THADDEUS OF WARSAW; IN FOUR VOLUMES; VOL. II

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Thaddeus of Warsaw; in four volumes; Vol. II by Miss Porter

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MISS PORTER

THADDEUS OF WARSAW; IN FOUR YOLUMES; YOL. II



THADDEUS

OF

WARSAW.

VOL. II.

Be hush'd, my dark spirit! for Wisdom condemns,
When the faint and the seeble deplore;
Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems
A thousand wild waves on the shore—
Thro' the perils of Chance, and the scowl of Dissain,
May thy front be unaltered, thy courage elate!
Ah! even the name I have worshipp'd in vain,
Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again!
To BEAR, is to conquer our fate!

CAMPBELL.

THADDEUS

OF

WARSAW.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

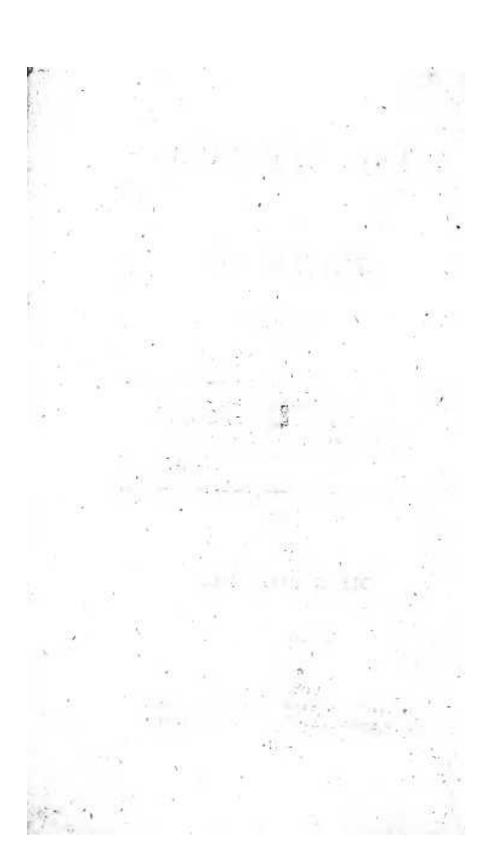
The time of life is thort; To spend that thortness basely, were too long, If life did ride upon a dial's point, Still ending at the arrival of an hour.

SHAKEPEARE.

BY

MISS PORTER.

LONDON; PAINTED BY A. STRABAN, PRINTERS-STEEZT, FOR T. N. LONGMAN AND O. REES, PATERNOSTER-ROW, 1803.



THADDEUS OF WARSAW.

CHAP. I.

THE Count Sobieski was cordially received by his worthy landlady: indeed he never stood in more need of kindness. A slow sever, which had been gradually creeping over him since his quitting Poland, had settled on his lungs, and excited a cough that kept him awake all night, and reduced him to such weakness in the day, that he neither had strength nor spirits to stir abroad.

Mrs. Robson was greatly distressed at this sudden and violent illness of her guest. Her own son, the father of the orphans whom she protected, had died a victim to a confumption, brought on by his excesses.

Thaddeus gave himfelf up completely to her management: he had no money for vol. 11. B medical medical affiftance; and to please her, he took what little medicines she prepared. According to her advice, he remained for several days closed up in his chamber, with a large fire, his curtains drawn, and the shutters shut, to exclude the smallest portion of that air, which, the good woman thought, had already stricken him with death.

But all would not do; her patient became worse and worse. Frightened at the symptoms, Mrs. Robson begged leave to send for the apothecary who had attended her deceased son. In this instance only, she found the Count obstinate: no arguments, nor even her tears, could move him. When she stood weeping, holding his burning hand, his answer was constantly of this kind:

"Do not, my excellent Mrs. Robson, grieve yourself on my account; I am not in the danger you think; I shall do very well with your assistance."

"No, no; I fee death in your eyes. Can I feel this hand, and fee that hectic cheek, cheek, without beholding your grave, as it were, opening before me?"

She was not much mistaken; for, during the night after this debate, Thaddeus grew fo delirious, that, no longer able to subdue her terrors, she fent for the apothecary to come instantly to her house.

"O! doctor," cried she, as the man ascended the stairs, "I have the best young gentleman that ever the sun shone on, dying in that room! He would not let me send for you; and now he is raving like a mad creature."

Mr. Vincent entered the Count's humble apartment, and undrew the curtains of the bed. Thaddeus, exhausted by his delirium, had sunk back, almost senseles on the pillow. Mrs. Robson, at this sight, supposing him dead, uttered a shriek that was in a moment echoed by the cries of the little William, who stood near his grandmother.

"Hush, my good woman," said the doctor, in a low voice, "the gentleman is not dead; leave the room till you have recovered yourself, and I will engage that you shall see him alive when you return." Mrs. Robson, confidering all his words as oracles, quitted the room with her grandfon.

Mr. Vincent had felt, on entering the chamber, that the fever of his patient must be augmented by the hot and stilling state of the room; and, before he attempted to difturb him from the temporary rest which his fenses found in infensibility, he opened the window-flutters, damped the raging of the fire with ashes and water, and then, unclosing the room door wide enough to admit the air from the adjoining apartment, undrew all the curtains of the bed, and pulling the heavy clothes down from the Count's bosom, raised his head on his arm, and poured fome drops into his mouth. In a moment he opened his eyes, and uttered a few wild and incoherent words; but he did not rave, he only wandered, and appeared to know that he did fo; for when he had quite recovered his powers, he every now and then stopped in the midst of fome confused speech, and, laying his hand on his forehead, strove to recollect himfelf.