

of the affectation of the belles, of the indolence of the beaux, of the condescension with which some of these great personages deign to know me in the crowd, and to honor me with a gracious nod, and then I—smile. But enough of this.

It is customary for biographers to preface the birth of their heroes by some account of their progenitors, it would be, therefore, unbecoming in me not to follow their example: But benevolent reader, do not be alarmed. Altho' I shall go back to a tolerably long period of time, the family records are so scanty that their recital will not tire out your patience. Know ye then that some one of my ancestors either for the love of glory or for the necessity of easing his conscience by his participations in the tendered *indulgences plénieres*, enlisted among those religious warriors under Louis IX, otherwise St. Louis, and followed this Prince on the plaguy shore of Africa. Most probably he had the good luck to attract the notice of his Sovereign, perhaps by cutting off the heads of half a dozen of those miscreant copper-faced saracens, however this may be, he was ennobled. Having not in hand the original diploma, nay never having seen it, I should not have given implicit credit to a mere scrap of paper, purporting to be the copy of a letter of one of my ancestors, then attending his Sovereign in the field, in my possession; and wherein I find these words, "you owe to our pious King St. Louis the honor of being noble," &c. I should not have, I say, accepted this scrap as a very authentic document, was it not supported by a much more substantial proof of the truth of its contents. I allude to the circumstance of one of my sisters being admitted in a Royal establishment, for the education of young ladies in Paris, called *L'Ex-fant Jesus*, wherein no one had access but those whose nobility dated from that Reign.

Those destroyers of parchment and paper, rats, mice, and worms have most probably fed on every document transmitted from generation to generation, for I find none until the very beginning of the sixteenth century. But even from that era I find little worth mentioning besides the circumstance that my family