

her busy genius to exert itself in State affairs, or in the least to control the proceedings of government. She complained of this as a hardship, and he bore her ill-humor with great mildness. Antipater once wrote him a long letter full of heavy complaints against her; and when he had read it, he said, "Antipater knows not that one tear of a mother can blot out a thousand such complaints."—PLUTARCH.

115. ——. *Napoleon I.* [During the war between France and England an English prisoner escaped, and reaching the coast secretly prepared a fragile skiff of the bark and branches of trees. He was about to venture the Channel when he was arrested.] "Do you really intend," said Napoleon, "to brave the terrors of the ocean in so frail a skiff?" "If you will but grant me permission," said the young man, "I will embark immediately." "You must doubtless, then, have some mistress to revisit." . . . "I wish," replied the noble sailor, "to see my mother. She is aged, poor, and infirm." The heart of Napoleon was touched. "You shall see her," he energetically replied, "and present to her from me this purse of gold. She must be no common mother who can have trained up so affectionate and dutiful a son." . . . Sent in a cruiser with a flag of truce.—ANBOTT'S NAPOLEON, vol. 1, ch. 26.

116. AFFECTION of Friendship. *A. Lincoln.* A few days before the President's death Secretary Stanton tendered his resignation of the War Department . . . saying that he . . . had accepted the position to hold it only until the war should end, and that now he felt his work was done. Mr. Lincoln was greatly moved by the secretary's words, and tearing in pieces the paper that contained the resignation, and throwing his arms about the secretary, he said, "Stanton, you have been a good friend and a faithful public servant, and it is not for you to say when you will be no longer needed here." Several friends of both parties were present, and there was not a dry eye that witnessed the scene.—RAYMOND'S LINCOLN, p. 757.

117. AFFECTION, Impartial. *Mr. Dustin.* A.D. 1697. Seven days after her confinement Indian prowlers raised their shouts near the house of Hannah Dustin, of Haverhill [N. H.]; her husband rode home from the field, but too late to provide for her rescue. He must fly, even if he would save one of his seven children, who had hurried before him into the forest. But, from the cowering flock, how could a father make a choice? [Which one take? which leave to the Indians?] With gun in hand he now repels the assault, now cheers on the innocent group of little ones, as they rustle through the dried leaves and bushes, till all reach a shelter. The Indians burned his home and dashed his infant against a tree. [His wife was taken into captivity.]—BANCROFT'S U. S., ch. 21.

118. AFFECTION outraged, Maternal. *Indian Wars.* [The French and Indians made captives of women after burning the settlement of Salmon Falls in 1690.] The prisoners were lured by the victors with spoils from their own homes. . . . *Mehetabel Godwin* would linger apart in the snow to lull her infant to sleep, lest its cries should provoke the savages; angry at the delay,

her [Indian] master struck the child against a tree, and hung it among the branches.—BANCROFT'S U. S., vol. 3, ch. 21.

119. AFFECTION, Parental. *Samuel Wesley.* [The house of Rev. Samuel Wesley, the father of John Wesley, was fired at night by the rabble, and totally consumed.] The family barely escaped with their night garments upon them. Mrs. Wesley was in feeble health; unable to climb with the rest through the windows, she was thrice beaten back from the front door by the flames. Committing herself to God, she at last waded through the fire to the street, scorching her face and hands. It was found that one child was missing. The father attempted to pass up the stairs to rescue him, but the consuming steps could not bear his weight. He returned in despair, and, kneeling down upon the earth, resigned to God the soul of his child. Meanwhile, the latter waking from his sleep, and finding his chamber and bed on fire, flew to the window, beneath which two peasants placed themselves, one on the shoulders of the other, and saved him at the moment when the roof fell in and crushed the chamber to the ground. "Come, neighbors," said the father, as he received his son, "let us kneel down and give thanks to God; He has given me all my eight children; let the house go, I am rich enough." A few moments more and the founder of Methodism would have been lost to the world.—STEVENS'S METHODISM, ch. 1, p. 59.

120. ——. *Lord Strafford's Trial.* "My lords, I have troubled you longer than I should have done, were it not for the interest of these dear pledges a saint in heaven hath left me." [Here he stooped, letting fall some tears, and then resumed.] "What I forfeit myself is nothing; but that my indiscretion should extend to my posterity woundeth me to the very soul. You will pardon my infirmity; something I should have added, but am not able, therefore let it pass. And now, my lords, for myself I have been, by the blessing of Almighty God, taught the afflictions of this present life are not to be compared to the eternal weight of glory which shall be revealed hereafter. And so, my lords . . . I freely submit myself to your judgment; and whether that judgment be for life or death—'Te Deum Laudamus!' Sentence of death was the reply to this eloquence and virtue.—LAMARTINE'S CROMWELL, p. 12.

121. AFFECTION, Strong. *William, Prince of Orange.* His affection was as impetuous as his wrath. Where he loved, he loved with the whole energy of his strong mind. When death separated him from what he loved, the few who witnessed his agonies trembled for his reason and his life. To a very small circle of intimate friends, on whose fidelity and secrecy he could absolutely depend, he was a different man from the reserved and stoical William whom the multitude supposed to be destitute of human feelings.—MACAULAY'S HIST. OF ENG., vol. 2, ch. 7.

122. AFFECTION, Zeal of. *John Howard.* Howard was in the south of Europe when first his friends ventured to inform him of his son's condition. "I have a melancholy letter," he wrote, "relative to my unhappy young man. It is indeed a bitter affliction—a son, an only son!" [A dissipated young man.] He hurried home.