

THOMAS LORING,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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(MUTUAL LIFE) INSURANCE COMPANY
OF NEW-YORK.
Will take Risk on the Lives of Slaves.
W. C. LORD, Agent.
March, 16 1837.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE
AND
TRUST COMPANY.
W. C. LORD, Agent.
March 16, 1847.

GROCERIES, DRY GOODS, AND
HARDWARE,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, BY
C. W. BRADLEY.
April 4. 9

MYERS & BARNUM,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
HATS, CAPS, UMBRELLAS,
AND WALKING-CANES,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
MARKET STREET, WILMINGTON, N. C.
C. MYERS. J. M. BARNUM.
Oct. 6, 1846. 55

RICHARD MORRIS,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Jan. 13. 126

H. S. KELLY,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
MARKET STREET,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
March 17. 1

JOHN HALL,
(LATE OF WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA)
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
AND AGENT
FOR THE SALE OF NORTH CAROLINA NAVAL STORES
33 GRAVIER STREET,
New Orleans.
January 4, 1847. 122

ALEXANDER HERRON, JR.,
GENERAL
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
Wilmington, (N. C.) Packet Office,
No. 35 1/2 NORTH WHARF,
PHILADELPHIA.
Refer to—
C. D. ELLIS, Esq., Wilmington, N. C.
E. J. LUTHERAL, Esq.,
Aug. 11. 63

DEROSSET, BROWN & Co.,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
BROWN, DEROSSET & Co.,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
159 FRONT ST. NEW YORK.

A. MARTIN,
GENERAL AGENT
AND
Commission Merchant.
North Water, 2 Doors above Princess Street,
(Murphy's Building),
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Oct. 3. 81

J. & W. L. MCGARY
FORWARDING AND COMMISSION
MERCHANTS,
AGENTS OF THE MERCHANTS' STEAM BOAT CO.
WILMINGTON, N. C.

ROWLEY, ASHBURNER & CO.
General Commission Merchants,
Nos. 5 & 6, SOUTH WHARVES,
PHILADELPHIA.
We are prepared to make liberal advances on shipments of Naval Stores, &c., consigned to us for sale.
Refer to—
SAMUEL POTTER, Esq., Wilmington, N. C.
JOHN GAMMELL, Esq.,
January 19. 129-ly.

ELIJAH DICKINSON,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
(Senior partner of the late firm of Dickinson & Morris),
WILMINGTON, N. C.
REFER TO—
Messrs. B. DeForest & Co., New York.
Nesmith & Walsh,
E. D. Peters & Co., Boston.
Means & Clark,
Walters & Souder,
A. Benson & Co., Philadelphia.
Oct. 3, 1846. 81

GILLESPIE & ROBESON,
AGENTS FOR THE SALE OF
TIMBER, LUMBER, NAVAL STORES, &c.
Will make liberal cash advances on all consignments of produce.
March 17. 1

ROBT. G. RANKIN,
Auctioneer and Commission Merchant,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
LIBERAL ADVANCES MADE ON SHIPMENTS TO HIS FRIENDS
IN NEW YORK.
March 17. 1

THE COMMERCIAL.

PUBLISHED TRI-WEEKLY, BY THOMAS LORING.

VOL. 2.

WILMINGTON, SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 5, 1847.

NO. 35.

JOHN C. LATTA,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
AND GENERAL AGENT,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Oct. 10, 1846. 57

BARRY & BRYANT,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
March 16. 14f.

SANDFORD & SMITH,
AUCTIONEERS & COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
THOS. SANDFORD, WM. L. SMITH,
Oct. 17, 1846. 30

HUGHES & MEAD,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
AND GENERAL AGENTS
For the sale of all kinds of Goods, Country Produce
and Real Estate,
RALEIGH, N. C.
Business entrusted to them shall be promptly and
faithfully attended to.
June 18. 42.

G. W. DAVIS,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
March 17. 1

BLANKS
PRINTED TO ORDER, AT THE
COMMERCIAL OFFICE.

L. S. YORKE,
GENERAL
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
NORTH CAROLINA PACKET OFFICE,
43 1-2 NORTH WHARVES,
PHILADELPHIA.
June 9, 1846. 1y*37

CHARLES D. ELLIS,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
HAVING transferred the agency of the Cape Fear
S. S. Mill, he is now prepared to transact any
business committed to his trust. Office on W. C.
Lord's wharf lately occupied by Russell & Gammell.
May 13. 25

THOMAS SANDFORD,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

NEFF & WARNER,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, SHIP CHAN-
DLERY, SHIP STORES, &c.
April 14. 13

R. H. STANTON & CO.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
GROCERS,
AND DEALERS IN
Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats, Caps,
Boots, Shoes, Furniture, Hard-
ware, Cutlery, Tin Ware,
Crockery, &c. &c.
WILMINGTON, N. C.
R. H. STANTON. L. N. BARLOW

CONSTANTLY on hand, a general assortment of
CORDAGE AND PROVISIONS. Also, Foreign
Fruit, Wines, Liquors, Teas, Potatoes, &c.
&c. Ship Stores put up with despatch.
Oct. 31, 1846. 96

NOTICE.
THE FIRM OF
DEROSSET & BROWN—New York,
AND
BROWN & DEROSSET—Wilmington, N. C.,
AND THAT OF
JOHN GAMMELL—Wilmington, N. C.,
Will be discontinued after this date; and the under-
signed, with in future, be associated for the transac-
tion of
COMMISSION BUSINESS
in New York, under the firm of
BROWN, DEROSSET & Co.,
And in Wilmington, N. C., under the firm of
DEROSSET, BROWN & Co.
Dealers with the late firms, will oblige, by attending
to the settlement of all accounts as speedily as possible.
JOHN POTTS BROWN,
ARMAND J. DEROSSET, JR.,
JOHN GAMMELL.
April 15, 1847. 13 of.

PIANO FORTES FOR SALE.
ONE Elegant Piano Forte, in Rose-
wood case, of L. GILBERT'S manufac-
ture, Boston. Also, one second-hand
Piano Forte, for sale by the Subscriber, at his Music
Room, opposite the Chronicle Office.
Piano Fortes tuned and repaired in a satisfactory
manner.
G. F. B. LEIGHTON,
March 3. 117

BUTTER AND CHEESE.
2000 LBS. very superior Goshen Butter.
20 Casks very superior Cheese at
NEFF & WARNER'S
April 15. 13

CHAIRS.
A LARGE ASSORTMENT of best
New York Manufactured Cane and
Rush Bottom, Maple and Rosewood,
Black Walnut, Grecian, with Cushions,
Common Windsor, Office Chairs, Rush
and Cane seat Sewing Chairs, &c., &c.
Rockers, Children's Chairs, &c., &c.
For sale by
A. MARTIN,
May 19. 27

FULTON MARKET BEEF.
4 Half Barrels
500 Pounds Smoked Beef,
100 Smoked Tongues, very superior at
HOWARD & PEDEN'S
April 5, 1847

THE SONG OF THE LANDLORD.

From the Bostonian.
Some few weeks ago, a report was circulated by
the city papers that a landlord had sold out the few
pieces of house-keeping utensils of a poor, sick
Irish woman, and then turned her into the street.—
We tried to get the name of this Boston Seminole,
but failed. The following song we recommend to
the many nearless landlords of Boston and else-
where:

Lots, and houses, and rich lands,
To lease to tenants that pay—
None else, the landlord commands
Shall on his premises stay.
Price, quite moderate is too—
Five hundred, all for a frame,
That cost one hundred or two!
If brick, he'll double the same.

Rent! rent! rent!
Ah! to pay it, fathers hard toil and try;
Rent! rent! rent!
Paid must be, if children hunger and cry!
Rent! rent! rent! [clothes,
While mothers and children have not warm
Rent! rent! rent!
If wives, children, on their feet have not shoes!

Rent! rent! rent!
There's no pity for those that pay rent,
This all they possess shall be gone,
From them, landlord will take the last cent,
Nor leave them so much as a bone!
Yes, a bone that would sell for a groat,
With all else would be taken away:
Starvation, woe, misery, are naught,
If landlord but get his pay.

Gold! gold! gold!
Lots, and houses, and rich lands—
Rich lands, and houses, and lots—
The extortioner grasps in hands,
Firm, his hard wrench! ingots!
And no pity dwells in his eye,
A feeling heart for others, he's none,
Starving children hunger and cry—
He leave them so much as a bone!

Gold! gold! gold!
What if the winds with chilling blow,
What if the ground is covered with snow,
What if cold winter is long and severe—
Pale orphans to bare embers draw near,
Or widow and orphan shiver with cold—
What these! If the landlord but get gold!
A TENANT.

NICHOLAS BRADFORD,

The Man who expected to go to the Legis-
lature.

"What makes that corn look so yellow and
spindling?" said Mr. Lovell to his neighbor
Jackson.
"The owner expects to go to the legislature
next winter," said Mr. Jackson.
"I don't know what that has to do with his
corn looking so yellow. Mr. James took
the premium for the first field of corn the
same year he went to the assembly."

Mr. Jackson was a man who was averse
to saying anything against his neighbors; so
he did not enlighten Mr. Lovell as to the
connection between poor corn, and an expected
seat in the legislature.
"Let us go across the fields; we shall save
half a mile or so by that means."

The two neighbors were on their way to
the house of a lone widow, whose little cor-
nfield required some attention which she was
not able to bestow. They began to act on
the labor-saving suggestion above recorded.
The first thing to be done was to get over
the fence which separated the cornfield from
the highway. It was a high rail fence, and
the top rail was supported by crossed stakes.
Mr. Jackson was a little more active
than his companion. He placed himself
astride the top rail before Lovell had begun
to climb. The pressure of Mr. Jackson's
weight upon the rail caused the bottom of
the stakes to fly up. There was then nothing
to prevent the rail and its rider from obeying
the law of gravity. This they speedily did—
the rail in its descent communicating
something of its rotary motion to Mr. Jack-
son. He gathered himself up and wiped
his face, and was busy for a moment in re-
moving something which had taken the op-
portunity to get into his eyes. As he looked
up, he saw Mr. Bradford sitting in the sulky.
He happened to be driving by, and drew up
as he saw Mr. Jackson's Somerset.

"I hope you haven't hurt yourself," said
he.
Mr. Jackson was getting vexed and
made no reply.
"Stakes are apt to get thrown out by the
frost," said Mr. Lovell, feeling that the silence
was rather awkward.
"Yes," replied Mr. Bradford. "It is well
to go round in the spring and tighten them,
but I had so much to do this spring that I
neglected it. I must try and do it yet, good
day to you," and he drove on.

By this time Mr. Jackson had replaced
the rail, and laid some large stones at the
bottom of the stakes, that no one else might
be caught in the same trap, as he said, and
was prepared to move on. He was just vexed
enough to talk freely about Mr. Bradford's
corn and conduct.

"It is a shame to see such corn on such
land," said he.
"The land appears to be good," said Mr.
Lovell.
"The soil, if anything, is better than that,"
pointing to the field which they were ap-
proaching, in which the corn was, (to use an
agricultural hyperbole,) "as black as your
hat."

"I don't see what the difference is owing
to. This hasn't been very well tended to be
sure."
"In the first place the ground wasn't
ploughed: see there, not more than half the
surface was broken up at all. It is now get-
ting as hard as a rock; nothing can grow in
such a case. He hired Stillwell to plough
it by the acre, while he was managing mat-
ters for the town meeting. Stillwell slighted
it, but Bradford did not dare say anything
because he wanted his vote. Then he
hired a couple of voters to plant it while he
was gone to a country convention; and you
see how they planted it, so crooked that it is
impossible to put the plough through it more
than one way."

"It looks as if it had been ploughed by vo-
ters," said Lovell.
"It was hoed by a couple of young chaps,
who will be old enough to be voters at the
next election; so he must be easy with them."
By this time they had reached the fence
which separated Mr. Bradford's field from
Mr. Barnwell's. The fence resembled the
one above noticed.

"Take care that you do not get another
fall," said Lovell, as he saw Jackson spring
on the fence.
"No danger here, this is Barnwell's fence
and his stakes are always firm set."

It happened that Mr. Barnwell and his
son Henry were in the cornfield with their
hees. They were finishing the two last rows
as Jackson and Lovell came upon them. Henry
was a member of college, but it was va-
cation, and he was now putting it in strength
by the side of his father, who felt none the
older in consequence.

"You have a fine piece of corn here," said
Jackson.
"Yes," replied Barnwell, "it is coming on
pretty well. It hardly needed the hoe, but
Henry was a mind to scratch it over again."
"Your scratchings are always pretty
through ones; does Henry improve any in
hoeing by going to college?"

"Well, I don't know. He is pretty much
the same."
"Well, I shall be glad if he don't get
spoiled going to college. May be he went. I
saw your classmate Fairfield, as I was com-
ing out of the lane."

"Where was he going?" said Henry
quickly, and the blush that suffused his coun-
tenance would seem to indicate that the ques-
tion was improper or unnecessary it may
have been, since the lane led only to Mr.
Jackson's house. There was certainly a very
high degree of probability that the person
walking in said lane towards the house was
going to it. Mr. Jackson noticed the em-
barassment attending the question and re-
plied.

"I can't say for certain where he was go-
ing. I think it like he was going to my
house. He was pretty well starched, and hard-
ly seemed to know me; so I didn't think it
worth while to tell him that the women were
not at home." Jackson perceived that his
reply had restored Henry's circulation to its
usual state. He disturbed it again by add-
ing, "Milly says she likes that book, and
wants the other volume."

"I'll bring it up to her," said Henry—
"Will they be at home this evening?"
"Yes," replied Mr. Jackson, "without not-
ing the unusual use of the pronoun they—
Perhaps he thought it was in accordance
with college rules to use it when reference is
made to a young, rosy cheeked, black-eyed,
enthusiastic girl of seventeen."

"We were going to give widow Jones a
lift at hoeing; as you have your hand in, you
may as well come along."
"I will," said Henry, "that is, I will be
there soon after you get there—in time to
overtake you if the row is long enough."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Jackson, "as soon
as he had passed on out of hearing, if that
young man should get into the legislature
and into Congress too. He is taking the
right course for it. He was always fond of
his books, and when he is in college I'm
told he studies with the best of them, and
when he comes home, he puts right in and
helps the old man, whatever he is doing. If
he were to set up for the assembly next fall,
he would run better than Bradford, who
spends half his time in fishing for votes."

How far this opinion of Jackson in regard
to Henry was worthy of universal adoption
we will not stop to consider; but content
ourselves with remarking that it is quite prob-
able that this opinion was modified by the
partiality of Henry for that black-eyed girl
of seventeen, to whom allusion has been made.

The two neighbors had reached the
widow's cornfield where they were soon
joined by Henry, and their joint labors were
continued till sunset. A close observer might
have noticed that young Barnwell looked at
the sun pretty often as it neared the horizon,
still he showed no signs of going over till
the patch was hoed out.
"Come," said Jackson to him, "go home
with me."

"I think I shall come and bring that book
this evening."
"Never mind the book, you can bring that
some other time. I told Milly that it was
likely as not that you would come home to
supper with me."

This Mr. Jackson supposed would be con-
clusive, but he was in error. Henry's ward-
robe had materially improved since his con-
nexion with college, and if there was any
occasion in which it was put in especial re-
quisition, it was when about to visit Miss
Amelia Jackson.
"You will be round in time for supper
then?"

"I guess so."
"Henry hastened home, and after a copious
use of cold water, began to make such a
disposition of his dress as he deemed advis-
able. Several collars proved quite refractory,
and his success in folding a new necker
chief was by no means gratifying. He was
ready at last, and with the book in his hand
was on his rapid way to the end of the lane.
It was quite dark before he reached it. A
white figure that he saw in the door way,
assumed very distinct and perfect proportions,
notwithstanding the darkness. The table
was spread, and they were soon seated at it,
and Milly undertook to "pour out"—with
the difficulties of which act she was evident-
ly unacquainted, since with the best possible
intentions, she twice failed to mix the ingre-
dients in Henry's cup according to his direc-
tions. After the "things" were taken away,
a feat that was performed by Milly without
any blushing, in a remarkably dexterous and
graceful manner, (at least so thought Henry)

conversation became animated, though per-
haps Mr. Jackson was disposed to appropri-
ate more than Henry would have meted out
to him. Henry, however, gave no sign that
such was his opinion. He wisely listened
and talked to the father, concluding that in
accordance with the praiseworthy custom, he
would betake himself to bed at an early hour
and leave to his daughter the task of enter-
taining the visitor. At what hour Henry re-
turned to his father's that night is uncertain.
Certain it is that he was never out of his
room at college at so late an hour.

CHAPTER II.
Mr. Bradford was for many years one of
the most industrious farmers in the place.—
Few men raised better crops, few better cat-
tle, or kept his fences and buildings in better
repair. Few men minded their own busi-
ness better, and were more generally respect-
ed. Things were thus going on well with
him, till in an evil hour he was nominated
for supervisor by one party, and no opposi-
tion was made to the nomination by the other.

That to him very unexpected event hap-
pened on this wise. The patriotic leaders of
the dominant party could not agree among
themselves as to who should serve the peo-
ple in the offices of the current year. They
therefore were obliged to select a man who
had no claims. The opposite party thought
it useless to make any opposition. So he was
elected by almost a unanimous vote. Many
honest men who were not in the habit of go-
ing to elections, turned out to vote for a man
who had never sought office, and whose good
care of his farm gave a pledge of the good
care of the town. He made a good super-
visor, but he got as his neighbor Jackson said
a "taste for office" which grew upon him to
the damage of his farm, comfort and charac-
ter. We have already seen something of its
influence on his farming. Let us now take
a glance at some other of his "fair business
transactions."

"Good evening, Mr. Roy," said Mr. Brad-
ford, to a man with a damaged countenance
and dilapidated wardrobe, as he entered the
house just before sunset one evening. "How
do you do?" Mr. Bradford rose with evident
reluctance and gave the unit of sovereignty
his hand.

"I'm pretty well, how do you do?"
"Very well, how are the children?"
"The same, as usual."
Mr. Roy's children were a little eccentric
in their habits. They were sometimes found
in other people's barns, hen-roosts, &c., at
night. Several of them had taken lodgings
for a time in a public building at the county
seat. It was natural for the father of the
town, and the expectant legislator, should
feel solicitous about such children, and make
them the subject of definite inquiries. That
inquiry elicited no definite information.

"We are beginning to get ready for elec-
tion in our part of the town," said Mr. Roy,
sitting himself with great deliberation, and
with some what of dignity as he supposed—
"We mean to put it through right there."
"We feel as though we must have more far-
mers in the legislature. These Lawyers are
ruining the country, that is the whole of it."
Mr. Bradford was not disposed to dispute
so reasonable and agreeable a proposition,
and was quite thankful to be permitted to
hope that was the whole of it. But he was
mistaken. The most important part of it
was to come. Listen.

"Mr. Bradford, I am in rather a strait just
now for a couple of bushels of corn. Mr.
Wiles, the expected opposing candidate for
the legislature, has cord to sell, but he is
not the one for a poor man to deal with, so I
come to you as the poor man's friend. I will
certainly pay you before election, if I don't
in a week or two."

"Well, I suppose you must have it," said
the man of the people. He rose and went
to the corn house, and went through the very
unnecessary formality of measuring the grain.
It was carried away by the sovereign, and in
due time consumed. Mr. Bradford knew
that the only way he could possibly expect
was the vote of the said sovereign, which
might he had, provided the opposing candi-
date did not furnish too copious a supply of
strong drink. This was one specimen of
the business transactions of the people's can-
didate for legislative honors.

Now take an example somewhat different.
"How do you do, Mr. Bradford," said
rather a smart semi-gentlemanly looking man.
There was considerable importance in his
bearing, and an odor of politics about him.
He had once been deputy sheriff, and hence
claimed a right to be on terms of equality
with all office seekers and office holders.—
After some introductory remarks, which had
no relation to the subject, he remarked:—
"They say Mr. Wiles means to run for the
legislature next fall." Mr. Bradford wished
that a seat might be gained by running, since
in that case his chance in the contest with
Mr. Wiles would be good, Mr. Wiles be-
ing a very corpulent, wheezy, rubicund man,
besides usually carrying too much weight of
brandy and water to run with advantage.
Mr. Bradford did not give expression to
that wish, but contented himself with remark-
ing, "I haven't heard much about it."

"I don't think he can fetch it. He is not
popular enough. He don't take pains to
please people. He is not willing to help a
neighbor in time of trouble. Finch had a
cow taken, and was about to be sold by the
execution. He tried to get Wiles to go secu-
rity for him, but he wouldn't. Finch managed
to get the money, (I helped him to part of it),
but I don't think he will vote for Wiles."

In brief the object of the ex-deputy sheriff
was to get Mr. Bradford's endorsement to his
note of hand for one hundred dollars—the
said deputy having a desire to illustrate the
excellency of the credit system as facilitated
by banks. He was successful, and at the end
of four months, Mr. Bradford was called up-
on to make payment, and did so by effecting
the sale of a favorite horse.

In the mean time the election had taken
place, and Mr. Bradford obtained leave to
stay at home during the winter—a striking
example of the ingratitude of republics to-
wards those who desire to serve them. He
now had leisure to examine into the state of
his farm, reckon up his bad debts and to de-
vise ways and means to meet his pecuniary
engagements. He found that his political
career had been so expensive, that it was ne-
cessary to sell at least a part of his farm. He
finally concluded to sell the whole and re-
move to the West, firmly resolving however,
to accept of no office save that of path-master.

His political experience was of vast service
to him, and we have recorded it for the ben-
efit of others.

The farm was purchased by Mr. Barnwell
senior, as soon as Henry had graduated it
was made over to him in company with the
black-eyed girl above mentioned. Some won-
dered that old Mr. Barnwell should have
sent his son to college to make a farmer of
him at last; and others thought that Milly
was too lady like to be a good farmer's wife,
but I never heard as that opinion gained gen-
eral currency. All acknowledged that col-
lege had not spoiled Henry for work, and
that somehow he got larger crops than any
of his neighbors.

It was not long before he was solicited to
be a candidate for office, but he strenuously
protested that he could not attend to his farm
and the State at the same time. "When my
farm" said he "is clear from all incumbrance,
and has received the necessary improve-
ments, and my affairs are in such a state that
I can leave them for a time, then if the peo-
ple really need my services, they shall be
given." Was he an unwise man?

THE POOR RELATIONS OF KINGS.
One morning during the last severe winter
in Paris, a bier, on which was laid a wretch-
ed coffin, emerged from one of the poorest
streets of the faubourg St. Marceau, follow-
ed by two assistants, and a female, whose sole
protection against the heavy snow that fell
was a woollen shawl, partially concealing
features once beautiful, though now changed
by suffering and privation, yet still beaming
with resignation.

The young man whose remains were thus
borne to the common cemetery was one whose
forefathers slept in the vaults of St. Denis,
and who, by birth, was entitled to wear the
arms of the Bourbon family. In speaking
of Henry II, or any other of the kings of
France, there was no fiction in this unfortu-
nate being, while living, calling them, "my
ancestors." According to the etiquette of
courts, he had a right to be called by the
king "my cousin," and equally so, by the
right of consanguinity, by the Bourbons of
Spain, and the imperial House of Austria.

Charles de Valois de St. Remy was, how-
ever, but a poor journeyman bookbinder,
employed by one of the many of that trade
who struggle for an existence in the neigh-
borhood of the College of France. Ever
with the assistance of his aunt, Marguerite de
Valois, he scarcely earned enough to subsist
on. Like many others, when placed in si-
tuations little in accordance with their birth,
Charles de Valois had acquired notions re-
specting the greatness of his ancestors which
unfitted him for steadily pursuing his voca-
tions. Devoid of that energy which is the
basis of all self-advancement, he would re-
main for hours pondering on his ignoble fate.

"One path lies open to me!" he would some-
times exclaim, "I shall become a soldier, and
face the enemies of France!" In these rever-
ies he was no longer the humble artisan,
but in imagination one of the noble of his
race, regaining all the territory his ancestors