

**THADDEUS OF  
WARSAW, IN FOUR  
VOLUMES, VOL. III**

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Thaddeus of Warsaw, In Four Volumes, Vol. III by Jane Porter

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**JANE PORTER**

**THADDEUS OF  
WARSAW, IN FOUR  
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# THADDEUS

OR

## WARSAW.

VOL. III.

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Yet, blame not him, by long injustice taught  
And base ingratitude, the world to shun;  
Nor marvel much, that where he fondly fought  
Friendship and peace, till finding one by one,  
His friends all faithless, and himself undone,  
He can no more in confidence repose;  
Joyless to him, sweet bloom and summer fun!  
His, oft a heart, tho' bleeding with its woes,  
That pants the friend to meet, and could forgive its foes!

COURTINA.

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# THADDEUS

OF

## WARSAW.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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The time of life is short;  
To spend that shortness base, were too long,  
If life did ride upon a dial's point,  
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.

SHAKESPEARE.

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BY

MISS PORTER.

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1803.

# THADDEUS OF WARSAW.

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## CHAP. I.

WHEN Thaddeus awoke next morning, he found himself more refreshed and freer from the effects of the last night's discovery, than he could have reasonably hoped. The labour and anxiety which the fire had compelled him to exert, having forced his thoughts into a different channel, afforded his nerves an opportunity to regain some portion of their usual strength. He could now ponder on what he had heard, without suffering the crimes of another to lay him on the rack. The reins were again restored to his hands; and only as much of his mind as he pleased, could now shew itself either in his face or manner.

Though the Count's feelings were very sensible, and when suddenly attacked, it was not always that he could hide the pain he felt; yet he possessed a power of look that immediately repressed any curiosity which might have been impertinent. Indeed, this mantle of repulsion was often proved to be his best friend, for never had man more demands on the dignity of his soul to shine out about his person.

Not unfrequently, when Miss Dundas has been schooling her sister on the absurd civilities which she paid to her language-master; and half a dozen pretty beaux and belles have joined in the ridicule, the appearance of the Count has at once called a natural glow through the ladies' rouge, and silenced the gentlemen.

The morning after the fire, a little bevy of fashionable butterflies were collected in this way, in one corner of Miss Dundas's study, when, during a moment's pause, "I hope Miss Beaufort," cried the Honourable Mr. Lascelles, a young man of a stamp that generally wears the impression of the last speaker, "I hope Miss Beaufort  
you



you don't intend to consume the brightness of your eyes over this stupid language?"

"What language, Mr. Lafcelles?" inquired she, "I have only this moment entered the room, and I don't know what you are talking about."

"Good Lud, that is very true!" cried he, "I mean a shocking jargon, which a shocking penferoso man teaches to these ladies. We want to persuade Miss Euphemia that it spoils her mouth."

"You are always misconceiving me, Mr. Lafcelles;" interrupted Miss Dundas impatiently, "I did not advance one word against the language; I merely remonstrated with Phemy against her stupid attentions to the man we hire to teach it."

"That was what I meant, Madam," resumed he with a low bow.

"You meant what, Sir?" demanded the little beauty contemptuously, "but I need not ask. You are like a bad mirror that from radical defect always gives false reflections."

“ Very good, efaith, Miss Euphemia ! I declare, sterling wit ! It would do honour to Sheridan or your sister.”

“ Mr. Lafcelles,” cried Euphemia more vexed than before, “ let me tell you, such impertinence is very disgraceful in a gentleman.”

“ Upon my soul, Miss Euphemia !”

“ Pray allow the petulant young lady to get out of her airs, (as she has I believe, got out of her senses,) without our help ;” exclaimed Miss Dundas, “ for I declare to heaven, I know not where she picked up these vile democratic ideas.”

“ I am not a democrat, Diana ;” answered Euphemia, rising from her seat ; “ and I won’t stay to be abused, when I know it is all envy, because Mr. Constantine happened to say that I had a quicker memory than you have.”

She left the room as she ended. Miss Dundas, ready to storm with passion, but striving to conceal it, burst into a violent laugh, and turning to Miss Beaufort, “ You see, my dear,” said she, “ a sad specimen of Euphemia’s temper ; yet I hope  
you

you won't think too severely of her, for poor thing! she has been spoilt by us all."

"Pray do not apologize to me in particular!" replied Miss Beaufort, rather coldly; "but as you have done so, I am induced to say, that I think it probable she would have shewn her temper less, had you given your admonition in private, though I cannot doubt of her having committed something wrong."

"Yes, something very wrong;" exclaimed Miss Dundas, reddening at a rebuke from a quarter whence she so little expected one; "both Mr. Lafcelles, and Lord Berrington there—"

"Don't bring in my name, I pray Miss Dundas;" cried the viscount, who had been sitting in a recess looking over an old edition of Massinger's Plays; "You know I hate being squeezed into squabbles."

Miss Dundas dropped the corners of her mouth in contempt, and went on.

"Well then, Mr. Lafcelles and Miss Poyntz heré, have both at different times times been present when Phemy has conducted herself in a very ridiculous way