

friends arrived just before daylight, he was nearly speechless and utterly inconsolable, looking twenty years older. There was no banquet that day in Nashville. . . . Andrew Jackson was never the same man again.—CYCLOPEDIA OF BIOG., p. 539.

106. AFFECTION, Destitute of. *Fulk the Black.* He was without natural affection. In his youth he burned a wife at the stake, and legend told how he led her to her doom decked out in his gayest attire. In his old age he waged his bitterest war against his son, and exacted from him when vanquished a humiliation which men reserved for the deadliest of their foes. "You are conquered, you are conquered!" shouted the old man in fierce exultation, as Geoffrey, bridled and saddled like a beast of burden, crawled for pardon to his father's feet. In Fulk first appeared that low type of superstition which startled even superstitious ages in the early Plantagenets. Robber as he was of church lands, and contemptuous of ecclesiastical censures, the fear of the end of the world drove Fulk to the holy sepulchre. Barefoot and with the strokes of the scourge falling heavily on his shoulders, the count had himself dragged by a halter through the streets of Jerusalem, and courted the doom of martyrdom by his wild outcries of penitence. He rewarded the fidelity of Herbert of Le Mans, whose aid saved him from utter ruin, by entrapping him into captivity and robbing him of his lands. He secured the terrified friendship of the French king by despatching twelve assassins to cut down before his eyes the minister who had troubled it. Familiar as the age was with treason and rapine and blood, it recoiled from the cool cynicism of his crimes, and believed the wrath of heaven to have been revealed against the union of the worst forms of evil in Fulk the Black. But neither the wrath of heaven nor the curses of men broke with a single mishap the fifty years of his success.—HIST. OF ENG. PEOPLE, § 123.

107. AFFECTION, Display of. *Conjugal.* [Cato the Censor] expelled Manlius, a senator, whom the general opinion had marked out for Consul, because he had given his wife a kiss in the day-time, in the sight of his daughter. "For his own part," he said, "his wife never embraced him but when it thundered dreadfully," adding, by way of joke, "That he was happy when Jupiter pleased to thunder."—PLUTARCH.

108. AFFECTION, Enduring. *Sir Isaac Newton.* The beautiful daughter of a physician, who resided near his school, won his boyish affections, and he paid court to her by making dolls and doll-furniture for her. His affection was returned by the young lady, and nothing prevented their early marriage but Newton's poverty. . . . When at length he was in better circumstances, the object of his youthful love was married, and he himself was wedded to science. Never, however, did he return to the home of his fathers without visiting the lady; and when both had reached fourscore he had the pleasure of relieving the necessities of her old age.—PARTON'S SIR I. NEWTON, p. 86.

109. AFFECTION, Fickle. *Countess of Carlisle.* The beautiful Countess of Carlisle, a kind of English Cleopatra, of whom Strafford in the

season of his greatness had been the favored lover, used every effort with the Parliament to obtain the life of the man whose love had been her pride. The fascinating countess failed to soften their hearts. As if it were the fate of Strafford to suffer at the same time the loss of both love and friendship, this versatile beauty, more attached to the power than the persons of her admirers, transferred her affections quickly from Strafford to Pym, and became the mistress of the murderer, who succeeded to the victim.—LAMARTINE'S CROMWELL, p. 14.

110. AFFECTION, Filial. *William Cowper.* When Cowper was six years old his mother died; and seldom has a child, even such a child, lost more, even in a mother. Fifty years after her death he still thinks of her, he says, with love and tenderness every day. Late in his life his cousin, Mrs. Anne Bodham, recalled herself to his remembrance by sending him his mother's picture. "Every creature," he writes, "that has any affinity to my mother is dear to me, and you, the daughter of her brother, are but one remove distant from her; I love you, therefore, and love you much, both for her sake and for your own."—SMITH'S COWPER, ch. 1.

111. ———. *Sir Walter Scott.* His executors, in lifting up his desk, the evening after his burial, found "arranged in careful order a series of little objects, which had obviously been so placed there that his eye might rest on them every morning before he began his tasks. These were the old-fashioned boxes that had garnished his mother's toilet, when he, a sickly child, slept in her dressing-room—the silver taper-stand, which the young advocate had bought for her with his first five-guinea fee; a row of small packets inscribed with her hand, and containing the hair of those of her offspring that had died before her; his father's snuff-box and cutlery; and more things of the sort."—HUTTON'S LIFE OF SCOTT, ch. 1.

112. ———. *Quintus Marcius Coriolanus.* Marcius pursued glory because the acquisition of it delighted his mother. For when she was witness to the applause he received, when she saw him crowned, when she embraced him with tears of joy, then it was that he reckoned himself at the height of honor and felicity. Epaminondas had the same sentiments, and declared it the chief happiness of his life, that his father and mother lived to see the generalship he exerted and the victory he won at Leuctra.—PLUTARCH.

113. ———. *Sertorius the Roman General.* This love of his country is said to have been in some measure owing to the attachment he had to his mother. His father died in his infancy, and he had his education wholly from her; consequently his affections centred in her. His Spanish friends wanted to constitute him supreme governor; but having information at that time of the death of his mother, he gave himself up to the most alarming grief. For seven whole days he neither gave the word, nor would be seen by any of his friends.—PLUTARCH.

114. ———. *Alexander the Great.* [Olympius was his mother.] He made her many magnificent presents; but he would not suffer