FILIAL AFFECTION.

ROMAN DAUGHTER. --XANTIPPE.--MARGARET ROPER—

MRS. MORICE. -AMERICAN DAUGHTER. – ELIZABETH

CAZOTTE.-MADEMOISELLE DE SOMBREUIL.--MADAME

DE BOIS BERANGER.-MADEMOISELLE DELLEGLACE.—

INFANT VICTIM TO FILIAL AFFECTION..----THE CREOLE

AND HIS DAUGHTER.---MADAME DE ROCHEFOUCAULT.

" Heaven bath timely tried their youth, Their faith, their patience, and their truth, And sent them here, through hard assays, With a crown of deathless praise."

MILTON.

NATURE has implanted in every human breast a disposition to love and revere the authors of our being, on whom, from our earliest infancy, we are dependant for every comfort, convenience, and pleasure in life : every heart which is not wholly destitute of feeling, must beat with the warmest emotions of gratitude towards them, and be alive to the tenderness of filial piety. Thus we find that in all ages of the world, those who have become truly great, whatever may have been their country, whether they have been the natives of enlightened Europe, or of a land of unpolished savages, have always been distinguished, either in their

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infancy or at a more advanced period of life by some trait of this affection, which appears to form a basis for all the other virtues.

" Can such things be,

And overcome us like a summer's cloud,

Without our special wonder ?”

SHAKESPEARE.

THE Roman history furnishes us with two remarkable examples of filial piety. A Roman lady, of illustrious birth, had for some cause been condemned to be strangled, and was sent to prison in order to be put to death. The gaoler, who had received orders to strangle her, was touched with compassion for her beauty and misfortunes, and not being able to resolve to kill her, determined to let her die of hunger. He however consented to allow her daughter to visit her in the prison, taking care that she brought her mother no food. Many days elapsed, during which the daughter's visits were very frequent: at length the gaoler became surprised that his prisoner could exist so long without sustenance. His suspicions immediately rested on the daughter, whom he now determined to watch still more closely: to his utmost astonishment he found that she nourished her mother with her own milk. His amazement at this pious and ingenious invention caused him to inform the triumvir of the circumstance, who immediately acquainted the praetor with it. The latter,

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considering it worthy the public attention, related it in an assembly of the people. The

result was the pardon of the criminal ; and, at the same time, a decree was passed, that for

the future both mother and daughter should be supported at the public expense. The Romans also raised a Temple upon the spot, and dedicated it to Filial Piety.

" My child and father vital nurture crave,

Parental, filial, fondness both would save ;

But if a nursling only one can live,

I choose to save the life I cannot give."

XANTIPPE, another Roman lady, supported her aged father Cimonus in a similar manner,

in order to preserve his life while in prison. This last circumstance was called the "Roman

Charity." Both these pious actions appeared so extraordinary to that people, that they could

only account for them by supposing that filial affection was the first law of nature.

" 'Twas the first time I mourned the dead :

It was my heaviest loss, my worst,—

My father !—and was thine the first ?"

L. E. L.

MODERN history commemorates the name of Margaret Roper, the daughter of Sir Thomas

More, as another illustrious example of this affection. When Sir Thomas, who had refused

to take the oath of supremacy, was cast into

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Prison, his daughter, who was overwhelmed with grief, was, through incessant importunity, permitted to visit him. Admitted at length to his prison, she endeavoured, by every argument, expostulation, and entreaty, to induce him to relent from his purpose. But her eloquence, her tenderness, and her tears, were alike ineffectual : constant to the last, the principles of this great and unfortunate man were not to be shaken. Margaret corresponded with her father during the whole of his imprisonment, and when deprived of pen and ink Sir Thomas contrived to write to her by means of a coal.

When sentence had been passed upon him, and he was returning towards the Tower, Margaret rushed through the populace and the guards, and, without speaking, threw her arms round her father's neck, clinging closely to him in the stupor of despair. Even the guards melted into compassion at this affecting scene. The fortitude of the noble prisoner seemed for a moment to be shaken with the sight of his daughter's sorrow. Tenderly embracing her, he withdrew himself from her arms. Scarcely however had he of sorrow tow proceeded a few paces further, paroxysm when she again rushed towards him, and, in a more eloquent than words, threw herself on his bosom. Tears flowed while he down the venerable cheeks of Sir Thomas while he gazed upon her with tender earnestness: having entreated her prayers for him, he bade her affectionately farewell.

Margaret extended her cares to the lifeless

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remains of this beloved parent. Through her interest and exertions, his body was, after his execution, interred in the Chapel of St. Peter's *ad vincula*, within the Precincts of the Tower : it was afterwards removed, according to the appointment which had been made by Sir Thomas during his lifetime, to the chancel of the church of Chelsea. His head, in conformity with the sentence, having remained fourteen days exposed upon London Bridge, would have been cast into the Thames, had it not been purchased by his daughter. Inhumanly summoned in consequence before the council, Margaret firmly acknowledged and justified her conduct. Such intrepidity could not escape King Henry's vengeance : she was cast into prison, whence, after some vain attempts to subdue her courage by menaces, she was permitted to escape, and join her husband and family. At her death, which took place nine years after these events, the head of her unfortunate parent was interred with her in her arms, according to some historians , or, as others say, deposited in a leaden box, and placed upon her coffin.

" O glorious trial of exceeding, love,

Illustrious evidence, example high !"

MILTON.

THE exile of the Bishop of Rochester gave occasion to a very interesting exercise of paternal tenderness on the one part, and of filial duty and affection on the other. What mostly

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Embittered the banishment of the Bishop, was regret at leaving behind him his daughter, Mrs. Morice, in an infirm state of health. A mutual longing to see one another took fast hold of the father and daughter; and the lady, though very ill, performed, with great difficulty and pain, a journey and voyage from Westminster to Bourdeauz, and Toulouse, where Dr. Atterburg resided. Mr. J. Evans accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Morice on their voyage from Dover to Bourdeaux, and from thence to Toulouse; and being present at Mrs. Morice’s death, in a letter to his brother, dated Montpelier, 30th November, 1729, gives the following very pathetic narrative of that event.

“On Sunday, the 6th instant, N.S. in the evening, we reached Blagnac, a village not above half a league by land from Toulouse; but by water (by reason of a very strong current, and the windings of the river,) it takes three hours to get up to the town. So it was resolves, rather than expose Mrs. Morice too much to the fatigue, (of which she had undergone an infinite deal, and bore it with incredible patience,) or keep her late on the water, to rest at Blagnac that night, where she was put to bed in the same weak condition she usually had been, but not seemingly worse. About midnight, the women came to Mr. Morice and me, and told us, they thought they saw her changed. We rose and came to her chamber, when we found her so very ill, that we thought fit to call up the boatmen, and order them to prepare the boat to depart immediately, fearing

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much, from the change we saw, that near she was to it, she would scarcely live to reach Toulouse, which we all earnestly desired to do, since no physician, or other help, could be had in the poor place where we then were. She herself pressed this matter ; and we well knew that all her desires and wishes were constantly bent upon seeing her father, whom she hoped to find at Toulouse. She was taken out of bed at her own desire, and carried to the boat with great difficulty, not being able to sit in the chair which Mr. Morice had brought from Bourdeaux, with two chairmen, purely for the carrying her in and out of the boat more at ease ; and so we parted thence about two o'clock in the morning, sending two servants, by land, to procure a litter to meet her at the by landing-place. About five we arrived there ; and soon after six the litter came, which carried Mrs. Morice to the house in Toulouse, where her father was expecting her arrival, and not knowing, till then, how near or how far off she was, though he had despatched a man and horse to get intelligence of us, who happened to miss us. When the servants, who had been sent for the litter, returned, she was informed of the Bishop's being at Toulouse, and seemed to take new spirits upon it, which, no doubt, were of great use to enable her to bear going, in the litter, which, otherwise, she could scarce have done even for so short a way. After she had been put into bed (where, as I told you,' she never slept till she slept her last,) and had a little recovered the fatigue she underwent in

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the conveyance from the boat, which was about a mile, her father, whom she immediately inquired after, came into her room, and was startled to see her in so very low a condition. After mutual expressions of concern and tenderness, she particularly acknowledged the great blessing that was granted her, of meeting her dear papa ; and exerted all the little life that was in her, in grasping his hands With her utmost force, as she often did; and told him, 'that meeting was the chief thing she bad ardently desired.'

“The bishop some time after left her chamber that she might compose herself, and that he might give vent to the just grief he was filled with, to see his beloved child in a manner expiring. But we found she took no rest: so he soon returned, and then said prayers by her, and proposed to her receiving the holy sacrament the next morning, when he hoped she might have been a little refreshed, in order to it : she embraced the offer with much satisfaction. He then asked her, for fear of any accident, if she was not desirous to have the absolution of the church ? She declared she was and begged to have it. After some little private discourse with her some little private discourse with her, he gave it to her, in the form prescribed in ‘The Visitation of the Sick,' and she expressed great comfort of the fort upon receiving it. A physician had been sent for immediately upon her arrival. When he came, he gave little hopes, but said all depended upon her manner of passing that night.

" She once mentioned Dr. Wyntle, who you

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know had been her physician; and who had so neglected her before she left England, as never to come near her, according to his appointment, nor give the least direction for her management in the long voyage she was about to make. She said to the Bishop ‘Dear papa, has Mr. Morice told you how Dr. Wyntle has served us ?' Who answered, ' Yes my dear, I know it all but do not let that trouble you now.' She replied, ‘O no, papa, I do not trouble myself about that I have other things to think of at this time ; but I did not know whether Mr. Morice had told you.'

"Hoping by this time she might incline to take a little rest, her father and husband retired, it being between eleven and twelve at night; but about two in the morning she sent one of her women to me, (who lay on the same floor, in the next room to her,) to desire to speak to me ; and when I came, she said, not seemingly with much pain, but with such a shortness of breath that she was forced to breathe after every two or three words, ‘Mr. Evans, I have been waking—these three hours—and would fain have the sacrament.' I wondered at her sending for me on that account, her husband and father being both near at hand but I found afterwards it was her unwillingness, by a direct message from herself, too much to alarm either of them. However, being then not apprized of her reason for it, I doubted a little of her being in her right senses, and said, ‘Madam, would you *now* receive the sacrament ?’ She said, ‘Yes, I would, if possible—presently.’ Of

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which the Bishop being immediately advised, as was Mr. Morice, and every thing being prepared, he came, and administered to her, and to all present, the sacrament ; and afterwards 'at her desire, continued repeating the prayers of the church, till she began to draw very near her end, and then he used and continued the recommendatory prayer only ; she, all the while, holding her hands in a posture of prayer, and sometimes joining in a low voice with him.

"After this, her father being gone from the bed-side, she called for him, (as she had frequently done,) and again said to him, ‘Dear papa—what a blessing is it—that afer such a long—troublesome—journey—we have the comfort--of this meeting!’ And, indeed, when I reflect upon it, and consider the weak condition she was in upon the road, the many accidents that happened to retard the voyage, and the last effort she made, when the worst, think that that meeting seemed granted by heaven to her continued fervent prayers for it.

“About this time she called for her husband, (who was always in near attendance upon her,) and said, ‘Dear Mr. Morice—take care of the children—I know you will.—Remember me—to the Duchess of Buckingham.’

“She also, in a proper place, recommended her servants to Mr. Morice.

“She now found her feet cold, and ordered them to be rubbed, at the same time calling for her broth; but when it came, not being able to

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swallow it, she turned herself on her left side, and rested her head on her left hand, which she doubled, extending her right hand and arm over the bed-clothes ; and in this posture continued drawing her breath shorter and shorter, but with the least emotion that possibly could be, till she at last expired, a quarter before four o'clock, on Tuesday morning, 8th November, NS.

The following epitaph, written by Pope, on this striking example of affection, is too interesting to be omitted here.

ON DR. FRANCIS ATTERBURY,

BISHOP OF ROCHESTER,

—Who died in exile, at Paris, 1732, (his only daughter having expired in his arms, immediately after she arrived in France to see him.)

Dialogue.

SHE.

Yes we have lived—one pang and then we part ! May heaven, dear Father ! now have all thy heart ; Yet, ah ! how once we lov'd, remember still, Till you are dust like me.

HE.

Dear shade ! I will Then mix this dust with thine-0 spotless ghost ! 0 more than fortune, friends, or country lost! Is there on earth one care, one wish beside, Yes—save my country,---heaven,— He said and dy'd.

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"'Tis thine on ev'ry heart to grave thy praise,

A monument which Worth alone can raise.”

BROOME.

FROM the preceding illustrious sample of the power of filial affection, we turn to one not less affecting, though displayed in a humbler path of life. In the severe winter of 1783, Which was a time of general distress at New York, an aged couple found themselves reduced to their last stick of wood. They had been supported by the industry of a daughter who lived with them, but who now found herself unable to procure them either fuel or provisions. Overcome with grief at their destitute situation, she yet devised an expedient by which they might be rescued from the emergency. She had accidentally heard that a dentist had advertised or to give three guineas for every only sound fore-tooth, provided only that he was allowed to extract it himself: the generous girl, on remembering this, came to the resolution of disposing of all her foreteeth, and went to the dentist for that purpose. On her arrival, she made known the circumstances which had induced her to make so uncommon a sacrifice.

Affected even to tears by the girl’s filial affection, the dentist refused to avail himself of the offer, at the same time presenting her with ten guineas, with which, her heart overflowing with joy and gratitude, she hastened home to relieve her parents.

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“Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;

For live I will not, if my father die." SHAKESPEARE.

DURING the French Revolution, which endangered the lives of so many parents, filial affection, rising superior to all selfish considerations of safety, might be seen in many interesting forms. Daughters then subjected themselves to every indignity, in their endeavours to alleviate the sufferings of those who were dearer to them than life itself : kneeling at the feet of their inhuman persecutors, they besought some mitigation at least of their parents' sentence, and, if unsuccessful in these efforts, shared their prison, and voluntarily partook their unhappy fate.

Mademoiselle Cazotte, was an only child, and, at the commencement of the Revolution, her father was seventy-two years of age. Closely connected with La Porte (the intendant of the civil list), the fate of Cazotte was involved in his. Some of Cazotte's letters being found on the person of La Porte, the old man and his daughter were immediately arrested and sent to the prison of the Abbey.

Shortly afterwards, Mademoiselle Cazotte having been pronounced innocent, an order arrived at the prison that she might be set at liberty. Elizabeth however refused to avail herself of it being resolved to share her father's fate, and she succeeded in obtaining permission to remain with him. While in and the prison, by her interesting appearance, and the pathetic eloquence of her language, she was so fortunate

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as to interest some Marseillois, who had quartered themselves in the Abbey, in her behalf; thus for a time her father’s life was safe. On the 2d of September, however, after an uninterrupted massacre, which had lasted three, hours, a number of voices called loudly for Cazotte. At that name, which seemed to threaten instant danger, Elizabeth rushed forward to meet her father's murderers. Her extreme youth, wonderful beauty, and uncommon courage, seemed to shake their purpose. One more stern and hardened in crime than the rest advanced to Cazotte, and demanded why he had been imprisoned with his daughter. "You will find it in the gaoler's book," was the old man's reply. Two of the party being sent to examine the book, shortly returned with the tidings that Cazotte was detained as a decided Counter-revolutionist. Scarcely was the report uttered, when an axe was raised over the head of Cazotte. His daughter, wildly shrieking, threw herself upon him, covering him with her body, and disdaining to descend to unworthy supplications, only demanded to die with him. " Strike, barbarians,” she cried; "you cannot reach my father but through my heart!” At this moving spectacle the assassins hesitated and trembled, while a shout of pardon! Pardon! Was heard from one individual, and echoed by a hundred voices. The Marseillois opened themselves a passage to the two victims, and the father and daughter, covered with this sacred shield,

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were conducted, with shouts of applause, from that habitation of misfortunes and crimes.

The liberation of Cazotte, however, afforded temporary security : he was again arrested upon the institution of the Criminal Tribunal. The good old man endeavoured to dissuade his daughter from accompanying him to prison, but his prayers, entreaties, and tears nay even his positive commands, were here entirely fruitless. "In your company, my father " said Elizabeth, "I have faced the most cruel of assassins ; and shall I not be the companion of your new misfortune, in which there is less danger? The hope of saving you will again support me ; I will show to your judges your forehead furrowed with age I will ask them if a man, an old man, who has but a few days to linger out among his fellow-beings, may not find mercy in the eyes of justice, after having escaped the extreme of danger ? If he, whose white hairs could plead with assassins, ought not to receive indulgence from magistrates, one of whose attributes should be mercy ? The voice of nature will again be heard, and perhaps I may again save you from the cruel fate which impends over us." Overcome by her pressing entreaties Cazotte at last allowed his child to attend him to the prison. When however they arrived there, the unhappy girl was denied admission, and compelled to yield up her father. In an agony of grief, she hastened to the Commune, and to the Minister of the Interior, from whom, by her supplications and tears, she wrested their permission to attend her

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father. From that moment she devoted he wholly to him, spending day and night in administering to his comforts. The only time that she passed away from his prison, was employed in securing promises of support from the same *Marseillois*, who had formerly rendered her father such service; and she likewise, received promises from several ladies of distinction, that their interest should be exerted in her behalf. These expectations were, alas! vainly excited, for every human being abandoned them in the hour of trial.

When Cazotte vas called before the Tribunal the old man appeared, supported by his daughter. A murmur of applause ran through the multitude that filled the court at this affecting sight, while Elizabeth, with her eyes fixed on her father, endeavoured to encourage and console him at this trying moment. The pleading was soon commenced: during the reading of the written evidence, and the speech of the Public Accuser, the entire feelings of Elizabether were imprinted on her beautiful countenance. Every one remarked the variety of changes it underwent ; fear and hope rapidly succeeding to each other : several times she was on the point of raising her voice, but was checked by remembering that her father had, previous to the trail, imposed silence on her. At length she heard the dreadful conclusion of the speech of the Public Accuser, which was but too faithful an omen of his fate. Pale, trembling, and ready to sink into the ground, she was only sustained by her father’s voice,

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Who in a low tone, pointing towards heaven, addressed to her a few words of consolation. But though calmed for the moment, when the sentence was about to be pronounced they found it necessary to remove her from the hall: and when so far removed that her groans could no longer be heard, she abandoned herself to a despair which baffles description. The unhappy girl had seen her father for the last time: she had breathed a portion of her feelings into every soul; and the deep sighs which arose from every corner of the court, when she was carried thence, were proofs of the homage due to filial virtue. Some humane persons followed her to the prison, where they found her in a swoon : on recovering herself, she begged to be taken to her father, that she might die with. him. It was not until surrounded by her father's friends, and become a witness of their affliction, that her own sorrow could receive any mitigation, and the favourable moment was seized to lead her back to her family.

" May my fears,

My filial fears, be vain ! and may the vaunts

And menace of the vengeful enemy

Pass like the gust, thqt roar'd and died away

In the distant tree : which heard, and only heard

in this low deli, bow'd not the delicate grass !"

COLERIDGE.

THE heroism of Elizabeth Cazotte, which could not fail to excite the admiration and sympathy of her countrywomen, was imitated by many young persons, from similar impulses

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Of devoted affection. Mademoiselle de Sombreuil claims a share of our esteem for the intrepdity she displayed, when, rushing into the presence of the murderers who had seized her father, she exclaimed as she fell at their feet, “Barbarians, hold your hands—he is my father!” In another moment she had so placed herself, that the sword could not reach father but through the heart of his child. Perceiving that they hesitated to accomplish their barbarous purpose, she supplicated once more, with renewed earnestness, that they would spare her father's life. Even while she spoke, one of the monsters, whose unfeeling heart was proof against the self-devotion and heroism of the lovely girl at his feet, annexed to her father's safety the following condition "Drink," said he, “a glass of blood,-- and save your father." Mademoiselle de Sombreuil shuddering, retreated several paces, but filial affection gained the ascendance, and she yielded to the horrible proposal.

" Innocent or guilty then,” said one of the judges who happened to be present, “it is unworthy of the people to bathe their hands in the blood of this old man, since they must first destroy this virtuous girl.” A shout of “pardon! Pardon!” was heard from those who had difficulty refrained from tears. The daughter was clasped in her father’s trembling arms, and they left the prison together, conducted in triumph by those who had come for so very different a purpose.

Sombreuil had further evils to encounter:

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he was shortly again arrested with his daughter, and led to prison. The latter had lost no portion of her courage, though she had been afflicted with frequent convulsions since the violence she had done to her feelings in drinking a glass of blood; and she displayed each moment fresh proofs of her filial attachment. When the order for her father’s trial arrived, although her heart was oppressed with the most afflicting presages, she maintained an appearance of composure before her parent, and to the last encouraged him to support himself with fortitude, whatever might occur. Sombreuil finally yielded up his life on the scaffold, when the existence of his daughter became a state worse than that of death.

“The grave unites; where e'en the Great find rest,

A nd blended lie th' oppressor and th' opprest."

POPE.

IN the prisons of Paris whole families were frequently crowded together, when the members of each would be united so strongly by sympathy that their sole request and wish would be that they might die together, consoled by the reflection, that in escaping from such scenes of dreadful persecution they would still be united in a happier state of existence.

When the ci-devant marchioness de Bois Beranger was detained in the Luxembourg with her father, mother, and a younger sister, she forgot her own misfortunes in indeavouring to console her family under theirs. A soici-

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Tude even maternal was displayed in her unceasing tenderness towards her mother, whose drooping fortitude was re-animated by her example. When at length the act of accusation arrived for her father, mother, and sister, Madame de Bois Beranger found that she alone was exempt: and the discovery of the mournful preference filled her with anguish. “You will die then,” she exclaimed, “before me: and I am condemned to survive you.” Overwhelmed with despair, she clung to those beloved relations, exclaiming, “Alas! Alas! We shall not die together!”

In the midst of this moving scene, a second accusation arrived at the prison, in which the name of the marchioness was included. From this moment there were no more tears, no more exclamations of grief from this affectionate daughter. She flew to embrace her parents. “See,” she cried, as she displayed the act of accusation in joyful triumph, as though she held in her hand the decree of their liberty and her own, “see my mother,--we shall die together.”

On the day of execution she attired herself with elegance, and cut off the long tresses of her fine hair with her own hand. On leaving the Conciergerie to go to the scaffold, she supported her mother, who seemed to be overcome by an excess of grief. The sorrows of her parents appeared alone to be subjects of regret tot eh marchioness at this critical moment. “Dearest madam, “ she said in the tenderest accent, “be consoled: why are you not happy? You

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die innocent, and in the same innocence all your family follow you to the tomb, and will partake with you, in a better state, the recompense of virtue.”

“And is it then to live ? when *such* friends part,

‘Tis the survivor dies."

MADEMOISELLE Delleglace was also a remarkable instance of filial affection. When her father was to be conveyed from the prison at Lyons to the Conciergerie, this affectionate girl, who from the first moment of his arrest never quitted him, demanded permission to travel with him in the carriage prepared for his journey. This boon she could not obtain ; but what obstacles can subdue the strength of filial love ? Laying aside the timidity natural to her sex, and wholly disregarding the weakness of her constitution, Mademoiselle Delleglace set out on foot with the carriage, which she accompanied in that manner for more than a hundred leagues. She sometimes quitted the side of the carriage, but it was only when she preceded her father, to procure proper nourishment for him in the towns through which they passed ; and in the evening of every day, when she ran forward to beg of some charitable person a covering, to administer to her father's wants, in the dungeon where he must pass the night.

When at length they reached the gates of the Conciergerie, she was denied admittance with him, and compelled to give up the expec-

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tation of being his companion in prison. But her fortitude did not yet give way: she did not cease, during three months, to implore the justice and humanity of all those influential persons to whom she could gain access, perseverance was finally crowned with success; and exulting with joy, she hastened to bear the happy tidings to her father, and contemplated the delight of herself conducting him back to his home and family. But it was otherwise ordained : worn out by the excess of fatigue she had undergone during this unparalleled exertion, she was taken ill on the road and obliged to remain at an inn, until her father could be informed of the circumstance and be set at liberty. She never again left her bed, but died in her beloved parent's arms ; still deeming herself happy in having purchased his life at the expense of her own.

"O'er friendless grief compassion shall awake,

And smile on innocence, for mercy's sake."

CAMPBBLL.

WHO has not heard, and who has not shed tears at hearing, of that beautiful and interesting girl of only eight years of age, who went every morning to the Place de la Revolution, to mourn and lament the death of her mother, who was executed there? The child took many precautions to escape observation; but her manner was at length noticed by some women who sold fruit near the spot. Being asked the cause of her tears, “Ah!” she said,

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“my poor mother, whom I loved so well, died where I now stand; but oh ! do not, I beg of you, tell anyone that you saw me cry, for that, perhaps, would cause the death of my brother and my sisters.” After this guileless answer, which greatly effected her audience, she hastily retired, and was never seen there again. It was afterwards known that this early victim of filial affection died in a few weeks, bowed down a grief which she could not cast off.”

“What breast so cold, that is not warmed here?"

SHAKESPEARE,

ANOTHER child was the happy means of saving her father's life. He was a Creole of St, Domingo, and was guilty of no other crime than that of being rich and preserving the inheritance of his forefathers. At that time when the contagious example of the French revolution had spread as far as the New World, the horrible practice was adopted of assembling in groupes the unfortunate victims who were ordered to be executed, and then firing l indiscriminately upon them with cannons loaded with grape-shot. The eyes of the Creole had been blindfolded, and he stood among a crowd of other unfortunate beings, expecting every instant the signal of death.

When, however, the order to discharge artillery was about to be given, a little girl rushed forward, with a loud cry of “My

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“father! Oh my father! And making her way through the victims, threw her little arms about her parent’s neck, and waited for the moment of dying with him. In vain were all the threats of entreaties; neither the representations of her danger, nor the commands of her father could intimidate her. In reply to the latter, she earnestly repeated, “Oh! My father, let me die with you.” What power has virtue over the most ferocious minds! This unexpected accident disconcerted the commander of the massacre:--doubtless he was a father too! The voice of admiration and exclamations of pity, which he heard from all sides, touched his heart, and under some specious pretext, the Creole was delivered from the expected punishment, and, accompanied by his child, reconducted to prison; whence he soon afterwards obtained his release. After that happy escape, he was often accustomed to relate, with feelings of tender emotion, the heroic action of his little girl, then only ten years of age.

“Such is my love, to thee I so belong,

That for thy right, myself will bear all wrong.”

SHAKESPEARE.

DURING the war of La Vendee, the ci-devant Duke de la Rochefoucault, condemned to die, as well as his daughter, found in the resources of that affectionate girl the means of concealing himself until a period arrived more favourable to that justice which he unsuccessfully claimed.

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His daughter's first care was to place him under the roof and protection of an artisan, who had formerly been a domestic in the duke's service, after which she procured an asylum for herself. They were thus both secure from the immediate power of their persecutors; but, as the duke’s property was confiscated, and compassion is apt to grow weary of its good offices, the means of their bare subsistence were soon exhausted. While the daughter was suffering under the extreme of poverty, she learnt that her father's health was rapidly declining for want of due nourishment. Madame de la Rochefoucault now saw but one resource left : to devote her own life to save that of her father ; and she instantly resolved upon the sacrifice.

A general of the Republic happened at that time to be passing through the city in which was her place of concealment : she addressed the following letter to him :

"CITIZEN GENERAL : Wherever the voice of nature is heard, a daughter may be allowed to claim the compassion of men in behalf of her father. Condemned to death at the same time with him who Gave me being, I have successfully preserved him from the sword of the executioner, and have preserved myself to watch over his safety. But in saving his life, I have not been able to furnish all that is necessary to support him. My unhappy father, whose entire property is confiscated, suffers at this moment the want of almost every thing. Without clothes, without bread, without a

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Friend to save him from perishing of want, he has not even the resource of the beggar, which still furnishes a little hope, that of being able to appeal to the compassionate, and to present his white hairs to those that might be moved to give him aid: my father, if he is not speedily succoured, will die in his place of concealment, and thus, after snatching him from a violent death, I shall have to sustain the mournful reflection of having betrayed him to one more lingering and painful—that of dying of cold and hunger.

“Be the judge, Citizen General, of the extent of my misfortune, and own that it is worthy of pity. One resource only is left to me: it is to cast myself upon your generosity. I offer you my head: I undertake to go, and to go willingly, to the scaffold; but give immediate succor to my dying father. Below I give you the name of my place of concealment, there I will expect death with pleasure, if I may promise myself that you will be touched with my prayers, and will relieve my old and destitute parent.”

The soldier had no sooner read this letter, than he hastened to the asylum of Madame de Rochefoucault, and not only relieved her father, but secretly protected both, and finally produced the restoration of M. de Rochefoucault’s property by a revision of their sentence.