

Thaddeus of Warsaw

Jane Porter

The Project Gutenberg EBook of Thaddeus of Warsaw, by Jane Porter
#2 in our series by Jane Porter

Copyright laws are changing all over the world. Be sure to check the copyright laws for your country before downloading or redistributing this or any other Project Gutenberg eBook.

This header should be the first thing seen when viewing this Project Gutenberg file. Please do not remove it. Do not change or edit the header without written permission.

Please read the "legal small print," and other information about the eBook and Project Gutenberg at the bottom of this file. Included is important information about your specific rights and restrictions in how the file may be used. You can also find out about how to make a donation to Project Gutenberg, and how to get involved.

****Welcome To The World of Free Plain Vanilla Electronic Texts****

****eBooks Readable By Both Humans and By Computers, Since 1971****

*******These eBooks Were Prepared By Thousands of Volunteers!*******

Title: Thaddeus of Warsaw

Author: Jane Porter

Release Date: September, 2004 [EBook #6566]
[Yes, we are more than one year ahead of schedule]
[This file was first posted on December 28, 2002]

Edition: 10

Language: English

Character set encoding: ISO-8859-1

***** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THADDEUS OF WARSAW *****

Produced by Charles Franks and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team.

[Illustration: DR. MIDDLETON.]

Livros Grátis

<http://www.livrosgratis.com.br>

Milhares de livros grátis para download.

THADDEUS OF WARSAW

BY

JANE PORTER

AUTHOR OF "THE SCOTTISH CHIEFS," ETC.

"Loin d'aimer la guerre, il l'abhorre;
En triomphant même il déplore
Les désastres qu'elle produit
Et, couronné par la victoire,
Il gémit de sa propre gloire.
Si la paix n'en est pas le fruit."

A NEW AND REVISED EDITION
WITH NEW NOTES, ETC., BY THE AUTHOR

THE AUTHOR,
TO
HER FRIENDLY READERS.

Written for the new edition of "Thaddeus of Warsaw," forming one of the series called "The Standard Novels."

To such readers alone who, by the sympathy of a social taste, fall in with any blameless fashion of the day, and, from an amiable interest, also, in whatever may chance to afford them innocent pleasure, would fain know something more about an author whose works have brought them that gratification than the cold letter of a mere literary preface usually tells: to such readers this--something of an egotistical--epistle is addressed.

For, in beginning the republication of a regular series of the novels, or, as they have been more properly called, biographical romances, of which I have been the author, it has been considered desirable to make certain additions to each work, in the form of a few introductory pages and scattered notes, illustrative of the origin of the tale, of the historical events referred to in it, and of the actually living characters who constitute its personages, with some account, also, of the really local scenery described; thus giving, it is thought, a double zest to the entertainment of the reader, by bringing him into a previous acquaintance with the persons he is to meet in the book, and making him agreeably familiar with the country through which he is to travel in their company. Indeed, the social taste of the times has lately fully shown how advantageous the like conversational disclosures have proved to the recent

republications of the celebrated "Waverley Novels," by the chief of novel-writers; and in the new series of the admirable naval tales by the distinguished American novelist, both of whom paid to the mother-country the gratifying tribute of making it their birthplace.

Such evidences in favor of an argument could not fail to persuade me to undertake the desired elucidating task; feeling, indeed, particularly pleased to adopt, in my turn, a successful example from the once Great Unknown--now the not less great avowed author of the Waverley Novels, in the person of Sir Walter Scott, who did me the honor to adopt the style or class of novel of which "Thaddeus of Warsaw" was the first,--a class which, uniting the personages and facts of real history or biography with a combining and illustrative machinery of the imagination, formed a new species of writing in that day, and to which Madame de Staël and others have given the appellation of "an epic in prose." The day of its appearance is now pretty far back: for "Thaddeus of Warsaw" (a tale founded on Polish heroism) and the "Scottish Chiefs" (a romance grounded on Scottish heroism) were both published in England, and translated into various languages abroad, many years before the literary wonder of Scotland gave to the world his transcendent story of Waverley, forming a most impressive historical picture of the last struggle of the papist, but gallant, branch of the Stuarts for the British throne. [Footnote: It was on the publication of these, her first two works, in the German language that the authoress was honored with being made a lady of the Chapter of St. Joachim, and received the gold cross of the order from Wirtemberg.]

"Thaddeus of Warsaw" being the first essay, in the form of such an association between fact and fancy, was published by its author with a natural apprehension of its reception by the critical part of the public. She had not, indeed, written it with any view to publication, but from an almost resistless impulse to embody the ideas and impressions with which her heart and mind were then full. It was written in her earliest youth; dictated by a fervent sympathy with calamities which had scarcely ceased to exist, and which her eager pen sought to portray; and it was given to the world, or rather to those who might feel with her, with all the simple-hearted enthusiasm which saw no impediment when a tale of virtue or of pity was to be told.

In looking back through the avenue of life to that time, what events have occurred, public and private, to the countries and to the individuals named in that tale! to persons of even as lofty names and excellences, of our own and other lands, who were mutually affected with me in admiration and regret for the virtues and the sorrows described! In sitting down now to my retrospective task, I find myself writing this, my second preface to the story of "Thaddeus of Warsaw," just thirty years from the date of its first publication. Then, I wrote when the struggle for the birthright independence of Poland was no more; when she lay in her ashes, and her heroes in their wounds; when the pall of death spread over the whole country, and her widows and orphans travelled afar.

In the days of my almost childhood,--that is, eight years before I dipped my pen in their tears,--I remember seeing many of those hapless refugees wandering about St. James's Park. They had sad companions in the like miseries, though from different enemies, in the emigrants from France; and memory can never forget the variety of

wretched yet noble-looking visages I then contemplated in the daily walks which my mother's own little family group were accustomed to take there. One person, a gaunt figure, with melancholy and bravery stamped on his emaciated features, is often present to the recollection of us all. He was clad in a threadbare blue uniform great coat, with a black stock, a rusty old hat, pulled rather over his eyes; his hands without gloves; but his aspect was that of a perfect gentleman, and his step that of a military man. We saw him constantly at one hour, in the middle walk of the Mall, and always alone; never looking to the right nor to the left, but straight on; with an unmoving countenance, and a pace which told that his thoughts were those of a homeless and hopeless man--hopeless, at least, of all that life might bring him. On, on he went to the end of the Mall; turned again, and on again; and so he continued to do always, as long as we remained spectators of his solitary walk: once, indeed, we saw him crossing into St. Martin's Lane. Nobody seemed to know him, for he spoke to none; and no person ever addressed him, though many, like ourselves, looked at him, and stopped in the path to gaze after him. We often longed to be rich, to follow him wherever his wretched abode might have been, and then silently to send comforts to him from hands he knew not of. We used to call him, when speaking of him to ourselves, *Il Penseroso*; and by that name we yet not unfrequently talk of him to each other, and never without recurrence to the very painful, because unavailing, sympathy we then felt for that apparently friendless man. Such sympathy is, indeed, right; for it is one of the secondary means by which Providence conducts the stream of his mercies to those who need the succor of their fellow-creatures; and we cannot doubt that, though the agency of such Providence was not to be in our hands, there were those who had both the will and the power given, and did not, like ourselves, turn and pity that interesting emigrant in vain.

Some time after this, General Kosciusko, the justly celebrated hero of Poland, came to England, on his way to the United States; having been released from his close imprisonment in Russia, and in the noblest manner, too, by the Emperor Paul, immediately on his accession to the throne. His arrival caused a great sensation in London, and many of the first characters of the times pressed forward to pay their respects to such real patriotic virtue in its adversity. An old friend of my family was amongst them; his own warm heart encouraging the enthusiasm of ours, he took my brother Robert to visit the Polish veteran, then lodging at Sablonière's Hotel, in Leicester Square. My brother, on his return to us, described him as a noble looking man, though not at all handsome, lying upon a couch in a very enfeebled state, from the effects of numerous wounds he had received in his breast by the Cossacks' lances after his fall, having been previously overthrown by a sabre stroke on his head. His voice, in consequence of the induced internal weakness, was very low, and his speaking always with resting intervals. He wore a black bandage across his forehead, which covered a deep wound there; and, indeed, his whole figure bore marks of long suffering.

Our friend introduced my brother to him by name, and as "a boy emulous of seeing and following noble examples." Kosciusko took him kindly by the hand, and spoke to him words of generous encouragement, in whatever path of virtuous ambition he might take. They never have been forgotten. Is it, then, to be wondered at, combining the mute distress I had so often contemplated in other victims of similar misfortunes with the magnanimous object then described to me by my

brother, that the story of heroism my young imagination should think of embodying into shape should be founded on the actual scenes of Kosciusko's sufferings, and moulded out of his virtues!

To have made him the ostensible hero of the tale, would have suited neither the modesty of his feelings nor the humbleness of my own expectation of telling it as I wished. I therefore took a younger and less pretending agent, in the personification of a descendant of the great John Sobieski.

But it was, as I have already said, some years after the partition of Poland that I wrote, and gave for publication, my historical romance on that catastrophe. It was finished amid a circle of friends well calculated to fan the flame which had inspired its commencement some of the leading heroes of the British army just returned from the victorious fields of Alexandria and St. Jean d'Acre; and, seated in my brother's little study, with the war-dyed coat in which the veteran Abercrombie breathed his last grateful sigh, while, like Wolfe, he gazed on the boasted invincible standard of the enemy, brought to him by a British soldier,--with this trophy of our own native valor on one side of me, and on the other the bullet-torn vest of another English commander of as many battles,--but who, having survived to enjoy his fame, I do not name here,--I put my last stroke to the first campaigns of Thaddeus Sobieski.

When the work was finished, some of the persons near me urged its being published. But I argued, in opposition to the wish, its different construction to all other novels or romances which had gone before it, from Richardson's time-honored domestic novels to the penetrating feeling in similar scenes by the pen of Henry Mackenzie; and again, Charlotte Smith's more recent, elegant, but very sentimental love stories. But the most formidable of all were the wildly interesting romances of Anne Radcliffe, whose magical wonders and mysteries were then the ruling style of the day. I urged, how could any one expect that the admiring readers of such works could consider my simply-told biographical legend of Poland anything better than a dull union between real history and a matter-of-fact imagination?

Arguments were found to answer all this; and being excited by the feelings which had dictated my little work, and encouraged by the corresponding characters with whom I daily associated, I ventured the essay. However, I had not read the sage romances of our older times without turning to some account the lessons they taught to adventurous personages of either sex; showing that even the boldest knight never made a new sally without consecrating his shield with some impress of acknowledged reverence. In like manner, when I entered the field with my modern romance of Thaddeus of Warsaw, I inscribed the first page with the name of the hero of Acre. That dedication will be found through all its successive editions, still in front of the title-page; and immediately following it is a second inscription, added, in after years, to the memory of the magnanimous patriot and exemplary man, Thaddeus Kosciusko, who had first filled me with ambition to write the tale, and who died in Switzerland, A. D. 1817, fuller of glory than of years. Yet, if life be measured by its vicissitudes and its virtues, we may justly say, "he was gathered in his ripeness."

After his visit to old friends in the United States,--where, in his

youth, he had learned the art of war, and the science of a noble, unselfish independence, from the marvel of modern times, General Washington.--Kosciusko returned to Europe, and abode a while in France, but not in its capital. He lived deeply retired, gradually restoring his shattered frame to some degree of health by the peace of a resigned mind and the occupation of rural employments. Circumstances led him to Switzerland; and the country of William Tell, and of simple Christian fellowship, could not but soon be found peculiarly congenial to his spirit, long turned away from the pageants and the pomp of this world. In his span he had had all, either in his grasp or proffered to him. For when nothing remained of all his military glory and his patriotic sacrifices but a yet existing fame, and a conscious sense within him of duty performed, he was content to "eat his crust," with that inheritance alone; and he refused, though with an answering magnanimity of acknowledgment, a valuable property offered to him by the Emperor of Russia, as a free gift from a generous enemy, esteeming his proved, disinterested virtues. He also declined the yet more dazzling present of a crown from the then master of the continent, who would have set him on the throne of Poland--but, of a truth, under the vassalage of the Emperor of the French! Kosciusko was not to be consoled for Poland by riches bestowed on himself, nor betrayed into compromising her birthright of national independence by the casuistry that would have made his parental sceptre the instrument of a foreign domination.

Having such a theme as his name, and the heroes his co-patriots, the romance of "Thaddeus of Warsaw" was no sooner published than it overcame the novelty of its construction, and became universally popular. Nor was it very long before it fell into General Kosciusko's hands, though then in a distant land; and he kindly and promptly lost no time in letting the author know his approbation of the narrative, though qualified with several modest expressions respecting himself. From that period she enjoyed many treasured marks of his esteem; and she will add, though with a sad satisfaction, that amongst her several relics of the Great Departed who have honored her with regard, she possesses, most dearly prized, a medal of Kosciusko and a lock of his hair. About the same time she received a most incontestable proof of the accuracy of her story from the lips of General Gardiner, the last British minister to the court of Stanislaus Augustus. On his reading the book, he was so sure that the facts it represented could only have been learned on the spot, that he expressed his surprise to several persons that the author of the work, an English lady, could have been at Warsaw during all the troubles there and he not know it. On his repeating this observation to the late Duke of Roxburgh, his grace's sister-in-law, who happened to overhear what was said, and knew the writer, answered him by saying, "The author has never been in Poland." "Impossible!" replied the general; "no one could describe the scenes and occurrences there, in the manner it is done in that book, without having been an eyewitness." The lady, however, convinced the general of the fact being otherwise, by assuring him, from her own personal knowledge, that the author of "Thaddeus of Warsaw" was a mere school-girl in England at the time of the events of the story.

How, then, it has often been asked, did she obtain such accurate information with regard to those events? and how acquire her familiar acquaintance with the palaces and persons she represents in the work? The answer is short. By close questioning every person that came in her way that knew anything about the object of her interest; and

there were many brave hearts and indignant lips ready to open with the sad yet noble tale. Thus every illustrious individual she wished to bring into her narrative gradually grew upon her knowledge, till she became as well acquainted with all her desired personages as if they were actually present with her; for she knew their minds and their actions; and these compose the man. The features of the country, also, were learned from persons who had trodden the spots she describes: and that they were indeed correct pictures of their homes and war-fields, the tears and bursting enthusiasm of many of Poland's long expatriated sons have more than once borne testimony to her.

As one instance, out of the number I might repeat, of the inextinguishable love of those noble wanderers from their native country, I shall subjoin the copy of a letter addressed to me by one of those gallant men, then holding a high military post in a foreign service, and who, I afterwards learned, was of the family of Kosciusko, whose portrait he sent to me: for the letter was accompanied with a curiously-wrought ring of pure gold, containing a likeness of that hero. The letter was in French, and I transcribe it literally in the words of the writer:--

"Madame!

"Un inconnu ose adresser la parole à l'auteur immortel de Thaddeus de Warsaw; attaché par tant de liens à l'héros que vous avez chanté, je m'enhardis à distraire pour un moment vos nobles veilles.

"Qu'il me soit permis de vous offrir, madame, l'hommage de mon admiration la plus exaltée, en vous présentant la bague qui contient le buste du Général Kosciusko:--elle a servi de signe de ralliement aux patriots Polonois, lorsque, en 1794, ils entreprirent de sécouer leur joug.

"Les anciens déposoient leurs offrandes sur l'autel de leurs divinités tutélaires;--je ne fais qu'imiter leur exemple. Vous êtes pour tous les Polonois cette divinité, qui la première ait élevée sa voix, du fond de l'impériale, Albion, en leur faveur.

"Un jour viendra, et j'ose conserver dans mon coeur cet espoir, que vos accens, qui ont retenti dans le coeur de l'Europe sensible, produiront leur effet célestial, en ressuscitant l'ombre sanglante de ma chère patrie.

"Daignez agréer, madame, l'hommage respectueuse d'un de vos serviteurs le plus dévoué, &c. &c."

Probably the writer of the above is now returned to his country, his vows having been most awfully answered by one of the most momentous struggles she has ever had, or to which the nations around have ever yet stood as spectators; for the balance of Europe trembles at the turning of her scale.

Thus, then, it cannot but be that in the conclusion of this my, perhaps, last introductory preface to any new edition of "Thaddeus of Warsaw," its author should offer up a sincerely heartfelt prayer to the King of kings, the Almighty Father of all mankind, that His all-gracious Spirit may watch over the issue of this contest, and dictate the peace of Poland!

ESHER, _May_, 1831.

DEDICATION TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THADDEUS OF WARSAW

is inscribed to

SIR SIDNEY SMITH;

in the hope that, as

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

did not disdain to write a romance,

SIR SIDNEY SMITH

will not refuse to read one.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY CONSIGNED HIS EXCELLENT WORK TO THE
AFFECTION OF A SISTER.

I CONFIDE MY ASPIRING ATTEMPT TO THE
URBANITY OF THE BRAVE; TO THE MAN OF TASTE,
OF FEELING, AND OF CANDOR;

TO HIM WHOSE FRIENDSHIP WILL BESTOW
THAT INDULGENCE ON THE AUTHOR WHICH HIS JUDGMENT
MIGHT HAVE DENIED TO THE BOOK;

TO HIM OF WHOM FUTURE AGES WILL SPEAK WITH HONOR
AND THE PRESENT TIMES BOAST AS THEIR GLORY!

TO

SIR SIDNEY SMITH,

I SUBMIT THIS HUMBLE TRIBUTE OF THE HIGHEST RESPECT
WHICH CAN BE OFFERED BY A BRITON,
OR ANIMATE THE HEART OF
HIS SINCERE FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

Having attempted a narrative of the intended description, but
written, in fact, from the mere impulse of sympathy with its subject
still fresh in my own and every pitying memory, it is natural that,
after having made up my mind to assent to its publication, in which

much time and thought has been expended in considering the responsibility of so doing, from so unpractised a pen, I should feel an increase of anxiety respecting its ultimate fate.

Therefore, before the reader favors the tale itself with his attention, I beg leave to offer him a little account of the principles that actuated its composition, and in regard to which one of the most honored heads in the author's family urged her "not to withhold it from the press;" observing, in his persuasions, that the mistakes which many of my young contemporaries of both sexes continually make in their estimates of human character, and of the purposes of human life, require to have a line of difference between certain splendid vices and some of the brilliant order of virtues to be distinctly drawn before them. "And," he remarked, "it appeared to be so done in the pages of my Polish manuscript. Therefore," added he, "let Thaddeus of Warsaw speak openly for himself!"

This opinion decided me. Though with fear and trembling, yet I felt an encouraging consciousness that in writing the manuscript narrative for my own private enjoyment only, and the occasional amusement of those friends dearest around me, I had wished to portray characters whose high endowments could not be misled into proud ambitions, nor the gift of dazzling social graces betray into the selfish triumphs of worldly vanity,--characters that prosperity could not inflate, nor disappointments depress, from pious trust and honorable action. The pure fires of such a spirit declare their sacred origin; and such is the talisman of those achievements which amaze everybody but their accomplisher. The eye fixed on it is what divine truth declares it to be "single!" There is no double purpose in it; no glancing to a man's own personal aggrandizement on one side and on professing services to his fellow-creatures on the other; such a spirit has only one aim-- Heaven! and the eternal records of that wide firmament include within it "all good to man."

What flattered Alexander of Macedon into a madman, and perverted the gracious-minded Julius Caesar into usurpation and tyranny, has also been found by Christian heroes the most perilous ordeal of their virtue; but, inasmuch as they are Christian heroes, and not pagan men, worshippers of false gods, whose fabled examples inculcated all these deeds of self-absorbing vain-glory, our heroes of a "better revelation" have no excuse for failing under their trial, and many there be who pass through it "pure and undefiled." Such were the great Alfred of England, Gustavus Vasa of Sweden, and his greater successor in true glory, Gustavus Adolphus,--all champions of immutable justice and ministers of peace. And though these may be regarded as personages beyond the sphere of ordinary emulations, yet the same principles, or their opposites, prevail in every order of men from the prince to the peasant; and, perhaps, at no period of the world more than the present were these divers principles in greater necessity to be considered, and, according to the just conclusion, be obeyed. On all sides of us we see public and private society broken up, as it were by an earthquake: the noblest and the meanest passions of the human bosom at contention, and the latter often so disguised, that the vile ambushade is not even suspected till found within the heart of the fortress itself. We have, however, one veritable touchstone, that of the truest observation, "ye shall know a tree by its fruits." Let us look round, then, for those which bear "good fruits," wholesome to the taste as well as pleasant to the sight, whether they grow on high altitudes or in the humbler valleys of the

earth; let us view men of all degrees in life in their actions, and not in their pretensions,--such men as were some of the Sobieski race in Poland, in every change of their remarkable lives. When placed at the summit of mortal fame, surrounded by greatness and glory, and consequent power, they evinced neither pride to others nor a sense of self-aggrandizement in themselves; and, when under a reverse dispensation, national misfortunes pursued them, and family sorrows pierced their souls, the weakness of a murmur never sunk the dignity of their sustaining fortitude, nor did the firmness of that virtue harden the amiable sensibilities of their hearts.

To exhibit so truly heroic and endearing a portrait of what every Christian man ought to be,--for the law of God is the same to the poor as to the rich,--I have chosen one of that illustrious and, I believe, now extinct race for the subject of my sketch; and the more aptly did it present itself, it being necessary to show my hero amidst scenes and circumstances ready to exercise his brave and generous propensities, and to put their personal issues to the test on his mind. Hence Poland's sadly-varying destinies seemed to me the stage best calculated for the development of any self-imposed task.

There certainly were matters enough for the exhibition of all that human nature could suffer and endure, and, alas! perish under, in the nearly simultaneous but terrible regicidal revolution of France; but I shrunk from that as a tale of horror, the work of demons in the shapes of men. It was a conflict in which no comparisons, as between man and man, could exist; and may God grant that so fearful a visitation may never be inflicted on this world again. May the nations of this world lay its warnings to their hearts!

It sprung from a tree self-corrupted, which only could produce such fruits: the demon hierarchy of the French philosophers, who had long denied the being of that pure and Almighty God, and who, in the arrogance of their own deified reason, and while in utter subjection to the wildest desires of their passions, published their profane and polluted creed amongst all orders of the people, and the natural and terrible consequences ensued. Ignorant before, they became like unto their teachers, demons in their unbelief,--demons in one common envy and hatred of all degrees above them, or around them, whose existence seemed at all in the way of even their slightest gratification: mutual spoliation and destruction covered the country. How often has the tale been told me by noble refugees, sheltered on our shores from those scenes of blood, where infamy triumphed and truth and honor were massacred; but such narratives, though they never can be forgotten, are too direful for the hearer to contemplate in memory.

Therefore, when I sought to represent the mental and moral contest of man with himself, or with his fellow-men, I did not look for their field amongst human monsters, but with natural and civilized man; inasmuch as he is seen to be influenced by the impulses of his selfish passions--ambition, covetousness, and the vanities of life, or, on the opposite side, by the generous amenities of true disinterestedness, in all its trying situations; and, as I have said, the recent struggle in Poland, to maintain her laws and loyal independence, against the combined aggressions of the three most powerful states in Europe, seemed to afford me the most suitable objects for my moral aim, to interest by sympathy, while it taught the responsible commission of human life.

I have now described the plan of my story, its aim and origin.

If it be disapproved, let it be at once laid aside; but should it excite any interest, I pray its perusal may be accompanied with an indulgent candor, its subjects being of so new, and therefore uncustomary, a character in a work of the kind. But if the reader be one of my own sex, I would especially solicit her patience while going through the first portion of the tale, its author being aware that war and politics are not the most promising themes for an agreeable amusement; but the battles are not frequent, nor do the cabinet councils last long. I beg the favor, if the story is to be read at all, that no scene may be passed over as extraneous, for though it begin like a state-paper, or a sermon, it always terminates by casting some new light on the portrait of the hero. Beyond those events of peril and of patriotic devotedness, the remainder of the pages dwell generally with domestic interests; but if the reader do not approach them regularly through the development of character opened in the preceding troubled field, what they exhibit will seem a mere wilderness of incidents, without interest or end; indeed I have designed nothing in the personages of this narrative out of the way of living experience. I have sketched no virtue that I have not seen, nor painted any folly from imagination. I have endeavored to be as faithful to reality in my pictures of domestic morals, and of heroic duties, as a just painter would seek to be to the existing objects of nature, "wonderful and wild, or of gentlest beauty!" and on these grounds I have steadily attempted to inculcate "that virtue is the highest proof of understanding, and the only solid basis of greatness; that vice is the natural consequence of grovelling thoughts, which begin in mistake and end in ignominy."

* * * * *

POSTSCRIPT TO A SUBSEQUENT EDITION.

After so many intervening years have passed since the author of Thaddeus of Warsaw wrote the foregoing preface, to introduce a work so novel in its character to the notice and candid judgment of the British public, it was her intention to take the present occasion of its now perfectly new republication, at the distance of above forty years from its earliest appearance and so continued editions, to express her grateful sense of that public's gratifying sympathies and honoring testimonies of approbation, from its author's youth to age; but even in the hour she sits down to perform the gracious task, she feels a present incapability to undertake it. The very attempt has too sensibly recalled to her heart events that have befallen her since she lived amongst the models of her tale; and she has also more recently been in many of the places it describes; and circumstances, both of joys and sorrows, having occurred to her there to influence the whole future current of her mortal life, she finds it impossible to yet touch on those times and scenes connected with the subjects of her happy youth, which would now only reverberate notes of sadness it is her duty to repress. Hence, though while revising the work itself she experiences a calm delight in the occupation, being a kind of parting duty, also, to the descendants of her earliest, readers, she would rather defer any little elucidations she may have met with regarding the objects of her pen to a few pages in the form of an

Appendix at the end of the work; all, indeed, bringing her observations, whether by weal or woe, to the one great and guiding conclusion. "Man is formed for two states of existence--a mortal and an immortal being;" in the Holy Scriptures authoritatively declared, "For the life that now is, and for that which is to come."

JANE PORTER.

BRISTOL, _November_, 1844.

CONTENTS.

- I.
- II. The Mill of Mariemont.
- III. The Opening of the Campaign.
- IV. The Pass of Volunna.
- V. The Banks of the Vistula.
- VI. Society in Poland.
- VII. The Diet of Poland.
- VIII. Battle of Brzesc--The Tenth of October.
- IX. The Last Days of Villanow.
- X. Sobieski's Departure from Warsaw.
- XI. The Baltic.
- XII. Thaddeus's First Day in England.
- XIII. The Exile's Lodgings.
- XIV. A Robbery and its Consequences.
- XV. The Widow's Family.
- XVI. The Money-Lender.
- XVII. The Meeting of Exiles.
- XVIII. The Veteran's Narrative.
- XIX. Friendship a Staff in Human Life.
- XX. Woman's Kindness.
- XXI. Fashionable Sketches from the Life.
- XXII. Honorable Resources of an Exile.
- XXIII.
- XXIV. Lady Tinemouth's Boudoir.
- XXV. The Countess of Tinemouth's Story.
- XXVI. The Kindredship of Minds.
- XXVII. Such Things Were.
- XXVIII. Mary Beaufort and her Venerable Aunt.
- XXIX. Hyde Park.
- XXX. Influences of Character.
- XXXI. The Great and the Small of Society.
- XXXII. The Obduracy of Vice--The Inhumanity of Folly.
- XXXIII. Passion and Principle.
- XXXIV. Requiescat in Pace.
- XXXV. Deep are the Purposes of Adversity.
- XXXVI. An English Prison.
- XXXVII.
- XXXVIII. Zeal is Power.
- XXXIX. The Vale of Grantham--Belvoir.
- XL. Somerset Castle.
- XLI. The Maternal Heart.
- XLII. Harrowby Abbey.
- XLIII. The Old Village Hotel.
- XLIV. Letters of Farewell.

XLV. Deerhurst.
XLVI. The Spirit of Peace.
XLVII. An Avowal.
XLVIII. A Family Party.
XLIX.
L.
APPENDIX.

CHAPTER I.

The large and magnificent palace of Villanow, whose vast domains stretch along the northern bank of the Vistula, was the favorite residence of John Sobieski, King of Poland. That monarch, after having delivered his country from innumerable enemies, rescued Vienna and subdued the Turks, retired to this place at certain seasons, and thence dispensed those acts of his luminous and benevolent mind which rendered his name great and his people happy.

When Charles the Twelfth of Sweden visited the tomb of Sobieski, at Cracow, he exclaimed, "What a pity that so great a man should ever die!" [Footnote: In the year 1683, this hero raised the siege of Vienna, then beleaguered by the Turks; and driving them out of Europe, saved Christendom from a Mohammedan usurpation.] Another generation saw the spirit of this lamented hero revive in the person of his descendant, Constantine, Count Sobieski, who, in a comparatively private station, as Palatine of Masovia, and the friend rather than the lord of his vassals, evinced by his actions that he was the inheritor of his forefather's virtue as well as of his blood.

He was the first Polish nobleman who granted freedom to his peasants. He threw down their mud hovels and built comfortable villages; he furnished them with seed, cattle, and implements of husbandry, and calling their families together, laid before them the deed of their enfranchisement; but before he signed it, he expressed a fear that they would abuse this liberty of which they had not had experience, and become licentious.

"No," returned a venerable peasant; "when we were ignorant men, and possessed no property of our own except these staves in our hands, we were destitute of all manly motives for propriety of conduct; but you have taught us to read out of the Holy Book, how to serve God and honor the king. And shall we not respect laws which thus bestow on us, and ensure to us, the fruits of our labors and the favor of Heaven!"

The good sense and truth of this answer were manifested in the event. On the emancipation of these people, they became so prosperous in business and correct in behavior, that the example of the palatine was speedily followed by the Chancellor Zamoiski [Footnote: This family had ever been one of the noblest and most virtuous in Poland. And had its wisdom been listened to in former years by certain powerful and wildly ambitious lords that once great kingdom would never have exchanged its long line of hereditary native-princes for an elective monarchy--that arena of all political mischiefs.] and several of the principal nobility. The royal Stanislaus's beneficent

spirit moved in unison with that of Sobieski, and a constitution was given to Poland to place her in the first rank of free nations.

Encircled by his happy tenantry, and within the bosom of his family, this illustrious man educated Thaddeus, the only male heir of his name, to the exercise of all the virtues which ennoble and endear the possessor.

But this reign of public and domestic peace was not to continue. Three formidable and apparently friendly states envied the effects of a patriotism they would not imitate; and in the beginning of the year 1792, regardless of existing treaties, broke in upon the unguarded frontiers of Poland, threatening with all the horrors of a merciless war the properties, lives, and liberties of the people.

The family of Sobieski had ever been foremost in the ranks of their country; and at the present crisis its venerable head did not hang behind the youngest warrior in preparations for the field.

On the evening of an anniversary of the birthday of his grandson, the palatine rode abroad with a party of friends, who had been celebrating the festival with their presence. The countess (his daughter) and Thaddeus were left alone in the saloon. She sighed as she gazed on her son, who stood at some distance, fitting to his youthful thigh a variety of sabres, which his servant a little time before had laid upon the table. She observed with anxiety the eagerness of his motion, and the ardor that was flashing from his eyes.

"Thaddeus," said she, "lay down that sword; I wish to speak with you." Thaddeus looked gayly up. "My dear Thaddeus!" cried his mother, and tears started to her eyes. The blush of enthusiasm faded from his face; he threw the sabre from him, and drew near the countess.

"Why, my dear mother, do you distress yourself? When I am in battle, shall I not have my grandfather near me, and be as much under the protection of God as at this moment?"

"Yes, my child," answered she, "God will protect you. He is the protector of the orphan, and you are fatherless." The countess paused--"Here, my son," said she, giving him a sealed packet, "take this; it will reveal to you the history of your birth and the name of your father. It is necessary that you should know a painful fact, which has hitherto been concealed from you by the wish and noble judgment of your grandfather." Thaddeus received it, and stood silent with surprise. "Read it, my love," continued she, "but go to your own apartments; here you may be interrupted."

Bewildered by the manner of the countess, Thaddeus, without answering, instantly obeyed. Shutting himself within his study, he impatiently opened the papers, and soon found his whole attention absorbed in the following recital.

"TO MY DEAR SON, THADDEUS CONSTANTINE SOBIESKI.

"You are now, my Thaddeus, at the early age of nineteen, going to engage the enemies of your country. Ere I resign my greatest comfort to the casualties of war; ere I part with you, perhaps forever, I would inform you who your father really was--that father whose

existence you have hardly known and whose name you have never heard. You believe yourself an orphan, your mother a widow; but, alas! I have now to tell you that you were made fatherless by the perfidy of man, not by the dispensation of Heaven.

"Twenty-three years ago, I accompanied my father in a tour through Germany and Italy. Grief for the death of my mother had impaired his health, and the physicians ordered him to reside in a warmer climate; accordingly we fixed ourselves near the Arno. During several visits to Florence, my father met in that city with a young Englishman of the name of Sackville. These frequent meetings opened into intimacy, and he was invited to our villa.

"Mr. Sackville was not only the most interesting man I had ever seen, but the most accomplished, and his heart seemed the seat of every graceful feeling. He was the first man for whose society I felt a lively preference. I used to smile at this strange delight, or sometimes weep; for the emotions which agitated me were undefinable, but they were enchanting, and unheedingly I gave them indulgence. The hours which we passed together in the interchange of reciprocal sentiments, the kind beaming of his looks, the thousand sighs that he breathed, the half-uttered sentences, all conspired to rob me of myself.

"Nearly twelve months were spent in these delusions. During the last three, doubts and anguish displaced the blissful reveries of an infant tenderness. The attentions of Mr. Sackville died away. From being the object of his constant search, he then sedulously sought to avoid me. When my father withdrew to his closet, he would take his leave, and allow me to walk alone. Solitary and wretched were my rambles. I had full leisure to compare my then disturbed state of mind with the comparative peace I had enjoyed in my own country. Immured within the palace of Villanow, watching the declining health of my mother, I knew nothing of the real world, the little I had learned of society being drawn from books; and, uncorrected by experience, I was taught to believe a perfection in man which, to my affliction, I since found to be but a poet's dream. When my father took me to Italy, I continued averse to public company. In such seclusion, the presence of Sackville, being almost my only pleasure, chased from my mind its usual reserve, and gradually and surely won upon the awakened affections of my heart. Artless and unwarned, I knew not the nature of the passion which I cherished until it had gained an ascendancy that menaced my life.

"On the evening of one of those days in which I had been disappointed of seeing this too-dearly-prized companion, I strolled out, and, hardly conscious of my actions, threw myself along the summit of a flight of steps in our garden that led down to the Arno. My head rested against the base of a statue which, because of its resemblance to me, Sackville had presented to my father. Every recollected kindness of his now gave me additional torment; and clinging to the pedestal as to the altar of my adoration, in the bitterness of disappointment I addressed the insensible stone: 'O! were I pale as thou art, and this breast as cold and still, would Sackville, when he looked on me, give one sigh to the creature he had destroyed? My sobs followed this adjuration, and the next moment I felt myself encircled in his arms. I struggled, and almost fainting with shame at such utter weakness, implored to be released. He did release me, and, in an agony of emotion, besought my pardon for the misery I had endured.

'Now, Therese,' cried he, 'all is as it ought to be! you are my only hope. Consent to be mine, or the world has no hold on me!' His voice was hurried and incoherent. Raising my eyes to his, I beheld them wild and bloodshot. Terrified at his look, and overcome by my own distracted thoughts, my head sunk on the marble. With increased violence he exclaimed, 'Have I deceived myself here too? Therese, did you not prefer me? Did you not love me? Speak now, I conjure you, by your own happiness and mine! Do you reject me?' He clasped my hands with a force that made me tremble, and I hardly articulated, 'I will be yours.' At these words he hurried me down a dark vista, which led out of the gardens to the open country. A carriage stood at the gate. I fearfully asked what he intended. 'You have given yourself to me,' cried he; 'and by that vow, written in heaven, no power shall separate us until you are mine beyond the reach of man!' Unnerved in body and weak in mind, I yielded to his impetuosity, and suffering him to lift me into the chariot, was carried to the door of the nearest monastery, where in a few minutes we were married.

"I am thus particular in the relation of every incident, in the hope that you, my dear son, will find some excuse for my great imprudence,—in the circumstances of my youth, and in the influence which a man who seemed all excellence had gained over my heart. However, my fault went not long unpunished.

"The ceremony past, my husband conducted me in silence back to the carriage. My full bosom discharged itself in abundance of tears, while Sackville sat by me, without any movement, and mute. Two or three times I raised my eyes, in hopes of discerning in his some consolation for my hasty compliance. But no; his gaze, vacant and glaring, was fixed on the window, and his brow became heavily clouded, as if he had been forced into an alliance with one he hated, rather than had just made a voluntary engagement with the woman he loved. My soul shuddered at this commencement of a contract which I had dared to make unsanctioned by my father's consent. At length my sighs seemed to startle my husband; and suddenly turning round, he cried, 'Therese, this marriage must not be told to the palatine. I have been precipitate. It would ruin me with my family. Refrain, only for one month, and then I will publicly acknowledge you.' The agitation of his features and the feverish burning of his hand, which then held mine, alarmed me. Trembling from head to foot, I answered, 'Sackville! I have already erred enough in consenting to this stolen marriage. I will not transgress further by concealing it. I will instantly throw myself at my father's feet, and confess all.' His countenance darkened again. 'Therese,' said he, 'I am your husband. You have sworn to obey me, and till I allow you, divulge this marriage at your peril!' This last stern sentence, and the sterner look that accompanied it, pierced me to the heart, and I fell senseless on the seat.

"When I recovered, I found myself at the foot of that statue beneath which my unfortunate destiny had been fixed. My husband was leaning over me. He raised me with tenderness from the ground, and conjured me, in the mildest accents, to be comforted; to pardon the severity of those words, which had arisen from a fear that, by an imprudent avowal on my part, I should risk both his happiness and my own. He informed me that he was heir to one of the first families in England; and before he set out for the continent, he had pledged his honor to his father never to enter into any matrimonial engagement without first acquainting him with the particulars of the lady and her

family. Should he omit this duty, his father declared that, though she were a princess, he would disinherit him, and never again admit him to his presence.

"Consider this, my dear Therese,' continued he; 'could you endure to behold me an outcast, and stigmatized with a parent's curse, when a little forbearance on your part would make all right? I know I have been hasty in acting as I have done, but now I cannot remedy my error. To-morrow I will write to my father, describe your rank and merits, and request his consent to our immediate union. The moment his permission arrives, I will cast myself on the palatine's friendship, and reveal what has passed.' The tenderness of my husband blinded my reason, and with many tears, I sealed his forgiveness and pledged my faith on his word.

"My dear deceived parent little suspected the perfidy of his guest. He detained him as his visitor, and often rallied himself on the hold which this distinguished stranger's accomplishments had taken on his heart. Sackville's manner to me in public was obliging and free; it was in private only that I found the tender, the capricious, the unkind husband. Night after night I have washed the memory of my want of duty to my father with bitter tears; but my husband was dear to me--he was more precious than my life! One affectionate look from him, one fond word, would solace every pain, and make me wait the arrival of his father's letter with all the sanguine anticipations of youth and love.

"A fortnight passed away. A month--a long and lingering month. Another month, and a packet of letters was presented to Sackville. He was conversing with us. At sight of the superscription, he tore open the paper, ran his eyes over a few lines, and then, flushed and agitated, started from his seat and left the room. My emotions were almost uncontrollable. I had already half risen from my chair to follow him, when the palatine exclaimed, 'What can be in that letter? Too plainly I see some afflicting tidings.' And without observing me, or waiting for a reply, he hurried out after him. I hastened to my chamber, where, throwing myself on my bed, I tried, by all the delusions of hope, to obtain some alleviation from the pangs of my suspense.

"The dinner-bell roused me from my reverie. Dreading to excite suspicion, and anxious to read in the countenance of my husband the denunciation of our fate, I obeyed the summons and descended to the dining-room. On entering it, my eyes irresistibly wandered round to fix themselves on Sackville. He was leaning against a pillar, his face pale as death. My father looked grave, but immediately took his seat, and tenderly placed his friend beside him. I sat down in silence. Little dinner was eaten, and few words spoken. As for myself, my agitation almost choked me. I felt that the first words I should attempt to pronounce must give them utterance, and that their vehemence would betray our fatal secret.

"When the servants had withdrawn, Sackville rose, and said, in a faltering voice, 'Count, I must leave you.' 'Nay,' replied the palatine; 'you are unwell--disturbed--stay till to-morrow.' 'I thank your excellency,' answered he, 'but I must go to Florence to-night. You shall see me again before to-morrow afternoon; all will then, I hope, be settled to my wish.' My husband took his hat. Motionless, and incapable of speaking, I sat fixed to my chair, in the direct way

that he must pass. His eye met mine. He stopped and looked at me, abruptly snatched my hand; then as abruptly quitting it, darted out of the room. I never saw him more.

"I had not the power to dissemble another moment. I fell back into the arms of my father. He did not, even by this imprudence, read what I almost wished him to guess, but, with all the indulgence of perfect confidence, lamented the distress of Sackville, and the sensibility of my nature, which sympathized so painfully with his friend. I durst not ask what was the distress of his friend. Abashed at my duplicity to my father, and overwhelmed with a thousand dreads, I obtained his permission to retire to my chamber.

"The next day I met him with calmness, for I had schooled my heart to endure the sufferings it had deserved. He did not remark my recovered tranquillity, so entirely was his generous heart occupied in conjecturing the cause of Sackville's grief, who had acknowledged having received a great shock, but would not reveal the occasion. This double reserve to my father surprised and distressed me, and to all his suppositions I said little. My soul was too deeply interested in the subject to trust to the faithfulness of my lips.

"The morning crept slowly on, and the noon appeared to stand still. I anxiously watched the declining sun, as the signal for my husband's return. Two hours had elapsed since his promised time, and my father grew so impatient that he went out to meet him. I eagerly wished that they might miss each other. I should then see Sackville a few minutes alone, and by one word be comforted or driven to despair.

"I was listening to every footstep that sounded under the colonnade, when my servant brought me a letter which had just been left by one of Mr. Sackville's grooms. I broke open the seal, and fell senseless on the floor ere I had read half the killing contents."

Thaddeus, with a burning cheek, and a heart all at once robbed of that elastic spring which till now had ever made him the happiest of the happy, took up the letter of his father. The paper was worn, and blistered with his mother's tears. His head seemed to swim as he contemplated the handwriting, and he said to himself, "Am I to respect or to abhor him?" He proceeded in the perusal.

"TO THERESE, COUNTESS SOBIESKI.

"How, Therese, am I to address you? But an attempt to palliate my conduct would be to no purpose; indeed it is impossible. You cannot conceive a viler opinion of me than I have of myself. I know that I forfeit all claim to honor, in the most delicate point of your noble and trusting heart!--that I have sacrificed your tenderness to my distracted passions; but you shall no more be subject to the caprices of a man who cannot repay your innocent love with his own. _You_ have no guilt to torture you; and you possess virtues which will render you tranquil under every calamity. I leave you to your own purity, and, therefore, peace of mind. Forget the ceremony which has passed between us; my wretched heart disclaims it forever. Your father is happily ignorant of it; pray spare him the anguish of knowing that I was so utterly unworthy of his kindness; I feel that I am more than ungrateful to you and to him. Therese, your most inveterate hate cannot more strongly tell me than I can tell myself that to you I have been a villain. But I cannot retract. I am going

where all search will be vain; and I now bid you an eternal farewell.
May you be happier than ever can be the self-abhorring.

"R. S-----."
"FLORENCE."

Thaddeus, after a brief pause, went on with his mother's narrative.

"When my senses returned, I was lying on the floor, holding the half-perused paper in my hand. Grief and horror had locked up the avenues of complaint, and I sat as one petrified to stone. My father entered. At the sight of me, he started as if he had been a spectre. His well-known features opened at once my agonized heart. With fearful cries I cast myself at his feet, and putting the letter into his hand, clung, almost expiring, to his knees.

"When he had read it, he flung it from him, and dropping into a chair, covered his face with his hands. I looked up imploringly, for I could not speak. My father stooped forward, and raising me in his arms, pressed me to his bosom. 'My Therese,' said he, 'it is I who have done this. Had I not harbored this villain, he never could have had an opportunity of ruining the peace of my child.' In return for the unexampled indulgence of this speech, and his repeated assurances of forgiveness, I promised to forget a man who could have had so little respect for truth and gratitude, and his own honor. The palatine replied that he expected such a resolution, in consequence of the principles my exemplary mother had taught me; and to show me how far dearer to him was my real tranquillity than any false idea of impossible restitution, he would not remove even from one principality to another, were he sure by that means to discover Mr. Sackville and to avenge my wrongs. My understanding assented to the justice and dignity of all he said; but long and severe were my struggles before I could erase from my soul the image of that being who had been the lord of all my young hopes.

"It was not until you, my dear Thaddeus, were born that I could repay the goodness of my father with the smiles of cheerfulness. And he would not permit me to give you any name which could remind him or myself of the faithless husband who knew not even of your existence; and by his desire I christened you Thaddeus Constantine, after himself, and his best beloved friend General Kosciusko. You have not yet seen that illustrious Polander; his prescient watchfulness for his country keeps him so constantly employed on the frontiers. He is now with the army at Winnica, whither you must soon go; and in him you may study one of the brightest models of patriotic and martial virtue that ever was presented to mankind. It is well said of him 'that he would have shone with distinguished lustre in the ages of chivalry.' Gallant, generous, and strictly just, he commands obedience by the reverence in which he is held, and attaches the troops to his person by the affability of his manners and the purity of his life. He teaches them discipline, endurance of fatigue, and contempt of danger, by his dauntless example, and inspires them with confidence by his tranquillity in the tumult of action and the invincible fortitude with which he meets the most adverse stroke of misfortune. His modesty in victory shows him to be one of the greatest among men, and his magnanimity under defeat confirms him to be a Christian hero.

"Such is the man whose name you share. How bitterly do I lament that

the one to which nature gave you a claim was so unworthy to be united with it, and that of my no less heroic father!

"On our return to Poland, the story which the palatine related, when questioned about my apparently forlorn state, was simply this:--'My daughter was married and widowed in the course of two months. Since then, to root from her memory as much as possible all recollection of a husband who was only given to be taken away, she still retains my name; and her son, as my sole heir, shall bear no other.' This reply satisfied every one; the king, who was my father's only confidant, gave his sanction to it, and no further inquiries were ever made.

"You are now, my beloved child, entering on the eventful career of life. God only knows, when the venerable head of your grandfather is laid in dust, and I, too, have shut my eyes upon you in this world, where destiny may send you! perhaps to the country of your father. Should you ever meet him--but that is unlikely; so I will be silent on a thought which nineteen years of reflection have not yet deprived of its sting.

"Not to embitter the fresh spring of your youth, my Thaddeus, with the draught that has poisoned mine: not to implant in your breast hatred of a parent whom you may never behold, have I written this; but to inform you in fact from whom you sprung. My history is made plain to you, that no unexpected events may hereafter perplex your opinion of your mother, or cause a blush to rise on that cheek for her, which from your grandfather can derive no stain. For his sake as well as for mine, whether in peace or in war, may the angels of heaven guard my boy! This is the unceasing prayer of thy fond mother,

"THERESE, COUNTESS SOBIESKI.

"VILLANOW, _March_, 1792."

When he finished reading, Thaddeus held the papers in his hand; but, unable to recover from the shock of their contents, he read them a second time to the end; then laying them on the table, against which he rested his now aching head, he gave vent to the fulness of his heart in tears.

The countess, anxious for the effect which her history might have made on her son, at this instant entered the room. Seeing him in so dejected an attitude, she approached, and pressing him to her bosom, silently wept with him. Thaddeus, ashamed of his emotions, yet incapable of dissembling them, struggled a moment to release himself from her arms. The countess, mistaking his motive, said in a melancholy voice, "And do you, my son, despise your mother for the weakness which she has revealed? Is this the reception that I expected from a child on whose affection I reposed my confidence and my comfort?"

"No, my mother" replied Thaddeus; "it is your afflictions which have distressed me. This is the first unhappy hour I ever knew, and can you wonder I should be affected? Oh! mother," continued he, laying his hand on his father's letter, "whatever were his rank, had my father been but noble in mind, I would have gloried in bearing his name; but now, I put up my prayers never to hear it more."

"Forget him," cried the countess, hiding her eyes with her

handkerchief.

"I will," answered Thaddeus, "and allow my memory to dwell on the virtues of my mother only."

It was impossible for the countess or her son to conceal their agitation from the palatine, who now opened the door. On his expressing alarm at a sight so unusual, his daughter, finding herself incapable of speaking, put into his hand the letter which Thaddeus had just read. Sobieski cast his eye over the first lines; he comprehended their tendency, and seeing the countess had withdrawn, he looked towards his grandson. Thaddeus was walking up and down the room, striving to command himself for the conversation he anticipated with his grandfather.

"I am sorry, Thaddeus," said Sobieski, "that your mother has so abruptly imparted to you the real country and character of your father. I see that his villany has distressed a heart which Heaven has made alive to even the slightest appearance of dishonor. But be consoled, my son! I have prevented the publicity of his conduct by an ambiguous story of your mother's widowhood. Yet notwithstanding this arrangement, she has judged it proper that you should not enter general society without being made acquainted with the true events of your birth. I believe my daughter is right. And cheer yourself, my child! ever remembering that you are one of the noblest race in Poland! and suffer not the vices of one parent to dim the virtues of the other."

"No, my lord," answered his grandson; "you have been more than a parent to me; and henceforward, for your sake as well as my own, I shall hold it my duty to forget that I draw my being from any other source than that of the house of Sobieski."

"You are right," cried the palatine, with an exulting emotion; "you have the spirit of your ancestors, and I shall live to see you add glory to the name!" [Footnote: John Sobieski, King of Poland, was the most renowned sovereign of his time. His victories over the Tartars and the Turks obtained for him the admiration of Europe. Would it might be said, "the gratitude also of her posterity!" For his signal courage and wondrous generalship on the field of Vienna, against the latter Mohammedan power, rescued Austria, and the chief part of Christendom at that time, from their ruinous grasp. Where was the memory of these things, when the Austrian emperor marched his devastating legions into Poland, in the year 1793?]

The beaming eyes and smiling lips of the young count declared that he had shaken sorrow from his heart. His grandfather pressed his hand with delight, and saw in his recovered serenity the sure promise of his fond prophecy.

CHAPTER II.

THE MILL OF MARIEMONT.

The fearful day arrived when Sobieski and his grandson were to bid

adieu to Villanow and its peaceful scenes.

The well-poised mind of the veteran bade his daughter farewell with a fortitude which imparted some of its strength even to her. But when Thaddeus, ready habited for his journey, entered the room, at the sight of his military accoutrements she shuddered; and when, with a glowing countenance, he advanced, smiling through his tears, towards her, she clasped him in her arms, and riveted her lips to that face the very loveliness of which added to her affliction. She gazed at him, she wept on his neck, she pressed him to her bosom. "Oh! how soon might all that beauty be mingled with the dust! how soon might that warm heart, which then beat against hers, be pierced by the sword--be laid on the ground, mangled and bleeding, exposed and trampled on!" These thoughts thronged upon her soul, and deprived her of sense. She was borne away by her maids, while the palatine compelled Thaddeus to quit the spot.

It was not until the lofty battlements of Villanow blended with the clouds that Thaddeus could throw off his melancholy. The parting grief of his mother hung on his spirits; and heavy and frequent were his sighs while he gazed on the rustic cottages and fertile fields, which reminded him that he was yet passing through the territories of his grandfather. The picturesque mill of Mariemont was the last spot on which his sight lingered. The ivy that mantled its sides sparkled with the brightness of a shower which had just fallen; and the rays of the setting sun, gleaming on its shattered wall, made it an object of such romantic beauty, that he could not help pointing it out to his fellow-travellers.

Whilst the eyes of General Butzou, who was in the carriage, followed the direction of Thaddeus, the palatine observed the heightening animation of the old man's features; and recollecting at the same time the transports which he himself had enjoyed when he visited that place more than twenty years before, he put his hand on the shoulder of the veteran, and exclaimed, "General, did you ever relate to my boy the particulars of that mill?"

"No, my lord."

"I suppose," continued the palatine, "the same reason deterred you from speaking of it, uncalled for, as lessened my wish to tell the story? We are both too much the heroes of the tale to have volunteered the recital."

"Does your excellency mean," asked Thaddeus, "the rescue of our king from this place?"

"I do."

"I have an indistinct knowledge of the affair," continued his grandson, "from I forget who, and should be grateful to hear it clearly told me, while thus looking on the very spot."

"But," said the palatine, gayly, whose object was to draw his grandson from melancholy reflections, "what will you say to me turning egotist?"

"I now ask the story of you," returned Thaddeus, smiling; "besides, as soldiers are permitted by their peaceful hearth to 'fight their

battles o'er again,' your modesty, my dear grandfather, cannot object to repeat one to me on the way to more."

"Then, as a preliminary," said the palatine, "I must suppose it is unnecessary to tell you that General Butzou was the brave soldier who, at the imminent risk of his own life, saved our sovereign."

"Yes, I know that!" replied the young count, "and that you too had a share in the honor: for when I was yesterday presented to his majesty, amongst other things which he said, he told me that, under Heaven, he believed he owed his present existence to General Butzou and yourself."

"So very little to me," resumed the palatine, "that I will, to the best of my recollection, repeat every circumstance of the affair. Should I err, I must beg of you, general" (turning to the veteran), "to put me right."

Butzou, with a glow of honest exultation, nodded assent; and Thaddeus bowing in sign of attention, his smiling grandsire began.

"It was on a Sunday night, the 3d of September, in the year 1771, that this event took place. At that time, instigated by the courts of Vienna and Constantinople, a band of traitorous lords, confederated together, were covertly laying waste the country, and perpetrating all kinds of unsuspected outrage on their fellow-subjects who adhered to the king.

"Amongst their numerous crimes, a plan was laid for surprising and taking the royal person. Casimir Pulaski was the most daring of their leaders; and, assisted by Lukawski, Strawenski, and Kosinski, three Poles unworthy of their names, he resolved to accomplish his design or perish. Accordingly, these men, with forty other conspirators, in the presence of their commander swore with the most horrid oaths to deliver Stanislaus alive or dead into his hands.

"About a month after this meeting, these three parricides of their country, at the head of their coadjutors, disguised as peasants, and concealing their arms in wagons of hay, which they drove before them, entered the suburbs of Warsaw undetected.

"It was about ten o'clock P. M., on the 3d of September, as I have told you, they found an apt opportunity to execute their scheme. They placed themselves, under cover of the night, in those avenues, of the city through which they knew his majesty must pass in his way from Villanow, where he had been dining with me. His carriage was escorted by four of his own guards, besides myself and some of mine. We had scarcely lost sight of Villanow, when the conspirators rushed out and surrounded us, commanding the coachman to stop, and beating down the serving men with the butt ends of their muskets. Several shots were fired into the coach. One passed through my hat as I was getting out, sword in hand, the better to repel an attack the motive of which I could not then divine. A cut across my right leg with a sabre laid me under the wheels; and whilst in that situation, I heard the shot pouring into the coach like hail, and felt the villains stepping over my body to finish the murder of their sovereign.

"It was then that our friend Butzou (who at that period was a private soldier in my service) stood between his majesty and the rebels,

parrying many a stroke aimed at the king; but at last, a thrust from a bayonet into his gallant defender's breast cast him weltering in his blood upon me. By this time all the persons who had formed the escort were either wounded or dispersed, and George Butzou, our friend's only brother, was slain. So dropped one by one the protectors of our trampled bodies and of our outraged monarch. Secure then of their prey, one of the assassins opened the carriage door, and with shocking imprecations seizing the king, discharged his pistol so near his majesty's face, that he felt the heat of the flash. A second villain cut him on the forehead with a sabre, whilst the third, who was on horseback, laying hold of the king's collar, dragged him along the ground through the suburbs of the city.

"During the latter part of this murderous scene, some of our affrighted people, who had fled, returned with a detachment, and seeing Butzou and me apparently lifeless, carried us to the royal palace, where all was commotion and distraction. But the foot-guards followed the track which the conspirators had taken. In one of the streets they found the king's hat dyed in blood, and his pelisse also. This confirmed their apprehensions of his death; and they came back filling all Warsaw with dismay.

"The assassins, meanwhile, got clear of the town. Finding, however, that the king, by loss of blood, was not likely to exist much longer by dragging him towards their employer, and that delay might even lose them his dead body, they mounted him, and redoubled their speed. When they came to the moat, they compelled him to leap his horse across it. In the attempt the horse fell and broke its leg. They then ordered his majesty, fainting as he was, to mount another and spur it over. The conspirators had no sooner passed the ditch, and saw their king fall insensible on the neck of his horse, than they tore from his breast the ribbon of the black eagle, and its diamond cross. Lukawski was so foolishly sure of his prisoner, dead or alive, that he quitted his charge, and repaired with these spoils to Pulaski, meaning to show them as proofs of his success. Many of the other plunderers, concluding that they could not do better than follow their leader's example, fled also, tired of their work, leaving only seven of the party, with Kosinski at their head, to remain over the unfortunate Stanislaus, who shortly after recovered from his swoon.

"The night was now grown so dark, they could not be sure of their way; and their horses stumbling at every step, over stumps of trees and hollows in the earth, increased their apprehensions to such a degree, that they obliged the king to keep up with them on foot. He literally marked his path with his blood; his shoes having been torn off in the struggle at the carriage. Thus they continued wandering backward and forward, and round the outskirts of Warsaw, without any exact knowledge of their situation. The men who guarded him at last became so afraid of their prisoner's taking advantage of these circumstances to escape, that they repeatedly called on Kosinski for orders to put him to death. Kosinski refused; but their demands growing more imperious, as the intricacies of the forest involved them completely, the king expected every moment to find their bayonets in his breast.

"Meanwhile," continued the palatine, "when I recovered from my swoon in the palace, my leg had been bound up, and I felt able to stir. Questioning the officers who stood about my couch, I found that a general panic had seized them. They knew not how to proceed; they

shuddered at leaving the king to the mercy of the confederates, and yet were fearful, by pursuing him further, to incense them through terror or revenge to massacre their prisoner, if he were still alive. I did all that was in my power to dispel this last dread. Anxious, at any rate, to make another attempt to preserve him, though I could not ride myself, I strenuously advised an immediate pursuit on horseback, and insisted that neither darkness nor apprehension of increasing danger should be permitted to impede their course. Recovered presence of mind in the nobles restored hope and animation to the terrified soldiers, and my orders were obeyed. But I must add, they were soon disappointed, for in less than half an hour the detachment returned in despair, showing me his majesty's coat, which they had found in the fosse. I suppose the ruffians tore it off when they rifled him. It was rent in several places, and so wet with blood that the officer who presented it to me concluded they had murdered the king there, and drawn away his body, for by the light of the torches the soldiers could trace drops of blood to a considerable distance.

"Whilst I was attempting to invalidate this new evidence of his majesty's being beyond the reach of succor, he was driven before the seven conspirators so far into the wood of Bielany, that, not knowing whither they went, they came up with one of the guard-houses, and, to their extreme terror, were accosted by a patrol. Four of the banditti immediately disappeared, leaving two only with Kosinski, who, much alarmed, forced his prisoner to walk faster and keep a profound silence. Notwithstanding all this precaution, scarce a quarter of an hour afterwards they were challenged by a second watch; and the other two men taking flight, Kosinski, full of indignation at their desertion, was left alone with the king. His majesty, sinking with pain and fatigue, besought permission to rest for a moment; but Kosinski refused, and pointing his sword towards the king, compelled him to proceed.

"As they walked on, the insulted monarch, who was hardly able to drag one limb after the other, observed that his conductor gradually forgot his vigilance, until he was thoroughly given up to thought. The king conceived some hope from this change, and ventured to say 'I see that you know not how to proceed. You cannot but be aware that the enterprise in which you are engaged, however it may end, is full of peril to you. Successful conspirators are always jealous of each other. Pulaski will find it as easy to rid himself of your life as it is to take mine. Avoid that danger, and I will promise you none on my account. Suffer me to enter the convent of Bielany: we cannot be far from it; and then, do you provide for your own safety.' Kosinski, though rendered desperate by the circumstances in which he was involved, replied, 'No; I have sworn, and I would rather sacrifice my life than my honor.'

"The king had neither strength nor spirits to urge him further, and they continued to break their way through the bewildering underwood, until they approached Mariemont. Here Stanislaus, unable to stir another step, sunk down at the foot of the old yew-tree, and again implored for one moment's rest. Kosinski no longer refused. This unexpected humanity encouraged his majesty to employ the minutes they sat together in another attempt to soften his heart, and to convince him that the oath which he had taken was atrocious, and by no means binding to a brave and virtuous man.

"Kosinski heard him with attention, and even showed he was affected.

'But,' said he, 'if I should assent to what you propose, and reconduct you to Warsaw, what will be the consequence to me? I shall be taken and executed.' 'I give you my word,' answered the king, 'that you shall not suffer any injury. But if you doubt my honor, escape while you can. I shall find some place of shelter, and will direct your pursuers to take the opposite road to that which you may choose.' Kosinski, entirely overcome, threw himself on his knees before his majesty, and imploring pardon from Heaven for what he had done, swore that from this hour he would defend his king against all the conspirators, and trust confidently in his word for future preservation. Stanislaus repeated his promise of forgiveness and protection, and directed him to seek refuge for them both in the mill near which they were discoursing. Kosinski obeyed. He knocked, but no one gave answer. He then broke a pane of glass in the window, and through it begged succor for a nobleman who had been waylaid by robbers. The miller refused to come out, or to let the applicants in, expressing his belief that they were robbers themselves, and if they did not go away he would fire on them.

"This dispute had continued some time, when the king contrived to crawl up close to the windows and spoke. 'My good friend,' said he, 'if we were banditti, as you suppose, it would be as easy for us, without all this parley, to break into your house as to break this pane of glass; therefore, if you would not incur the shame of suffering a fellow-creature to perish for want of assistance, give us admittance.' This plain argument had its weight upon the man, and opening the door, he desired them to enter. After some trouble, his majesty procured pen and ink, and addressing a few lines to me at the palace, with difficulty prevailed on one of the miller's sons to carry it, so fearful were they of falling in with any of the troop who they understood had plundered their guests.

"My joy at the sight of this note I cannot describe. I well remember the contents; they were literally these:--

"'By the miraculous hand of Providence I have escaped from the hands of assassins. I am now at the mill of Mariemont. Send immediately and take me hence. I am wounded, but not dangerously.'

"Regardless of my own condition, I instantly got into a carriage, and followed by a detachment of horse, arrived at the mill. I met Kosinski at the door, keeping guard with his sword drawn. As he knew my person, he admitted me directly. The king had fallen into a sleep, and lay in one corner of the hovel on the ground, covered with the miller's cloak. To see the most virtuous monarch in the world thus abused by a party of ungrateful subjects pierced me to the heart. Kneeling down by his side, I took hold of his hand, and in a paroxysm of tears, which I am not ashamed to confess, I exclaimed, 'I thank thee, Almighty God, that I again see our true-hearted sovereign still alive!' It is not easy to say how these words struck the simple family. They dropped on their knees before the king, whom my voice had awakened, and besought his pardon, for their recent opposition to give him entrance. The good Stanislaus soon quieted their fears, and graciously thanking them for their kindness, told the miller to come to the palace the next day, when he would show him his gratitude in a better way than by promises.

"The officers of the detachment then assisted his majesty and myself into the carriage, and accompanied by Kosinski, we reached Warsaw

about six in the morning."

"Yes," interrupted Butzou; "I remember my tumultuous joy when the news was brought to me in my bed that my brave brother had not died in vain for his sovereign; it almost deprived me of my senses; and besides, his majesty visited me, his poor soldier, in my chamber. Does not your excellency recollect how he was brought into my room on a chair, between two men? and how he thanked me, and shook hands with me, and told me my brother should never be forgotten in Poland? It made me weep like a child."

"And he never can!" cried Thaddeus, hardly recovering from the deep attention with which he had listened to this recital. [Footnote: The king had his brave defender buried with military honors, and caused a noble monument to be raised over him, with an inscription, of which the following is a translation:--

"Here lieth the respected remains of George Butzou, who, on the 3d of September, 1771, opposing his own breast to shield his sovereign from the weapons of national parricides, was pierced with a mortal wound, and triumphantly expired. Stanislaus the king, lamenting the death of so faithful a subject, erects this monument as a tribute to him and an example of heroic duty to others."] "But what became of Kosinski? For doubtless the king kept his word."

"He did indeed," replied Sobieski; "his word is at all times sacred. Yet I believe Kosinski entertained fears that he would not be so generous, for I perceived him change color very often while we were in the coach. However, he became tranquillized when his majesty, on alighting at the palace in the midst of the joyous cries of the people, leaned upon his arm and presented him to the populace as his preserver. The great gate was ordered to be left open; and never whilst I live shall I again behold such a scene! Every loyal soul in Warsaw, from the highest to the lowest, came to catch a glimpse of their rescued sovereign. Seeing the doors free, they entered without ceremony, and thronged forward in crowds to get near enough to kiss his hand, or to touch his clothes; then, elated with joy, they turned to Kosinski, and loaded him with demonstrations of gratitude, calling him the 'saviour of the king.' Kosinski bore all this with surprising firmness; but in a day or two, when the facts became known, he feared he might meet with different treatment from the people, and therefore petitioned his majesty for leave to depart. Stanislaus consented--and he retired to Semigallia, where he now lives on a handsome pension from the king."

"Generous Stanislaus!" exclaimed the general; "you see, my dear young count, how he has rewarded me for doing that which was merely my duty. He put it at my option to become what I pleased about his person, or to hold an officer's rank in his body-guard. Love ennobles servitude; and attached as I have ever been to your family, under whom all my ancestors have lived and fought, I vowed in my own mind never to quit it, and accordingly begged permission of my sovereign to remain with the Count Sobieski. I did remain; but see," cried he, his voice faltering, "what my benefactors have made of me. I command those troops amongst whom it was once my greatest pride to be a private soldier."

Thaddeus pressed the hand of the veteran between both his, and regarded him with respect and affection, whilst the grateful old man

wiped away a gliding tear from his face. [Footnote: Lukawski and Strawenski were afterwards both taken, with others of the conspirators. At the king's entreaty, those of inferior rank were pardoned after condemnation; but the two noblemen who had deluded them were beheaded. Pulaski, the prime ring-leader, escaped, to the wretched life of an outlaw and an exile, and finally died in America, in 1779.]

"How happy it ought to make you, my son," observed Sobieski, "that you are called out to support such a sovereign! He is not merely a brave king, whom you would follow to battle, because he will lead you to honor; the hearts of his people acknowledge him in a superior light; they look on him as their patriarchal head, as being delegated of God to study what is their greatest good, to bestow it, and when it is attacked, to de-fend it. To preserve the life of such a sovereign, who would not sacrifice his own?"

"Yes," cried Butzou; "and how ought we to abhor those who threaten his life! How ought we to estimate those crowned heads who, under the mask of amity, have from the year sixty-four, when he ascended the throne, until now, been plotting his overthrow or death! Either calamity, O Heaven, avert! for his death, I fear, will be a prelude to the certain ruin of our country."

"Not so," interrupted Thaddeus, with eagerness; "not whilst a Polander has power to lift an arm in defence of a native king, and an hereditary succession, can she be quite lost! What was ever in the hearts of her people that is not now there? For one, I can never forget how her sons have more than once rolled back on their own lands legions of invaders, from those very countries now daring to threaten her existence!"

Butzou applauded his spirit, and was warmly seconded by the palatine, who (never weary of infusing into every feeling of his grandson an interest for his country) pursued the discourse, and dwelt minutely on the happy tendency of the glorious constitution of 1791, in defence of which they were now going to hazard their lives. As Sobieski pointed out its several excellences, and expatiated on the pure spirit of freedom which animated its revived laws, the soul of Thaddeus followed his eloquence with all the fervor of youth, forgetting his late domestic regrets in the warm aspirations of patriotic hopes; and at noon on the third day, with smiling eyes he saw his grandfather put himself at the head of his battalions and commence a rapid march.

CHAPTER III.

THE OPENING OF THE CAMPAIGN.

The little army of the palatine passed by the battlements of Chelm, crossed the Bug into the plains of Volhinia, and impatiently counted the leagues over those vast tracts until it reached the borders of Kiovia.

When the column at the head of which Thaddeus was stationed descended

the heights of Lininy, and the broad camp of his countrymen burst upon his sight, his heart heaved with an emotion quite new to him. He beheld with admiration the regular disposition of the intrenchments, the long intersected tented streets, and the warlike appearance of the soldiers, whom he could descry, even at that distance, by the beams of a bright evening sun which shone upon their arms.

In half an hour his troops descended into the plain, where, meeting those of the palatine and General Butzou, the three columns again united, and Thaddeus joined his grandfather in the van.

"My lord," cried he, as they met, "can I behold such a sight and despair of the freedom of Poland!"

Sobieski made no reply, but giving him one of those expressive looks of approbation which immediately makes its way to the soul, commanded the troops to advance with greater speed. In a few minutes they reached the outworks of the camp, and entered the lines. The eager eyes of Thaddeus wandered from object to object. Thrilling with that delight with which youth beholds wonders, and anticipates more, he stopped with the rest of the party before a tent, which General Butzou informed him belonged to the commander-in-chief. They were met in the vestibule by an hussar officer of a most commanding appearance. Sobieski and he having accosted each other with mutual congratulations, the palatine turned to Thaddeus, took him by the hand, and presenting him to his friend, said with a smile,

"Here, my dear Kosciusko, this young man is my grandson; he is called Thaddeus Sobieski, and I trust that he will not disgrace either of our names!"

Kosciusko embraced the young count, and with a hearty pressure of his hand, replied, "Thaddeus, if you resemble your grandfather, you can never forget that the only king of Poland who equalled our patriotic Stanislaus was a Sobieski; and as becomes his descendant, you will not spare your best blood in the service of your country." [Footnote: Kosciusko, noble of birth, and eminently brave in spirit, had learnt the practice of arms in his early youth in America. During the contest between the British colonies there and the mother country, the young Pole, with a few of his early compeers in the great military college at Warsaw, eager to measure swords in an actual field, had passed over seas to British America, and offering their services to the independents, which were accepted, the extraordinary warlike talents of Kosciusko were speedily honored by his being made an especial aid-de-camp to General Washington. When the war ended, in the peace of mutual concessions between the national parent and its children on a distant land, the Poles returned to their native country, where they soon met circumstances which caused them to redraw their swords for her. But to what issue, was yet behind the floating colors of a soldier's hope.]

As Kosciusko finished speaking, an aid-de-camp came forward to lead the party into the room of audience. Prince Poniatowski welcomed the palatine and his suite with the most lively expressions of pleasure. He gave Thaddeus, whose figure and manner instantly charmed him, many flattering assurances of friendship, and promised that he would appoint him to the first post of honor which should offer. After detaining the palatine and his grandson half an hour, his highness withdrew, and they rejoined Kosciusko, who conducted them to the

quarter where the Masovian soldiers had already pitched their tents.

The officers who supped with Sobieski left him at an early hour, that he might retire to rest; but Thaddeus was neither able nor inclined to benefit by their consideration. He lay down on his mattress, shut his eyes, and tried to sleep; but the attempt was without success. In vain he turned from side to side; in vain he attempted to restrict his thoughts to one thing at once; his imagination was so roused by anticipating the scenes in which he was to become an actor, that he found it impossible even to lie still. His spirits being quite awake, he determined to rise, and to walk himself drowsy.

Seeing his grandfather sound asleep, he got up and dressed himself quietly; then stealing gently from the marquée, he gave the word in a low whisper to the guard at the door, and proceeded down the lines. The pitying moon seemed to stand in the heavens, watching the awaking of those heroes who the next day might sleep to rise no more. At another time, and in another mood, such might have been his reflections; but now he pursued his walk with different thoughts: no meditations but those of pleasure possessed his breast. He looked on the moon with transport; he beheld the light of that beautiful planet, trailing its long stream of glory across the intrenchments. He perceived a solitary candle here and there glimmering through the curtained entrance of the tents, and thought that their inmates were probably longing with the same anxiety as himself for the morning's dawn.

Thaddeus walked slowly on, sometimes pausing at the lonely footfall of the sentinel, or answering with a start to the sudden challenge for the parole; then lingering at the door of some of these canvas dwellings, he offered up a prayer for the brave inhabitant who, like himself, had quitted the endearments of home to expose his life on this spot, a bulwark of liberty. Thaddeus knew not what it was to be a soldier by profession; he had no idea of making war a trade, by which a man may acquire subsistence, and perhaps wealth; he had but one motive for appearing in the field, and one for leaving it,—to repel invasion and to establish peace. The first energy of his mind was a desire to maintain the rights of his country; it had been inculcated into him when an infant; it had been the subject of his morning thoughts and nightly dreams; it was now the passion which beat in every artery of his heart. Yet he knew no honor in slaughter; his glory lay in defence; and when that was accomplished, his sword would return to its scabbard, unstained by the blood of a vanquished or invaded people. On these principles, he was at this hour full of enthusiasm; a glow of triumph flitted over his cheek, for he had felt the indulgences of his mother's palace, had left her maternal arms, to take upon him the toils of war, and risk an existence just blown into enjoyment. A noble satisfaction rose in his mind; and with all the animation which an inexperienced and raised fancy imparts to that age when boyhood breaks into man, his soul grasped at every show of creation with the confidence of belief. Pressing the sabre which he held in his hand to his lips, he half uttered, "Never shall this sword leave my arm but at the command of mercy, or when death deprives my nerves of their strength."

Morning was tinging the hills which bound the eastern horizon of Winnica before Thaddeus found that his pelisse was wet with dew, and that he ought to return to his tent. Hardly had he laid his head upon the pillow, and "lulled his senses in forgetfulness," when he was

disturbed by the drum beating to arms. He opened his eyes, and seeing the palatine out of bed, he sprung from his own, and eagerly inquired the cause of his alarm.

"Only follow me directly," answered his grandfather, and quitted the tent.

Whilst Thaddeus was putting on his clothes, and buckling on his arms with a trembling eagerness which almost defeated his haste, an aid-de-camp of the prince entered. He brought information that an advanced guard of the Russians had attacked a Polish outpost, under the command of Colonel Lonza, and that his highness had ordered a detachment from the palatine's brigade to march to its relief. Before Thaddeus could reply, Sobieski sent to apprise his grandson that the prince had appointed him to accompany the troops which were turning out to resist the enemy.

Thaddeus heard this message with delight; yet fearful in what manner the event might answer the expectations which this wished distinction declared, he issued from his tent like a youthful Mars,--or rather like the Spartan Isadas,--trembling at the dazzling effects of his temerity, and hiding his valor and his blushes beneath the waving plumes of his helmet. Kosciusko, who was to head the party, observed this modesty with pleasure, and shaking him warmly by the hand, said, "Go, Thaddeus; take your station on the left flank; I shall require your fresh spirits to lead the charge I intend to make, and to ensure its success." Thaddeus bowed to these encouraging words, and took his place according to order.

Everything being ready, the detachment quitted the camp, and dashing through the dews of a sweet morning (for it was yet May), in a few hours arrived in view of the Russian battalions. Lonza, who, from the only redoubt now in his possession, caught a glimpse of this welcome reinforcement, rallied his few remaining men, and by the time that Kosciusko came up, contrived to join him in the van. The fight recommenced. Thaddeus, at the head of his hussars, in full gallop bore down upon the enemy's right flank. They received the charge with firmness; but their young adversary, perceiving that extraordinary means were necessary to make the desired effect, calling on his men to follow him, put spurs to his horse and rushed into the thickest of the battle. His soldiers did not shrink; they pressed on, mowing down the foremost ranks, whilst he, by a lucky stroke of his sabre, disabled the sword-arm of the Russian standard-bearer and seized the colors. His own troops seeing the standard in his hand, with one accord, in loud and repeated cries, shouted victory. Part of the reserve of the enemy, alarmed at this outcry, gave ground, and retreating with precipitation, was soon followed by some of the rear ranks of the centre, to which Kosciusko had penetrated, while its commander, after a short but desperate resistance, was slain. The left flank next gave way, and though holding a brave stand at intervals, at length fairly turned about and fled across the country.

The conquerors, elated with so sudden a success, put their horses on full speed; and without order or attention, pursued the fugitives until they were lost amidst the trees of a distant wood. Kosciusko called on his men to halt, but he called in vain; they continued their career, animating each other, and with redoubled shouts drowned the voice of Thaddeus, who was galloping forward repeating the command. At the entrance of the wood they were stopped by a few

Russian stragglers, who had formed themselves into a body. These men withstood the first onset of the Poles with considerable steadiness; but after a short skirmish, they fled, or, perhaps, seemed to fly, a second time, and took refuge in the bushes, where, still regardless of orders, their enemies followed. Kosciusko, foreseeing the consequence of this rashness, ordered Thaddeus to dismount a part of his squadron, and march after these headstrong men into the forest. He came up with them on the edge of a heathy tract of land, just as they were closing in with a band of the enemy's arquebusiers, who, having kept up a quick running fire as they retreated, had drawn their pursuers thus far into the thickets. Heedless of anything but giving their enemy a complete defeat, the Polanders went on, never looking to the left nor to the right, till at once they found themselves encompassed by two thousand Muscovite horse, several battalions of chasseurs, and in front of fourteen pieces of cannon, which this dreadful ambuscade opened upon them.

Thaddeus threw himself into the midst of his countrymen, and taking the place of their unfortunate conductor, who had been killed in the first sweep of the artillery, prepared the men for a desperate stand. He gave his orders with intrepid coolness--though under a shower of musketry and a cannonade which carried death in every round--that they should draw off towards the flank of the battery. He thought not of himself; and in a few minutes the scattered soldiers were consolidated into a close body, squared with pikemen, who stood like a grove of pines in a day of tempest, only moving their heads and arms. Many of the Russian horse impaled themselves on the sides of this little phalanx, which they vainly attempted to shake, although the ordnance was rapidly weakening its strength. File after file the men were swept down, their bodies making a horrid rampart for their resolute brothers in arms, who, however, rendered desperate, at last threw away their most cumbrous accoutrements, and crying to their leader, "Freedom or death!" followed him sword in hand, and bearing like a torrent upon the enemy's ranks, cut their way through the forest. The Russians, exasperated that their prey should not only escape, but escape by such dauntless valor, hung closely on their rear, goading them with musketry, whilst they (like a wounded lion closely pressed by the hunters, retreats, yet stands proudly at bay) gradually retired towards the camp with a backward step, their faces towards the foe.

Meanwhile the palatine Sobieski, anxious for the fate of the day, mounted the dyke, and looked eagerly around for the arrival of some messenger from the little army. As the wind blew strongly from the south, a cloud of dust precluded his view; but from the approach of firing and the clash of arms, he was led to fear that his friends had been defeated, and were retreating towards the camp. He instantly quitted the lines to call out a reinforcement; but before he could advance, Kosciusko and his squadron on the full charge appeared in flank of the enemy, who suddenly halted, and wheeling round, left the harassed Polanders to enter the trenches unmolested.

Thaddeus, covered with dust and blood, flung himself into his grandfather's arms. In the heat of action his left arm had been wounded by a Cossack. [Footnote: Cossacks. There are two descriptions of these formidable auxiliaries: those of clear Tartar race, the other mixed with Muscovites and their tributaries. The first and the fiercest are called Don Cossacks, because of their inhabiting the immense steppes of the Don river, on the frontiers of Asia. They are

governed by a hetman, a native chief, who personally leads them to battle. The second are the Cossacks of the Crimea, a gallant people of that finest part of the Russian dominions, and, by being of a mingled origin, under European rule, are more civilized and better disciplined than their brethren near the Caucasus. They are generally commanded by Russian officers.] Aware that neglect then might disable him from further service, at the moment it happened he bound it up in his sash, and had thought no more of the accident until the palatine remarked blood on his cloak.

"My injury is slight, my dear sir." said he. "I wish to Heaven that it were all the evil which has befallen us to-day! Look at the remnant of our brave comrades."

Sobieski turned his eyes on the panting soldiers, and on Kosciusko, who was inspecting them. Some of them, no longer upheld by desperation, were sinking with wounds and fatigue; these the good general sent off in litters to the medical department; and others, who had sustained unharmed the conflict of the day, after having received the praise and admonition of their commander, were dismissed to their quarters.

Before this inspection was over, the palatine had to assist Thaddeus to his tent; in spite of his exertions to the contrary, he became so faint, it was necessary to lead him off the ground.

A short time restored him. With his arm in a sling, he joined his brother officers on the fourth day. After the duty of the morning, he heard with concern that, during his confinement, the enemy had augmented their force to so tremendous a strength, it was impossible for the comparatively slender force of the Poles to remain longer at Winnica. In consequence of this report, the prince had convened a council late the preceding night, in which it was determined that the camp should immediately be razed, and removed towards Zielime.

This information displeased Thaddeus, who in his fairy dreams of war had always made conquest the sure end of his battles; and many were the sighs he drew when, at an hour before dawn on the following day, he witnessed the striking of the tents, which he thought too like a prelude to a shameful flight from the enemy. While he was standing by the busy people, and musing on the nice line which divides prudence from pusillanimity, his grandfather came up, and bade him mount his horse, telling him that, owing to the unhealed state of his wound, he was removed from the vanguard, and ordered to march in the centre, along with the prince. Thaddeus remonstrated against this arrangement, and almost reproached the palatine for forfeiting his promise, that he should always be stationed near his person. The veteran would not be moved, either by argument or entreaty; and Thaddeus, finding that he neither could nor ought to oppose him, obeyed, and followed an aid-de-camp to his highness.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PASS OF VOLUNNA.

After a march of three hours, the army came in sight of Volunna, where the advanced column suddenly halted. Thaddeus, who was about a half mile to its rear, with a throbbing heart heard that a momentous pass must be disputed before they could proceed. He curbed his horse, then gave it the spur, so eagerly did he wish to penetrate the cloud of smoke which rose in volumes from the discharge of musketry, on whose wing, at every round, he dreaded might be carried the fate of his grandfather. At last the firing ceased, and the troops were commanded to go forward. On approaching near the contested defile, Thaddeus shuddered, for at every step the heels of his charger struck upon the wounded or the dead. There lay his enemies, here lay his friends! His respiration was nearly suspended, and his eyes clung to the ground, expecting at each moment to fasten on the breathless body of his grandfather.

Again the tumult of battle presented itself. About an hundred soldiers, in one firm rank, stood at the opening of the pass, firing on the now vacillating steadiness of the enemy. Thaddeus checked his horse. Five hundred had been detached to this post; how few remained! Could he hope that Sobieski had escaped so desperate a rencontre? Fearing the worst, and dreading to have those fears confirmed, his heart sickened when he received orders from Poniatowski to examine the extent of the loss. He rode to the mouth of the defile. He could nowhere see the palatine. A few of his hussars, a little in advance, were engaged over a heap of the killed, defending it from a troop of Cossacks, who appeared fighting for the barbarous privilege of trampling on the bodies. At this sight Thaddeus, impelled by despair, called out, "Courage, soldiers! The prince with artillery!" The enemy, looking forward, saw the information was true, and with a shout of derision, took to flight. Poniatowski, almost at the word, was by the side of his young friend, who, unconscious of any idea but that of filial solicitude, had dismounted.

"Where is the palatine?" was his immediate inquiry to a chasseur who was stooping towards the slain. The man made no answer, but lifted from the heap the bodies of two soldiers; beneath, Thaddeus saw the pale and deathly features of his grandfather. He staggered a few paces back, and the prince, thinking he was falling, hastened to support him; but he recovered himself, and flew forward to assist Kosciusko, who had raised the head of the palatine upon his knee.

"Is he alive?" inquired Thaddeus.

"He breathes."

Hope was now warm in his grandson's breast. The soldiers soon released Sobieski from the surrounding dead; but his swoon continuing, the prince desired that he might be laid on a bank, until a litter could be brought from the rear to convey him to a place of security. Meantime, Thaddeus and General Butzou bound up his wounds and poured some water into his mouth. The effusion of blood being stopped, the brave veteran opened his eyes, and in a few moments more, whilst he leaned on the bosom of his grandson, was so far restored as to receive with his usual modest dignity the thanks of his highness for the intrepidity with which he had preserved a passage which ensured the safety of the whole army,

Two surgeons, who arrived with the litter, relieved the anxiety of the bystanders by an assurance that the wounds, which they re-examined,

were not dangerous. Having laid their patient on the vehicle, they were preparing to retire with it into the rear, when Thaddeus petitioned the prince to grant him permission to take the command of the guard which was appointed to attend his grandfather. His highness consented; but Sobieski positively refused.

"No, Thaddeus," said he; "you forget the effect which this solicitude about so trifling a matter might have on the men. Remember that he who goes into battle only puts his own life to the hazard, but he that abandons the field, sports with the lives of his soldiers. Do not give them leave to suppose that even your dearest interest could tempt you from the front of danger when it is your duty to remain there." Thaddeus obeyed his grandfather in respectful silence; at seven o'clock the army resumed its march.

Near Zielime the prince was saluted by a reinforcement. It appeared very seasonably, for scouts had brought information that directly across the plain a formidable division of the Russian army, under General Brinicki, was drawn up in order of battle, to dispute his progress.

Thaddeus, for the first time, shuddered at the sight of the enemy, Should his friends be defeated, what might be the fate of his grandfather, now rendered helpless by many wounds! Occupied by these fears, with anxiety in his heart, he kept his place at the head of the light horse, close to the hill.

Prince Poniatowski ordered the lines to extend themselves, that the right should reach to the river, and the left be covered by the rising ground, on which were mounted seven pieces of ordnance. Immediately after these dispositions, the battle commenced with mutual determination, and continued with unabated fury from eight in the morning until sunset. Several times the Poles were driven from their ground; but as often recovering themselves, and animated by their commanders, they prosecuted the fight with advantage. General Brinicki, perceiving that the fortune of the day was going against him, ordered up the body of reserve, which consisted of four thousand men and several cannon. He erected temporary batteries in a few minutes, and with these new forces opened a rapid and destructive fire on the Polanders. Kosciusko, alarmed at perceiving a retrograde motion in his troops, gave orders for a close attack on the enemy in front, whilst Thaddeus, at the head of his hussars, should wheel round the hill of artillery, and with loud cries charge the opposite flank. This stratagem succeeded. The arquebusiers, who were posted on that spot, seeing the impetuosity of the Poles, and the quarter whence they came, supposed them to be a fresh squadron, gave ground, and opening in all directions, threw their own people into a confusion that completed the defeat. Kosciusko and the prince were equally successful, and a general panic amongst their adversaries was the consequence. The whole of the Russian army now took to flight, except a few regiments of carabineers, which were entangled between the river and the Poles. These were immediately surrounded by a battalion of Masovian infantry, who, enraged at the loss their body had sustained the preceding day, answered a cry for quarter with reproach and derision. At this instant the Sobieski squadron came up, and Thaddeus, who saw the perilous situation of these regiments, ordered the slaughter to cease, and the men to be taken prisoners. The Masovians exhibited strong signs of dissatisfaction at such commands; but the young count charging through them, ranged his

troops before the Russians, and declared that the first man who should dare to lift a sword against his orders should be shot. The Poles dropped their arms. The poor carabineers fell on their knees to thank his mercy, whilst their officers, in a sullen silence, which seemed ashamed of gratitude, surrendered their swords into the hands of their deliverers.

During this scene, only one very young Russian appeared wholly refractory. He held his sword in a menacing posture when Thaddeus drew near, and before he had time to speak, the young man made a cut at his head, which a hussar parried by striking the assailant to the earth, and would have killed him on the spot, had not Thaddeus caught the blow on his own sword; then instantly dismounting, he raised the officer from the ground, and apologized for the too hasty zeal of his soldier. The youth blushed, and, bowing, presented his sword, which was received and as directly returned.

"Brave sir," said Thaddeus, "I consider myself ennobled in restoring this weapon to him who has so courageously defended it."

The Russian made no reply but by a second bow, and put his hand on his breast, which seemed wet with blood. Ceremony was now at an end. Thaddeus never looked upon the unfortunate as strangers, much less as enemies. Accosting the wounded officer with a friendly voice, he assured him of his services, and bade him lean on him. Overcome, the young man, incapable of speaking, accepted his assistance; but before a conveyance could arrive, for which two men were dispatched, he fainted in his arms. Thaddeus being obliged to join the prince with his prisoners, unwillingly left the young Russian in this situation; but before he did so he directed one of his lieutenants to take care that the surgeons should pay attention to the officer, and have his litter carried next to the palatine's during the remainder of the march.

When the army halted at nine o'clock, P.M., preparations were made to fix the camp; and in case of a surprise from any part of the dispersed enemy which might have rallied, orders were delivered for throwing up a dyke. Thaddeus, having been assured that his grandfather and the wounded Russian were comfortably stationed near each other, did not hesitate to accept the command of the intrenching party. To that end he wrapped himself loosely in his pelisse, and prepared for a long watch. The night was beautiful. It being the month of June, a softening warmth still floated through the air, as if the moon, which shone over his head, emitted heat as well as splendor. His mind was in unison with the season. He rode slowly round from bank to bank, sometimes speaking to the workers in the fosse, sometimes lingering for a few minutes. Looking on the ground, he thought on the element of which he was composed, to which he might so soon return; then gazing upward, he observed the silent march of the stars and the moving scene of the heavens. On whatever object he cast his eyes, his soul, which the recent events had dissolved into a temper not the less delightful for being tinged with melancholy, meditated with intense compassion, and dwelt with wonder on the mind of man, which, whilst it adores the Creator of the universe, and measures the immensity of space with an expansion of intellect almost divine, can devote itself to the narrow limits of sublunary possessions, and exchange the boundless paradise above for the low enjoyments of human pride. He looked with pity over that wide tract of land which now lay betwixt him and the remains of those four

thousand invaders who had just fallen victims to the insatiate desires of ambition. He well knew the difference between a defender of his own country and the invader of another's. His heart beat, his soul expanded, at the prospect of securing liberty and life to a virtuous people. He felt all the happiness of such an achievement, while he could only imagine how that spirit must shrink from reflection which animates the self-condemned slave to fight, not merely to fasten chains on others, but to rivet his own the closer. The best affections of man having put the sword into the hand of Thaddeus, his principle as a Christian did not remonstrate against his passion for arms.

When he was told the fortifications were finished, he retired with a tranquil step towards the Masovian quarters. He found the palatine awake, and eager to welcome him with the joyful information that his wounds were so slight as to promise a speedy amendment, Thaddeus asked for his prisoner. The palatine answered that he was in the next tent, where a surgeon closely attended him, who had already given a very favorable opinion of the wound, which was in the muscles of the breast.

"Have you seen him, my dear sir?" inquired Thaddeus.

"Yes," replied the palatine; "I was supported into his marquée before I retired to my own. I told him who I was, and repeated your offers of service. He received my proffer with expressions of gratitude, and at the same time declared he had nothing to blame but his own folly for bringing him to the state in which he now lies."

"How, my lord?" rejoined Thaddeus. "Does he repent of being a soldier? or is he ashamed of the cause for which he fought?"

"Both, Thaddeus; he is not a Muscovite, but a young Englishman."

"An Englishman! and raise his arm against a country struggling for loyalty and liberty!"

"It is very true," returned the palatine; "but as he confesses it was his folly and the persuasions of others which impelled him, he may be pardoned. He is a mere youth; I think hardly your age. I understand that he is of rank; and having undertaken a tour in whatever part of Europe is now open to travellers, under the direction of an experienced tutor, they took Russia in their route. At St. Petersburg he became intimate with many of the nobility, particularly with Count Brinicki, at whose house he resided; and when the count was named to the command of the army in Poland, Mr. Somerset (for that is your prisoner's name), instigated by his own volatility and the arguments of his host, volunteered with him, and so followed his friend to oppose that freedom here which he would have asserted in his own nation."

Thaddeus thanked his grandfather for this information; and pleased that the young man, who had so much interested him, was a brave Briton, not in heart an enemy, he gayly and instantly repaired to his tent.

A generous spirit is as eloquent in acknowledging benefits as it is bounteous in bestowing them; and Mr. Somerset received his preserver with the warmest demonstrations of gratitude. Thaddeus begged him not

to consider himself as particularly obliged by a conduct which every soldier of honor has a right to expect from another. The Englishman bowed his head, and Thaddeus took a seat by his bedside.

Whilst he gathered from his own lips a corroboration of the narrative of the palatine, he could not forbear inquiring how a person of his apparent candor, and who was also the native of a soil where national liberty had so long been the palladium of its happiness, could volunteer in a cause the object of which was to make a brave people slaves?

Somerset listened to these questions with blushes; and they did not leave his face when he confessed that all he could say in extenuation of what he had done was to plead his youth, and having thought little on the subject.

"I was wrought upon," continued he, "by a variety of circumstances: first, the predilections of Mr. Loftus, my governor, are strongly in favor of the court of St. Petersburg; secondly, my father dislikes the army, and I am enthusiastically fond of it--this was the only opportunity, perhaps, in which I might ever satisfy my passion; and lastly, I believe that I was dazzled by the picture which the young men about me drew of the campaign. I longed to be a soldier; they persuaded me; and I followed them to the field as I would have done to a ballroom, heedless of the consequences."

"Yet," replied Thaddeus, smiling, "from the intrepidity with which you maintained your ground, when your arms were demanded, any one might have thought that your whole soul, as well as your body, was engaged in the cause."

"To be sure," returned Somerset, "I was a blockhead to be there; but when there, I should have despised myself forever had I given up my honor to the ruffians who would have wrested my sword from me! But when you came, noble Sobieski, it was the fate of war, and I confided myself to a brave man."

CHAPTER V.

THE BANKS OF THE VISTULA.

Each succeeding morning not only brought fresh symptoms of recovery to the two invalids, but condensed the mutual admiration of the young men into a solid and ardent esteem.

It is not the disposition of youthful minds to weigh for months and years the sterling value of those qualities which attract them. As soon as they see virtue, they respect it; as soon as they meet kindness, they believe it: and as soon as a union of both presents itself, they love it. Not having passed through the disappointments of a delusive world, they grasp for reality every pageant which appears. They have not yet admitted that cruel doctrine which, when it takes effect, creates and extends the misery it affects to cure. Whilst we give up our souls to suspicion, we gradually learn to deceive; whilst we repress the fervors of our own hearts, we freeze

those which approach us; whilst we cautiously avoid occasions of receiving pain, at every remove we acquire an unconscious influence to inflict it on those who follow us. They, again, meet from our conduct and learn the lesson that destroys the expanding sensibilities of their nature; and thus the tormenting chain of deceived and deceiving characters may be lengthened to infinitude.

About the latter end of the month, Sobieski received a summons to court, where a diet was to be held on the effect of the victory at Zielime, to consider of future proceedings. In the same packet his majesty enclosed a collar and investiture of the order of St. Stanislaus, as an acknowledgment of service to the young Thaddeus; and he accompanied it with a note from himself, expressing his commands that the young knight should return with the palatine and other generals, to receive thanks from the throne.

Thaddeus, half wild with delight at the thoughts of so soon meeting his mother, ran to the tent of his British friend to communicate the tidings. Somerset participated in his pleasure, and with reciprocal warmth accepted the invitation to accompany him to Villanow.

"I would follow you, my friend," said he, pressing the hand of Thaddeus, "all over the world."

"Then I will take you to the most charming spot in it?" cried he. "Villanow is an Eden; and my mother, the dear angel, would make a desert so to me."

"You speak so rapturously of your enchanted castle, Thaddeus," returned his friend, "I believe I shall consider my knight-errantry, in being fool enough to trust myself amidst a fray in which I had no business, as one of the wisest acts of my life!"

"I consider it," replied Thaddeus, "as one of the most auspicious events in mine."

Before the palatine quitted the camp, Somerset thought it proper to acquaint Mr. Loftus, who was yet at St. Petersburg, of the particulars of his late danger, and that he was going to Warsaw with his new friends, where he should remain for several weeks. He added, that as the court of Poland, through the intercession of the palatine, had generously given him his liberty, he should be able to see everything in that country worthy of investigation, and that he would write to him again, enclosing letters for England, soon after his arrival at the Polish capital.

The weather continuing fine, in a few days the party left Zielime; and the palatine and Somerset, being so far restored from their wounds that they could walk, the one with a crutch and the other by the support of his friend's arm, they went through the journey with animation and pleasure. The benign wisdom of Sobieski, the intelligent enthusiasm of Thaddeus, and the playful vivacity of Somerset, mingling their different natures, produced such a beautiful union, that the minutes flew fast as their wishes. A week more carried them into the palatinate of Masovia, and soon afterwards within the walls of Villanow.

Everything that presented itself to Mr. Somerset was new and fascinating. He saw in the domestic felicity of his friend scenes

which reminded him of the social harmony of his own home. He beheld in the palace and retinue of Sobieski all the magnificence which bespoke the descendant of a great king, and a power which wanted nothing of royal grandeur but the crown, which he had the magnanimity to think and to declare was then placed upon a more worthy brow. Whilst Somerset venerated this true patriot, the high tone his mind acquired was not lowered by associating with characters nearer the common standard. The friends of Sobieski were men of tried probity--men who at all times preferred their country's welfare before their own peculiar interest. Mr. Somerset day after day listened with deep attention to these virtuous and energetic noblemen. He saw them full of fire and personal courage when the affairs of Poland were discussed; and he beheld with admiration their perfect forgetfulness of themselves in their passion for the general good. In these moments his heart bowed down before them, and all the pride of a Briton distended his breast when he thought that such men as these his ancestors were. He remembered how often their chivalric virtues used to occupy his reflections in the picture-gallery at Somerset Castle, and his doubts, when he compared what is with what was, that history had glossed over the actions of past centuries, or that a different order of men lived then from those which now inhabit the world. Thus, studying the sublime characters of Sobieski and his friends, and enjoying the endearing kindness of Thaddeus and his mother, did a fortnight pass away without his even recollecting the promise of writing to his governor. At the end of that period, he stole an hour from the countess's society, and enclosed in a short letter to Mr. Loftus the following epistle to his mother:--

To LADY SOMERSET, SOMERSET CASTLE, LEICESTERSHIRE.

"Many weeks ago, my dearest mother, I wrote a letter of seven sheets from the banks of the Neva, which, long ere this time, you and my dear father must have received. I attempted to give you some idea of the manners of Russia, and my vanity whispers that I succeeded tolerably well. The court of the famous Catharine and the attentions of the hospitable Count Brinicki were then the subjects of my pen.

"But how shall I account for my being here? How shall I allay your surprise and displeasure on seeing that this letter is dated from Warsaw? I know that I have acted against the wish of my father in visiting one of the countries he proscribes. I know that I have disobeyed your commands in ever having at any period of my life taken up arms without an indispensable necessity; and I have nothing to allege in my defence. I fell in the way of temptation, and I yielded to it. I really cannot enumerate all the things which induced me to volunteer with my Russian friends; suffice it to say that I did so, and that we were defeated by the Poles at Zielime; and as Heaven has rather rewarded your prayers than punished my imprudence, I trust you will do the same, and pardon an indiscretion I vow never to repeat.

"Notwithstanding all this, I must have lost my life through my folly, had I not been preserved, even in the moment when death was pending over me, by a young officer with whose family I now am. The very sound of their title will create your respect; for we of the patrician order have a strange tenacity in our belief that virtue is hereditary, and in this instance our creed is duly honored. Their patronymic is Sobieski; the family which bears it is the only remaining posterity of the great monarch of that name; and the count, who is at its head, is Palatine of Masovia, which, next to the

throne, is the first dignity in the state. He is one of the warmest champions of his country's rights; and though born to command, has so far transgressed the golden adage of despots, 'Ignorance and subjection,' that throughout his territories every man is taught to worship his God with his heart as well as with his knees. The understandings of his peasants are opened to all useful knowledge. He does not put books of science and speculation into their hands, to consume their time in vain pursuits: he gives them the Bible, and implements of industry, to afford them the means of knowing and of practising their duty. All Masovia around his palace blooms like a garden. The cheerful faces of the farmers, and the blessings which I hear them implore on the family when I am walking in the field with the young count (for in this country the sons bear the same title with their fathers [Footnote: Prince, (ancient Kniaz) and Boyard, (which is equivalent in rank to our old English Baron,) are titles used by Russians and Polanders, both nations being descended from the Sclavonians, and their languages derived from the same roots. Prince indicates the highest rank of a subject; Boyard simply that of Nobleman. But both personages must be understood to be of hereditary power to raise forces on their estates for the service of the sovereign, to lead them in battle, and to maintain all their expenses. The title of Count has been adopted within a century or two by both nations, and occasionally appended to the ancient heroic designation of Boyard. The feminine to these titles is formed by adding gina to the paternal title; thus Kniazgina Olga, means Princess Olga; also, Boyarda, Lady. The titles of Palatine, Vaivode, Starost and the like belong to civil and military offices.]), have even drawn a few delighted drops from the eyes of your thoughtless son. I know that you think I have nothing sentimental about me, else you would not so often have poured into my not inattentive ears, 'that to estimate the pleasures of earth and heaven, we must cultivate the sensibilities of the heart. Shut our eyes against them, and we are merely nicely-constructed speculums, which reflect the beauties of nature, but enjoy none.' You see, mamma, that I both remember and adopt your lessons.

"Thaddeus Sobieski is the grandson of the palatine, and the sole heir of his illustrious race. It is to him that I owe the preservation of my life at Zielime, and much of my happiness since; for he is not only the bravest but the most amiable young man in the kingdom; and he is my friend! Indeed, as things have happened, you must think that out of evil has come good. Though I have been disobedient, I have repented my fault, and it has introduced me to the knowledge of a people whose friendship will henceforward constitute the greatest pleasure of my days. The mother of Thaddeus is the only daughter of the palatine; and of her I can say no more than that nothing on earth can more remind me of you; she is equally charming, equally tender to your son.

"Whilst the palatine is engaged at the diet, her excellency, Thaddeus, and myself, with now and then a few visitors from Warsaw, form the most agreeable parties you can suppose. We walk together, we read together, we converse together, we sing together--at least, the countess sings to us, which is all the same; and you know that time flies swiftly on the wings of harmony. She has an uncommonly sweet voice, and a taste which I never heard paralleled. By the way, you cannot imagine anything more beautiful than the Polish music. It partakes of that delicious languor so distinguished in the Turkish airs, with a mingling of those wandering melodies which the now-

forgotten composers must have caught from the Tartars. In short, whilst the countess is singing, I hardly suffer myself to breathe; and I feel just what our poetical friend William Scarsdale said a twelvemonth ago at a concert of yours, 'I feel as if love sat upon my heart and flapped it with his wings.'

"I have tried all my powers of persuasion to prevail on this charming countess to visit our country. I have over and over again told her of you, and described her to you; that you are near her own age (for this lovely woman, though she has a son nearly twenty, is not more than forty;) that you are as fond of your ordinary boy as she is of her peerless one; that, in short, you and my father will receive her and Thaddeus, and the palatine, with open arms and hearts, if they will condescend to visit our humbler home at the end of the war. I believe I have repeated my entreaties, both to the countess and my friend, regularly every day since my arrival at Villanow, but always with the same issue: she smiles and refuses; and Thaddeus 'shakes his ambrosial curls' with a 'very god-like frown' of denial; I hope it is self-denial, in compliment to his mother's cruel and unprovoked negative.

"Before I proceed, I must give you some idea of the real appearance of this palace. I recollect your having read a superficial account of it in a few slight sketches of Poland which have been published in England; but the pictures they exhibit are so faint, they hardly resemble the original. Pray do not laugh at me, if I begin in the usual descriptive style! You know there is only one way to describe houses and lands and rivers; so no blame can be thrown on me for taking the beaten path, where there is no other. To commence:--

"When we left Zielime, and advanced into the province of Masovia, the country around Praga rose at every step in fresh beauty. The numberless chains of gently swelling hills which encompass it on each side of the Vistula were in some parts checkered with corn fields, meadows, and green pastures covered with sheep, whose soft bleatings thrilled in my ears and transported my senses into new regions, so different was my charmed and tranquillized mind from the tossing anxieties attendant on the horrors I had recently witnessed. Surely there is nothing in the world, short of the most undivided reciprocal attachment, that has such power over the workings of the human heart as the mild sweetness of nature. The most ruffled temper, when emerging from the town, will subside into a calm at the sight of a wide stretch of landscape reposing in the twilight of a fine evening. It is then that the spirit of peace settles upon the heart, unfetters the thoughts and elevates the soul to the Creator. It is then that we behold the Parent of the universe in his works; we see his grandeur in earth, sea, and sky: we feel his affection in the emotions which they raise, and, half mortal, half etherealized, forget where we are, in the anticipation of what that world must be of which this earth is merely the shadow. [Footnote: This description of the banks of the Vistula was given to me with smiles and sighs. The reality was once enjoyed by the narrator, and there was a delight in the retrospection "sweet and mournful to the soul." At the time these reflections arose on such a scene, I often tasted the same pleasure in evening visits to the beautiful rural environs of London, which then extended from the north side of Fitzroy Square to beyond the Elm Grove on Primrose Hill, and forward through the fields to Hampstead. But most of that is all streets, or Regent's Park; and the sweet Hill, then the resort of many a happy Sunday group, has not now a tree standing on it, and

hardly a blade of grass, "to mark where the primrose has been."]

"Autumn seemed to be unfolding all her beauties to greet the return of the palatine. In one part the haymakers were mowing the hay and heaping it into stacks; in another, the reapers were gathering up the wheat, with a troop of rosy little gleaners behind them, each of whom might have tempted the proudest Palemon in Christendom to have changed her toil into 'a gentler duty.' Such a landscape intermingled with the little farms of these honest people, whom the philanthropy of Sobieski has rendered free (for it is a tract of his extensive domains I am describing), reminded me of Somerset. Villages repose in the green hollows of the vales, and cottages are seen peeping from amidst the thick umbrage of the woods which cover the face of the hills. The irregular forms and thatched roofs of these simple habitations, with their infant inhabitants playing at the doors, compose such lovely groups, that I wish for our dear Mary's pencil and fingers (for, alas! that way mine are motionless!) to transport them to your eyes.

"The palace of Villanow, which is castellated, now burst upon my view. It rears its embattled head from the summit of a hill that gradually slopes down towards the Vistula, in full view to the south of the plain of Vola, a spot long famous for the election of the kings of Poland. [Footnote: It was from this very assumption by the nation, on the extinction of the male line of the monarchs of the house of Jaghellon, that all their subsequent political calamities may be dated. The last two sovereigns of this race were most justly styled good and great kings---father and son--Sigismund I. and II. But on the death of the last, about the middle of the sixteenth century, certain nobles of the nation, intoxicated with their wealth and privileges, run wild for dictation in all things; and as the foundation for such rule, they determined to make the succession of their future kings entirely dependent on the free vote of public suffrage; and the plain of Vola was made the terrible arena. So it may be called; for, from the time of the first monarch so elected, Henry of Valois, a stranger to the country, and brother to the execrable Charles IX. of France, bribery or violence have been the usual keys to the throne of Poland. For the doors of the country being once opened by the misguided people themselves to the influence of ambition, partiality, and passion, and shut against the old tenure of a settled succession, foreign powers were always ready to step in, with the gold or the sword; and Poland necessarily became a vassal adjunct to whatever neighboring country furnished the new sovereign. Thus it was, with a few exceptions (as is still case of the glorious John Sobieski), until the election of Stanislaus Augustus, who, though nominated by the power of the Empress of Russia, yet being, like Sobieski, a native prince of the nation, determined to govern the people of Poland in the spirit of his and their most glorious ancestors; and true to the vow, treading in the steps of the last of the Jaghellons, he gave to Poland the constitution of 1791, which, with the re-enaction of many wise laws, again made the throne hereditary. Hence the devoted struggles of every arm in the country in loyal defence of such a recovered existence.] On the north of the building, the earth is cut into natural ramparts, which rise in high succession until they reach the foundations of the palace, where they terminate in a noble terrace. These ramparts, covered with grass, overlook the stone outworks, and spread down to the bottom of the hill, which being clothed with fine trees and luxuriant underwood, forms such a rich and verdant base to the fortress as I have not

language to describe: were I privileged to be poetical, I would say it reminds me of the God of war sleeping amid roses in the bower of love. Here the eye may wander over the gifts of bounteous Nature, arraying hill and dale in all the united treasures of spring and autumn. The forest stretches its yet unseared arms to the breeze; whilst that breeze comes laden with the fragrance of the tented hay, and the thousand sweets breathed from flowers, which in this delicious country weep honey.

"A magnificent flight of steps led us from the foot of the ramparts up to the gate of the palace. We entered it, and were presently surrounded by a train of attendants in such sumptuous liveries, than I found myself all at once carried back into the fifteenth century, and might have fancied myself within the courtly halls of our Tudors and Plantagenets. You can better conceive that I can paint the scene which took place between the palatine, the countess, and her son. I can only repeat, that from that hour I have known no want of happiness but what arises from regret that my dear family are not partakers with me.

"You know that this stupendous building was the favorite residence of John Sobieski, and that he erected it as a resting-place from the labors of his long and glorious reign. I cannot move without meeting some vestige of that truly great monarch. I sleep in his bed chamber: there hangs his portrait, dressed in the robes of sovereignty; here are suspended the arms with which he saved the very kingdoms which have now met together to destroy his country. On one side is his library; on the other, the little chapel in which he used to pay his morning and evening devotions. Wherever I look, my eye finds some object to excite my reflections and emulation. The noble dead seem to address me from their graves; and I blush at the inglorious life I might have pursued had I never visited this house and its inhabitants. Yet, my dearest mother, I do not mean to insinuate that my honored father and brave ancestors have not set me examples as bright as man need follow. But human nature is capricious; we are not so easily stimulated by what is always in our view as with sights which, rising up when we are removed from our customary associations, surprise and captivate our attention. Villanow has only awakened me to the lesson which I conned over in drowsy carelessness at home. Thaddeus Sobieski is hardly one year my senior; but, good heaven! what has he not done? what has he not acquired? Whilst I abused the indulgence of my parents, and wasted my days in riding, shooting, and walking the streets, he was learning to act as became a man of rank and virtue; and by seizing every opportunity to serve the state, he has obtained a rich reward in the respect and admiration of his country. I am not envious, but I now feel the truth of Caesar's speech, when he declared 'The reputation of Alexander would not let him sleep.' Nevertheless, I dearly love my friend. I murmur at my own demerits, not at his worth.

"I have scribbled over all my paper, otherwise I verily believe I should write more; however, I promise you another letter in a week or two. Meanwhile I shall send this packet to Mr. Loftus, who is at St. Petersburg, to forward it to you. Adieu, my dear mother! I am, with reverence to my father and yourself.

"Your truly affectionate son,

"PEMBROKE SOMERSET.

"VILLANOW, _August_, 1792."

CHAPTER VI.

SOCIETY IN POLAND.

"TO LADY SOMERSET, SOMERSET CASTLE, ENGLAND.

[Written three weeks after the preceding.]

"You know, my dear mother, that your Pembroke is famous for his ingenious mode of showing the full value of every favor he confers! Can I then relinquish the temptation of telling you what I have left to make you happy with this epistle?

"About five minutes ago, I was sitting on the lawn at the feet of the countess, reading to her and the Princess Poniatowski the charming poem of 'The Pleasures of Memory.' As both these ladies understand English, they were admiring it, and paying many compliments to the graces of my delivery, when the palatine presented himself, and told me, if I had any commands for St. Petersburg, I must prepare them, for a messenger was to set off on the next morning, by daybreak.' I instantly sprang up, threw my book into the hand of Thaddeus, and here I am in my own room scribbling to you!

"Even at the moment in which I dip my pen in the ink, my hurrying imagination paints on my heart the situation of my beloved home when this letter reaches you. I think I see you and my good aunt, seated on the blue sofa in your dressing-room, with your needle work on the little table before you; I see Mary in her usual nook--the recess by the old harpsichord--and my dear father bringing in this happy letter from your son! I must confess this romantic kind of fancy-sketching makes me feel rather oddly: very unlike what I felt a few months ago, when I was a mere coxcomb--indifferent, unreflecting, unappreciating, and fit for nothing better than to hold pins at my lady's toilet. Well, it is now made evident to me that we never know the blessings bestowed on us until we are separated from the possession of them. Absence tightens the strings which unites friends as well as lovers: at least I find it so; and though I am in the fruition of every good on this side the ocean, yet my very happiness renders me ungrateful, and I repine because I enjoy it alone. Positively, I must bring you all hither to pass a summer, or come back at the termination of my travels, and carry away this dear family by main force to England.

"Tell my cousin Mary that, either way, I shall present to her esteem the most amiable and accomplished of my sex; but I warn her not to fall in love with him, neither in _propriâ, personâ_, nor by his public fame, nor with his private character. Tell her 'he is a bright and particular star,' neither in her sphere nor in any other woman's. In this way he is as cold as 'Dian's Crescent;' and to my great amazement too, for when I throw my eyes over the many lovely young women who at different times fill the drawing-room of the countess, I cannot but wonder at the perfect indifference with which he views their (to me) irresistible charms.

"He is polite and attentive to them all; he talks with them, smiles with them, and treats them with every gentle complacency; but they do not live one instant in his memory. I mean they do not occupy his particular wishes; for with regard to every respectful sentiment towards the sex in general, and esteem to some amiable individuals, he is as awake as in the other case he is still asleep. The fact is, he has no idea of appropriation; he never casts one thought upon himself; kindness is spontaneous in his nature; his sunny eyes beam on all with modest benignity, and his frank and glowing conversation is directed to every rank of people. They imbibe it with an avidity and love which makes its way to his heart, without kindling one spark of vanity. Thus, whilst his fine person and splendid actions fill every eye and bosom, I see him moving in the circle unconscious of his eminence and the admiration he excites.

"Drawn by such an example, to which his high quality as well as extraordinary merit gives so great an influence, most of the younger nobility have been led to enter the army. These circumstances, added to the detail of his bravery and uncommon talents in the field, have made him an object of universal regard, and, in consequence, wherever he is seen he meets with applause and acclamation: nay, even at the appearance of his carriage in the streets, the passengers take off their hats and pray for him till he is out of sight. It is only then that I perceive his cheek flush with the conviction that he is seated in their hearts.

"'It is this, Thaddeus,' said I to him one day, when walking together we were obliged to retire into a house from the crowds that followed him; 'it is this, my dear friend, which shields your heart against the arrows of love. You have no place for that passion; your mistress is glory, and she courts you.'

"'My mistress is my country,' replied he; 'at present I desire no other. For her I would die; for her only would I wish to live.' Whilst he spoke, the energy of his soul blazed in his eye. I smiled.

"'You are an enthusiast, Thaddeus,' I said.

"'Pembroke!' returned he, in a surprised and reproachful tone.

"'I do not give you that name opprobriously,' resumed I, laughing; 'but there are many in my country, who, hearing these sentiments, would not scruple to call you mad.'

"'Then I pity them,' returned Thaddeus. 'Men who cannot ardently feel, cannot taste supreme happiness. My grandfather educated me at the feet of patriotism; and when I forget his precepts and example, may my guardian angel forget me!'

"'Happy, glorious Thaddeus!' cried I, grasping his hand; 'how I envy you your destiny! to live as you do, in the lap of honor, virtue and glory the aim and end of your existence!'

"The animated countenance of my friend changed at these words, and laying his hand on my arm, he said, 'Do not envy me my destiny. Pembroke, you are the son of a free and loyal country, at peace with itself; insatiate power has not dared to invade its rights. Your king, in happy security, reigns in the confidence of his people,

whilst our anointed Stanislaus is baited and insulted by oppression from without and ingratitude within. Do not envy me; I would rather live in obscurity all my days than have the means which calamity may produce of acquiring celebrity over the ruins of Poland. O! my friend, the wreath that crowns the head of conquest is thick and bright; but that which binds the olive of peace on the bleeding wounds of my country will be the dearest to me.'

"Such sentiments, my dear madam, have opened new lights upon my poor mistaken faculties. I never considered the subject so maturely as my friend has done; victory and glory were with me synonymous words. I had not learned, until frequent conversations with the young, ardent, and pious Sobieski taught me, how to discriminate between animal courage and true valor--between the defender of his country and the ravager of other states. In short, I see in Thaddeus Sobieski all that my fancy hath ever pictured of the heroic character. Whilst I contemplate the sublimity of his sentiments and the tenderness of his soul, I cannot help thinking how few would believe that so many admirable qualities could belong to one mind, and that mind remain unacquainted with the throes of ambition or the throbs of self-love."

Pembroke judged rightly of his friend; for if ever the real disinterested *_amor patriæ_* glowed in the breast of a man, it animated the heart of the young Sobieski. At the termination of the foregoing sentence in the letter to his mother, Pembroke was interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who presented him a packet which had that moment arrived from St. Petersburg. He took it, and putting his writing materials into a desk, read the following epistle from his governor:

"TO PEMBROKE SOMERSET, ESQ.

"My dear sir,

"I have this day received your letter, enclosing one for Lady Somerset. You must pardon me that I have detained it, and will continue to do so until I am favored with your answer to this, for which I shall most anxiously wait.

"You know, Mr. Somerset, my reputation in the sciences; you know my depth in the languages; and besides, the Marquis of Inverary, with whom I travelled over the Continent, offered you sufficient credentials respecting my knowledge of the world, and the honorable manner in which I treat my pupils. Sir Robert Somerset and your lady mother were amply satisfied with the account which his lordship gave of my character; but with all this, in one point every man is vulnerable. No scholar can forget those lines of the poet:--

'*Felices ter, et amplius,
Quos irrupta tenet copula; nec malis
Divulsus quærimoniis,
Supremâ citius solvet amor die.'*

It has been my misfortune that I have felt them.

"You are not ignorant that I was known to the Brinicki family, when I had the honor of conducting the marquis through Russia. The count's accomplished kinswoman, the amiable and learned widow of Baron Surowkoff, even then took particular notice of me; and when I

returned with you to St. Petersburg. I did not find that my short absence had obliterated me from her memory.

"You are well acquainted with the dignity of that lady's opinions on political subjects. She and I coincided in ardor for the consolidating cause of sovereignty, and in hatred of that levelling power which pervades all Europe. Many have been the long and interesting conversations we have held together on the prosecution of the grand schemes of the three great contracting monarchs.

"The baroness, I need not observe, is as handsome as she is ingenuous; her understanding is as masculine as her person is desirable; and I had been more or less than man had I not understood that my figure and talents were agreeable to her. I cannot say that she absolutely promised me her hand, but she went as far that way as delicacy would permit. I am thus circumstantial, Mr. Somerset, to show you that I do not proceed without proof, She has repeatedly said in my presence that she would never marry any man unless he were not only well-looking, but of the profoundest erudition, united with an acquaintance with men and manners which none can dispute. 'Besides,' added she, 'he must not differ with me one tittle in politics, for on that head I hold myself second to no man or woman in Europe.' And then she has complimented me, by declaring that I possessed more judicious sentiments on government than any man in St. Petersburg, and that she should consider herself happy, on the first vacancy in the imperial college, to introduce me at court, where she was 'sure the empress would at once discover the value of my talents; but,' she continued, 'in such a case, I will not allow that even her majesty shall rival me in your esteem.' The modesty natural to my character told me that these praises must have some other source than my comparatively unequal abilities; and I unequivocally found it in the partiality with which her ladyship condescended to regard me.

"Was I to blame, Mr. Somerset? Would not any man of sensibility and honor have comprehended such advances from a woman of her rank and reputation? I could not be mistaken; her looks and words needed no explanation which my judgment could not pronounce. Though I am aware that I do not possess that *_lumen purpureum juveniæ_* which attracts very young, uneducated women, yet I am not much turned of fifty; and from the baroness's singular behavior, I had every reason to expect handsomer treatment than she has been pleased to dispense to me since my return to this capital.

"But to proceed regularly--(I must beg your pardon for the warmth which has hurried me to this digression): you know, sir, that from the hour in which I had the honor of taking leave of your noble family in England, I strove to impress upon your rather volatile mind a just and accurate conception of the people amongst whom I was to conduct you. When I brought you into this extensive empire, I left no means unexerted to heighten your respect not only for its amiable sovereign, but for all powers in amity with her. It is the characteristic of genius to be zealous. I was so, in favor of the pretensions of the great Catherine to that miserable country in which you now are, and to which she deigned to offer her protection. To this zeal, and my unfortunate though honorable devotion to the wishes of the baroness, I am constrained to attribute my present dilemma.

"When Poland had the insolence to rebel against its illustrious mistress, you remember that all the rational world was highly

incensed. The Baroness Surowkoff declared herself frequently, and with vehemence she appealed to me. My veracity and my principles were called forth, and I confessed that I thought every friend to the Tzaritza ought to take up arms against that ungrateful people. The Count Brinicki was then appointed to command the Russian forces preparing to join the formidable allies; and her ladyship, very unexpectedly on my part, answered me by approving what I said, and added that of course I meant to follow her cousin into Poland, for that even she, as a woman, was so earnest in the cause, she would accompany him to the frontiers, and there await the result.

"What could I do? How could I withstand the expectations of a lady of her quality, and one who I believed loved me? However, for some time I did oppose my wish to oblige her; I urged my cloth, and the impossibility of accounting for such a line of conduct to the father of my pupil? The baroness ridiculed all these arguments as mere excuses, and ended with saying, 'Do as you please, Mr. Loftus. I have been deceived in your character; the friend of the Baroness Surowkoff must be consistent; he must be as willing to fight for the cause he espouses as to speak for it: in this case, the sword must follow the oration, else we shall see Poland in the hands of a rabble.'

"This decided me. I offered my services to the count to attend him to the field. He and the young lords persuaded you to do the same; and as I could not think of leaving you, when your father had placed you under my charge, I was pleased to find that my approval confirmed your wish to turn soldier. I was not then acquainted, Mr. Somerset (for you did not tell me of it until we were far advanced into Poland), with Sir Robert's and my lady's dislike of the army. This has been a prime source of my error throughout this affair. Had I known their repugnance to your taking up arms, my duty would have triumphed over even my devotion to the baroness; but I was born under a melancholy horoscope; nothing happens as any one of my humblest wishes might warrant.

"At the first onset of the battle, I became so suddenly ill that I was obliged to retire; and on this unfortunate event, which was completely unwilling on my part (for no man can command the periods of sickness), the baroness founded a contempt which has disconcerted all my schemes. Besides, when I attempted to remonstrate with her ladyship on the promise which, if not directly given, was implied, she laughed at me; and when I persisted in my suit, all at once, like the rest of her ungrateful and undistinguishing sex, she burst into a tempest of invectives, and forbade me her presence.

"What am I now to do, Mr. Somerset? This inconsistent woman has betrayed me into conduct diametrically opposite to the commands of your family. Your father particularly desired that I would not suffer you to go either into Hungary or Poland. In the last instance I have permitted you to disobey him. And my Lady Somerset (who, alas! I now remember lost both her father and brother in different engagements), you tell me, had declared that she never would pardon the man who should put military ideas into your head.

"Therefore, sir, though you are my pupil, I throw myself on your generosity. If you persist in acquainting your family with the late transactions at Zielime, and your present residence in Poland, I shall finally be ruined. I shall not only forfeit the good opinion of your noble father and mother, but lose all prospect of the living of

Somerset, which Sir Robert was so gracious as to promise should be mine on the demise of the present incumbent. You know, Mr. Somerset, that I have a mother and six sisters in Wales, whose support depends on my success in life; if my preferment be stopped now, they must necessarily be involved in a distress which makes me shudder.

"I cannot add more, sir; I know well your character for generosity, and I therefore rest upon it with the utmost confidence. I shall detain the letter which you did me the honor to enclose for my Lady Somerset till I receive your decision; and ever, whilst I live, will I henceforth remain firm to my old and favorite maxim, which I adopted from the glorious epistle of Horace to Numicius. Perhaps you may not recollect the lines? They run thus:--

Nil admirari, prope res est una, Numici,
Solaque, quae possit facere et servare beatum.

"I have the honor to be,
"Dear sir,
"Your most obedient servant,
"ANDREW LOFTUS.

"St. PETERSBURG, _September_, 1792."

"P. S. Just as I was about sealing this packet, the English ambassador forwarded to me a short letter from your father, in which he desires us to quit Russia, and to make the best of our way to England, where you are wanted on a most urgent occasion. He explains himself no further, only repeating his orders in express commands that we set off instantly. I wait your directions."

This epistle disconcerted Mr. Somerset. He always guessed the Baroness Surowkoff was amusing herself with his vain and pedantic preceptor; but he never entertained a suspicion that her ladyship would carry her pleasantry to so cruel an excess. He clearly saw that the fears of Mr. Loftus with regard to the displeasure of his parents were far from groundless; and therefore, as there was no doubt, from the extreme age of Dr. Manners, that the rectory of Somerset would soon become vacant, he thought it better to oblige his poor governor, and preserve their secret for a month or two, than to give him up to the indignation of Sir Robert. On these grounds, Pembroke resolved to write to Mr. Loftus, and ease the anxiety of his heart. Although he ridiculed his vanity, he could not help respecting the affectionate solicitude of a son and a brother, and as that plea had won him, half angry, half grieved, and half laughing, he dispatched a few hasty lines.

"To THE REVEREND ANDREW LOFTUS, ST. PETERSBURG.

"What whimsical fit, my dear sir, has seized my father, that I am recalled at a moment's notice? Faith, I am so mad at the summons, and at his not deigning to assign a reason for his order, that I do not know how I may be tempted to act.

"Another thing, you beg of me not to say a word of my having been in Poland; and for that purpose you have withheld the letter which I sent to you to forward to my mother! You offer far-fetched and precious excuses for having betrayed your own wisdom, and your pupil's innocence, into so mortal an offence. One cause of my being

here, you say, was your 'ardor in the cause of insulted Russia, and your hatred of that levelling power which pervades all Europe.'

"Well, I grant it. I understood from you and Brinicki that you were leading me against a set of violent, discontented men of rank, who, in proportion as each was inflated with his own personal pride, despised all of their own order who did not agree with them, and, coalescing together under the name of freedom, were introducing anarchy throughout a country which Catharine would graciously have protected. All this I find to be in error. But both of you may have been misled: the count by partiality and you by misrepresentation; therefore I do not perceive why you should be in such a terror. The wisest man in the world may see through bad lights; and why should you think my father would never pardon you for having been so unlucky?

"Yet to dispel your dread of such tidings ruining you with Sir Robert, I will not be the first to tell him of our quixoting. Only remember, my good sir,--though, to oblige you, I withhold my letters to my mother, and when I arrive in England shall lock up my lips from mentioning Poland,--that positively, I will not be mute one day longer than that in which my father presents you with the living of Somerset; then you will be independent of his displeasure, and I may, and will, declare my everlasting gratitude to this illustrious family.

"I am half mad when I think of leaving them. I must now tear myself from this mansion of comfort and affection, to wander with you in some rumbling old barouche 'over brake and through briar!' Well, patience! Another such upset to your friends of the Neva, and with 'victory perched like an eagle on their laurelled brows,' I may have some chance of wooing the Sobieskis to the banks of the Thames. At present, I have not sufficient hope to keep me in good-humor.

"Meet me this day week at Dantzic: I shall there embark for England. You had best not bring the foreign servants with you; they might blab. Discharge them at St. Petersburg, and hire a courier for yourself, whom we may drop at the seaport.

"I have the honor to remain,

"Dear sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

PEMBROKE SOMERSET.

"VILLANOW, _September_, 1792."

When Somerset joined his friends at supper, and imparted to them the commands of his father, an immediate change was produced in the spirits of the party. During the lamentations of the ladies and the murmurs of the young men, the countess tried to dispel the effects of the information by addressing Pembroke with a smile, and saying, "But we hope that you have seen enough at Villanow to tempt you back again at no very distant period? Tell Lady Somerset you have left a second mother in Poland, who will long to receive another visit from her adopted son."

"Yes, my dear madam," returned he; "and I shall hope, before a very distant period, to see those two kind mothers united as intimately by friendship as they are in my heart."

Thaddeus listened with a saddened countenance. He had not been accustomed to the thought of a long separation, and when he met it now, he hardly knew how to proportion his uneasiness to the privation. Hope and all the hilarities of youth flushed in his soul; his features continually glowed with animation, whilst the gay beaming of his eyes ever answered to the smile on his lips. Hence the slightest veering of his mind was perceptible to the countess, who, turning round, saw him leaning thoughtfully in his chair, whilst Pembroke, with increasing vehemence, was running through various invectives against the hastiness of his recall.

"Come, come, Thaddeus!" cried she; "let us think no more of this parting until it arrives. You know that anticipation of evil is the death of happiness; and it will be a kind of suicide should we destroy the hours we may yet enjoy together in vain complainings that they are so soon to terminate."

A little exhortation from the countess, and a maternal kiss which she imprinted on his cheek, restored him to cheerfulness, and the evening passed more pleasantly than it had portended.

Much as the palatine esteemed Pembroke Somerset, his mind was too deeply absorbed in the condition of the kingdom to attend to less considerable cares. He beheld his country, even on the verge of destruction, awaiting with firmness the approach of the earthquake which threatened to engulf it in the neighboring nations. He saw the storm lowering; but he determined, whilst there remained one spot of vantage ground above the general wreck, that Poland should yet have a name and a defender. These thoughts possessed him; these plans engaged him; and he had not leisure to regret pleasure when he was struggling for existence.

The empress continued to pour her armies into the heart of the kingdom. The King of Prussia, boldly flying from his treaties, marched to bid her colors a conqueror's welcome; and the Emperor of Germany, following the example of so great a prince, did not blush to show that his word was equally contemptible.

Dispatches daily arrived of the villages being laid waste; that neither age, sex, nor situation shielded the unfortunate inhabitants, and that all the frontier provinces were in flames.

The Diet was called, [Footnote: The constitutional Diet of Poland nearly answers in principle to the British three estates in Parliament--King, Lords, and Commons.] and the debates agitated with the anxiety of men who were met to decide on their dearest interests. The bosom of the benevolent Stanislaus bled at the dreadful picture of his people's sufferings, and hardly able to restrain his tears, he answered the animated exordiums of Sobieski for resistance to the last with an appeal immediately to his heart.

"What is it that you urge me to do, my lord?" said he. "Was it not to secure the happiness of my subjects that I labored? and finding my designs impracticable, what advantage would it be to them should I pertinaciously oppose their small numbers to the accumulated array of

two empires, and of a king almost as powerful as either. What is my kingdom but the comfort of my people? What will it avail me to see them fall around me, man by man, and the few who remain bending in speechless sorrow over their graves? Such a sight would break my heart. Poland without its people would be a desert, and I a hermit rather than a king."

In vain the palatine combated these arguments, showing the vain quiet such a peace might afford, by declaring it could only be temporary. In vain he told his majesty that he would purchase safety for the present race at the vast expense of not only the liberty of posterity, but of its probity and happiness.

"However you disguise slavery," cried he, "it is slavery still. Its chains, though wreathed with roses, not only fasten on the body but rivet on the mind. They bend it from the loftiest virtue to a debasement beneath calculation. They disgrace honor; they trample upon justice. They transform the legions of Rome into a band of singers. They prostrate the sons of Athens and of Sparta at the feet of cowards. They make man abjure his birth right, bind himself to another's will, and give that into a tyrant's hands which he received as a deposit from Heaven--his reason, his conscience, and his soul. Think on this, and then, if you can, subjugate Poland to her enemies."

Stanislaus, weakened by years and subdued by disappointment, now retained no higher wish than to save his subjects from immediate outrage. He did not answer the palatine, but with streaming eyes bent over the table, and annulled the glorious constitution of 1791. Then with emotions hardly short of agony, he signed an order presented by a plenipotentiary from the combined powers, which directed Prince Poniatowski to deliver the army under his command into the hands of General Brinicki.

As the king put his signature to these papers, Sobieski, who had strenuously withstood each decision, started from his chair, bowed to his sovereign, and in silence left the apartment. Several noblemen followed him.

These pacific measures did not meet with better treatment from without. When they were noised abroad, an alarming commotion arose among the inhabitants of Warsaw, and nearly four thousand men of the first families in the kingdom assembled themselves in the park of Villanow, and with tumultuous eagerness declared their resolution to resist the invaders of their country to their last gasp. The Prince Sapieha, Kosciusko, and Sobieski, with the sage Dombrowski, were the first who took this oath of fidelity to Poland; and they administered it to Thaddeus, who, kneeling down, inwardly invoked Heaven to aid him, as he swore to fulfil his trust.

In the midst of these momentous affairs, Pembroke Somerset bade adieu to his Polish friends, and set sail with his governor from Dantzic for England.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DIET OF POLAND.

Those winter months which before this year had been at Villanow the season for cheerfulness and festivity, now rolled away in the sad pomp of national debates and military assemblies.

Prussia usurped the best part of Pomerelia, and garrisoned it with troops; Catharine declared her dominion over the vast tract of land which lies between the Dwina and Borysthenes; and Frederick William marked down another sweep of Poland. to follow the fate of Dantzic and of Thorn, while watching the dark policy of Austria regarding its selecting portions of the dismembering state.

Calamities and insults were heaped day after day on the defenceless Poles. The deputies of the provinces were put into prison, and the provisions intended for the king's table interrupted and appropriated by the depredators to their own use. Sobieski remonstrated on this last outrage; but incensed at reproof, and irritated at the sway which the palatine still held, an order was issued for all the Sobieski estates in Lithuania and Podolia to be sequestrated and divided between four of the invading generals.

In vain the Villanow confederation endeavored to remonstrate with the empress. Her ambassador not only refused to forward the dispatches, but threatened the nobles "if they did not comply with every one of his demands, he would lay all the estates, possessions, and habitations of the members of the Diet under an immediate military execution. Nay, punishment should not stop there; for if the king joined the Sobieski party (to which he now appeared inclined), the royal domains should not only meet the same fate, but harsher treatment should follow, until both the people and their proud sovereign were brought into due subjection."

These menaces were too arrogant to have any other effect upon the Poles than that of giving a new spur to their resolution. With the same firmness they repulsed similar fulminations from the Prussian ambassador, and, with a coolness which was only equalled by their intrepidity, they prepared to resume their arms.

Hearing by private information that their threats were despised, next morning, before daybreak, these despotic envoys surrounded the building where the confederation was sitting with two battalions of grenadiers and four pieces of cannon, and then issued orders that no Pole should pass the gates without being fired on. General Rautenfeld, who was set over the person of the king, declared that not even his majesty might stir until the Diet had given an unanimous and full consent to the imperial commands.

The Diet set forth the unlawfulness of signing any treaty whilst thus withheld from the freedom of will and debate. They urged that it was not legal to enter into deliberation when violence had recently been exerted against any individual of their body; and how could they do it now, deprived as they were of five of their principal members, whom the ambassadors well knew they had arrested on their way to the Senate? Sobieski and four of his friends being the members most inimical to the oppression going on, were these five. In vain their liberation was required; and enraged at the pertinacity of this opposition, Rautenfeld repeated the former threats, with the addition

of more, swearing that they should take place without appeal if the Diet did not directly and unconditionally sign the pretensions both of his court and that of Prussia.

After a hard contention of many hours, the members at last agreed amongst themselves to make a solemn public protest against the present tyrannous measures of the two ambassadors; and seeing that any attempt to inspire them even with decency was useless, they determined to cease all debate, and kept a profound silence when the marshal should propose the project in demand.

This sorrowful silence was commenced in resentment and retained through despair; this sorrowful silence was called by their usurpers a consent; this sorrowful silence is held up to the world and to posterity as a free cession by the Poles of all those rights which they had received from nature, ratified by laws, and defended with their blood. [Footnote: Thus, like the curule fathers of Rome, they sat unyielding, awaiting the threatened stroke. But the dignity of virtue held her shield over them; and with an answering silence on the part of the confederated ambassadors, the Diet-chamber was vacated.]

The morning after this dreadful day, the Senate met at one of the private palaces; and, indignant and broken-hearted, they delivered the following declaration to the people:--

"The Diet of Poland, hemmed in by foreign troops, menaced with an influx of the enemy, which would be attended by universal ruin, and finally insulted by a thousand outrages, have been forced to witness the signing of a submissive treaty with their enemies.

"The Diet had strenuously endeavored to have added to that treaty some conditions to which they supposed the lamentable state of the country would have extorted an acquiescence, even from the heart of a conqueror's power. But the Diet were deceived: they found such power was unaccompanied by humanity; they found that the foe, having thrown his victim to the ground, would not refrain from exulting in the barbarous triumph of trampling upon her neck.

"The Diet rely on the justice of Poland--rely on her belief that they would not betray the citadel she confided to their keeping. Her preservation is dearer to them than their lives; but fate seems to be on the side of their destroyer. Fresh insults have been heaped upon their heads and new hardships have been imposed upon them. To prevent all deliberations on this debasing treaty, they are not only surrounded by foreign troops, and dared with hostile messages, but they have been violated by the arrest of their prime members, whilst those who are still suffered to possess a personal freedom have the most galling shackles laid upon their minds.

"Therefore, I, the King of Poland, enervated by age, and sinking under the accumulated weight of my kingdom's afflictions, and also we, the members of the Diet, declare that, being unable, even by the sacrifice of our lives, to relieve our country from the yoke of its oppressors, we consign it to our children and the justice of Heaven.

"In another age, means may be found to rescue it from chains and misery; but such means are not put in our power. Other countries neglect us. Whilst they reprobate the violations which a neighboring

nation is alleged to have committed against rational liberty, they behold, not only with apathy but with approbation, the ravages which are now desolating Poland. Posterity must avenge it. We have done. We accede in silence, for the reasons above mentioned, to the treaty laid before us, though we declare that it is contrary to our wishes, to our sentiments, and to our rights."

Thus, in November, 1793, compressed to one fourth of her dimensions by the lines of demarcation drawn by her invaders, Poland was stripped of her rank in Europe; her "power delivered up to strangers, and her beauty into the hands of her enemies!" Ill-fated people! Nations will weep over your wrongs; whilst the burning blush of shame, that their fathers witnessed such wrongs unmoved, shall cause the tears to blister as they fall.

During these transactions, the Countess Sobieski continued in solitude at Villanow, awaiting with awful anxiety the termination of those portentous events which so deeply involved her own comforts with those of her country. Her father was in prison, her son at a distance with the army. Sick at heart, she saw the opening of that spring which might be the commencement only of a new season of injuries; and her fears were prophetic.

It being discovered that some Masovian regiments in the neighborhood of Warsaw yet retained their arms, they were ordered by the foreign envoys to lay them down. A few, thinking denial vain, obeyed; but bolder spirits followed Thaddeus Sobieski towards South Prussia, whither he had directed his steps on the arrest of his grandfather, and where he had gathered and kept together a handful of brave men, still faithful to their liberties. His name alone collected numbers in every district through which he marched. Persecution from their adversary as well as admiration of Thaddeus had given a resistless power to his appearance, look, and voice, all of which had such an effect on the peasantry, that they eagerly crowded to his standard, whilst their young lords committed themselves without reserve to his sole judgment and command. The Prussian ambassador, hearing of this, sent to Stanislaus to command the grandson of Sobieski to disband his troops. The king refusing, and his answer being communicated to the Russian envoy also, war was renewed with redoubled fury.

The palatine remained in confinement, hopeless of obtaining release without the aid of stratagem. His country's enemies were too well aware of their interest to give freedom to so active an opponent. They sought to vex his spirit with every mental torture; but he rather received consolation than despair in the reports daily brought to him by his jailers. They told him "that his grandson continued to carry himself with such insolent opposition in the south, it would be well if the empress, at the termination of the war, allowed him to escape with banishment to Siberia." But every reproach thus levelled at the palatine he found had been bought by some new success of Thaddeus; and instead of permitting their malignity to intimidate his age or alarm his affection, he told the officer (who kept guard in his chambers) that if his grandson were to lose his head for fidelity to Poland, he should behold him with as proud an eye mounting the scaffold as entering the streets of Warsaw with her freedom in his hand. "The only difference would be," continued Sobieski, "that as the first cannot happen until all virtue be dead in this land, I should regard his last gasp as the expiring sigh of that virtue which, by him, had found a triumph even under the axe. But for the

second, it would be joy unutterable to behold the victory of justice over rapine and violence! But, either way, Thaddeus Sobieski is still the same--ready to die or ready to live for his country, and equally worthy of the sacred halo with which posterity would encircle his name forever."

Indeed, the accounts which arrived from this young soldier, who had formed a junction with General Kosciusko, were in the highest degree formidable to the coalesced powers. Having gained several advantages over the Prussians, the two victorious battalions were advancing towards Inowlotz, when a large and fresh body of the enemy appeared suddenly on their rear. The enemy on the opposite bank of the river, (whom the Poles were driving before them,) at sight of this reinforcement, rallied; and not only to retard the approach of the pursuers, but to ensure their defeat from the army in view, they broke down the wooden bridge by which they had escaped themselves. The Poles were at a stand. Kosciusko proposed swimming across, but owing to the recent heavy rains, the river was so swollen and rapid that the young captains to whom he mentioned the project, terrified by the blackness and dashing of the water, drew back. The general, perceiving their panic, called Thaddeus to him, and both plunged into the stream. Ashamed of hesitation, the others now tried who could first follow their example; and, after hard buffeting with its tide, the whole army gained the opposite shore. The Prussians who were in the rear, incapable of the like intrepidity, halted; and those who had crossed on their former defeat, now again intimidated at the daring courage of their adversaries, concealed themselves amidst the thickets of an adjoining valley.

The two friends proceeded towards Cracow, [Footnote: Cracow is considered the oldest regal city in Poland; the tombs of her earliest and noblest kings are there, John Sobieski's being one of the most renowned. It stands in a province of the same name, about 130 miles south-west of Warsaw, the more modern capital of the kingdom, and also the centre of its own province.] carrying redress and protection to the provinces through which they marched. But they had hardly rested a day in that city before dispatches were received that Warsaw was lying at the mercy of General Brinicki. No time could be lost; officers and men had set their lives on the cause, and they recommenced their toil of a new march with a perseverance which brought them before the capital on the 16th of April.

Things were in a worse state than even was expected. The three ambassadors had not only demanded the surrender of the national arsenal, but subscribed their orders with a threat that whoever of the nobles presumed to dispute their authority should be arrested and closely imprisoned there; and if the people should dare to murmur, they would immediately order General Brinicki to lay the city in ashes. The king remonstrated against such oppression, and to "punish his presumption," his excellency ordered that his majesty's garrison and guards should instantly be broken up and dispersed. At the first attempt to execute this mandate, the people flew in crowds to the palace, and, falling on their knees, implored Stanislaus for permission to avenge the insult offered to his troops. The king looked at them with pity, gratitude, and anguish. For some time his emotions were too strong to allow him to speak; at last, in a voice of agony, wrung from his tortured heart, he answered, "Go, and defend your honor!"

The army of Kosciusko marched into the town at this critical moment; they joined the armed people; and that day, after a dreadful conflict, Warsaw was rescued from the immediate grasp of the hovering Black Eagle. During the fight, the king, who was alone in one of the rooms of his palace, sank in despair on the floor; he heard the mingling clash of arms, the roar of musketry, and the cries and groans of the combatants; ruin seemed no longer to threaten his kingdom, but to have pounced at once upon her prey. At every renewed volley which followed each pause in the firing, he expected to see his palace gates burst open, and himself, then indeed made a willing sacrifice, immolated to the vengeance of his enemies.

While he was yet upon his knees petitioning the God of battles for a little longer respite from that doom which was to overwhelm devoted Poland, Thaddeus Sobieski, panting with heat and toil, flew into the room, and before he could speak a word, was clasped in the arms of the agitated Stanislaus.

"What of my people?" asked the king.

"They are victorious!" returned Thaddeus. "The foreign guards are beaten from the palace; your own have resumed their station at the gates."

At this assurance, tears of joy ran over the venerable cheeks of his majesty, and again embracing his young deliverer, he exclaimed, "I thank Heaven, my unhappy country is not bereft of all hope! Whilst a Kosciusko and a Sobieski live, she need not quite despair. They are thy ministers, O Jehovah, of a yet longer respite!"

* * * * *

CHAPTER VIII.

BATTLE OF BRZESC--THE TENTH OF OCTOBER.

Thaddeus was not less eager to release his grandfather than he had been to relieve the anxiety of his sovereign. He hastened, at the head of a few troops, to the prison of Sobieski, and gave him liberty, amidst the acclamations of his soldiers.

The universal joy at these prosperous events did not last many days: it was speedily terminated by information that Cracow had surrendered to a Prussian force, that the King of Prussia was advancing towards the capital, and that the Russians, more implacable in consequence of the late treatment their garrison had received at Warsaw, were pouring into the country like a deluge.

At this intelligence the consternation became dreadful. The Polonese army in general, worn with fatigue and long service, and without clothing or ammunition, were not in any way, excepting courage, fitted for resuming the field.

The treasury was exhausted, and means of raising a supply seemed impracticable. The provinces were laid waste, and the city had

already been drained of its last ducat. In this exigency a council met in his majesty's cabinet, to devise some expedient for obtaining resources. The consultation was as desponding as their situation, until Thaddeus Sobieski, who had been a silent observer, rose from his seat. Sudden indisposition had prevented the palatine attending, but his grandson knew well how to be his substitute. Whilst blushes of awe and eagerness crimsoned his cheek, he advanced towards Stanislaus, and taking from his neck and other parts of his dress those magnificent jewels it was customary to wear in the presence of the king, he knelt down, and laying them at the feet of his majesty, said, in a suppressed voice, "These are trifles; but such as they are, and all of the like kind which we possess, I am commanded by my grandfather to beseech your majesty to appropriate to the public service."

"Noble young man!" cried the king, raising him from the ground; "you have indeed taught me a lesson. I accept these jewels with gratitude. Here," said he, turning to the treasurer, "put them into the national fund, and let them be followed by my own, with my gold and silver plate, which latter I desire may be instantly sent to the mint. Three parts the army shall have; the other we must expend in giving support to the surviving families of the brave men who have fallen in our defence." The palatine readily united with his grandson in the surrender of all their personal property for the benefit of their country; and, according to their example, the treasury was soon filled with gratuities from the nobles. The very artisans offered their services gratis; and all hands being employed to forward the preparations, the army was soon enabled to take the field, newly equipped and in high spirits.

The countess had again to bid adieu to a son who was now become as much the object of her admiration as of her love. In proportion as glory surrounded him and danger courted his steps, the strings of affection drew him closer to her soul; the "aspiring blood" of the Sobieskis which beat in her veins could not cheer the dread of a mother, could not cause her to forget that the spring of her existence now flowed from the fountain which had taken its source from her. Her anxious and watching heart paid dearly in tears and sleepless nights for the honor with which she was saluted at every turning as the mother of Thaddeus: that Thaddeus who was not more the spirit of enterprise, and the rallying point of resistance, than he was to her the gentlest, the dearest, the most amiable of sons. It matters not to the undistinguishing bolt of carnage whether it strike common breasts or those rare hearts whose lives are usually as brief as they are dazzling; this leaden messenger of death banquets as greedily on the bosom of a hero as if it had lit upon more vulgar prey; all is levelled to the seeming chance of war, which comes like a whirlwind of the desert, scattering man and beast in one wide ruin.

Such thoughts as these possessed the melancholy but prayerful reveries of the Countess Sobieski, from the hour in which she saw Thaddeus and his grandfather depart for Cracow until she heard it was retaken, and that the enemy were defeated in several subsequent contests.

Warsaw was again bombarded, and again Kosciusko, with the palatine and Thaddeus, preserved it from destruction. In short, wherever they moved, their dauntless little army carried terror to its adversaries, and diffused hope through the homes and hearts of their countrymen.

They next turned their course to the relief of Lithuania; but whilst they were on their route thither, they received intelligence that a division of the Poles, led by Prince Poniatowski, having been routed by a formidable body of Russians under Suwarrow, that general, elated with his success, was hastening forward to re-attack the capital.

Kosciusko resolved to prevent him, prepared to give immediate battle to Ferfen, another Russian commander, who was on his march to form a junction with his victorious countrymen. To this end Kosciusko divided his forces; half of them to not only support the retreat of the prince, but to enable him to hover near Suwarrow, and to keep a watchful eye over his motions; whilst Kosciusko, accompanied by the two Sobieskis, would proceed with the other division towards Brzesc.

It was the tenth of October. The weather being fine, a cloudless sun diffused life and brilliancy through the pure air of a keen morning. The vast green plain before them glittered with the troops of General Ferfen, who had already arranged them in order of battle.

The word was given. Thaddeus, as he drew his sabre [Footnote: The sabre (like the once famed claymore of Scotland) was the characteristic weapon of Poland. It was the especial appendage to the sides of the nobles;—its use, the science of their youth, their ornament and graceful exercise in peace, their most efficient manual power of attack or defence in war. It is impossible for any but an eye-witness to have any idea of the skill, beauty, and determination with which this weapon was, and is, wielded in Poland.] from its scabbard, raised his eyes to implore the justice of Heaven on that day's events. The attack was made. The Poles kept their station on the heights. The Russians rushed on them like wolves, and twice they repulsed them by their steadiness. Conquest declared for Poland. Thaddeus was seen in every part of the field. But reinforcements poured in to the support of Ferfen, and war raged in new horrors. Still the courage of the Poles was unabated. Sobieski, fighting at the head of his cavalry, would not recede a foot, and Kosciusko, exhorting his men to be resolute, appeared in the hottest places of the battle.

At one of these portentous moments, the commander-in-chief was seen struggling with the third charger which had been shot under him that day. Thaddeus galloped to his assistance, gave him his horse, mounted another offered by a hussar, and remained fighting by his side, till, on the next charge, Kosciusko himself fell forward. Thaddeus caught him in his arms, and finding that his own breast was immediately covered with blood, (a Cossack having stabbed the general through the shoulder,) he unconsciously uttered a cry of horror. The surrounding soldiers took the alarm, and "Kosciusko, our father, is killed!" was echoed from rank to rank with such piercing shrieks, that the wounded hero started from the breast of his young friend just as two Russian chasseurs in the same moment made a cut at them both. The sabre struck the exposed head of Kosciusko, who sunk senseless to the ground, and Thaddeus received a gash near his neck that laid him by his side.

The consternation became universal; groans of despair seemed to issue from the whole army, whilst the few resolute Poles who had been stationed near the fallen general fell in mangled heaps upon his breast. Thaddeus with difficulty extricated himself from the bodies

of the slain; and, fighting his way through the triumphant troops which pressed around him, amidst the smoke and confusion soon joined his terror-stricken comrades, who in the wildest despair were dispersing under a heavy fire, and flying like frightened deer. In vain he called to them--in vain he urged them to avenge Kosciusko; the panic was complete, and they fled.

Almost alone, in the rear of his soldiers, he opposed with his single and desperate arm party after party of the enemy, until a narrow stream of the Muchavez stopped his retreat. The waters were crimsoned with blood. He plunged in, and beating the blushing wave with his left arm, in a few seconds gained the opposite bank, where, fainting from fatigue and loss of blood, he sunk, almost deprived of sense, amidst a heap of the killed.

When the pursuing squadrons had galloped past him, he again summoned strength to look round. He raised himself from the ground, and by the help of his sabre supported his steps a few paces further; but what was the shock he received when the bleeding and lifeless body of his grandfather lay before him? He stood for a few moments motionless and without sensation; then, kneeling down by his side, whilst he felt as if his own heart were palsied with death, he searched for the wounds of the palatine. They were numerous and deep. He would have torn away the handkerchief with which he had stanchd his own blood to have applied it to that of his grandfather; but in the instant he was so doing, feeling the act might the next moment disable himself from giving him further assistance, he took his sash and neck-cloth, and when they were insufficient, he rent the linen from his breast; then hastening to the river, he brought a little water in his cap, and threw some of its stained drops on the pale features of Sobieski.

The venerable hero opened his eyes; in a minute afterwards he recognized that it was his grandson who knelt by him. The palatine pressed his hand, which was cold as ice: the marble lips of Thaddeus could not move.

"My son," said the veteran, in a low voice, "Heaven hath led you hither to receive the last sigh of your grandfather." Thaddeus trembled. The palatine continued; "Carry my blessing to your mother, and bid her seek comfort in the consolations of her God. May that God preserve you! Ever remember that you are his servant; be obedient to him; and as I have been, be faithful to your country."

"May God so bless me!" cried Thaddeus, looking up to heaven.

"And ever remember," said the palatine, raising his head, which had dropped on the bosom of his grandson, "that you are a Sobieski! it is my dying command that you never take any other name."

"I promise."

Thaddeus could say no more, for the countenance of his grandfather became altered; his eyes closed. Thaddeus caught him to his breast. No heart beat against his; all was still and cold. The body dropped from his arms, and he sunk senseless by its side.

When consciousness returned to him, he looked up. The sky was shrouded in clouds, which a driving wind was blowing from the orb of the moon, while a few of her white rays gleamed sepulchrally on the

weapons of the slaughtered soldiers.

The scattered senses of Thaddeus gradually returned to him. He was now lying, the only living creature amidst thousands of the dead who, the preceding night, had been, like himself, alive to all the consciousness of existence! His right hand rested on the pale face of his grandfather. It was wet with dew. He shuddered. Taking his own cloak from his shoulders, he laid it over the body. He would have said, as he did it, "So, my father, I would have sheltered thy life with my own!" but the words choked in his throat, and he sat watching by the corpse until the day dawned, and the Poles returned to bury their slain.

The wretched Thaddeus was discovered by a party of his own hussars seated on a little mound of earth, with the cold hand of Sobieski grasped in his. At this sight the soldiers uttered a cry of dismay and sorrow. Thaddeus rose up. "My friends," said he, "I thank God that you are come! Assist me to bear my dear grandfather to the camp."

Astonished at this composure, but distressed at the dreadful hue of his countenance, they obeyed him in mournful silence, and laid the remains of the palatine upon a bier, which they formed with their sheathed sabres; then gently raising it, they retraced their steps to the camp, leaving a detachment to accomplish the duty for which they had quitted it. Thaddeus, hardly able to support his weakened frame, mounted a horse and followed the melancholy procession.

General Wawrzecki, on whom the command had devolved, seeing the party returning so soon, and in such an order, sent an aid-de-camp to inquire the reason. He came back with dejection in his face, and informed his commander that the brave Palatine of Masovia, whom they supposed had been taken prisoner with his grandson and Kosciusko, was the occasion of this sudden return; that he had been killed, and his body was now approaching the lines on the arms of the soldiers. Wawrzecki, though glad to hear that Thaddeus was alive and at liberty, turned to conceal his tears; then calling out a guard, he marched at their head to meet the corpse of his illustrious friend.

The bier was carried into the general's tent. An aid-de-camp and some gentlemen of the faculty were ordered to attend Thaddeus to his quarters; but the young count, though scarcely able to stand, appeared to linger, and holding fast by the arm of an officer, he looked steadfastly on the body. Wawrzecki understood his hesitation. He pressed his hand. "Fear not, my dear sir," said he; "every honor shall be paid to the remains of your noble grandfather." Thaddeus bowed his head, and was supported out of the tent to his own.

His wounds, of which he had received several, were not deep; and might have been of little consequence, had not his thoughts continually hovered about his mother, and painted her affliction when she should be informed of the lamentable events of the last day's battle. These reflections, awake or in a slumber, (for he never slept,) possessed his mind, and, even whilst his wounds were healing, produced such an irritation in his blood as hourly threatened a fever.

Things were in this situation, when the surgeon put a letter from the countess into his hand. He opened it, and read with breathless

anxiety these lines:

"TO THADDEUS, COUNT SOBIESKI.

"Console yourself, my most precious son, console yourself for my sake. I have seen Colonel Lonza, and I have heard all the horrors which took place on the tenth of this month. I have heard them, and I am yet alive. I am resigned. He tells me you are wounded. Oh! do not let me be bereft of my son also! Remember that you were my dear sainted father's darling; remember that, as his representative, you are to be my consolation; in pity to me, if not to our suffering country, preserve yourself to be at least the last comfort Heaven's mercy hath spared to me. I find that all is lost to Poland as well as to myself! that when my glorious father fell, and his friend with him, even its name, as a country, became extinct. The allied invaders are in full march towards Masovia, and I am too weak to come to you. Let me see you soon, very soon, my beloved son. I beseech you to come to me. You will find me feebler in body than in mind; for there is a holy Comforter that descends on the bruised heart, which none other than the unhappy have conceived or felt. Farewell, my dear, dear Thaddeus! Let the memory that you have a mother check your too ardent courage. God forever guard you! Live for your mother, who has no stronger words to express her affection for you than she is thy mother--thy

"THERESE SOBIESKI.

"VILLANOW, _October,_ 1794."

This letter was indeed a balm to the soul of Thaddeus. That his mother had received intelligence of the cruel event with such "holy resignation" was the best medicine that could now be applied to his wounds, both of mind and body; and when he was told that on the succeeding morning the body of his grandfather would, be removed to the convent near Biala, he declared his resolution to attend it to the grave.

In vain his surgeons and General Wawrzecki remonstrated against the danger of this project; for once the gentle and yielding spirit of Thaddeus was inflexible. He had fixed his determination, and it was not to be shaken.

Next day, being the seventh from that in which the fatal battle had been decided, Thaddeus, at the first beat of the drum, rose from his pallet, and, almost unassisted, put on his clothes. His uniform being black, he needed no other index than his pale and mournful countenance to announce that he was chief mourner.

The procession began to form, and he walked from his tent. It was a fine morning. Thaddeus looked up, as if to upbraid the sun for shining so brightly. Lengthened and repeated rounds of cannon rolled along the air. The solemn march of the dead was moaning from the muffled drum, interrupted at measured pauses by the shrill tremor of the fife. The troops, preceded by their general, moved forward with a decent and melancholy step. The Bishop of Warsaw followed, bearing the sacred volume in his hands; and next, borne upon the crossed pikes of his soldiers, and supported by twelve of his veteran companions, appeared the body of the brave Sobieski. A velvet pall covered it, on which were laid those arms with which for fifty years

he had asserted the loyal independence of his country. At this sight the sobs of the men became audible. Thaddeus followed with a slow but firm step, his eyes bent to the ground and his arms wrapped in his cloak; it was the same which had shaded his beloved grandfather from the dews of that dreadful night. Another train of solemn music succeeded; and then the squadrons which the deceased had commanded dismounted, and, leading their horses, closed the procession.

On the verge of the plain that borders Biala, and within a few paces of the convent gate of St. Francis, the bier stopped. The monks saluted its appearance with a requiem, which they continued to chant till the coffin was lowered into the ground. The earth received its sacred deposit. The anthems ceased; the soldiers, kneeling down, discharged their muskets over it; then, with streaming cheeks, rose and gave place to others. Nine volleys were fired, and the ranks fell back. The bishop advanced to the head of the grave. All was hushed. He raised his eyes to heaven; then, after a pause, in which he seemed to be communing with the regions above him, he turned to the silent assembly, and, in a voice collected and impressive, addressed them in a short but affecting oration, in which he set forth the brightness of Sobieski's life, his noble forgetfulness of self in the interests of his country, and the dauntless bravery which laid him in the dust. A general discharge of cannon was the awful response to this appeal. Wawrzecki took the sabre of the palatine, and, breaking it, dropped it into the grave. The aids-de-camp of the deceased did the same with theirs, showing that by so doing they resigned their offices; and then, covering their faces with their handkerchiefs, they turned away with the soldiers, who filed off. Thaddeus sunk on his knees. His hands were clasped, and his eyes for a few minutes fixed themselves on the coffin of his grandfather; then rising, he leaned on the arm of Wawrzecki, and with a tottering step and pallid countenance, mounted his horse, which had been led to the spot, and returned with the scattered procession to the camp.

The cause for exertion being over, his spirits fell with the rapidity of a spring too highly wound up, which snaps and runs down to immobility. He entered his tent and threw himself on the bed, from which he did not raise for the five following days.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LAST DAYS OF VILLANOW.

At a time when the effects of these sufferings and fatigues had brought his bodily strength to its lowest ebb, the young Count Sobieski was roused by information that the Russians had planted themselves before Praga, and were preparing to bombard the town. The intelligence nerved his heart's sinews again, and rallied the spirits, also, of his depressed soldiers, who energetically obeyed their commander to put themselves in readiness to march at set of sun.

Thaddeus saw that the decisive hour was pending. And as the moon rose, though hardly able to sit his noble charger, he refused the indulgence of a litter, determining that no illness, while he had any

power to master its disabilities, should make him recede from his duty. The image of his mother, too, so near the threatened spot, rushed on his soul. In quick march he led on his troops. Devastation met them over the face of the country. Scared and houseless villagers were flying in every direction; old men stood amongst the ashes of their homes, wailing to the pitying heavens, since man had none. Children and woman sat by the waysides, weeping over the last sustenance the wretched infants drew from the breasts of their perishing mothers.

Thaddeus shut his eyes on the scene.

"Oh, my country! my country!" exclaimed he; "what are my personal griefs to thine? It is your afflictions that barb me to the heart! Look there," cried he to the soldiers, pointing to the miserable spectacles before him; "look there, and carry vengeance into the breasts of their destroyers. Let Praga be the last act of this tragedy."

"Unhappy young man! unfortunate country! It was indeed the last act of a tragedy to which all Europe were spectators--a tragedy which the nations witnessed without one attempt to stop or to delay its dreadful catastrophe! Oh, how must virtue be lost when it is no longer a matter of policy even to assume it." [Footnote: To answer this, we must remember that Europe was then no longer what she was a century before. Almost all her nations had turned from the doctrines of "sound things," and more or less drank deeply of the cup of infidelity, drugged for them by the flattering sophistries of Voltaire. The draught was inebriation, and the wild consequences burst asunder the responsibilities of man to man. The selfish principle ruled, and balance of justice was then seen only aloft in the heavens!]

After a long march through a dark and dismal night, the morning began to break; and Thaddeus found himself on the southern side of that little river which divides the territories of Sobieski from the woods of Kobyłka. Here, for the first time, he endured all the torturing varieties of despair.

The once fertile fields were burnt to stubble; the cottages were yet smoking from the ravages of the fire; and in place of smiling eyes and thankful lips coming to meet him, he beheld the dead bodies of his peasants stretched on the high roads, mangled, bleeding, and stripped of that decent covering which humanity would not deny to the vilest criminal.

Thaddeus could bear the sight no longer, but, setting spurs to his horse, fled from the contemplation of scenes which harrowed up his soul.

At nightfall, the army halted under the walls of Villanow. The count looked towards the windows of the palace, and by a light shining through the half-drawn curtains, distinguished his mother's room. He then turned his eye on that sweep of building which contained the palatine's apartments; but not one solitary lamp illumined its gloom: the moon alone glimmered on the battlements, silvering the painted glass of the study window, where, with that beloved parent, he had so lately gazed upon the stars, and anticipated with the most sanguine hopes the result of the campaign which had now terminated so

disastrously for his unhappy country.

But these thoughts, with his grief and his forebodings, were buried in the depths of his determined heart. Addressing General Wawrzecki, he bade him welcome to Villanow, requesting at the same time that his men might be directed to rest till morning, and that he and the officers would take their refreshment within the palace.

As soon as Thaddeus had seen his guests seated at different tables in the eating-hall, and had given orders for the soldiers to be served from the buttery and cellars, he withdrew to seek the countess. He found her in her chamber, surrounded by the attendants who had just informed her of his arrival. The moment he appeared at the room door, the women went out at an opposite passage, and Thaddeus, with a bursting heart, threw himself on the bosom of his mother. They were silent for some time. Poignant recollection stopped their utterance; but neither tears nor sighs filled its place, until the countess, on whose soul the full tide of maternal affection pressed, and mingled with her grief, raised her head from her son's neck, and said, whilst she strained him in her arms, "Receive my thanks, O Father of mercy, for having spared to me this blessing!"

Thaddeus Sobieski (all that now remained of that beloved and honored name!) with a sacred emotion breathed a response to the address of his mother, and drying her tears with his kisses, dwelt upon the never-dying fame of his revered grandfather, upon his preferable lot to that of their brave friend Kosciusko, who was doomed not only to survive the liberty of his country, but to pass the residue of his life within the dungeons of his enemies. He then tried to reanimate her spirits with hope. He spoke of the approaching battle, without any doubt of the valor and desperation of the Poles rendering it successful. He talked of the resolution of their leader, General Wawrzecki, and of his own good faith in the justice of their cause. His discourse began in a wish to cheat her into tranquillity; but as he advanced on the subject, his soul took fire at its own warmth, and he half believed the probability of his anticipations.

The countess looked on the honorable glow which crimsoned his harassed features with a pang at her heart.

"My heroic son!" cried she, "my darling Thaddeus! what a vast price do I pay for all this excellence! I could not love you were you otherwise than what you are; and being what you are, oh, how soon may I lose you! Already has your noble grandfather paid the debt which he owed to his glory. He promised to fall with Poland; he has kept his word; and now, all that I love on earth is concentrated in you." The countess paused, and pressing his hand almost wildly on her heart, she continued in a hurried voice, "The same spirit is in your breast; the same principle binds you; and I may be at last left alone. Heaven have pity on me!"

She cast her eyes upward as she ended. Thaddeus, sinking on his knees by her side, implored her with all the earnestness of piety and confidence to take comfort. The countess embraced him with a forced smile. "You must forgive me, Thaddeus; I have nothing of the soldier in my heart: it is all woman. But I will not detain you longer from the rest you require; go to your room, and try and recruit yourself for the dangers to-morrow will bring forth. I shall employ the night in prayers for your safety."

Consoled to see any composure in his mother, he withdrew, and after having heard that his numerous guests were properly lodged, went to his own chamber.

Next morning at sunrise the troops prepared to march. General Wawrzecki, with his officers, begged permission to pay their personal gratitude to the countess for the hospitality of her reception; but she declined the honor, on the plea of indisposition. In the course of an hour, her son appeared from her apartment and joined the general.

The soldiers filed off through the gates, crossed the bridge, and halted under the walls of Praga. The lines of the camp were drawn and fortified before evening, at which time they found leisure to observe the enemy's strength.

Russia seemed to have exhausted her wide regions to people the narrow shores of the Vistula; from east to west, as far as the eye could reach, her arms were stretched to the horizon. Sobieski looked at them, and then on the handful of intrepid hearts contained in the small circumference of the Polish camp. Sighing heavily, he retired into his tent; and vainly seeking repose, mixed his short and startled slumbers with frequent prayers for the preservation of these last victims to their country.

The hours appeared to stand still. Several times he rose from his bed and went to the door, to see whether the clouds were tinged with any appearance of dawn. All continued dark. He again returned to his marquée, and standing by the lamp which was nearly exhausted, took out his watch, and tried to distinguish the points; but finding that the light burned too feebly, he was pressing the repeating spring, which struck five, when the report of a single musket made him start.

He flew to his tent door, and looking around, saw that all near his quarter was at rest. Suspecting it to be a signal of the enemy, he hurried towards the intrenchments, but found the sentinels in perfect security from any fears respecting the sound, as they supposed it to have proceeded from the town.

Sobieski paid little attention to their opinions, but ascending the nearest bastion to take a wider survey, in a few minutes he discerned, though obscurely, through the gleams of morning, what appeared to be the whole host of Russia advancing in profound silence towards the Polish lines. The instant he made this discovery, he came down, and lost no time in giving orders for the defence; then flying to other parts of the camp, he awakened the commander-in-chief, encouraged the men, and saw that the whole encampment was not only in motion, but prepared for the assault.

In consequence of these prompt arrangements, the assailants were received with a cross-fire of the batteries, and case-shot and musketry from several redoubts, which raked their flanks as they advanced. But in defiance of this shower of bullets, they pressed on with an intrepidity worthy of a better cause, and overleaping the ditch by squadrons, entered the camp. A passage once secured, the Cossacks rushed in by thousands, and spreading themselves in front of the storming party, put every soul to the spear who opposed them.

The Polish works being gained, the enemy turned the cannon on its former masters, and as they rallied to the defence of what remained, swept them down by whole regiments. The noise of artillery thundered from all sides of the camp; the smoke was so great, that it was hardly possible to distinguish friends from foes; nevertheless, the spirits of the Poles flagged not a moment; as fast as one rampart was wrested from them, they threw themselves within another, which was as speedily taken by the help of hurdles, fascines, ladders, and a courage as resistless as it was ferocious, merciless, and sanguinary. Every spot of vantage position was at length lost; and yet the Poles fought like lions; quarter was neither offered to them nor required; they disputed every inch of ground, until they fell upon it in heaps, some lying before the parapets, others filling the ditches and the rest covering the earth, for the enemy to tread on as they cut their passage to the heart of the camp.

Sobieski, almost maddened by the scene, dripping with his own blood and that of his brave friends, was seen in every part of the action; he was in the fosse, defending the trampled bodies of the dying; he was on the dyke, animating the few who survived. Wawrzecki was wounded, and every hope hung upon Thaddeus. His presence and voice infused new energy into the arms of his fainting countrymen; they kept close to his side, until the victors, enraged at the dauntless intrepidity of this young hero, uttered the most fearful imprecations, and rushing on his little phalanx, attacked it with redoubled numbers and fury.

Sobieski sustained the shock with firmness; but wherever he turned his eyes, they were blasted with some object which made them recoil; he beheld his companions and his soldiers strewing the earth, and their triumphant adversaries mounting their dying bodies, as they hastened with loud huzzas to the destruction of Praga, whose gates were now burst open. His eyes grew dim at the sight, and at the very moment in which he tore them from spectacles so deadly to his heart, a Livonian officer struck him with a sabre, to all appearance dead upon the field.

When he recovered from the blow, (which, having lit on the steel of his cap, had only stunned him,) he looked around, and found that all near him was quiet; but a far different scene presented itself from the town. The roar of cannon and the bursting of bombs thundered through the air, which was rendered livid and tremendous by long spires of fire streaming from the burning houses, and mingling with the volumes of smoke which rolled from the guns. The dreadful tocsin, and the hurrahs of the victors, pierced the soul of Thaddeus. Springing from the ground, he was preparing to rush towards the gates, when loud cries of distress issued from within. They were burst open, and a moment after, the grand magazine blew up with a horrible explosion.

In an instant the field before Praga was filled with women and children, flying in all directions, and rending the sky with their shrieks. "Father Almighty!" cried Thaddeus, wringing his hands, "canst thou suffer this?" Whilst he yet spake, some straggling Cossacks near the town, who were prowling about, gluttoned, but not sated with blood, seized the poor fugitives, and with a ferocity as wanton as unmanly, released them at once from life and misery.

This hideous spectacle brought his mother's defenceless state before

the eyes of Sobieski. Her palace was only four miles distant; and whilst the barbarous avidity of the enemy was too busily engaged in sacking the place to permit them to perceive a solitary individual hurrying away amidst heaps of dead bodies, he flew across the desolated meadows which intervened between Praga and Villanow.

Thaddeus was met at the gate of his palace by General Butzou, who, having learned the fate of Praga from the noise and flames in that quarter, anticipated the arrival of some part of the victorious army before the walls of Villanow. When its young count, with a breaking heart, crossed the drawbridge, he saw that the worthy veteran had prepared everything for a stout resistance; the ramparts were lined with soldiers, and well mounted with artillery.

"Here, thou still honored Sobieski," cried he, as he conducted Thaddeus to the keep; "let the worst happen, here I am resolved to dispute the possession of your grandfather's palace until I have not a man to stand by me!" [Footnote: It was little more than just a century before this awful scene took place that the invincible John Sobieski, King of Poland, acting upon the old mutually protecting principles of Christendom, saved the freedom and the faith of Christian Europe from the Turkish yoke. And in this very mansion he passed his latter years in honored peace. He died in 1694--a remarkable coincidence, the division of Poland occurring in 1794.]

Thaddeus strained him in silence to his breast; and after examining the force and dispositions, he approved all with a cold despair of their being of any effectual use, and went to the apartments of his mother.

The countess's women, who met him in the vestibule, begged him to be careful how he entered her excellency's room, for she had only just recovered from a swoon, occasioned by alarm at hearing the cannonade against the Polish camp. Her son waited for no more, but not hearing their caution, threw open the door of the chamber, and hastening to his mother's couch, cast himself into her arms. She clung round his neck, and for a while joy stopped her respiration. Bursting into tears, she wept over him, incapable of expressing by words her tumultuous gratitude at again beholding him alive. He looked on her altered and pallid features.

"O! my mother," cried he clasping her to his breast; "you are ill; and what will become of you?"

"My beloved son!" replied she kissing his forehead through the clotted blood that oozed from a cut on his temple; "my beloved son, before our cruel murderers can arrive, I shall have found a refuge in the bosom of my God."

Thaddeus could only answer with a groan. She resumed. "Give me your hand. I must not witness the grandson of Sobieski given up to despair; let your mother incite you to resignation. You see I have not breathed a complaining word, although I behold you covered with wounds." As she spoke, her eye pointed to the sash and handkerchief which were bound round his thigh and arm. "Our separation will not be long; a few short years, perhaps hours, may unite us forever in a better world."

The count was still speechless; he could only press her hand to his

lips. After a pause, she proceeded--

"Look up, my dear boy! and attend to me. Should Poland become the property of other nations, I conjure you, if you survive its fall, to leave it. When reduced to captivity, it will no longer be an asylum for a man of honor. I beseech you, should this happen, go that very hour to England: that is a free country; and I have been told that the people are kind to the unfortunate. Perhaps you will find that Pembroke Somerset hath not quite forgotten Poland. Thaddeus! Why do you delay to answer me? Remember, these are your mother's dying words!"

"I will obey them, my mother!"

"Then," continued she, taking from her bosom a small miniature, "let me tie this round your neck. It is the portrait of your father." Thaddeus bent his head, and the countess fastened it under his neck-cloth. "Prize this gift, my child; it is likely to be all that you will now inherit either from me or that father. Try to forget his injustice, my dear son; and in memory of me, never part with that picture. O, Thaddeus! From the moment in which I first received it until this instant, it has never been from my heart!"

"And it shall never leave mine," answered he, in a stifled voice, "whilst I have being."

The countess was preparing to reply, when a sudden volley of firearms made Thaddeus spring upon his feet. Loud cries succeeded. Women rushed into the apartment, screaming, "The ramparts are stormed!" and the next moment that quarter of the building rocked to its foundation. The countess clung to the bosom of her son. Thaddeus clasped her close to his breast, and casting up his petitioning eyes to heaven, cried, "Shield of the desolate! grant me a shelter for my mother!"

Another burst of cannon was followed by a heavy crash, and the most piercing shrieks echoed through the palace. "All is lost!" cried a soldier, who appeared for an instant at the room door, and then vanished.

Thaddeus, overwhelmed with despair, grasped his sword, which had fallen to the ground, and crying, "My mother, we will die together!" would have given her one last and assuring embrace, when his eyes met the sight of her before-agitated features tranquillized in death. She fell from his palsied arms back on the couch, and he stood gazing on her as if struck by a power which had benumbed all his faculties.

The tumult in the palace increased every moment; but he heard it not, until Butzou, followed by two or three of his soldiers, ran into the apartment, calling out "Count, save yourself!"

Sobieski still remained motionless. The general caught him by the arm, and instantly covering the body of the deceased countess with the mantle of her son, hurried his unconscious steps, by an opposite door, through the state chambers into the gardens.

Thaddeus did not recover his recollection until he reached the outward gate; then, breaking from the hold of his friend, was returning to the sorrowful scene he had left, when Butzou, aware of

his intentions, just stopped him in time to prevent his rushing on the bayonets of a party of the enemy's infantry, who were pursuing them at full speed.

The count now rallied his distracted faculties, and making a stand, with the general and his three Poles, they compelled this merciless detachment to seek refuge among the arcades of the building.

Butzou would not allow his young lord to follow in that direction, but hurried him across the park. He looked back, however; a column of fire issued from the south towers. Thaddeus sighed, as if his life were in that sigh, "All is indeed over;" and pressing his hand to his forehead, in that attitude followed the steps of the general towards the Vistula.

The wind being very high, the flame soon spread itself over the roof of the palace, and catching at every combustible in its way, the invaders became so terrified at the quick progress of fire which threatened to consume themselves as well as their plunder, that they quitted the spot with precipitation. Decrying the count and his soldiers at a short distance, they directed their motions to that point. Speedily confronting the brave fugitives, they blocked up a bridge by a file of men with fixed pikes, and not only menaced the Poles as they advanced, but derided their means of resistance.

Sobieski, indifferent alike to danger and to insults, stopped short to the left, and followed by his friends, plunged into the stream, amidst a shower of musket-balls from the enemy. After hard buffeting with the torrent, he at last reached the opposite bank, and was assisted from the river by some of the weeping inhabitants of Warsaw, who had been watching the expiring ashes of Praga, and the flames then devouring the boasted towers of Villanow.

Emerged from the water, Thaddeus stood to regain his breath; and leaning on the shoulder of Butzou, he pointed to his burning palace with a smile of agony. "See," said he, "what a funeral pile Heaven has given to the manes of my unburied mother!"

The general did not speak, for grief stopped his utterance; but motioning the two soldiers to proceed, he supported the count into the citadel.

CHAPTER X.

SOBIESKI'S DEPARTURE FROM WARSAW.

From the termination of this awful day, in which a brave and hitherto powerful people were consigned to an abject dependence, Thaddeus was confined to his apartment in the garrison.

It was now the latter end of November. General Butzou, supposing that the illness of his young lord might continue some weeks, and aware that no time ought to be lost in maintaining all that was yet left of the kingdom of Poland, obtained his permission to seek its only remaining quarter. Quitting Warsaw, he joined Prince Poniatowski, who

was yet at the head of a few troops near Sachoryn, supported by the undaunted Niemcivitz, the bard and the hero, who had fought by the side heart, would have thrown himself on his knee, but the king presented him, and pressed him with emotion in his arms.

"Brave young man!" cried he, "I embrace in you the last of those Polish youth who were so lately the brightest jewels in my crown."

Tears stood in the monarch's eyes while he spoke. Sobieski, with hardly a steadier utterance, answered, "I come to receive your majesty's commands. I will obey them in all things but in surrendering this sword (which was my grandfather's) into the hands of your enemies."

"I will not desire it," replied Stanislaus. "By my acquiescence with the terms of Russia, I only comply with the earnest petitions of my people. I shall not require of you to compromise your country; but alas! you must not throw away your life in a now hopeless cause. Fate has consigned Poland to subjection; and when Heaven, in its mysterious decrees, confirms the chastisement of nations, it is man's duty to submit. For myself, I am to bury my griefs and indignities in the castle of Grodno."

The blood rushed over the cheek of Thaddeus at this declaration, to which the proud indignation of his soul could in no way subscribe, and with an agitated voice he exclaimed, "If my sovereign be already at the command of our oppressors, then indeed is Poland no more! and I have nothing to do but to perform the dying will of my mother. Will your majesty grant me permission to set off for England, before I may be obliged to witness the last calamity of my wretched country?"

"I would to Heaven," replied the king, "that I, too, might repose my age and sorrows in that happy kingdom! Go, Sobieski; your name is worthy of such an asylum; my prayers and blessings shall follow you."

Thaddeus pressed his hand in silence to his lips.

"Believe me, my dear count," continued Stanislaus, "my soul bleeds at this parting. I know the treasure which your family has always been to this nation; I know your own individual merit. I know the wealth which you have sacrificed for me and my subjects, and I am powerless to express my gratitude."

"Had I done more than my duty in that," replied Thaddeus, "such words from your majesty would have been a reward adequate to any privation; but, alas! no. I have perhaps performed less than my duty; the blood of Sobieski ought not to have been spared one drop when the liberties of his country perished!" Thaddeus blushed while he spoke, and almost repented the too ready zeal of his friends in having saved him from the general destruction at Villanow.

The voice of the venerable Stanislaus became fainter as he resumed--

"Perhaps had a Sobieski reigned at this time, these horrors might not have been accomplished. That resistless power which has overwhelmed my people, I cannot forget is the same that put the sceptre into my hand. But Catherine misunderstood my principles, when assisting in my election to the throne; she thought she was planting merely her own viceroy there. But I could not obliterate from my heart that my

ancestors, like your own, were hereditary sovereigns of Poland, nor cease to feel the stamp the King of kings had graven upon that heart--to uphold the just laws of my fathers! and, to the utmost, I have struggled to fulfil my trust."

"Yes, my sovereign," replied Thaddeus; "and whilst there remains one man on earth who has drawn his first breath in Poland, he will bear witness in all the lands through which he may be doomed to wander that he has received from you the care and affection of a father. O! sire, how will future ages believe that, in the midst of civilized Europe, a brave people and a virtuous monarch were suffered, unaided, and even without remonstrance, to fall into the grasp of usurpation!--nay, of annihilation of their name!"

Stanislaus laid his hand on the arm of the count.

"Man's ambition and baseness," said the king, "are monstrous to the contemplation of youth only. You are learning your lesson early; I have studied mine for many years, and with a bitterness of soul which in some measure prepared me for the completion. My kingdom has passed from me at the moment you have lost your country. Before we part forever, my dear Sobieski, take with you this assurance--you have served the unfortunate Stanislaus to the latest hour in which you beheld him. That which you have just said, expressive of the sentiments of those who were my subjects, is indeed a balm to my heart, and I will earn its consolations to my prison."

The king paused. Sobieski, agitated, and incapable of speaking, threw himself at his majesty's feet, and pressed his hand with fervency and anguish to his lips. The king looked down on his graceful figure, and pierced to the soul by the more graceful feelings which dictated the action, the tear which stood in his eye, rolled over his cheek, and was followed by another before he could add--pented the too ready zeal of his friends in having saved him from the general destruction at Villanow.

The voice of the venerable Stanislaus became fainter as he resumed--

"Perhaps had a Sobieski reigned at this time, these horrors might not have been accomplished. That resistless power which has overwhelmed my people, I cannot forget is the same that put the sceptre into my hand. But Catherine misunderstood my principles, when assisting in my election to the throne; she thought she was planting merely her own viceroy there. But I could not obliterate from my heart that my ancestors, like your own, were hereditary sovereigns of Poland, nor cease to feel the stamp the King of kings had graven upon that heart--to uphold the just laws of my fathers! and, to the utmost, I have struggled to fulfil my trust."

"Yes, my sovereign," replied Thaddeus; "and whilst there remains one man on earth who has drawn his first breath in Poland, he will bear witness in all the lands through which he may be doomed to wander that he has received from you the care and affection of a father. O! sire, how will future ages believe that, in the midst of civilized Europe, a brave people and a virtuous monarch were suffered, unaided, and even without remonstrance, to fall into the grasp of usurpation!--nay, of annihilation of their name!"

Stanislaus laid his hand on the arm of the count.

"Man's ambition and baseness," said the king, "are monstrous to the contemplation of youth only. You are learning your lesson early; I have studied mine for many years, and with a bitterness of soul which in some measure prepared me for the completion. My kingdom has passed from me at the moment you have lost your country. Before we part forever, my dear Sobieski, take with you this assurance--you have served the unfortunate Stanislaus to the latest hour in which you beheld him. That which you have just said, expressive of the sentiments of those who were my subjects, is indeed a balm to my heart, and I will carry its consolations to my prison."

The king paused. Sobieski, agitated, and incapable of speaking, threw himself at his majesty's feet, and pressed his hand with fervency and anguish to his lips. The king looked down on his graceful figure, and pierced to the soul by the more graceful feelings which dictated the action, the tear which stood in his eye, rolled over his cheek, and was followed by another before he could add--

"Rise, my young friend. Take from me this ring. It contains my picture. Wear it in remembrance of a man who loves you, and who can never forget your worth or the loyalty and patriotism of your house."

The Chancellor Zamoyisko at that moment being announced, Thaddeus rose from his knee, and was preparing to leave the room, when his majesty, perceiving his intention, desired him to stop.

"Stay, count!" cried he, "I will burden you with one request. I am now a king without a crown, without subjects, without a foot of land in which to bury me when I die. I cannot reward the fidelity of any one of the few friends of whom my enemies have not deprived me; but you are young, and Heaven may yet smile upon you in some distant nation. Will you pay a debt of gratitude for your poor sovereign? Should you ever again meet with the good old Butzou, who rescued me when my preservation lay on the fortune of a moment, remember that I regard him as once the saviour of my life! I was told to-day that on the destruction of Praga this brave man joined the army of my brother. It is now disbanded, and he, with the rest of my faithful soldiers, is cast forth in his old age, a wanderer in a pitiless world. Should you ever meet him, Sobieski, succor him for my sake."

"As Heaven may succor me!" cried Thaddeus; and putting his majesty's hand a second time to his lips, he bowed to the chancellor and passed into the street.

When the count returned to the citadel, he found that all was as the king had represented. The soldiers in the garrison were reluctantly preparing to give up their arms; and the nobles, in compassion to the cries of the people, were trying to humble their necks to the yoke of the dictator. The magistrates lingered as they went to take the city keys from the hands of their good king, and with sad whispers anticipated the moment in which they must surrender them, and their laws and national existence, to the jealous dominion of three despotic foreign powers.

Poland was now no place for Sobieski. He had survived all his kindred. He had survived the liberties of his country. He had seen the king a prisoner, and his countrymen trampled on by deceit and usurpation. As he walked on, musing over these circumstances, he met

with little interruption, for the streets were deserted. Here and there a poor miserable wretch passed him, who seemed, by his wan cheeks and haggard eyes, already to repent the too successful prayers of the deputation, The shops were shut. Thaddeus stopped a few minutes in the great square, which used to be crowded with happy citizens, but now, not one man was to be seen. An awful and painful silence reigned over all. His soul felt too truly the dread consciousness of this utter annihilation of his country, for him to throw off the heavy load from his oppressed heart, in this his last walk down the east street towards the ramparts which covered the Vistula.

He turned his eyes to the spot where once stood the magnificent towers of his paternal palace.

"Yes," cried he, "it is now time for me to obey the last command of my mother! Nothing remains of Poland but its soil--nothing of my home but its ashes!"

The victors had pitched a detachment of tents amidst the ruins of Villanow, and were at this moment busying themselves in searching amongst the stupendous fragments for what plunder the fire might have spared.

"Insatiate robbers!" exclaimed Thaddeus; "Heaven will requite this sacrilege." He thought on his mother, who lay beneath the ruins, and tore himself from the sight, whilst he added, "Farewell! forever farewell! thou beloved, revered Villanow, where I was reared in bliss and tenderness! I quit thee and my country forever!" As he spoke, he raised his hands and eyes to heaven, and pressing the picture his mother had given him to his lips and bosom, turned from the parapet, determining to prepare that night for his departure the next morning.

He arose by daybreak, and having gathered together all his little wealth, the whole of which was compressed within the portmanteau that was buckled on his gallant horse, precisely two hours before the triumphal car of General Suwarrow entered Warsaw, Sobieski left it. As he rode along the streets, he bedewed its stones with his tears. They were the first that he had shed during the long series of his misfortunes, and they now flowed so fast, that he could hardly discern his way out of the city.

At the great gate his horse stopped, and neighed with a strange sound.

"Poor Saladin!" cried Thaddeus, stroking his neck; "are you so sorry at leaving Warsaw that, like your unhappy master, you linger to take a last lamenting look!"

His tears redoubled; and the warder, as he closed the gate after him, implored permission to kiss the hand of the noble Count Sobieski, ere he should turn his back on Poland, never to return. Thaddeus looked kindly round, and shaking hands with the honest man, after saying a few friendly words to him, rode on with a loitering pace, until he reached that part of the river which divides Masovia from the Prussian dominions.

Here he flung himself off his horse, and standing for a moment on the hill that rises near the bridge, retraced, with his almost blinded

sight, the long and desolated lands through which he had passed; then involuntarily dropping on his knee, he plucked a tuft of grass, and pressing it to his lips, exclaimed, "Farewell, Poland! Farewell all my earthly happiness!"

Almost stifled by emotion, he put this poor relic of his country into his bosom, and remounting his noble animal, crossed the bridge.

As one who, flying from any particular object, thinks to lose himself and his sorrows when it lessens to his view, Sobieski pursued the remainder of his journey with a speed which soon brought him to Dantzic.

Here he remained a few days, and during that interval the firmness of his mind was restored. He felt a calm arising from the conviction that his afflictions had gained their summit, and that, however heavy they were, Heaven had laid them on him for a trial of his faith and virtue. Under this belief, he ceased to weep; but he never was seen to smile.

Having entered into an agreement with the master of a vessel to carry him across the sea, he found the strength of his finances would barely defray the charges of the voyage. Considering this circumstance, he saw the impossibility of taking his horse to England.

The first time this idea presented itself, it almost overset his determined resignation. Tears would again have started into his eyes, had he not by force repelled them.

"To part from my faithful Saladin," said he to himself, "that has borne me since I first could use a sword; that has carried me through so many dangers, and has come with me even into exile--it is painful, it is ungrateful!" He was in the stable when this thought assailed him; and as the reflections followed each other, he again turned to the stall. "But, my poor fellow, I will not barter your services for gold. I will seek for some master who may be kind to you, in pity to my misfortunes."

He re-entered the hotel where he lodged, and calling a waiter, inquired who occupied the fine mansion and park on the east of the town. The man replied, "Mr. Hopetown, an eminent British merchant, who has been settled at Dantzic above forty years."

"I am glad he is a Briton!" was the sentiment which succeeded this information in the count's mind. He immediately took his resolution, but hardly had prepared to put it into execution, when he received a summons from the vessel to be on board in half an hour, the wind having set fair.

Thaddeus, somewhat disconcerted by this hasty call, with an agitated hand wrote the following letter:--

"TO JOHN HOPETOWN, ESQ.

"Sir,

"A Polish officer, who has sacrificed everything but his honor to the last interests of his country, now addresses you.

"You are a Briton; and of whom can an unhappy victim to the cause of loyalty and freedom with less debasement solicit an obligation?"

"I cannot afford support to the fine animal which has carried me through the battles of this fatal war; I disdain to sell him, and therefore I implore you, by the respect that you pay to the memory of your ancestors, who struggled for and retained that liberty in defence of which we are thus reduced--I implore you to give him an asylum in your park, and to protect him from injurious usage.

"Perform this benevolent action, sir, and you shall ever be remembered with gratitude by an unfortunate

"POLANDER.

"DANTZIC, _November_, 1794."

The count, having sealed and directed this letter, went to the hotel yard, and ordered that his horse might be brought out. A few days of rest had restored him to his former mettle, and he appeared from the stable prancing and pawing the earth, as he used to do when Thaddeus was about to mount him for the field.

The groom was striving in vain to restrain the spirit of the animal, when the count took hold of the bridle. The noble creature knew his master, and became gentle as a lamb. After stroking him two or three times, with a bursting heart Thaddeus returned the reins to the man's hand, and at the same time gave him a letter.

"There," said he; "take that note and the horse directly to the house of Mr. Hoptown. Leave them, for the letter requires no answer."

This last pang mastered, he walked out of the yard towards the quay. The wind continuing fair, he entered the ship, and within an hour set sail for England.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BALTIC.

Sobieski passed the greater part of each day and the whole of every night on the deck of the vessel. He was too much absorbed in himself to receive any amusement from the passengers, who, observing his melancholy, thought to dispel it by their company and conversation.

When any of these people came upon deck, he walked to the head of the ship, took his seat upon the cable which bound the anchor to the fore-castle, and while their fears rendered him safe from their well-meant persecution, he gained some respite from vexation, though none from misery.

The ship having passed through the Baltic, and entered on the British sea, the passengers, running from side to side of the vessels, pointed out to Thaddeus the distant shore of England, lying like a

hazy ridge along the horizon. The happy people, whilst they strained their eyes through glasses, desired him to observe different spots on the hardly-perceptible line which they called Flamborough Head and the hills of Yorkshire. His heart turned sick at these objects of their delight, for not one of them raised an answering feeling in his breast. England could be nothing to him; if anything, it would prove a desert, which contained no one object for his regrets or wishes.

The image of Pembroke Somerset, indeed, rose in his mind, like the dim recollection of one who has been a long time dead. Whilst they were together at Villanow, they regarded each other warmly, and when they parted they promised to correspond. One day, in pursuit of the enemy, Thaddeus was so unlucky as to lose the pocket-book which contained his friend's address; but yet, uneasy at his silence, he ventured two letters to him, directed merely at Sir Robert Somerset's, England. To these he received no answer; and the palatine evinced so just a displeasure at such marked neglect and ingratitude, that he would not suffer him to be mentioned in his presence, and indeed Thaddeus, from disappointment and regret, felt no inclination to transgress the command.

When the young count, during the prominent interests of the late disastrous campaign, remembered these things, he found little comfort in recollecting the name of his young English guest; and now that he was visiting England as a poor exile, with indignation and grief he gave up the wish with the hope of meeting Mr. Somerset. Sensible that Somerset had not acted as became the man to whom he could apply in his distress, he resolved, unfriended as he was, to wipe him at once from his memory. With a bitter sigh he turned his back on the land to which he was going, and fixed his eyes on the tract of sea which then divided him from all that he had ever loved, or had given him true happiness.

"Father of mercy!" murmured he, in a suppressed voice, "what have I done to deserve this misery? Why have I been at one stroke deprived of all that rendered existence estimable? Two months ago, I had a mother, a more than father, to love and cherish me; I had a country, that looked up to them and to me with veneration and confidence. Now, I am bereft of all. I have neither father, mother, nor country, but I am going to a land of utter strangers."

Such impatient adjurations were never wrung from Sobieski by the anguish of sudden torture without his ingenuous and pious mind reproaching itself for such faithless repining. His soul was soft as a woman's; but it knew neither effeminacy nor despair. Whilst his heart bled, his countenance retained its serenity. Whilst affliction crushed him to the earth, and nature paid a few hard-wrung drops to his repeated bereavements, he contemned his tears, and raised his fixed and confiding eye to that Power which poured down its tempests on his head. Thaddeus felt as a man, but received consolation as a Christian.

When his ship arrived at the mouth of the Thames, the eagerness of the passengers increased to such an excess that they would not stand still, nor be silent a moment; and when the vessel, under full sail, passed Sheerness, and the dome of St. Paul's appeared before them, their exclamations were loud and incessant. "My home! my parents! my wife! my friends!" were the burden of every tongue.

Thaddeus found his calmed spirits again disturbed; and, rising from his seat, he retired unobserved by the people, who were too happy to attend to anything which did not agree with their own transports. The cabin was as deserted as himself. Feeling that there is no solitude like that of the heart, when it looks around and sees in the vast concourse of human beings not one to whom it can pour forth its sorrows, or receive the answering sigh of sympathy, he threw himself on one of the lockers, and with difficulty restrained the tears from gushing from his eyes. He held his hand over them, while he contemned himself for a weakness so unbecoming his manhood.

He despised himself: but let not others despise him. It is difficult for those who lie morning and evening in the lap of domestic indulgence to conceive the misery of being thrown out into a bleak and merciless world; it is impossible for the happy man, surrounded by luxury and gay companions, to figure to himself the reflections of a fellow-creature who, having been fostered in the bosom of affection and elegance, is cast at once from all society, bereft of home, of comfort, of "every stay, save innocence and Heaven." None but the wretched can imagine what the wretched endure from actual distress, from apprehended misfortune, from outraged feelings, and ten thousand nameless sensibilities to offence which only the unfortunate can conceive, dread and experience. But what is it to be not only without a home, but without a country? Thaddeus unconsciously uttered a groan like that of death.

The noise redoubled above his head, and in a few minutes afterwards one of the sailors came rumbling clown the stairs.

"Will it please your honor," said he, "to get up? That be my chest, and I want my clothes to clean myself before I go on shore. Mother I know be waiting me at Blackwall."

Thaddeus rose, and with a withered heart again ascended to the deck.

On coming up the hatchway, he saw that the ship was moored in the midst of a large city, and was surrounded by myriads of vessels from every quarter of the globe. He leaned over the railing, and in silence looked down on the other passengers, who where bearing off in boats, and shaking hands with the people who came to receive them.

"It is near dark, sir," said the captain; "mayhap you would wish to go on shore? There is a boat just come round, and the tide won't serve much longer: and as your friends don't seem to be coming for you, you are welcome to a place in it with me."

The count thanked him; and after defraying the expenses of the voyage, and giving money amongst the sailors, he desired that his portmanteau might be put into the wherry. The honest fellows, in gratitude to the bounty of their passenger, struggled who should obey his commands, when the skipper, angry at being detained, snatched away the baggage, and flinging it into the boat, leaped in after it, and was followed by Thaddeus.

The taciturnity of the seamen and the deep melancholy of his guest were not broken until they reached the Tower stairs.

"Go, Ben, fetch the gentleman a coach."

The count bowed to the captain, who gave the order, and in a few minutes the boy returned, saying there was one in waiting. He took up the portmanteau, and Thaddeus, following him, ascended the Tower stairs, where the carriage stood. Ben threw in the baggage and the count put his foot on the step. "Where must the man drive to?"

Thaddeus drew it back again.

"Yes, sir," continued the lad; "where be your honor's home?"

"In my grave," was the response his aching heart made to this question. He hesitated before he spoke. "An hotel," said he, flinging himself on the seat, and throwing a piece of silver into the lad's hat.

"What hotel, sir?" asked the coachman.

"Any."

The man closed the door, mounted his box, and drove off.

It was now near seven o'clock, on a dark December evening. The lamps were lighted; and it being Saturday-night, the streets were crowded with people. Thaddeus looked at them as he was driven along. "Happy creatures!" thought he; "you have each a home to go to; you have each expectant friends to welcome you; every one of you knows some in the world who will smile when you enter; whilst I, wretched, wretched Sobieski where are now all thy highly-prized treasures, thy boasted glory, and those beloved ones who rendered that glory most precious to thee? Alas! all are withdrawn; vanished like a scene of enchantment, from which I have indeed awakened to a frightful solitude."

His reflections were broken by the stopping of the carriage. The man opened the door.

"Sir, I have brought you to the Hummums, Covent Garden; it has as good accommodations as any in the town. My fare is five shillings."

Thaddeus paid the amount, and followed him and his baggage into the coffee-room. At the entrance of a man of his figure, several waiters presented themselves, begging to know his commands.

"I want a chamber."

He was ushered into a very handsome dining-room, where one of them laid down the portmanteau, and then bowing low, inquired whether he had dined.

The waiter having received his orders, (for the count saw that it was necessary to call for something,) hastened into the kitchen to communicate them to the cook.

"Upon my word, Betty," cried he, "you must do your best to-night; for the chicken is for the finest-looking fellow you ever set eyes on. By Jove, I believe him to be some Russian nobleman; perhaps the great Suwarrow himself! and he speaks English as well as I do myself."

"A prince, you mean, Jenkins!" said a pretty girl who entered at that

moment. "Since I was borne I never see'd any English lord walk up and down the room with such an air; he looks like a king. For my part, I should not wonder if he is one of them there emigrant kings, for they say there is a power of them now wandering about the world."

"You talk like a fool, Sally," cried the sapient waiter. "Don't you see that his dress is military? Look at his black cap, with its long bag and great feather, and the monstrous sword at his side; look at them, and then if you can, say I am mistaken in deciding that he is some great Russian commander,--most likely come over as ambassador!"

"But he came in a hackney-coach," cried a little dirty boy in the corner. "As I was running up stairs with Colonel Leson's shoes, I see'd the coachman bring in his portmanteau." "Well, Jack-a-napes, what of that?" cried Jenkins; "is a nobleman always to carry his equipage about him, like a snail with its shell on its back? To be sure, this foreign lord, or prince, is only come to stay here till his own house is fit for him. I will be civil to him."

"And so will I, Jenkins," rejoined Sally, smiling; "for I never see'd such handsome blue eyes in my born days; and they turned so sweet on me, and he spoke so kindly when he bade me stir the fire; and when he sat down by it, and throwed off his great fur cloak, I see'd a glittering star on his breast, and a figure so noble, that indeed, cook, I do verily believe he is, as Jenkins says, an enthroned king!"

"You and Jenkins be a pair of fools," cried the cook, who, without noticing their description, had been sulkily basting the fowl. "I will be sworn he's just such another king as that palavering rogue was a French duke who got my master's watch and pawned it! As for you, Sally, you had better beware of hunting after foreign men-folk: it's not seemly for a young woman, and you may chance to rue it."

The moralizing cook had now brought the whole kitchen on her shoulders. The men abused her for a surly old maid, and the women tittered, whilst they seconded her censure by cutting sly jokes on the blushing face of poor Sally, who stood almost crying by the side of her champion, Jenkins.

Whilst this hubbub was going forward below stairs, its unconscious subject was, as Sally had described, sitting in a chair close to the fire, with his feet on the fender, his arms folded, and his eyes bent on the flames. He mused; but his ideas followed each other in such quick confused succession, it hardly could be said he thought of anything.

The entrance of dinner roused him from his reverie. It was carried in by at least half a dozen waiters. The count had been so accustomed to a numerous suite of attendants, he did not observe the parcelling out of his temperate meal: one bringing in the fowl, another the bread, his neighbor the solitary plate, and the rest in like order, so solicitous were the male listeners in the kitchen to see this wonderful Russian.

Thaddeus partook but lightly of the refreshment. Being already fatigued in body, and dizzy with the motion of the vessel, as soon as the cloth was withdrawn, he ordered a night candle, and desired to be shown to his chamber.

Jenkins, whom the sight of the embroidered star confirmed in his decision that the foreigner must be a person of consequence, with increased agility whipped up the portmanteau and led the way to the sleeping-rooms. Here curiosity put on a new form; the women servants, determined to have their wishes gratified as well as the men, had arranged themselves on each side of the passage through which the count must pass. At so strange an appearance, Thaddeus drew back; but supposing that it might be a custom of the country, he proceeded through this fair bevy, and bowed as he walked along to the low curtesies which they continued to make, until he entered his apartment and closed the door.

The unhappy are ever restless; they hope in every change of situation to obtain some alteration in their feelings. Thaddeus was too miserable awake not to view with eagerness the bed on which he trusted that, for a few hours at least, he might lose the consciousness of his desolation, with its immediate suffering.

CHAPTER XII.

THADDEUS'S FIRST DAY IN ENGLAND.

When he awoke in the morning, his head ached, and he felt as unrefreshed as when he had lain down; he undrew the curtain, and saw, from the strength of the light, it must be midday. He got up; and having dressed himself, descended to the sitting-room, where he found a good fire and the breakfast already placed. He rang the bell, and walked to the window, to observe the appearance of the morning. A heavy snow had fallen during the night; and the sun, ascended to its meridian, shone through the thick atmosphere like a ball of fire. All seemed comfortless without; and turning back to the warm hearth, which was blazing at the other end of the room, he was reseating himself, when Jenkins brought in the tea-urn.

"I hope, my lord," said the waiter, "that your lordship slept well last night?"

"Perfectly, I thank you," replied the count, unmindful that the man had addressed him according to his rank; "when you come to remove these things, bring me my bill."

Jenkins bowed and withdrew, congratulating himself on his dexterity in having saluted the stranger with his title.

During the absence of the waiter, Thaddeus thought it time to examine the state of his purse. He well recollected how he had paid at Dantzic; and from the style in which he was served here, he did not doubt that to defray what he had already contracted would nearly exhaust his all. He emptied the contents of his purse into his hands; a guinea and some silver was all that he possessed. A flush of terror suffused itself over his face; he had never known the want of money before, and he trembled now lest the charge should exceed his means of payment.

Jenkins entered with the bill. On the count's examining it, he was

pleased to find it amounted to no more than the only piece of gold his purse contained. He laid it upon the tea-board, and putting half-a-crown into the hand of Jenkins, who appeared waiting for something, wrapped his cloak round him as he was walking out of the room.

"I suppose, my lord," cried Jenkins, pocketing the money with a smirk, and bowing with the things in his hands, "we are to have the honor of seeing your lordship again, as you leave your portmanteau behind you?"

Thaddeus hesitated a few seconds, then again moving towards the door, said, "I will send for it."

"By what name, my lord?"

"The Count Sobieski."

Jenkins immediately set down the tea-board, and hurrying after Thaddeus along the passage, and through the coffee-room, darted before him, and opening the door into the lobby for him to go out, exclaimed, loud enough for everybody to hear, "Depend upon it, Count Sobieski, I will take care of your lordship's baggage."

Thaddeus, rather displeased at his noisy officiousness, only bent his head, and proceeded into the street.

The air was piercing cold; and on his looking around, he perceived by the disposition of the square in which he was that it must be a market-place. The booths and stands were covered with snow, whilst parts of the pavement were rendered nearly impassable by heaps of black ice, which the market people of the preceding day had shoveled up out of their way. He recollected it was now Sunday, and consequently the improbability of finding any cheaper lodgings on that day. [Footnote: Those who remember the terrible winter of 1794, will not call this description exaggerated. That memorable winter was one of mourning to many in England. Some of her own brave sons perished amidst the frozen dykes of Holland and the Netherlands, vainly opposing the march of the French anarchists. How strange appeared then to him the doom of nations.]

Thaddeus stood under the piazzas for two or three minutes, bewildered on the plan he should adopt. To return to the hotel for any purpose but to sleep, in the present state of his finances, would be impossible; he therefore determined, inclement as the season was, if he could not find a chapel, to walk the streets until night. He might then go back to the Hummums to his bed chamber; but he resolved to quit it in the morning, for a residence more suitable to his slender means.

The wind blew keenly from the north-east, accompanied with a violent shower of sleet and rain; yet such was the abstraction of his mind, that he hardly observed its bitterness, but walked on, careless whither his feet led him, until he stopped opposite St. Martin's church.

"God is my only friend! and in any house of His I shall surely find shelter!"

He turned up the steps, and was entering the porch, when he met the

congregation thronging out of it.

"Is the service over?" he inquired of a decent old woman who was passing him down the stairs. The woman started at this question, asked her in English by a person whose dress was so completely foreign. He repeated it. Smiling and curtsying, she replied--

"Yes, sir; and I am sorry for it. Lord bless your handsome face, though you be a stranger gentleman, it does one's heart good to see you so devoutly given!"

Thaddeus blushed at this personal compliment, though it came from the lips of a wrinkled old woman; and begging permission to assist her down the stairs, he asked when service would begin again.

"At three o'clock, sir, and may Heaven bless the mother who bore so pious a son!"

While the poor woman spoke, she raised her eyes with a melancholy resignation. The count, touched with her words and manner, almost unconsciously to himself, continued by her side as she hobbled down the street.

His eyes were fixed on the ground, until somebody pressing against him, made him look round. He saw that his aged companion had just knocked at the door of a mean-looking house, and that she and himself were surrounded by nearly a dozen people, besides boys who through curiosity had followed them from the church porch.

"Ah! sweet sir," cried she, "these folks are staring at so fine a gentleman taking notice of age and poverty."

Thaddeus was uneasy at the inquisitive gaze of the bystanders; and his companion observing the fluctuation of his countenance, added, as the door was opened by a little girl,

"Will your honor walk in out of the rain, and warm yourself by my poor fire?"

He hesitated a moment; then, accepting her invitation, bent his head to get under the humble door-way, and following her through a neatly-sanded passage, entered a small but clean kitchen. A little boy, who was sitting on a stool near the fire, uttered a scream at the sight of the stranger, and running up to his grandmother, rolled himself in her cloak, crying out,

"Mammy, mammy, take away that black man!"

"Be quiet, William; it is a gentleman, and no black man. I am so ashamed, sir; but he is only three years old."

"I should apologize to you," returned the count, smiling, "for introducing a person so hideous as to frighten your family."

By the time he finished speaking, the good dame had pacified the shrieking boy, who stood trembling, and looking askance at the tremendous black gentleman stroking the head of his pretty sister.

"Come here, my dear!" said Thaddeus, seating himself by the fire, and

stretching out his hand to the child. He instantly buried his head in his grandmother's apron.

"William! William!" cried his sister, pulling him by the arm, "the gentleman will not hurt you."

The boy again lifted up his head. Thaddeus threw back his long sable cloak, and taking off his cap, whose hearse-like plumes he thought might have terrified the child, he laid it on the ground, and again stretching forth his arms, called the boy to approach him. Little William now looked steadfastly in his face, and then on the cap, which he had laid beside him; whilst he grasped his grandmother's apron with one hand, he held out the other, half assured, towards the count. Thaddeus took it, and pressing it softly, pulled him gently to him, and placed him on his knee. "My little fellow," said he, kissing him, "you are not frightened now?"

"No," said the child; "I see you are not the ugly black man who takes away naughty boys. The ugly black man has a black face, and snakes on his head; but these are pretty curls!" added he, laughing, and putting his little fingers through the thick auburn hair which hung in neglected masses over the forehead of the count.

"I am ashamed that your honor should sit in a kitchen," said the old lady; "but I have not a fire in any other room."

"Yes," said her granddaughter, who was about twelve years old; "grandmother has a nice first-floor up stairs, but because we have no lodgers, there be no fire there."

"Be silent, Nanny Robson," said the dame; "your pertness teases the gentleman."

"O, not at all," cried Thaddeus; "I ought to thank her, for she informs me you have lodgings to let; will you allow me to engage them!"

"You, sir!" cried Mrs. Robson, thunderstruck; "for what purpose? Surely so noble a gentleman would not live in such a place as this?"

"I would, Mrs. Robson: I know not where I could live with more comfort; and where comfort is, my good madam, what signifies the costliness or plainness of the dwelling?"

"Well, sir, if you be indeed serious; but I cannot think you are; you are certainly making a joke of me for my boldness in asking you into my poor house."

"Upon my honor, I am not, Mrs. Robson. I will gladly be your lodger if you will admit me; and to convince you that I am in earnest, my portmanteau shall this moment be brought here."

"Well, sir," resumed she, "I shall be honored in having you in my house; but I have no room for any one but yourself, not even for a servant."

"I have no servant."

"Then I will wait on him, grandmother," cried the little Nanny; "do

let the gentleman have them; I am sure he looks honest."

The woman colored at this last observation of the child, and proceeded:

"Then, sir, if you should not disdain the rooms when you see them, I shall be too happy in having so good a gentleman under my roof. Pardon my boldness, sir; but may I ask? I think by your dress you are a foreigner?"

"I am," replied Thaddeus, the radiance which played over his features contracting into a glow; "if you have no objection to take a stranger within your doors, from this hour I shall consider your house my home?"

"As your honor pleases," said Mrs. Robson; "my terms are half-a-guinea a week; and I will tend on you as though you were my own son! for I cannot forget, excellent young gentleman, the way in which we first met."

"Then I will leave you for the present;" returned he, rising, and putting down the little William, who had been amusing himself with examining the silver points of the star of St. Stanislaus which the count wore on his breast. "In the meanwhile," said he, "my pretty friend," stooping to the child, "let this bit of silver," was just mounting to his tongue, as he put his hand into his pocket to take out half-a-crown; but he recollected that his necessities would no longer admit of such gifts, and drawing his hand back with a deep and bitter sigh, he touched the boy's cheek with his lips, and added, "let this kiss remind you of your new friend."

This was the first time the generous spirit of Sobieski had been restrained; and he suffered a pang, for the poignancy of which he could not account. His had been a life accustomed to acts of munificence. His grandfather's palace was the asylum of the unhappy--his grandfather's purse a treasury for the unfortunate. The soul of Thaddeus did not degenerate from his noble relative: his generosity, begun in inclination, was nurtured by reflection, and strengthened with a daily exercise which had rendered it a habit of his nature. Want never appeared before him without exciting a sympathetic emotion in his heart, which never rested until he had administered every comfort in the power of wealth to bestow. His compassion and his purse were the substance and shadow of each other. The poor of his country thronged from every part of the kingdom to receive pity and relief at his hands. With those houseless wanderers he peopled the new villages his grandfather had erected in the midst of lands which in former times were the haunts of wild beasts. Thaddeus participated in the happiness of his grateful tenants, and many were the old men whose eyes he had closed in thankfulness and peace. These honest peasants, even in their dying moments, wished to give up that life in his arms which he had rescued from misery. He visited their cottage; he smoothed their pillow; he joined in their prayers; and when their last sigh came to his ear, he raised the weeping family from the dust, and cheered them with pious exhortations and his kindest assurances of protection. How often has the countess clasped her beloved son to her breast, when, after a scene like this, he has returned home, the tears of the dying man and his children yet wet upon his hand! how often has she strained him to her heart, whilst floods of rapture have poured from her own eyes! Heir to the first

fortune in Poland, he scarcely knew the means by which he bestowed all these benefits; and with a soul as bounteous to others as Heaven had been munificent to him, wherever he moved he shed smiles and gifts around him. How frequently he had said to the palatine, when his carriage-wheels were chased by the thankful multitude, "O my father! how can I ever be sufficiently grateful to God for the happiness he hath allotted to me in making me the dispenser of so many blessings! The gratitude of these people overpowers and humbles me in my own eyes; what have I done to be so eminently favored of Heaven? I tremble when I ask myself the question." "You may tremble, my dear boy," replied his grandfather, "for indeed the trial is a severe one. Prosperity, like adversity, is an ordeal of conduct. Two roads are before the rich man--vanity or virtue; you have chosen the latter, and the best; and may Heaven ever hold you in it! May Heaven ever keep your heart generous and pure! Go on, my dear Thaddeus, as you have commenced, and you will find that your Creator hath bestowed wealth upon you not for what you have done, but as the means of evincing how well you would prove yourself his faithful steward."

This was the fortune of Thaddeus; and now, he who had scattered thousands without counting them drew back his hand with something like horror at his own injustice, when he was going to give away one little piece of silver, which he might want in a day or two, to defray some indispensable debt.

"Mrs. Robson," said he, as he replaced his cap upon his head, "I shall return before it is dark."

"Very well, sir," and opening the door, he went out into the lane.

Ignorant of the town, and thanking Providence for having prepared him an asylum, he directed his course towards Charing Cross. He looked about him with deepened sadness; the wet and plashy state of the streets gave to every object so comfortless an appearance, he could scarcely believe himself to be in that London of which he had read with so much delight. Where were the magnificent buildings he expected to see in the emporium of the world? Where that cleanliness, and those tokens of greatness and splendor, which had been the admiration and boast of travellers? He could nowhere discover them; all seemed parts of a dark, gloomy, common-looking city.

Hardly heeding whither he went, he approached the Horse-Guards; a view of the Park, as it appears through the wide porch, promised him less unpleasantness than the dirty pavement, and he turned in, taking his way along the Bird-Cage Walk. [Footnote: The young readers of these few preceding pages will not recognize this description of St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross, and St. James's Park, in 1794, in what they now see there in 1844. St. Martin's noble church was then the centre of the east side of a long, narrow, and somewhat dirty lane of mean houses, particularly in the end below the church. Charing Cross, with its adjoining streets, showed nothing better than plain tradesmen's shops; and it was not till we saw the Admiralty, and entered the Horse-Guards, that anything presented itself worthy the great name of London. The Park is almost completely altered. The lower part of the lane has totally disappeared; also its adjunct, the King's Mews, where now stands the royal National Gallery, while the church of St. Martin's rears its majestic portico and spire, no longer obscured by its former adjacent common buildings; and the grand naval pillar lately erected to the memory of Britain's hero,

Nelson, occupies the centre of the new quadrangle now called Trafalgar Square.]

The trees, stripped of their leaves, stood naked, and dripping with melting snow. The season was in unison with the count's fate. He was taking the bitter wind for his repast, and quenching his thirst with the rain that fell on his pale and feverish lips. He felt the cutting blast enter his soul, and shutting his eyelids to repel the tears which were rising from his heart, he walked faster; but in spite of himself, their drops mingled with the wet that trickled from his cap upon his face. One melancholy thought introduced another, until his bewildered mind lived over again, in memory, every calamity which had reduced him from happiness to all this lonely misery. Two or three heavy convulsive sighs followed these reflections; and quickening his pace, he walked several times quite round the Park. The rain ceased. But not marking time, and hardly observing the people who passed, he threw himself down upon one of the benches, and sat in a musing posture, with his eyes fixed on the opposite tree.

A sound of voices approaching roused him. Turning his eyes, he saw the speakers were two young men, and by their dress he judged they must belong to the regiment of a sentinel who was patrolling at the end of the Mall.

"By heavens! Barrington," cried one, "it is the best shaped boot I ever beheld! I have a good mind to ask him whether it be English make."

"And if it be," replied the other, "you must ask him who shaped his legs, that you may send yours to be mended."

"Who the devil can see my legs through that boot?"

"Oh, if to veil them be your reason, pray ask him immediately."

"And so I will, for I think the boot perfection."

At these words, he was making towards Sobieski with two or three long strides, when his companion pulled him back.

"Surely, Harwold, you will not be so ridiculous? He appears to be a foreigner of rank, and may take offence, and give you the length of his foot!"

"Curse him and rank too; he is some paltry emigrant, I warrant! I care nothing about his foot or his legs, but I should like to know who made his boots!"

While he spoke he would have dragged his companion along with him, but Barrington broke from his arm; and the fool, who now thought himself dared to it, strode up close to the chair, and bowed to Thaddeus, who (hardly crediting that he could be the subject of this dialogue) returned the salutation with a cold bend of his head.

Harwold looked a little confounded at this haughty demeanor; and, once in his life, blushing at his own insolence, he roared out, as if in defiance of shame.

"Pray, sir, where did you get your boots?"

"Where I got my sword, sir," replied Thaddeus, calmly; and rising from his seat, he darted his eyes disdainfully on the coxcomb, and walked slowly down the Mall. Surprised and shocked at such behavior in a British officer, while he moved away he distinctly heard Barrington laughing aloud, and ridiculing the astonished and set-down air of his impudent associate.

This incident did not so much ruffle the temper of Thaddeus as it amazed and perplexed him.

"Is this a specimen," though he, "of a nation which on the Continent is venerated for courage, manliness, and generosity? Well, I find I have much to learn. I must go through the ills of life to estimate myself thoroughly; and I must study mankind in themselves, and not in reports of them, to have a true knowledge of what they are."

This strange rencontre was of service to him, by diverting his mind from the intense contemplation of his situation; and as the dusk drew on, he turned his steps towards the Hummums.

On entering the coffee-room, he was met by the obsequious Jenkins, who, being told by Thaddeus that he wanted his baggage and a carriage, went for the things himself, and sent a boy for a coach.

A man dressed in black was standing by the chimney, and seemed to be eyeing Thaddeus, as he walked up and down the room, with great attention. Just as he had taken another turn, and so drew nearer the fireplace, this person accosted him rather abruptly--

"Pray, sir, is there any news stirring abroad? You seem, sir, to come from abroad."

"None that I know of, sir."

"Bless me, that's strange! I thought, sir, you came from abroad, sir; from the Continent, from Poland, sir? at least the waiter said so, sir."

Thaddeus colored. "The waiter, sir?"

"I mean, sir," continued the gentleman, visibly confused at the dilemma into which he had brought himself, "the waiter said that you were a count, sir--a Polish count; indeed the Count Sobieski! Hence I concluded that you are from Poland. If I have offended, I beg pardon, sir; but in these times we are anxious for every intelligence."

Thaddeus made no other reply than a slight inclination of his head, and walking forward to see whether the coach had arrived, he thought, whatever travellers had related of the English, they were the most impertinent people he had ever met with.

The stranger would not be contented with what he had already said, but plucking up new courage, pursued the count to the glass door through which he was looking, and resumed:

"I believe, sir, I am not wrong? You are the Count Sobieski; and I have the honor to be now speaking with the bravest champion of Polish liberty!"

Thaddeus again bowed. "I thank you, sir, for the compliment you intend me, but I cannot take it to myself; all the men of Poland, old and young, nobles and peasants, were her champions, equally sincere, equally brave."

Nothing could silence the inquisitive stranger. The coach drew up, but he went on:

"Then I hope that many of these patriots, besides your excellency, have taken care to bring away their wealth from a land which they must now see is abandoned to destruction?"

For a moment Thaddeus forgot himself, indignation for his country, and all her rights and all her sufferings rose in his countenance.

"No, sir! not one of those men, and least of all would I have drawn one vital drop from her heart! I left in her murdered bosom all that was dear to me--all that I possessed; and not until I saw the chains brought before my eyes that were to lay her surviving sons in irons did I turn my back on calamities I could no longer avert or alleviate."

The ardor of his manner and the elevation of his voice had drawn the attention of every person in the room upon him, when Jenkins entered with his baggage. The door being opened, Sobieski sprang into the coach, and gladly shut himself there, from a conversation which had awakened all his griefs.

"Ah, poor enthusiast!" exclaimed his inquisitor, as the carriage drove off. "It is a pity that so fine a young man should have made so ill a use of his birth, and other natural advantages!"

"He appears to me," observed an old clergyman who sat in an adjoining box, "to have made the best possible use of his natural advantages; and had I a son, I would rather hear him utter such a sentiment as the one with which that young man quitted the room, than see him master of millions."

"May be so," cried the questioner, with a contemptuous glance; "different minds incline to different objects! His has decided for 'the wonderful, the wild;' and a pretty finale he has made of his choice!"

"Why, to be sure," observed another spectator, "young people should be brought up with reasonable ideas of right and wrong, and prudence; nevertheless, I should not like a son of mine to run harum-scarum through my property, and his own life; and yet one cannot help, when one hears such a brave speech as that from yonder Frenchman just gone out,--I say one cannot help thinking it very fine." "True, true," cried the inquisitor; "you are right, sir; very fine indeed, but too fine to wear; it would soon leave us acreless, as it has done him; for it seems, by his own confession, he is penniless; and I know that a twelvemonth ago he was an heir to a fortune which, however incalculable, he has managed, with all his talents, to see the end of."

"Then he is in distress!" exclaimed the clergyman, "and you know him. What is his name?"

The man colored at this unexpected inference; and glad the company had not attended to that part of the dialogue in which the name of Sobieski was mentioned, he stammered some indistinct words, took up his hat, and looking at his watch, begged pardon, having an appointment, and hurried out of the room without speaking further; although the good clergyman, whose name was Blackmore, hastened after him, requesting to know where the young foreigner lived.

"Who is that spectacl'd coxcomb?" cried the reverend doctor, as he returned from his unavailing application.

"I don't know, sir," replied the waiter "I never saw him in this house before last night, when he came in late to sleep; and this morning he was in the coffee-room at breakfast, just as that foreign gentleman walked through; and Jenkins bawling his name out very loud, as soon as he was gone, this here gentleman asked him who that count was. I heard Jenkins say some Russian name, and tell him he came last night, and would likely come back again; and so that there gentleman has been loitering about all day till now, when the foreign gentleman coming in, he spoke to him."

"And don't you know anything further of this foreigner?"

"No, sir; I forget what he is called; but I see Jenkins going across the street; shall I run after him and ask him?"

"You are very obliging," returned the old clergyman; "but does Jenkins know where the stranger lives?"

"No, sir I am sure he don't."

"I am sorry for it," sighed the kind questioner; "then your inquiry would be of no use; his name will not do without his direction. Poor fellow! he has been unfortunate, and I might have befriended him."

"Yes, to be sure, doctor," cried the first speaker, who now rose to accompany him out; "it is our duty to befriend the unfortunate; but charity begins at home; and as all's for the best, perhaps it is lucky we did not hear any more about this young fellow. We might have involved ourselves in a vast deal of unnecessary trouble; and you know people from outlandish parts have no claims upon us."

"Certainly," replied the doctor, "none in the world, excepting those which no human creature can dispute,--the claims of nature. All mankind are born heirs of suffering; and as joint inheritors, if we do not wipe away each other's tears, it will prove but a comfortless portion."

"Ah! doctor," cried his companion, as they separated at the end of Charles-street, "you have always the best of an argument: you have logic and Aristotle at your finger ends."

"No, my friend; my arguments are purely Christian. Nature is my logic, and the Bible my teacher."

"Ah, there you have me again. You parsons are as bad as the lawyers; when once you get a poor sinner amongst you, he finds it as hard to get out of the church as out of chancery. However, have it your own

way; charity is your trade, and I won't be in a hurry to dispute the monopoly. Good-day! If I stay much longer, you will make me believe that black is white."

Dr. Blackmore shook him by the hand, and wishing him good-evening, returned home, pitying the worldliness of his friend's mind, and musing on the interesting stranger, whom he could not but admire, and compassionate with a lively sorrow, for he believed him to be a gentleman, unhappy and unfortunate. Had he known that the object of his solicitude was the illustrious subject of many a former eulogium from himself, how increased would have been his regret--that he had seen Count Thaddeus Sobieski, that he had seen him an exile, and that he had suffered him to pass out of the reach of his services!

CHAPTER XIII.

THE EXILE'S LODGINGS.

Meanwhile the homeless Sobieski was cordially received by his humble landlady. He certainly never stood in more need of kindness. A slow fever, which had been gradually creeping over him since he quitted Poland, soon settled on his nerves, and reduced him to such weakness, that he possessed neither strength nor spirits to stir abroad.

Mrs. Robson was sincerely grieved at this illness of her guest. Her own son, the father of the orphans she protected, had died of consumption, and any appearance of that cruel disorder was a certain call upon her compassion.

Thaddeus gave himself up to her management. He had no money for medical assistance, and to please her he took what little medicines she prepared. According to her advice, he remained for several days shut up in his chamber, with a large fire, and the shutters closed, 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 kind apothecary who had attended her deceased son. In this instance only she found the count obstinate, no arguments, nor even tears, could move him to assent. When she stood weeping, and holding his burning hand, his answer was constantly the same.

"My excellent Mrs. Robson, do not grieve 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 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.

"Oh, doctor!" cried she, while he ascended the stairs, "I have the

best young gentleman 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. Exhausted by delirium, Thaddeus had sunk senseless on his pillow. At this sight, supposing him dead, Mrs. Robson uttered a shriek, which was echoed by the cries of the little William, who stood near his grandmother.

"Hush! my good woman," said the doctor; "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."

Blessing these words she quitted the room with her grandson.

On entering the chamber, Mr. Vincent had felt that its hot and stifling atmosphere must augment the fever of his patient; and before he attempted to disturb him from the temporary rest of insensibility, he opened the window-shutters and also the room-door wide enough to admit the air from the adjoining apartment. Pulling the heavy clothes from the count's bosom he raised his head on his arm and poured some drops into his mouth. Sobieski opened his eyes and uttered a few incoherent words; but he did not rave, he only wandered, and appeared to know that he did so, for he several times stopped in the midst of some confused speech, and laying his hand on his forehead, strove to recollect himself.

Mrs. Robson soon after re-entered the room, and wept out her thanks to the apothecary, whom she revered as almost a worker of miracles.

"I must bleed him, Mrs. Robson," continued he; "and for that purpose shall go home for my assistant and lancets; but in the meanwhile I charge you to let every thing remain in the state I have left it. The heat alone would have given a fever to a man in health."

When the apothecary returned, he saw that his commands had been strictly obeyed; and finding that the change of atmosphere had wrought the expected alteration in his patient, he took his arm without difficulty and bled him. At the end of the operation Thaddeus again fainted.

"Poor gentleman!" cried Mr. Vincent, binding up the arm. "Look here, Tom," (pointing to the scars, on the count's shoulder and breast;) "see what terrible cuts have been here! This has not been playing at soldiers! Who is your lodger, Mrs. Robson?"

"His name is Constantine, Mr. Vincent; but for Heaven's sake recover him from that swoon."

Mr. Vincent poured more drops into his mouth; and a minute afterwards he opened his eyes, divested of their feverish glare, but still dull and heavy. He spoke to Mrs. Robson by her name, which gave her such delight, that she caught his hands to her lips and burst again into tears. The action was so abrupt and violent, that it made him feel the stiffness of his arm. Casting his eyes towards the surgeon's, he conjectured what had been his state, and what the consequence.

"Come, Mrs. Robson," said the apothecary, "you must not disturb the

gentleman. How do you find yourself, sir?"

As the deed could not be recalled, Thaddeus thanked the doctor for the service he had received, and said a few kind and grateful words to his good hostess.

Mr. Vincent was glad to see so promising an issue to his proceedings, and soon after retired with his assistant and Mrs. Robson, to give further directions.

On entering the parlor, she threw herself into a chair and broke into a paroxysm of lamentations.

"My good woman, what is all this about?" inquired the doctor. "Is not my patient better?"

"Yes," cried she, drying her eyes; "but the whole scene puts me so in mind of the last moments of my poor misguided son, that the very sight of it goes through my heart like a knife. Oh! had my boy been as good as that dear gentleman, had he been as well prepared to die, I think I would scarcely have grieved! Yet Heaven spare Mr. Constantine. Will he live?"

"I hope so, Mrs. Robson. His fever is high; but he is young, and with extreme care we may preserve him."

"The Lord grant it!" cried she, "for he is the best gentleman I ever beheld. He has been above a week with me; and till this night, in which he lost his senses, though hardly able to breath or see, he has read out of books which he brought with him; and good books too: for it was but yesterday morning that I saw the dear soul sitting by the fire with a book on the table, which he had been studying for an hour. As I was dusting about, I saw him lay his head down on it, and put his hand to his temples. 'Alas!, sir,' said I, 'you tease your brains with these books of learning when you ought to be taking rest.' No, Mrs. Robson," returned he, with a sweet smile, 'it is this book which brings me rest. I may amuse myself with others, but this alone contains perfect beauty, perfect wisdom, and perfect peace. It is the only infallible soother of human sorrows.' He closed it, and put it on the chimney-piece; and when I looked at it afterwards, I found it was the Bible. Can you wonder that I should love so excellent a gentleman?"

"You have given a strange account of him," replied Vincent. "I hope he is not a twaddler; [Footnote: A term of derision, forty years ago, amongst unthinking persons, when speaking of eminently religious people.] if so, I shall despair of his cure, and think his delirium had another cause besides fever."

"I don't understand you, sir. He is a Christian, and as good a reasonable, sweet-tempered gentleman as ever came into a house. Alas! I believe he is most likely a papist; though they say papists don't read the Bible, but worship images."

"Why, what reason have you to suppose that? He's an Englishman, is he not?"

"No, he is an emigrant."

"An emigrant! Oh, ho!" cried Mr. Vincent, with a contemptuous twirl of his lip. "What, a poor Frenchman! Good Lord! how this town is overrun with these fellows!"

"No, doctor," exclaimed Mrs. Robson, greatly hurt at this scorn to her lodger, whom she really loved; "whatever he be, he is not poor, for he has a power of fine things; he has got a watch all over diamonds, and diamond rings, and diamond pictures without number. So, doctor, you need not fear you are attending him for charity; no, I would sell my gown first."

"Nay, don't be offended, Mrs. Robson; I meant no offence," returned he, much mollified by this explanation; "but, really, when we see the bread that should feed our children and our own poor eaten up by a parcel of lazy French drones--all *_Sans Culottes_* [The democratic rabble were commonly so called at that early period of the French Revolution; and certainly some of their demagogues did cross the Channel at times, counterfeiting themselves to be loyal emigrants, while assiduously disseminating their destructive principles wherever they could find an entrance.] in disguise, for aught we know, who cover our land, and destroy its produce like a swarm of filthy locusts--we should be fools not to murmur. But Mr.----, Mr.----, what do you call him, Mrs. Robson? is a different sort of body."

"Mr. Constantine," replied she, "and indeed he is; and no doubt, when you recover him, he will pay you as though he were in his own country."

This last assertion banished all remaining suspicion from the mind of the apothecary; and, after giving the good woman what orders he thought requisite, he returned home, promising to call again in the evening.

Mrs. Robson went up stairs to the count's chamber with other sentiments to her sapient doctor than those with which she came down. She well recollected the substance of his discourse, and she gathered from it that, however clever he might be in his profession, he was a hard-hearted man, who would rather see a fellow-creature perish than administer relief to him without a reward. She had paid him to the uttermost farthing for her poor son.

But here Mrs. Robson was mistaken. She did him justice in esteeming his medical abilities, which were great. He had made medicine the study of his life, and not allowing any other occupation to disturb his attention, he became master of that science, but remained ignorant of every other with which it had no connection. He was the father of a family, and, in the usual acceptance of the term, a very good sort of a man. He preferred his country to every other, because it was his country; he loved his wife and his children; he was kind to the poor, to whom he gave his advice gratis, and letters to the dispensary for drugs; and when he had any broken victuals to spare, he desired that they might be divided amongst them; but he seldom caught his maid obeying this part of his commands without reprimanding her for her extravagance, in giving away what ought to be eaten in the kitchen: "in these times, it was a shame to waste a crumb, and the careless hussy would come to want for thinking so lightly of other people's property."

Thus, like many in the world, he was a loyal citizen by habit, an

affectionate father from nature, and a man of charity because he now and then felt pity, and now and then heard it preached from the pulpit. He was exhorted to be pious, and to pour wine and oil into the wounds of his neighbor; but it never once struck him that piety extended further than going to church, mumbling his prayers and forgetting the sermon, through most of which he generally slept; and his commentaries on the good Samaritan were not more extensive, for it was so difficult to make him comprehend who was his neighbor, that the subject of the argument might have been sick, dead and buried before he could be persuaded that he or she had any claims on his care. Indeed, his "chanty began at home;" and it was so fond of its residence, that it stopped there. To have been born on the other side of the British Channel, spread an ocean between every poor foreigner and Mr. Vincent's purse which the swiftest wings of chanty could never cross. "He saw no reason," he said, "for feeding the natural enemies of our country. Would any man be mad enough to take the meat from his children's mouths and throw it to a swarm of wolves just landed on the coast?" "These wolves" were his favorite metaphor when he spoke of the unhappy French, or of any other penniless strangers that came in his way.

After this explanation, it may appear paradoxical to mention an inconsistency in the mind of Mr. Vincent which never permitted him to discover the above Cainish mark of outlawry upon a wealthy visitor, of whatever country. In fact, it was with him as with many: riches were a splendid and thick robe that concealed all blemishes; take it away, and probably the poor stripped wretch would be treated worse than a criminal.

That his new patient possessed some property was sufficient to ensure the respect and medical skill of Mr. Vincent; and when he entered his own house, he told his wife he had found "a very good job at Mrs. Robson's, in the illness of her lodger--a foreigner of some sort," he said, "who, by her account, had feathered his nest well in the spoils of battle (like Moore's honest Irishman) with jewels and gold." So much for the accuracy of most quotations adopted according to the convenience of the speaker.

When the Count Sobieski quitted the Hummums, on the evening in which he brought away his baggage, he was so disconcerted by the impertinence of the man who accosted him there, that he determined not to expose himself to a similar insult by retaining a title which might subject him to the curiosity of the insolent and insensible; and, therefore, when Mrs. Robson asked him how she should address him, as he was averse to assume a feigned name, he merely said Mr. Constantine.

Under that unobtrusive character, he hoped in time to accommodate his feelings to the change of fortune which Providence had allotted to him. He must forget his nobility, his pride, and his sensibility; he must earn his subsistence. But by what means? He was ignorant of business; and he knew not how to turn his accomplishments to account. Such were his meditations, until illness and delirium deprived him of them and of reason together.

At the expiration of a week, in which Mr. Vincent attended his patient very regularly, Sobieski was able to remove into the front room; but uneasiness about the debts he had so unintentionally incurred retarded his recovery, and made his hours pass away in

cheerless musings on his poor means of repaying the good widow and of satisfying the avidity of the apothecary. Pecuniary obligation was a load to which he was unaccustomed; and once or twice the wish almost escaped his heart that he had died.

Whenever he was left to think, such were his reflections. Mrs. Robson discovered that he appeared more feverish and had worse nights after being much alone during the day, and therefore contrived, though she was obliged to be in her little shop, to leave either Nanny to attend his wants or little William to amuse him.

This child, by its uncommon quickness and artless manner, gained upon the count, who was ever alive to helplessness and innocence. Children and animals had always found a friend and protector in him. From the "majestic war-horse, with his neck clothed in thunder," to "the poor beetle that we tread upon"--every creature of creation met an advocate of mercy in his breast; and as human nature is prone to love what it has been kind to, Thaddeus never saw either children, dogs, or even that poor slandered and abused animal, the cat, without showing them some spontaneous act of attention.

Whatever of his affections he could spare from memory, the count lavished upon the little William. The child hardly ever left his side, where he sat on a stool, prattling about anything that came into his head; or, seated on his knee, followed with his eyes and playful fingers the hand of Thaddeus, while he sketched a horse or a soldier for his pretty companion.

* * * * *

CHAPTER XIV.

A ROBBERY AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

By these means Thaddeus slowly acquired sufficient strength to allow him to quit his dressing-gown, and prepare for a walk.

A hard frost had succeeded to the chilling damps of November; and looking out of the window, he longed, almost eagerly, to inhale again the fresh air. After some tender altercations with Mrs. Robson, who feared to trust him even down stairs, he at length conquered; and taking the little William by his hand, folded his pelisse round him, and promising to venture no further than the King's Mews, was suffered to go out.

As he expected, he found the keen breeze act like a charm on his debilitated frame; and with braced nerves and exhilarated spirits, he walked twice up and down the place, whilst his companion played before him, throwing stones, and running to pick them up. At this moment one of the king's carriages, pursued by a concourse of people, suddenly drove in at the Charing-Cross gate. The frightened child screamed, and fell. Thaddeus darted forward, and seizing the heads of the horses which were within a yard of the boy, stopped them; meanwhile, the mob gathering about, one of them raised William, who continued his cries. The count now let go the reins, and for a few

minutes tried to pacify his little charge; but finding that his alarm and shrieks were not to be quelled, and that his own figure, from its singularity of dress, (his high cap and plume adding to its height) drew on him the whole attention of the people, he took the trembling child in his arms, and walking through the Mews, was followed by some of the bystanders to the very door of Mrs. Robson's shop.

Seeing the people, and her grandson sobbing on the breast of her guest, she ran out, and hastily asked what had happened. Thaddeus simply answered, that the child had been frightened. But when they entered the house, and he had thrown himself exhausted on a seat, William, as he stood by his knee, told his grandmother that if Mr. Constantine had not stopped the horses, he must have been run over. The count was now obliged to relate the whole story, which ended with the blessings of the poor woman, for his goodness in risking his own life for the preservation of her darling child.

Thaddeus in vain assured her the action deserved no thanks.

"Well," cried she, "it is like yourself, Mr. Constantine; you think all your good deeds nothing; and yet any odd little thing I can do, out of pure love to serve you, you cry up to the skies. However, we won't fall out; I say, heaven bless you! and that is enough. Has your walk refreshed you? But I need not ask; you have got a fine color."

"Yes," returned he, rising and taking off his cap and cloak, "it has put me in aglow, and made me quite another creature." As he finished speaking, he dropped the things from the hand that held them, and staggered back a few paces against the wall.

"Good Lord! what is the matter?" cried Mrs. Robson, looking in his face, which was now pale as death; "what is the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing," returned he, recovering himself, and gathering up the cloak he had let fall; "don't mind me, Mrs. Robson; nothing:" and he was leaving the kitchen, but she followed him, terrified at his look and manner.

"Pray, Mr. Constantine!"

"Nay, my dear madam," said he, leading her back, "I am not well; I believe my walk has overcome me. Let me be a few minutes alone, till I have recovered myself. It will oblige me."

"Well, sir, as you please!" and then, laying her withered hand fearfully upon his arm, "forgive me, dear sir," said she, "if my attentions are troublesome. Indeed, I fear that sometimes great love appears like great impertinence; I would always be serving you, and therefore I often forget the wide difference between your honor's station and mine."

The count could only press her hand gratefully, and with an emotion which made him hurry up stairs to hide. When in his own room, he shut the door, and cast a wild and inquisitive gaze around the apartment; then, throwing himself into a chair, he struck his head with his hand, and exclaimed, "It is gone! What will become of me?--of this poor woman, whose substance I have consumed?"

It was true; the watch, by the sale of which he had calculated to

defray the charges of his illness, was indeed lost. A villain in the crowd, having perceived the sparkling of the chain, had taken it unobserved from his side; and he knew nothing of his loss until, feeling for his watch to see the hour, he discovered his misfortune.

The shock went like a stroke of electricity through his frame; but it was not until the last glimmering of hope was extinguished, on examining his room where he thought he might have left it, that he saw the full horror of his situation.

He sat for some minutes, absorbed, and almost afraid to think. It was not his own, but the necessities of the poor woman, who had, perhaps, incurred debts on herself to afford him comforts, which bore so hard upon him. At last, rising from his seat, he exclaimed,

"I must determine on something. Since this is gone, I must seek what else I have to part with, for I cannot long bear my present feelings!"

He opened the drawer which contained his few valuables.

With a trembling hand he took them out one by one. There were several trinkets which had been given to him by his mother; and a pair of inlaid pistols, which his grandfather put into his belt on the morning of the dreadful 10th of October; his miniature lay beneath them: the mild eyes of the palatine seemed beaming with affection upon his grandson. Thaddeus snatched it up, kissed it fervently, and then laid it back into the drawer, whilst he hid his face with his hands.

When he recovered himself, he replaced the pistols, believing that it would be sacrilege to part with them. Without allowing himself time to think, he put a gold pencil-case and a pair of brilliant sleeve-buttons into his waistcoat pocket.

He descended the stairs with a soft step, and passing the kitchen-door unperceived by his landlady, crossed through a little court; and then anxiously looking from right to left, in quest of some shop where he might probably dispose of the trinkets, he took his way up Castle Street, and along Leicester Square.

When he turned up the first street to his right, he was impeded by two persons who stood in his path, the one selling, the other buying a hat. The thought immediately struck Thaddeus to ask one of these men (who appeared to be a Jew, and a vender of clothes) to purchase his pelisse. By parting with a thing to which he annexed no more value than the warmth it afforded him, he should possibly spare himself the pain, for this time at least, of sacrificing those gifts of his mother, which had been bestowed upon him in happier days, and hallowed by her caresses.

He did not permit himself to hesitate, but desired the Jew to follow him into a neighboring court. The man obeyed; and having no ideas independent of his trade, asked the count what he wanted to buy.

"Nothing: I want to sell this pelisse," returned he, opening it.

The Jew, without any ceremony, inspected its covering and its lining of fur.

"Ay, I see: black cloth and sable; but who would buy it of me? An embroidered collar! nobody wears such things here."

"Then I am answered," replied Thaddeus.

"Stop, sir," cried the Jew, pursuing him, "what will you take for it?"

"What would you give me?"

"Let me see. It is very long and wide. At the utmost I cannot offer you more than five guineas."

A few months ago, it had cost the count a hundred; but glad to get any money, however small, he readily closed with the man's price; and taking off the cloak, gave it to him, and put the guineas into his pocket.

He had not walked much further before the piercing cold of the evening, and a shower of snow, which began to fall, made him feel the effects of his loss; however, that did not annoy him; he had been too heavily assailed by the pitiless rigors of misfortune to regard the pelting of the elements. Whilst the wind blew in his face, and the sleet falling on his dress, lodged in its lappels, he went forward, calculating whether it were likely that this money, with the few shillings he yet possessed, would be sufficient to discharge what he owed. Unused as he had been to all kinds of expenditure which required attention, he supposed, from what he had already seen of a commerce with the world, that the sum he had received from the Jew was not above half what he needed; and with a beating heart he walked towards one of those shops which Mrs. Robson had described, when speaking of the irregularities of her son, who had nearly reduced her to beggary.

The candles were lit. And as he hovered about the door, he distinctly saw the master through the glass, assorting some parcels on the counter. He was a gentleman-like man, and the count's feelings took quite a different turn from those with which he had accosted the Jew, who, being a low, sordid wretch, looked upon the people with whom he trafficked as mere purveyors to his profit. Thaddeus felt little repugnance at bargaining with him: but the sight of a respectable person, before whom he was to present himself as a man in poverty, as one who, in a manner, appealed to charity, all at once overcame the resolution of a son of Sobieski, and he debated whether or not he should return. Mrs. Robson, and her probable distresses, rose before him; and fearful of trusting his pride any further, he pulled his cap over his face, and entered the shop.

The man bowed very civilly on his entrance, and requested to be honored with his commands. Thaddeus felt his face glow; but indignant at his own weakness, he laid the gold case on the counter, and said, in a voice which, notwithstanding his emotion, he constrained to be without appearance of confusion, "I want to part with this."

Astonished at the dignity of the applicant's air, and the nobility of his dress, (for the star did not escape the shop-keeper's eye), he looked at him for a moment, holding the case in his hand. Hurt by the steadiness of his gaze, the count, rather haughtily, repeated what he

had said. The man hesitated no longer. He had been accustomed to similar requests from the emigrant French _noblesse_; but there was a loftiness and aspect of authority in the countenance and mien of this person which surprised and awed him; and with a respect which even the application could not counteract, he opened the case, and inquired of Thaddeus what was the price he affixed to it.

"I leave that to you," replied he.

"The gold is pure," returned the man, "but it is very thin; I cannot give more than three guineas. Though the workmanship is fine, it is not in the fashion of England, and will be of no benefit to me till melted."

"You may have it," said Thaddeus, hardly able to articulate, while the gift of his mother was passing into a stranger's hand.

The man directly paid him down the money, and the count, with a bursting heart, darted out of the shop.

Mrs. Robson was shutting up the windows of her little parlor, when he hastily passed her and glided up the stairs. Hardly believing her senses, she hastened after him, and just got into the room as he drank off a glass of water.

"Good lack! sir, where has your honor been? I thought you were all the while in the house, and I would not come near, though I was very uneasy; and there has been poor William crying himself blind, because you desired to be left alone."

Thaddeus was unprepared to make an answer. He was in hopes to have gotten in as he had stolen out, undiscovered; for he determined not to agitate her too kind mind by the history of his loss. He would not allow her to know anything of his embarrassments, from a sentiment of justice, as well as from that sensitive pride which all his sufferings and philosophy could not wholly subdue.

"I have been taking a walk, Mrs. Robson."

"Dear heart! I thought when you staggered back, and looked so ill, after you brought in William, you had over-walked yourself."

"No; I fancy my fears had a little discomposed me; and I hoped that more air might do me good; I tried it, and it has: but I am grieved for having alarmed you."

This ambiguous speech satisfied his worthy landlady; and, fatigued by a bodily exertion, which, in the present feeble state of his frame, nothing less than the resolution of his mind could have carried him through, Thaddeus went directly to bed, where tired nature soon found temporary repose in a profound sleep.

CHAPTER XV.

THE WIDOW'S FAMILY.

Next morning Sobieski found himself rather better than worse by the exertions of the preceding day. When Nanny appeared as usual with his breakfast and little William, (who always sat on his knee, and shared his bread and butter,) the count desired her to request her grandmother to send to Mr. Vincent with his compliments, and to say her lodger felt himself so much recovered as to decline any further medical aid, and therefore wished to have his bill.

Mrs. Robson, who could not forget the behavior of the apothecary, undertook to deliver the message herself, happy in the triumph she should enjoy over the littleness of Mr. Vincent's suspicions.

After the lapse of a quarter of an hour, she re-appeared in the count's rooms, accompanied by the apothecary's assistant, who, with many thanks, received the sum total of the account, which amounted to three guineas for ten days' attendance.

The man having withdrawn, Thaddeus told Mrs. Robson, he should next defray the smallest part of the vast debt he must ever owe to her parental care.

"Oh, bless your honor, it goes to my heart to take a farthing of you! but these poor children," cried she, laying a hand on each, and her eyes glistening, "they look up to me as their all here; and my quarter-day was yesterday, else, dear sir, I should scorn to be like Doctor Vincent, and take your money the moment you offer it."

"My good madam," returned Sobieski, giving her a chair, "I am sensible of your kindness: but it is your just due; and the payment of it can never lessen your claim on my gratitude for the maternal care with which you have attended me, a total stranger."

"Then, there, sir," said she, looking almost as ashamed as if she were robbing him, when she laid it on the table; "there is my bill. I have regularly set down everything. Nanny will bring it to me." And quite disconcerted, the good woman hurried out of the room.

Thaddeus looked after her with reverence.

"There goes," thought he, "in that lowly and feeble frame, as generous and noble a spirit: as ever animated the breast of a princess! Here, Nanny," said he, glancing his eye over the paper, "there is the gold, with my thanks; and tell your grandmother I am astonished at her economy."

This affair over, the count was relieved of a grievous load; and turning the remaining money in his hand, how he might replenish the little stock before it were expended next occupied his attention. Notwithstanding the pawnbroker's civil treatment, he recoiled at again presenting himself at his shop. Besides, should he dispose of all that he possessed, it might not be of sufficient value here to subsist him a month. He must think of some source within himself that was not likely to be so soon exhausted. To be reduced a second time to the misery which he had endured yesterday from suspense and wretchedness, appeared too dreadful to be hazarded, and he ran over in his memory the different merits of his several accomplishments.

He could not make any use of his musical talents; for at public exhibitions of himself his soul revolted; and as to his literary acquirements, his youth, and being a foreigner, precluded all hopes on that head. At length he found that his sole dependence must rest on his talents for painting. Of this art he had always been remarkably fond; and his taste easily perceived that there were many drawings exhibited for sale much inferior to those which he had executed for mere amusement.

He decided at once; and purchasing, by the means of Nanny, pencils and Indian ink, he set to work.

When he had finished half-a-dozen drawings, and was considering how he might find the street in which he had seen the print-shops, the recollection occurred to him of the impression his appearance had made on the pawnbroker. He perceived the wide difference between his apparel and the fashion of England; and considering the security from impertinence with which he might walk about, could he so far cast off the relics of his former rank as to change his dress, he rose up with an intention to go out and purchase a surtout coat and a hat for that purpose, when catching an accidental view of his uniform, with the star of St. Stanislaus on its breast, as he passed the glass, he no longer wondered at the curiosity which such an appendage, united with poverty, had attracted. Rather than again subject himself to a similar situation, he summoned his young messenger; and, by her assistance, furnished himself with an English hat and coat, whilst

with his penknife he cut away the embroidery of the order from the cloth to which it was affixed.

Thus accoutred, with his hat flapped over his face and his great-coat wrapped round him, he put the drawings into his bosom, and about eight o'clock in the evening walked out on his disagreeable errand. After some wearying search, he at last found Great Newport Street, the place he wanted; but as he advanced, his hopes died away, and his fears and reluctance re-awakened. He stopped at the door of the nearest print-shop. All that he had suffered at the pawnbroker's assailed him with redoubled violence. What he presented there possessed a fixed value, and was at once to be taken or refused; but now he was going to offer things of mere taste, and he might meet not only with a denial, but affronting remarks.

He walked to the threshold of the door, then as hastily withdrew, and hurried two or three paces down the street.

"Weak, contemptible that I am!" said he to himself, as he again turned round; "where is all my reason, and rectitude of principle, that I would rather endure the misery of dependence and self-reproach than dare the attempt to seek support from the fruits of my own industry?"

He quickened his step and started into the shop, almost fearful of his former irresolution. He threw his drawings instantly upon the counter.

"Sir, you purchase drawings. I have these to sell. Will they suit you?"

The man took them up without deigning to look at the person who had

accosted him, and turning them over in his hand, "One, two, three, hum; there is half-a-dozen. What do you expect for them?"

"I am not acquainted with the prices of these things."

The printseller, hearing this, thought, by managing well, to get them for what he liked, and throwing them over with an air of contempt, resumed--

"And pray, where may the views be taken?"

"They are recollections of scenes in Germany."

"Ah!" replied the man, "mere drugs! I wish, honest friend, you could have brought subjects not quite so threadbare, and a little better executed; they are but poor things! But every dauber nowadays sets up for a fine artist, and thinks we are to pay him for spoilt paper and conceit."

Insulted by this speech, and, above all, by the manner of the printseller, Thaddeus was snatching up the drawings to leave the shop without a word, when the man, observing his design, and afraid to lose them, laid his hand on the heap, exclaiming--

"Let me tell you, young man, it does not become a person in your situation to be so huffy to his employers. I will give you a guinea for the six, and you may think yourself well paid."

Without further hesitation, whilst the count was striving to subdue the choler which urged him to knock him down, the man laid the gold on the counter, and was slipping the drawings into a drawer; but Thaddeus, snatching them out again, suddenly rolled them up, and walked out of the shop as he said--

"Not all the money of all your tribe should tempt an honest man to pollute himself by exchanging a second word with one so contemptible."

Irritated at this unfeeling treatment, he returned home, too much provoked to think of the consequences which might follow a similar disappointment.

Having become used to the fluctuations of his looks and behavior, the widow ceased altogether to tease him with inquiries, which she saw he was sometimes loath to answer. She now allowed him to walk in and out without a remark, and silently contemplated his pale and melancholy countenance, when, after a ramble of the greatest part of the day, he returned home exhausted and dispirited.

William was always the first to welcome his friend at the threshold, by running to him, taking hold of his coat, and asking to go with him up stairs. The count usually gratified him, and brightened many dull hours with his innocent caresses.

This child was literally his only earthly comfort; for he saw that in him he could still excite those emotions of happiness which had once afforded him his sweetest joy. William ever greeted him with smiles, and when he entered the kitchen, sprang to his bosom, as if that were the seat of peace, as it was of virtue. But, alas! fate seemed

adverse to lend anything long to the unhappy Thaddeus which might render his desolate state more tolerable.

Just risen from a bed of sickness, he required the hand of some tender nurse to restore his wasted vigor, instead of being reduced to the hard vigils of poverty and want. His recent disappointment, added to a cold which he had caught, increased his feverish debility; yet he adhered to the determination not to appropriate to his own subsistence the few valuables he had assigned as a deposit for the charges of his rent. During a fortnight he never tasted anything better than bread and water; but this hermit's fare was accompanied by the resigned thought that if it ended in death, his sufferings would then be over, and the widow amply remunerated by what little of his property remained.

In this state of body and mind he received a most painful shock, when one evening, returning from a walk of many hours, in the place of his little favorite, he met Mrs. Robson in tears at the door. She told him William had been sickening all the day, and was now so delirious, that neither she nor his sister could keep him quiet.

Thaddeus went to the side of the child's bed, where he lay gasping on the pillow, held clown by the crying Nanny. The count touched his cheek.

"Poor child!" exclaimed he; "he is in a high fever. Have you sent for Mr. Vincent?"

"O, no; I had not the heart to leave him."

"Then I will go directly," returned Thaddeus "there is not a moment to be lost."

The poor woman thanked him. Hastening through the streets with an eagerness which nearly overset several of the foot-passengers, he arrived at Lincoln's-Inn-fields; and in less than five minutes after he quitted Mrs. Robson's door he returned with the apothecary.

On Mr. Vincent's examining the pulse and countenance of his little patient, he declared the symptoms to be the small-pox, which some casualty had repelled.

In a paroxysm of distress, Mrs. Robson recollected that a girl had been brought into her shop three days ago, just recovered from that frightful malady.

Thaddeus tried to subdue the fears of the grandmother, and at last succeeded in persuading her to go to bed, whilst he and Nanny would watch by the pillow of the invalid.

Towards morning the disorder broke out on the child's face, and he recovered his recollection. The moment he fixed his eyes on the count, who was leaning over him, he stretched out his little arms, and begged to lie on his breast. Thaddeus refused him gently, fearing that by any change of position he might catch cold, and so again retard what had now so fortunately appeared; but the poor child thought the denial unkind, and began to weep so violently, that his anxious friend believed it better to gratify him than hazard the irritation of his fever by agitation and crying.

Thaddeus took him out of bed, and rolling him in one of the blankets, laid him in his bosom; and drawing his dressing-gown to shield the little face from the fire, held him in that situation asleep for nearly two hours.

When Mrs. Robson came down stairs at six o'clock in the morning, she kissed the hand of the count as he sustained her grandson in his arms; and almost speechless with gratitude to him, and solicitude for the child, waited the arrival of the apothecary.

On his second visit, he said a few words to her of comfort, but whispered to the count, while softly feeling William's pulse, that nothing short of the strictest care could save the boy, the infection he had received having been of the most malignant kind.

These words fell like an unrepealable sentence on the heart of Thaddeus. Looking on the discolored features of the patient infant, he fancied that he already beheld its clay-cold face, and its little limbs stretched in death. The idea was bitterness to him; and pressing the boy to his breast, he resolved that no attention should be wanting on his part to preserve him from the grave. And he kept his promise.

From that hour until the day in which the poor babe expired in his arms, he never laid him out of them for ten minutes together; and when he did breathe his last sigh, and raised up his little eyes, Thaddeus met their dying glance with a pang which he thought his soul had long lost the power to feel. His heart seemed to stop; and covering the motionless face of the dead child with his hand, he made a sign to Nanny to leave the room.

The girl, who from respect had been accustomed to obey his slightest nod, went to her grandmother in the shop.

The instant the girl quitted the room, with mingled awe and grief the count lifted the little corpse from his knee; and without allowing himself to cast another glance on the face of the poor infant, now released from suffering, he put it on the bed, and throwing the sheet over it, sunk into a chair and burst into tears.

The entrance of Mrs. Robson in some measure restored him; for the moment she perceived her guest with his handkerchief over his eyes, she judged what had happened, and, with a piercing scream, flew forward to the bed, where, pulling down the covering, she uttered another shriek, and must have fallen on the floor had not Thaddeus and little Nanny, who ran in at her cries, caught her in their arms and bore her to a chair.

Her soul was too much agitated to allow her to continue long in a state of insensibility; and when she recovered, she would again have approached the deceased child, but the count withheld her, and trying by every means in his power to soothe her, so far succeeded as to melt her agonies into tears.

Whilst she concealed her venerable head in the bosom of her granddaughter, he once more lifted the remains of the little William; and thinking it best for the tranquillity of the unhappy grandmother to take him out of her sight, he carried him up stairs, and laid him

on his own bed.

By the time he returned to the humble parlor, one of the female neighbors, having heard the unusual outcry, and suspecting the cause, kindly stepped in to offer her consolation and services. Mrs. Robson could only reply by sobs, which were answered by the loud weeping of poor Nanny, who lay with her head against the table.

When the count came down, he thanked the worthy woman for her benevolent intentions, and took her up stairs into his apartments. Pointing to the open door of the bedroom, "There, madam," said he, "you will find the remains of my dear little friend. I beg you will direct everything for his interment that you think will give satisfaction to Mrs. Robson. I would spare that excellent woman every pang in my power."

All was done according to his desire; and Mrs. Watts, the charitable neighbor, excited by a kindly disposition, and reverence for "the extraordinary young gentleman who lodged with her friend," performed her task with tenderness and activity.

"Oh! sir," cried Mrs. Robson, weeping afresh as she entered the count's room, "Oh, sir, how shall I ever repay all your goodness? and Mrs. Watt's? She has acted like a sister to me. But, indeed, I am yet the most miserable creature that lives. I have lost my dearest child, and must strip his poor sister of her daily bread to bury him. That cruel Dr. Vincent, though he might have imagined my distress, sent his account late last night, saying he wanted to make up a large bill, and he wished I would let him have all, or part of the payment. Heaven knows, I have not a farthing in the house; but I will send poor little Nanny to pawn my silver spoons, for, alas! I have no other means of satisfying the cruel man."

"Rapacious wretch!" cried Thaddeus, rising indignantly from his chair, and for a moment forgetting how incapable he was to afford relief: "you shall not be indebted one instant to his mercy. I will pay him."

The words had passed his lips; he could not retract, though conviction immediately followed that he had not the means; and he would not have retracted, even should he be necessitated to part with everything he most valued.

Mrs. Robson was overwhelmed by this generous promise, which, indeed, saved her from ruin. Had her little plate been pledged, it could not have covered one half of Mr. Vincent's demand, who, to do him justice, did not mean to cause any distress. But having been so readily paid by Thaddeus for his own illness, and observing his great care and affection for the deceased child, he did not doubt that, rather than allow Mrs. Robson a minute's uneasiness, her lodger would defray his bill. So far he calculated right; but he had not sufficient sagacity to foresee that in getting his money this way, he should lose the future business of Mrs. Robson and her friend.

The child was to be buried on the morrow, the expenses of which event Thaddeus saw he must discharge also; and he had engaged to pay Mr. Vincent that night! He had not a shilling in his purse. Over and over he contemplated the impracticability of answering these debts; yet he could not for an instant repent of what he had undertaken: he thought

he was amply recompensed for bearing so heavy a load in knowing that he had taken it off the worn-down heart of another.

* * * * *

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MONEY-LENDER.

Since the count's unmannerly treatment at the printseller's, he had not sufficiently conquered his pride to attempt an application to another. Therefore, he had no prospect of collecting the money he had pledged himself to Mrs. Robson to pay but by selling some more of his valuables to the pawnbroker.

For this purpose he took his sabre, his pistols, and the fated brilliants he had brought back on a similar errand. He drew them from their deposit, with less feeling of sacrilege, in so disposing of such relics of the sacred past, than he had felt on the former occasion. They were now going to be devoted to gratitude and benevolence--an act which he knew his parents, were they alive, would warmly approve; and here he allowed the end to sanctify the means.

About half-past six in the evening, he prepared himself for the task. Whether it be congenial with melancholy to seek the gloom, or whether the count found himself less observed under the shades of night, is not evident; but since his exile, he preferred the dusk to any other part of the day.

Before he went out, he asked Mrs. Robson for Mr. Vincent's bill. Sinking with obligation and shame, she put it into his hand, and he left the house. When he approached a lighted lamp, he opened the paper to see the amount, and finding that it was almost two pounds, he hastened forward to the pawn-broker's.

The man was in the shop alone. Thaddeus thought himself fortunate; and, after subduing a few qualms, entered the door. The moment he laid his sword and pistols on the counter, and declared his wish, the man, even through the disguise of a large coat and slouched hat, recollected him. This honest money-lender carried sentiments in his breast above his occupation. He did not commiserate all who presented themselves before him, because many exhibited too evidently the excesses which brought them to his shop. But there was something in the figure and manner of the Count Sobieski which had struck him at first sight, and by continuing to possess his thoughts, had excited so great an interest towards him as to produce pleasure with regret, when he discerned the noble foreigner again obliged to proffer such things.

Mr. Burket (for so this money-lender was called) respectfully asked what he demanded for the arms.

"Perhaps more than you would give. But I have something else here," laying down the diamonds; "I want eight guineas."

Mr. Burket looked at them, and then at their owner, hesitated and then spoke.

"I beg your pardon, sir; I hope I shall not offend you, but these things appear to have a value independent of their price; they are inlaid with crests and ciphers."

The blood flushed over the cheeks of the count. He had forgotten this circumstance. Unable to answer, he waited to hear what the man would say further.

"I repeat, sir, I mean not to offend; but you appear a stranger to these transactions. I only wish to suggest, in case you should ever like to repossess these valuables--had you not better pledge them?"

"How?" asked Thaddeus, irresolutely, and not knowing what to think of the man's manner.

At that instant some other people came into the shop; and Mr. Burket, gathering up the diamonds and the arms in his hand, said, "If you do not object, sir, we will settle this business in my back-parlor."

The delicacy of his behavior penetrated the mind of Thaddeus, and without demurring, he followed him into a room. While Mr. Burket offered his guest a chair, the count took off his hat and laid it on the table. Burket contemplated the saddened dignity of his countenance with renewed interest entreating him to be seated, he resumed the conversation.

"I see, sir, you do not understand the meaning of pledging, or pawning, for it is one and the same thing; but I will explain it in two words. If you leave these things with me, I will give you a paper in acknowledgment, and lend on them the guineas you request; for which sum, when you return it to me with a stated interest, you shall have your deposit in exchange."

Sobieski received this offer with pleasure and thanks. He had entertained no idea of anything more being meant by the trade of a pawnbroker than a man who bought what others wished to sell.

"Then, sir," continued Burket, opening an escritoire, "I will give you the money, and write the paper I spoke of."

Just as he put his hand to the drawer, he heard voices in an adjoining passage; and instantly shutting the desk, he caught up the things on the table, threw them behind a curtain, and hastily taking the count by the hand, said, "My dear sir, do oblige me, and step into that closet; you will find a chair. A person is coming, whom I will dispatch in a few seconds."

Thaddeus, rather surprised at such hurry, did as he was desired; and the door was closed on him just as the parlor door opened. Being aware from such concealment that the visitor came on secret business, he found his situation not a little awkward. Seated behind a curtained window, which the lights in the room made transparent, he could not avoid seeing as well as hearing everything that passed.

"My dear Mr. Burket," cried an elegant young creature, who ran into the apartment, "positively without your assistance, I shall be

undone."

"Anything in my power, madam," returned My. Burket, with a distant, respectful voice; "will your ladyship sit down?"

"Yes; give me a chair. I am half dead with distraction. Mr. Burket, I must have another hundred upon those jewels."

"Indeed, my lady, it is not in my power; you have already had twelve hundred; and, upon my honor, that is a hundred and fifty more than I ought to have given."

"Pshaw! who minds the honor of a pawnbroker!" cried the lady, laughing; "you know very well you live by cheating."

"Well, ma'am," returned he, with a good-natured smile, "as your ladyship pleases."

"Then I please that you let me have another hundred. Why, man, you know you let Mrs. Hinchinbroke two thousand upon a case of diamonds not a quarter so many as mine."

"But consider, madam; Mrs. Hinchinbroke's were of the best water."

"Positively, Mr. Burnet," exclaimed her ladyship, purposely miscalling his name, "not better than mine! The King of Sardinia gave them to Sir Charles when he knighted him. I know mine are the best, and I must have another hundred. Upon my life, my servants have not had a guinea of board wages these four months, and they tell me they are starving. Come, make haste, Mr. Burnet you cannot expect me to stay here all night; give me the money."

"Indeed, my lady, I cannot."

"Heavens! what a brute of a man you are! There," cried she, taking a string of pearls from her neck, and throwing it on the table; "lend me some of your trumpery out of your shop, for I am going immediately from hence to take the Misses Dundas to the opera; so give me the hundred on that, and let me go."

"This is not worth a hundred."

"What a teasing man you are!" cried her ladyship, angrily. "Well, let me have the money now, and I will send you the bracelets which belong to the necklace to-morrow."

"Upon those conditions I will give your ladyship another hundred."

"Oh, do; you are the veriest miser I ever met with. You are worse than Shylock, or,--Good gracious! what is this?" exclaimed she, interrupting herself, and taking up the draft he had laid before her; "and have you the conscience to think, Mr. Pawnbroker, that I will offer this at your banker's? that I will expose myself so far? No, no; take it back, and give me gold. Come, dispatch! else I must disappoint my party. Look, there is my purse," added she, showing it; "make haste and fill it."

After satisfying her demands, Mr. Burket handed her ladyship out the way she came in, which was by a private passage; and having seated

her in her carriage, made his bow.

Meanwhile the Count Sobieski, wrapped in astonishment at the profligacy which the scene he had witnessed implied, remained in concealment until the pawnbroker returned, and opened the closet-door.

"Sir," said he, coloring, "you have, undesignedly on your part, been privy to a very delicate affair; but my credit, sir, and your honor--"

"Shall both be sacred," replied the count, anxious to relieve the poor man from his perplexity, and forbearing to express surprise. But Burket perceived it in his look; and before he proceeded to fulfill the engagement with him, stepped half way to the escritoire, and resumed.

"You appear amazed, sir, at what you have seen. And if I am not mistaken, you are from abroad?"

"Indeed, I am amazed," replied Sobieski; "and I am from a country where the slightest suspicion of a transaction such as this would brand the woman with infamy."

"And so it ought," answered Burket; "though by that assertion I speak against my own interest, for it is by such as Lady Hilliards we make our money. Now, sir," continued he, drawing nearer to the table, "perhaps, after what you have just beheld, you will not hesitate to credit what I am going to tell you. I have now in my hands the jewels of one duchess, of three countesses, and of women of fashion without number. When these ladies have an ill run at play, they apply to me in their exigencies; they bring their diamonds here, and as their occasions require, on that deposit I lend them money, for which they make me a handsome present when the jewels are released."

"You astonish me!" exclaimed Thaddeus; "what a degrading system of deceit must govern the lives of these women!"

"It is very lamentable," returned Burket; "but so it is. And they continue to manage matters very cleverly. By giving me their note or word of honor, (for if these ladies are not honorable with me, I know by what hints to keep them in order,) I allow them to have the jewels out for the birth-days, and receive them again when their exhibition is over. As a compensation for these little indulgences, I expect considerable additions to the douceur at the end."

Thaddeus could hardly believe such a history of those women, whom travellers mentioned as not only the most lovely but the most amiable creatures in the world.

"Surely, Mr. Burket," cried he, "these ladies must despise each other, and become contemptible even to our sex."

"O, no," rejoined the pawnbroker; "they seldom trust each other in these affairs. All my fair customers are not so silly as that pretty little lady who just now left us. She and another woman of quality have made each other confidants in this business. And I have no mercy when both come together! They are as ravenous of my money as if it had no other use but to supply them. As to their husbands, brothers, and fathers, they are usually the last people who suspect or hear of

these matters; their applications, when they run out, are made to Jews and professed usurers, a race completely out of our line."

"But are all English women of quality of this disgraceful stamp?"

"No; Heaven forbid!" cried Burket; "if these female spendthrifts were not held in awe by the dread of superior characters, we could have no dependence on their promises. Oh, no; there are ladies about the court whose virtues are as eminent as their rank; women whose actions might all be performed in mid-day, before the world; and them I never see within my doors."

"Well, Mr. Burket," rejoined Thaddeus, smiling; "I am glad to hear that. Yet I cannot forget the unexpected view of the famous British fair which this night has offered to my eyes. It is strange!"

"It is very bad, indeed, sir," returned the man, giving him the money and the paper he had been preparing; "but if you should have occasion to call again upon me, perhaps you may be astonished still further."

The count bowed; and thanking him for his kindness, wished him a good evening and left the shop. [Footnote: The whole of this scene at the pawnbroker's is too true; the writer knows it from an eye and ear-witness.]

It was about seven o'clock when Thaddeus arrived at the apothecary's. Mr. Vincent was from home. To say the truth, he had purposely gone out of the way. For though he did not hesitate to commit a shabby action, he wanted courage to face its consequence; and to avoid the probable remonstrances of Mrs. Robson, he commissioned his assistant to receive the amount of the bill. Without making an observation, the count paid the man, and was returning homeward along Duke Street and the piazzas of Drury Lane Theatre, when the crowd around the doors constrained him to stop.

After two or three ineffectual attempts to get through the bustle, he retreated a little behind the mob, at the moment when a chariot drew up, and a gentleman stepping out with two ladies, darted with them into the house. One glance was sufficient for Sobieski, who recognized his friend Pembroke Somerset, in full dress, gay and laughing. The heart of Thaddeus sprang to him at the sight; and forgetting his neglect, and his own misfortunes, he ejaculated--

"Somerset!"

Trembling with eagerness and emotion, he pressed through the crowd, and entered the passage at the instant a green door within shut upon his friend.

His disappointment was dreadful. To be so near Somerset, and to lose him, was more than he could sustain. His bounding heart recoiled, and the chill of despair running through his veins turned him faint. Leaning against the passage door, he took his hat off to give himself air. He scarcely had stood a minute in this situation, revolving whether he should follow his friend into the house or wait until he came out again, when a gentleman begged him to make way for a party of ladies that were entering. Thaddeus moved to one side; but the opening of the green door casting a strong light both on his face and the group behind, his eyes and those of the impertinent inquisitor of

the Hummums met each other.

Whether the man was conscious that he deserved chastisement for his former insolence, and dreaded to meet it now, cannot be explained; but he turned pale, and shuffled by Thaddeus, as if he were fearful to trust himself within reach of his grasp. As for the count, he was too deeply interested in his own pursuit to waste one surmise upon him.

He continued to muse on the sight of Pembroke Somerset, which had conjured up ten thousand fond and distressing recollections; and with impatient anxiety, determining to watch till the performance was over, he thought of inquiring his friend's address of the servants; but on looking round for that purpose, he perceived the chariot had driven away.

Thus foiled, he returned to his post near the green door, which was opened at intervals by footmen passing and repassing. Seeing that the chamber within was a lobby, in which it would be less likely he should miss his object than if he continued standing without, he entered with the next person that approached; finding seats along the sides he sat down on the one nearest to the stairs.

His first idea was to proceed into the playhouse. But he considered the small chance of discovering any particular individual in so vast a building as not equal to the expense he must incur. Besides, from the dress of the gentlemen who entered the box-door, he was sensible that his greatcoat and round hat were not admissible. [Footnote: A nearly full dress was worn at that time by ladies and gentlemen at the great theatres. And much respect has been lost to the higher classes by the gradual change.]

Having remained above an hour with his eyes invariably fixed on the stairs, he observed that some curious person, who had passed almost directly after his friend, came down the steps and walked out. In two minutes he was returning with a smirking countenance, when, his eyes accidentally falling on the count, (who sat with his arms folded, and almost hidden by the shadow of the wall,) he faltered in his step. Stretching out his neck towards him, the gay grin left his features; and exclaiming, in an impatient voice, "Confound him," he hastened once more into the house.

This rencontre with his Hummums' acquaintance affected Thaddeus as slightly as the former; and without annexing even a thought to his figure as it flitted by him, he remained watching in the lobby until half-past eleven. At that hour the doors were thrown open, and the company began to pour forth.

The count's hopes were again on his lips and in his eyes. With the first party who came clown the steps, he rose; and planting himself close to the bottom stair, drew his hat over his face, and narrowly examined each group as it descended. Every set that approached made his heart palpitate. How often did it rise and fall during the long succession which continued moving for nearly half an hour!

By twelve the house was cleared. He saw the middle door locked, and, motionless with disappointment, did not attempt to stir, until the man who held the keys told him to go, as he was about to fasten the other doors.

This roused Thaddeus; and as he was preparing to obey, he asked the man if there were any other passage from the boxes.

"Yes," cried he; "there is one into Drury Lane."

"Then, by that I have lost him!" was the reply which he made to himself. And returning homewards, he arrived there a few minutes after twelve.

* * * * *

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MEETING OF EXILES.

"And they lifted up their voices and wept."

Thaddeus awoke in the morning with his heart full of the last night's rencontre. One moment he regretted that he had not been seen by his friend. In the next, when he surveyed his altered state, he was almost reconciled to the disappointment. Then, reproaching himself for a pride so unbecoming his principles and dishonorable to friendship, he asked, if he were in Somerset's place, and Somerset in his, whether he could ever pardon the morose delicacy which had prevented the communication of his friend's misfortunes, and arrival in the same kingdom with himself.

These reflections soon persuaded his judgment to what his heart was so much inclined: determining him to inquire Pembroke's address of every one likely to know a man of Sir Robert Somerset's consequence, and then to venture a letter.

In the midst of these meditations the door opened, and Mrs. Robson appeared, drowned in tears.

"My dear, dear sir!" cried she, "my William is going. I have just taken a last look of his sweet face. Will you go down and say farewell to the poor child you loved so dearly?"

"No, my good madam," returned Thaddeus, his straying thoughts at once gathering round this mournful centre; "I will rather retain you here until the melancholy task be entirely accomplished."

With gentle violence he forced her upon a seat, and in silence supported her head on his breast, against which she unconsciously leaned and wept. He listened with a depressed heart to the removal of the coffin; and at the closing of the street door, which forever shut the little William from that house in which he had been the source of its greatest pleasure, a tear trickled down the cheek of Thaddeus; and the sobbings of the poor grandmother were audible.

The count, incapable of speaking, pressed her hand in his.

"Oh, Mr. Constantine!" cried she, "see how my supports, one after the other, are taken from me! first my son, and now his infant! To what shall I be reduced?"

"You have still, my good Mrs. Robson, a friend in Heaven, who will supply the place of all you have lost on earth."

"True, dear sir! I am a wicked creature to speak as I have done; but it is hard to suffer: it is hard to lose all we loved in the world!"

"It is," returned the count, greatly affected by her grief. "But God, who is perfect wisdom as well as perfect love, chooseth rather to profit us than to please us in his dispensations. Our sweet William has gained by our loss: he is blessed in heaven, while we weakly lament him on earth. Besides, you are not yet deprived of all; you have a grand-daughter."

"Ah, poor little thing! what will become of her when I die? I used to think what a precious brother my darling boy would prove to his sister when I should be no more!"

This additional image augmented the affliction of the good old woman; and Thaddeus, looking on her with affectionate compassion, exclaimed--

"Mrs. Robson, the same Almighty Being that protected me, the last of my family, will protect the orphan offspring of a woman so like the revered Naomi!"

Mrs. Robson lifted up her head for a moment. She had never before heard him utter a sentence of his own history; and what he now said, added to the tender solemnity of his manner, for an instant arrested her attention. He went on.

"In me you see a man who, within the short space of three months, has lost a grandfather, who loved him as fondly as you did your William; a mother, whom he saw expire before him, and whose sacred remains he was forced to leave in the hands of her murderers! Yes, Mrs. Robson, I have neither parents nor a home. I was a stranger, and you took me in; and Heaven will reward your family, in kind. At least, I promise that whilst I live, whatever be my fate, should you be called hence, I will protect your grand-daughter with a brother's care."

"May Heaven in mercy bless you!" cried Mrs. Robson, dropping on her knees. Thaddeus raised her with gushing eyes; having replaced her in a seat, he left the room to recover himself.

According to the count's desire, Mrs. Watts called in the evening, with an estimate of the expenses attending the child's interment. Fees and every charge collected, the demand on his benevolence was six pounds. The sum proved rather more than he expected, but he paid it without a demur, leaving himself only a few shillings.

He considered what he had done as a fulfilment of a duty so indispensable, that it must have been accomplished even by the sacrifice of his uttermost farthing. Gratitude and distress held claims upon him which he never allowed his own necessities to transgress. All gifts of mere generosity were beyond his power, and, consequently, in a short time beyond his wish; but to the cry of want and wretchedness his hand and heart were ever open. Often has he

given away to a starving child in the street that pittance which was to purchase his own scant meal; and he never felt such neglect of himself a privation. To have turned his eyes and ears from the little mendicant would have been the hardest struggle; and the remembrance of such inhumanity would have haunted him on his pillow. This being the disposition of Count Sobieski, he found it more difficult to bear calamity, when viewing another's poverty he could not relieve, than when assailed himself by penury, in all its other shapes of desolation.

Towards night, the idea of Somerset again presented itself. When he fell asleep, his dreams repeated the scene at the playhouse; again he saw him, and again he eluded his grasp.

His waking thoughts were not less true to their object; and next morning he went to a quiet coffee-house in the lane where he called for breakfast, and inquired of the master, "did he know the residence of Sir Robert Somerset?" The question was no sooner asked than it was answered to his satisfaction. The Court Guide was examined, and he found this address: "Sir Robert Somerset, Bart., Grosvenor Square,--Somerset Castle, L----shire,----Deerhurst, W----shire." _

Gladdened by the discovery, Thaddeus hastened home and unwilling to affect his friend by a sudden appearance, with an overflowing heart he wrote the following letter:--

"To PEMBROKE SOMERSET, ESQ., GROSVENOR SQUARE.

"Dear Somerset,

"Will the name at the bottom of this paper surprise you? Will it give you pleasure? I cannot suffer myself to retain a doubt! although the silence of two years might almost convince me I am forgotten. In truth, Somerset, I had resolved never to obtrude myself and my misfortunes on your knowledge, until last Wednesday night, when I saw you going into Drury Lane Theatre; the sight of you quelled all my resentment, and I called after you, but you did not hear. Pardon me, my dear friend, that I speak of resentment. It is hard to learn resignation to the forgetfulness of those we love.

"Notwithstanding that I lost the pocket-book in a battlefield which contained your direction, I wrote to you frequently at a venture; and yet, though you knew in what spot in Poland you had left Thaddeus and his family, I have never heard of you since the day of our separation. You must have some good reason for your silence; at least I hope so.

"Doubtless public report has afforded you some information relative to the destruction of my ever-beloved country! I bear its fate on myself. You will find me in a poor lodging at the bottom of St. Martin's Lane. You will find me changed in everything. But the first horrors of grief have subsided; and my clearest consolation in the midst of my affliction rises out of its bitterest cause: I thank Heaven, my revered grandfather and mother were taken from a consummation of ills which would have reduced them to a misery I am content to endure alone.

"Come to me, dear Somerset. To look on you, to press you in my arms, will be a happiness which, even in hope, makes my heart throb with

pleasure.

"I will remain at home all day to-morrow, in the expectation of seeing you; meanwhile, adieu, my dear Somerset. You will find at No. 5 St. Martin's Lane your ever affectionate

"THADDEUS CONSTANTINE, COUNT SOBIESKI." _Friday noon._

"_P.S._ Inquire for me by the name of Mr. Constantine."

[Footnote: The humble, English home of Thaddeus Sobieski is now totally vanished, along with the whole row of houses of which it was one.] With the most delightful emotions, Thaddeus sealed this letter and gave it to Nanny, with orders to inquire at the post-office "when he might expect an answer?" The child returned with information that it would reach Grosvenor Square in an hour, and he could have a reply by three o'clock.

Three o'clock arrived, and no letter. Thaddeus counted the hours until midnight, but they brought him nothing but disappointment. The whole of the succeeding day wore away in the same uncomfortable manner. His heart bounded at every step in the passage; and throwing open his room-door, he listened to every person that spoke, but no voice bore any resemblance to that of Somerset.

Night again shut in; and overcome by a train of doubts, in which despondence held the greatest share he threw himself on his bed, though unable to close his eyes.

Whatever be our afflictions, not one human creature who has endured misfortune will hesitate to aver, that of all the tortures incident to mortality, there are none like the rackings of suspense. It is the hell which Milton describes with such horrible accuracy; in its hot and cold regions, the anxious soul is alternately tossed from the ardors of hope to the petrifying rigors of doubt and dread. Men who have not been suspended between confidence and fear, in their judgment of a beloved friend's faithfulness, are ignorant of "the nerve whence agonies are born." It is when sunk in sorrow, when adversity loads us with divers miseries, and our wretchedness is completed by such desertion!--it is then we are compelled to acknowledge that, though life is brief, there are few friendships which have strength to follow it to the end. But how precious are those few! They are pearls above price!

Such were the reflections of the Count Sobieski when he arose in the morning from his sleepless pillow. The idea that the letter might have been delayed afforded him a faint hope, which he cherished all day, clinging to the expectation of seeing his friend before sunset. But Somerset did not appear; and obliged to seek an excuse for his absence, in the supposition of his application having miscarried, Thaddeus determined to write once more, and to deliver the letter himself at his friend's door. Accordingly, with emotions different from those with which he had addressed him a few days before, he wrote these lines--

"To PEMBROKE SOMERSET, ESQ.,

"If he who once called Thaddeus Sobieski his friend has received a letter which that exile addressed to him on Friday last, this note will meet the same neglect. But if this be the first intelligence

that tells Somerset his friend is in town, perhaps he may overlook that friend's change of fortune; he may visit him in his distress! who will receive him with open arms, at his humble abode in St. Martin's Lane.

"SUNDAY EVENING, No. 5, St. Martin's Lane."

Thaddeus having sealed the letter, walked out in search of Sir Robert Somerset's habitation. After some inquiries, he found Grosvenor Square; and amidst the darkness of the night, was guided to the house by the light of the lamps and the lustres which shone through the open windows. He hesitated a few minutes on the pavement, and looked up. An old gentleman was standing with a little boy at the nearest window. Whilst the count's eyes were fixed on these two figures, he saw Somerset himself come up to the child, and lead it away towards a group of ladies.

Thaddeus immediately flew to the door, with a tremor over his frame which communicated itself to the knocker; for he knocked with such violence that the door was opened in an instant by half-a-dozen footmen at once. He spoke to one.

"Is Mr. Pembroke Somerset at home?"

"Yes," replied the man, who saw by his plain dress that he could not be an invited guest; "but he is engaged with company."

"I do not want to see him now," rejoined the count; "only give him that letter, for it is of consequence."

"Certainly, sir," replied the servant; and Thaddeus instantly withdrew.

He now turned homeward, with his mind more than commonly depressed. There was a something in the whole affair which pierced him to the soul. He had seen the house that contained the man he most warmly loved, but he had not been admitted within it. He could not forbear recollecting that when his gates opened wide as his heart to welcome Pembroke Somerset, how he had been implored by his then grateful friend to bring the palatine and the countess to England, "where his father would be proud to entertain them, as the preservers of his son." How different from these professions did he find the reality! Instead of seeing the doors widely unclose to receive him, he was allowed to stand like a beggar on the threshold; and he heard them shut against him, whilst the form of Somerset glided above him, even as the shadow of his buried joys.

These discomfiting retrospections on the past, and painful meditations on the present, continued to occupy his mind, until crossing over from Piccadilly to Coventry Street, he perceived a wretched-looking man, almost bent double, accosting a party of people in broken French, and imploring their charity.

The voice and the accent being Sclavonian, arrested the ear of Thaddeus. Drawing close to the man, as the party proceeded without taking notice of the application, he hastily asked, "Are you a Polander?"

"Father of mercies!" cried the beggar, catching hold of his hand, "am

"I so blessed! have I at last met him?" and, bursting into tears, he leaned upon the arm of the count, who, hardly able to articulate with surprise, exclaimed--

"Dear, worthy Butzou! What a time is this for you and I to meet! But, come, you must go home with me."

"Willingly, my dear lord," returned he; "for I have no home. I begged my way from Harwich to this town, and have already spent two dismal nights in the streets."

"O, my country!" cried the full heart of Thaddeus.

"Yes," continued the poor old soldier; "it received its death wounds when Kosciusko and my honored master fell."

Thaddeus could not reply; but supporting the exhausted frame of his friend, who was hardly able to walk, after many pauses, gladly descried his own door.

The widow opened it the moment he knocked; and seeing some one with him, was retreating, when Thaddeus, who found from the silence of Butzou that he was faint, begged her to allow him to take his companion into her parlor. She instantly made way, and the count placed the now insensible old man in the arm-chair by the fire.

"He is my friend, my father's friend!" cried Thaddeus, looking at his pale and haggard face, with a strange wildness in his own features; "for heaven's sake give me something to restore him."

Mrs. Robson, in dismay, and literally having nothing better in the house, gave him a glass of water.

"That will not do," exclaimed he, still upholding the motionless body on his arm; "have you no wine? No anything? He is dying for want."

"None, sir; I have none," answered she, frightened at the violence of his manner. "Run, Nanny, and borrow something warming of Mrs. Watts."

"Or," cried Thaddeus, "bring me a bottle of wine from the nearest inn." As he spoke, he threw her the only half-guinea he possessed, and added, "Fly, for he may die in a moment."

The child flew like lightning to the Golden Cross, and brought the wine just as Butzou had opened his eyes, and was gazing at Thaddeus with a languid agony that penetrated his soul. Mrs. Robson held the water to his lips. He swallowed a little, then feebly articulated, "I am perishing for want of food."

Thaddeus had caught the bottle from Nanny, and pouring some of its contents into a glass, made him drink it. This draught revived him a little. He raised himself in his seat; but still panting and speechless, leaned his swimming head upon the bosom of his friend, who knelt by his side, whilst Mrs. Robson was preparing some toasted bread, with a little more heated wine, which was fortunately good sherry.

After much kind exertion between the good landlady and the count, they sufficiently recovered the poor invalid to enable them to

support him up stairs to lie down on the bed. The drowsiness usually attendant on debility, aided by the fumes of the wine, threw him into an immediate and deep sleep.

Thaddeus seeing him at rest, thought it proper to rejoin Mrs. Robson, and by a partial history of his friend, acquaint her with the occasion of the foregoing scene. He found the good woman surprised and concerned, but no way displeased; and, in a few words, he gave her a summary explanation of the precipitancy with which, without her permission, he had introduced a stranger under her roof.

The substance of what he said related that the person up stairs had served with him in the army; that on the ruin of his country (which he could no longer conceal was Poland), the venerable man had come in quest of him to England, and in his journey had sustained misfortunes which had reduced him to the state she saw.

"I met him," continued he, "forlorn and alone in the street; and whilst he lives, I shall hold it my duty to protect him. I love him for his own sake, and I honor him for my grandfather's. Besides, Mrs. Robson," cried he, with additional energy, "before I left my country, I made a vow to my sovereign that wherever I should meet this brave old man, I would serve him to the last hour of his life. Therefore we must part no more. Will you give him shelter?" added he, in a subdued voice. "Will you allow me to retain him in my apartments?"

"Willingly, sir; but how can I accommodate him? he is already in your bed, and I have not one to spare."

"Leave that to m

Livros Grátis

(<http://www.livrosgratis.com.br>)

Milhares de Livros para Download:

[Baixar livros de Administração](#)

[Baixar livros de Agronomia](#)

[Baixar livros de Arquitetura](#)

[Baixar livros de Artes](#)

[Baixar livros de Astronomia](#)

[Baixar livros de Biologia Geral](#)

[Baixar livros de Ciência da Computação](#)

[Baixar livros de Ciência da Informação](#)

[Baixar livros de Ciência Política](#)

[Baixar livros de Ciências da Saúde](#)

[Baixar livros de Comunicação](#)

[Baixar livros do Conselho Nacional de Educação - CNE](#)

[Baixar livros de Defesa civil](#)

[Baixar livros de Direito](#)

[Baixar livros de Direitos humanos](#)

[Baixar livros de Economia](#)

[Baixar livros de Economia Doméstica](#)

[Baixar livros de Educação](#)

[Baixar livros de Educação - Trânsito](#)

[Baixar livros de Educação Física](#)

[Baixar livros de Engenharia Aeroespacial](#)

[Baixar livros de Farmácia](#)

[Baixar livros de Filosofia](#)

[Baixar livros de Física](#)

[Baixar livros de Geociências](#)

[Baixar livros de Geografia](#)

[Baixar livros de História](#)

[Baixar livros de Línguas](#)

[Baixar livros de Literatura](#)
[Baixar livros de Literatura de Cordel](#)
[Baixar livros de Literatura Infantil](#)
[Baixar livros de Matemática](#)
[Baixar livros de Medicina](#)
[Baixar livros de Medicina Veterinária](#)
[Baixar livros de Meio Ambiente](#)
[Baixar livros de Meteorologia](#)
[Baixar Monografias e TCC](#)
[Baixar livros Multidisciplinar](#)
[Baixar livros de Música](#)
[Baixar livros de Psicologia](#)
[Baixar livros de Química](#)
[Baixar livros de Saúde Coletiva](#)
[Baixar livros de Serviço Social](#)
[Baixar livros de Sociologia](#)
[Baixar livros de Teologia](#)
[Baixar livros de Trabalho](#)
[Baixar livros de Turismo](#)