than alive, soon after noon, on the 8th day of March. I need not say how delighted was our French R—at the counsel I brought. All hands went immediately to work to carry out the scheme. As for me, I went to bed.

"R—'s behaviour was perfect. He made me keep the ring I wore, and thus I gained my carbuncle. More valuable orders of merit have been given by monarchs for services of inferior value. "To make my story complete, I must here trouble you with a chapter of dates. "Bonaparte had landed in France on March 1, and the news came to the Tuileries, as I have said, by the Lyons telegraph, on the 5th. On the 6th, Louis le Desire issued his first proclamation, and ran away from Paris, his loved city, on the 19th. March 12, the emperor entered Lyons—left that

city next day—was at Fontainebleau on the 20th—and came into Paris on the same day at nine o'clock at night. Le petit Corporal had covered two hundred French leagues, partly hostile, in twenty days—not bad work, considering a part of the journey was performed on foot, that armies were to be conquered, and municipal authorities harangued, en route in every town. On my part, (for, as I am playing chess with the emperor, I may here contrast my doing with his,) I had left Paris on the night of the 5th of March, and was back at my post on the 8th. We were morally speaking, assured of at least a clear week, even should the troops sent to oppose the emperor unite themselves to his cause. A good deal may be done in a week!

"The success of the house of R—was complete, and Napoleon, as far as our game went, was irrevocably checkmated. All our gold was paid away—barely a single twenty-franc piece remained in our treasure vaults. We stood upon our bills, and waited the event.

"On the 21st of March, the emperor had a grand levee, at the palace of the Tuileries, to which our chief went, though with a trembling heart. Bonaparte looked at him from head to foot, with anything but a pleasant expression of countenance, and turned on his heel with this one significant phrase, 'I see that there are two Napoleons in Europe!'

"The courtiers stared at each other, but could not read the riddle. Our R—saw that his counterplot was known, and appreciated, though not perhaps gratefully! During the hundred days' reign—that meteor-flash of regained power—the emperor took no further notice of the matter, but subsequently alluded to it at St. Helena, in his conversations with Las Casas. He then laughed at the trick and owned we had completely foiled him. A Napoleon to confess himself beaten is twice vanquished.

"My friend Schmidt, the heavy, never can have forgotten the last game of chess we played together, but was fortunate enough to conceal the thing from his employers. He is still in the land of the living, but we have never seen each other since I left him studying how to parry the impending checkmate. Should we ever meet, I shall be happy to finish the game, though I have never had leisure to play even a single party of chess since. Chess is a game for the poor, the idle, and the infirm, and thanks to R—I am now none of these. A liberal advance of capital on the part of the two brothers of Paris and London enabled me to call into existence the house of Wolverdenden and Co. bankers and merchants of Hamburg, of which firm I am, as friend Goldhall divulged this affair before—but after twenty-eight years, feel at liberty to treat it as a matter of history—only, as I should not wish it to go further, I will thank the present company to respect my desire. The finance of Europe is its very heart's blood, and the multitude should not be too easily initiated into mysteries of the temple.

"And now, in the manner that conquerors count over their spoils, let me briefly sum up the gains of the R—s. The net is thrown into the waters and, drawn to land—let us tell over the fish taken.

"Firstly, you will take notice that, in our exchange of gold for paper—hailed at the time like the changing of old lamps for new in the Arabian tale of Aladdin—in this exchange, I say we cleared a profit of ten per cent—making ten millions of francs net of itself. The emperor lost Waterloo—commerce was restored—oil was poured upon the waters—the Bourbons crept forth from their holes, like mice when the cat is out of sight. Gold became a dead weight—bills were in requisition for remittance to foreign countries—the bullion all came back to our vaults—and we favored our friends, by charging them only 5 to 8 per cent. premium for taking the cumbersome burden off their hands!

"The Bourbons were not ungrateful. With an incomparable degree of adroitness, R—made them see that we had been instrumental in crippling the resources of the emperor! Thus goes the world. In return for our fidelity to the *fleau-de-lis*, we were permitted to suck some of its sweetest honey. The records of French finance yet ring with our gains upon the Bourse, through our buyings and sellings of stocks upon this occasion.

"On the morning I bore the news to England, R—went down to the stock exchange of the British metropolis at nine o'clock. He was always a punctual man. At this very time, Schmidt was about to open his budget to his employers at Westminster. Acting through Agents, R—operated in the funds to an enormous amount for an anticipated fall.

His brokers did all this, while the great man