

gentlemanly for that ; but I must say that Louis Philippe's conduct to me was not such as I could have hoped it would be. I say it reluctantly, and, now that he is gone, with pain—but he was no gentleman. *He did not answer my letter.*

After waiting a week for a reply, in vain, I concluded that I was not bound to guard the secret of the family quarrel any longer, but that it was my duty to expose him. I therefore went to the Club, where I was in the habit of meeting the most gentlemanly men in Paris, especially Americans. After a little light general conversation, I said, "Gentlemen: every man has, at times, a painful duty to perform. Your associations in Paris have probably not been of entirely the same character as mine. I have been, by a singular chance, inducted into the great secrets of state, and I consider myself now at liberty to state, that Louis Philippe has quarreled with the Princess his youngest daughter, and has banished her to the Rue Richelieu, where I have had the honor of seeing her; and more than that, gentlemen, I am obliged to add that my private relations with his Majesty have proved to me that he is no gentleman."

After making these disclosures I resumed my seat. There was silence for a moment; then such peal upon peal of laughter, that the master of the house rushed up to know the occasion.

"A princess!" shouted Sparr Stangles, "and in the Rue Richelieu! ye gods!" and away they all roared again.

"You may laugh, gentlemen," said I, "but it is nevertheless the truth."

The more sober I looked, the more they shrieked, until Stangles cried,

"Mr. Smythe, please to step here."

I did so; and he threw himself back in his chair. The room instantly became as still as a church, and the men all looked on intently. Stangles closed one eye, and raising the upper lid of the other with his right thumb, he pulled down the lower lid with the left fore-finger, and then said to me,

"Mr. Smythe, will you please to look into my eye."

I bent over him, and put my face close to his, and looked steadfastly at his eye-ball.

"Do you see any thing there, Mr. Smythe?" inquired he, with a sound in his throat as if he were choking.

"Nothing at all," said I, looking closer.

"Don't you see a Princess there?" cried he, exploding with laughter, and tumbling out of his chair, while all the rest whooped and yelled like wild Indians.

I don't know why they laughed. I certainly did *not* see a Princess in Mr. Stangle's eye: and when the excitement had somewhat subsided, I said:

"Gentlemen, my experience in this singular and mysterious affair, has taught me that a man had better keep his finger out of royal quarrels. You," said I, caustically, "who have probably not been so fortunate as to meet Countesses, Duchesses, and Princesses in society, little know

what pain and trouble they cost the man who ventures to cultivate them."

"Probably we don't know," said Stangles. "You are the only man that ever rescued a noble lady in distress in the streets at midnight."

"It is my good fortune," said I; "but I'm not proud of it. These things will happen to us men of the world. Let's go to the opera."

We went. There was a ballet between the acts. Suddenly I turned to Stangles—and asked him, if he remarked a certain one of the ballet girls.

"Certainly," said he, "I know her well, and so does all Paris."

"Naturally," said I, "for do you know she bears a most astonishing likeness to the youngest daughter of Louis Philippe?"

"And she lives," replied Stangles, with that choking sound in his throat again, "at No. — Rue Richelieu." Upon which he laughed in a manner which I must call ungentlemanly: and which drew upon us the attention of the whole house.

"Can it be possible," mused I, as I sauntered home, "that the cruel monarch of France has visited the Princess with heavier indignities on account of her singular adventure with me, and has actually compelled her to seek support by dancing in the ballet? What a frightful state of things! How happy we ought to be that we have no kings in America!"

This, you remember, is an episode. I was about to tell you of my "sweetest experience" with Signora Belli Occhi; but I referred to this little adventure in Paris, and I knew you would wish to hear about it. The truth is, that we young Americans upon the Continent have the most remarkable experiences. Those knowing looks, and words, and sighs, that we exchange when we sometimes speak of Europe in your presence, have a prodigious profundity of meaning. They all stand for nothing less than Princesses. We have been in the habit of meeting more or less noble and beautiful ladies at Monsieur Celarius's dancing-rooms. It is in their amiable society that we have learned that polished grace of manner with which we seize and whirl in the dance the daughters of our native land. Of course our sisters lack the winning *je ne sais quoi* of the Princesses and other titled ladies, but they serve to remind us of that high society and those happy days in Paris.

And now, as we have smoothed the way for my story, we will proceed with it immediately.

THE WORLD-RENOWNED.

THERE is nothing more difficult to accomplish than to build up a great reputation. It may seem easy enough; yet it requires unceasing labor and application to attain distinction or eminence in any pursuit. Men of reputation are all men of industry. Character is like the building of a pyramid; it is done stone by stone, course by course: and the structure is rarely complete ere life is brought to a close, and the work of self-perfection, of reputation-building, is brought to a close.

In the *Divine Comedy*, Virgil is made to say to Dante—"You must discard all idleness; it is not by sleeping on a bed of down that fame is to be reached. He who passes through life without reputation, leaves upon the earth a trace like that of smoke upon the air, or foam upon the water. Rouse thyself then; subdue fatigue with the spirit which triumphs in every contest, if it be not overwhelmed by the weight of the body."

Buffon said of genius, that it consisted in a great aptitude for *patience*; and nearly all the men who have accomplished any thing worthy of note in the world, have been distinguished by this gift. Newton said of himself and his grand discoveries, that he took no credit for any powers of original thinking, but that all he had done had been the result of laborious investigation and steady industry.

Many men have doubtless been stimulated to application in art, in letters, and in science, by the thought of future fame. The applause of mankind has been dear to them, and to secure it they have "lived laborious days," spent midnight oil, forgotten fatigue, ill-health, and physical discomfort—consecrating long years of labor in elaborating a science, developing an idea, producing a poem, or perfecting a work of art. They have lived for fame, thinking of a life beyond their own time, inspired with renewed energy in the contemplation of a glorious reputation in the future ages through which their name will continue to be pronounced with transports of joy and admiration.

Yet, in the case of many other great men, they have lived and labored without any thought of fame. They have produced, because they felt a longing and intense desire to throw off the thoughts and ideas that brooded in them. Thus, Shakspeare wrote, leaving his works to be collected and edited by men living long after his own day. He gave his immortal tragedies to the world, and left them to take care of themselves. During his life he was known to but few; he spent a long and laborious life in the metropolis, after which he retired to an obscure country town, where he died without causing the slightest stir or commotion. He had no public funeral. There was little mourning at his exit; for few, except those immediately about him, knew that the great Shakspeare had died. It took several hundred years to build up his reputation; and it has not yet culminated, nor will do for many centuries to come.

Many, however, succeed in enjoying all the pleasures of fame during their lives; many whose reputation after death is comparatively short-lived. With them, life is a continual festival: every where they are praised, flattered, extolled, caressed, rewarded, adored, and almost worshipped as gods. Mothers get them to stand godfathers for their children; legislators bestow pensions on them; authors write books about them; newspapers note their every movement; and when they die, great is the mourning and lamentation. Then there is a search in parish

registers for facts respecting their birth and marriage; all the details of their in-doors and out-doors life are published; monuments are erected to them; pictures of them are painted; lives of them are written; and their fame is then handed down to posterity to live or die, as their character, their works, or their achievements, may be esteemed by future generations.

Great men live forever. Even on earth they are immortal. Death beautifies their name, their works, and their reputation. Their burying-place is honored, and their tomb is visited by men of all nations. Poets and thinkers catch inspiration from the scene; and the memory of their great deeds warms the heart and excites the imagination.

Thus, Boccaccio was once led by curiosity to visit the tomb of Virgil: he was at that time a youth, tired of the dry study of law. Standing before the sacred ashes of the great Latin poet, the youth felt himself, as it were, suddenly take fire; an illumination burst upon him; and the then unknown youth returned home a prince of Italian literature.

What pilgrimages are made to Stratford-on-Avon and Abbotsford!—to Newstead Abbey and Rydal Mount! Cities and hamlets dispute the honor of being the birthplace of great men. Monuments are erected to them. Monarchs reward their descendants. All that relates to them is sought after with avidity. The most insignificant lines traced by their hand are prized as a treasure. Their relatives and friends are cited: what they said and did; where they went, and how they spent their time, is all told in books, and eagerly read by thousands. To have seen them is long remembered as a delight and an honor: and he who has seen the great man feels as if he carried with him a portion of his reflected greatness. Even to have seen the tomb of a great man, is considered in the light of a merit. Washington Irving, speaking of the workman who, in repairing the tomb of Shakspeare at Stratford, looked in and saw the dust and mouldering bones of the great poet lying within, says of him—"It was surely *something* to have seen the ashes of Shakspeare."

The glory of great men is reflected even on their biographers. The public, who revere the great departed, end by confounding in their esteem the name of the historian with that of the hero. Thus Alexander always envied Achilles the more from having been immortalized by Homer.

The fame of these man-gods—these great heroes and geniuses, looks so bright after death, that one would think they had been absolved from the infirmities and vices of men. But we see only the bright side; the glory is in the sun, the folly in the shadow. And it is well that it is so, and that we are disposed only to speak good of the dead. Were the *obverse* and shady side of the great man's character to be looked at, doubtless it would present many flaws and weaknesses, much imperfection, perhaps some meanness, and, it may be, much selfishness and heart-

lessness. But those things are not mentioned on the marble inscription.

It is not always, however, that great men receive due recognition in their lifetime. The greatest often pass on to their grave unheeded. The warrior receives a public entombment, and is followed by the lamentation of millions; the Shakspeare receives an ordinary village burial, and few know that he has died. The "blind old villain, Milton," as Charles II. called him, lived unknown in an alley, and only a few unknown people followed him to his grave. The great Homer is said to have died a beggar:

And thirteen cities claimed the Homer dead
Through which the living Homer begged his bread.

Tasso was imprisoned in a madhouse by his enemies. Banished Dante ate the bread of poverty in exile. Camoens expired in misery, his *marvelous genius unrecognized*. André Chenier died by the guillotine. Otway perished of hunger. But time has done justice to their memories; and while the persecutors have been abandoned to ignominy, the genius of the victims has made them immortal. Even while they lived they were richer by far than those who persecuted them; and their enjoyments were purer and deeper than theirs—for in all times, and under all circumstances, the cultivation of the mind, the indulgence of high thoughts, and the speaking of them out to the world, have been their own exceeding great reward.

THE STAIN OF PARENTAGE.

IN the woods forming what remains of the forest of Ardennes, about a mile from a small village called Solenthal, a narrow path leads from a high-road to a spot once occupied by charcoal burners, but now abandoned. It was a gloomy place. The ground for about an acre was black, where charcoal had been burned and stored, while a small fringe of green grass had perched itself forward from the forest, and commenced regaining the lost ground. In the centre was a deep hole, to be entered only on one side by a path of narrow dimensions. In this was a small hut, of wretched aspect, one of millions in France where glitter and glory hides misery worse than that of Ireland in her worst days, where sound and show conceal from us sixteen millions of paupers.

This hut had no window. It was curved in shape, and closely resembled a wigwam of the poorest class. It consisted of three poles stuck in the ground, meeting at the top, these tied together, and then, of course, thatch and mud. A hole was left in the top for the smoke to pass through. The floor was of mud. In one corner was a pile of straw, which, with two chairs and a table, formed the whole of the furniture. It was occupied by two women and a large dog. At the moment when our narrative commences, one only was at home. She was about fifty, poorly but not meanly clad. She was clean, neat, and tidy, and she plied her needle with unceasing energy. She was sewing for a livelihood.

A short distance off, on the edge of the wood, another woman, or rather a young girl, dressed in the same manner, was picking up wood, and laying it in an outspread cloth on the ground. She, too, plied her work industriously, for until sufficient fuel had been collected, she could not cook their humble dinner. Presently she seemed satisfied with what she had done, and was about to proceed, when two horsemen issued from the wood, and came along, walking their horses slowly by them. One was a young man, about five-and-twenty, rosy-cheeked, handsome, and full of health; the other was ten years older, and evidently an *habitué* of the Boulevards and the Café de Paris. His pale face, made paler by a thin black mustache and jet black hair, his hollow, sunken eyes, spoke of the man of late hours and pleasure. His face was cold and repulsive, while that of the other was open and frank.

"What a wretched occupation for so pretty a girl," said the young man, riding quickly on, so as to speak first, "surely, *ma chère*, you might put your taper fingers to a better use. Here's will buy you firewood for months."

And he cast a double napoleon at her feet.

The girl raised her angelic face to his, sadly and reproachfully. She was about eighteen. Her white skin, her blue eyes, her curly golden hair, her simple, child-like manner, was something he had never seen before. Her expression was timid and yet proud, and looking into her eyes, the young man was not surprised at the reply he received.

"Monsieur, I have done nothing to give you a right to insult me. What you have done may have been meant kindly, but I ask aims of no one."

"Pardon, mademoiselle," exclaimed the other, confused and stammering, "I meant no insult. Pardon me, mademoiselle, I pray you. I thought you poor, and my impulse was to aid you."

"Thank you, monsieur, for the first kind word I have heard these fifteen years, except from my own mother," said the young girl. "But go your way, or else the whole country will shun you too."

"Begone, wretch!" exclaimed the other, riding up and raising his whip menacingly; "begone, viper, and dare not speak to an honest man."

The young man listened in amazement.

"I did not speak to monsieur, monsieur spoke to me," said the girl, gently, with, however, a smile of pity and contempt.

"Raise your accursed lips to me again," cried the other, furiously, "and I will scourge you with my whip."

"Monsieur is perhaps a coward," said the gentle girl, stung to anger for once, turning at the same time to face his insults.

"What! you dare answer me," and he raised his hand again.

"Nay, Edward, you would not hit a woman."

"A woman! Do you call Madeleine de Pierrepont, the child of the assassin of my uncle Du-