

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

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649390601

Thaddeus of Warsaw, in four volumes, vol. IV by Miss Porter

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

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MISS PORTER

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WARSAW, IN FOUR
VOLUMES, VOL. IV**

THADDEUS

OF

WARSAW.

VOL. IV.

“ Who by repentance is not satisfy'd,
Is not of heaven, nor earth.”

SHAKSPEARE.



THADDEUS

OF

WARSAW.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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

SHAKESPEARE.

BY

MISS PORTER.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY A. STRAHAN, PRINTERS-STREET,
FOR T. N. LONGMAN AND O. REES, PATERNOSTER-RROW.

1803.



THADDEUS OF WARSAW.

CHAP. I.

THE first week of the Count's confinement was rendered less intolerable, by the daily visits of Mrs. Robson; who, having brought his drawing materials, enabled him, through the means of the print-feller, to purchase some civility from the brutal and hardened people who were his gaolers. After the good woman had performed her diurnal kindness, Thaddeus used to turn to the sad circumference of his miserable apartment to seek amusement. When his pencil had accomplished its task, it wearied him: When he took up a book, having read it before, it failed to engage him. He possessed nothing to beguile the tedious day, and more tedious night. His spirit was in solitude; in the most dismal solitude;

VOL. IV. B solitude;

solitude; banished and shut out from all that could render life desirable.

The elasticity and enterprise of soul, inherent in youth, renders no calamity so difficult to be borne, as is the fettering of its best years and most active virtues, within the walls of a prison. Thaddeus felt this benumbing conviction in every pulse of his ardent and energetic heart. He retraced all that he had been. He looked on what he was. Though he had reaped glory when a boy, his '*noon of manhood*,' his evening sun, was to waste its light, and set, in captivity.

At short and distant intervals, such melancholy reveries gave place to the pitying image of Mary Beaufort. It sometimes visited him in the day, it always was his companion during night. He courted her lovely idea, as a spell that for a while stole him from painful reflections. With an entranced heart, he recalled every lineament of her beautiful face, every dissolving note of that voice, which had hurried him into the rashness of touching her hand. One moment, he pressed her gold chain closer

to his heart, almost believing what Lady Tinemouth had insinuated; the next, he would sigh over his credulity, and return with despondent, though equally intense feeling, to her bewitching recollection.

The more he pondered on the purity of her manners, the elevated principles to which he could trace her actions, and, above all, the benevolent confidence with which she had ever treated him, (a man contemned by one part of her acquaintance, and merely received on trust by the remainder,) the more he found reasons to admire her character and adore herself. When he drew a comparison between Miss Beaufort, and women of the same quality, whom he had seen in England and in other countries, he contemplated with delighted wonder that spotless mind, which having passed through the various dangers annexed to wealth and fashion, still bore itself uncontaminated. She was beautiful, and she did not regard it; she was accomplished, but she did not attempt a display: what she had acquired from education, the graces had so incorporated with her native intelligence,