

**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
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THADDEUS

OF

WARSAW.

VOL. II.

Be hush'd, my dark spirit! for Wisdom condemns,
When the faint and the feeble 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 fowl of Disdain,
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 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.

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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 fever, 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 consumption, brought on by his excesses.

Thaddeus gave himself up completely to her management: he had no money for
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medical assistance; 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 see death in your eyes. Can I feel this hand, and see that hectic
check,

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 so delirious, that, no longer able to subdue her terrors, she sent 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 senseless 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, considering all his words as oracles, quitted the room with her grandson.

Mr. Vincent had felt, on entering the chamber, that the fever of his patient must be augmented by the hot and stifling state of the room; and, before he attempted to disturb him from the temporary rest which his senses found in insensibility, he opened the window-shutters, 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 some 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 so; for when he had quite recovered his powers, he every now and then stopped in the midst of some confused speech, and, laying his hand on his forehead, strove to recollect himself.

Mrs.