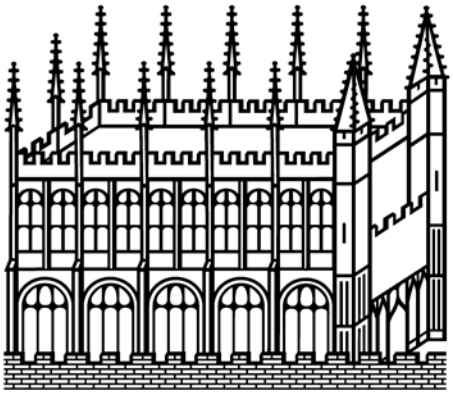

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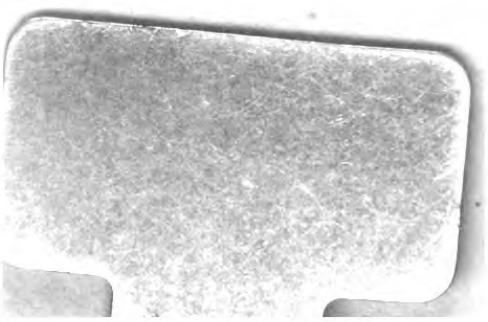

Mary Clarke

THADDEUS

OF

WARSAW.

VOL II.

Oh! bloodieſt picture in the book of time;
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime!

CAMPBELL.

THE SCOTTISH CHIEFS.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

BY

MISS PORTER.

THE FIFTH EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1809.

THADDEUS

OF

WARSAW.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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

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THADDEUS of WARSAW.

CHAP. I.

THE count Sobieſki was cordially received by his worthy landlady; indeed he never ſtood in more need of kindneſs. A ſlow fever, which had been gradually creeping over him ſince he quitted Poland, ſettled on his lungs; and reduced him to ſuch weakneſs, that he poſſeſſed neither ſtrength nor ſpirits to ſtir abroad.

Mrs. Robſon was greatly diſtreſſed at this ſudden and violent illneſs of her gueſt: Her own ſon, the father of the orphans whom ſhe protected, died a victim to a conſumption.

Thaddeus gave himſelf up entirely 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, his curtains drawn, 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 apothecary who had attended her deceaſed ſon. In this inſtance only, ſhe found the count obſtinate: no arguments, nor even her tears, could move him. When ſhe ſtood weeping holding his burning hand, his anſwer was conſtantly of this kind:

"Do not, my excellent Mrs. Robſon, grieve 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,

cheek, without beholding your grave, as it were opening before me?"

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

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

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

"Huſh, my good woman," ſaid the

doctor, in a low voice, "the gentleman is not dead; leave the room till you have recovered yourſelf, and I will engage that you ſhall ſee him alive when you return."

Mrs. Robſon, conſidering all his words as oracles, quitted the room with her grandſon.

Mr. Vincent on entering the chamber, ſaw that the hot and ſtifling ſtate of the room augmented the fever of his patient; and, before he attempted to diſturb him from the temporary reſt of inſenſibility, he opened the window-ſhutters, uncloſed the room-door wide enough to admit the air from the adjoining apartment, and pulling the heavy clothes down from the count's boſom, raiſed his head on his arm, and poured ſome drops into his mouth. Sobieſki opened his eyes, and uttered a few wild and incoherent words; but he did not rave, he only wandered, and appeared to know that he did ſo; for he ſeveral times ſtopped in the midſt

of

of ſome confuſed ſpeech, and laying his hand on his forehead, ſtrove to recollect himſelf.

Mrs. Robſon ſoon after entered the room, and poured out her thanks to the apothecary, whom ſhe regarded 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 mean while, 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 ſome alteration in his patient, he took his arm without any difficulty, and bled him. At the end of the operation Thaddeus again fainted.

"Poor gentleman!" cried Mr. Vincent, binding up the wound before he tried to recover him: "look here, Tom,"

pointing to the ſcars on his arm 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, reſtore him out of 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 hand to her lips, and burſt into tears. The action was ſo inſtantaneous and violent, that it made him feel the ſtiffneſs of his arm; and, caſting his eyes towards the men, who ſtood near the bed, 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

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 kitchen, ſhe threw herſelf into a chair, and broke into a paroxyſm of lamentations.

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

" Yes," cried ſhe, drying her eyes; " but the bed in which he lies, 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 inveterate; 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, which he loſt his ſenſes, though hardly able to breathe 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 near 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 affords me reſt—I have amuſed

amuſed myſelf with others, and decked my mind in their gay apparel; 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 ſaw it was the Scriptures.—Can you wonder that I ſhould love ſo excellent a gentleman?"

"You have given a ſtrange account of your lodger," replied Vincent: "I hope he is not a methodiſt; for if ſo, I ſhall deſpair of his cure, and think that his delirium had another cauſe beſides fever."

"A methodiſt! No, Sir: he is a chriſtian; and as good a reaſonable ſweet tempered gentleman, as ever came into a houſe. Alas! I believe he is more like 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?"

"O no, he is an emigrant."

"An emigrant! O, ho!" cried Vincent, with a diſcontented, and contemptuous raiſe of his eye-brows and voice; "what, a poor Frenchman! Good Lord, how this town is over-run with theſe fellows!"

"No, doctor;" exclaimed Mrs. Robſon, much hurt at this affront 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, who have covered our land, and

deſtroyed

deſtroyed its produce, like a ſwarm of filthy locuſts, we ſhould be fools not to murmur. But Mr. — Mr. —, what did you call him, Mrs. Robſon? is a different ſort of a 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 apothecary; and, after giving the good woman what orders he thought requiſite, he returned home, promiſing to call in the evening.

Mrs. Robſon went up ſtairs to the count's chamber, with other ſentiments towards 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.

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 acceptation 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 it 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 huſſey

huſſey 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 neighbour; but it never once ſtruck him, that piety extended farther 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 *neighbour*, that the object of the argument might have been ſick, dead, and buried before he could be perſuaded that he had juſt claims on his care. Indeed, his "charity began at home;" and it was ſo fond of its reſidence, that it "ſtopped there." To have been born on the other

ſide

ſide of the Britiſh channel, ſpread an ocean between the poor foreigner and Mr. Vincent's purſe, which, to this hour, the ſwifteſt wings of charity 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 favourite metaphors, when he ſpoke of the unhappy French, or of any other pennyleſs foreigners, who came in his way.

After this explanation, it will 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 the wealthy ſtranger 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

would be treated even worſe than his crimes deſerved.

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 that he had found "a very good job at Mrs. Robſon's, in the illneſs of her lodger."

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

ings 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 which he had ſo unintentionally incurred, retarded his recovery; and made his hours paſs away in cheerleſs meditation on the 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

were his reflections; but Mrs. Robſon, who diſcovered that he appeared more feveriſh, and had worſe nights, after being much alone during the day, 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 always found a friend and protector in him. From the "*majeſtic war-horſe, with his neck cloathed 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 ſhewing them ſome ſpontaneous act of attention.

Whatever of his affection he could ſpare from

from memory, the count laviſhed upon the little William. He hardly ever left his ſide, where he ſat on a ſtool, prattling about any thing that came into his head; or, ſeated on his knee, he followed, with his eyes and playful fingers, the hand of Thaddeus as he ſketched a horſe or a ſoldier for his pretty companion.

In this way he ſlowly acquired ſufficient ſtrength to allow him to quit his dreſſing-gown, and prepare for a walk.

A hard froſt ſucceeded to the chilling damps of November, and looking out of the window, he longed, almoſt eagerly, again to inhale 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 in his hand, folded his peliſſe round him, and promiſing to venture no farther than the King's Mews, was ſuffered to go out.

As he expected, he found the keen

breeze

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, ſeeing its danger, 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 lifted up 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 feathers adding much to his height,) drew on him the whole attention of the people, (who quitted the carriage, and collected round

round him,) he took the trembling child in his arms, and, walking through the Mews, was followed by ſome of the by-ſtanders almoſt 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 boy 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 that the action deſerved no thanks.

"Well," cried ſhe, "it is like yourſelf, Mr. Conſtantine; you think all your good

good deeds nothing; and yet any little odd thing that 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 colour."

"Yes," returned he, riſing and taking off his cap and cloak, "it has put me in a glow, 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, alarmed, and looking in his face, which was now as 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,

"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 ſhe curtſied; 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 honour's ſtation and mine."

The count could only preſs her hand gratefully, and with an emotion, that made him hurry up ſtairs. 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 calculated to defray the charges of his illneſs, was indeed loſt. A villain, in the crowd, having perceived the ſparkling of the chain to which it was united, had taken it unobſerved from his ſide; and he knew nothing of his loſs, until feeling for it, 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 his 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

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 ſuſpence."

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 tenth 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 ſacri-

lege

lege 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, to find any place in which 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, of aſking 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 neighbouring 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 the covering and the fur.

"Aye, I ſee it is black, lined with ſable; who would buy it of me? It is embroidered, and 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

"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 twelve times as much; but glad to get any money, however ſmall, he readily cloſed with the man's price; and, taking off the cloak, he gave it to him, and put the guineas into his pocket.

He had not walked much farther, 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 rigours 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 embroidered 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 wanted; and, with a beating heart, he walked towards one of thoſe ſhops, which Mrs. Robſon deſcribed, when ſhe ſpoke 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, that looked upon the people with whom he trafficked as pieces of wood, 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

manner appealed to charity, all at once overcame the reſolution 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 farther, he pulled his cap over his face, and entered the ſhop.

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

The man, aſtoniſhed at the dignity of his air, and the nobility of his dreſs, (for the ſtar did not eſcape his eye,) looked at him for a moment, holding the caſe in his hand. The count, hurt by the ſteadineſs of his gaze, 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 an air 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 the count.

"The gold is ſolid," returned the man, laying it down, "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 it is melted."

"You may have it," ſaid Thaddeus, hardly able to articulate, as he again laid the gift of his mother out of his hand.

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

Mrs.

Mrs. Robſon was ſhutting up the windows of her little parlour, 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 Lord, ſir," cried ſhe; "where has your honour 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 good mind, by the hiſtory of his loſs. He would not allow her to know any thing of his embarraſſments, from a ſentiment of juſtice, as well as of that 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, that you had overwalked 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 perfectly ſatisfied his kind landlady. Thaddeus, much fatigued by a bodily exertion, which, in the preſent feeble ſtate of his frame, nothing leſs than the perturbation of his mind could have carried him through, went directly to bed, where tired nature ſoon found temporary repoſe in a profound ſleep.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

NEXT morning, the count 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,) he deſired her to requeſt her grandmother to ſend to Mr. Vincent with his compliments, and to tell him, that he was ſo well at preſent as to decline any farther medical aid, and, therefore, wiſhed to have his bill.

Mrs. Robſon, who could not forget the behaviour 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 room with the apothecary's aſſiſtant; who, with many thanks, received the ſum total of his accompt, which amounted to three guineas for ten days' attendance.

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

"O, bleſs your honour; 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 due yeſterday, elſe, dear ſir, I ſhould have ſcorned to have been like doctor Vincent, and have taken your money the moment you offered 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 my gratitude for the friendſhip which you have ſhewn to me, a poor ſtranger."

"Then,

"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 every thing. Nanny will bring it to me." And the good woman, quite diſconcerted, hurried out of the room.

Thaddeus looked after her with admiration and 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 that 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 pawn-broker's

civil treatment, he recoiled at again preſenting himſelf at his ſhop. Beſides, ſhould he diſpoſe of all that he poſſeſſed, it would not be of ſufficient value to ſubſiſt him for 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 ſuſpence 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

hibited 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, ſeeing with what ſecurity from impertinence he might walk about, if he could ſo far caſt off the relics of his former rank as to change his dreſs, he got up with an intention to go out, and purchaſe a ſurtout coat, and hat, for that purpoſe; but catching an accidental view of his figure, and the ſtar of St. Staniſlaus, as he paſſed the glaſs to the door, he no longer wondered at the curioſity, which

ſuch

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 his drawings into his boſom, and, about eight o'clock, 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 awakened.

He ſtopped at the door of the neareſt print-ſhop. All that he had ſuffered at the pawn-broker's, re-aſſailed him, if poſſible, with redoubled violence. What he preſented there, poſſeſſed a fixed value, and was at once to be taken or refuſed; but

but now he was going to offer things of mere taſte, and he might meet not only with a flat 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 accoſted him, and turning them over in his hand, "One, two, three, hum! there is half a dozen.

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 different parts of Germany."

"Ah," replied the man, "mere drugs! I wiſh, my honeſt friend, that you could have brought ſubjects not quite ſo thread-bare, and a little better executed; they are but poor things at beſt! But every dauber, now-a-days, ſets up for a fine artiſt; and thinks that *we* are to *pay* him for his idleneſs and conceit."

Thaddeus, inſulted by the ſpeech, and, above all, the manner of the print-ſeller, 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 their 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, would 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 much of the conſequences which might follow a ſimilar diſappointment.

The

The widow, who, in ſome meaſure, had become uſed to the fluctuations of the count's looks and behaviour, ceaſed altogether to teaſe him with inquiries which ſhe ſaw he was loth 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,

kitchen, ſprang to his boſom, as if that were the ſeat of peace, as it was of virtue. But, alas! fortune ſeemed averſe to lend any thing long to the unhappy Thaddeus, which might render his deſolate ſtate more tolerable.

Juſt ariſen from the bed of ſickneſs, he required the hand of ſome tender nurſe to reſtore his waſted vigour, inſtead of being reduced to the hard vigils of poverty and want. His recent diſappointment, added to a cold which he caught, increaſed his fever and debility; yet he adhered to the determination, not to appropriate to his own ſubſiſtence, the few valuables, which he had aſſigned as a depoſit for the charges of his rent. During a fortnight he never taſted any thing better than bread and water; but this hermit's fare was accompanied by the 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

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 favourite, he met Mrs. Robſon in tears at the door. She told him that William had been ſickening all the day, and was now ſo delirious, that neither ſhe nor his ſiſter could hold him quiet.

Thaddeus went to the ſide of the child's bed, where he lay gaſping on the pillow, and held down 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 a rapidity and eagerneſs, which nearly overſet many

of

of the foot paſſengers, he arrived at Lincoln's Inn Fields; and in leſs than five minutes after he had quitted Mrs. Robſon's door, he brought back 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, but muſt be brought out, elſe the boy's life might be in danger.

Mrs. Robſon, in a paroxyſm of diſtreſs, now 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 in the child's face, and he recovered his recollection. The moment he fixed his eyes on the count, who was leaning over

over him with parental ſolicitude, 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 round him, to ſhield his 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, as he was feeling William's pulſe, that nothing ſhort of the ſtricteſt care could ſave the boy, the infection he had received being of the moſt malignant kind.

Theſe words of Mr. Vincent fell like an unrepealable ſentence on the heart of Thaddeus. They appeared prophetic. Caſting his eyes down on the diſcoloured 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 one moment 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,

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, unable to ſpeak, he made a ſign to Nanny to leave the room.

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

The inſtant the girl quitted the room, the count, with mingled awe and grief, 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

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 have again approached the deceaſed child, but the count held her down, 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 grand-daughter, 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, carried him up ſtairs, and laid him on his own bed.

By the time that he returned to the kitchen, one of the female neighbours having heard an unuſual outcry, and ſuſ-

pecting the cauſe, kindly ſtepped in to offer her conſolation and ſervices. Mrs. Robſon could only reply by the ſobs of an anguiſhed mind, 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 good woman for her benevolent intentions, and took her up ſtairs into his apartments. Pointing to the open door of the bed-room, "There, madam," ſaid he, "you will find the remains of my dear little friend. I beg you will direct every thing for his interment, as 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 neighbour, both from her own tenderneſs of diſpoſition, and reverence for "the extraordinary young gentleman who lodged with her friend," performed her taſk with kindneſs and activity.

"O!

"O! ſir," cried Mrs. Robſon, weeping afreſh, as ſhe entered the count's room, "O! ſir, how ſhall I ever repay all your goodneſs? and Mrs. Watts! good ſoul! ſhe has acted like a ſiſter to me. But indeed, indeed, I am yet the moſt miſerable woman that lives. I have loſt my deareſt child, and muſt ſtrip his poor ſiſter and myſelf to bury him. That cruel Dr. Vincent, though he might have imagined my diſtreſs, ſent his accompt 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 out 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 ſell every thing that he poſſeſſed.

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, would as ſoon have ſwallowed the bittereſt drug in his ſhop, as have done any thing intentionally to cauſe the diſtreſs which he had occaſioned. 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 de-

fray

fray 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 expences of which event, Thaddeus ſaw that 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.

Since his 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, but by

ſelling ſome more of his valuables to the pawnbroker.

For this purpoſe, he took his ſabre, his piſtols, and the fated brilliants which he had brought back on a ſimilar errand. He lifted them out of their depoſit with leſs reluctance than before. 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 after ſix in the evening, he prepared himſelf for his 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,

hand, and he left the houſe. When he approached a lighted lamp, he opened the paper to ſee the amount; and finding it was almoſt two pounds, he haſtened forwards to the pawnbroker'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 ſtruck him at firſt ſight; and, by keeping its ſtation in his thoughts, it excited ſuch an intereſt in his mind, as to produce pleaſure when

he diſcerned the noble foreigner in the perſon before him.

Mr. Burnet (for ſo this money-lender was called) aſked him what he demanded for the arms.

"I want, perhaps, more than you would give. But I have ſomething elſe here," laying down the diamonds; "I want eight guineas."

Mr. Burnet looked at them, and then at their owner, heſitated, and then ſpoke.

"I beg your pardon, ſir; I hope that I ſhall not offend you, but theſe things appear to have a value annexed to them, independent of their price—they are inlaid with creſts and cyphers!"

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.

"I repeat, ſir, I mean not to offend, but you appear a ſtranger to theſe tranſactions. I only wiſh to ſuggeſt, that, in caſe you ſhould ever like to repoſſeſs

theſe

theſe things, 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. Burnet, gathering up the diamonds and the arms in his hands, ſaid, "If you do not object, ſir, we will ſettle this buſineſs in my back parlour?"

The delicacy of this behaviour penetrated the mind of Thaddeus; and, without demurring, he followed him into a room. As Mr. Burnet offered his gueſt a chair, the count took off his hat, and laid it on the table. Burnet contemplated the ſaddened dignity of his countenance, with renewed intereſt and reſpect; and, entreating him to be ſeated, 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; which, when you return 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 any thing more being meant by the trade of a pawnbroker, than a man who bought what others wiſhed to ſell.

"Then, ſir," continued Burnet, opening an eſcrutoire; "I will give you the money, and write the paper I ſpoke of."

As he put his hand to a drawer, he heard voices in an adjoining paſſage; and inſtantly ſhutting up the deſk, he caught up the things on the table, threw them behind a curtain, and haſtily taking the count by the hand, "My dear ſir," cried he, "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,

Thaddeus, rather ſurpriſed at ſuch hurry, did as he was deſired; and the door was cloſed on him juſt as the parlour-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 curtain window, which the lights in the room made tranſparent, he could not avoid ſeeing, as well as hearing, every thing that paſſed.

"My dear Mr. Burnet," cried an elegant young creature, who ran into the apartment, "poſitively, without your aſſiſtance, I ſhall be undone."

"Any thing in my power, madam," returned Mr. Burnet, with a diſtant, reſpectful voice; "will your ladyſhip ſit down?"

"Yes; give me a chair: I am half dead with diſtraction. Mr. Burnet, 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 honour, that is a hundred and fifty more than I ought to have given."

"Pugh, who minds the honour of a pawnbroker!" cried the lady, laughing; "you know very well you live by cheating."

"Well, ma'am," returned he, with a goodnatured ſmile, "as your ladyſhip pleaſes."

"Then I pleaſe that you let me have another hundred. Why man, you know you lent 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. Burdet," 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

Upon my ſoul, 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 up the Miſſes Dundas to the play; and 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."

"O, do; you are the verieſt miſer I ever

ever met with. You are worſe than Shylock, or,—Good Lord! 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 cannot go to the play. Look, there is my purſe," added ſhe, ſhewing it, "make haſte and fill it."

After ſatisfying her demands, Mr. Burnet 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, colouring, "you have, unde-

undeſignedly on your part, been privy to a very delicate affair; but my credit, Sir, and your honour—"

"Shall both be ſacred," replied the count, anxious to relieve the poor man from his perplexity, and forbearing to expreſs ſurpriſe:—But Burnet perceived it in his look; and before he proceeded to fulfil his engagement with him, ſtepped half way to the eſcrutoire, 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 Burnet: "though, by that aſſertion, I ſpeak againſt my own intereſt; for it is by ſuch as Lady Villiers, that we make our money. Now, Sir," continued he, drawing nearer

to

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 this depoſit I lend them money; for which they make me a handſome preſent, when they are releaſed."

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Thaddeus, "what a degrading ſyſtem of deceit muſt govern the lives of theſe women!"

"It is very lamentable," returned Burnet, "but ſo it is. And they continue to manage matters very cleverly. By giving me their note, or word of honour, (for if theſe ladies are not honourable with me, I have their reputations ſo much in my power, that I keep them in awe; and, whatever be their characters, I have no fears

fears on that head;) 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 preſent 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. Burnet," cried he, "theſe women 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 Lord have mercy upon me when they come together! They are as ravenous of my money as if it had no other uſe but to ſupply them. As to their

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 Burnet, "if theſe female ſpendthrifts were not held in awe by the dread of ſuperior characters, we could have no dependence on their promiſes. O, 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. Burnet," rejoined Thaddeus, ſmiling, "I am glad to hear that. Yet I cannot forget the unexpected view of the ſo famous Britiſh fair, which this night has offered to my eyes. It is ſtrange!"

"It

"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 farther."

The count bowed; and, thanking him for his kindneſs, wiſhed him a good evening, and left the ſhop.

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. The count, without making an obſervation, having paid the man, was returning homeward, along Duke's-ſtreet and the Piazzas of Drury-lane Theatre, when the crowd,

preſſing

preſſing round the doors, conſtrained him to ſtop.

After two or three ineffectual attempts to get through the buſtle, without throwing himſelf into the midſt of the ſplendid groupes, which were paſſing from their carriages to the doors, 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 the count, who recognized his friend Pembroke Somerſet, in high 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 pleaſure, he preſſed through the crowd, and entered the paſſage, at the inſtant the green door ſhut in upon his friend.

The diſappointment was dreadful. To

be

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 almoſt faint. Leaning againſt the door, he took his hat off to give himſelf a little 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 on one ſide; but the opening of the green door caſting a ſtrong light both on his face and the groupe behind, his eyes and thoſe of the impertinent inquiſitor of the Hummums met each other.

Whether the man were 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. For the count, he was too deeply intereſted

intereſted in his own purſuit, to waſte one ſurmiſe upon him.

He continued to muſe on the ſudden and unexpected 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 enquiring his friend's addreſs of the ſervants; but, on looking round for that purpoſe, he perceived that 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 re-paſſing. Seeing that the chamber within was a lobby, in which it would be leſs likely that he ſhould miſs his object, than if he ſtood without, he entered with the next perſon that approached; and, finding ſeats along the ſides of the place, he ſat down on the one neareſt to the ſtairs.

His firſt idea was to proceed into the play-houſe. But, on reflection, he conſidered

ſidered the little chance of diſcovering any particular individual in ſo vaſt a building, as not equal to the expence he muſt incur. Beſides, from the dreſs of the gentlemen who entered the box-door, he was ſenſible that a great coat and round hat were not admiſſible.

Having remained above an hour, with his eyes invariably fixed on the ſtairs, he obſerved that ſame curious perſon, who had paſſed almoſt directly after his friend, come down the ſteps, and walk out of the door. In two minutes he was returning with a ſmirking countenance, and alert ſteps, when his eyes accidentally falling on the count, (who ſat with his arms folded, and himſelf almoſt hidden by the ſhadow of the wall,) he faultered in his walk; and, 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 ac-

quaintance, affected Thaddeus as ſlightly as the former; and without annexing even a thought to his figure, as it flitted by him, he remained watching the paſſage, until half after eleven: At which hour, the doors being thrown open, 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 down the ſteps, he roſe; and planting himſelf cloſe to the bottom ſtair, drew his hat over his face, and narrowly examined each groupe 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 near 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 prepar-

preparing to obey, he aſked the man, if there were any other paſſage from the boxes.

"Yes," cried he, "there is one that leads 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.

CHAP. III.

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; and in the next, when he ſurveyed his altered ſtate, was almoſt reconciled to the diſappointment: then reproaching himſelf for a pride ſo unbecoming his principles, and diſhonourable to friendſhip; he aſked, if he were in Somerſet's place, and Somerſet in his, whether he could ever pardon the moroſe delicacy, which prevented the communication of his friend's misfortunes, and arrival in the ſame kingdom with himſelf?

Theſe reflections ſoon perſuaded his judgment to what he was ſo much inclined, determining him to inquire Pembroke's

broke'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 its 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 a 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 for ever ſhut the little William from that houſe, in which

he had been the ſource of 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.

"O, 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, chuſeth rather to profit us than to pleaſe us, in his diſpenſations. Our ſweet William has gained by our loſs; he is bleſt in heaven, while we weakly lament him

on

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, which her fancy had conjured up, 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 ſo excellent a woman as you are."

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 that 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 its mercy bleſs you!" cried Mrs. Robſon, dropping on her knees. Thaddeus raiſed her with guſhing eyes; and, having replaced her in a ſeat, left the room for a few minutes to recover himſelf.

In the evening Mrs. Watts, according to the count's deſire, called with an eſtimate of the expences attending the child's interment. Fees, and every charge collected, the demand on his benevolence was ſix pounds. The ſum proved rather more

more than he expected, but he paid it without a demur, leaving himſelf only a few ſhillings.

He conſidered what he had done as the 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 neceſſities in the ſmalleſt inſtance 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, in the ſtreet, given away to a ſtarving child that pittance, which was to purchaſe his own hard meal, and 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 the count

Sobieſki, he found it more difficult to bear calamity, when viewing another's poverty whom he could not relieve, than when aſſailed himſelf, by penury in all its ſhapes of deſolation.

Towards night, the idea of Somerſet again preſented itſelf. When he fell aſleep, his dreams repeated the ſcene at the play-houſe; again he ſaw him, and again he eluded his graſp.

His waking thoughts were not leſs true to their object; and the next morning he went to a coffee houſe in the lane, where he called for breakfaſt, and inquired of the maſter, if he knew any thing 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, C——ſhire.*'

Gladdened by the diſcovery, Thaddeus haſtened home; and, unwilling to affect his

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 you have, by the ſilence of two years, almoſt convinced me that 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 a hard leſſon to learn, that of being reſigned to the forgetfulneſs of thoſe whom we love.

"Notwithſtanding that I loſt my pocket-

book, with your direction, in a ſkirmiſh, ſoon after your departure, I have written to you frequently at a venture: and yet, though you knew in what ſpot in Poland you 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 —and let me beg, that I may either hear from, or ſee you, directly after you receive this.

"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 every thing. The firſt horrors of grief have ſubſided; and my deareſt conſolation riſes, in the midſt of my affliction, out of what was its bittereſt cauſe: I thank Heaven, that my revered grandfather and mother were taken from a conſummation of ills, that would have reduced

them

them to a mifery, which 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; mean while adieu, my dear Somerſet! You will find, at No. 5, St. Martin's Lane, your very affectionate

"THADDEUS CONSTANTINE SOBIESKI.

"*Friday noon.*

"P. S. Inquire for me by the name of Mr. Conſtantine."

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 that 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, which ſounded 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 the count, overcome by a train of doubts, in which deſpondence held the greateſt ſhare, 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 ſuſpence. It is the hell, which Milton deſcribes with ſuch horrible accuracy; in its hot and cold regions, the anxious ſoul is alternately

nately toſſed from the ardours of hope, to the petrifying rigours 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 complete; 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.

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 Thaddeus, obliged to ſeek an excuſe for his abſence, in the ſuppoſition of his application having miſcarried, determined to write once more,

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, have 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, notwithſtanding the darkneſs of the night, was

was directed 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 groupe 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 thought, 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,

"Certainly, ſir," replied the ſervant; and Thaddeus inſtantly withdrew.

He now turned homewards, 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 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

Theſe diſcomforting retroſpections on the paſt, and painful meditations on the preſent, continued to occupy his mind, until paſſing 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 his 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;

he; "for I have none. 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-wound when Koſciuſzko and my honoured maſter fell."

Thaddeus could not reply; but, ſupporting the exhauſted frame of his friend, who was hardly able to walk, after a few minutes, 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, and his increaſing feebleneſs, that he was fainting, begged her to allow him to take his companion into her kitchen. 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

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? nothing? He is dying for want."

"None, ſir; I have none;" anſwered ſhe, frightened at the violence of his manner; "run, Nanny, and borrow ſome of Mrs. Watts."

"Do," ſaid Thaddeus; "and bring me a bottle 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 in the wine juſt as Butzou had opened his eyes, and was gazing at Thaddeus, with a languid

agony,

agony, that penetrated his ſoul. Mrs. Robſon held the water to his lips. He ſwallowed a little, and ſcarcely articulated, whilſt his head dropped back on the chair, "I am periſhing for want of food."

Thaddeus caught the bottle from Nanny, and, pouring ſome wine into a glaſs, made him drink nearly all. This draught a little revived him. He raiſed himſelf in his ſeat; and, though 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 and mulled wine.

After much exertion between the good landlady and the count, they ſufficiently recovered the poor invalid, to enable him to walk up ſtairs, and lay 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,

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, having ſerved with him in the army,—on the ruin of his country, (which he could no longer conceal was Poland,) he haſtened in queſt of him to England; and, in his journey, he ſuſtained misfortunes, which had reduced him to the ſtate ſhe ſaw.

" I met him," continued he, " as a beggar 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 honour 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 me, beſt, kindeſt of women!" exclaimed the count; " your permiſſion has rendered me happy."

He then wiſhed her a good night; and returning up ſtairs, wrapped himſelf in his dreſſing-gown, and paſſed the night by the little fire of the ſitting room.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

OWING to comfortable refreſhment, and a night of undiſturbed ſleep, General Butzou awoke in the morning, much recovered from the weakneſs, which ſubdued him the preceding day.

Thaddeus obſerved this change with pleaſure. Whilſt he ſat by his bed, miniſtering to him with the care of a ſon, he dwelt with a melancholy delight on his reverend features; and liſtened to his languid voice, with thoſe tender aſſociations of the heart, which are delicious, though they pierce it with anguiſh.

"Tell me, my dear general," ſaid he, "for I can bear to hear it now; tell me what has befallen my unhappy country ſince I quitted it."

"Every calamity," cried the brave old man,

man, ſhaking his head, "that tyranny could deviſe."

"Well, go on;" returned the count, with a ſmile, which too truly declared that the compoſure of his air was aſſumed; "we, who have beheld her ſufferings and yet live, need not fear hearing them deſcribed! Did you ſee the king before he left Warſaw? He told me, that he was to be baniſhed to Grodno ſome time in the laſt month."

"No," replied Butzou, "our oppreſſors took care of that. Whilſt you, my lord, were recovering of your wounds in the citadel, I ſet off for Sachoryn to join Prince Poniatowſki. In my way thither I met ſome ſoldiers, who informed me, that his highneſs, having been compelled to diſcharge the troops, was returning to ſupport his brother under the indignities, which the haughtineſs of Suwarrow might premeditate. I then directed my ſteps towards Sendomir, where I hoped to find Wawrzecki with a few faithful

faithful followers; but here too I was diſappointed. Two days before my arrival, that general had, according to orders, diſbanded the whole party. I now found that Poland was completely in the hands of her ravagers, and I prepared to return. I was ſhocked and agonized at every ſtep I re-trod. I beheld the ſhores of the Viſtula lined on every ſide with Ruſſian troops. Ten thouſand were poſted on her banks, and eighteen thouſand amongſt the ruins of Prague and Villanow.

"When I approached the walls of Warſaw, imagine, my dear count, how great was my indignation! How barbarous, how unmanly, the conduct of our enemies! Batteries of cannon were erected around the city, which, on the leaſt ſymptom of diſcontent, were commanded to level it with the ground.

"On the morning of my arrival, I was haſtening to the palace, to pay my duty to the king, when a Ruſſian officer inter-

cepted me, and threatened, that if I attempted to paſs, my obſtinacy ſhould be fatal to me, and hazardous to his Majeſty; whoſe confinement and ſufferings were augmented in proportion to the adherents he retained amongſt the Poles. Hearing this, I was turning away, overwhelmed with grief and anger, juſt as the doors of the audience-chamber opened, and the counts Potocki, Kilinſki, and ſeveral others of your grandfather's deareſt friends, were led out under a ſtrong guard. I was ſtanding motionleſs with ſurpriſe, when Potocki, perceiving me, held forth his hand. I took it, and, wringing it, in the bitterneſs of my heart uttered ſome words, which I cannot remember, but the Ruſſian bade me beware how I again gave way to ſuch injurious warmth.

"Farewell, my worthy general," ſaid the count, "you ſee we are arreſted. We loved Poland too faithfully for her enemies; and for that reaſon we are to be ſent pri-

priſoners to Peterſburgh. Sharing the fate of Koſciuszko, our chains are our diſtinction; ſuch a collar of merit is the moſt glorious order which the imperial Catharine can beſtow:—The knights of St. Staniſlaus would reject all other from her hands."—"Sir, I cannot admit of this converſation," cried the officer of the guard; and commanding the eſcort to proceed,—I loſt ſight of theſe illuſtrious patriots, probably for ever.

"I underſtood from the few Poles who remained in the citadel, that the good Staniſlaus was to be ſent on the ſame diſmal journey to Grodno the next day. They alſo told me, that you had quitted Poland the moment your wounds would allow you to move, that you might avoid the ſight of Suwarrow's triumphant entry, which happened on the 9th of November laſt. On the eighth, I believe, you left Warſaw for England."

"Yes," replied the count, who liſtened with a breaking heart to this diſtreſſing

narrative; "and doubtleſs, I ſaved myſelf much miſery?"

"You did. One of the magiſtrates deſcribed to me the whole ſcene, at which I would not have been preſent for worlds. He told me, that when the morning arrived, in which the Ruſſian was to make his public entrée, not a citizen would be ſeen, that was not brought out by compulſion. A dead ſilence reigned in the ſtreets; the doors and windows of every houſe remained ſo cloſed, that a ſtranger might have ſuppoſed it to be a general mourning; and it was the bittereſt which could have fallen upon our ſouls! At this moment, when Warſaw, I may ſay, lay dying at the feet of her conqueror, the Ruſſian troops marched into the city, and lined the roads, the only ſpectators of their own horrible tragedy. At length, with eyes which could no longer weep, the magiſtrates, reluctant, and full of indignation, proceeded to meet Suwarrow, on the bridge of Prague. When they came

came near the proceſſion, they preſented the keys of Warſaw on their knees———."

"On their knees!" interrupted Thaddeus, ſtarting up, and the blood fluſhing over his face.

"Yes," anſwered Butzou, "on their knees."

"Father of heaven!" exclaimed the count, walking about the room with emotion, "why did not the earth open and ſwallow them? Why did not the blood, which ſaturated the ſpot on which they knelt, cry out to them? O Butzou, this humiliation of Poland is worſe to me than all her miſeries!"

"I felt as you feel, my lord," continued the general; "and I expreſſed myſelf with the ſame reſentment; but the magiſtrate, who related to me the circumſtance, urged, in excuſe for himſelf and his brethren, that ſuch a form was neceſſary; and had they refuſed, probably their lives would have been forfeited."

"Well," inquired Thaddeus, reſuming

his ſeat, "but where was the king during this tranſaction?"

"In the caſtle, where he ſoon underwent a ſimilar ſcene; and received orders, to be preſent next day at a public thankſgiving; at which the inhabitants of Warſaw were alſo forced to attend, to perform a *te Deum* in gratitude for the deſtruction of their country. I thank Heaven that I was ſpared from witneſſing this monſtrous blaſphemy; I was then at Sendomir. The day after I heard theſe horrid accounts, I ſaw the carriage, which contained the good Staniſlaus, guarded, like a traitor's, out of the gates; and that very hour I left the city. I travelled towards Hamburgh, where I took my paſſage to Harwich. Owing to exceſſive fatigue, one of my old wounds broke out afreſh; and, continuing ill a week, I expended all my money. Reduced to my laſt ſhilling, and eager to find you, I begged my way from that town to this. I had already ſpent two miſerable days and nights in the

the open air, with no other ſuſtenance than the caſual charity of paſſengers, when heaven ſent you to ſave me from periſhing in the ſtreets."

Butzou preſſed the hand of his young friend, as he concluded. Diſpleaſure ſtill kept its ſtation on the count's features.

The good general obſerved it with ſatisfaction, well pleaſed that indignation at the ſuppoſed puſillanimity of his countrymen, prevented thoſe burſts of grief, which he had expected from his ſenſible nature, when he ſhould be informed that the ruin of Poland was confirmed.

Towards evening, general Butzou fell aſleep. Thaddeus, leaning back in his chair, fixed his eyes on the fire, and muſed with amazement and ſorrow on what had paſſed. When it was almoſt dark, and he was yet loſt in reflection, Mrs. Robſon gently opened the door, and preſenting a letter; "Here, Sir," ſaid ſhe, "is a letter, which a ſervant has juſt left; he told me it required no anſwer."

Thaddeus ſprung from his ſeat at the ſight of the paper, and, almoſt catching it from her, his former gloomy cogitations diſperſed before the hopes and fond emotions of friendſhip, which now lit up in his boſom. Mrs. Robſon withdrew. He looked at the ſuperſcription—it was the hand-writing of his friend. Tearing it aſunder, two folded papers preſented themſelves; he opened them, and they were his own letters, returned without a word. His beating heart was ſuddenly checked. Letting the papers fall from his hand, he dropped on a ſeat, and cloſed his eyes, as if he would ſhut them from the world and its ingratitude.

Unable to recover from aſtoniſhment, his thoughts whirled about in a ſucceſſion of accuſations, ſurmiſes, and doubts, which ſeemed for a few minutes to drive him to diſtraction.

"Was it really the hand of Somerſet?"

Again he examined the *envelope*. It was; and the encloſures were his own letters,

letters, without one word of apology for ſuch ingratitude.

"Could he make one? No," replied Thaddeus to himſelf. "Unhappy that I am, to have been induced to apply twice to ſo deſpicable a man! Oh, Somerſet," cried he, looking at the papers as they lay before him, "was it neceſſary that inſult ſhould be added to unfaithfulneſs and ingratitude, to throw me off entirely? Good heaven! did he think, becauſe I wrote twice, I would perſecute him with applications? Well, I have been told this of mankind; but, that I ſhould find it in him!"

In this way, agitated and muttering, and walking up and down the room, he ſpent another wakeful and cheerleſs night.

Next morning, when the count went down ſtairs to beg Mrs. Robſon to attend his friend until his return, ſhe mentioned what uneaſineſs he occaſioned her the preceding night, as ſhe heard him moſt of the time moving above her head. He

was accounting to her for his reſtleſſneſs, by complaining of a head-ache, when ſhe interrupted him by ſaying, "O no, ſir; I am ſure it is the hard boards you lie on, to accommodate the poor old gentleman. I am certain you will make yourſelf ill."

Thaddeus thanked her for her ſolicitude, but, declaring that all beds, hard or ſoft, were alike to him, he left her; and, with his drawings in his pocket, once more took the path to Great Newport Street.

Indignation againſt his fickle friend, and anxiety for the tranquillity of general Butzou, whoſe age, infirmities, and ſufferings, threatened a ſpeedy termination of his life, determined the count to ſacrifice all falſe delicacy and weakneſs, and to hazard another attempt at acquiring the means of affording thoſe comforts to the ſick veteran, which his condition demanded. Happen how it would, he reſolved that Butzou ſhould never know the complete wreck of his property. He

ſhud-

ſhuddered at loading him with the additional diſtreſs, of thinking that he was a burthen on his protector.

Thaddeus paſſed the door of the printſeller who behaved ſo ill to him on his firſt application; and walking to the fartheſt ſhop on the ſame ſide, entered it, and, laying his drawings on the counter, requeſted the maſter to look at them. The man opened the packet; and the count, dreading a ſecond repulſe, or even more than ſimilar inſolence, haſtily added:

"They are ſcenes in Germany. If you like to have them, their price is a guinea."

"Are you the painter, Sir?" aſked the man.

"Yes, Sir. Do they pleaſe you?"

"Yes," anſwered the man, examining them nearer; "there is a breadth and freedom in the ſtyle which is novel, and may take. I will give you your demand."

Thaddeus rejoiced that he had ſucceeded where he entertained no hope,

with a bow was leaving the ſhop, when the man called after him, "Sir! ſir!"

Thaddeus returned, prepared to hear ſome impertinent remark.

It is ſtrange, but it is true; that thoſe who have been thruſt by misfortune to a ſtate beneath their birth and expectations, conſider themſelves the objects of univerſal hoſtility. They ſee contempt in every eye, they ſuppoſe inſult in every word; the ſlighteſt neglect is ſufficient to ſet the ſenſitive pride of the unfortunate in a blaze; and, alas! how little is this ſenſibility reſpected by the rich and gay in their dealings with the unhappy! To what an addition of miſery are the wretched expoſed; meeting not only thoſe contumelies, which the proſperous are not backward to beſtow, but thoſe fancied ills, which, however unfounded, keep the mind in a conſtant fever with itſelf, and warfare with the ſurrounding world!

Repeated

Repeated inſults, infuſed into the count Sobieſki, much of this anticipating irritability; and it was with a very haughty ſtep, that he turned back, to hear what the printſeller meant to ſay.

"I only want to aſk, whether you follow this art as a profeſſion?"

"Yes."

"Then, I ſhall be glad if you can furniſh me with ſix ſuch drawings every week."

"Certainly," replied Thaddeus, pleaſed with the probability of ſecuring ſomething towards the ſupport of his friend.

"Then bring me another half dozen next Monday."

Thaddeus promiſed, and with a relieved mind took his way homewards.

Who is there in England that does not remember the dreadful winter of 1794, when the whole country lay buried in a thick ice, which ſeemed eternal? Over that ice, and through thoſe ſnows, the venerable general Butzou begged his way from

from Harwich to London. He reſted at night under the ſhelter of ſome ſhed or out-houſe; and cooled his feveriſh thirſt with a little water, taken from under the broken ice which locked up the ſprings. The effect of this was a painful rheumatiſm, which fixed itſelf in his limbs, and now rendered them nearly uſeleſs.

Two or three weeks paſſed over the heads of the general and his young protector: Thaddeus cheering the old man with his ſmiles; and he, in return, imparting the only pleaſure to him, which his melancholy heart could receive; the conviction that his attentions and affection were productive of comfort.

In the exerciſe of theſe duties, the count not only found his health gradually recover its tone, but his mind become more tranquil, and leſs prone to thoſe ſudden floods of regret, which were rapidly ſapping his life. By a ſtrict economy on his own part, he managed to pay the widow and ſupport his friend out of the weekly

weekly profits of his drawings, which were now and then augmented, by a commiſſion to do one or two more than the ſtipulated number.

Thus, converſing with Butzou, reading to him when awake, or purſuing his drawing when he ſlept, Thaddeus ſpent the time until the beginning of March.

One fine ſtar-light evening in that month, juſt before the froſt broke up, after painting all day, he put on his hat, and, deſiring little Nanny to take care of the general, he left his work at the print-ſeller's, and then proceeded through Piccadilly, intending to go as far as Hyde Park corner, and return.

Much pleaſed with the beauty of the night, he walked on, not remarking that he had paſſed the turnpike, until he heard a ſcream. The ſound ſeemed to come from near the Park-wall. He hurried along, and, at a ſhort diſtance, perceived a woman ſtruggling with a man, who was

ſwearing, and behaving in a very brutal manner.

Without a moment's heſitation, Thaddeus, with one blow of his arm, ſent the fellow reeling againſt the wall. But, whilſt he ſupported the outraged perſon, who was fainting, the man recovered himſelf, and flying at her champion, aimed a ſtroke at his head with an immenſe bludgeon, which the count catching hold of, as it deſcended, wrenched out of his hand. The horrid oaths of the ruffian, and the hyſterical ſhrieks of the woman, collected a mob, when the villain, fearing worſe uſage, made off, and left Thaddeus to reſtore the terrified woman at his leiſure.

As ſoon as ſhe was able to ſpeak, ſhe thanked her deliverer, in a voice and language, which aſſured him that it was no common perſon whom he had befriended. Though, in the circumſtance of her diſtreſs, all would have been the ſame to him;

him; a helpleſs female was inſulted, and, whatever her rank might be, he thought ſhe had an equal claim on his protection.

The mob diſperſed; and the count, finding the lady capable of walking, begged permiſſion to ſee her ſafe home.

"I thank you, ſir," replied ſhe; "and I accept your offer with gratitude. Beſides, after your generous interference, it is requiſite I ſhould account to you how a woman of my appearance came out at this hour without attendance. I have no other excuſe to advance for ſuch imprudence, than the declaration, that I have often done ſo with impunity. I have a friend, whoſe huſband being in the guards, lives near the barracks. We often drink tea with each other; ſometimes my ſervants come for me; and ſometimes, when I am wearied and indiſpoſed, I come away earlier, and alone. This happened to-night: and I have to thank your gallantry, ſir, for my reſcue from the firſt outrage

outrage of the kind which ever aſſailed me."

By the time that a few more complimentary words on her ſide, and a modeſt reply from Thaddeus, had paſſed, they ſtopped before a houſe in Groſvenor Place. The lady knocked at the door; and, as ſoon as it was opened, the count was taking his leave, but ſhe laid her hand on his arm, and exclaimed,

"No, ſir; I muſt not loſe the probability of convincing you, that you have not ſuccoured a perſon unworthy of your kindneſs. I entreat you to walk in!"

Thaddeus was too much pleaſed with her manner not to accept this invitation. He followed her up ſtairs into a drawing-room, where a young lady was ſeated at work.

"Miſs Egerton," cried the lady, as ſhe entered and introduced the count, "here is a gentleman, who has this moment ſaved me from the hands of a ruffian.

ſian. You muſt aſſiſt me to expreſs my gratitude."

"I would with all my heart," returned ſhe; "but your ladyſhip confers benefits ſo well, you cannot be at a loſs how to receive them."

Thaddeus took the chair which a ſervant ſet for him, and, with mingled pleaſure and admiration, turned his eyes on the lovely woman whom he had reſcued. She threw off her cloak and veil, and diſplayed a figure, and countenance, ſo full of dignity and intereſt, that he formed an immediate deſire to ſecure her acquaintance.

Her ladyſhip begged him to lay aſide his great-coat, as ſhe muſt inſiſt upon his ſupping with her. There was a commanding ſoftneſs in her manner, and a gentle, yet unappealable deciſion in her voice, which he could not withſtand; and he prepared to obey, although he was aware, that the faſhion and richneſs of the military dreſs concealed under his coat, would

would give her ideas, which his ſituation could not anſwer.

The lady did not notice his heſitation, but, ringing the bell, deſired the ſervant to take the gentleman's hat and coat. Thaddeus inſtantly ſaw in the looks of both the ladies what he feared.

" I perceive," ſaid the elder, as ſhe took her ſeat, " that my deliverer is in the army; yet I do not recollect having ſeen that uniform before."

" I am not an Engliſhman," returned he.

" Not an Engliſhman!" exclaimed Miſs Egerton, " and ſpeak the language ſo accurately! You cannot be French?"

" No, madam; I had the honour of ſerving under the king of Poland."

" Then, his was a very gallant court I ſuppoſe," rejoined Miſs Egerton, with a ſmile; " for I am ſorry to ſay, that there are few about St. James's, who would have ventured to have done what you did by lady Tinemouth."

The

The count returned the young lady's ſmile.

" I have ſeen too little, madam, of Engliſhmen of rank, to ſhew any gallantry in defending this part of my ſex againſt ſo fair an accuſer." Indeed he recollected the officers in the park, and the perfidy of Somerſet, and thought, that he had no reaſon to give them more of his reſpect, than their countrywoman conſidered fit to beſtow.

" Come, come, Maria," cried lady Tinemouth; " though no woman has leſs cauſe to ſpeak well of mankind than I have, I will not permit my countrymen to be run down *in toto*. I dare ſay this gentleman will agree with me, that it ſhews neither a candid nor a patriot ſpirit."

" I dare ſay he will not agree with you, lady Tinemouth. No gentleman yet, who had his wits about him, ever agreed with an elder lady againſt a younger. Now, Mr. Gentleman! for it ſeems that

is

is the name by which we are to addreſs you, what do you ſay ?"

Thaddeus almoſt laughed at the ſingular way ſhe had choſen to aſk his name; and, allowing ſome of the gloom, which generally obſcured his fine eyes, to diſperſe, he anſwered her with a ſmile,

" My name is Conſtantine."

" Well, you have replied to my laſt queſtion firſt; but I will not let you off about my beariſh countrymen. Don't you think, Mr. Conſtantine, that I may call them ſo, without any breach of good manners to them, or duty to my country ? For you ſee her ladyſhip hangs much upon patriotiſm."

Lady Tinemouth ſhook her head.

" O, Maria, Maria, you are a ſtrange mad-cap."

" I don't care for that; I will have Mr. Conſtantine's unprejudiced reply. I am ſure, if he had taken as long a time in anſwering your call, as he does mine, the ruffian might have killed and eaten you too,

too, before he moved to your aſſiſtance. Come, ſir, may I not ſay that they are bears?"

"Certainly. A pretty woman may ſay any thing."

"Poſitively, Mr. Conſtantine, I won't endure contempt! Say ſuch another word, and I will call you as abominable an animal as the worſt of them."

"But I am not a proper judge, Miſs Egerton. I have never been in company with any of theſe men; ſo, to be impartial, I muſt ſuſpend my opinion."

"And not believe my word."

Thaddeus bowed.

"There, lady Tinemouth," cried ſhe, affecting pet, "take your champion to yourſelf; he is too great a ſavage for me."

"Thank you, Maria," returned her ladyſhip, giving her hand to the count to lead her to the ſupper-room; "This is the way ſhe quarrels with every man that comes into my houſe, and then her ill-

humour

humour transforms them to its own likeneſs."

"And where is the man," obſerved Thaddeus, "who would not be happy under the ſpells of ſo beautiful a Circe?"

"It won't do, Mr. Conſtantine," cried ſhe, taking her place oppoſite to him; "my anger is not to be appeaſed by calling me names; you don't mend the matter much, by likening me to a heathen and a witch."

Lady Tinemouth bore her part in the converſation of the evening in a ſtrain more in uniſon with the count's mind. However, he found no inconſiderable degree of amuſement from the unreflecting volubility, and giddy ſallies of her friend; and, on the whole, ſpent the few hours he paſſed there, with ſome perceptions of his almoſt forgotten ſenſe of pleaſure.

He was in an elegant apartment, he was in the company of two lovely and accompliſhed women, and he was the object of their entire attention and gratitude.

He had been uſed to ſuch ſcenes in his days of happineſs, when he was '*the expectancy and roſe of the fair ſtate, the glaſs of faſhion, and the mould of form, the obſerved of all obſervers;*' and their reappearance, awakened, with tender remembrances, an aſſociating ſenſibility, which made him riſe with regret when the clock ſtruck one.

Lady Tinemouth bade him good night, with an earneſt requeſt that he would ſhortly repeat his viſit. This invitation gratified him much; and they parted, mutually delighted with each other.

CHAP. V.

PLEASED as the count was with the acquaintance to which his gallantry had introduced him, he did not repeat his call for a long time.

A few mornings after his meeting with Lady Tinemouth, the hard froſt broke up. The change in the atmoſphere ſo dreadfully affected the general, by producing a relapſe of his rheumatic fever, that his friend watched by his pillow night and day for ten days. At the end of this period, he recovered ſufficiently to ſit up and read; or to amuſe himſelf, by regiſtering the melancholy events of the laſt campaigns, in a large book, with plans of the different battles. The ſight of this volume would have diſtreſſed Thaddeus, had he not ſeen that it afforded comfort

to the poor veteran, whom it tranſported back into the midſt of ſcenes on which he delighted to dwell; yet, he would often lay down his pen, ſhut the book, and weep like an infant.

The count left him one morning at this employment, and ſtrolled out with the intention of calling on Lady Tinemouth. As he walked along by Portland-houſe, he perceived Pembroke Somerſet with a gentleman leaning on his arm, coming out of Bond-ſtreet.

All the blood in the count's body ſeemed ruſhing to his heart. He trembled. The ingenuous ſmile on his friend's countenance, and his features ſo ſweetly marked with frankneſs, made his reſolution falter.

"But proofs," cried he to himſelf, "are abſolute!" and turning his face to a ſtand of books which was near him, he ſtood there until Somerſet had paſſed. He went by him ſpeaking theſe words:

"I truſt, father, that ingratitude is not his vice."

"But it is yours, Somerſet!" murmured Thaddeus, as for a moment he gazed after them, and then proceeded on his walk.

When his name was announced at Lady Tinemouth's, he found her ladyſhip and another lady, but not Miſs Egerton. Lady Tinemouth expreſſed her pleaſure at this viſit, and her ſurpriſe that it had been ſo long deferred.

"The pain of ſuch an apparent neglect of your ladyſhip's goodneſs," replied he, "has been added to my anxiety for the declining health of a friend, whoſe increaſed illneſs is my apology."

"I wiſh," returned her ladyſhip, her eyes beaming approbation, "that all my friends could excuſe their abſence ſo well!"

"Perhaps they might if they choſe;" obſerved the other lady, "and with equal ſincerity."

Thaddeus

Thaddeus underſtood the incredulity couched under theſe words. So did Lady Tinemouth.

"However," rejoined ſhe, "be ſatisfied, Mr. Conſtantine, that I believe you ſincere."

The count bowed.

"Fie, Lady Tinemouth!" cried the lady, "you are partial; nay, you are abſurd; did you ever yet hear a man ſpeak truth to a woman?"

"Lady Sara!" replied her ladyſhip, with one of thoſe arch glances which ſeldom viſited her eyes, "where will be your vanity if I aſſent to this?"

"In the moon, with man's ſincerity."

Thaddeus paid little attention to this dialogue. His thoughts, in ſpite of himſelf, were wandering after the figures of Somerſet and his father.

Lady Tinemouth, whoſe fancy had not been quiet about him, ſince the hour in which chance introduced him to her acquaintance, obſerved his preſent abſence

without noticing it. Indeed, the fruitful imagination of Maria Egerton had not lain ſtill. She declared, "that he was a ſoldier by his dreſs! a man of rank, from his manners; an Apollo in his perſon; and a hero from his gallantry!"

Thus did Miss Egerton deſcribe him to Lady Sara Roos; "and," added ſhe, "what convinces me, that he is a man of faſhion, he has not been within theſe walls, ſince we told him, that we ſhould take it as a favour."

Lady Sara was eager to ſee this handſome ſtranger. Having previouſly determined to drop in at Lady Tinemouth's, under ſome excuſe or other, every morning, until her curioſity was gratified, ſhe was not a little pleaſed when ſhe heard his name announced.

Lady Sara was married; but ſhe was young and beautiful alſo, and ſhe liked that her power ſhould be acknowledged by others beſides her huſband. The inſtant ſhe beheld the count Sobieſki, ſhe formed

formed the wiſh to entangle him in her chains. She learnt by his pale countenance and thoughtful air, that he was a melancholy character, and, above all things, ſhe ſighed for ſuch a lover. She expected to receive from one of his caſt, a tenderneſs, a devotedneſs; in ſhort, a fervent, wild, and romantic paſſion, which would feed on her ſighs, and its own fires, to eternity. Thaddeus appeared to her to be the very creature of whom ſhe had been in ſearch. His abſtraction, his voice and eyes, the one ſo touching, the other ſo neglectful of any thing but the ground, were irreſiſtible, and ſhe reſolved from that moment (in her own words) "to make a dead ſet at him."

Lady Tinemouth, not leſs pleaſed with this ſecond view of her new acquaintance, than ſhe had been at the firſt, directed her diſcourſe to him, accompanied by all that winning intereſt ſo endearing to a liberal heart. Whilſt ſhe was ſpeaking, Lady Sara, who never augured well to the ſuc-

ceſs of her faſcinations, when the counteſs addreſſed herſelf to any of her victims, tried every means in her power to draw aſide the attention of the count. She played with her ladyſhip's dog; but, that not ſucceeding, ſhe determined to ſtrike him at once with the elegance of her figure. Complaining of heat, ſhe threw off a large green velvet mantle, which ſhe wore, and, riſing from her chair, walked towards the window.

When ſhe looked round to enjoy her victory, ſhe ſaw that this manœuvre had failed like the reſt; for the provoking counteſs was ſtill ſtanding between her and Thaddeus. Almoſt angry, ſhe flung open the ſaſh, and, putting her head out of the window, exclaimed in her beſt modulated tones,

"How d'ye do?"

"I hope your ladyſhip is well this fine morning!" was anſwered in the voice of Pembroke Somerſet.

Thaddeus grew pale, and the counteſs feeling

feeling the cold, turned round to aſk Lady Sara to whom ſhe was ſpeaking.

"To a peſt of mine, my dear," returned ſhe; and, then ſtretching out her neck, ſhe reſumed, "But where, in the name of Heaven, are you going, Somerſet, with all that travelling apparatus?"

"To Deerhurſt; we are going to take Lord Arun down. But I keep your ladyſhip in the cold. Good morning."

"My compliments to Sir Robert. Good bye! good bye!" and, waving her white hand, until his curricle was out of ſight; when ſhe turned round, her deſires were gratified, for the elegant ſtranger was ſtanding with his eyes fixed on that hand. But, had ſhe known, that, for any cognizance they took of its beauty, they might as well have been fixed on vacancy, ſhe would not have pulled down the window, and reſeated herſelf with ſuch an air of triumph.

The count took his ſeat with a ſigh, and Lady Tinemouth did the ſame.

"So, that is the ſon of Sir Robert Somerſet?"

"Yes," replied her ladyſhip, "and what do you think of him? He is called very handſome."

"Your ladyſhip has forgotten that I am near-ſighted," anſwered the counteſs; "I could not diſcriminate his features, but I think his figure fine. I remember his father was a handſome man, and a man of wonderful talents."

"That may be," reſumed Lady Sara, laughing, and anxious to excite ſome emotion of rivalry in the breaſt of Thaddeus. "I am ſure I ought not to call in queſtion his talents and taſte, for he has often wiſhed that fate had reſerved me for his ſon." Her ladyſhip ſighed, and looked down.

This ſigh and geſture had more effect upon her victim than all her exhibited graces.

graces. So difficult it is to break affection and habit. Any thing relating to Pembroke Somerſet, could yet ſo powerfully intereſt the count, as to ſtamp itſelf on his features. Beſides, the appearance of any latent diſquietude, where all ſeemed ſplendour and vivacity, painfully reminded him of the chequered lot of man. His eyes were reſting upon her ladyſhip, full of a tender commiſeration, pregnant with compaſſion for her, himſelf, and all the world, when ſhe raiſed her head. The meeting of ſuch a look from him, filled her with agitation. She felt ſomething ſtrange at her heart. His eyes ſeemed to have penetrated to its inmoſt devices. Bluſhing like ſcarlet, ſhe got up to hide an embarraſſment not to be ſubdued; and, haſtily wiſhing the counteſs a good morning, curtſied to him, and left the room.

Her ladyſhip entered the carriage with feelings all in commotion. She could not account for the confuſion which his look

had occaſioned; and, half angry at a weakneſs ſo like a raw inexperienced girl, ſhe determined to become one of Lady Tinemouth's conſtant viſitors, until ſhe ſhould have brought him (as ſhe had done moſt of the men about court) to her feet.

Theſe were her ladyſhip's reſolutions as ſhe rolled along towards St. James's Place. But ſhe a little exceeded the fact in her ſtatement; for, notwithſtanding that ſhe could have counted as many lovers as moſt women, both before and after her marriage, yet few of them would have ventured ſo far as to truſt the conſequence of a kneeling petition. In ſpite of her charms, theſe worthy lords and gentlemen had all to a man adopted the oracle of the poet, that,

"Love, free as air, at ſight of human ties
"Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies!"

They all profeſſed to adore Lady Sara; and ſome were caught by her beauty, others by her eclat, but neither of them had

had the moſt diſtant wiſh to make this beauty and eclat his own legal property.

The young marquis of Severn fluttered round her ladyſhip, during the firſt year of his appearance at court; but at the end of that time, inſtead of offering her his hand, he married the daughter of a rich city banker.

Lady Sara, who was at her father's houſe in the country when this intelligence arrived, was ſo incenſed, that, to ſhew her diſdain of this apoſtate lover, ſhe ſet off the ſame evening for Scotland, with Harry Roos, a grandſon of the duke of Lincoln. They were married, and her ladyſhip had the triumph of being preſented to her majeſty the ſame day with the marchioneſs of Severn.

When the whirlwind of her reſentment ſubſided, ſhe began moſt diſmally to repent her union. She loved Captain Roos as little as ſhe had loved Lord Severn. She had admired the rank and gallantry of the one; and the profound adoration

of

of the other made a friend of her vanity. But now, ſince her revenge was gratified, and the homage of Harry Roos, ceaſing to excite the envy of her companions, from the hour in which he became her huſband, ſhe grew weary of his attentions; and was very happy, when the admiralty ordered him to take the command of a ſhip bound to the Mediterranean.

The laſt fervent kiſs, which he imprinted on her lips, as they breathed out the cold "Good bye, Roos, take care of yourſelf!" ſeemed to her the ſeal of freedom; and ſhe returned into her dreſſing-room, not to weep, but to rejoice in the project of a thouſand feſtivities and a thouſand lovers.

Left at an early age without a mother, and ignorant of the duties of a wife, ſhe thought, that if ſhe kept her huſband and herſelf out of Doctors Commons, ſhe ſhould do no harm by amuſing herſelf with the heart of every man who came in her way. Thus, ſhe hardly moved with-

out a train of admirers. She had already attracted every one worthy of the trouble; and had liſtened to their compliments and inſolent preſumptions, until ſhe was almoſt tired of both; when Miſs Egerton related to her the counteſs's rencontre with the gallant foreigner.

As ſoon as her ladyſhip heard that he was of rank, (for Miſs Egerton was not backward to affirm the dreams of her own imagination,) ſhe formed an earneſt wiſh to ſee him: and when, to her infinite ſatisfaction, he did preſent himſelf, in her eyes he exceeded every thing that had been deſcribed. To ſecure ſuch a conqueſt, ſhe thought would not only raiſe the envy of the women, but make the men look about them, to diſcover ſome novel and more attractive way than they had hitherto found, to prove the truth of their devotion.

Whilſt Lady Sara was meditating on her new plans, the count and Lady Tinemouth

mouth remained alone. Her ladyſhip talked to him on various ſubjects; but he anſwered ill upon them all, and ſometimes very wide of the matter. At laſt, conſcious that he muſt be burthenſome, he aroſe, and, looking paler and more depreſſed than when he entered, wiſhed her a good morning.

"I am afraid, Mr. Conſtantine, you are unwell."

Thaddeus, like moſt people who deſire to hide what is paſſing in their minds, gladly aſſented to this as an excuſe for a taciturnity which he could not overcome.

"Then," cried her ladyſhip, "I hope you will favour me with your card, that I may know where to ſend to inquire after your health."

Thaddeus was confounded, and looked down for a moment; then, returning into the room, he took up a pen, which lay on the table and ſaid,

"I will write my addreſs to a place, where

where any of your ladyſhip's commands may reach me; but I will do myſelf the honour to repeat my call very ſoon."

"I ſhall always be happy to ſee you," replied the counteſs, while he was writing; "but, before I engage you in a promiſe, of which you may afterwards repent, I muſt tell you, that you will meet with dull entertainment at my houſe. I ſee very little company; and were it not for the inexhauſtible ſpirits of Miſs Egerton, I believe I ſhould become a complete miſanthrope."

"Your houſe will be my paradiſe!" exclaimed the count, with an earneſtneſs, to the force of which he did not immediately attend.

Lady Tinemouth ſmiled.

"I muſt warn you here, too," cried ſhe; "Miſs Egerton muſt not be the deity of your paradiſe. She is already under engagements, which preclude all hope on that head."

Thad-

Thaddeus bluſhed at being miſtaken, and wiſhed to explain himſelf.

"You miſunderſtand me, madam. I am not inſenſible to beauty; but, upon my word, at that moment, I had nothing elſe in my thoughts, than gratitude for your ladyſhip's kindneſs to an abſolute ſtranger."

"That is true, Mr. Conſtantine, you are an abſolute ſtranger, if the want of a formal introduction, and an ignorance of your family, conſtitute that title. But your protection introduced you to me; and there is ſomething in your appearance, which convinces me, that I need not be afraid of admitting you into the very ſcanty number of my friends."

Thaddeus perceived the delicacy of Lady Tinemouth, who wiſhed to know who he was, and yet was unwilling to give him pain by a queſtion ſo direct, that he muſt anſwer it. As ſhe now propoſed it, ſhe left him entirely to his own diſcretion; and he determined, as far as he could,

could, without expoſing his real name and circumſtances, to ſatisfy her very proper curioſity.

The counteſs, whoſe benevolent heart was deeply intereſted in his favour, obſerved the changes of his countenance with an anxious deſire that he would be ingenuous. Her ſolicitude did not ariſe from any doubts of his quality and worth, but ſhe wiſhed to be enabled to reply with promptneſs to the inquiſitive people who might ſee him at her houſe.

"I hardly know," ſaid Thaddeus, "in what words to expreſs my ſenſe of your ladyſhip's generous confidence in me; and that my character is not undeſerving of ſuch diſtinction, time, I truſt, will prove." He pauſed for a moment, and then reſumed: "For my rank, Lady Tinemouth, it is now of little conſequence to my comfort; rather, perhaps, a ſource of mortification; for ——," he heſitated, and then proceeded, with a faint colour tinging his cheek, "exiles from their country,

country, if they would not covet miſery, muſt learn to forget; hence I am no other than Mr. Conſtantine; though, in acknowledgment of your ladyſhip's goodneſs, I deem it only juſt that I ſhould not conceal my real quality from you.

"My family was one of the firſt in Poland. Even in baniſhment, the remembrance that its virtues were as well known as its name, affords ſome alleviation to the conviction, that, when my country fell, all my property and all my kindred were involved in the ruin. Soon after the dreadful ſealing of its fate, I quitted it; and, by the command of a dying parent, who expired in my arms, ſought a refuge in this iſland, from degradations, which, otherwiſe, I could neither repel nor avoid."

Thaddeus ſtopped; and the counteſs, ſtruck by the graceful modeſty with which this ſimple account was related, laid her hand upon his.

"Mr. Conſtantine, I am not ſurpriſed

at

at what you have ſaid. The melancholy of your air, induced me to ſuſpect that you were not happy; and my ſole wiſh, in penetrating your reſerve, was to ſhew you, that a woman can be a ſincere friend."

Tears of gratitude and reſpect gliſtened in the count's eyes. Incapable of making a ſuitable reply, he preſſed her hand to his lips. She roſe; and, willing to relieve a ſenſibility that delighted her, added, "I will not detain you longer; only let me ſee you ſoon."

Thaddeus uttered a few inarticulate words, whoſe ſignificancy conveyed nothing, but every thing was declared by their confuſion. The counteſs's eloquent ſmile ſhewed that ſhe comprehended their meaning; and he left the room.

On his return home, he found general Butzou in better ſpirits, ſtill poring over his journal. This paper ſeemed to be the repreſentative of all which had ever been dear to him. He dwelt upon it, and talked

talked about it, with a doating eagerneſs bordering on inſanity.

Theſe ſymptoms, increaſing from day to day, gave his young friend conſiderable uneaſineſs. He liſtened with pain to the fond dreams which took poſſeſſion of the poor old man; who delighted in ſaying, that much might yet be done in Poland, when he ſhould be recovered, and they be enabled to return together to Warſaw, and ſtimulate the people to reſume their rights.

Thaddeus at firſt attempted to prove the emptineſs of theſe ſchemes; but, ſeeing that contradiction on this head, threw the general back into deeper deſpondency, he thought it better to affect the ſame ſentiments; too well perceiving, that death would ſoon terminate theſe viſions with his life.

Accordingly, as far as lay in the count's power, he ſatisfied all the fancied wants of his revered friend; who, on every other ſubject, was perfectly reaſonable; but at laſt he became ſo abſorbed in this chimerical

rical plot, that even converſation, and his meals, ſeemed to oppreſs him with reſtraint.

When Thaddeus, with ſorrow, perceived that his company was rather irkſome than a comfort to his friend, he the more readily repeated his viſits to Lady Tinemouth. She now looked for his entrance at leaſt once a day. If ever a morning and evening paſſed away without his appearance, he was ſure of being ſcolded by Miſs Egerton, reproached by the counteſs, and frowned at by Lady Sara Roos. This lady contrived, in defiance of all other engagements, to drop in every night at Lady Tinemouth's. Her ladyſhip was not more ſurpriſed at this ſudden attachment of Lady Sara to her houſe, than pleaſed with her ſociety, who ſhe found, on intimate acquaintance, could lay aſide that tiſſue of affectation and faſhion which ſhe wore in public, and really become a charming woman.

Though Lady Sara was vain, ſhe was miſtreſs

miſtreſs of ſufficient ſenſe to penetrate with tolerable certainty into the characters of her acquaintance. Moſt of the men with whom ſhe had hitherto aſſociated, having been jumbled together in thoſe large aſſemblies, where individuality is abſorbed in the general maſs of inſipidity and ceremony, ſhe ſaw that they were frivolous, or, at the leaſt, warped in taſte and principle; and the faſcinations that ſhe uſed, to ſubdue them, were the beſt ſuited to their capacity,—her beauty, her thoughtleſsneſs, and her caprice. But, on the reverſe, when ſhe formed the wiſh to entangle ſuch a man as Thaddeus, ſhe ſoon diſcovered that, to engage his attention, ſhe muſt appear in the unaffected graces of nature. To this end, ſhe took pains to diſplay the lovelineſs of her perſon in every movement and poſition; yet ſhe managed the action with ſo inartificial and frank an air, that ſhe ſeemed the only being preſent, who was unconſcious of the verſatility and power of her charms.

She

She converſed with good ſenſe and propriety. In ſhort, ſhe appeared completely different from the gay ridiculous creature whom he had ſeen ſome weeks before, in the counteſs's parlour.

He now admired, both her perſon and her mind. Her winning ſoftneſs; the vivacity of Miſs Egerton; and the kindneſs of the counteſs, beguiled him many an evening from the contemplation of melancholy ſcenes at home.

One night it came into the head of Maria Egerton to banter him about his military dreſs. "Do, for Heaven's ſake, my dear Don Quixote," cried ſhe, "let us ſee you out of your ruſty armour! I declare, I am tired of the ſight. Somehow, I do think you would be merrier out of that *cuſtomary ſuit of ſolemn black!*"

This demand was not pleaſing to the count; but he good-humouredly replied, "I knew not, till you were ſo kind as to inform me, that a man's temper depends on his clothes."

"Elſe I ſuppoſe," cried ſhe, interrupting him, "you would have changed your's before? Therefore, I expect, that you will do as I bid you now, and put on a chriſtian's coat againſt the next time you enter this houſe."

Thaddeus was at a loſs what to ſay; he only bowed; and the counteſs and Lady Sara ſmiled at her nonſenſe.

When they parted for the night, this part of the converſation paſſed off from all minds but that of Lady Tinemouth. She had conſidered the ſubject, but in a different way from Maria. Maria ſuppoſed that the handſome Conſtantine wore the dreſs of his country becauſe it was the moſt becoming. But as ſuch a whim did not correſpond with the other parts of his character, Lady Tinemouth, in her own mind, attributed this adherence to his national habit, to the right cauſe.

She remarked, that, whenever ſhe wiſhed him to meet any agreeable people at her houſe, he always declined theſe introductions

ductions under the plea of his dreſs, though he never propoſed to alter it. This conduct, added to his ſilence on every ſubject which related to the public amuſements about town, led her to conclude, that, like the baniſhed nobility of France, he was encountering the various inconveniences of poverty in a foreign land. She hoped that he had eſcaped its horrors; but ſhe could not be certain, for he always ſhifted the converſation when it too cloſely referred to himſelf.

Theſe obſervations haunted the mind of Lady Tinemouth, and made her anxious to contrive ſome opportunity in which ſhe might have this intereſting Conſtantine alone; and, by a proper management of the diſcourſe, lead to ſome avowal of his real ſituation. Hitherto, her benevolent intentions were fruſtrated by various interruptions, at various times. Indeed, had ſhe been actuated by mere curioſity, ſhe would long ago have reſigned the trial as fruitleſs; but ſincere

pity and eſteem kept her ſtill watchful, until the very hour in which her conſiderate heart was fully ſatisfied.

One morning, when ſhe was writing in her cabinet, a ſervant informed her that Mr. Conſtantine was below in the parlour. Pleaſed at this circumſtance, ſhe took advantage of a ſlight cold that affected her, and, hoping to be able to draw ſomething out of him in the courſe of a *tête-à-tête*, begged he would come to her room.

When he entered, ſhe perceived that he looked more penſive than uſual. He ſat down by her, and expreſſed his concern at her indiſpoſition. She ſighed heavily, but remained ſilent. Her thoughts were too much occupied with her benevolent plan, to decide exactly what to anſwer. She had determined to give him a curſory idea of her own unhappineſs; and thus, by her confidence, attract his.

"I hope Miſs Egerton is well?" inquired Thaddeus.

"Very well, Mr. Conſtantine. A heart at

at eaſe almoſt ever keeps the body in health. May ſhe long continue as happy as at this period, and never know the diſappointments of her friend!"

He looked at the counteſs.

"It is true, my dear ſir," continued ſhe. "It is hardly probable that the mere effect of thirty-five years could have made the inroads on my perſon which you ſee; but ſorrow has done it; and, with all the comforts you behold around me, I am miſerable. I have no joy independent of the few friends which Heaven has preſerved to me; and yet," added ſhe, "I have another anxiety united with thoſe of which I complain: ſome of my friends, who afford me the conſolation I mention, deny me the only return in my power, the office of ſharing their griefs."

Thaddeus underſtood the expreſſion of her ladyſhip's eye, and the tenderneſs of her voice, as ſhe uttered theſe words. He ſaw to whom the kind reproach was di-

rected, and he looked down confuſed and oppreſſed.

The counteſs reſumed.

"I cannot deny, what your countenance declares; you think I mean you. I do Mr. Conſtantine; I have marked your melancholy; I have weighed other circumſtances; and I am ſure that you have many things to ſtruggle with, beſides thoſe regrets, which muſt ever hang about the boſom of a brave man, who has witneſſed the deſtruction of his country.—Forgive me, if I give you pain, (added ſhe, obſerving his heightening colour,) I ſpeak from a real eſteem; I ſpeak to you, as I would to my own ſon, were he in your ſituation."

"My deareſt madam!" cried the count, overcome by her benevolence, "you have judged rightly; I have many things to ſtruggle with; I have a ſick friend at home, whom misfortune hath nearly bereft of reaſon; and whoſe wants,

are now ſo complicated and expenſive, that never till now, did I know the complete deſolation of a man, without a country or a profeſſion. For myſelf Lady Tinemouth, adverſity has few pangs; but for my friend, for an old man, whoſe deranged faculties have forgotten the change in my affairs; he who leans on me for ſupport and comfort; it is this that muſt account to your ladyſhip for thoſe inconſiſtencies in my manner and ſpirits, which are ſo frequently the ſubject of Miſs Egerton's raillery."

Thaddeus, in the courſe of this ſhort and rapid narrative, gradually lowered the tone of his voice; and, at the cloſe, covered his face with his hand. He had never before confided the hiſtory of his embarraſſments to any creature; and he thought, (notwithſtanding that it had been almoſt petitioned from him,) that he committed an outrage on the firmneſs of his character, by having, in any way, acknowledged the weight of his calamities.

Lady Tinemouth conſidered a few minutes, and then addreſſed him.

"I ſhould ill repay this generous confidence, my young friend, were I to heſitate a moment in forming ſome plan which may prove of ſervice to you. You have told me no more, dear Mr. Conſtantine, than I ſuſpected. And I had ſomething in view."—Here the counteſs ſtopped, expecting that her auditor would interrupt her. He remained ſilent, and ſhe proceeded; "you ſpoke of a profeſſion, of an employment."

"Yes, madam," returned he, taking his hand from his eyes; "I ſhould be glad to engage in any profeſſion or employment that you would recommend."

"I have little intereſt," anſwered her ladyſhip, "with people in power; therefore I cannot propoſe any thing which will in any degree ſuit with your rank; but the employment that I have in view ſeveral of the moſt illuſtrious French nobility have not diſdained to execute."

"Do

"Do not fear to mention it to me," cried the count, perceiving her reluctance; "I would attempt any thing that is not diſhonourable, to render ſervice to my poor friend."

"Well then, would you have any objection to teach languages?"

Thaddeus immediately anſwered, "None in the world."

"Then," replied her ladyſhip, greatly relieved by the manner in which he received her propoſal; "I will now tell you, that about a week ago, I paid a viſit to Lady Dundas, the widow of Sir Hector Dundas, the rich Eaſt-Indian Director. Whilſt I was there, I heard her talking with her two daughters about finding a proper maſter to teach them German. That language has become a very faſhionable accompliſhment amongſt literary ladies; and, Miſs Dundas being a member of the Blue-ſtocking Club, you inſtantly flaſhed acroſs my mind. Lady Dundas was making a thouſand objections againſt

the vulgarity of various teachers whom the young ladies propoſed; and I, deeming it a favourable opportunity, told her ladyſhip, that if ſhe could wait a few days, I would found a friend of mine, who I knew, if he would condeſcend to take the trouble, muſt be the moſt eligible perſon imaginable. Lady Dundas and the girls gladly left it to me, and I now propoſe it to you."

"And I," replied he, with a thouſand thanks, accept the taſk."

"Then I will make the uſual arrangements;" returned her ladyſhip, "and ſend you the reſult."

After half an hour's farther converſation, Lady Tinemouth became more impreſſed with the unſophiſticated delicacy and dignity of the count's mind; and he, more grateful than utterance could declare, left his reſpects for Miſs Egerton, and took his leave.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

THE next morning, whilſt Thaddeus was vainly explaining to the general, that he no longer poſſeſſed a regiment of horſe; which the poor old man wanted him to order out, to try the ſucceſs of ſome manœuvres which he had deviſed—little Nanny brought in a letter from Slaughter's, whither he had deſired Lady Tinemouth to direct. He opened it, and found theſe contents:—

"My dear ſir! ſo anxious was I to terminate the affair with Lady Dundas, that I went to her houſe laſt night. I affirmed it, as a great obligation, that you would undertake the trouble to teach her daughters; and I inſiſt, that you do not, from any romantic ideas of candour, invalidate what I have ſaid: I know the world too

well not to be convinced of the truth of Dr. Goldſmith's maxim,—" *If you be poor, do not ſeem poor, if you would avoid inſult as well as ſuffering.*"

" I told Miſs Dundas, that you had undertaken the taſk ſolely at my perſuaſion; therefore I could not propoſe other terms than a guinea for two leſſons. She is rich enough for any expence, and made no objection to my demand; beſides, ſhe preſented the incloſed, by way of entrance-money. Thus, I have ſettled all preliminaries; and you are to commence your firſt leſſon on Monday, at two o'clock.—But, before then, pray let me ſee you.

" Cannot you dine with us on Sunday? I have informed Miſs Egerton of as much of the affair as I think neceſſary, to account for your new occupation. In ſhort, good girl as ſhe is, I thought it moſt prudent to ſet her and Lady Sara on the ſame ſcent that I have done the Dundaſes; therefore do not be uneaſy on that head.

" Come to-morrow, if not before, and

you

you will give real pleaſure to your ſincere friend,

"Adeliza Tinemouth.

"*Saturday morning, Groſvenor-place.*"

Truly grateful to the active friendſhip of the counteſs, and looking at the general, who appeared perfectly happy in the proſecution of his wild ſchemes, Thaddeus exclaimed to himſelf, "By theſe means, I ſhall at leaſt have it in my power to procure all the aſſiſtance, which your melancholy ſtate requires!"

On opening the incloſed, which her ladyſhip mentioned, he found it to be a bank note for ten pounds. Both the preſent and its amount gave him pain: not having done any ſervice to earn it, he regarded the money more as a gift, than as a bond of engagement. However, he found that this delicacy, with many other painful repugnancies, muſt, at this moment, be laid aſide; and, without farther ſelf-torment, he conſigned the money to the uſe, for which he was aware the coun-

teſs intended it, namely, to provide himſelf with an Engliſh dreſs.

During theſe various reflections, he did not leave Lady Tinemouth's letter unanſwered. He thanked her ſincerely for her zeal; and declined dining with her the next day, on account of leaving his poor friend ſo long alone; but promiſed to come in the evening, when he ſhould be retired to reſt.

This excuſe was regretted by none more than Lady Sara Roos; who, having heard from Lady Tinemouth on Saturday morning, that ſhe expected Mr. Conſtantine to dinner on Sunday, invited herſelf to be one of the party. She had now ſeen him conſtantly for near a month; and, to her amazement, found, that in ſeeking to entrap him, ſhe only had enſnared herſelf. Every word he uttered, penetrated to her heart; every glance of his eyes, ſhook her frame like electricity. She had now no neceſſity to affect ſoftneſs; a young and ſeducing paſſion, imparted to her voice

and countenance all its bewitching pathos.

Thaddeus was not inſenſible to the enchantment, which this intoxicating power threw around her; but it did not reach as far as ſhe intended. He confeſſed that ſhe was a lovely woman, who might have affected his ſenſes had ſhe been free, and his heart been as in happier days. He knew that ſhe was a married woman; and, as he believed her to be a virtuous one, he could not credit the evidence of his obſervations, which would often have whiſpered to him, the language, that her ladyſhip wiſhed to convey.

When Lady Tinemouth mentioned to Lady Sara and Miſs Egerton, the great favour ſhe had conferred on the Miſs Dundaſes, by prevailing on Mr. Conſtantine to undertake the taſk of teaching them German, Lady Sara could hardly conceal her vexation. She was angry at the count for his acquieſcence, and hated

Lady

Lady Tinemouth for having made the propoſal.

Miſs Egerton laughed at the ſcrape into which Lady Tinemouth had brought his good-nature; and declared, that ſhe would tell him next day, at dinner, what a muliſh pair of miſſes he had preſumed to manage.

It was the youngeſt of theſe miſſes that excited Lady Sara's diſpleaſure. Euphemia Dundas was very pretty; ſhe had a large fortune at her diſpoſal; and what might not ſuch united temptations effect on the mind of her favourite? Torn with jealouſy, ſhe caught at the mention of his coming to dinner on the morrow; and offering to be one of the party, reſolved to put on all her charms, that ſhe might make one more eſſay, on the hitherto inſenſible ſoul of Thaddeus, before ſhe beheld him enter ſcenes ſo likely to extinguiſh her hopes.—Hopes of what? ſhe never allowed herſelf to inquire. She knew

knew that ſhe never had loved her huſband, that now ſhe hated him, and was devoted to another. To be aſſured of a reciprocal paſſion from that other, ſhe believed was the extent of her wiſh. Thinking that ſhe held her huſband's honour ſafe as her life, ſhe determined to do what ſhe liked with her heart. Her former admirers were now neglected; and, to the aſtoniſhment and admiration of the graver part of her acquaintance, ſhe relinquiſhed all thoſe diſſipated aſſemblies, in which ſhe had ſo recently been the brighteſt attraction, to ſeclude herſelf, whole evenings, by the domeſtic fire-ſide of the counteſs of Tinemouth.

Thus, whilſt the world were admiring a conduct, which they ſuppoſed would give a laſting happineſs to herſelf and to her huſband, ſhe was cheriſhing a paſſion, which might prove the deſtruction of both.

On Sunday evening, the Count Sobieſki entered Lady Tinemouth's drawing-room, juſt as Miſs Egerton ſeated herſelf

herſelf before the tea equipage. At the ſight of him, ſhe nodded her head, and called him to ſit by her. Lady Tinemouth returned the grateful preſſure of his hand. Lady Sara received him with a palpitating heart; and ſtooped her head to remove ſomething that ſeemed to incommode her foot; but this was only a feint, to hide the bluſhes which were burning on her cheek. No one obſerved her confuſion; ſo common it is, for thoſe who are the conſtant witneſſes of our actions to be the moſt ignorant of their expreſſion and tendency.

Thaddeus could not be ſo uninformed. The frequent falling of her eye, when it met his; the unequivocal intonation of her voice, and ſometimes the framing of her ſpeech, often made him ſhiver. He gladly obeyed a ſecond ſummons from the gay Maria, and drew his chair cloſe to her's.

Lady Sara obſerved his motion with a jealous pang which ſhe could not conceal;

and,

and, pulling her ſeat, as far on the oppoſite ſide as poſſible, began in ſilence to ſip her tea.

"Ye powers of gallantry!" ſuddenly exclaimed Miſs Egerton, puſhing away the table, and lifting her eye-glaſs to her eye, "I declare I have conquered! Look Lady Tinemouth; look, Lady Sara! If Mr. Conſtantine does not better become this Engliſh dreſs, than his Poliſh horribles, drown me for a falſe propheteſs!"

"You ſee I have obeyed you, madam," returned Thaddeus, bowing.

"Ah! you are in the right. Moſt men do it cheerfully, when they know that they will gain by the bargain. Now, you look like a chriſtian; before, you always reminded me of ſome ſtalking hero in tragedy."

"Yes," cried Lady Sara, forcing a ſmile, and ready to weep with mortification, "yes, and now he exhibits a ſtriking reſemblance to George Barnwell."

Maria, who did not perceive the anger

and

and ſarcaſm couched under this remark, good-humouredly replied,

"True, Lady Sara; but I don't care for his being in black: obedience was the thing I wanted, and I have it in his preſent appearance."

"Pray, Lady Tinemouth," aſked her ladyſhip, ſeeking to revenge herſelf on his alacrity to obey Miſs Egerton, the cauſe of which her jealouſy miſapprehended, "what o'clock is it? I have promiſed to be at Lady Sarum's concert by nine."

"It is not eight," returned the counteſs; "beſides this is the firſt time I have heard of your engagement. I hoped your ladyſhip would have ſpent all this evening with us?"

"No," anſwered Lady Sara, "I cannot." And ringing the bell, ſhe roſe.

"Bleſs me, Lady Sara!" cried Miſs Egerton, "you are not going? Don't you hear that it is only eight o'clock?"

Lady Sara, buſying herſelf about tying her

her cloak, affected not to hear her, and told the ſervant who opened the door, to order her carriage.

Lady Tinemouth, much ſurpriſed at this precipitation, but far from gueſſing the cauſe, requeſted the count to ſee her ladyſhip down ſtairs.

"I would rather not," cried ſhe in a quick voice; and, darting out of the room, was followed by Thaddeus; who got up with her flying footſteps, juſt as ſhe reached the ſtreet door. He haſtened paſt her, to aſſiſt her into the carriage, and ſaw, by the light of the flambeaux, her face ſtreaming with tears. He had already extended his hand as ſhe approached, when her ladyſhip, inſtead of accepting it, ſtruck it down with her left hand; and, whilſt he ſtood motionleſs with aſtoniſhment, jumped into the carriage, and, with an indignant tone, ordered it to Berkeley-ſquare. He remained ſtupified for a few minutes, looking after her; then returned into the houſe, too

well

well able to tranſlate the meaning of all this petulance.

When he re-aſcended the ſtairs, Lady Tinemouth expreſſed her wonder at the whimſical departure of her friend; but, as Thaddeus (who was really diſturbed) returned a vague reply, the ſubject ended.

Miſs Egerton, who hardly thought two minutes on the ſame thing, ſent away the tea-board; and, ſitting down by the count, exclaimed,

"Mr. Conſtantine, I hold it right, that no man ſhould be thrown into a den of wild beaſts, without knowing what kind of monſters he ſhall meet there. Hence, as I find that you have undertaken the taming of that *urſa major*, Lady Dundas, and her cubs, I muſt tell you what they are like.—Will you hear me?"

"Certainly."

"Will you attend to my advice?"

"If I like it."

"Ha!" replied ſhe, returning his ſmile with another; "that is juſt ſuch an anſwer

as

as I would have made myſelf, ſo I won't quarrel with you. Lady Tinemouth, you will allow me to draw your friends' pictures?"

"Yes, Maria, provided you don't make them caricatures. Remember, your candour is at ſtake; to-morrow, Mr. Conſtantine will judge for himſelf."

"And I am ſure he will agree with me. Now, Lady Dundas, if you pleaſe? I know that your ladyſhip is a great ſtickler for precedence."

Lady Tinemouth laughed, and interrupted her.

"I declare, Maria, you are a very daring girl. What do you not riſk, by giving way to this ſatirical ſpirit?"

"Not any body's love that I value, Lady Tinemouth; *you* know that I never *daub* a *fair* character; *Mr. Conſtantine* takes me on your credit; and, if you mean *Charles Montresor*, he is as bad as myſelf, and dare not for his life have any qualms."

"Well,

"Well, well, proceed," cried her ladyſhip, "I will not interrupt you again."

"Then," reſumed ſhe, "I muſt begin with Lady Dundas. In proper hiſtorical ſtyle, I ſhall commence with her birth, parentage, and education. For the firſt, my father told me, that he remembers her, when ſhe was the maid of Governor Sefton's wife, at Surat. Soon after their arrival, this pretty Abigail, by ſome means cajoled old Hector Dundas, (who was then exerciſing the ſame command over ſome other Indian province,) to marry her. When ſhe came back to England, ſhe coaxed her fooliſh huſband, to appropriate ſome of his ill-gotten riches to the purchaſe of a baronetcy. I ſuppoſe, the appellation *Miſtreſs* put her in mind of her *ci-devant* ſervantſhip; and, in a happy hour, he complied, and ſhe became *my lady*. That over, Sir Hector had nothing more to do in this world. He was ſo good as to think ſo himſelf; and, to add to his former obligations, had the civility

to

to walk out of it; for one night, whether he had been dreaming of his feats in India I cannot affirm, but he marched out of his bed-room window and broke his neck. Ever ſince that fortunate event, Lady Dundas has exhibited the fineſt parties about town. And though ſhe is as vulgar as ſhe is rich, every body goes to ſee her; but whether in compliment to their own taſte, or her ſilver muſlins, I don't know, for there are half a dozen titled ladies of her acquaintance, who, to my certain knowledge, have not bought a ball-dreſs this twelvemonth. Well, how do you like Lady Dundas?"

"I do not like your ſketch," replied Thaddeus, with a ſecret ſigh, that from ſuch a woman he was to receive an obligation.

"Come, don't ſigh about my veracity;" interrupted ſhe, "I do aſſure you, I ſhould have been more correct, had I been more ſevere; for, ſhe is as ill-natured as ſhe is vulgar, and as preſumptuous as

ignorant; in ſhort, ſhe is a fit mother for the delectable Miſs Dundas, whoſe deſcription you ſhall have in two queſtions. Can you imagine Socrates in his wife's petticoats? Can you imagine a pedant, a ſcold, and a coquette, in one woman? If you can, you have a foretaſte of Diana Dundas. She is large and ugly, and thinks herſelf delicate and handſome; ſhe is ſelf-willed and ignorant, and believes that ſhe is wiſe and learned; for, unhappily, ſhe has wriggled herſelf amongſt the *blue ſtockings;* and, to ſum up all, ſhe is the moſt malicious creature breathing."

"My dear Maria," cried Lady Tinemouth, laying her hand on her arm, and alarmed at the effect her high colouring might have on the mind of Thaddeus; "for Heaven's ſake be temperate! I never heard you ſo unbecomingly harſh in my life."

Miſs Egerton peeped archly in her face.

"Are

"Are you ſerious, Lady Tinemouth? You know that I would not look unbecoming in your eyes. Come, ſhake hands with me, and I will be more merciful to the gentle Euphemia, for I intend that Mr. Conſtantine ſhall be her lover. Won't you?" cried ſhe, reſigning her ladyſhip's hand. Thaddeus ſhook his head. "I don't underſtand your Lord Burleigh nods; anſwer me in words, when I have finiſhed; for I am ſure you will immediately unclaſp your heart to receive the ſweet creature. She is ſo tiny and ſo pretty, that I never ſee her without thinking of ſome gay little trinket, all over precious ſtones. Her eyes are two diamond ſparks, melted into luſtre; and her teeth, ſeed pearl, lying between rubies. So much for the caſket; but for the quality of the jewel within, I leave you to make the diſcovery."

Miſs Egerton having run herſelf out of breath, ſuddenly ſtopped. Thaddeus, ſeeing that he was called upon to ſay

ſomething, made an anſwer, which only drew upon him a new volley of raillery. Lady Tinemouth tried to avert it, but ſhe failed; and Maria continued, with very little interruption, until the party ſeparated for the night.

Now that the count thought himſelf ſecure of the means of payment, he ſent the next day to conſult a phyſician reſpecting the ſituation of the general. When Dr. Cavendiſh ſaw and converſed with the venerable Butzou, he gave it as his opinion, that the malady had originated in grief.

"I can too well ſuppoſe that," replied Thaddeus.

"Then," rejoined the phyſician, "I fear, ſir, that unleſs I know ſomething of its cauſe, my viſits will prove almoſt uſeleſs."

The count was ſilent. The doctor reſumed—

"I ſhall be grieved, if his ſorrows be of too delicate a nature to be truſted with a man

man of honour: for, in theſe caſes, unleſs we have ſome knowledge of the ſprings of the madneſs, we loſe much time, and perhaps entirely fail of a cure. Our diſcipline is addreſſed, both to the body and mind of the patient."

Thaddeus perceived the neceſſity of compliance, and did ſo without farther heſitation.

" The calamities, ſir, which have occaſioned the derangement of my friend, need not be any ſecret; too many have ſhared them with him; his ſorrows have been public ones. You muſt learn by his language, Dr. Cavendiſh, that he is a foreigner and a ſoldier; he held the rank of general in the king of Poland's ſervice. Since the period in which his country fell, his wandering ſenſes have approximated to what you ſee."

Dr. Cavendiſh pauſed for a moment, before he anſwered the count; then, fixing his eyes upon the veteran, who was ſitting at the other end of the room, form-

ing the model of a fortified town, he ſaid—

"All that we can do, at preſent, ſir, is to permit him to follow his ſchemes without contradiction; meanwhile, ſtrengthening his ſyſtem with proper medicines, and lulling its irritation by gentle opiates. We muſt proceed cautiouſly, and I truſt, in Heaven, that ſucceſs will crown us at laſt."

When the doctor had written his preſcription, and was preparing to go, Thaddeus offered him his fee; but the good Cavendiſh taking the hand that preſented it, and cloſing it on the guinea, "No, my dear ſir," ſaid he, "real patriotiſm is too much the idol of my heart, to allow me to receive payment when I behold her face. Suffer me, Mr. Conſtantine, to viſit you and your brave friend as a friend, or I never come again?"

"Sir, this generous conduct to ſtrangers."

"Generous to myſelf, Mr. Conſtantine,

and

and not to ſtrangers; I cannot conſider you as ſuch; for men, who devote themſelves to their country, muſt find a brother in every honeſt breaſt. I will not hear of our meeting on any other terms."

Thaddeus could not immediately form a reply adequate to the ſentiment which the generoſity and philanthropy of the doctor awakened. Whilſt he ſtood, incapable of ſpeaking, Cavendiſh, with one glance of his penetrating eye, decyphered his countenance; and, giving him a friendly ſhake by the hand, diſappeared.

The count took up his hat; and, muſing all the way he went, on the unexpected ſcenes we meet in life; diſappointment where we expected kindneſs, and friendſhip where no hope could ariſe; he arrived at the door of Lady Dundas, in Harley-ſtreet.

He was inſtantly let in; and, with much ceremony, uſhered into a ſplendid library, where he remained, in expectation of his pupils. Before they entered, they allowed

him ſufficient time, to examine its coſtly furniture, its glittering book-caſes, bird-cages, globes, and reading-ſtands, all ſhining with burniſhed gilding; its plaſter caſts of the nine muſes, which ſtood in nine receſſes about the room, draperied with blue net looped up with artificial roſes; and, on each ſide of a fine cut-ſteel Rumford ſtove, were placed, on ſandal-wood pedeſtals, two five-feet ſtatues of Apollo and Minerva.

Thaddeus had twice walked round theſe fopperies of learning, when the door opened, and Lady Dundas, dreſſed in a morning-wrapper made of Indian ſhawls, waddled into the apartment. She neither bowed nor curtſied to the count, who was ſtanding when ſhe entered, but looking at him from head to foot, ſaid, as ſhe paſſed, "So you are come;" and, ringing the bell, called to the ſervant in no very ſoft tones, "Tell Miſs Dundas, that the perſon Lady Tinemouth ſpoke of is here." Her ladyſhip then ſat down cloſe to the fire,

fire, in one of the little gilded chairs, leaving Thaddeus ſtill ſtanding on the ſpot where he had bowed to her entrance.

"You may ſit down," cried ſhe, not deigning to look at him, and ſtirring the fire; "for my daughter may not chooſe to come this half hour."

"I prefer ſtanding," replied the count, who could have laughed at the accuracy of Miſs Egerton's picture, had he not prognoſticated many diſagreeables to himſelf, from the ill manners, of which this was a ſpecimen.

Lady Dundas took no farther notice of him. Turning from her bloated countenance, (which pride, as well as high eating, had ſwoln from prettineſs to deformity,) he walked to a window, and ſtationed himſelf there, looking into the ſtreet, until the door was again opened, and two ladies made their appearance.

"Miſs Dundas," cried her ladyſhip, "here is the young man who is to teach you German."

Thaddeus bowed; the younger of the ladies curtſied; and ſo did the other, not forgetting to accompany ſuch condeſcenſion with a toſs of the head, that the effect of undue humility might be done away.

Whilſt a ſervant was ſetting chairs round a table, on which was painted the judgment of Hercules, Lady Dundas again opened her lips.

"Pray, Mr. Thingumbob, have you brought any grammars, and primers, and dictionaries, and ſyntaxes, with you?"

Before he had time to reply in the negative, Miſs Dundas, with a frown, interrupted her mother.

"I wiſh, madam, that you would leave the arrangement of my ſtudies to myſelf. Does your ladyſhip think, that we would learn out of any book, which had been touched by other people? Thomas," cried ſhe, to a ſervant, "ſend Stevens hither."

Thaddeus ſilently contemplated this ſtrange mother and daughter, whilſt the

pretty

pretty Euphemia paid the ſame compliment to him. During his ſtay, he ventured to look once only, at her Sylphid figure. There was an unreceding ſomething in her liquid blue eyes, when he chanced to meet them, which diſpleaſed him; and he ſaw, that, from the inſtant ſhe entered the room, ſhe had never ceaſed ſtaring in his face.

He was a little relieved, by the maid putting the books on the table: and Miſs Dundas, taking a ſeat, deſired him to ſit down by her, and arrange the leſſons. Lady Dundas was drawing to the other ſide of the count, when Euphemia ſuddenly whiſking round, puſhed before her mother, and actually elbowed her out with this exclamation—

"Dear mamma! you don't want to learn!" and ſhe ſqueezed herſelf upon the edge of her mother's chair; who, very angrily, getting up, declared, that rudeneſs to a parent, was intolerable from ſuch well-bred young women; and left the room.

Euphemia bluſhed at this reproof, more than at her conduct; and Miſs Dundas added to her confuſion, by giving her a ſecond reprimand. Thaddeus, who pitied the evident embarraſſment of the little beauty, to relieve her, preſented to her the page in the German grammar with which they were to begin. This had the deſired effect, and for an hour and a half they proſecuted their ſtudies with cloſe attention.

Whilſt the count continued his directions to her ſiſter, and then turned his addreſs to herſelf, Miſs Euphemia, wholly unſeen by him, with a bent head, was affecting to hear him, though at the ſame time ſhe looked obliquely through her thick flaxen ringlets; and gazing with wonder and admiration on his face, as it inclined towards her, ſaid to herſelf, "If this man were a gentleman, I ſhould think him the moſt charming creature in the world."

"Will your taſk be too long, madam?" enquired

enquired Thaddeus, "will it give you any inconvenience to remember?"

"To remember what?" aſked ſhe, for in truth ſhe had neither ſeen what he had been pointing at, nor heard what he had been ſaying.

"The leſſon, madam, that I have juſt been propoſing."

"Shew it to me again, and then I ſhall be a better judge."

He did as he was deſired; and was taking his leave, when ſhe called after him,

"Pray, Mr. Conſtantine, come to morrow at two. I want you particularly."

The count bowed and withdrew.

"And what do you want with him to-morrow, child?" aſked Miſs Dundas, "you are not accuſtomed to be ſo fond of improvement."

Euphemia knew very well what ſhe was accuſtomed to be fond of; but not chuſing to let her auſtere ſiſter into her predilection for the contemplation of ſuperior beauty,

beauty, ſhe merely anſwered, "You know, Diana, that you often reproach me for my abſurd devotion to novel reading, and my repugnance to graver books; now I want at once to be like you, a woman of great erudition; and, for that purpoſe, I will ſtudy day and night at the German, till I can read all the philoſophers, and be a fit companion for my ſiſter."

"This ſpeech from Euphemia, (who had always been ſo declared an enemy to pedantry, as to affirm, that ſhe learnt German, merely, becauſe it was the faſhion,) would have awakened Miſs Dundas to ſome ſuſpicion of a covert deſign, had ſhe not been in the habit of taking down ſuch large draughts of adulation, that where herſelf was the ſubject of encomium, ſhe gave it full confidence. Euphemia, who ſeldom adminiſtered theſe doſes, but to ſerve particular views, ſeeing, in the preſent caſe, that a little flattery was neceſſary, felt no compunction in ſacrificing ſincerity to the gratification of her caprice.

Weak

Weak of underſtanding, ſhe had fed on works of imagination, until her mind loathed all other kind of food. Not content with devouring the elegant pages of Mackenzie, Weſt, and De Genlis, ſhe flew with voracious appetite, to ſate herſelf on the "garbage" of any circulating library that fell in her way.

The effects of ſuch a taſte were ſoon exhibited in her manners. Being very pretty, ſhe became very ſentimental. She dreſſed like a wood nymph; and talked, as if her ſoul were made up of love and ſorrow: though neither of theſe emotions ſhe knew by experience, nevertheleſs, ſhe was ever the victim of ſome ill-fated paſſion; at leaſt ſhe fancied herſelf, at different periods, in love with all the fine men about town.

By this management, ſhe kept faithful to her favourite principle, that "*love was a want of her ſoul!*" As it was the rule of her life, it ever trembled on her tongue; ever introduced the confeſſion of any new attach-

attachment, which uſually happened three times a year, to her dear friend Miſs Arabella Rothes. Fortunately for the longevity of their mutual friendſhip, owing to the compulſion of an old uncle, this young lady lived in an ancient houſe, forty miles to the north of London. This latter circumſtance proved a pretty diſtreſs for their pens to deſcant on, and Arabella remained a moſt charming ſentimental writing ſtock, to receive the catalogue of Miſs Euphemia's lovers; indeed, that gentle creature might have matched every lady in Cowley's calendar with a gentleman. Every throb of her heart could have acknowledged a different maſter. Firſt, the faſhionable ſloven, Auguſtus Somers, lounged and ſauntered himſelf into her good graces; but his diſhevelled hair, ſoiled linen, and dirty great coat, not exactly meeting her ideas of an elegant lover, ſhe gave him up at the end of three weeks. The next object her eyes fell upon, as moſt oppoſite to her former fancy, was the charming

marquis

marquis of Inverary. But here all her arrows failed, for ſhe never could extract more than a *how d'ye do?* from him, through the long lapſe of four months; during which time ſhe continued as conſtant to his fine figure, and her own folly, as could have fallen to the lot of any poor deſpairing damſel. However, my lord was ſo cruel, ſo perfidious, as to allow ſeveral opportunities to paſs, in which he might have declared his paſſion; and ſhe told Arabella, in a letter of ſix ſheets, that ſhe would bear it no longer.

She put this wiſe reſolution in practice; and had already played the ſame game with half a ſcore, (the laſt of whom was a young guardſman, who had juſt rode into her heart, by managing his ſteed, with the air of an Alexander, every day in Hyde Park,) when Thaddeus made his appearance before her.

The moment ſhe fixed her eyes on him, her inflammable imagination was ſet in a blaze. She forgot his apparent ſubordinate

quality,

quality, in the nobleneſs of his figure; and, once or twice, that evening, whilſt ſhe was flitting about the ſparkling cynoſure of the dutcheſs of Orkney's maſquerade, her thoughts hovered over the handſome foreigner.

She viewed the ſubject, firſt one way and then another, and in her ever-varying mind, "*he was every thing by turns, and nothing long;*" but at length ſhe argued herſelf into a belief, that he muſt be a man of rank from ſome of the German courts, who having ſeen her ſomewhere unknown to herſelf, had fallen in love, and perſuaded Lady Tinemouth to introduce him as a language-maſter to her family, that he might be enabled to appreciate the diſintereſtedneſs of her diſpoſition.

This wild idea having once gotten into her head, received inſtant credence. She reſolved, without ſeeming to ſuſpect it, to treat him as his quality deſerved, and to deliver ſentiments in his hearing, which ſhould charm him with their delicacy and generoſity.

With

With theſe chimeras floating in her brain, ſhe returned home, went to bed, and dreamed that Mr. Conſtantine had turned out to be *Monſieur*, had offered her his hand, and that ſhe was conducted to the altar by a train of princes and princeſſes, his brothers and ſiſters.

She awoke the next morning from theſe deliriums, in an extacy, deeming them prophetic; and, taking up her book, began, with a fluttering attention, to ſcan the leſſon which Thaddeus had deſired her to learn.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

THE following day at noon, as the count Sobieſki was croſſing over Cavendiſh-ſquare, to keep his appointment in Harley-ſtreet, he was met by Lady Sara Roos. She had ſpoken with the Miſs Dundaſes the night before, at the maſquerade; where diſcovering the pretty Euphemia through the dreſs of Eloiſa, her jealous and incenſed heart could not withſtand the temptation of hinting at the captivating Abelard, whom ſhe had elected to direct her ſtudies. Her ladyſhip ſoon penetrated into the ſituation of Euphemia's heated fancy; and drew from her, without betraying herſelf, that ſhe expected to ſee her maſter the following day. Lady Sara, ſtung to the ſoul, immediately quitted the rooms, and, in a proxyſm of diſappointment, determined

to

to throw herſelf in his way as he went to their houſe.

With this hope ſhe had already been traverſing the ſquare upwards of an hour, when her anxious eye, at laſt caught a view of his figure, proceeding along Margaret-ſtreet. Hardly able to ſupport her tottering frame, ſhaken as it was with contending emotions, ſhe accoſted him firſt; for he was paſſing ſtraight onwards, without looking to the right or the left. On ſeeing her ladyſhip he ſtopped, and expreſſed his pleaſure at the meeting.

"If you *really* are pleaſed to meet me," ſaid ſhe, forcing a ſmile, "take a turn with me round the ſquare. I want to ſpeak with you."

Thaddeus bowed, and her ladyſhip put her arm through his, but remained ſilent for a few minutes, in evident confuſion. The count recollected that it muſt now be quite two. He knew the awkwardneſs of making the Miſſes Dundas wait; and, notwithſtanding his reluctance to appear

impatient with Lady Sara, he found himſelf obliged to ſay,

"I am ſorry that I muſt urge your ladyſhip to honour me with your commands, for it is already paſt the time when I ought to have been with the Miſs Dundaſes."

"Yes," cried Lady Sara angrily, "Miſs Euphemia told me as much; but Mr. Conſtantine, as a friend, I muſt warn you againſt her arts; as well as againſt thoſe of another lady, who would do well to correct the boldneſs of her manner."

"Whom do you mean, madam?" interrogated Thaddeus, ſurpriſed at her warmth, and totally at a loſs to conjecture to whom ſhe alluded.

"A little reflection would anſwer you," returned ſhe, wiſhing to retreat from an explanation, yet ſtimulated by her double jealouſy to proceed; "She may be a good girl, Mr. Conſtantine, and I dare ſay ſhe is; but a woman who has promiſed her hand to another, ought not to flirt with you.

What

What buſineſs had Miſs Egerton to command you to wear an Engliſh dreſs? But ſhe muſt now ſee the danger of her conduct, by your having preſumed to obey her."

"Lady Sara!" exclaimed the count, much hurt at this ſpeech, "I hardly underſtand you; yet I believe I may venture to affirm, that in all which you have juſt now ſaid, you are miſtaken. Who can witneſs the general frankneſs of Miſs Egerton, or liſten to the candid manner with which ſhe avows her attachment to Mr. Montreſſor, and conceive that ſhe poſſeſſes any thoughts, which would not do her honour to reveal? And for myſelf," added he, lowering the tone of his voice, "I truſt, the leaſt of my faults is preſumption. It never was my character to preſume on any lady's condeſcenſion; and if dreſſing as ſhe deſired, be deemed an inſtance of that kind, I can declare upon my word, had I not found other motives beſides her raillery, my appear-

appearance ſhould not have ſuffered any change."

"Are you ſincere, Mr. Conſtantine?" cried Lady Sara, now ſmiling with pleaſure.

"Indeed, I am; and happy, if my explanation have met with your ladyſhip's approbation."

"Mr. Conſtantine," reſumed ſhe, "I have no motive but one, in my diſcourſe with you; friendſhip." And, caſting her eyes down, ſhe ſighed profoundly.

"Your ladyſhip does me honour."

"I would have you regard me with the ſame confidence that you pay Lady Tinemouth. My father poſſeſſes the firſt patronage in this country; therefore I have it a thouſand times more in my power than ſhe has, to render you a ſervice."

Here her ladyſhip overſhot herſelf: ſhe had not calculated well on the nature of the mind ſhe wiſhed to enſnare.

"I am grateful to your generoſity," replied

plied Thaddeus; "but on this head I muſt decline your kind offices. Whilſt I conſider myſelf the ſubject of one king, though he be in a priſon, I will not accept of any employment under another who is in alliance with his enemies."

Lady Sara diſcovered her error the moment he had made his anſwer; and, in a diſappointed tone, exclaimed, "Then you deſpiſe my friendſhip!"

"No, Lady Sara; it is an honour far beyond my merits: and my gratitude to Lady Tinemouth muſt be doubled, when I recollect, that I poſſeſs it through her means."

"Well," cried her ladyſhip, "have that as you will; but I expect as a ſpecimen of your confidence in me, that you will be wary of Euphemia Dundas. I know that ſhe is artful and vain, and finds amuſement in attracting the affections of men; and then, notwithſtanding her affected ſenſibility, ſhe turns them into a ſubject for laughter."

 "I thank

"I thank your ladyſhip," replied the count; "but in this reſpect, I think that I am ſafe, both from the lady and myſelf."

"How?" aſked Lady Sara, rather too eagerly, "is your heart?"—She pauſed, and looked down.

"No, madam;" replied he, ſighing as deeply as herſelf, but with his thoughts far from her, and the object of their diſcourſe; "I have no place in my heart to give to love. Beſides, the quality in which I appear at Lady Dundas's, would preclude the vaineſt man alive, from ſuppoſing, that ſuch behaviour from any lady to him, could be poſſible. Therefore, I am ſafe; though I acknowledge my obligation to your ladyſhip's caution."

Lady Sara was ſatisfied with the firſt part of this anſwer. It declared that his heart was unoccupied; and as he had accepted her proffered friendſhip, ſhe doubted not, but that when aſſiſted by more frequent diſplays of her faſcinations, ſhe could deſtroy its lambent nature, and,

in

in the end, light up in his boſom a ſimilar fire to that which conſumed her own.

The almoſt unconſcious object of all theſe deſires began, internally, to accuſe his vanity of being too fanciful in the formation of ſuſpicions, which on a former occaſion, he had believed himſelf forced to admit; and, bluſhing at a quickneſs of perception, which his contrition nominated a weakneſs, he found himſelf at the bottom of Harley-ſtreet.

Lady Sara called her ſervant to walk nearer to her; and, telling Thaddeus, that ſhe ſhould expect to meet him the next evening at Lady Tinemouth's, wiſhed him good morning.

He was certain that he muſt have ſtaid at leaſt half an hour beyond the time when he had promiſed to be with the ſiſters. Anticipating very haughty looks, and, perhaps, a reprimand, he knocked at the door, and was again ſhewn into the library. Miſs Euphemia was ſitting alone.

The count offered ſome indiſtinct ex-

cuſe for having made her wait, but Euphemia, with good-humoured alacrity, interrupted him.

"O pray, don't mind; you have made nobody wait but me, and I can eaſily forgive it; for mamma and my ſiſter choſe to go out at one, it being May-day, to ſee the chimney-ſweepers dine at Mrs. Montague's. They did as they liked; and I preferred ſtaying at home to repeat my leſſon."

Thaddeus, thanking her for her indulgence, ſat down, and, taking the book, began to queſtion her. Not one word could ſhe recollect. She ſmiled.

"I am afraid, madam, that you have never thought of it ſince yeſterday morning?"

"Indeed I have thought of nothing elſe; you muſt forgive me; I am very ſtupid, Mr. Conſtantine, at learning languages, and German is ſo harſh—at leaſt to my ears! Cannot you teach me any other thing? I ſhould like to learn of

you

you of all things, but do think of ſomething elſe beſides this odious jargon! Cannot you teach me how to read poetry elegantly? Shakſpeare, for inſtance; I doat upon Shakſpeare!"

"That would be ſtrange preſumption, in a foreigner."

"No preſumption in the leaſt," cried ſhe, "if you can do it, pray begin! there is Romeo and Juliet."

Thaddeus puſhed away the book with a ſmile.

"I cannot do it. I underſtand him with as much eaſe, as you, madam, will ſoon do German, if you apply; but I cannot pretend to read him aloud."

"Dear me, how vexatious! But I ſhall hear you read ſomething. Do, take up that Werter. My ſiſter got it from the Pruſſian Ambaſſador, and he tells me it is ſweeteſt in its own language."

The count opened the book.

"But you will not underſtand a word of it."

"I don't care for that; I have it by heart in Engliſh; and if you will only read his laſt letter to Charlotte, I know I can follow you in my own mind."

To pleaſe this whimſical little creature, Thaddeus turned to the letter, and read it forward with a pathos, that was natural to his voice and character. When he came to an end, and cloſed the volume, the cadence of his tones, and the lady's memory, did ample juſtice to her ſenſibility. She looked up, and ſmiling through her watery eyes, which glittered like violets wet with dew, drew out her perfumed handkerchief, and wiping them, ſaid:

"I thank you, Mr. Conſtantine. You ſee, by this irrepreſſible emotion, that I feel Goethië, and did not aſk you a vain favour."

Thaddeus bowed, for he was at a loſs to gueſs, what kind of a reply could be expected by ſuch a ſtrange creature.

She continued:

"You

"You are a German, Mr. Conſtantine. Did you ever ſee Charlotte?"

"Never, madam."

"I am ſorry for that; I ſhould have liked to have heard what ſort of a beauty ſhe was. But, don't you think ſhe behaved cruelly to Werter? Perhaps you knew him?"

"No, madam; this lamentable ſtory happened before I was born."

"How unhappy for him! I am ſure you would have made the moſt charming friends in the world! Have you a friend, Mr. Conſtantine?"

The count looked at her with ſurpriſe. She laughed at the expreſſion of his countenance.

"I don't mean ſuch friends as one's father, mother, ſiſters, and relations; moſt people have enough of them. I mean a tender confiding friend, to whom you unboſom all your ſecrets; who is your other ſelf, a ſecond ſoul! In ſhort,

a creature in whoſe exiſtence you forget your own!"

Thaddeus followed, with his eyes, the heightened colour of the fair enthuſiaſt; who, accompanying her rhapſody, with action expreſſive as her words, had to repeat her queſtion, "*have you ſuch a friend?*" before he found recollection to anſwer her in the negative.

The count, who never had been uſed to ſuch extravagant behaviour in a woman, would have regarded Miſs Euphemia Dundas as little better than inſane, had he not been prepared by Miſs Egerton's deſcription; and he now acquieſced in her deſire, to detain him another hour; half amuſed, and half wearied, with her aimleſs and wild fancies. But here he was miſtaken, her fancies were not aimleſs; his heart was the game ſhe had in view; and ſhe determined, that a deſperate attack ſhould make it her own, in return for the deep wounds, which ſhe had

had received, from every tone of his voice, whilſt reading the Sorrows of Werter.

Thaddeus ſpent near a fortnight in the conſtant exerciſe of his occupations. In the mornings, until two, he prepared thoſe drawings, by the ſale of which he was empowered to pay the good Mrs. Robſon, for her care of his friend. And he hoped, that when the ladies in Harley-ſtreet ſhould think it time to defray any part of their now large debt to him, he might be enabled to liquidate the very long bill of his friend's apothecary. But the Miſſes Dundas poſſeſſed too much money to think of its utility; they uſed it as counters; for they had no conception, that to other people, it was the purchaſer of almoſt every comfort. Their comforts came ſo certainly, that they ſuppoſed they grew, of neceſſity, out of their ſituation; and that their great wealth owned no other commiſſion, than to give ſplendid parties, and buy fine things. Their golden ſhower being exhaled by the ſame power of va-

nity, by which it had been ſhed, they as little regarded its diſperſion, as they had marked its fall.

Hence, theſe amiable ladies, never once recollected, that their maſter ought to receive ſome weightier remuneration for his viſits, than the honour of paying them; and, as poets tell, that all honours are atchieved by much hardihood, ſo theſe two ſiſters, though in different ways, ſeemed reſolved, that Thaddeus ſhould purchaſe his diſtinction with adequate pains.

Notwithſtanding that Miſs Dundas continued very remiſs in her leſſons, ſhe unrelentingly required the count's attendance; and, ſometimes not in the moſt gentle language, reproached him for a backwardneſs, which ſhe owed entirely to her own inattention and ſtupidity. The fair Diana would have been the moſt learned woman in the world, could ſhe have found any fine-lady path to the temple of ſcience; but the goddeſs who preſides there, being only to be won by arduous

duous climbing, poor Miſs Dundas, like the indolent monarch, who made the ſame demand of the philoſophers, was obliged to lay the fault of her own ſlippery feet on the weakneſs of her conductors.

As Thaddeus deſpiſed her moſt heartily, he bore ill-humour from that quarter with unſhaken equanimity. But the pretty Euphemia was not ſo eaſily managed: ſhe had now completely given up her fanciful ſoul to this prince in diſguiſe; and already began to act a thouſand extravagancies. Diana, without ſuſpecting the object, ſoon diſcovered that ſhe was in one of her love fits. Indeed ſhe cared nothing about it; and, leaving her to purſue the paſſion as ſhe liked, poor Euphemia, according to her cuſtom, when labouring under this whimſical malady, addicted herſelf to ſolitude. This romantic taſte ſhe generally indulged, by taking her footman to the gate of the green in Cavendiſh ſquare, where he ſtood until ſhe performed a penſive ſaunter up and

down the walk. After this, ſhe returned, adjuſted her hair in the Madona faſhion, becauſe the count had, one day, admired the female head in a holy family, by Guido, over the chimney-piece; then, ſeating herſelf in ſome becoming attitude, ſhe uſually waited, with her eyes conſtantly turning to the door, until the object of theſe pains preſented himſelf. She impatiently watched all his motions and looks, whilſt he attended to her ſiſter; and, the moment he was done, ran over her own leſſons with greater volubility than clearneſs. This finiſhed, ſhe ſhut the books, and employed the remainder of the time, in tranſlating a number of little mottoes into German, which ſhe compoſed for boxes, baſkets, and other frippery.

One day, when the count, as uſual, was tired to death with making common ſenſe out of ſo much nonſenſe, Euphemia, obſerving that Diana was at the other end of the room with the honourable Mr. Laſ-

celles,

celles, (for Miſs Dundas, to give an eclat to her new ſtudies, had lately opened her library door to morning viſitors,) thought that ſhe might do what ſhe wiſhed without detection; and haſtily drawing a folded paper from her pocket, ſhe deſired Thaddeus to take it home, and tranſlate it into what language he liked.

The count, ſurpriſed at her manner, held it in his hand.

"Put it in your pocket," added ſhe, in a hurrying voice, "elſe my ſiſter will ſee it, and aſk what it is!"

Thaddeus, full of wonder, obeyed her; and the little beauty, having executed her ſcheme, ſeemed quite intoxicated with delight. When he was preparing to withdraw, ſhe called to him, and aſked him when he ſhould ſee Lady Tinemouth.

"This evening, madam."

"Then," returned ſhe, "tell her ladyſhip that I ſhall come and ſit half an hour with her to-night; and here," added ſhe, running up to him, "preſent her that roſe

roſe with my love." Whilſt ſhe put it into his hand, ſhe whiſpered, in a low voice, "and you will tell me what you think of thoſe verſes which I have given you."

Thaddeus bluſhed, and bowed. He hurried out of the houſe into the ſtreet; as if, by that haſte, he could altogether have gotten out of a dilemma, to which he feared all this fooliſh myſtery of Euphemia was only the introduction.

Though the count Sobieſki was, of all men in the world, perhaps, the leaſt inclined to vanity; yet he muſt have been alſo the moſt ſtupid, if he had not been convinced, by this time, of the criminal attachment of Lady Sara. Added to this diſagreeable certainty, he more than half dreaded a ſimilar folly in Miſs Euphemia.

Can a man ſee himſelf the daily object of a pair of melting eyes; hear everlaſting ſighs at his entrance and departure; day after day receive tender, though covert, addreſſes about diſintereſted love; can he

he witneſs all this, and be ſincere, when he affirms that it is the language of indifference? If that be poſſible, the count Sobieſki has no pretenſions to modeſty. He comprehended the '*diſcourſing*' of Miſs Euphemia's '*eye*,' alſo the tendency of the love-ſick mottoes, which, under various excuſes, ſhe put into his hand; and, with many a ſmile mixed with pity, he contemplated her childiſh abſurdity.

A few days prior to that in which ſhe made this appointment with the count, ſhe preſented to him another of her devices, which ran thus:—"Frighted Love, like a wild beaſt, ſhakes the wood in which it hides."

Thaddeus almoſt laughed at the oddity of this conceit.

"Do, dear Mr. Conſtantine," cried ſhe, "tranſlate it into the ſweeteſt French you can; for I mean to have it put into a medallion, and to give it to the perſon whom I moſt value on earth!"

There was ſomething ſo truly ridiculous

in

in the ſentence, that, reluctant to allow even Miſs Euphemia to expoſe herſelf ſo far, he conſidered a moment how he ſhould make any thing ſo bad, better, and then ſaid, "I am afraid I cannot tranſlate it literally: but ſurely, madam, you can do it yourſelf!"

"Yes, but I like your French better than mine; ſo ſet about it."

He had done the ſame kind of thing a hundred times, and, without farther parley, wrote as follows:

"L'amour, tel qu'une biche bleſſée, ſe trahit lui-même par ſa crainte, qui fait remuer le feuillage qui le couvre."

"Bleſs me, how pretty!" cried ſhe, and immediately put it into her boſom.

To this unlucky addition of the words *ſe trahit lui-même*, Thaddeus was indebted for the preſent of the folded paper. The ever-working imagination of Euphemia, in a moment ſeized the inſerted thought as a delicate avowal, that he was the wounded deer, which he had ſubſtituted in place of the

the wild beaſt; and, as ſoon as he arrived at home, he found the effects of her miſtake in the packet, which ſhe had given with ſo much ſecrecy.

When he broke the ſeal ſomething dropped out, and fell on the carpet. He took it up, and bluſhed like ſcarlet, on finding a gold medallion, with the words he had altered for Miſs Euphemia engraved on blue enamel. With an agitated hand he next looked at the envelope; it contained a copy of verſes, with this line written at the top,

"To him who will apply them."

On peruſing farther, he found them to be Mr. Phillips' beautiful tranſlation of that ode of Sappho, which runs:

"Bleſt as the immortal gods is he;
"The friend who fondly ſits by thee,
"And hears and ſees thee all the while,
"Softly ſpeak, and ſweetly ſmile!

"'Twas

" 'Twas this depriv'd my ſoul of reſt,
" And rais'd ſuch tumults in my breaſt;
" For while I gaz'd, in tranſport toſt,
" My breath was gone, my voice was loſt.

" My boſom glow'd; the ſubtle flame
" Ran quick through all my vital frame;
" O'er my dim eyes a darkneſs hung;
" My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

" In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd;
" My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
" My feeble pulſe forgot to play:
" I fainted, ſunk, and dy'd away!"

" EUPHEMIA."

Thaddeus threw both them and the medallion together on the table, and ſat for a few minutes, conſidering how he ſhould extricate himſelf from an affair ſo truly farcical.

He was thinking of at once giving up the taſk of attending either of the ſiſters, when, his eyes falling on the uncomplaining but melancholy features of his poor friend, he exclaimed, "No; for thy ſake, gallant

gallant Butzou, I will brave every ſcene, however abhorrent to my heart!"

Well aware, from obſervation on Miſs Euphemia, that the ſeeming tenderneſs, which prompted an act ſo wild and unbecoming, originated in mere caprice, he did not heſitate in determining, to return the things in as handſome a manner as poſſible, and, by ſo doing, at once cruſh the whole affair. He felt no pain in forming theſe reſolves; becauſe he ſaw, that not one impulſe of her conduct ſprung from her heart. It was a whim raiſed by him to-day, which might be ſuperſeded by another to-

But how different was the caſe with regard to Lady Sara! Her uncontrolled nature could not long brook the reſtraints of friendſhip. Every attention that he gave to Lady Tinemouth, every civility that he paid to Miſs Egerton, or to any other lady whom he met at the counteſs's, went like a dagger to her ſoul; and, whenever ſhe could gain his ear in private, ſhe generally made

made him ſenſible of her miſery, and his own unhappineſs in being its cauſe, by reproaches, which too unequivocally proclaimed their ſource.

He now ſaw that her ladyſhip had given way to a dangerous and headſtrong paſſion; and, allowing for the politeneſs which is due from his ſex, he tried by an appearance of the moſt ſtubborn coldneſs, and an obſtinate perverſity in ſhutting his apprehenſion againſt all her ſpeeches and actions, to ſtem a tide which threatened her with ruin.

Lady Tinemouth at laſt began to open her eyes to the perilous ſituation of both her friends. Highly as ſhe eſteemed Thaddeus, ſhe knew not the extent of his integrity. She had lived too long about the court of Great Britain; and had ſeen too many men from the courts of the continent, to place much reliance on the honour of a ſingle and unattached young man, when aſſailed by rank, beauty, and love.

Alarmed

Alarmed at what might be the reſult of her obſervations, and fearing to loſe any time, ſhe had that very evening, in which ſhe expected the count to ſupper, drawn out of Lady Sara the unhappy ſtate of her heart.

The dreadful confeſſion was made by her ladyſhip, with repeated ſhowers of tears, and in paroxyſms of agony, which pierced the counteſs to the ſoul.

"My dear Lady Sara," cried ſhe, "for Heaven's ſake, remember your duty to Captain Roos!"

"I ſhall never forget it!" exclaimed her ladyſhip, ſhaking her head mournfully, and ſtriking her breaſt with her clenched hand; "I never look on the face of Conſtantine, that I do not execrate from my heart, the vows which I have ſworn to Roos; but I have bound myſelf his property; and, though I hate him, whatever it may coſt me, I will never forget, that my faith and honour are my huſband's."

Lady

Lady Tinemouth, with a countenance, bathed in tears, put her arms round the waiſt of Lady Sara, who now ſat motionleſs, with her eyes fixed on the fire.

"Dear Lady Sara! that was ſpoken like yourſelf. Do more; abſtain from ſeeing Mr. Conſtantine."

"Don't require of me, that!" cried her ladyſhip. "I could eaſier rid myſelf of exiſtence. He is the very eſſence of my happineſs. It is only in his company, that I forget, that I am a wretch."

"This is obſtinacy, my dear Lady Sara! This is courting danger."

"Lady Tinemouth, urge me no more on the ſubject. Is it not enough," continued ſhe, ſullenly, "that I am miſerable? Would you drive me to deſperation! If there be danger, you brought me into it."

"I!"

"Yes, you, Lady Tinemouth; you introduced him to me."

"But

"But you are married. Handſome and amiable as he is, could I ſuppoſe ——."

"Nonſenſe!" cried her ladyſhip, interrupting her, "you know that I am married to a mere fool! But it is not becauſe Conſtantine is handſome, that I like him. No; though no human form can come nearer to perfection, yet it was not that: it was you. You, and Maria Egerton, were always telling me of his bravery; what wealth and honours he had ſacrificed in the ſervice of his country; how nobly he ſuccoured the diſtreſſes of others; how heedleſs he was of his own. This fired my imagination, and won my heart. No, it was not his beauty; I am not ſo deſpicable!"

"Dear Lady Sara, be calm!" entreated her ladyſhip, completely at a loſs how to manage a ſpirit, whoſe violence exceeded her conception; "Think, my dear friend, what horrors you would experience, if Mr. Conſtantine were to diſcover this predilection, and preſume upon it! You know,

where

where even the beſt of men are vulnerable."

The eyes of Lady Sara ſparkled with pleaſure at this ſurmiſe of the counteſs.

"Why ſurely, Lady Sara!" exclaimed Lady Tinemouth, doubtingly.

"Don't fear me, Lady Tinemouth; I know my own dignity too well to do any thing diſgraceful; yet I would acquire the knowledge that he loves me, at almoſt any price. But he is cold," added ſhe, ſinking again into deſpondence, "he is a piece of obſtinate petrefaction, which heaven itſelf could not melt!"

Lady Tinemouth was glad to hear this account of Thaddeus; and began to take a little confidence from his ſide; but juſt as ſhe was preparing to ſpeak farther, the drawing-room door opened, and Miſs Euphemia Dundas was announced.

Lady Sara gave the little beauty ſuch a withering look, when ſhe expreſſed her amazement at not ſeeing Mr. Conſtantine, that, had her ladyſhip's eyes been Meduſean,

ſean, poor Euphemia would, ever after, have ſtood there, a ſtone ſtatue of diſappointment.

Mean-while, the count having ſeen Dr. Cavendiſh, and received a favourable opinion of his friend, wrote the following note to Miſs Euphemia; and then arranged his dreſs, before he proceeded to Groſvenor Place.

"To Miſs Euphemia Dundas.

"Mr. Conſtantine very much admires the taſte of Miſs Euphemia Dundas, in the choice of thoſe verſes, which ſhe did him the honour of requeſting he would tranſlate into the moſt expreſſive language; and he has to the utmoſt of his abilities, obeyed her commands in Italian, thinking that the beſt adapted, both for verſification and the ſubject.

"Mr. Conſtantine equally admires the ſtyle of the medallion, which Miſs E. Dundas condeſcended to encloſe for his

inſpection, and aſſures her that the letters are correct."

When the count entered Lady Tinemouth's drawing-room, he ſaw that his young *enamorata* was already arrived, and in cloſe converſation with the counteſs. Lady Sara, now that the diſcovery was made, thought it unneceſſary to put any reſtraint on her temper before her ladyſhip. Seating herſelf alone on a ſofa, ſhe was inwardly upbraiding Conſtantine, for what ſhe termed an abſolute aſſignation with Euphemia, when his name was announced.

Her half reſentful eyes, yet ſwimming in the tears, which her diſcourſe with Lady Tinemouth had occaſioned, ſought his averted face, which was regarding Miſs Dundas with a look of ſurpriſe and diſguſt. This pleaſed her; and the more ſo, as he only ſlightly bowed to her rival, ſhook the counteſs by the hand, and then return-

returning, took his ſtation beſide her on the ſofa.

She would not truſt her triumphant eyes to wander towards Lady Tinemouth, but immediately aſked him ſome trifling queſtion. At the ſame moment, Euphemia tapped him on the arm with her fan, and inquired how it happened that ſhe had arrived firſt.

He anſwered Lady Sara. Euphemia impatiently repeating her demand, "How did it happen that I arrived firſt?"—"I ſuppoſe, madam," replied he, ſmiling, "becauſe you were ſo fortunate as to ſet out firſt. I do not believe, that I am ever with Lady Tinemouth before eight; and now, it wants five minutes of the hour. But had I been ſo happy as to have preceded you, I ſhould certainly have executed your commands, and have delivered your meſſage and preſent to Lady Tinemouth. I hope your ladyſhip will permit me to do it now?" ſaid he, riſing, and taking Euphemia's roſe from his button as he ap-

proached the counteſs ;—" Miſs Euphemia Dundas has done me the honour to make me the bearer of *ſweets to the ſweet ;* and thus I ſurrender my truſt." He bowed, and put the flower into Lady Tinemouth's hand, who ſmiled, and thanked Euphemia. But the little beauty bluſhed like her own roſe ; and murmuring within herſelf, at the literal mind of her favourite, whom ſhe thought as handſome as Cimon, and as ſtupid too, ſhe flirted her fan, and aſked Miſs Egerton, whether ſhe had read Charlotte Smith's laſt delightful novel.

The evening paſſed off more agreeably to the count, than he had augured from the ſcene that preſented itſelf on his entrance. Lady Sara always gave him pain ; Miſs Euphemia teaſed him to death ; but, to-night, the ſtorm which had agitated the breaſt of her ladyſhip, having ſubſided into thoughtfulneſs, it imparted ſo abſtracted an air to her ever lovely countenance, that Sobieſki, merely to elude

elude communication with Euphemia, remained near her; and by paying thoſe attentions, which he could not avoid, he ſo deluded the wretched Lady Sara, as to ſubdue her melancholy into that enchanting ſoftneſs, which rendered her the moſt captivating of women.

The only perſon preſent who did not approve the change was Lady Tinemouth. At every diſſolving ſmile of her Circean ladyſhip, ſhe beheld the intoxicating cup at the lips of Thaddeus, and dreaded its effect. Euphemia was too buſily employed, repeating ſome new poems; and too intenſely dreaming of what her tutor might ſay on the verſes and medallion; to obſerve the dangerous aſcendancy which the ſuperior charms of Lady Sara might acquire over the breaſt of Conſtantine. Indeed, ſhe had no ſuſpicion of finding a rival in her ladyſhip; and when a ſervant announced the arrival of her mother's coach, and ſhe ſaw by her watch,

that it was twelve o'clock, ſhe roſe reluctantly, exclaiming,

"I dare ſay ſome plaguing people have arrived, who are to ſtay with us, elſe mamma would not have ſent for me ſo ſoon."

"I call it late:" ſaid Lady Sara, who would not loſe any opportunity of contradicting her, "So I will thank you, Mr. Conſtantine," addreſſing herſelf to him, "to hand me to my coach at the ſame time."

Euphemia bit her lip at this movement of her ladyſhip; and followed her down ſtairs, reddening with anger. She got into her carriage, but would not ſuffer the ſervant to cloſe the door until ſhe had ſeen Lady Sara ſeated in hers; then, calling to Mr. Conſtantine, ſhe deſired him to come into the coach.

Lady Sara leaned her head out of the window. As ſhe ſaw the man whom ſhe loved, ſtep into Lady Dundas's carriage, ſhe,

ſhe, in her turn, bit her lips almoſt through with vexation.

"Home, my Lady?" aſked the ſervant, touching his hat.

"No, not till Miſs Dundas's coach drives on."

Miſs Euphemia deſired Thaddeus to come in for a moment; and reluctantly he obeyed.

"Mr. Conſtantine!" cried the pretty ſimpleton, trembling with expectation, "have you opened the paper I gave you?"

"Yes, madam," returned he, holding the door open, and widening it with one hand as he ſpoke—whilſt, with the other, he preſented his note, "and I have the honour, in that paper, to have executed your commands."

Euphemia caught it eagerly; and Thaddeus immediately leaping out, wiſhed her a good night, and hurried back into the houſe. Whilſt the carriages drove away, he aſcended to the drawing-room to take leave of the counteſs.

Lady Tinemouth, ſeated on the ſofa, was leaning thoughtfully againſt one of its arms, when he re-entered. He approached her.

"I wiſh you a good night Lady Tinemouth."

She turned her head.

"Mr. Conſtantine, I wiſh you would ſtay a little longer with me! My ſpirits are diſturbed, and I am afraid it will be near morning before Maria returns from Richmond. Theſe rural balls are ſad diſſipated amuſements!"

Thaddeus laid down his hat, and took a ſeat by her ſide.

"I am happy, dear Lady Tinemouth, at all times to be with you; but I am ſorry to hear, that you have met with any thing to diſcompoſe you. I was afraid, when I came in, that ſomething diſagreeable had happened; your eyes—"

"Alas! if my eyes were always to ſhew when I have been weeping, they might ever be telling tales!" Her lady-

ſhip

ſhip paſſed her hand acroſs her eyes, as ſhe ſpoke, and added, "we may think on our ſorrows with an outward air of tranquillity; but we cannot always ſpeak of them, without ſhewing that the ſubject gives us agitation."

"Ah, Lady Tinemouth!" exclaimed the count, drawing cloſer to her, "Could not even your ſenſible heart eſcape calamity?"

"To cheriſh a ſenſible heart my young friend," replied ſhe, "is not a very effectual way to oppoſe the preſſure of affliction. On the reverſe, ſuch a temper extracts unhappineſs from cauſes, which might eſcape diſpoſitions of leſs ſuſceptibility. Ideas of ſenſibility, and ſympathy, are pretty toys for a novice to play with; but change thoſe wooden ſwords into weapons of real mettle, and you will find the points through your heart, before you are aware of the danger. At leaſt, I found it ſo. Mr. Conſtantine, I have frequently promiſed to explain to you,

the reaſon of the ſadneſs, which ſo often tinges my converſation; indeed, I know not when I ſhall be in a fitter humour to indulge myſelf at your expence, for I never was more wretched, never ſtood more in need of the conſolation of a friend."

She covered her face with her handkerchief, and remained ſo for ſome time. Thaddeus preſſed her hand ſeveral times, and waited in reſpectful ſilence until ſhe recommenced.

" Forgive me, my dear ſir; I am very low to-night—very nervous. Having encountered two or three diſtreſſing circumſtances to-day, theſe tears relieve me. You have heard me ſpeak of my ſon, and of my lord; yet I never collected reſolution to recount, how we were ſeparated. This morning, I ſaw my ſon paſs my window, he looked up, but the moment I appeared, he turned away, and haſtened down the ſtreet. Though I have received many ſtronger proofs of diſlike, both from his

his father and himſelf, yet, ſlight as this offence may ſeem, it pierced me to the heart. O, Mr. Conſtantine, to know that the child to whom I gave life, regards me with abhorrence, is dreadful—is beyond even the anxious partiality of a mother, either to excuſe or palliate!"

"Perhaps, dear Lady Tinemouth, you misjudge Lord Harwold; he may be under the commands of his father, and yet, inwardly, long to ſhew you his affection and duty."

"No, Mr. Conſtantine, your heart is too good to know what may be the guilt of another. Gracious Heaven! am I obliged to ſpeak ſo of my own ſon! He who was my darling! He who once loved me ſo dearly! But, hear me, my dear ſir; you ſhall judge for yourſelf; and you will wonder that I am now alive to endure more. I have ſuffered by him, by his father, and by a dreadful woman, who not only tore my huſband and children from me, but ſtood by till I was beaten to the

ground. Yes, Mr. Conſtantine, any humane man would ſhudder, as you do, at ſuch an aſſertion; but it is too true. Soon after Lady Sophia Lovel became the miſtreſs of my Lord, and perſuaded him to take my ſon from me, I heard that the poor boy had fallen ill through grief, and lay ſick at his lordſhip's houſe in Hampſhire. I heard he was dying. Imagine my agonies. Wild with diſtreſs, I flew to the lodge, and forgetful of any thing but my child, was haſtening acroſs the park, when I ſaw this woman, this Lady Sophia, approaching me, followed by two female ſervants. One of them carried my daughter, then an infant, in her arms; and the other, a child of which this unnatural wretch had recently become the mother. I was flying towards my little Albina to claſp her to my heart, when Lady Sophia caught hold of my arm. Her voice now rings in my ears. 'Woman!' cried ſhe, 'leave this place, or you ſhall be compelled to do ſo.'

"Strug-

" Struggling in vain to break from her, I implored, only to be permitted to embrace my child; but ſhe held me faſt, and, regardleſs of my cries, ordered both the women to return into the houſe. Driven to deſpair, I dropped on my knees, conjuring her, by her feelings as a mother, to allow me for one moment to ſee my dying ſon; and that I would promiſe, by my hopes of everlaſting happineſs, to cheriſh her child as my own, ſhould it ever ſtand in need of a friend. The horrid woman only laughed at my prayers, and left me lying in a ſwoon upon the graſs. When I recovered, the firſt objects I beheld were my Lord and Lady Sophia ſtanding near me, and myſelf in the arms of a man ſervant, whom they had commanded to carry me outſide of the gate. At the ſight of my huſband, I ſprang to his feet, when, with one dreadful blow of his hand, he knocked me to the ground. Merciful providence! I wonder that I retained my ſenſes! I beſeeched

beſeeched him to give me a ſecond blow, that I might ſuffer no more.

"'Take her out of my ſight,' cried he, 'ſhe is mad.'

"I was taken out of his ſight, more dead than alive; and led by his pitying ſervants to an inn, where I was afterwards confined three weeks with a brain fever. From that hour, I never knew a day of health."

Thaddeus was ſhocked beyond utterance, at this relation. The paleneſs of his countenance being the only reply he made to her ladyſhip, ſhe reſumed.

"I have gone out of order. I propoſed to inform you clearly of my ſituation, but the principal outrage of my heart roſe immediately to my lips. I will commence regularly, if I can methodize my recollection.

"The Earl of Tinemouth married me from paſſion: I will not ſanctify his emotions by the name of affection; though," added

added ſhe, forcing a ſmile, whilſt turning her head towards the looking-glaſs, ſhe put aſide the crape veil which ſhaded her face, "theſe faded features too plainly declare, *that of all mankind, I loved but him alone!*" "I was juſt fifteen when he came to viſit my father, who lived in Berkſhire. My father, Mr. Cumnor, and his father, Lord Harwold, had been friends at college. My lord, then Mr. Stanhope, was young, handſome, and captivating. He remained the autumn with us; and at the end of that period, declared an affection for me, which my own heart too readily anſwered. About this time he received a ſummons from his father, and we parted. Like moſt girls of my age, I cheriſhed an unconquerable baſhfulneſs againſt admitting any confidant in my attachment; hence my parents knew nothing of the affair, until it burſt upon them in the crueleſt ſhape.

"About two months after Mr. Stanhope's departure, a letter arrived from him,

urging

urging me to fly to Scotland. He alleged as a reaſon for ſuch a ſtep, that his grandfather, the Earl of Tinemouth, inſiſted on his forming an union with Lady Sophia Lovel, who was a young widow, and the favourite niece of the moſt powerful nobleman in the kingdom. Upon this demand, he told the earl, on whom his affections were placed. His lordſhip, whoſe paſſions were thoſe of a madman, broke out into ſuch horrible execrations, of myſelf and family, as Mr. Stanhope confeſſed, made him forget his duty; and he peremptorily ſwore, that no power on earth ſhould compel him, either to marry ſo notorious a woman as Lady Sophia Lovel, or to give up me. He concluded, with repeating his entreaties that I would conſent to go with him to Scotland. The ſubject of this letter alarmed me, and I ſhewed it to my parents. My father anſwered it in a manner befitting his own character, but he irritated the impetuous paſſions of my lover, almoſt to phrenzy. In ſhort, in a

paroxyſm of rage, he flew to his grandfather, upbraided him with the ruin of his happineſs; and ſo exaſperated the old man, that he drew his ſword upon him; and had it not been for the interference of Lord Harwold, a moſt fatal cataſtrophe might have enſued. To end the affair at once, Lord Harwold, whoſe gentle nature embraced the mildeſt meaſures, obtained the earl's permiſſion to ſend Mr. Stanhope abroad.

"Meanwhile, I was upheld by my father, who is now no more, in firmly rejecting my lover's entreaties for a private marriage. As Stanhope's grandfather was equally deaf to all compromiſe, he at length was perſuaded, by his excellent father, to accompany a relation to France.

"At the end of a few weeks, Mr. Stanhope began to regard his couſin as a ſpy; and after a violent quarrel they parted, no one knowing to what quarter my lover directed his ſteps. I believe I was the firſt who heard any tidings of him. I

remember

remember well, it was in 1771, about three and twenty years ago, that I received a letter from him; (O! how legibly are theſe circumſtances written in my memory!) it was dated from Italy, where he told me that he had reſided in abſolute retirement, during the period of his baniſhment, under the aſſumed name of Sackville."

At this name, Thaddeus evinced the moſt violent emotions of horror; and, with every feature fixed in diſmay, fell back on the ſofa.

The counteſs caught hold of his hand.

"What is the matter? For Heaven's ſake! what is the matter?"

The bolt of indelible diſgrace had ſtruck to his heart; it was ſome minutes before he could recover; but when he did ſpeak, he ſaid, "Pray go on, madam. I am ſubject to ſpaſms in my breaſt. Pray forgive me, and go on; I ſhall become better as you proceed."

"No, my dear friend; I will quit my diſmal ſtory at preſent, and reſume it ſome other time."

"Pray,

"Pray, continue it now," rejoined Thaddeus; "I ſhall never be more fit to liſten. Do, I entreat you."

"Are you ſincere in your requeſt? I fear I have already tired you."

No; I am ſincere; let me hear it all. Do not hold back any thing which relates to that barbarian Engliſhman who married *you!*"

"Alas, he did," reſumed her ladyſhip; "for when he returned, which was in conſequence of the earl of Tinemouth's death, my father was alſo dead, who might have ſtood between me and my inclinations, and ſo preſerved me from many ſucceeding ſorrows. I ſealed my fate, and became his wife.

"The father of my huſband was now earl of Tinemouth; and, as he had never been averſe to our union, he preſented me with a cottage on the banks of the Wye, where I paſſed three delightful years, the happieſt of womankind. My huſband, my mother, and my infant ſon, formed my felicity;

felicity; and greatly I prized it; too greatly to be allowed a long continuance!

"At the end of this period, ſome gay friends came down to viſit us. When they returned to town, they perſuaded my lord to be one in the party. He went, after much entreaty, becauſe he expected that I ſhould be confined in the courſe of three weeks. And, from that fatal day all my ſufferings took their riſe.

"Lord Harwold, inſtead of being with me in a fortnight, as he had promiſed, procraſtinated his abſence, under various excuſes, from week to week, during which interval my Albina was born. Day after day I anticipated the delight of putting her into the arms of her father; but ſhe was three months old before he appeared; and, ah! how changed. He was gloomy to me, uncivil to my mother, and hardly looked at the child."

Lady Tinemouth ſtopped at this part of her narrative to wipe away her tears. Thaddeus was ſitting forward to the table, leaning

leaning on his arm, with his hand covering his face. The counteſs was grateful for an exceſs of ſympathy, which ſhe did not expect; and taking his other hand, as it lay motionleſs on his knee, "What a conſolation would it be to me," exclaimed ſhe, "durſt I entertain a hope, that I may one day behold, but half of this pity in my ſon!"

Thaddeus only preſſed her hand, he did not venture to reply; he could not tell her that ſhe deceived herſelf even here, that he did not deplore only her misfortunes, but owed the agonies which were ſhaking him, to the injuries of his own mother, whom the villanous conduct of this very earl, under the name of Sackville, had devoted to a life of ſorrow. He had derived exiſtence from the huſband of Lady Tinemouth! The conviction humbled him, cruſhed him, and trod him to the earth.

The counteſs reſumed,—

"It would be impoſſible, my dear ſir,

to

to deſcribe to you the gradual changes which aſſured me, that I had loſt the heart of my huſband. Before the end of the winter, he left me again; and I ſaw him no more, until that hour when he ſtruck me to the ground.

"Lord Tinemouth came into Monmouthſhire about ſix weeks after I parted with my lord. I was ſurpriſed and rejoiced to ſee my good father-in-law; but how ſoon were my emotions driven into a different courſe! He revealed to me, in the tendereſt manner poſſible, that, during Lord Harwold's firſt viſit to town, he had, unknown to him, been in the habit of ſpending entire evenings with Lady Sophia Lovel.

"'This woman,' added he, 'is the moſt artful creature breathing. In ſpite of her acknowledged diſhonour, you well know that my deceaſed father would gladly have married her to my ſon; and now, it ſeems, actuated by revenge, ſhe reſents Lord Harwold's refuſal of her hand,

hand, by ſeducing him from his wife. Alas! I am too well convinced that the errors in my ſon's temper bear a ſtrict analogy with thoſe of his grandfather. Impatient of contradiction, flattery can mould him to what ſhape it pleaſes. Lady Sophia has diſcovered theſe weak points in his character; and, I am informed by his ſteward, that ſhe has perſuaded him, that you impoſe on his affection, by detaining him from the world. This argument muſt have been well ſeconded by other faſcinations, for in regard to beauty ſhe is only moderate; yet ſhe has ſucceeded, and my deluded ſon has accompanied her to Spain.'

"You may imagine, Mr. Conſtantine, my diſtraction at this intelligence. I was like one frantic; and Lord Tinemouth fearing to truſt me in ſuch deſpair out of his ſight, brought us all with him to London. In leſs than four months afterwards, I was deprived of this ineſtimable friend by a paralytic ſtroke. His death

death ſummoned the new earl to England. Whilſt I lay on a ſick bed, into which I had been thrown by the ſhock, my lord and his miſtreſs arrived.

"They immediately aſſumed the command of my lamented protector's houſe, and ordered my mother to clear it directly of me. My heart-broken parent obeyed, and I was carried, in a ſenſeleſs ſtate, to a lodging in the neareſt ſtreet. But, when this dear mother returned for my children, neither of them were permitted to ſee her. The malignant Lady Sophia, actuated by an inſatiable hatred of me, eaſily wrought on my frantic huſband, (for I muſt believe him mad,) to detain them entirely. A ſhort time after this, that dreadful ſcene happened, which I have before deſcribed.

"Year ſucceeded year, during which time I received many cruel inſults from my huſband, many horrible ones from my ſon; for I had been adviſed to inſtitute a ſuit againſt my lord, in which I only pleaded

pleaded for the return of my children. I loſt my cauſe, owing, I hope, to bad counſel, not to the laws of my country. I was adjudged to be ſeparated from the earl, with a maintenace of ſix hundred a-year, which he hardly pays. I was tied down never to ſpeak to him, his ſon, or his daughter. Though this ſentence was paſſed, I never acknowledged its juſtice, but wrote ſeveral times to my children. Lord Harwold, who is too deeply infected with his father's cruelty, has either returned my letters unopened, or with inſulting replies. For my daughter, ſhe keeps an undeviating ſilence; and I have not even ſeen her, ſince that moment, when ſhe was hurried from my eyes in Tinemouth Park.

" In vain her brother tries to convince me that ſhe deteſts me; I will not believe it; and the hope, that ſhould I ſurvive her father, I may yet embrace my child, has been, and will be, my ſource of com-

fort until it be fulfilled, or I bury my diſappointment in the grave."

Lady Tinemouth put her handkerchief to her eyes, which were again flowing with tears. Thaddeus thought he muſt ſpeak, if he would not betray an intereſt in her narrative, which he determined no circumſtance ſhould ever humble him to reveal; and, raiſing his head from his hand, unconſciouſly diſcovered to the counteſs, his dry and blood-ſhot eyes, fluſhed cheek, and convulſed lip.

"Kind, ſympathizing Conſtantine, ſurely ſuch a heart as thine never would bring ſorrow to the breaſt of a virtuous huſband!"

Theſe were her ladyſhip's thoughts, though ſhe did not give them utterance. Thaddeus roſe from his ſeat.

"Farewell, Lady Tinemouth," ſaid he, taking his hat, "may Heaven bleſs you, and pardon your huſband!"

Then graſping her hand, with what he intended ſhould be a preſſure of friend-

ſhip, but which his internal tortures rendered almoſt intolerable, he haſtened down ſtairs, opened the outward door, and got into the ſtreet.

Unknowing and heedleſs whither he went, with the ſteps of a man driven by the furies, he traverſed firſt one ſtreet, and then another. As he went along, in vain the watchmen reminded him, by their cries, that it was paſt three o'clock; he ſtill wandered on, forgetting that it was night, that he had any home, any deſtination.

His father was diſcovered! That father, who, notwithſtanding his guilt, he had entertained a latent hope, ſhould they ever meet, might produce ſome excuſe, for having been betrayed into an act diſgraceful to a man of honour. But when all theſe filial dreams were blaſted by the conviction that he owed his being to the huſband of Lady Tinemouth; that his mother was the victim of a profligate; that he had ſprung from a man, who was

not merely a villain, but the moſt wanton, the moſt deſpicable of villains; he ſaw himſelf bereft of hope, and overwhelmed with ſhame and horror.

Full of reflections, which none other than a ſon in ſuch circumſtances can conceive, he was loſt amidſt the obſcure alleys of Tottenham-court-road, when loud and frequent cries recalled his attention. A quantity of ſmoke, with flaſhes of light, led him to ſuppoſe that they were occaſioned by a fire; and, a few ſteps farther, the tremendous ſpectacle burſt upon his ſight.

It was a houſe, from the windows of which the flames were breaking out with the moſt alarming rapidity; whilſt the people around, were either ſtanding in ſtupified aſtoniſhment, or uſeleſsly ſhouting for engines and aſſiſtance.

At the moment in which the Count arrived, two or three naked wretches, juſt eſcaped from their beds, were flying from ſide to ſide, making the air echo with their ſhrieks.

"Will nobody ſave my children?" cried one of them, approaching Thaddeus, and wringing her hands in an agony; "Will nobody take them from the fire?"

"Where ſhall I ſeek them?" replied he.

"Oh! in that room," exclaimed ſhe, pointing, "the flames are already there; they will be burnt! they will be burnt!"

The poor woman was hurrying franticly forward, when the Count ſtopped her, and giving her in charge to a bye-ſtander, "Take care of this woman," cried he: "I will ſave her children, if poſſible." Darting through the open door,—in defiance of the ſmoke and danger, he made his way to the children's room: where, almoſt ſuffocated by the ſulphureous cloud that ſurrounded him, he at laſt found the bed, but it only contained one of the children. This he inſtantly caught up in his arms, and was haſtening down ſtairs, when the cries of the

the other, from a diſtant part of the building, made him heſitate; but, thinking it better to ſecure one, than to hazard both by lingering, he got into the ſtreet juſt as a poſt-chaiſe had ſtopped to inquire the particulars of the accident. The carriage door being open, and Thaddeus ſeeing people in it, without ſaying a word, threw the ſleeping infant into their laps, and haſtened back into the houſe, where he hoped to reſcue the other before the fire could increaſe.

The flames having now made a dreadful progreſs, and ſcorched his face, hands, and clothes, as he flew from room to room, following the ſhrieks of the child, who ſeemed to change its ſituation with every exertion that he made to reach it. At length, when every moment he expected the houſe would ſink under his feet, he directed his ſteps, as a laſt attempt along a paſſage, which he had not before obſerved, and, to his great joy, beheld the object of his ſearch, flying down

down a back ſtair-caſe. The boy ſprung into his arms; and Thaddeus, turning round, leaped from one landing-place to another, until he found himſelf in the ſtreet, and ſurrounded by a concourſe of people.

He ſaw the poor mother claſp the reſcued child to her breaſt; and, whilſt the ſpectators were loading her with congratulations, he left the crowd;—and proceeded homewards, with a warmth at his heart, which made him forget, in the joy of a benevolent action, that petrifying ſhock, which had been occaſioned by the vices of one too nearly allied to his being, to be hated without horror.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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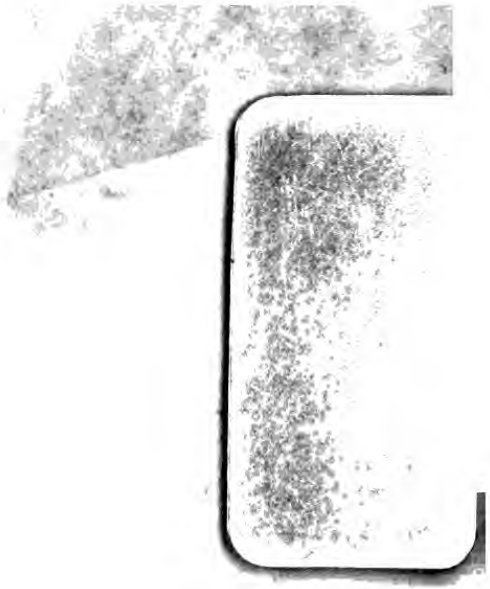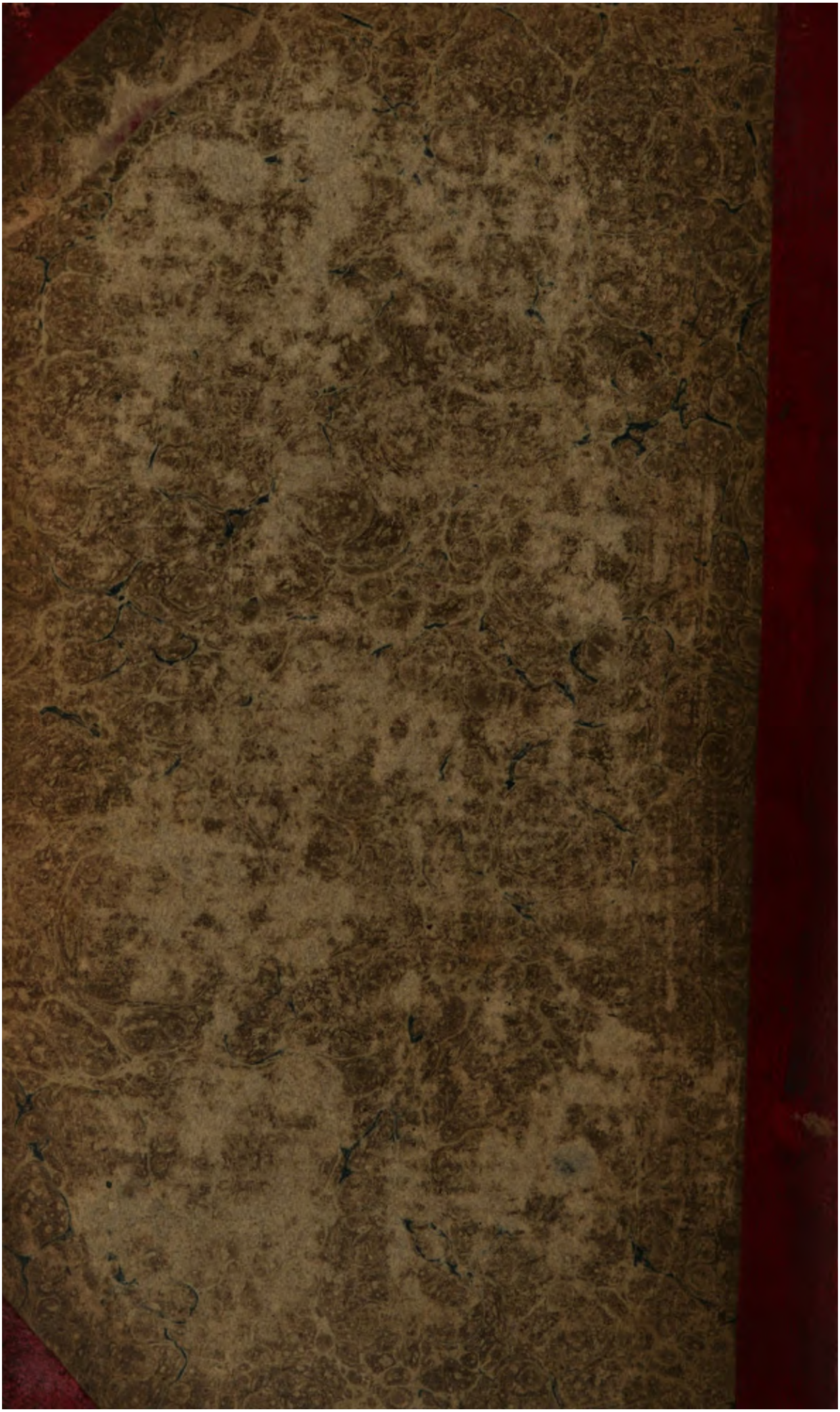
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