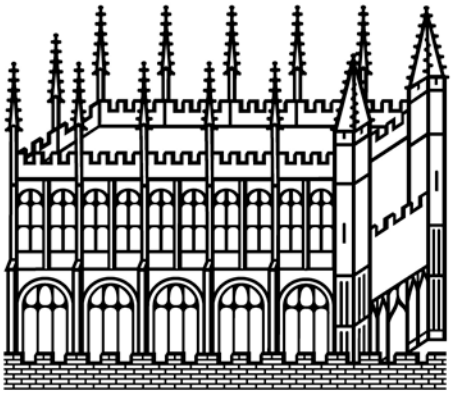


Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

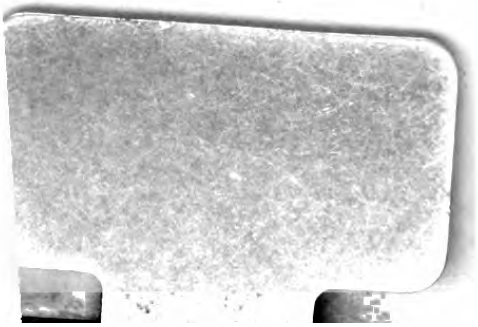
For more information see:

http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks

This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

Bt. from A. Boyle

2542 e. 2605



Mary Clarke

THADDEUS

OF

WARSAW.

VOL. I.

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

CAMPBELL.

BY

MISS PORTER.

THE FIFTH EDITION.

LONDON:

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 victoire,
Il gémit de ſa propre gloire,
Si la paix n'en eſt pas le fruit.

BY

MISS PORTER.

THE FIFTH EDITION.

LONDON:

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

1809.

CRITIQUES ON THIS WORK.

" This work has more merit than can be aſcribed to the crowd of productions of this claſs, and inculcates virtuous and magnanimous ſentiments. It is inſcribed to Sir Sidney Smith, in a well managed addreſs." *Monthy Review, Feb.* 1804.

" Miſs Porter has availed herſelf of a very intereſting period in hiſtory for the foundation of her tale. Often have we felt our heart rent by indignation and pity, at the diſmemberment of Poland and the cruel fate of Staniſlaus. Truth and fiction are blended with much propriety in theſe Volumes; and we have turned with ſincere pleaſure the pages that praiſe the valour of Koſciuſzko; and recount, though but as a novel, the adventures of Sobieſki. *Critical Review, Sept.* 1803.

" Thaddeus is a work of genius, and has nothing to fear at the candid bar of taſte; he has to receive the precious meed of ſympathy from every reader of unſophiſticated ſentiment and genuine feeling." *Imperial Review, Feb.* 1804.

BODLEIAN
P
MAR 1952
LIBRARY

Strahan and Preſton,
Printers-Street, London.

THADDEUS OF WARSAW.

CHAP. I.

THE large and magnificent palace of Villanow, which ſtands on the northern bank of the Viſtula, was the favourite reſidence of John Sobieſki, King of Poland. That monarch, after having delivered his country from innumerable enemies, reſcued Vienna, and ſubdued the Turks, uſed to retire to this place at certain ſeaſons, and there diſpenſed thoſe effects of his luminous and benevolent mind, which rendered his name great, and his people happy.

When Charles the Twelfth of Sweden viſited the tomb of Sobieſki, at Cracow, he exclaimed, "What a pity that ſo great a man ſhould ever die!" Another gene-

ration ſaw the ſpirit of this lamented hero revive in the perſon of his deſcendant, Conſtantine, Count Sobieſki; who, in a comparatively private ſtation, as palatine of Maſovia, and the friend, rather than the lord, of his vaſſals, evinced by his actions, that he was the inheritor of his forefather's virtue, as well as of his blood.

He was the firſt Poliſh nobleman, who granted freedom to his peaſants. He threw down their mud hovels, and built comfortable villages. He furniſhed them with ſeed, cattle, and implements of huſbandry; and then calling them together, laid before them the deed of their enfranchiſement: But, before he ſigned it, he expreſſed a fear, that they would abuſe their new liberty, and become licentious.

"No," returned a grey-headed peaſant, "when we poſſeſſed no other property than the ſtaffs which we hold in our hands, we were deſtitute of all worldly motive for diſcreet conduct; not having any thing to loſe, we acted on all occaſions in an intemperate

temperate manner: but now that our houſes lands, and cattle, are abſolutely our own, the fear of forfeiting them will be a ſufficient reſtraint upon our actions."

The good ſenſe and truth of this anſwer were manifeſted in the event. On the emancipation of theſe people, they became ſo proſperous in buſineſs, and correct in behaviour, that the example of the palatine was ſpeedily followed by ſeveral of the principal nobility.

Encircled by his happy tenantry, and within the boſom of his family, this illuſtrious man educated Thaddeus, the only male heir of his name, to the exerciſe of every peaceful virtue, until the beginning of the year 1792; when war began to threaten the life and liberty of a nation, which ſmiled with content and gratitude.

On the evening of an anniverſary of the birth-day of his grandſon, the palatine rode abroad with a party of friends, who had been celebrating the feſtival with

their preſence. The counteſs and Thaddeus were left alone in the ſaloon. She ſighed as ſhe gazed on her ſon, who ſtood at ſome diſtance, fitting to his youthful thigh a variety of ſabres, which his ſervant, a little time before, had laid upon the table. She obſerved with anxiety, the eagerneſs of his motion, his fluſhed cheek, and the ardour that was flaſhing from his eyes.

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

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

"Yes, my child," anſwered ſhe, "God will protect you. He is the protector of the

the orphan, and you are fatherleſs." The counteſs pauſed—" Here, my ſon," ſaid ſhe, giving him a ſealed packet, " take this: it will reveal to you who your father *was*. It is neceſſary that you ſhould know the truth; and all the goodneſs of your grandfather." Thaddeus received it, and ſtood ſilent with ſurpriſe. " Read it, my love," continued ſhe, " but go to your own apartments; there you will be more retired."

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

" *To my dear Son, Thaddeus Conſtantine Sobieſki.*—

" You are now, my Thaddeus! at the early age of eighteen, going to engage the enemies of your country. Ere I reſign my greateſt comfort to the caſualties

of war, ere I part with you, perhaps for ever, I would inform you, who your father really was: that father, whoſe exiſtence you have hardly known; and whoſe name you have never heard. You believe yourſelf an orphan; your mother a widow: but, alas! I have now to tell you, that you were made fatherleſs by the cruelty of man, not by the diſpenſation of heaven.

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

"Mr. Sackville was not only the handſomeſt man that I had ever beheld, but the

the moſt noble in manners, and in heart. He was the firſt man for whoſe ſociety I found a lively preference. I uſed to ſmile at this ſtrange delight, or ſometimes weep: for the emotions which agitated me were undefinable; but they were enchanting; and unheedingly I gave them indulgence. The hours which we paſſed together, in the interchange of reciprocal ſentiments; the kind beaming of his looks; the thouſand ſighs that he breathed; the half-uttered ſentences; all conſpired to rob me of myſelf.

"Eight months were ſpent in theſe deluſions.—During the laſt three, doubts and anguiſh diſplaced the fairy reveries of an infant tenderneſs. The attentions of Mr. Sackville died away. From being the object of his conſtant ſearch, he now ſedulouſly ſought to avoid me. When my father withdrew to his cloſet, he would take his leave, and allow me to walk alone. Solitary and wretched were my rambles. Immured within the palace

of Villanow, watching the declining health of my mother, I knew nothing of the real world; the little which I learnt of ſociety, being drawn from books, and uncorrected by experience, I was taught to believe a perfection in man, which, to my affliction, I have ſince found to be but a poet's dream. When I came to Italy, I continued averſe to public company. In ſuch ſecluſion, the preſence of Sackville being almoſt my only pleaſure, it chaſed from my mind its uſual reſerve; and gradually, and ſurely, won upon the awakened affections of my heart. Artleſs and unwarned, I knew not the nature of the paſſion which I cheriſhed, until it had gained an aſcendancy that menaced my life.

" On the evening of one of thoſe days in which I had not ſeen this too dearly beloved friend, I ſtrolled out, and hardly conſcious of my actions, threw myſelf along the ſummit of a flight of ſteps that led down to the Arno. My head reſted againſt

againſt the baſe of a ſtatue, which, becauſe of its reſemblance to me, Sackville had preſented to my father. Every recollected kindneſs of his, now gave me additional torment; and, clinging to the pedeſtal, as to the altar of my adoration, in the bitterneſs of diſappointment, I addreſſed myſelf to the inſenſible ſtone; "O! were I pale as thou art, and this breaſt as cold and ſtill, would Sackville when he looked on me, give one ſigh to the creature he has deſtroyed?" My ſobs followed this adjuration, and the next moment, I felt myſelf encircled in his arms. I ſtruggled, and, almoſt fainting, begged to be releaſed. He did releaſe me, and, falling on his knees, implored my pardon for the miſery which I had endured. "Now, Thereſe," cried he, "all is as it ought to be! you are my only hope. Conſent to be mine, elſe I ſhall be driven to madneſs!" His voice was hurried and incoherent.——Raiſing my eyes to his, I beheld them wild and blood-

ſhot. Terrified at his look, and overcome by my own emotions, my head ſunk back on the marble. With increaſed violence, he exclaimed, "Have I deceived myſelf here too? Thereſe, did you not prefer me? Did you not love me?—Speak now, I conjure you, by your own happineſs and mine! Do you reject me?' He clenched my hands with a force, that made me tremble, and I hardly articulated, "I will be yours." At theſe words, he hurried me down a dark viſta, which led out of the gardens to the open country. A carriage ſtood at the gate. I fearfully aſked what he intended. "You have given yourſelf to me," cried he, "and by the Great Lord of Heaven, no power ſhall ſeparate us until you are mine out of the reach of man! Unnerved in body, and weak in mind, I yielded to his impetuoſity; and, ſuffering him to lift me into the chariot, was carried to the door of the neareſt monaſtery, where in a few minutes we were married.

"I am

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

" The ceremony paſſed, my huſband conducted me in ſilence back to the carriage. My full boſom diſcharged itſelf in abundance of tears, whilſt Sackville ſat by me, unmoved and mute. Two or three times I raiſed my eyes, in hopes of diſcerning in his, ſome conſolation for my haſty acquieſcence. But no; his gaze, vacant and glaring, was fixed on the window; and his brow ſcowled, as if he had been forced into an alliance with one whom he hated, rather than had juſt made a voluntary engagement with the woman whom he loved. My ſoul ſhuddered at this commencement of a contract, which I had dared to make, un-

ſanctioned by my father's conſent. At length my ſighs ſeemed to ſtartle my huſband; and turning ſuddenly round, "Thereſe," cried he, "this marriage muſt not be told to the palatine."—— "Why?" murmured I, hardly able to ſpeak. "Becauſe I have been precipitate. It would ruin me with my family. Wait, only for one month: and then I will publicly acknowledge you." The agitation of his features, the ſternneſs of his voice, and the feveriſh burning of his hand, which held mine, alarmed me. Trembling from head to foot, I anſwered, "Sackville! I have already erred enough in conſenting to this ſtolen union. I will not tranſgreſs further by concealing it. I will inſtantly throw myſelf at my father's feet, and confeſs all." His countenance darkened. "Thereſe" ſaid he, "I have not married you to be your ſlave, I am your huſband. You have ſworn to obey me, and I command your ſilence. Till I allow you, divulge this marriage

marriage at your peril." This laſt cruel ſentence, and the more cruel look that accompanied it, pierced me to the heart, and I fell ſenſeleſs on the ſeat.

"When I recovered, I found myſelf at the foot of that ſtatue, beneath which my unfortunate deſtiny had been fixed. My huſband was leaning over me. He raiſed me with tenderneſs from the ground; and conjured me, in the mildeſt accents, to be comforted; to pardon the ſeverity of thoſe words which had ariſen from a fear, that, by an imprudent avowal on my part, I ſhould riſk both his happineſs and my own. He informed me, that he was heir to one of the firſt fortunes in England, he had pledged his honour with his father, never to enter into any matrimonial engagement, without firſt acquainting him with the particulars of the lady and her family. Should he omit this duty, his father declared, that though ſhe were a princeſs, he would diſinherit him, and never again admit him to his preſence.

"Con-

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

"My dear deceived parent little ſuſpected the perfidy of his gueſt. He detained him as his viſitor: and often rallied himſelf, on the hold which his diſtinguiſhed accompliſhments had taken on his eſteem. Sackville's manner to me in publick was obliging and free; it was in private

private only, that I found the tender, the capricious, the unfeeling huſband. Night after night I have waſhed the memory of my want of duty to my father, with bitter tears: But my huſband was dear to me, was more precious than my life: One kind look from him, one fond word, would ſolace every pain, and make me wait the arrival of his father's letter, with all the gay anticipations of youth and love.

"A fortnight paſſed away. A month, a long and lingering month. Another month, and a packet of letters was preſented to Sackville. He was at breakfaſt with us. At the ſight of the ſuperſcription, he coloured, tore open the paper, ran his eyes over a few lines, and then, pale and trembling, roſe from his ſeat, and left the room. My emotions were almoſt uncontroulable. I had already half riſen from my chair, to follow him, when the palatine exclaimed, "What can be in that letter? he ſeems dreadfully ſhocked."

ed." And without obſerving me, or waiting for a reply, he hurried out after him. I ſtole to my chamber, where throwing myſelf on my bed, I tried, by all the deluſions of hope, to obtain ſome alleviation from the pains of ſuſpenſe.

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

"When

" When the ſervants withdrew, Sackville roſe, and taking my father's hand, ſaid, in a faultering voice, " My lord, I muſt leave you." — " It is a wet evening," replied the palatine; " you are unwell — diſturbed — ſtay till to-morrow!" — " I thank your lordſhip," anſwered he, " but I muſt go to Florence to-night. You ſhall ſee me again before to-morrow afternoon: all will then, I hope, be ſettled to my wiſh." Sackville took his hat. Motionleſs, and incapable of ſpeaking, I ſat fixed to my chair, in the direct way that he muſt paſs. His eye met mine. He ſtopped, and looking at me, abruptly caught my hand; then as abruptly quitting it, darted out of the room. I never ſaw him more.

" I had not the power to diſſemble another moment. I fell back, weeping, into the arms of my father. He did not even by this imprudence, read what I almoſt wiſhed him to gueſs; but with all the indulgence of affection, lamented the diſtreſs

of

of Sackville; and the ſenſibility of my nature, which ſympathized ſo painfully with his friend. I durſt not aſk *what* was the *diſtreſs* of his friend: abaſhed at my duplicity to him; and overwhelmed with a thouſand dreads, I obtained his permiſſion to retire to my chamber.

"The next day, I met him with a ſerene air; for I had ſchooled my heart to endure, with greater compoſure, the ſufferings which it had deſerved. The palatine did not remark my recovered tranquillity; neither did he appear to think any more of my tears; ſo entirely was he occupied in conjecturing what could be the cauſe of Sackville's grief, who had only complained of having received a great ſhock, without revealing the occaſion. This ignorance of my father ſurpriſed me; and to all his ſuppoſitions I ſaid little. My ſoul was too deeply intereſted in the ſubject, to truſt to the faithfulneſs of my lips.

"The morning crept ſlowly on, and the

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

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

Thaddeus, with a burning cheek, and a heart all at once robbed of that elaſtic ſpring, which till now had ever made him the happieſt of the happy, took up the letter of his father. The paper was worn, and bliſtered with his mother's tears. His head ſeemed to ſwim as he

con-

contemplated the hand-writing, and he ſaid to himſelf, "Am I to reſpect, or to abhor him?" He proceeded in the peruſal.

"*To Thereſe, counteſs Sobieſki.*

"How, Thereſe, am I to addreſs you? But an attempt at palliating my conduct, will be of no uſe; it is impoſſible. You cannot conceive a viler opinion of me, than I have of myſelf. I know that I forfeit all claim to honour; that I have ſacrificed your tenderneſs to my diſtracted paſſions: But you ſhall no more be ſubject to the caprices of a man, who cannot repay your love with his own. — *You* have no guilt to torture you: and you poſſeſs virtues which will render you tranquil under every calamity. I leave you to your own innocence. Forget the ceremony which has paſſed between us: my wretched heart diſclaims it for ever. Your father is happily ignorant of it; pray ſpare him the anguiſh of knowing that I was ſo completely unworthy of his kind-

kindneſs; I feel that I am more than ungrateful to you, and to him. Thereſe, your moſt inveterate hate cannot more ſtrongly tell me, than I tell myſelf, that I have treated you like a villain. But I cannot retract. I am going, where all ſearch will be vain; and I now bid you an eternal farewell. May you be happier than ever I can be!

" *Florence.* " R. S—."

Thaddeus went on with his mother's narrative.

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

" When

"When he had read it, he flung it from him, and dropping into a chair, covered his face with his hands. I looked up implor-ingly, for I could not ſpeak. My father ſtooped forward, and raiſing me in his arms, preſſed me to his boſom. "My Thereſe," ſaid he, "it is I who have done this. Had I not harboured this villain, he never could have had an opportunity of ruining the peace of my child." In return for the un-exampled indulgence of this ſpeech; and his repeated aſſurances of forgiveneſs; I promiſed to forget a man, who could have ſo little reſpect for gratitude, or his own honour. The palatine replied, that he ex-pected ſuch a reſolution, in conſequence of the principles which he had taught me; and to ſhew me how far dearer to him was my real tranquillity, than any falſe idea of impoſſible reſtitution, he would not re-move, even from one principality to ano-ther, were he ſure by that means, to diſ-cover Mr. Sackville, and to avenge my wrongs. My underſtanding aſſented to

the juſtice of all his reaſoning; but long and ſevere were the ſtruggles, before I could eraſe from my ſoul, the image of that being who had been the lord of all its joys and ſorrows.

" It was not until you, my dear Thaddeus, were born, that I could repay the goodneſs of my father with the ſmiles of cheerfulneſs.—He would not permit me to give you any name, which could remind him, or myſelf, of the cruel parent who gave you being; and by his deſire I chriſtened you Thaddeus Conſtantine, after himſelf, and his beſt-beloved friend General Koſciuſzko.—You have not yet ſeen that illuſtrious Polander, whoſe unchangeable reſolution in favour of his country has hitherto kept on the frontiers. He is now with the army at Winnica, whither you muſt ſoon go:—In him, you will ſee a ſecond Sobieſki—In him, you may ſtudy one of the brighteſt models of patriotic and martial virtue, that ever was preſented to mankind.—It may well be ſaid of him,—

' That

'That he would have ſhone with diſtinguiſhed luſtre in the ages of chivalry.' Gallant, generous, and ſtrictly juſt; he commands obedience by the reverence in which he is held; and attaches the troops to his perſon, by the affability of his manners, and the purity of his life. He teaches them diſcipline, endurance of fatigue, and contempt of danger, by his dauntleſs example: and inſpires them with confidence, by his tranquillity in the tumult of action; and the invincible fortitude, with which he meets the moſt heavy ſtrokes of misfortune. His modeſty, in victory, ſhews him to be one of the greateſt among men; and his magnanimity under defeat, confirms him to be little leſs than a god.

"Such is the man, whoſe name you bear: How bitterly do I lament, that the one, to which nature gave you a claim, was ſo unworthy to be united with it, and that of my dear father!—

"On our return to Poland, the ſtory which the palatine related, when queſtioned about

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

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

" Not to embitter the freſh ſpring of

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

Villanow,
March, 1792. "THERESE SOBIESKI."

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

head, he gave vent to the fulneſs of his heart.

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

"No, my mother;" replied Thaddeus, "it is your afflictions, which have diſcompoſed me. This is the firſt unhappy hour I ever endured, and can you wonder I ſhould be affected? Oh! mother," con-

tinued he, laying his hand on his father's letter, "whatever were his rank, had my father been but noble in mind, I would have gloried in bearing his name; but now, I put up my prayers never to hear it more."

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

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

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

verſation which he anticipated with his grandfather.

" I am ſorry, Thaddeus," ſaid Sobieſki, " that your mother has ſo abruptly imparted to you, the real name and character of your father. I ſee that his villany has diſtreſſed a heart, which I have ſought to make alive to the ſlighteſt diſhonour. But be conſoled, my dear boy! I have prevented the publicity of his conduct, by an ambiguous ſtory of your mother's widowhood. Notwithſtanding my arrangement, ſhe judged it proper, that you ſhould not enter general ſociety, without being made acquainted with the true events of your birth. I believe my daughter is right. But cheer yourſelf, my child! you will imbitter the remainder of my days, if you ſuffer the vices of a worthleſs man to prey upon your mind."

" No, my lord;" anſwered his grandſon, " you have been more than a parent to me; and henceforward, for your ſake as well as my own, I ſhall hold it my duty,

to forget that I drew my being from any other ſource than the houſe of Sobieſki."

"You are right," cried the palatine, with an exulting emotion, "you have the ſpirit of your anceſtors; and I ſhall live to ſee you add glory to the name!"

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

CHAP. II.

THE fearful day arrived, when Sobieſki and his grandſon were to bid adieu to Villanow and its peaceful ſcenes.

The well-poiſed mind of the veteran, bade his daughter farewell, with a fortitude which imparted ſome of its ſtrength even to her. But when Thaddeus, ready habited for his journey, entered the room, at the ſight of his military accoutrements ſhe ſhuddered; and when, with a glowing countenance, he advanced, ſmiling through his tears, towards her, ſhe claſped him in her arms; and rivetted her lips to that face, the very lovelineſs of which, added to her affliction. She gazed at him, ſhe wept on his neck, ſhe preſſed him to her boſom. "O! how ſoon might all that beauty be mingled with the duſt! how ſoon might that warm heart, which then

beat againſt hers, be pierced by the ſword! be laid on the ground, mangled and bleeding, expoſed, and trampled on!" Theſe thoughts thronged upon her ſoul, and deprived her of ſenſe. She was carried away lifeleſs by her maids, while the palatine compelled Thaddeus to quit the ſpot.

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

he

he could not help pointing it out to his fellow travellers.

Whilſt the eyes of general Butzou, who was in the carriage, followed the direction of Thaddeus, the palatine obſerved the heightening animation of his features with pleaſure; and recollecting at the ſame time, the tranſports which he himſelf enjoyed, when he viſited that place one and twenty years ago, he put his hand on the ſhoulder of Butzou, and ſaid, "General, did you ever relate to my boy the particulars of that mill?"

"No, my Lord."

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

"Do you mean, my lord," aſked Thaddeus, "the reſcue of our king from this place?"

"I do."

"I have a very indiſtinct knowledge of the affair. I remember that it was told me many years ago; but I have almoſt forgotten it; and can only account for my apparent inſenſibility in never having inquired any further, by pleading the happy thoughtleſſneſs in which you have hitherto permitted me to live."

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

"I now aſk the ſtory of you," returned Thaddeus ſmiling; "beſides, as ſoldiers are permitted by the fire-ſide to '*fight their battles o'er again*;' your modeſty, my dear grandfather, cannot object to repeat it to me here, on the way to more."

"As a preliminary," ſaid the palatine, "to the relation of our hiſtory in form, I muſt ſuppoſe that it is unneceſſary to tell you, that general Butzou was the brave ſoldier who at the imminent riſk of his life, ſaved our ſovereign."

"Of

"Of courſe, I know that," replied the young count; "and that you, too, had a ſhare in the honour; for when I was yeſterday preſented to His Majeſty, amongſt other things which he ſpoke of, he told me, that he believed, under heaven, he owed his preſent exiſtence to general Butzou and yourſelf."

"So very little to me," reſumed Sobieſki, "that I will, to the beſt of my recollection, repeat every circumſtance of the affair. Should I err, I muſt beg of you, General," turning to Butzou, "to put me right?"

Butzou, with a glow of honeſt exultation ſtill painting his face, nodded aſſent; and Thaddeus, bowing to his grandfather in ſign of attention, the palatine began.

"It was on Sunday night, the third of September, in the year 1771, that this event took place. At that time, inſtigated by the courts of Vienna and Conſtantinople, the confederate lords of Poland were laying waſte their country, and perpe-

trating all kinds of outrage on the loyal inhabitants.

" Amongſt their numerous crimes, a plan was laid for ſurpriſing, and taking the King's perſon. Pulaſki was one of the moſt daring of theſe rebels; and aſſiſted by Lukawſki, Strawenſki, and Koſinſki, three Poles of diſtinction, he meditated, at any rate to accompliſh his death. Accordingly, the three latter, in obedience to his orders, with forty other conſpirators, met at Czetſchokow, and in the preſence of their commander, ſwore with the moſt horrid oaths, to deliver Staniſlaus alive or dead into his hands.

" About a month after this meeting, theſe noblemen, at the head of a band of aſſaſſins, diſguiſed themſelves as peaſants; and, concealing their arms in waggons of hay, which they drove before them, they entered Warſaw unſuſpected.

" It was ten o'clock, on the third of September, as I have told you, that they found an opportunity to execute their ſcheme. They placed themſelves under cover of the night,

night, in thoſe avenues of the city, through which they knew that His Majeſty muſt paſs in his way from Villanow, where he had been dining with me. His carriage was eſcorted by four of his own attendants, myſelf, and twelve of my guards. We had ſcarcely loſt ſight of Villanow, when the conſpirators ruſhed out and ſurrounded us, commanding the coachmen to ſtop, and beating down the men with the butt end of their muſquets. Several ſhot were fired into the coach. One paſſed through my hat, as I was getting out, ſword in hand, the better to repel an attack, the motive of which I could not divine: A cut acroſs my right leg with a ſabre, ſoon laid me under the wheels; and whilſt I lay there, I heard the ſhot pouring into the coach like hail, and felt the villains ſtepping over my body to finiſh the murder of the king.

" It was then that our friend Butzou, (who at that period was a private ſoldier in my ſervice,) ſtood between his ſovereign and the rebels. In one inſtant he received ſeveral

ral balls through his limbs, and a thruſt from a bayonet in his breaſt, which caſt him, weltering in his blood, upon me. By this time all the perſons who had formed the eſcort, were either wounded or diſperſed. Being now ſecure of their prey, one of the aſſaſſins opened the carriage door, and with ſhocking imprecations, ſeizing the king by the hair, cried, "Tyrant, we have thee now; thy hour is come!" and diſcharged his piſtol ſo near His Majeſty's face, that he felt the heat of the flaſh. A ſecond villain cut him on the forehead with a ſword; whilſt a third, who was on horſeback, laying hold of his collar, between himſelf and another, at full gallop, dragged him along the ground through the ſuburbs of the city.

"During the latter part of this outrageous ſcene ſome of our frighted people returned with a detachment, and ſeeing Butzou and me apparently lifeleſs, carried us to the royal palace, where all was commotion and alarm. The foot guards immediately followed the track, which the conſpirators

ſpirators ſeemed to have taken. In one of the ſtreets they found the king's hat dyed in blood, and his peliſe perfectly reticulated with bullet holes. This confirmed their apprehenſions of his death; and they came back, filling all Warſaw with diſmay.

"The aſſaſſins, meanwhile, got clear of the town. Finding, however, that the king, by loſs of blood, was not likely to exiſt much longer, if they continued their manner of dragging him towards their employer, they ſet him on a horſe, and redoubled their ſpeed. When they came to the moat which ſurrounds Warſaw, they compelled him to leap acroſs it. In the firſt attempt, his horſe fell, and broke its leg: they then ordered His Majeſty, fainting as he was with pain, to mount another and ſpur it over. The conſpirators had no ſooner paſſed the ditch, than they tore from his neck, the ribbon of the black eagle, and its diamond croſs. Lukawſki was ſo fooliſhly ſure of his priſoner, that he quitted his charge, and repaired

paired with theſe ſpoils to Pulaſki; meaning to ſhew them as proofs of his ſucceſs. Many of the other plunderers, concluding that they could not do better than follow their leader's example, fled alſo; and left only ſeven of the party, with Koſinſki at their head, to remain over the unfortunate Staniſlaus.

"The night was now grown ſo dark, that they could not be ſure of their way; and their horſes ſtumbling at every ſtep, over ſtumps of trees and hollows in the earth, increaſed their apprehenſions to ſuch a degree, that they obliged the king to keep up with them on foot: he literally marked his path with his blood; his ſhoes having been torn off in the ſtruggle at the carriage. Thus they continued, wandering backwards and forwards, and round the outſkirts of Warſaw, without any exact knowledge of their ſituation. The men who guarded him, at laſt became ſo much afraid of their priſoner's taking advantage of theſe circumſtances, to eſcape, that they repeatedly

repeatedly called on Koſinſki for orders to put him to death, Koſinſki refuſed; but their demands growing more violent and imperious, as they found the intricacies of the foreſt involve them completely, the king expected every moment to receive the points of their bayonets in his breaſt.

"When I recovered from my ſwoon, my leg was bound up, and I was able to ſtir. Queſtioning the officers who ſtood about my couch, I found that a general panick had ſeized them. They knew not how to proceed; they ſhuddered at leaving the king to the mercy of the confederates; and yet were fearful, by purſuing him farther, to incenſe them, through terror or revenge, to maſſacre their priſoner, if he were ſtill alive. I did all that was in my power to diſpel this laſt dread. Anxious, at any rate to make another attempt to preſerve him, though I could not ride myſelf, I ſtrenuouſly adviſed an immediate purſuit on horſeback; and inſiſted, that neither darkneſs nor danger, ſhould be permitted

mitted to impede their courſe. A little ſpirit on the ſide of the nobles, ſoon brought back hope and animation to the terrified ſoldiers; and my orders were obeyed. But n.ıſt I add, almoſt as inſtantly diſappointed: for, in leſs than half an hour the detachment returned in deſpair, ſhewing me His Majeſty's coat, which they had found in the foſſe. I ſuppoſe the ruffians tore it off when they rifled him. It was rent in ſeveral places, and ſo wet with blood, that the officer who preſented it to me, declared his opinion, that they had murdered the King there, and had drawn away the body; for by the light of the torches, he could trace drops of blood to a conſiderable diſtance.

"Whilſt I was attempting to invalidate this new evidence of His Majeſty's being beyond the reach of ſuccour or of inſult, he was driven before the ſeven conſpirators, ſo far into the wood of Bielany, that not knowing whither they went, they came up with one of the guard houſes, and to their

their extreme terror were accoſted by a patrole. Four of the banditti immediately diſappeared, leaving two only with Koſinſki; who, much alarmed, forced his priſoner to walk faſter, and keep a profound ſilence. Notwithſtanding all this precaution, ſcarce a quarter of an hour afterwards, they were challenged by a ſecond watch; and the other two men, taking to flight, Koſinſki, full of diſmay, was left alone with the King. His majeſty, ſinking with pain and fatigue, beſeeched permiſſion to reſt for a moment; but Koſinſki refuſed, and pointing his ſword towards the king, compelled him to proceed.

"As they walked on, the unfortunate Staniſlaus, who was hardly able to drag one limb after the other, obſerved that his conductor gradually forgot his vigilance, until he was thoroughly given up to thought. He took courage at this; and conceiving ſome hope, from the changes, and agitation of Koſinſki's countenance, he ventured to ſay, "I ſee, that you know not

not how to proceed. You cannot but be aware that the enterpriſe in which you are engaged, however it may end, is full of peril to you. Succeſsful conſpirators are always jealous of each other: Pulaſki will find it as eaſy to rid himſelf of your life, as it is to take mine. Avoid this danger; and I will promiſe you none on my account. Suffer me to enter the convent of Bielany; we cannot be far from it; and then, do you provide for your ſafety." Koſinſki, rendered deſperate by the circumſtances in which he was involved, replied, " No; I have ſworn; and I would rather ſacrifice my life than my honour."

" The king had neither ſtrength nor ſpirits to make an anſwer. They continued to break their way through the underwood, until they arrived cloſe to Mariemont. Here Staniſlaus, unable to ſtir another ſtep, fell back againſt a tree, and again implored for one moment's reſt, to recover ſome power to move. Koſinſki con-

conſented. This unexpected humanity, encouraged His Majeſty to employ the minutes, during which they ſat together, in another attempt to ſoften his heart; and to convince him, that the oath which he had taken, was atrocious, and by no means binding, to a brave and virtuous man.

"Koſinſki heard him with attention; and exhibited ſtrong ſymptoms of being affected. "But," ſaid he, "if I ſhould aſſent to what you propoſe, and re-conduct you to Warſaw, what will be the conſequence to me? I ſhall be taken and executed."—"I give you my word," anſwered the king, "that you ſhall not ſuffer any injury. But if you doubt my honour eſcape while you can. I ſhall find a way to ſome place of ſhelter; and will direct your purſuers, to take the oppoſite road to that which you may chuſe." Koſinſki entirely overcome, threw himſelf on his knees before His Majeſty; and, imploring pardon for what he had done, ſwore,

ſwore, that from this hour, he would defend his king againſt all the conſpirators; and would truſt confidently on his word, for future preſervation. Staniſlaus repeated his promiſe of forgiveneſs and protection; and directing him to ſeek refuge for them both, in the mill near which they were diſcourſing, Koſinſki obeyed, and knocked; but no one gave anſwer. He then broke a pane of glaſs in the window, and through it, begged ſuccour for a nobleman, who had been way-laid by robbers. The miller refuſed to come out, or to let them in; telling them, it was his belief, that they were robbers themſelves; and if they did not go away, he would fire on them.

" This diſpute had continued for near an hour, when the king, who grew impatient, contrived to crawl up cloſe to the window, and ſaid, " My good friend, if we were banditti as you ſuppoſe, it would be as eaſy for us, without all this parley, to break into your houſe, as to break this

pane of glaſs; therefore if you would not incur the ſhame of ſuffering a fellow-creature to periſh for want of aſſiſtance, give us admittance." This argument had its weight with the man and opening the door, he deſired them to enter. After ſome trouble, His Majeſty procured pen and ink; and addreſſing a few lines to me at the palace, with more difficulty, he prevailed on one of the miller's ſons to carry it; ſo fearful were they of falling in with any of the troop, who, they underſtood, had plundered their gueſts.

" The joy that I felt at the ſight of this note, I cannot deſcribe. I well remember the contents; they were literally theſe:

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

" Regardleſs

"Regardleſs of my condition, I inſtantly got into a carriage, and followed by a detachment of horſe, arrived at the mill. I met Koſinſki at the door, keeping guard, with his ſword drawn. As he knew my perſon, he admitted me directly. The king had fallen into a ſleep; and lay in one corner of the hovel, on the ground, covered with the miller's cloak. To ſee the moſt virtuous monarch in the world, thus abuſed by his ungrateful ſubjects, pierced me to the heart; and kneeling down by his ſide, I took hold of his hand, and in a paroxyſm of tears, which I am not aſhamed to confeſs, I exclaimed, 'I thank thee, Almighty God, that I again ſee my ſovereign alive!' It is not eaſy to ſay, how theſe words ſtruck the ſimple family. They dropped on their knees before the king, whom my voice had awakened, and beſeeched his pardon for all their ill-manners. The good Staniſlaus ſoon quieted their fears; and graciouſly thanking

thanking them for their kindneſs, told the miller to come to the palace the next day, when he would ſhow him his gratitude in a better way than by promiſes.

" The officers of the detachment then aſſiſted his majeſty and myſelf, into the carriage; and, accompanied by Koſinſki, we reached Warſaw about ſix in the morning."

" Yes," interrupted Butzou, " I remember my tumultuous joy, when the news was brought to me, in my bed, that I had not in vain received the wounds intended for my ſovereign; it almoſt deprived me of my ſenſes: — and beſides, his majeſty viſited his poor ſoldier in his chamber. Do you not recollect, my lord, how he was brought into my room in a chair, between two men? and how he thanked me, and ſhook hands with me? It made me like a child."

" But," inquired Thaddeus, hardly recovering from the deep attention with which he had liſtened to this recital;

" what became of Koſinſki? I ſuppoſe the king kept his word."

" He did indeed," replied Sobieſki; " his word is at all times ſacred. Yet I believe Koſinſki entertained fears that he would not be ſo generous; for I perceived him look anxious, and change colour very often, whilſt he was in the coach. However he was ſoon tranquillized by his majeſty, who, when he alighted at the palace, in the midſt of the joyous cries of the people, leaned upon his arm, and preſented him to the populace, as his preſerver. The great gate was ordered to be left open; and never, whilſt I live, ſhall I again behold ſuch a ſcene! Every ſoul in Warſaw, from the higheſt to the loweſt, came, to catch a glimpſe of their reſcued ſovereign; ſeeing the doors free, they entered without ceremony; and thronged forwards in crowds to get near enough to kiſs his hand, or to touch his clothes; then, elated with joy, they turned to Koſinſki, and loaded him with demonſtrations

tions of gratitude, calling him the '*Saviour of their good king.*' Koſinſki bore all this with ſurpriſing firmneſs; but in a day or two, when the facts of the buſineſs became known, he gueſſed that he might meet with different treatment from the people, and therefore petitioned his majeſty for leave to depart. Staniſlaus conſented; and he retired to Semigallia, where he now lives, on a handſome penſion from the king."

"For me," ſaid the general, "you ſee how he has rewarded me, for doing that, which was merely my duty. He put it at my option, to become what I pleaſed about his perſon, or to hold what rank I liked in the army. Love ennobles ſervitude; and attached as I have ever been to your family, under whom all my anceſtors have lived and fought, I vowed in my own mind never to quit it; and accordingly, only begged permiſſion of my ſovereign to remain with the count Sobieſki. I did remain: but ſee," cried he, his voice

faultering, "what they have made of me! I command thoſe troops, amongſt whom, it was once my greateſt glory to be a private ſoldier."

Thaddeus preſſed the hand of the veteran between both his; and regarded him with reſpect and affection, whilſt the grateful old man wiped away a tear from his face.

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

"Yes," cried Butzou; "and how ought we to abhor them who threaten his life!

life! How ought we to eſtimate thoſe crowned heads, who, under the maſk of amity, have, from the year ſixty-four, when he aſcended the throne, until now, been plotting his death! That calamity, O Heaven, avert! Happen when it may, it will, I fear, be a prelude to the certain ruin of our country!"

"Not ſo," interrupted Thaddeus, with eagerneſs; "not whilſt a Polander has power to lift an arm, ſhall it be quite loſt."

Butzou applauded his ſpirit; and warmly ſeconded the palatine, who (never weary of infuſing into the mind of his grandſon an intereſt for his country,) purſued the diſcourſe; and dwelt minutely on the happy tendency of the glorious conſtitution of ninety-one, in defence of which they were now going to hazard their lives. As Sobieſki pointed out its ſeveral excellencies, and deſcribed the pure ſpirit of freedom which animated its laws, the ſoul of Thaddeus followed his eloquence; and with the unreſtrained

fervour of youth, he branded the names of Catherine, and the faithleſs Frederick, with ſome of thoſe epithets, which poſterity will affix to them for ever. During theſe converſations, Thaddeus forgot his regrets; and the third day, they put themſelves at the head of their men, and commenced a regular march.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

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

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

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

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

Sobieſki made no reply; but giving him one of thoſe expreſſive looks of approbation, which immediately makes its way to the ſoul, he commanded the troops to advance with greater ſpeed. In a few minutes they reached the outworks of the camp, and entered the lines. The eager eye of Thaddeus wandered from object to object. Thrilling with that delight, with which youth beholds wonders, and anticipates more, he ſtopped with the reſt of the party before a tent, which general Butzou informed him belonged to the commander in chief. They were met in the veſtibule, by an huſſar officer of a moſt commanding appearance. Sobieſki, and he,

he, having accoſted each other with mutual congratulations, the palatine turned round to Thaddeus, took him by the hand, and preſenting him to his friend, ſaid with a ſmile,

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

Koſciuſzko embraced the young count; and with a hearty preſſure of his hand, replied: "Thaddeus! if you reſemble your grandfather, you will remember, that the only king of Poland who equalled Staniſlaus, was a Sobieſki; and, as becomes his deſcendant, you will not ſpare your beſt blood in the ſervice of your country."

As Koſciuſzko finiſhed ſpeaking, an aid-de-camp came forward, to lead the party into the room of audience. Prince Poniatowſki welcomed the palatine and his ſuite, with the moſt lively expreſſions of pleaſure. He gave Thaddeus, whoſe figure and manner inſtantly charmed him,

many flattering aſſurances of friendſhip; and promiſed, that he would appoint him to the firſt poſt of honour which ſhould offer. After detaining them half an hour on the ſubject of their march, his highneſs withdrew; and they rejoined Koſciuſzko, who conducted them to the quarter where the Maſovian ſoldiers had already pitched their tents.

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

Seeing his grandfather found aſleep, he got

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

Thaddeus walked ſlowly on; ſometimes pauſing at the lonely footfall of the centinel, or anſwering with a ſtart, to the

ſudden challenge for the parole; then lingering at the door of ſome of theſe canvas dwellings, he offered up a prayer for the brave inhabitant, who had quitted the endearments of home, to expoſe his life, and ſtand on this ſpot, a bulwark of liberty. Thaddeus knew not what it was to be a ſoldier by profeſſion; he had no idea of making war a trade, by which a man is at any rate to acquire ſubſiſtence and wealth: he had but one motive for appearing in the field, and one for leaving it: To repel invaſion, and to eſtabliſh peace.—The firſt energy of his mind, was a deſire to aſſert the rights of his country: It had been inculcated into him, when an infant; it had been the ſubject of his morning thoughts, and nightly dreams; it was now the paſſion which beat in every artery of his heart; yet he knew no honour in ſlaughter; his glory lay in the defence; and, when that was accompliſhed, his ſword would return to its ſcabbard, unſtained by the blood of a vanquiſhed, or an invaded people.

people. On theſe principles, he was at this hour full of enthuſiaſm: a glow of triumph flitted over his cheek, for he had left the indulgencies of his mother's palace, had left her maternal arms, to take upon him the toils of war, and riſk an exiſtence juſt blown into enjoyment. A noble ſatisfaction roſe in his mind; and with all the animation, which an inexperienced and raiſed fancy imparts to that age when boyhood breaks into man, his ſoul graſped at every ſhow of creation with the confidence of belief: Preſſing the ſabre which he held in his hand, to his lips, he half uttered, "Never will I ſuffer this ſword to leave my arm, but at the command of mercy; or when death ſhall deprive my nerves of their ſtrength."

Morning was tinging the hills which bound the eaſtern horizon of Winnica, before Thaddeus found that his peliſe was wet with dew, and that he ought to return to his tent. Hardly had he laid his head upon the pillow, and '*lulled his ſenſes in forgetfulneſs*,' when he was diſturbed by a con-

a confuſed noiſe, and the drum beat to arms. He opened his eyes; and ſeeing that Sobieſki was out of bed, he ſprung from his own, and eagerly enquired the cauſe of the alarm.

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

Whilſt Thaddeus was putting on his clothes; and buckling on his arms, with a trembling eagerneſs, which almoſt defeated his haſte, an aid-de-camp of the prince entered. He brought information, that an advanced guard of the Ruſſians, about three hundred piquets, had attacked a Poliſh out-poſt, under the command of lieutenant Lomza; and that his highneſs, had ordered a detachment from the palatine's brigade, to march immediately to its relief. Before Thaddeus could reply, Sobieſki ſent in, to appriſe his grandſon, that the prince had appointed him to be ſecond in command over the troops, which were turning out to aſſiſt the lieutenant.

Thaddeus heard this meſſage with delight:

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

Every thing being ready, the detachment quitted the camp; and daſhing through the dews of a ſweet morning, for it was yet May, in a few hours arrived in view of the Ruſſian battalions. Lomza, who from the only redoubt now in his poſſeſſion, caught a glimpſe of this welcome reinforce-

reinforcement, rallied his few remaining men, and by the time that Koſciuſzko came up, contrived to join him in the van. The fight re-commenced. Thaddeus at the head of his huſſars, in full gallop, bore down upon the enemy. They received the charge with firmneſs; but the young leader, perceiving that extraordinary means were neceſſary, exerted his voice to the utmoſt: calling on his men to follow him, he put ſpurs to his horſe, and ruſhed into the thickeſt of the battle. His ſoldiers did not ſhrink: they preſſed on, mowing down the foremoſt ranks: whilſt he, by a lucky ſtroke of his ſabre, diſabled the ſword arm of the Ruſſian ſtandard-bearer, and ſeized the colours. His own troops ſeeing the ſtandard in his hand, with one accord, in loud and repeated cries ſhouted victory. The reſerve of the enemy alarmed at this outcry, inſtantly gave way; and retreating with precipitation, was ſoon followed by the rear ranks of the centre; where Koſciuſzko had already ſlain the commander

mander of the attack. The flanks next gave ground; and after holding a ſhort ſtand at intervals, at length fairly turned about, and fled panic-ſtruck, acroſs the country.

The conquerors, elated with ſo ſudden a ſucceſs, put their horſes on full ſpeed; and without order, or attention, purſued the fugitives, with the noiſe of thunder, until they were loſt amidſt the trees of a diſtant wood. Koſciuſzko called on his men to ſtop; but he called in vain: they continued their career, animating each other; and with redoubled ſhouts, drowned the voice of Thaddeus, who was galloping forwards, repeating the command, until they were met at the entrance of the wood by a few ſtragglers, who had formed themſelves into a body. Theſe men withſtood the firſt onſet of the Poles with conſiderable ſteadineſs: But after a ſkirmiſh of ten minutes, they fled a ſecond time; and took refuge in the buſhes, where, ſtill regardleſs of orders, their enemies followed. Koſciuſzko foreſeeing the conſequence of this raſhneſs,

raſhneſs, ordered Thaddeus to diſmount part of his ſquadron, and march after theſe headſtrong men, into the foreſt. He came up with them on the edge of a heathy tract of land, juſt as they were extending their lines to ſurround a band of arquebuſiers, who having kept up a quick running fire as they retreated, had drawn their purſuers thus far into the thickets. Heedleſs of any thing but giving their enemy a complete defeat, the Polanders went on, never looking to the left nor to the right, till all at once they found themſelves encompaſſed by two thouſand Muſcovite horſe, ſeveral battalions of chaſſeurs; and in front of fourteen pieces of cannon, which this dreadful ambuſcade fired upon them, with inſtant and unremitted violence.

Thaddeus threw himſelf into the midſt of his countrymen, and taking the place of their unfortunate conductor who had been killed in the firſt ſweep of the artillery, prepared the men for a deſperate ſtand. He gave his orders with intrepidity and

and coolneſs, though under a heavy ſhower of muſquetry and a cannonade, which carried death in every round: for himſelf he had no care; how to relieve the brave Poles from the dilemma into which they had plunged themſelves, was the only thought that occupied his mind. In a few minutes, the ſcattered ſoldiers were conſolidated into a cloſe phalanx, flanked and reared with pikemen; 'who ſtood, like a grove of pines in a day of tempeſt, only moving their heads and arms.' Many of the Ruſſian horſe, impaled themſelves on the ſides of this little phalanx, which they vainly attempted to ſhake, although the ordnance was rapidly weakening its ſtrength. File after file, the men were ſwept down; their bodies making a horrid rampart for their brave comrades, who, rendered deſperate by ſlaughter, at laſt threw away their moſt cumbrous accoutrements, and crying to their leader, "Let us eſcape or die!" followed him ſword in hand; and bearing like a torrent

upon

upon the enemy's ranks, cut their way through the foreſt. The Ruſſians exaſperated that their prey ſhould not only eſcape, but eſcape by ſuch dauntleſs valour, hung cloſely on their rear, goading them with muſquetry; whilſt they, (like a wounded lion, hardly preſſed by the hunters, who retreats, and yet ſtands proudly at bay) gradually retired towards the camp with a backward ſtep, their faces towards the foe.

Meanwhile, Sobieſki, anxious for the fate of the day, mounted the dyke, and looked eagerly around, for the arrival of ſome meſſenger from the little army. As the wind blew ſtrongly from the ſouth, a cloud of duſt precluded his view; but from the approach of firing, and the claſhing of arms, he was led to fear that his friends had been defeated, and were retreating towards the camp. He inſtantly quitted the lines to call out a freſh reinforcement; but before it could advance, Koſciuſzko and his ſquadron on the full charge, appeared in

ſight

ſight of the enemy; who ſuddenly halted, and wheeling round, left the haraſſed Polanders to enter the trenches in quiet.

Thaddeus, covered with duſt and blood, flung himſelf into his grandfather's arms. In the heat of action, his left arm had been wounded by a coſſac: fearful that the loſs of blood might diſable him from further ſervice, at the moment it happened he bound it up in his ſaſh, and thought no more of the accident until the palatine remarked the ſtains on his cloak and the boſom of his ſhirt.

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

Sobieſki turned his eyes on the panting ſoldiers, and on Koſciuſzko, who was inſpecting them. Some of them, no longer upheld by deſperation, were ſinking with wounds and fatigue; theſe, the good general, ever mindful of the comfort of his men, ſent off in litters to the medical department: and others, who had ſuſtained

the

the conflict of the day without meeting any perſonal harm, after having received the praiſe and admonition of their commander, were diſmiſſed to their quarters.

Before this inſpection was half over, the palatine found it neceſſary to aſſiſt Thaddeus to his tent; who, in ſpite of his exertions to the contrary, became ſo faint, that he ſtaggered, rather than walked, as he was led off the ground.

A ſhort time reſtored him. With his arm in a ſling, he joined his brother officers, on the fourth day, at the parade. After the duty of the morning, he heard with concern, that during his confinement, the Ruſſians had augmented their force to ſuch a tremendous ſtrength, that it was impoſſible for the Poles to remain longer at Winnica, without incurring the danger of being ſurrounded, and cut to pieces. In conſequence of this report, the prince had convened a council late the preceding night, in which it was determined, that the camp ſhould be immediately razed, and removed towards Zielime.

This

This information diſpleaſed Thaddeus, who in his fairy dreams of war, always added conqueſt, as the ſure end of his battles: — and many were the ſighs which he drew, when, at an hour before dawn on the following day, he witneſſed the ſtriking of the tents, which he thought, was only the prelude to a ſhameful flight from the enemy. While he was ſtanding by the ſides of the buſy people, and muſing on the nice line which divides prudence from puſillanimity, his grandfather came up. He deſired him to mount his horſe, and told him, that owing to the unhealed ſtate of his wound, he was removed from the vanguard, and ordered to march in the centre, along with the prince. Thaddeus very warmly remonſtrated againſt this arrangement: he called his hurt a mere ſcratch; and almoſt reproached the palatine, for forfeiting his promiſe, that he ſhould always be ſtationed near his perſon. Sobieſki would not be moved, either by argument or entreaty; and Thaddeus, fining that he neither

could, nor ought oppoſe him, obeyed, and followed an aid-de camp to his highneſs.

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

Again,

Again, the tumult of battle preſented itſelf. About a hundred ſoldiers, in one firm rank, ſtood at the end of the paſs, firing on the rear-guard of the Ruſſians, which was rapidly diſperſing. Thaddeus checked his horſe. Five hundred had been detached to this poſt; how few remained! Could he hope Sobieſki had eſcaped ſuch a deſperate rencontre? Fearing the worſt, and dreading to have thoſe fears confirmed, his heart ſickened when he received orders from Poniatowſki, to examine the extent of the loſs. He rode up cloſe to the mouth of the defile. He could no where ſee the palatine. A few of the huſſars, a little in advance, were engaged over a heap of the killed, defending it from a troop of chaſſeurs, who appeared fighting for the barbarous privilege of trampling on the bodies. Thaddeus at this ſight, and impelled by deſpair, called out, "Courage, ſoldiers! the prince is here." The chaſſeurs looking forward, ſaw that the information

was true, and took to flight. Poniatowſki, almoſt at the word, was by the ſide of his young friend, who, unconſcious of any reflection but filial ſolicitude, had diſmounted.

"Where is the palatine?" was his immediate enquiry, addreſſed to a ſoldier, who was ſtooping towards the ſlain. The man made no anſwer, but lifted from the heap the bodies of two ſoldiers, which lay at the top; beneath the ſlain, Thaddeus ſaw the pale and deadly features of his grandfather. He ſtaggered a few paces back: and the prince, thinking that he was falling, put out his arm to ſupport him; but he recovered himſelf, and flew forwards to aſſiſt Koſciuſzko, who had raiſed the head of the palatine upon his knee.

"Is he alive?" enquired Thaddeus.

"He breathes."

Hope was now warm in his breaſt. The ſoldiers ſoon releaſed Sobieſki from the ſurrounding dead; but his ſwoon continuing, the prince deſired that he might be laid on a bank, until a litter could be brought

brought from the rear ranks, to convey him to a place of ſecurity. Meantime, Thaddeus and the general bound up his wounds, and poured ſome water into his lips. The effuſion of blood being ſtopped, the brave veteran opened his eyes; and in a few minutes, whilſt he leaned on the boſom of his grandſon, was ſo far reſtored, as to receive with his uſual modeſt dignity, the thanks of his highneſs, for the intrepidity with which he had preſerved a paſſage, which enſured the ſafety of the whole army.

Two ſurgeons who arrived with the litter, relieved the anxiety of the by-ſtanders, by an aſſurance, that the wounds which they re-examined, were not dangerous. Having laid their patient on the vehicle, they were preparing to retire with it into the rear, when Thaddeus petitioned the prince to grant him permiſſion to take the command of the guard which was appointed to attend his grandfather. His highneſs conſented; but Sobieſki poſitively refuſed.

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

Near Zielime, the prince was ſaluted by a reinforcement of freſh troops. This ſuccour appeared very ſeaſonably. The ſcouts had brought information, that directly acroſs the plain, the Ruſſians, under the command of general Branicki, with doubled numbers, were drawn up in order of battle, to diſpute their progreſs.

Thaddeus, for the firſt time, ſhuddered at the ſight of the enemy. Should his friends be defeated, what might be the fate

of

of his grandfather, now rendered helpleſs by his wounds! Occupied by theſe fears, with anxiety in his heart, he kept his place at the head of the light horſe, cloſe to the hill.

Prince Poniatowſki ordered the lines to extend themſelves, that the right ſhould reach to the river; and the left he covered by a riſing ground, on which were mounted ſeven pieces of ordnance. Immediately after theſe diſpoſitions, the battle commenced. It continued with violence and unabating fury, from eight in the morning until ſunſet. Several times during the conteſt, the Poles were driven from their ground; but recovering themſelves, and animated by their commanders, they proſecuted the fight with advantage. General Branicki perceiving that the fortune of the day was going againſt him, ordered up the body of reſerve, conſiſting of four thouſand men beſides ſeveral cannon; for the latter, they erected temporary batteries in a few minutes;—with this unex-

pected addition of new forces, he opened a rapid and deſtructive fire on the Polanders, who, already ſinking with the fatigue of marching, and the heat of the ſun, were now on the point of giving way. Koſciuſzko, alarmed at the retrograde motion of the troops, gave orders for a cloſe attack on the enemy in front, whilſt Thaddeus, at the head of his huſſars, ſhould wheel round the hill of artillery, and with loud cries, charge the oppoſite flank. This ſtratagem ſucceeded. The Coſſacks who were poſted on that ſpot, ſeeing the impetuoſity of the Poles, and the quarter whence they came, ſuppoſed them to be a freſh ſquadron; gave ground, and opening in all directions, threw their own people into a confuſion that completed the defeat. Koſciuſzko and the prince were equally ſucceſsful, where they attacked; and a general panic amongſt their adverſaries was the conſequence. The whole of the Ruſſian army now took to flight, except a few regiments

ments of carabiniers, who were entangled between the river and the Poles. Theſe were immediately ſurrounded by a battalion of Maſovian infantry; who, enraged at the loſs that their body had ſuſtained the preceding day, anſwered the cry for quarter, with reproach and deriſion. At this inſtant, the Sobieſki ſquadron, who were ſcouring the field, came up; and Thaddeus, who ſaw the perilous ſituation of theſe regiments, ordered the ſlaughter to ceaſe, and the men to be taken priſoners. The Maſovians exhibited ſtrong ſigns of diſſatisfaction at ſuch commands; but the young count, charging through them, ranged his troops before the Ruſſians, and threatened, that the firſt man who ſhould dare to lift a ſword againſt his orders, ſhould be ſhot. The Poles dropped their arms. The poor carabiniers fell on their knees to thank his mercy; whilſt their officers, in a ſullen ſilence, which ſeemed aſhamed of grati-

tude, ſurrendered their ſwords into the hands of their deliverers.

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

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

The Ruſſian made no reply, but by a ſecond bow; and put his hand on his breaſt,

breaſt, which was wet with blood. Ceremony was now at an end. Thaddeus never looked upon the unfortunate as ſtrangers; accoſting the wounded young ſoldier with a friendly voice, he aſſured him of his ſervices, and made him lean on his ſhoulder. The officer, incapable of ſpeaking, accepted the aſſiſtance of his enemy; but before a conveyance could arrive, for which two men were diſpatched, he fainted in his arms. Thaddeus, who was obliged to join the prince with his priſoners, very unwillingly left the young Ruſſian in this ſituation. Before he did ſo, he directed one of his lieutenants to ſtay behind; and to take care, that the ſurgeons ſhould pay attention to the officer, and have his litter carried next to the palatine's during the remainder of the march.

When the army halted at nine o'clock, preparations were made to fix the camp; and in caſe of a ſurpriſal from any part of the diſperſed enemy, which might have rallied,

lied, orders were delivered for throwing up a dyke. Thaddeus, having been aſſured that his grandfather and the wounded Ruſſian, were comfortably ſtationed together, did not heſitate to accept with alacrity the command of the entrenching party. To that end, he wrapped himſelf looſely in his peliſe, and prepared for a long watch. The night was beautiful. It being the month of June, a ſoftening warmth ſtill floated through the air, as if the moon, which ſhone over his head, emitted heat, as well as ſplendour. His mind was in uniſon with the ſeaſon. He rode ſlowly round, from bank to bank; ſometimes ſpeaking to the workers in the foſſe; ſometimes lingering for a few minutes, looking on the ground, he thought on the element of which he was compoſed, to which he might ſo ſoon return; then gazing upwards, he obſerved the ſilent march of the ſtars, and the moving ſcene of the heavens. On whatever object he caſt

his

his eyes, his ſoul, which the recent events had diſſolved into a temper not the leſs delightful for being tinged with melancholy, meditated with intenſe compaſſion; and dwelt with wonder, on the mind of man; which, whilſt it adores the Creator of the univerſe, and meaſures the immenſity of ſpace, with an expanſion of intellect almoſt divine, can devote itſelf to the narrow limits of ſublunary poſſeſſions; and exchange the boundleſs paradiſe above, for the low enjoyments of human pride. He looked with pity over that wide tract of land, which now lay betwixt him and the remains of thoſe four thouſand Ruſſians, who had fallen victims to the inſatiate deſire of ambition. He well knew the difference between a defender of his own country, and the invader of another's. His heart beat, his ſoul expanded, at the proſpect of ſecuring liberty and life, to a virtuous people; he *felt* all the happineſs of ſuch an achievement, while he could *imagine* only

how that ſpirit muſt ſhrink from reflection, which would animate the ſelf-condemned ſlave, to fight, not merely to faſten chains on others, but to rivet his own ſtill cloſer. The beſt affections of man, having put the ſword into the hand of Thaddeus, his principles, as a Chriſtian, did not remonſtrate againſt his paſſion for arms.

When he was told that the fortifications were finiſhed, he retired, with a tranquil ſtep and ſmiling countenance, towards the Maſovian quarters. He found the palatine awake, and eager to welcome him with the joyful information, that his wounds were ſo ſlight, as to promiſe a ſpeedy amendment. Thaddeus aſked for his priſoner. The palatine ſaid, "he is in the next tent; where, according to your deſire, the ſurgeon cloſely attends him; and he has given a very favourable opinion of his wound, which was a ſhot through the muſcles of the breaſt."

"Have you ſeen him, my dear Sir?" enquired

enquired Thaddeus, "Does he expreſs himſelf, as if he thinks himſelf well treated?"

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

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

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

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

"It is very true;" returned the palatine, "but as he confeſſed, that it was his folly, and the perſuaſions of others, which impelled him, he merits pardon; he is a mere youth; I think, hardly of your age. I underſtand that he is of rank;

and

and having undertaken the tour of Europe, under the direction of a travelling governor, he took Ruſſia in his route. At Peterſburgh, he became intimate with many of the nobility; particularly with Count Branicki, at whoſe houſe he reſided: and when his lordſhip was named to the command of the army in Poland, Mr. Somerſet, (for that is your priſoner's name,) inſtigated by his own volatility, and the arguments of his hoſt, volunteered with him; and ſo followed his friend, to oppoſe that freedom here, which he would have aſſerted in his own nation."

Thaddeus thanked his grandfather for this information; and pleaſed that the young man, who had ſo much intereſted him, was not a Muſcovite, he gaily, and inſtantly repaired to his tent.

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

himſelf as particularly obliged, by a conduct, which every ſoldier of honour has a right to expect from another. The Engliſhman bowed his head; and Thaddeus ſat down by his bed-ſide, where he remained for near an hour.

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

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

"I was wrought upon," continued he, "by a variety of circumſtances; firſt, the principles of Mr. Loftus, my governor, are ſtrongly in favour of the court of Peterſburgh:

terſburgh: ſecondly, my father diſliked the army, and I adored it; this was the only opportunity which preſented itſelf, in which I might ever ſatisfy my paſſion: and laſtly, I believe that I was dazzled by the picture which the young men about me, drew of the campaign. I longed to be a ſoldier; they perſuaded me; and I followed them to the field, as I would have done to a ball-room, heedleſs of the conſequence."

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

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

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

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

It is not the diſpoſition of youthful minds, to weigh for months and years, the ſterling value of thoſe qualities which attract them. As ſoon as they ſee virtue, they reſpect it; as ſoon as they meet kindneſs, they believe it; and as ſoon as a union of both, preſents itſelf, they love it. Not having paſſed through the diſappointments of a deluſive world, they graſp for reality every pageant which appears. They have not yet admitted that cruel doctrine, which, when it takes effect, creates and extends the miſery it affects

fects to cure. Whilſt we give up our ſouls to ſuſpicion, we gradually learn to deceive; whilſt we repreſs the fervours of our own hearts, we freeze thoſe which approach us; whilſt we cautiouſly avoid occaſions of receiving pain, at every remove, we acquire an unconſcious influence to inflict it on thoſe who follow us. They again meet from our conduct and lips, the reaſon and the leſſon, to deſtroy the expanding ſenſibilities of their nature; and thus the tormenting chain of deceived and deceiving characters is lengthened to infinitude.

About the latter end of the month, Sobieſki received a ſummons, deſiring his immediate attendance at court; where a Diet was to be held, in conſequence of the victory at Zielime, to conſider of future proceedings. In the ſame packet, His Majeſty encloſed a collar and inveſtiture of the order of St. Staniſlaus, as an acknowledgment of ſervice to the young Thaddeus; and a note from himſelf, expreſſing

preſſing his commands, that he ſhould return with the palatine, and other generals, to receive thanks from the throne.

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

"I would follow you, my friend," ſaid he, preſſing the hand of Thaddeus; who was eagerly deſcribing the merits of the counteſs, and the beauties of his home; "all over the world."

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

"You ſpeak ſo rapturouſly of your enchanted caſtle, Thaddeus," returned his friend, "that I do believe, I ſhall have to conſider my knight-errantry, in being fool enough

enough to thruſt myſelf amidſt a fray, in which I had no buſineſs, as one of the wiſeſt deciſions of my life!"

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

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

The weather continuing fine, in a few days the party left Zielime; and the palatine and Somerſet being ſo far reſtored from their wounds, that they could walk about, the one with a crutch, and the other,

other, by the ſupport of his friend's arm; they went through the journey with animation and pleaſure. The benign wiſdom of Sobieſki; the intelligent enthuſiaſm of Thaddeus; and the playful vivacity of Somerſet; mingling their different natures, produced ſuch a beautiful union, that the minutes flew even as faſt as their wiſhes. A week more carried them into the palatinate of Maſovia; and ſoon afterwards, within the walls of Villanow.

Every thing that preſented itſelf to Mr. Somerſet was new and faſcinating. He ſaw, in the domeſtic felicity of his friend, ſcenes which reminded him of the ſocial harmony of his own home. He beheld, in the palace and retinue of Sobieſki, all that magnificence, which beſpoke the deſcendant of a great king, who even now, wanted nothing of royal grandeur, but the crown; which he had the magnanimity to think, and to declare, was then placed upon a more worthy brow. Whilſt Somerſet venerated this true patriot, the high

high tone which his mind acquired, was not lowered, by aſſociating with characters, who came nearer to the common ſtandard. The friends of Sobieſki, were men of tried probity: Men, who at all times preferred their country's welfare, before their own peculiar intereſt. Mr. Somerſet, day after day, liſtened with deep attention to theſe virtuous and energetic noblemen. He ſaw them full of fire and perſonal courage, when the affairs of Poland were diſcuſſed; and he beheld, with amazement and admiration, the imperfect forgetfulneſs of themſelves, in their paſſion for the general good. In theſe moments, his heart bowed down before them; and all the pride of an ancient Briton diſtended his breaſt, when he thought, that ſuch as theſe men are, his anceſtors were. He remembered, how often their almoſt chivalric virtues uſed to occupy his reflections, in the picture gallery at Somerſet Caſtle; and his doubts, when he compared what is, with

what

what was, that hiſtory had gloſſed over the actions of paſt centuries; or elſe, that a different order of men lived then, from thoſe which now inbabit the world. Thus, ſtudying the ſublime characters of Sobieſki and his friends; and enjoying the endearing kindneſs of Thaddeus and his mother, did a fortnight paſs away, without his even recollecting the promiſe of writing to his governor. At the end of that period, he ſtole an hour from the counteſs's ſociety; and encloſed, in a ſhort letter to Mr. Loftus, the following epiſtle to his mother.

To Lady Somerſet, Somerſet-Caſtle, Leiceſterſhire.

" Many weeks ago, my deareſt mother, I wrote a letter of ſeven ſheets from Peterſburgh; which, long ere this time, you and my dear father muſt have received. I attempted to give you ſome idea of the manners of Ruſſia, with the face of the country; and my vanity whiſpers, that I ſucceeded tolerably well. The court

court of the famous Catherine; and the attentions of the hoſpitable Count Branicki; were then the ſubjects of my pen.

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

"Not-

"Notwithſtanding all this, I muſt have loſt my life through my folly, had I not been preſerved, even in the moment when death was pending over me, by a young officer, with whoſe family I now am. The very ſound of their title will create your reſpect; for *we* of the *Patrician order*, have a ſtrange tenacity in our belief, that virtue is hereditary; and in this inſtance our creed is duly honoured. The title is Sobieſki: the family which bears it, is the only remaining poſterity of the great monarch of that name; and the count, who is at its head, is palatine of Maſovia; which, next to the throne, is the firſt dignity in the ſtate. He is one of the warmeſt champions of his country's rights: and though born to command, he has ſo far tranſgreſſed the golden adage of deſpots '*Ignorance and ſubjection*,' that throughout his territories, every man is taught to worſhip his God with his heart, as well as with his knees. The underſtandings of his peaſants are opened to

all uſeful knowledge: he does not put books of ſcience and ſpeculation into their hands, to conſume their time in vain idleneſs: He gives them the Bible; and implements of induſtry; to afford them the means of knowing, and of practiſing their duty. All Maſovia, around his palace, blooms like a garden. The cheerful faces of the farmers; and the bleſſings which I hear them implore on the family, when I am walking in the fields with the young count, (for in this country, the ſons bear the ſame title with their fathers;) have even drawn a few delighted drops from the eyes of your 'thoughtleſs ſon!' I know that you think I have nothing ſentimental about me; elſe you would not, ſo often, have poured into my *not inattentive ears*, 'that it is by the ſenſibilities of the heart, we are to eſtimate the pleaſures of earth and heaven: ſhut our eyes againſt them, and we are merely nicely conſtructed ſpeculums, which reflect the beauties of nature,

ture, but enjoy none.' You ſee, mamma, that I both remember and adopt your leſſons.

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

"Whilſt the palatine is engaged at the diet, her ladyſhip, Thaddeus, and myſelf,

ſelf, with now and then a few viſitors from Warſaw, form the moſt agreeable parties you can ſuppoſe. We walk together, we read together, we converſe together, we ſing together: at leaſt, the counteſs ſings to us; which is all the ſame: and you know, that time flies ſwiftly on the wings of harmony. She has an uncommonly ſweet voice; and a taſte, which I never heard paralleled. By the way, you cannot imagine any thing more beautiful than the Poliſh muſic. It partakes of that delicious languor, ſo diſtinguiſhed in the Turkiſh airs; with a mingling of thoſe wandering melodies, which the now-forgotten compoſers muſt have caught from the Tartars. In ſhort, whilſt the counteſs is ſinging, I hardly ſuffer myſelf to breathe; and I feel, juſt what our poetical friend William Scarſdale, ſaid a twelvemonth ago, at a concert of yours, 'I feel as if Love ſat upon my heart, and flapped it with his wings.'

"I have tried all my powers of perſuaſion,

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

" Before I proceed, I muſt give you ſome idea of the real appearance of this

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

"When we left Zielime, and advanced into the province of Maſovia, the country around Prague roſe at every ſtep in freſh beauty. The numberleſs chains of gently ſwelling hills, which encompaſſes it on each ſide of the Viſtula, were in ſome parts, chequered with corn fields, meadows, and green paſtures, covered with ſheep, whoſe ſoft bleatings trilled in my ears, and tranſported my ſenſes into new regions; ſo different was my charmed and tranquillized mind, from thoſe toſſ-

ing

ing anxieties attendant on the horrors I had recently witneſſed. Surely, there is nothing in the rational world, ſhort of the moſt undivided reciprocal attachment, that has ſuch power over the workings of the human heart, as the mild ſweetneſs of nature. The moſt ruffled temper, when emerging from the town, will ſubſide into a calm, at the ſight of a wide ſtretch of landſcape repoſing in the twilight of a fine evening. It is then that the ſpirit of peace ſettles upon the heart, unfetters the thoughts, and elevates the ſoul to the Creator. It is then that we behold the parent of the univerſe in his works; when *we ſee* his grandeur, in earth, ſea, and ſky; *feel* his affection, in the emotions which they raiſe; and, half mortal, half etherealized, forget where we are, in the anticipation of what that world muſt be, of which this lovely earth is merely the ſhadow.

" Autumn ſeemed to be unfolding all her beauties, to greet the return of the

palatine. In one part, the haymakers were mowing the hay, and heaping it into ſtacks; in another, the reapers were gathering up the wheat, with a troop of roſy little gleaners behind them; each of whom might have tempted the proudeſt Palemon in Chriſtendom, to have changed her toil into '*a gentler duty.*' Such a landſcape, intermingled with the little farms of theſe honeſt people, whom the philanthropy of Sobieſki has rendered free, (for it is a tract of his extenſive domains that I am deſcribing,) remind me of Somerſet. Cottagers are diſperſed amongſt the deep hollows of the vales; and are ſeen peeping from amidſt the thick umbrage of the woods, which cover the face of the hills. Their irregular forms, and thatched roofs, with many of their infant inhabitants playing at the doors, compoſed ſuch lovely groups, that I wiſhed for our dear Mary's pencil and fingers, (for alas! that way mine are motionleſs!) to tranſport them to your eyes.

"The

"The palace of Villanow, which is caſtellated, and ſtands in the midſt of a fortreſs, now burſt upon my view. It rears its embattled head from the ſummit of a hill, that gradually ſlopes down towards the Viſtula, and borders, to the ſouth, the plain of Vola; a ſpot ſo long famous for the election of the kings of Poland. On the north of the building, the earth is cut into natural ramparts, which riſe in high ſucceſſion, until they reach the foundations of the palace, where they terminate, in a noble terrace. Theſe ramparts, covered with graſs, overlook the ſtone-outworks, and ſpread down to the bottom of the hill, which being cloathed with fine trees, and luxuriant underwood, forms ſuch a rich and verdant baſe to the fortreſs, as I have not language to deſcribe; were I privileged to be poetical, I would ſay, that it reminds me of the god of war, ſleeping amid roſes in the bower of love. Here, the eye may wander over the gifts of bounteous nature,

arraying hill and dale in all the united treaſures of ſpring and autumn. The foreſt ſtretches its yet unſunned arms to the breeze; whilſt that breeze comes laden with the fragrance of the tented hay, and the thouſand ſweets breathed from thoſe flowers, which in this delicious country, weep honey.

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

"You

"You know, that this ſtupendous building was the favorite reſidence of John Sobieſki; and that he erected it, as a reſting place from the labours of his long and glorious reign. I cannot move, without meeting ſome veſtige of that truly great monarch. I ſleep in his bed-chamber; there hangs his portrait, dreſſed in the robes of ſovereignty; here, are ſuſpended the arms, with which he ſaved thoſe kingdoms, which are now coaleſcing to the deſtruction of Poland. On one ſide, is his library; on the other, the little chapel, in which he uſed to pay his morning and evening devotions. Wherever I look, my eye finds ſome object, to excite my reflections and emulation. The noble dead ſeem to addreſs me from their graves; and I bluſh at the inglorious life I might have purſued, had I never viſited this houſe, and its inhabitants; yet, my deareſt mother, I do not mean to reproach you; nor to inſinuate, that my revered father, and brave anceſtors, have

not ſet me examples as bright as man need follow; but human nature is capricious; we are not ſo eaſily ſtimulated by what is always in our view; as with ſights, which riſing up, when we are removed from our cuſtomary aſſociations, ſurpriſe and captivate our attention. Villanow has only awakened me to the leſſon, which I conned over in drowſy careleſſneſs at home. Thaddeus Sobieſki is hardly one year my ſenior! but good heaven! what has he not done? What has he not acquired? Whilſt I abuſed the indulgence of my parents, and waſted my days in riding, ſhooting, and walking the ſtreets; he was learning to act, as became a man of rank and virtue; and by ſeizing every opportunity to ſerve the ſtate, he has obtained a rich reward, in the reſpect and admiration of his country. I am not envious, but I now feel the truth of Cæſar's ſpeech, when he declared, '*that the reputation of Alexander would not let him ſleep.*' Nevertheleſs, I dearly love my

my friend; I murmur at my own demerits, not at his worth.

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

"Your truly affectionate ſon,

"PEMBROKE SOMERSET.

"*Villanow, Auguſt*, 1792."

"*To Lady Somerſet, Somerſet Caſtle, England.*

[Written three weeks after the preceding.]

"You know, my dear mother, that your Pembroke is famous for his ingenious mode of ſhewing the full value of every favour he confers: Can I then loſe the opportunity of telling you, what I have left to make you happy with this epiſtle!

"About five minutes ago, I was ſitting on the lawn, at the feet of the Counteſs, reading

reading to her, and the Princeſs Poniatowſki, the charming poem of '*The Pleaſures of Memory;*' as both theſe ladies underſtand Engliſh, they were admiring it, and paying many compliments to the *graces* of my delivery, when the palatine preſented himſelf, and told me, that, if I had any commands for Peterſburgh, I muſt prepare them, for a meſſenger was to ſet off on the next morning by day-break. I inſtantly ſprang up, threw my book into the hand of Thaddeus; and here I am, in my own room, ſcribbling to you.

"Even at the moment in which I dip my pen in the ink, my hurrying imagination paints on my heart, the ſituation of my beloved home, when this letter reaches you. I think I ſee you, and my good aunt, ſeated on the blue ſofa in your dreſſing-room, with your needle-work on the little table before you; I ſee Mary in her uſual nook, the receſs by the old harpſichord; and my dear father, bringing in this happy letter from your ſon! I muſt

confeſs,

confeſs, that this romantic kind of fancy-ſketching makes me feel rather oddly; very unlike what I felt a few months ago, when I was a mere coxcomb; indifferent, unreflecting, unappreciating, and fit for nothing better, than to hold pins at my lady's toilet. Well, it is now made evident to me, that we never know the bleſſings of exiſtence, until we are ſeparated from the poſſeſſion of them. Abſence tightens the ſtring which unites friends, as well as lovers; at leaſt, I find it ſo; and though I am in the fruition of every good on this ſide the ocean, yet my happineſs renders me ungrateful; and I repine, becauſe I enjoy it alone. Poſitively, I muſt bring you all hither to paſs a ſummer; or come back at the termination of my travels, and carry away this dear family by main force to England.

"'Tell my couſin Mary, that either way, I ſhall preſent to her eſteem the moſt accompliſhed of human beings; but I warn her not to fall in love with him, neither *in propriâ*

propriâ perſona, nor by his public fame, nor with his private character. Tell her, that '*he is a bright and particular ſtar*,' neither in her ſphere, nor in any other woman's. In this way, he is as cold as '*Dian's creſcent*;' and to my great amazement too; for, when I throw my eyes over the many lovely young women, who at different times fill the drawing-room of the Counteſs, I cannot but wonder at the perfect indifference with which he views their (to me) irreſiſtible attractions.

"He is polite and attentive to them all; he talks with them, ſmiles with them, and treats them with every active complacency; but they do not live one inſtant in his memory. I mean, they do not occupy his particular wiſhes; for with regard to every reſpectful ſentiment towards the ſex in general, and eſteem to ſome amiable individuals, he is as lively, as in the other caſe he is dead. The fact is, he never caſts one thought upon himſelf; kindneſs is ſpontaneous in his nature: his ſunny

eyes

eyes beam on all, with modeſt benignity; and his frank and glowing converſation, is directed to every rank of people, who imbibe it with an avidity and love, which makes its way to his heart without awakening his vanity. Thus, whilſt his fine perſon, and ſplendid actions, fill every eye and boſom, I ſee him moving in the circle, unconſcious of his eminence, and the intereſt which he excites.

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

cheek

cheek flush with the conviction that he is adored.

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

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

"You are an enthuſiaſt, Thaddeus."

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

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

"Then I pity them," returned Thaddeus.

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

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

"The animated countenance of my friend changed at theſe words, and laying his hand on my arm, he ſaid, "Do not envy me my deſtiny. Pembroke, you are the citizen of a free country, at peace with itſelf, inſatiate power has not dared to invade its rights. Your king, in happy ſecurity, reigns in the hearts of his people; whilſt our anointed Staniſlaus, is baited and inſulted, by oppreſſion from without, and ingratitude within. Do not envy me! I would rather live in obſcurity all my days, than have the means which calamity

has

has beſtowed, of acquiring celebrity over the ruins of Poland. O! my friend, the wreath that crowns the head of conqueſt, is thick and bright; but that which binds the olive of peace, on the bleeding wounds of my country, will be the deareſt to me."

"Such ſentiments, my dear madam, have opened new lights upon my poor miſtaken faculties. I did not conſider the ſubject ſo maturely as my friend has done; victory and glory were with me ſynonimous words: I had not learnt, until frequent converſations with the young, ardent and pious Sobieſki taught me, how to diſcriminate between ferocity and valour; between the patriot and the aſſaſſin; between the defender of his country, and the ravager of other ſtates. In ſhort, I ſee in Thaddeus Sobieſki, all that my fancy hath ever pictured of the heroic character. Whilſt I contemplate the ſublimity of his ſentiments, and the tenderneſs of his ſoul, I cannot help thinking, how few would believe, that ſo many

amaz-

amazing qualities could belong to one mind; and that it ſhould remain unacquainted with the throes of ambition, or the throbs of vanity."

Pembroke judged rightly of his friend; for if ever the real diſintereſted *amor patriæ*, glowed in the breaſt of a man, it animated the of heart the young Sobieſki. Pembroke laid down his pen, at the termination of the foregoing ſentence in the letter to his mother, on the entrance of a ſervant who preſented him with a packet, which had that moment arrived from Peterſburgh. He took it, and laying his writing materials into a deſk, read the following epiſtle from his governor.

'*To Pembroke Somerſet, Eſq.*

"My dear Sir,

"I have this day received your letter, encloſing one for lady Somerſet. You muſt pardon me, that I have detained it; and will continue to do ſo, until I am favoured

voured with your anſwer to this; for which I ſhall moſt anxiouſly wait.

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

Felices ter, et amplius,
Quos irruptâ tenet capula; nec malis
Divulſus quærimoniis,
Suprema citius ſolvet amor die.

It has been my misfortune that I have felt them.

"You are not ignorant, that I was

known to the Branicki family, when I had the honour of conducting the Marquis through Ruſſia. The Count's accompliſhed kinſwoman, the amiable and learned widow of Baron Surowkoff, even then took particular notice of me: and when I returned with you to Peterſburgh, I did not find that my ſhort abſence had obliterated me from her memory.

"You are well acquainted with the dignity of that lady's opinions, on political ſubjects: She, and I, coincided in ardour for the cauſe of inſulted Ruſſia; and in hatred of that levelling power, which pervades all Europe. Many have been the long and intereſting converſations we have held, on the proſecution of thoſe ſchemes, which her late huſband had ſo principal a hand in laying, for the ſubverſion of that miſerable kingdom, in which you now are.

"The baroneſs, I need not obſerve, is as handſome as ſhe is ingenious; her underſtanding is as maſculine, as her perſon

is

is deſirable; and I had been more, or leſs than man, if I had not underſtood, that my figure and talents were agreeable to her. I cannot ſay that ſhe abſolutely promiſed me her hand, but ſhe went as far that way as delicacy would permit. I am thus circumſtantial, Mr. Somerſet, to ſhew you that I do not proceed without proof. She has repeatedly ſaid in my preſence that ſhe would never marry any man, unleſs he were not only well-looking, but of the profoundeſt erudition; united with an acquaintance with men and manners, which none could diſpute. "Beſides," added ſhe, "he muſt not differ with me in one tittle in politics; for on that head I hold myſelf ſecond to no man or woman in Europe." And then ſhe has complimented me, by declaring, that I poſſeſſed more judicious ſentiments on government, than any man in Peterſburgh; and that ſhe ſhould conſider herſelf happy, on the firſt vacancy, to introduce me at court; where ſhe was ſure

that

that the empreſs would at once diſcover the value of my talents: "but," ſhe continued, "in ſuch a caſe, I will not allow, that even Her Majeſty ſhall rival me in your eſteem." The modeſty natural to my character, told me, that theſe praiſes muſt have ſome other ſource, than my comparatively unequal abilities; and I unequivocally found it, in the partiality with which her ladyſhip condeſcended to regard me.

"Was I to blame Mr. Somerſet? Would not any man of ſenſibility and honour have comprehended ſuch advances from a woman of her rank and reputation? I could not be miſtaken; her looks and words needed no explanation, which my judgment could not pronounce. Though I am aware, that I do not poſſeſs that *lumen purpureum juventæ*, which attracts very young, uneducated women, yet I am not fifty; and from the baroneſs's ſingular behaviour, I had every reaſon to expect handſomer treatment than ſhe has

been pleaſed to diſpenſe to me ſince my return.

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

" When Poland had the inſolence to

rebel againſt its illuſtrious miſtreſs, you remember, that every man of rank in Peterſburgh was highly incenſed. The baroneſs Surowkoff declared herſelf frequently and with vehemence; ſhe appealed to me; my veracity and my principles were called forth, and I confeſſed, that I thought every friend to the Czarina ought to take up arms againſt that ungrateful people. The Count Branicki was then appointed to command the Ruſſian forces; and her ladyſhip, very unexpectedly on my part, anſwered me, by approving what I ſaid; and ſaying, that of courſe I meant to follow her couſin into Poland; for that even ſhe, as a woman, was ſo earneſt in the cauſe, ſhe would accompany him to the frontiers, and there await the reſult.

"What could I do? How could I withſtand the expectations of a lady of her quality, and one who I believed, loved me? However, for ſome time I did oppoſe my wiſh to oblige her; I urged my cloth;

and the plea by which I ſhould be able to account for ſuch a line of conduct, to the father of my pupil? The baroneſs ridiculed all theſe arguments, as mere excuſes; and ended with ſaying, "Do as you pleaſe, Mr. Loftus. I have been deceived in your character; the friend of the baroneſs Surowkoff muſt be conſiſtent: he muſt be as willing to fight for the cauſe he eſpouſes as to ſpeak for it; in this caſe, the ſword muſt follow the oration, elſe we ſhall ſee Poland in the hands of a rabble."

"This decided me. I offered my ſervices to the Count, to attend him to the field. He, and the young lords, perſuaded you to do the ſame; and as I could not think of leaving you, when your father had placed you under my charge, I was pleaſed to find that my approval confirmed your wiſh to turn ſoldier. I was then unacquainted, Mr. Somerſet, (for you did not tell me of it until we were far advanced into Poland,) with Sir Robert's

bert's and my lady's diſlike of the army. This has been a prime ſource of my error; and had I known their repugnance to your taking up arms, I do believe that my duty would have triumphed over, even my devotion to the baroneſs: but I was born under a melancholy horoſcope; nothing happens, as any one of my humbleſt wiſhes might warrant.

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

 "What

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

"Therefore, ſir, though you are my pupil, I throw myſelf on your generoſity. If you perſiſt in acquainting your family with the late tranſactions at Zielime, and your preſent reſidence in Poland, I ſhall finally be ruined. I ſhall, not only forfeit the good opinion of your father and mother, but, through their means, loſe all proſpect of the rich living of Somerſet; which Sir Robert was ſo gracious as to promiſe ſhould be mine, on the demiſe

of

of the preſent incumbent. You know, Mr. Somerſet, that I have a mother and ſix ſiſters in Wales, whoſe ſupport entirely depends on my ſucceſs in life; if my preferment be ſtopped now, they muſt neceſſarily be involved in a diſtreſs which makes me ſhudder.

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

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

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

"*Peterſburgh, September*, 1792.

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

This epiſtle diſconcerted Mr. Somerſet. He always gueſſed, that the baroneſs Surowkoff was amuſing herſelf with his vain and pedantic preceptor; but he never entertained a ſuſpicion that her ladyſhip would carry her pleaſantry to ſo cruel an exceſs. He clearly ſaw, that the fears of Mr. Loftus, with regard to the diſpleaſure of his parents, were far from groundleſs; and therefore, as there was a probability, from the age of Dr. Manners, who was upwards of eighty, and afflicted with the dropſy, that the rectory of Somerſet would ſoon become vacant; he thought

it

it better to oblige his poor governor, and preſerve the ſecret for a month or two, than to give him up to the chance of Sir Robert's indignation; which, (he had reaſon to believe, from the reſolution with which he carried through all his determinations,) would not much favour the ſide of lenity. On theſe grounds, Pembroke reſolved to write to Mr. Loftus, and eaſe the anxiety of his heart. Although he ridiculed his vanity, he could not help reſpecting the affectionate ſolicitude of a ſon and a brother; and, as that plea had won him, half angry, half grieved, and half laughing, he ſcribbled theſe haſty lines; which he immediately diſpatched by the courier.

"*To the Reverend Andrew Loftus,*
Peterſburgh.

"Upon my ſoul, Sir, it is too bad! I am to burn my letters, and go home! what can be the matter? what whimſical fit has ſeized my father, that I am recalled

at a moment's notice? Faith, I am ſo mad at the ſummons; and at his not chuſing to aſſign any reaſon for the order,—that I do not know how I may be tempted to act.

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

"Well, I grant it. I underſtood from you and Branicki, that you were leading me againſt a ſet of violent, diſcontented men of rank, who, in proportion as they were inflated with perſonal pride and inſolence, deſpiſed their own order; and under

under the name of freedom, were introducing anarchy throughout a country, which Catharine would graciouſly have protected. All this I find is falſe. But you both, may have been miſled; the count by partiality; and you by miſrepreſentation: therefore I do not perceive why you ſhould be in ſuch a terror. The wiſeſt man in the world may ſee through bad lights; and why ſhould it be thought that my father would never pardon you for having been ſo unlucky?

"Yet, to diſpel your dread of ſuch tidings ruining you with Sir Robert, I will not be the firſt to tell him of our quixoting. Only remember, my good ſir!—though to oblige you, I withhold all my letters to my mother; and when I arrive in England, ſhall lock up my lips from mentioning Poland; yet poſitively, I will not be mute one day longer that that, in which my father preſents you with the living of Somerſet: then, you will be in-

dependent of his diſpleaſure; and I may, and will, declare my everlaſting gratitude to this illuſtrious family.

"Heigho! I am half crazy when I think of leaving them. I muſt tear myſelf from this heaven on earth! The days have paſſed with me as minutes. Alas, alas! that I quit this manſion of comfort and affection, to wander with you, in ſome rumbling old coach, '*over brake and through briar!*' Well, patience, patience! Another ſuch drubbing given to my quondam friends the Ruſſians, and with '*victory perched like an eagle on their laurelled brows,*' I may have ſome chance of wooing the Sobieſkis to the banks of Thames. At preſent, I have not ſufficient hope to keep me in good humour.

"Meet me this day week at Dantzic: I ſhall there embark for England. You had beſt not bring any of the ſervants with you; they might blab; diſcharge them at Peterſburgh, and hire others for yourſelf

yourſelf and me when you arrive at the ſea-port.

"I have the honour to remain,
Dear ſir,
"Your moſt obedient ſervant,
PEMBROKE SOMERSET."

"*Villanow, September*, 1792."

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

"Yes, my dear madam," returned he, "and

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

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

"Come, come, Thaddeus!" cried ſhe, "let us think no more of this ſeparation until it arrives. You know that anticipation of evil is the death of happineſs; and

it

it will be a kind of ſuicide, ſhould we deſtroy the hours which we may yet enjoy together, in vain complainings that they are ſo ſoon to terminate."

A little exhortation from the counteſs; and a maternal kiſs which ſhe imprinted on his cheek, reſtored him to cheerfulneſs; and the evening paſt away, pleaſanter than it had portended.

Much as the palatine eſteemed Pembroke Somerſet, his mind was too deeply abſorbed in the loſſes of his country, to attend to leſs conſiderable cares. He beheld the republic, even on the verge of deſtruction, awaiting with firmneſs and indignation, the approach of that earthquake, which was to ingulph it in the neighbouring nations. He ſaw the ſtorm lowering; but he determined, whilſt there remained one ſpot of vantage ground above the general wreck, that Poland ſhould yet have a name and a defender. Theſe thoughts poſſeſſed him; theſe plans

engaged

engaged him; and he had not leiſure to regret pleaſure, when he was ſtruggling for exiſtence.

The Empreſs continued to pour her armies into the heart of the kingdom. The King of Pruſſia boldly flying from his treaties, refuſed his ſuccour; and the Emperor of Germany, following the example of ſo great a prince, did not bluſh to ſhew that his word was equally contemptible.

Diſpatches daily arrived, that the villages were laid waſte; that neither age, ſex, nor ſituation, prevented their unfortunate inhabitants from becoming the victims of cruelty; and that all the frontier provinces were in flames.

The Diet was called; and the debates agitated with the anxiety of men, who were met, to decide on their deareſt intereſts. The boſom of the benevolent Staniſlaus, bled at the dreadful picture of his people's ſufferings; and hardly able to reſtrain his tears, he anſwered the animated exordiums of Sobieſki for reſiſt-

ance

ance to the laſt, with an appeal immediately to his heart.

"What is it that you urge me to do, my lord?" ſaid he. "Was it not to ſecure the happineſs of my ſubjects, that I laboured? and finding my deſign impracticable, what advantage would it be to them, ſhould I pertinaciouſly oppoſe their ſmall numbers, to the accumulated hords of the north? What is my kingdom, but the comfort of my people? What will it avail me, to ſee them fall around me, man by man; and the few who remain, hanging in ſpeechleſs ſorrow over their graves? Such a ſight would break my heart. Poland without its people, would be a deſart; and I a hermit rather than a king."

In vain the palatine combated this argument, and the quiet which a peace would afford, by declaring, that it could only be temporary. In vain he told His Majeſty, that he would purchaſe ſafety for the preſent race, at the vaſt expence, of not only the

the liberty of poſterity, but of its probity and happineſs.

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

Staniſlaus, weakened by years, and impelled by diſappointment, now retained no higher wiſh, than to ſave his ſubjects from immediate outrage. He did not anſwer the palatine; but with ſtreaming eyes, bent

bent over the table, and annulled the glorious conſtitution of 1791. Then with emotions hardly ſhort of agony, he ſigned an order preſented by the Ruſſian officer, which directed prince Poniatowſki, to deliver the army under his command, into the hands of general Branicki.

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

Theſe pacific meaſures did not meet with better treatment from without. When they were noiſed abroad, an alarming commotion aroſe amongſt the inhabitants of Warſaw; and nearly four thouſand men, of the firſt families in the republic, aſſembled themſelves in the park of Villanow, where they immediately reſolved, that if neceſſary, they alone, would reſiſt the power of their combined ravagers to the utmoſt. The prince Sapieha, Koſciuſzko,

uſzko, and Sobieſki, were the firſt who took the oath of *eternal fidelity to Poland*; and they adminiſtered it to Thaddeus, who kneeling down, called on Heaven to hear him, as he ſwore, to aſſert the freedom of his country to the laſt gaſp of its exiſtence.

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

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

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

Pruſſia uſurped the beſt part of Pomerelia, and garriſoned it with troops; Catharine declared her dominion over the vaſt tract of land, which lies between the Dwina and Boryſtenes: and Frederic William marked down another ſweep of Poland, to follow the fate of Dantzic and Thorn.

Calamities, inſults, and robberies, were heaped, day after day, on the defenceleſs Poles. The Deputies of the provinces were put into priſon; and the Ruſſian ambaſſador had the inſolence, even to interrupt

terrupt proviſions intended for the King's table and appropriate them for his own. Sobieſki complained to *His Excellency* of this outrage; but incenſed at reproof, and irritated at the ſway which the palatine ſtill held at court, he ordered, that his extenſive eſtates in Lithuania and Podolia ſhould be ſequeſtered, and divided between four of the Ruſſian generals.

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

their

their proud ſovereign, were brought into ſubjection."

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

The inſolent Ruſſian, hearing, by private information, that his threats were depiſed, next morning, before day-break, ſurrounded the building where the confederation was ſitting, with two battalions of grenadiers and four pieces of cannon: he then iſſued orders, that no Pole ſhould be permitted to paſs the gates, on pain of death. General Rautenfeld, who was ſet over the perſon of the king, declared that not even His Majeſty ſhould ſtir, until the Diet had given an unanimous and full conſent to the Empreſs's commands.

The Diet ſet forth the unlawfulneſs of ſign-

ſigning any treaty, whilſt they were withheld from the freedom of will and debate, by the preſence of an intimidating force. They urged that it was not legal to enter into deliberation, when violence had recently been exerted againſt any individual of their body; and how could they do it now, deprived as they were of five of their principal members, whom the ambaſſador well knew he had arreſted in their way to the ſenate? Sobieſki and four of his friends, being the members moſt inimical to the wiſhes of Ruſſia, were theſe five. In vain their liberation was required: Rautenfeld, enraged at the pertinacity of this oppoſition, repeated his former threatenings, with the addition of more; and declared, that they ſhould certainly take place, if the Diet did not directly and unconditionally, ſign the pretenſions both of his court, and that of Pruſſia.

After a hard contention of many hours, at laſt the members agreed amongſt themſelves, to make a ſolemn public proteſt againſt

againſt the preſent tyrannous meaſures of the Ruſſian ambaſſador; and ſeeing that any attempt to inſpire him, even with decency was uſeleſs, they determined to ceaſe all debate, and keep a profound ſilence, when the marſhal ſhould propoſe the project in demand.

This ſorrowful ſilence was commenced in reſentment, and retained through deſpair; this ſorrowful ſilence was called, by their uſurpers, a conſent; this ſorrowful ſilence is held up to the world, and to poſterity, as a free ceſſion of the Poles, of all thoſe rights, which they had received from nature, and defended with their blood

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

" The diet of Poland, hemmed in by foreign troops; menaced with an invaſion, which would be attended by univerſal

ruin; and finally, inſulted by a thouſand outrages; have been forced to witneſs the ſigning of a treaty with Pruſſia.

" They ſtrenuouſly endeavoured to add to that treaty, ſome conditions, to which they ſuppoſed the lamentable ſtate of this country would have extorted an acquieſcence, even from the heart of power: but the diet were deceived; they found, that power was unaccompanied by humanity: they found that Pruſſia, having thrown his victim to the ground, would not refrain from exulting in the barbarous triumph of trampling upon her neck.

" The diet rely on the juſtice of Poland; rely on her belief, that they would not betray the citadel, which ſhe confided to their keeping: her preſervation is dearer to them than their lives; but fate ſeems to be on the ſide of their deſtroyer. Freſh inſults have been heaped upon their heads, and new hardſhips have been impoſed upon them. To prevent all deliberations on this debaſing treaty, they are not only

ſurrounded

ſurrounded by foreign troops, and dared with hoſtile meſſages, but they have been violated by the arreſt of their prime members; whilſt thoſe who are ſtill ſuffered to poſſeſs a perſonal freedom, have the moſt galling ſhackles laid upon their minds.

" Therefore, I, the King of Poland, enervated by age, and ſinking under the accumulated weight of afflictions;—and alſo, we, the members of the diet,—declare, that being unable, even by the ſacrifice of our lives, to relieve our country from the yoke of its oppreſſors, we conſign it to poſterity.

" In another age, means may be found, to reſcue it from chains and miſery; but ſuch means are not in our power. Other countries neglect us; whilſt they reprobate the violations, which a neighbouring nation is alleged to have committed againſt rational liberty, they behold, not only with apathy, but with approbation, the ravages which are now deſolating Poland. Poſterity muſt avenge it; we have done.

We accede, for the reaſons above mentioned, to the treaty laid before us; though we declare, that it is contrary to our wiſhes, to our ſentiments, and to our rights."

Thus, in November, 1793,—compreſſed to one fourth of her dimenſions, within the lines of demarcation drawn by her enemies,—Poland was ſtripped of her rank in Europe: the lands of her nobles given to ſtrangers; and her citizens left to periſh in chains. Ill-fated nation! Poſterity will weep over thy wrongs; whilſt the burning bluſh of ſhame, that their fathers witneſſed ſuch wrongs unmoved, ſhall cauſe the tears to bliſter as they fall.

During theſe tranſactions, the Counteſs Sobieſki continued in ſolitude at Villanow, awaiting with awful anxiety the termination of thoſe portentous events, which ſo deeply involved her own comforts with thoſe of her country. Her father was in priſon, her ſon at a diſtance with the army. Sick at heart, ſhe ſaw the opening

of

of that ſpring, which might be the commencement only, of a new ſeaſon of injuries: and her fears were prophetic.

Thoſe ſoldiers who had dared to retain their arms in their hands, were again ordered by the Ruſſian ambaſſador to lay them down. Some few, thinking denial vain, obeyed; but thoſe of bolder ſpirits, followed Thaddeus Sobieſki into South Pruſſia: whither he had directed his ſteps on the arreſt of his grandfather; and where he had gathered, and kept together, a handful of brave men ſtill faithful to their liberties. Indeed his name alone, collected numbers around him, in every diſtrict through which he marched. Perſecution from their adverſary, as well as admiration of Thaddeus, gave a reſiſtleſs power to his appearance, look, and voice; all which had ſuch an effect on this afflicted people, that they crowded to his ſtandard by hundreds: whilſt their lords, having caught a ſimilar fire, from the blazing ardour of the young count, com-

mitted themſelves, without reſerve to his ſole judgment and command. The empreſs, hearing of this, ordered Staniſlaus to command him directly to diſband his troops: but the king refuſing, ſhe augmented the ſtrength of her own forces; and, enraged at ſuch ſtubborn reſiſtance, renewed the war with redoubled horrors.

The palatine remained in confinement, hopeleſs of obtaining releaſe without the aid of ſtratagem. The emiſſaries of Catharine, were too well aware of their intereſt, to give freedom to ſo active an opponent. They loaded him with irons, and inſult; but in ſpite of their arts, this patriotic victim to vindictive tyranny, received every conſolation which can ſoothe a brave man, (his own arms being tied from ſerving his country,) in the information, which the blind malice of his jailors hourly brought to him. They told him, "that his grandſon continued to carry himſelf with ſuch inſolent oppoſition in the ſouth, that it would be well,

if

if the empreſs, at the termination of the war, allowed him to eſcape with his life." Every reproach which was levelled at the palatine, he found had been bought by ſome new conqueſt of Thaddeus; and inſtead of permitting their malignity to take the effect, of intimidating his age, and alarming his affection, he told the Ruſſian officer, (whoſe daily office it was to attend, and to torment him,) that—if his grandſon were to loſe his head for fidelity to Poland, he ſhould be almoſt as glad to ſee him mounting the ſcaffold, as entering the ſtreets of Warſaw, with Ruſſia at his chariot wheels. "The only difference would be," continued Sobieſki, "that as the firſt cannot happen until all virtue be dead in this land, I ſhould regard his laſt gaſp as the expiring ſigh of that virtue, which, by him, had found a triumph, even under the axe. And for the ſecond,—it would be joy unutterable, to behold the victory of juſtice over rapine and murder! But, either way, Thaddeus

Sobieſki is ſtill the ſame; ready to die, or ready to live, for his country—and equally worthy of the eternal halo, with which poſterity will encircle his name."

Indeed the accounts which arrived from this young ſoldier, who had formed a junction with General Koſciuſzko, were in the higheſt degree formidable to the coaleſced powers. Having gained a conſiderable advantage over the Pruſſians in ſeveral places, his troops were advancing towards Inowlotz, when a large and freſh body of the enemy appeared unexpectedly in their rear. The men on the oppoſite bank of the river, (whom the Poles were driving before them,) at ſight of this reinforcement, ſuddenly rallied; and with an intention to retard the approach of their purſuers; and to enſure their probable defeat from the army in view; they broke down the wooden bridge, which might have brought them over. The Poles were for ſome time at a ſtand. Koſciuſzko propoſed ſwimming acroſs the river;

river; but, owing to the recent heavy rains, it was ſo ſwoln and rapid, that the young men, to whom he mentioned the project, terrified by the blackneſs, and daſhing of the water, drew back. The general perceiving their panic, called Thaddeus to him, and both plunged into the ſtream. Aſhamed of their heſitation, the others now tried who could firſt follow this example; and after hard buffeting with the waves, the whole army gained the oppoſite ſhore. The Pruſſians who were in the rear, incapable of the like intrepidity, halted; and thoſe in the van, intimidated at the daring courage of their adverſaries, concealed themſelves amidſt the thickets of an adjoining valley.

The two friends proceeded towards Cracow, carrying redreſs and protection to the provinces through which they marched. But they hardly had reſted two days in that city before diſpatches were received, that Warſaw was lying at the mercy of General Branicki. No time could be loſt;

officers and men had ſet their lives on the cauſe; and they re-commenced their toils, with a perſeverance, which brought them before the capital on the ſixteenth of April.

Things were in a worſe ſtate than even was expected. The Ruſſian ambaſſador, with his uſual arrogance, had demanded the ſurrender of the national arſenal; and ſubſcribed his orders with a threat, that whoever of the nobles preſumed to diſpute his authority, ſhould be arreſted and put to death; and, if the people ſhould dare to murmur, he would immediately command general Branicki to lay the city in aſhes.

The king remonſtrated againſt ſuch oppreſſion; and to "*puniſh his preſumption*," this proper repreſentative of the Imperial Catherine, ordered that his majeſty's garriſon and guards ſhould be inſtantly broken and diſperſed. At the firſt attempt to execute this mandate, the people flew in crowds to the palace; and falling

ing on their knees, implored Staniſlaus for permiſſion to avenge the inſult offered to his troops. His majeſty looked at them with pity, gratitude, and anguiſh; for ſome time, his emotions were too ſtrong to allow him to ſpeak: at laſt, in a voice of agony, which was wrung from his tortured heart, he anſwered, "Go, and defend your honour!"

The army of Koſciuſzko marched into the town at this critical moment; they joined the armed citizens; and that day, after a dreadful conflict, in which the ſtreets were ſtrewed with the killed, Warſaw was reſcued from the immediate graſp of Ruſſia. During the fight, the king, who was alone in one of the rooms of his palace, ſunk almoſt fainting on the floor; he heard the mingling claſh of arms, the roar of muſquetry, and the cries and groans of the combatants; ruin ſeemed no longer to hover over his kingdom, but to have pounced at once upon her prey. At every renewed ſhot, which

followed each pauſe in the firing, he expected the next moment to ſee his palace gates burſt open, and himſelf, then indeed, made a willing ſacrifice to the fury of his enemies.

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

"Are my people ſafe?" aſked the king.

"Yes, my liege;" returned Thaddeus, "and victorious. The foreign guards are beaten from the palace;—your own have reſumed their ſtation at the gates."

At this aſſurance tears of joy ran over the venerable cheeks of his majeſty; and again embracing his young deliverer, he ſaid, "I thank Heaven, that my unhappy country is not totally bereft of hope. Whilſt Koſciuſzko and a Sobieſki live, ſhe will not quite deſpair."

CHAP. VI.

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

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

At this intelligence, the conſternation became dreadful. The Poleneſe army, worn

with fatigue and long ſervices, and without cloathing, or ammunition, were not in any way, excepting courage, fitted for the field.

The treaſury was exhauſted; and means of raiſing a ſupply, ſeemed impracticable: The provinces were laid waſte, and the city had already been drained of its laſt ducat. In this exigency, though hopeleſs of deviſing any expedient for even temporary ſuccour, a council met in his majeſty's private cabinet, to conſult about obtaining reſources. The debate was as deſponding as their ſituation, until Thaddeus Sobieſki, who had hitherto been a ſilent obſerver, roſe from his ſeat. Whilſt the bluſhes of awe and eagerneſs crimſoned his cheek, he advanced towards Staniſlaus; and taking from his neck, and other parts of his dreſs, thoſe magnificent jewels, which it was cuſtomary to wear in the preſence of the king, he knelt down, and laying them at the feet of his majeſty, ſaid in a ſuppreſſed voice, "Theſe are

trifles;

trifles; but ſuch as they are, and all of the like kind which I poſſeſs, I beſeech your majeſty to appropriate to the public ſervice."

"Noble young man!" cried the king, raiſing him from the ground; "you have indeed taught me a leſſon: I accept theſe jewels with gratitude. Here," ſaid he, turning to the treaſurer, "put them into the national fund; and let them be followed by my own, with my plate, which I deſire may be inſtantly ſent to the mint. One half of it the army ſhall have; the other we muſt expend in giving ſome little ſupport to the ſurviving families of the brave men who have fallen in our defence." The palatine readily united with his grandſon, in the ſurrender of all their perſonal property, for the benefit of their country: and according to their example, the treaſury was ſoon filled with gratuities from the nobles; which enabled the army to march out, newly equipped, and in high ſpirits.

The

The Counteſs a third time had to bid adieu to a ſon, who was now become, as much the idol of her reaſon, as before he had been the object of her love. In proportion as glory ſurrounded him, and danger courted his ſteps, the ſtrings of affection drew him cloſer to her ſoul: the "*aſpiring blood*" of the Sobieſkis, which beat in her veins, could not drown the feelings of a parent; could not cauſe her to forget, that the ſpring of her exiſtence, now flowed from that fountain, which had taken its ſource from her. Her anxious, and waiting heart, paid dearly in tears and ſleepleſs nights, for the honour with which ſhe was ſaluted at every turning, as the mother of Thaddeus: that Thaddeus, who was not more the ſoul of council, and the ſinew of war, than he was to her, the gentleſt, the deareſt, the moſt amiable of ſons. It matters not to the undiſtinguiſhing bolt of carnage, whether it ſtrike common breaſts, or thoſe rare hearts, whoſe lives are uſually as brief

brief as they are dazzling; this leaden meſſenger of death, banquets as greedily on the boſom of a hero, as if it had lit upon more vulgar prey: all is levelled to the chance of war; which comes like a whirlwind of the deſert, ſcattering man and beaſt in one wide ruin.

Such thoughts as theſe, poſſeſſed the melancholy reveries of the counteſs Sobieſki, from the hour in which ſhe ſaw Thaddeus and his grandfather depart for Cracow, until ſhe heard that it was retaken, and that the enemy were defeated in many battles.

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

They next turned their courſe to the relief of Lithuania; but whilſt they were

on their route thither, they received intelligence, that a detachment from their body, having been beaten by the Ruſſians under Suwarrow, that general, elated with ſucceſs, was haſtening forwards, to re-attack the capital.

Koſciuſzko reſolved to prevent him; and prepared to give immediate battle to Ferſen, another commander, who was on his march to form a junction with the victorious Ruſſian. To this effect, Koſciuſzko divided his forces: Half of them, under the command of Prince Poniatowſki, were to purſue Suwarrow, and keep a watchful eye over his motions; whilſt Koſciuſzko himſelf, with the remainder, to the number of ſix thouſand men, accompanied by the two Sobieſkis, would proceed towards Brzeſc.

It was the tenth of October. The weather being fine, a cloudleſs ſun diffuſed life and brilliancy through the pure air of a keen morning. The vaſt green plain before them, glittered with the troops of

General

General Ferſen, who had already arranged them in order of battle.

The word was given. Thaddeus, as he drew his ſabre from his ſcabbard, raiſed his eyes, to implore the juſtice of Heaven on that day's events. The attack was made. The Poles kept their ſtation on the heights. Twice the Ruſſians ruſhed on them like wolves, and twice they repulſed them by their ſteadineſs. Conqueſt declared for Poland. Thaddeus was ſeen in every part of the field. But reinforcements poured in to the ſupport of Ferſen, and war raged in new horrors. Still the courage of the Poles was unabated. Sobieſki, fighting at the head of the infantry, would not recede one foot; and Koſciuſzko, exhorting his men to be reſolute, appeared in the hotteſt places of the battle.

At one of theſe portentous moments, Thaddeus perceived the commander-in-chief ſtruggling with his charger, which had been ſhot under him: he galloped to his

his aſſiſtance, and giving him his own, mounted another, which was offered by a ſoldier; and remained fighting by his ſide, until he ſaw two more horſes ſhare the ſame fate: and, on the next charge, Koſciuſzko himſelf fell back on his ſaddle. Thaddeus caught him in his arms; but finding that his breaſt was immediately covered with blood, (a Coſſac having ſtabbed the general in the back) he unconſciouſly uttered a groan of horror. The ſurrounding ſoldiers took the alarm, and, "Koſciuſzko, our general is killed!" was echoed from rank to rank, with ſuch piercing ſhrieks, that the wounded hero opened his eyes, and was preparing to ſpeak to his young friend, when two Ruſſian chaſſeurs, in the ſame moment, made a cut at them both. The ſabre ſtruck the expoſed head of Koſciuſzko, who fell ſenſeleſs to the ground; and Thaddeus received a gaſh in his ſhoulder, which knocked him off his horſe.

The

The conſternation became univerſal; groans of deſpair ſeemed to iſſue from the whole army, whilſt the few reſolute Poles, who had been ſtationed near the fallen general, fell in mangled heaps upon his boſom. Thaddeus with difficulty extricated himſelf from the bodies of the ſlain; and fighting his way through the triumphant troops which preſſed around him, he joined his terror-ſtricken comrades; who in the wildeſt confuſion, were diſperſing under a heavy fire, and flying like frighted deer. In vain he called to them; in vain he urged them to avenge Koſciuſzko; the panic was complete, and they fled.

Almoſt alone, in the rear of his ſoldiers, he oppoſed with his ſingle and deſperate arm, party after party of the enemy, until a narrow ſtream of the Muchavez ſtopped his retreat. The waters were crimſoned with blood. He plunged in, and beating the bluſhing wave with his left arm, in a few ſeconds gained the oppoſite

poſite bank; where, fainting from fatigue and loſs of blood, he ſunk, almoſt deprived of ſenſe, amidſt a heap of the killed.

When the purſuing ſquadrons had galloped by him, he again ſummoned ſtrength to look around. He raiſed himſelf from the ground, and by the help of his ſword, on which he leaned, ſupported his ſteps a few paces farther: but, good God! what was the ſhock he received, when the bleeding and lifeleſs body of his grandfather lay before him? He ſtood, for a few moments, motionleſs, and without ſenſation; then, kneeling down by his ſide, whilſt he felt as if his heart were palſied with death, he ſearched for the wounds of the palatine. They were numerous and deep. He would have torn away the handkerchief, with which he had ſtaunched his own blood, to have applied it to that of his grandfather, but by ſo doing he muſt have diſabled himſelf from giving him further aſſiſtance. He took

took his ſaſh and neck-cloth, and when they were inſufficient, he rent the linen from his breaſt; then haſtening to the river, he brought a little water in his cap, and threw ſome of its ſtained drops on the pale features of Sobieſki.

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

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

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

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

"I promiſe."

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

When ſenſation returned to him, he looked up. The ſky was ſhrouded in clouds, which a driving wind was blowing from the orb of the moon, as a few of her white rays, here and there, gleamed on the weapons of the ſlaughtered ſoldiers.

The ſcattered ſenſes of Thaddeus ſlowly

ly recollected themſelves. He was now lying, the only living creature, amidſt thouſands of the dead, who, the preceding night, had been, like himſelf, alive to all the conſciouſneſs of exiſtence. His right hand reſted on the chilled face of his grandfather, it was wet with dew; he ſhuddered; and taking his own cloak from his ſhoulders, laid it over the body. He would have ſaid as he did it, "So, my father, I would have ſheltered thy life, with the ſacrifice of my own!" but the words choaked in his throat; and he ſat watching by the corſe, until the day dawned, and the Poles returned to bury their ſlain.

The wretched Thaddeus was diſcovered by a party of his own huſſars, ſeated on a little mound of earth, with the cold hand of Sobieſki graſped in his. At this ſight, the ſoldiers uttered a cry of horror. Thaddeus roſe up; "my friends," ſaid he, "I thank God that you are come!

Aſſiſt me to bear my dear grandfather to the camp."

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

General Wawrzecki, on whom the command had devolved, ſeeing the party returning ſo ſoon, and in ſuch an order, ſent an aid de camp to inquire the reaſon. He came back with dejection in his face; and informed the commander, that the brave palatine of Maſovia, whom they ſuppoſed had been taken priſoner, along with

with his grandſon and Koſciuſzko, was the occaſion of this ſudden return; that he had been killed, and was now approaching the lines, on the arms of his ſoldiers. Wawrzecki, though glad to hear that Thaddeus was alive and at liberty, turned round to conceal his tears; then calling out the guard, he marched at their head, to meet the corpſe of his illuſtrious friend.

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

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

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

"*To Thaddeus, Count Sobieſki.*

"Conſole yourſelf my moſt precious ſon, conſole yourſelf for my ſake, I have ſeen colonel Lomza; and I have heard all the horrors which took place on the tenth of this month. I have heard them, and I am yet alive; I am reſigned: but he tells me that you are wounded. Oh! do not

not let me be bereft of my ſon alſo! Remember, that you were my dear ſainted father's darling: remember, that as his repreſentative, you are to be my conſolation: in pity to me, if not to our ſuffering country, preſerve yourſelf, to be at leaſt the laſt comfort which Heaven will ſpare to me. I find, that all is loſt to Poland, as well as to myſelf; that when my glorious father fell, and his friend with him, the republic became extinct. The Ruſſian army is now on its march towards Maſovia; and I am too weak to come to you. Let me ſee you ſoon, very ſoon, my beloved ſon; I beſeech you, come to me! You will find me feebler in body, than in mind; for there is a holy comforter, that deſcends on the bruiſed heart, which none other than the unhappy have conceived or felt. Farewell, my dear, dear Thaddeus! Let the memory, that you have a mother, check your too ardent courage. God for ever guard you. Live for your mother; who has no ſtronger

words to expreſs her affection for you, than that ſhe is thy mother;—thy

"THERESE SOBIESKI."

"*Villanow, October*, 1794."

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

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

Next day, being the ſeventh from that in which the fatal battle had been decided, Thaddeus, at the firſt beat of the drum,

drum, roſe from his bed, and almoſt unaſſiſted, put on his cloaths. His uniform being black, he needed no other index than his pale and mournful countenance, to announce that he was chief mourner.

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

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

On the verge of the plain that borders Biala, and within a few paces of the convent gate of St. Francis, the bier ſtopped. The monks ſaluted its appearance with a requiem, which they continued to chant till the coffin was lowered into the ground. The earth received its ſacred depoſit. The anthems ceaſed: and the ſoldiers kneeling down, diſcharging their muſquets over it; then, with ſtreaming cheeks, roſe, and gave place to others. Nine vollies were fired, and the ranks fell back.

The

The biſhop advanced to the head of the grave; all was huſhed; he raiſed his eyes to Heaven; then, after a pauſe, in which he ſeemed to be communing with the regions above him, he turned to the ſilent aſſembly, and in a voice, collected and impreſſive, addreſſed them in a ſhort, but affecting oration, in which he ſet forth the brightneſs of Sobieſki's life; his noble forgetfulneſs of ſelf, in the intereſts of his country; and the dauntleſs bravery, which had laid him in the duſt.—A general diſcharge of cannon and muſquetry, was the awful reſponſe to this appeal. Wawrzecki took the ſword of the palatine, and breaking it, dropt it into the grave. The aides-de-camp of the deceaſed did the ſame by theirs; ſhewing, that by ſo doing, they reſigned their offices; and then covering their faces with their handkerchiefs, they turned away with the ſoldiers who filed off. Thaddeus ſunk on his knees: his hands were claſped, and his eyes for a few minutes fixed them-

ſelves on the coffin of his grandfather; then riſing, he leaned on the arm of Wawzrecki, and with a tottering ſtep, and pallid countenance, mounted his horſe, which had been led to the ſpot; and returned, with the ſcattered proceſſion, to the camp.

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

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

AT a time, when the effects of theſe ſufferings and fatigues had brought him very low, the young Count Sobieſki was arouſed, by the information, that the Ruſſians had already planted themſelves before Prague, and were threatening to bombard the town. This intelligence rallied the ſpirits of the depreſſed ſoldiers, who readily obeyed their commander, to put themſelves in order of march the next day. Thaddeus ſaw that the deciſive blow was pending; and though hardly able to ſit his horſe, he refuſed the indulgence of a litter; determining that no illneſs, however ſevere, ſhould make him flag one hour from the active exerciſe of his duty.

Devaſtation was ſpread over the face of the country. As the troops moved, the

unhappy and houſeleſs villagers, preſented an agonizing picture to their view. Old men ſtood amongſt the aſhes of their homes, deploring the cruelty of power; children and women ſat by the way ſide, weeping over the laſt ſuſtenance, which the wretched infant drew from the breaſt of its periſhing mother.

Thaddeus ſhut his eyes on the ſcene.

"O, my country! my country!" exclaimed he, "what are my perſonal griefs to thine? Nothing, nothing. It is your wretchedneſs that barbs me to the heart! Look there," cried he, to the ſoldiers, pointing to the miſerable ſpectacles before him, "look there, and carry vengeance into the breaſts of their deſtroyers. Let Prague be the laſt act of this tragedy!"

Unhappy young man, unfortunate country! It was indeed the laſt act of a tragedy, to which all Europe were ſpectators; a tragedy, which the nations witneſſed without one attempt to ſtop or delay its dread-

dreadful cataſtrophe! O! how muſt virtue be loſt, when it is no longer an article of policy, even to aſſume it!

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

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

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

At

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

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

As ſoon as Thaddeus ſaw his gueſts ſeated

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

Sobieſki breathed a reſponſe to the addreſs of his mother: and drying her tears with his kiſſes, dwelt upon the never-dying

fame

fame of his beloved grandfather; upon his preferable lot to that of their brave friend Koſciuſzko, who was doomed, not only to ſurvive the liberty of his country, but to paſs the reſidue of his life within the dungeons of a Ruſſian priſon. He then tried to re-animate her ſpirits with hope. He ſpoke of the approaching battle, without expreſſing any doubt of the valour and deſperation of the Poles rendering it ſucceſsful. He talked of the firmneſs of the king; of the courage of the general; of his own reſolution. His diſcourſe began in a wiſh to cheat her into tranquillity; but as he advanced on the ſubject, his ſoul took fire at its own warmth, and he half believed the probability of his anticipations.

The Counteſs looked on the honourable glow which crimſoned his haraſſed features, with a pang at her heart.

"My heroic ſon!" cried ſhe, "my darling Thaddeus! what a vaſt price do I pay for all this excellence; I could not love

love you, were you otherwiſe than what you are; and being what you are, O! how ſoon may I loſe you! Already has your noble grandfather paid the debt which he owed to his glory: he promiſed, to fall with Poland; he has kept his word; and now, all that I love on earth is concentrated in you." The Counteſs pauſed, and preſſing his hand almoſt wildly on her heart, ſhe continued, in a hurried voice; "The ſame ſpirit is in your breaſt; the ſame principle binds you; and I may at laſt be left alone. Heaven have pity on me!"

She caſt her eyes upwards as ſhe ended. Thaddeus, ſinking on his knees by her ſide, implored her with all the earneſtneſs of piety and confidence, to take comfort. The Counteſs embraced him with a forced ſmile, and ſaid; "You muſt forgive me, Thaddeus, I have nothing of the ſoldier in my heart; it is all woman. But I will not detain you longer, my dear boy, from that reſt which you require; go to your

room,

room, and try to recruit yourſelf for the dangers, which I expect to-morrow will bring forth. I ſhall employ the night in prayers for your ſafety."

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

Next morning, at ſun-riſe, the troops prepared to march. General Wawrzecki with his officers, begged permiſſion to pay their perſonal gratitude to the Counteſs, for the hoſpitality of her reception: ſhe declined that honour, on the plea of indiſpoſition; and in the courſe of an hour, the Count appeared from her apartment, and joined the general.

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

Ruſſia

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

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

ſpring,

ſpring, which ſtruck five, when the report of a ſingle muſket made him ſtart.

He flew to his tent door, and looking about him, ſaw that all in that quarter was at reſt; then ſuſpecting that it might be a ſignal of the enemy, he hurried towards the entrenchments; where he found the centinels in perfect ſecurity from any fears reſpecting the ſound, as they ſuppoſed it to have proceeded from the town.

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

not only in motion, but prepared for the aſſault.

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

The Poliſh works being gained, the Ruſſians turned the cannon on its former maſters; and as theſe rallied to the defence of what remained, ſwept them down, by whole regiments. The noiſe of artillery thundered from all ſides of the camp: the ſmoke was ſo great, that it was hardly poſſible to diſtinguiſh friends from foes; never-

nevertheleſs, the ſpirits of the Poles flagged not a moment: as faſt as one rampart was wreſted from them, they threw themſelves within another; which was as ſpeedily taken, by the help of hurdles, faſcines, ladders, and a courage as reſiſtleſs, as it was ferocious, mercileſs and ſanguinary. Every ſpot of vantage ground was at length loſt; and yet the Poles fought like lions; quarter was neither offered to them nor required; they diſputed every inch of way, until they fell upon it in heaps; ſome, lying before the parapets; others, filling the ditches; and the reſt, covering the ground, for the enemy to tread on, as they cut their paſſage to the heart of the camp.

Sobieſki, almoſt maddened by the ſcene, dripping with his own blood, and that of his brave friends, was ſeen in every part of the action; he was in the foſſe, defending the trampled bodies of thoſe who were dying; he was on the dyke, animating the few who remained; Wawrzecki

zecki was ſlain, and every hope hung upon Thaddeus; his preſence and voice, infuſed new energy into the arms of his almoſt fainting countrymen: they kept cloſe to his ſide, until the Ruſſians, enraged at the dauntleſs intrepidity of this young hero, uttered the moſt unmanly imprecations, and ruſhing on his little phalanx, attacked it with redoubled numbers and fury.

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

When

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

In an inſtant, the field before Prague was filled with women and children, flying in all directions, and rending the ſky with their ſhrieks. "Father Almighty!" cried

Thaddeus, wringing his hands, "canſt thou ſuffer this?" Whilſt he yet ſpake, ſome ſtraggling Coſſacks, from the town, who were prowling about, glutted, but not ſated with blood, ſeized the poor fugitives, and with a ferocity as wanton as unmanly, releaſed them at once from life and affliction.

This hideous ſpectacle brought his mother's defenceleſs ſtate before the eyes of Sobieſki. Her palace was only four miles diſtant; and whilſt the barbarous avidity of the Ruſſians, was too buſily engaged in ſacking the place, to permit them to perceive a ſolitary individual hurrying away amidſt heaps of dead bodies, he flew acroſs the deſolated meadows, which intervened between Prague and Villanow.

Thaddeus was met at the gate of the palace, by general Butzou; who having learnt the fate of Prague, from the noiſe and flames in that quarter, anticipated the arrival of ſome part of the victorious army before the walls of Villanow. When the

count croſſed the draw-bridge, he ſaw that the worthy veteran had prepared every thing for a ſtout reſiſtance; the ramparts were lined with ſoldiers, and well mounted with artillery.

"Here, my dear lord," cried he, as he led the count up to the keep, "let the worſt happen, here I am reſolved to diſpute the poſſeſſion of your grandfather's palace, until I have not a man to ſtand by me!"

Thaddeus ſtrained him in ſilence to his breaſt; and then, after examining the force, and giving further orders for more commanding diſpoſitions, he went to the apartments of his mother.

The counteſs's women, who met him in the veſtibule, begged him to be careful how he entered her ladyſhip's room; for ſhe had only juſt recovered from a ſwoon, occaſioned by alarm, at hearing the cannonade againſt the Poliſh camp. Thaddeus waited for no more; but regardleſs of their caution, threw open the door of the

the chamber; and haſtening up to his mother's couch, caſt himſelf into her arms. She clung round his neck; and for a while, joy ſtopped her reſpiration, till burſting into tears, ſhe wept over him, incapable of expreſſing by words, her tumultuous gratitude at again beholding him alive. He looked on her altered and pallid features.

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

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

Thaddeus could only anſwer with a groan. She reſumed. "Give me your hand. I muſt not witneſs the grandſon of Sobieſki, given up to deſpair: let your mother incite you to reſignation. You ſee, I have not breathed a complaining

word, although I behold you covered with wounds." As ſhe ſpoke, ſhe pointed to the ſaſh and handkerchief, which were bound round his thigh and left arm. "Our ſeparation will not be long; a few ſhort years, perhaps hours, may unite us for ever in a better world."

The count was ſtill ſpeechleſs; he could only preſs her hand to his lips. After pauſing a moment, ſhe proceeded.—

"Look up, my dear boy! and attend to me. Should Poland become the property of other nations, I conjure you, if you ſurvive its fall, to leave it. When reduced to ſlavery, it will be no longer an aſylum for a man of honour. I beſeech you, ſhould this happen, go that very hour to England: That is a free country; and I have been told, the people are kind to the unfortunate. Thaddeus! Why do you delay to anſwer me? Remember, theſe are your mother's dying prayers."

"I will obey you."

"Then," continued ſhe, taking out of her

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

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

The counteſs was preparing to reply, when a ſudden volley of fire arms made Thaddeus ſpring upon his feet. Loud outcries ſucceeded. The women ruſhed into the apartment ſcreaming, " The ramparts are ſtormed!" and the next moment that quarter of the building rocked to its foundation. The counteſs clung to the boſom of her ſon; Thaddeus claſped her

cloſe to his breaſt, and caſting up his petitioning eyes to Heaven, "O God!" cried he, "can I not find ſhelter for my mother."

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

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

The tumult in the palace encreaſed every moment; but he heard it not, until Butzou, followed by two or three of his ſoldiers,

ſoldiers, ran into the apartment, calling out, "Count, ſave yourſelf!"

Sobieſki ſtill remained motionleſs. The general caught him by the arm, and covering the body of the deceaſed counteſs with the mantle of Thaddeus, hurried him, almoſt unconſcious of moving, by an oppoſite door, through the ſtate chambers, into the gardens.

Thaddeus did not recover his recollection, until he reached the outward gate; then breaking from the hold of his friend, was returning to the ſorrowful ſcene he had left, when Butzou, aware of his intentions, juſt ſtopped him time enough, to prevent his ruſhing on the bayonets of a party of Ruſſian infantry, who were purſuing them at full ſpeed.

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

Butzou would not allow his young lord

to purſue the wretches, but hurried him acroſs the park. He looked behind him; a long column of fire iſſued from the ſouth towers. Thaddeus ſighed with deep regret, "All is indeed over!" and preſſing his hand to his forehead, in that attitude, followed the ſteps of the general towards the Viſtula.

From the wind's being very high, the flame ſpread itſelf over the roof of the palace; and catching at every combuſtible in its way, the Ruſſians became ſo terrified at the quick progreſs of a fire, which threatened to conſume themſelves as well as their plunder, that they quitted it with precipitation; and deſcrying the count and his ſoldiers at a little diſtance, directed all their malice to that point; ſpeedily overtaking them, they blocked up the bridge by a file of men with fixed pikes; and not only menaced the Polanders as they advanced, but derided their means of reſiſtance.

Sobieſki, indifferent alike to danger and

to

to inſults, ſtopped ſhort to the left, and followed by his friends, plunged into the ſtream, amidſt a ſhower of muſket balls from the enemy. In a few minutes he reached the oppoſite bank; where he was aſſiſted out of the river, by ſome of the weeping inhabitants of Warſaw; who had been watching the expiring aſhes of Prague, and the flames, which were feeding on the boaſted towers of Villanow.

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

The general did not ſpeak; for his emotions choaked him; but motioning the two ſoldiers to proceed, he ſupported the count into the citadel.

CHAP. VIII.

FROM the termination of this awful day, in which a brave and unhappy people were conſigned to ſlavery. Thaddeus was confined to his apartment in the garriſon.

It was now the latter end of November. General Butzou, ſuppoſing that the illneſs of his lord might continue ſome weeks, and aware that no time ought to be loſt, obtained his permiſſion, and quitting Warſaw, joined prince Poniatowſki, who was yet under arms, at the head of a few troops, near Sachoryn.

Meanwhile the count Sobieſki, finding himſelf tolerably well reſtored; except in thoſe wounds of the heart, which time only can heal, was enabled to leave his room, and breathe a little freſh air on the ramparts. His firſt appearance was greeted by

by the officers, with melancholy congratulations; but their replies ſoon diſplaced the faint ſmile, which he tried to ſpread over his countenance; and with a contracted brow, he liſtened to the following information.

Prague was not only razed to the ground: but upwards of thirty thouſand perſons, beſides old men, women and defenceleſs infants, periſhed by the ſword, the river, and the flames. All the horrors of Iſmail were re-acted by Suwarrow on the banks of the Viſtula. The citizens of Warſaw, intimidated by ſuch a ſpectacle, aſſembled in a body, and, driven to deſperation, repaired to the foot of the throne. On their knees, they implored His Majeſty to forget the conteſted rights of his ſubjects; and, in pity to their wives and children, allow them, by a timely ſubmiſſion, to ſave thoſe dear relatives, from the ignominy and cruelty, which had been wreaked upon the inhabitants of Prague. Staniſlaus ſaw that

oppoſition would be fruitleſs. The walls of his capital were already ſurrounded by a train of artillery, prepared to blow the town to atoms, on the firſt command of the Ruſſian general; the fate of Poland was inevitable: and therefore, with a deep ſigh, he aſſented to the petition, and ſent deputies to the enemy's camp.

"And," continued the officer, "Suwarrow, in reply, demands, that every man in Poland, ſhall not only ſurrender his arms, but ſue for pardon for the paſt; and theſe conditions are conſented to."

"They never ſhall be by me," ſaid Sobieſki; and turning from his informer, he walked towards the royal palace; hardly knowing what were his intentions, or what he had elſe to hope or fear.

When His Majeſty was appriſed that the young count Sobieſki awaited him in the audience chamber, he left his cloſet, where he had been muſing alone, and entered the room. Thaddeus, with a ſwelling heart, would have thrown himſelf on his

his knee, but the King prevented him, and preſſed him, with emotion, in his arms,

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

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

"I will not deſire you, my noble friend," replied Staniſlaus; "by my acquieſcence with the terms of Ruſſia, I comply only, with the earneſt prayers of the people; I do not compel any. I ſhall not aſk you to betray your country; but alas! you muſt not throw away your life in a now hopeleſs cauſe. Fate has conſigned Poland to ſubjection; and when Heaven,

in

in its all-wiſe, though myſterious decrees, confirms the deſtruction of kingdoms, man has no further duty than reſignation. For myſelf, I am ordered by our conqueror, to bury my griefs and indignities in the caſtle of Grodno."

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

"I would to Heaven," replied the King, "that I, too, might repoſe my age and ſorrows in that happy kingdom! Go, Sobieſki; my prayers and bleſſings ſhall follow you."

Thaddeus

Thaddeus preſſed His Majeſty's hand to his lips.

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

"Had I done any thing more than my abſolute duty," replied he, "ſuch words from your Majeſty's lips, would have been a reward adequate to every deprivation: but, alas, no! I have perhaps performed leſs than my duty; the blood of Sobieſki ought not to have been ſpared one drop, when the liberties of his country periſhed!" Thaddeus bluſhed whilſt he ſpoke; and almoſt repented the too ready zeal of his friends, in having ſaved him from the general ſlaughter at Villanow.

The voice of the venerable Staniſlaus became fainter, as he reſumed—

"Perhaps,

"Perhaps, had a Sobieſki reigned at this time, theſe horrors might not have been accompliſhed! That tyrannous power, which had cruſhed my people, I cannot forget, was the ſame which put the ſceptre into my hand. Catharine miſunderſtood my principles: She calculated on giving a traitor to the Poles; but, when ſhe made me a King, ſhe could not obliterate that ſtamp, which the KING of KINGS had graved upon my heart: I believed myſelf to be HIS vicegerent; and to the utmoſt, I have ſtruggled to fulfil my truſt."

"Yes my Sovereign!" cried Thaddeus, "and whilſt there remains one man on earth, who has drawn his firſt breath in Poland, he will bear witneſs in all the lands through which he may be doomed to wander, that he has received from you the care and affection of a father. O! ſir, how will future ages believe, that in the midſt of civilized Europe, a brave people and a virtuous monarch, were

ſuffered

ſuffered unaided, undeplored, to fall into the graſp of uſurpation and murder?'

Staniſlaus laid his hand on the arm of the Count, and with a languid ſmile gleaming from eyes, he ſaid,—

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

The King pauſed; Sobieſki, agitated and incapable of ſpeaking, threw himſelf

at

at His Majeſty's feet, and preſſed his hand with fervency and anguiſh, to his lips. The King looked down at his graceful figure; and pierced to the ſoul, by the more graceful feelings which dictated the action, the tear which ſtood on his eye-lid rolled over his cheek, and was followed by another, before he could add,

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

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

"Stay, Count!" cried he, "I will burthen you with one requeſt. I am now a King without a crown, without ſubjects, without a foot of land, in which to bury me when I die; I cannot reward the fidelity of any one of the few friends, of whom

my

my enemies have not deprived me; but you are young, and Heaven may yet mile upon you in ſome diſtant nation. Will you pay a debt of gtatitude for your poor Sovereign? Should you ever again meet with the good old Butzou, who reſcued me, when my preſervation lay on the fortune of a moment, remember, that I regard him as the ſaviour of my life! I was told to-day, that this brave man, on the deſtruction of Prague, joined the army of my brother; which being now diſbanded,—he, with the reſt of my faithful ſoldiers, is caſt forth, in his old age, on the bounty of a pityleſs world. Should you ever meet with him, Sobieſki, ſuccour him for my ſake."

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

When the Count returned to the citadel, he found that all was as the King had repreſented. The ſoldiers in the garriſon, were

were reluctantly preparing to give up their arms: and the nobles, in compaſſion to the cries of the people, were trying to humble their necks to the yoke of the ravager. The magiſtrates lingered, as they went to take the city keys from the hands of their good King, who had ſo faithfully protected him: and anticipated, with bitter ſighs, the moment, in which they ſhould ſurrender them, and their rights, into the power of Suwarrow, and that '*foul woman of the North*,' who exulted in nothing more than devaſtation.

Poland was now no place for Sobieſki. He had ſurvived all his kindred. He had ſurvived the liberties of his country. He had ſeen the King a priſoner; and his countrymen trampled on by deceit and cruelty. As he walked on, muſing over theſe circumſtances, he met with little interruption; for the ſtreets were deſerted. Here and there, a poor miſerable wretch paſſed him, who ſeemed by his wan cheeks and haggard eyes, already to repent

repent the too ſucceſsful prayers of the deputation. The ſhops were ſhut. Thaddeus ſtopped a few minutes, in the great ſquare, which uſed to be crowded with happy citizens, but now, not one man was to be ſeen. An awful and expecting ſilence reigned over all. He ſighed; and walking down the eaſt ſtreet, aſcended that part of the ramparts, which covered the Viſtula.

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

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

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

"Inſatiate robbers!" exclaimed Thaddeus,

deus, "Heaven will requite this ſacrilege." He thought on the Counteſs, who lay beneath the ruins, and tore himſelf from the ſight, whilſt he added, "Farewell for ever; farewell, thou beloved Villanow, in which I have ſpent ſo many bliſsful years! I quit thee, and my country for ever!" As he ſpoke, he raiſed his hands and eyes to Heaven, and preſsing the picture of his mother to his lips and boſom, turned from the parapet, againſt which he had been leaning, and walked back to his chamber; determining to prepare that night, for his departure the next morning.

He aroſe by day-break: and having gathered together all his little wealth; the whole of which was compreſſed within the portmanteau that was buckled on his horſe; preciſely two hours before the triumphal car of General Suwarrow entered Warſaw, Sobieſki left it; and as he rode over the ſtreets, bedewed its ſtones with his tears. They were the firſt that he had

ſhed, during the long ſeries of misfortunes; and they now flowed ſo faſt from his eyes that he could hardly diſcern his way out of the city.

At the great gate his horſe ſtopped.

"Poor Saladine!" ſaid Thaddeus, ſtroaking his neck, "are you ſo ſorry at leaving Warſaw, that, like your unhappy maſter, you linger to take a laſt look!"

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

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

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

Almoſt ſtifled by emotion, he put this poor relict of his country into his boſom; and remounting his horſe, croſſed the bridge.

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

After having ſpent a few days in this town, by much mental exertion, he regained ſome firmneſs of mind. It was a calm ariſing from the conviction, that his afflictions had gained their ſummit; and that, however heavy they were, Heaven had laid them on him as a trial of faith and virtue. Under this belief, he

ceaſed

ceaſed to weep; but he never was ſeen to ſmile.

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

The firſt time that this idea preſented itſelf, it almoſt overſet his newly arranged philoſophy. Tears would have ſtarted into his eyes, had he not by force withheld them.

"To part from my faithful Saladine," ſaid he to himſelf, "that has borne me ſince I firſt could uſe a ſword; that has carried me through ſo many dangers; and has come with me, even into exile; it is painful, it is ungrateful!" He was in the ſtable when this thought aſſailed him; and as the reflections followed each

other, he again turned to the ſtall; "But, my poor fellow, I will not barter your ſervices for gold. I will ſeek for ſome maſter who may be kind to you, in pity to my misfortunes."

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

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

Thaddeus, rather diſconcerted by this haſty call, with a depreſſed heart, wrote the following letter.

"*To*

"*To John Hopetown, Eſq.*

"Sir!

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

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

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

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

"POLANDER."

"*Dantzic, November*, 1794."

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

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

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

So ſaying, he walked out of the yard, towards the quay. The wind continuing fair, he entered the ſhip; and, within an hour, ſet ſail for England.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

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

When any of theſe officious people came upon deck, he walked to the head of the ſhip, took his ſeat upon the cable, which bound the anchor to the forecaſtle; and while their fears rendered him ſafe from their attacks, he gained ſome reſpite from vexation, though none from miſery.

The ſhip having paſſed through the Baltic, and entered on the Britiſh ſea,

the paſſengers, running from ſide to ſide of the veſſel, pointed out to Thaddeus, the diſtant ſhore of England lying like a hazy ridge along the horizon: the happy people, whilſt they ſtrained their eyes through glaſſes, deſired him to obſerve different ſpots on the hardly perceptible line, which they called Flamborough Head, and the hills of Yorkſhire. He turned ſick at theſe objects of pleaſure, for not one of them raiſed a correſponding feeling in his breaſt. England could be nothing to him: if any thing, it would prove a deſart only, which contained no one object for his regrets or wiſhes.

The image of Pembroke Somerſet roſe in his mind, like the dim recollection of one who has been a long time dead. Whilſt they were together at Villanow, they loved each other warmly: and when they parted, they promiſed to correſpond. One day, in purſuit of the enemy, Thaddeus was ſo unlucky as to loſe the pocket book which contained his friend's addreſs;

dreſs; but yet, uneaſy at his ſilence, he ventured two letters to him, directed, merely to Sir Robert Somerſet's, England. To theſe he received no anſwer; and the palatine and the counteſs, declared ſo much diſpleaſure at Pembroke's neglect and ingratitude, that they would not ſuffer him to be mentioned in their preſence, and indeed Thaddeus, from diſappointment and regret, felt no inclination to do ſo.

When the Count remembered theſe things, he found little comfort in recollecting the name of that young Engliſhman: and now that he was viſiting England as a poor exile; with indignation and grief, he gave up the wiſh, with the hope, of meeting Mr. Somerſet. Senſible that Somerſet had not acted as became the man, to whom he could apply in his diſtreſs; he reſolved, unfriended as he was, to wipe him at once from his memory. With a bitter ſigh, he turned his back on the land to which he was going,

and fixed his eyes on the tract of ſea, which divided him from all that ever had given him delight.

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

Such impatient adjurations were never wrung from Sobieſki by the anguiſh of ſudden torture, without his ingenuous and pious mind reproaching itſelf for repining. His ſoul was as ſoft as a woman's; but it knew neither effeminacy nor deſpair. Whilſt his heart bled, his countenance retained its ſerenity. Whilſt affliction cruſhed him to the earth, and nature paid

a few

a few hard wrung drops to her expected diſſolution, he contemned his tears, and raiſed his fixed and confiding eye to that power which poured down its tempeſts on his head. Thaddeus felt as a man, but received conſolation as a chriſtian.

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

Thaddeus found his irritable ſpirits again diſturbed; and riſing from his ſeat, he retired unobſerved by the people, who were too happy to attend to any thing, which did not agree with their own tranſports. The cabin was as deſerted as himſelf. Feeling that there is no ſolitude like that of the heart, when it looks around,

and ſees in the vaſt concourſe of human beings, not one to whom it can pour forth its ſorrows, and in return, receive the anſwering ſigh of ſympathy, he threw himſelf on one of the lockers, and with difficulty reſtrained the tears from guſhing from his eyes. He held his hand over them, while he contemned himſelf for a weakneſs ſo unbecoming his character.

He deſpiſed himſelf: but let not others deſpiſe him. It is difficult for thoſe who are in proſperity; who lie morning and evening, in the lap of indulgence; to conceive the miſery of being thrown out into a bleak and mercileſs world: it is impoſſible for the happy man, ſurrounded by luxury and gay companions, to figure to himſelf, the reflections of a fellow-creature, who, having been foſtered in the boſom of affection and elegance, is caſt at once from ſociety, bereft of home, of comfort, of '*every ſtay, ſave innocence and Heaven.*' None but the

the wretched, can imagine, what the wretched endure, from actual diſtreſs; from apprehended misfortune; from outraged feelings; and ten thouſand nameleſs ſenſibilities to injury, which only the unfortunate can conceive, dread, and experience.

Such were the anticipating fears of the Count. Books, and report, led him to reſpect the Engliſh: Pembroke Somerſet, at one time, would have taught him to love them: but the nearer he advanced towards the ſhore, the remembrance, that it was from this country his father came; made him doubt the humanity of a people, of which his own parent and forgetful friend, were ſuch deteſtable ſpecimens.

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

"Will it pleaſe your honour," ſaid he, "to get up? That be my cheſt, and I want my clothes to clean myſelf before I

go on ſhore: mother, I know, be waiting for me at Blackwall."

Thaddeus roſe, and ſeeing that quiet was not to be found any where, again aſcended to the deck.

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

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

The Count thanked him; and after defraying the expences of the voyage, and giving money amongſt the ſeamen, he deſired

that

that his portmanteau might be put into the wherry. The honeſt fellows, in gratitude to the bounty of their paſſenger, ſtruggled who ſhould obey his commands; when, the captain, angry at being detained, ſnatched it from between two of them, who in kindneſs to its maſter, were almoſt tugging it aſunder, and flinging it into the boat, leaped in after it, and was followed by Thaddeus.

The taciturnity of the ſailor, and the deep melancholy of his gueſt, did not break the ſilence, until they reached the Tower-ſtairs.

"Go Ben, fetch the gentleman a coach."

The Count bowed to the captain, who gave the order; and in a few minutes, the boy came with intelligence, that there was one in waiting, he took up the portmanteau; and Thaddeus followed him to the Tower-gate, where the carriage ſtood, Ben threw in the baggage: the Count put his foot on the ſtep.

"Where

"Where muſt the man drive to?"

Thaddeus drew it back again.

"Yes, ſir," continued the lad; "where is your honour's home?

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

"What hotel, ſir?" aſked the coachman.

"Any."

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

It was now near ſeven o'clock, of a dark December evening. The lamps were lighted; and it being Saturday night, the ſtreets were crowded with people. Thaddeus looked at them as he was driven along; "Happy creatures!" thought he, "you have each a home to go to; you have each, expecting friends to welcome you; every one of you knows ſome being in the world, who will ſmile when you enter;

ter; whilſt I, unhappy man! am ſhut out from every ſocial comfort. Wretched, wretched Sobieſki! where are now all thy highly prized treaſures? thy boaſted glory; and thoſe beloved friends, who rendered that glory moſt precious to thee? Alas! all are withdrawn; vaniſhed like a dream of enchantment; from which, I have indeed awakened, to a frightful ſolitude."

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

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

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

"I want a chamber."

He

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

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

"Upon my ſoul, Betty," cried he, "you muſt do your beſt to-night, for the chicken is for the fineſt looking fellow you ever ſet your eyes on. By heaven, I believe him to be ſome Ruſſian nobleman; perhaps the great Suwarrow himſelf."

"A prince you mean, Jenkins!" ſaid a pretty girl, who entered at that moment; "ſince I was born, I never ſee'd any Engliſh lord walk up and down a room with ſuch an air; he looks like a king: for my part, I ſhould not wonder if he was one of them there emigrant kings; for they ſay, there is a power of them now wandering about the world."

"You

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

"But he came in a hackney coach;" cried a little dirty boy in the corner. "As I was running up ſtairs with colonel Leeſon's ſhoes, I ſee'd the coachman bring in his portmanteau."

"Well, Jack-a-napes, what of that?" cried Jenkins; "Is a nobleman always to carry his equipage about him, like a ſnail with its ſhell on its back? To be ſure, this foreign lord, or prince, is only come to ſtay here, till his own houſe is fit for him. I will be civil to him."

"And ſo will I, Jenkins;" rejoined Sally, ſmiling, "for I never ſee'd ſuch handſome blue eyes in my born days; and

and they turned ſo ſweet on me, and he ſpoke ſo kindly, when he bade me ſtir the fire; and when he ſat down by it, and throw'd off his great fur cloak, he ſhewed a glittering ſtar; and a figure ſo noble, that indeed, cook, I do verily believe he is, as Jenkins ſays, an enthroned king!"

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

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

moſt

moſt crying, by the ſide of her champion Jenkins.

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

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

Thaddeus partook but lightly of the refreſhment. Being already fatigued in body,

body, and dizzy with the motion of the veſſel, as ſoon as the cloth was withdrawn, he ordered a night candle, and deſired to be ſhewn to his chamber.

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

The unhappy are ever reſtleſs: They hope in every change of ſituation, to obtain

tain ſome alteration in their feelings. Thaddeus was too miſerably awake, not to view with eagerneſs, the bed, on which he truſted, that for a few hours at leaſt, he might loſe his conſciouſneſs of ſuffering, with its remembrance.

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

end of the room, he was reſeating himſelf, when Jenkins brought in the tea-urn.

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

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

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

During the abſence of the waiter, Thaddeus thought it time to examine the ſtate of his purſe: He well recollected how he had paid at Dantzic; and from the ſtile in which he was ſerved here, he did not doubt, but that to defray what he had contracted, would nearly exhauſt his all. He emptied the contents of his pocket, into his hand; a guinea, and ſome ſilver was all that he poſſeſſed: a

flush of terror ſuffuſed itſelf over his face; he had never known the want of money before, and he trembled now, leſt the charge ſhould exceed his means of payment.

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

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

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

"By what name, my lord?"

"The Count Sobieſki."

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

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

The air was piercing cold; and on his looking around, he perceived by the diſpoſition of the ſquare in which he was, that it muſt be a market place. The booths and ſtands were covered with ſnow; whilſt parts of the pavement, were rendered nearly impaſſable, by the heaps of black ice, which the market people the preceding day had ſhoveled up out of their way. He now recollected that it

was

was Sunday, and conſequently the improbability of finding any lodgings on that day.

He ſtood under the piazzas for two or three minutes, bewildered on the plan he ſhould adopt; to return to the hotel for any purpoſe but to ſleep, in the preſent ſtate of his finances, would be impoſſible: he therefore gave himſelf up, inclement as the ſeaſon was, to walk the ſtreets until night; when he would go back to the Hummums to his bed-chamber; and in the morning, quit it for a reſidence more ſuitable to the reduction of his fortunes.

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

"God is my only friend;" ſaid he to himſelf, "and in his houſe, I ſhall ſurely find ſhelter!"

He turned up the ſteps, and was entering the porch, when he met the congregation thronging out of it.

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

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

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

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

As the poor woman ſpoke, ſhe raiſed her eyes with a melancholy reſignation. The Count, touched with her words and manner,

manner, almoſt unconſciouſly to himſelf, continued by her ſide as ſhe hobbled down the ſtreet.

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

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

Thaddeus was uneaſy at the inquiſitive gaze of the bye-ſtanders; and his companion obſerving the fluctuations of his countenance, added, as the door was opened by a little girl;

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

He heſitated a moment; then, accept-

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

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

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

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

By the time he finiſhed ſpeaking, the good dame had pacified the ſcreaming child; who ſtill ſtood trembling, and looking aſkance, at the tremendous black gentleman, as he ſtroked the head of his pretty ſiſter.

"Come

"Come here, my dear!" ſaid Thaddeus, ſeating himſelf by the fire, and ſtretching out his hand to the child. It inſtantly buried its head in its grandmother's apron.

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

The boy again lifted up his head. Thaddeus threw back his long ſable cloak, and taking off his cap, whoſe hearſe-like plumes, he thought, might have terrified the child, he laid it on the ground; and again ſtretching forth his arms called to the boy to come to him. Little William now looked ſtedfaſtly in his face, and then on the cap, which he had laid beſide him; and then, whilſt he graſped his grandmother's apron with one hand, he held out the other, half aſſured, towards the Count. Thaddeus took it, and preſſing it ſoftly, pulled him gently to him, and placing him on his knee, "My little fel-

low," ſaid he, kiſſing him, "you are not frightened now?"

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

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

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

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

"O, not at all;" cried Thaddeus, "I ought

ought to thank her, for ſhe informs me you have lodgings to let; will you allow me to engage them?

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

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

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

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

"Well, ſir," reſumed ſhe, "I ſhall be honoured in having you in my houſe;

but I have no room for any one but yourſelf, not even for a ſervant."

"I have no ſervant."

"Then I will wait on him, grandmother," cried the little Nanny; "do let the gentleman have them, I am ſure he looks honeſt."

The old woman coloured at this laſt obſervation of the child, and proceeded.

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

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

"As your honour pleaſes," ſaid Mrs. Robſon; "my terms are half a guinea a week; and I will attend on you, as though you

you were my own ſon; for I cannot forget, excellent young gentleman! the way in which we firſt met."

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

This was the firſt time, that the generous ſpirit of Sobieſki had been reſtrained; and he ſuffered a pang, for the poignancy of which he could not account.

He had been accuſtomed to a life, ſpent in acts of munificence. His grandfather's palace, was the aſylum of the unhappy; his grandfather's purſe, a treaſury for the unfortunate. The ſoul of Thaddeus did not degenerate from his noble relative: his generoſity begun in inclination, was nurtured by reflection, and ſtrengthened, with a daily exerciſe, which rendered it a habit of his nature. Want never appeared before him, without exciting ſuch ſympathetic emotion in his excellent heart, that he reſted not, until he had adminiſtered every comfort, that was in the power of wealth to beſtow. His compaſſion and his purſe, were the ſubſtance and ſhadow of each other. The poor of his country thronged from every part of the kingdom, to receive pity and relief at his hands. With theſe houſeleſs wanderers, he peopled the new villages, which his grandfather erected in the midſt of lands, which, in former times, were the haunts of wild beaſts. Thaddeus partici-

pated

pated in the happineſs of his grateful tenants; and many were the old men, whoſe eyes he had cloſed, in thankfulneſs and peace. Theſe honeſt peaſants, even in their dying moments, wiſhed to give up that life in his arms, which he had reſcued from miſery. He viſited their cottage; he ſmoothed their pillow; he joined in their prayers: and when their laſt ſigh came to his ear, he raiſed the weeping family from the duſt; and cheered them with pious exhortations, and his kindeſt aſſurances of protection. How often has the Counteſs claſped her godlike-ſon to her breaſt, when after a ſcene like this, he had returned home, the tears of the dying man and his children yet wet upon his hand! how often has ſhe ſtrained him to her heart, whilſt floods of rapture have poured from her own eyes! Heir to the firſt fortune in Poland, he ſcarcely knew the means by which he beſtowed all theſe benefits; and with a ſoul as bounteous to others, as Heaven had been munificent

to him, wherever he moved, he ſhed ſmiles and gifts around him. How frequently has he ſaid to the palatine, when his carriage wheels were chaſed by the thankful multitude; "O, my father! how can I ever be ſufficiently grateful to God, for the happineſs which he hath allotted to me, in making me the diſpenſer of ſo many bleſſings! The gratitude of theſe people, overpowers and humbles me in my own eyes: what have I done to be ſo eminently favoured of Heaven? I tremble, when I aſk myſelf the queſtion."—"You may tremble, my dear boy," replied the grandfather; "for indeed the trial is a ſevere one: proſperity, like adverſity, is an ordeal of our conduct. Two roads are before the rich man; vanity or virtue: You have choſen the latter, and the beſt: and may Heaven ever hold you in it! May Heaven ever keep your heart generous and pure! Go on, my dear Thaddeus, as you have commenced; and you will find, that your

Creator

Creator hath beſtowed wealth upon you, not for what you have done, but as the means of evincing how well you would diſpenſe the gift."

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

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

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

Ignorant of the town, and thanking Providence for having prepared him an aſylum, he directed his courſe towards Charing Croſs. He looked about him, with a deepened ſadneſs; the wet and plaſhy ſtate of the ſtreets, gave to every object ſo comfortleſs an appearance, that

he could ſcarcely believe himſelf to be in that London, of which he had read with ſo much delight. Where were thoſe magnificent buildings, that he expected to ſee in the emporium of the world? Where that cleanlineſs; and thoſe tokens of greatneſs and ſplendour, which had been the admiration and boaſt of travellers? He could no where diſcover them; all ſeemed like a dark, gloomy, mean-looking city.

Hardly heeding whither he went, he approached the Horſe-guards; a view of the park, as it appears through the wide porch, promiſed him leſs unpleaſantneſs than the dirty pavement, and he turned in, taking his way along the Bird-cage walk.

The trees, ſtripped of their leaves, ſtood naked, and dripping with melted ſnow. The ſeaſon was in uniſon with the count's fate. He was taking the bitter wind for his repaſt; and quenching his thirſt, with the rain that fell on his pale and feveriſh lip: he felt the cutting blaſt enter his

breaſt;

breaſt; and ſhutting his eye-lids, to repel the tears, which were riſing from his heart, he walked faſter; but in ſpite of himſelf, the drops mingled with the wet, that trickled from his cap upon his face. One melancholy thought introduced another, until his agitated ſoul, lived over again, in memory, every calamity which had reduced him from happineſs to miſery. Two or three heavy convulſive ſighs followed theſe reflections; and quickening his pace, he walked once or twice quite round the park. The rain ceaſed. Hardly obſerving the people who paſſed, he threw himſelf down upon one of the chairs; and ſat in a muſing poſture with his eyes fixed on the oppoſite tree.

A ſudden ſound of voices approaching, rouſed him; and turning his eyes, he ſaw that the ſpeakers were two young men, who, he judged by their dreſs, muſt belong to the regiment of the centinel, who was patroling at the end of the Mall.

"By Heavens, Berrington," cried one, "it

" it is the beſt ſhaped boot I ever beheld! I have a good mind to aſk him whether it be Engliſh make!"

" And if it be," replied the other with a ſneer, " you muſt aſk him who made his legs; that you may ſend yours to be mended."

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

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

" And ſo I will, for I think the boot damned handſome."

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

" Surely, Harwold, you will not act ſo ridiculouſly? He appears to be a foreigner of rank; and he may take offence, and knock you down."

" Curſe him and his rank too; he is ſome paltry emigrant, I warrant; and may the devil fly away with my legs, if I don't aſk him who made his boots!"

As

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

Harwold looked a little confounded at this haughty demeanour; and whilſt his face, for once in his life, bluſhed at his own inſolence, he roared out, as if in defiance of ſhame:

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

"Where I got my ſword, ſir," replied Thaddeus, calmly; and, riſing from his ſeat, he darted his eyes diſdainfully on the coxcomb, and walked ſlowly down the Mall. Surpriſed and ſhocked at ſuch behaviour in a Britiſh officer, as he moved away, he diſtinctly heard Berrington laughing aloud, and ridiculing the aſtoniſhment,

niſhment, and ſet-down air, of his impudent aſſociate.

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

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

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

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

A man

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

"Pray, ſir, are there any news ſtirring abroad? you ſeem, ſir, to be come from abroad."

"None, that I know, ſir."

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

Thaddeus coloured; "the waiter, ſir?"

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

Thaddeus

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

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

"I believe, ſir, I am not wrong? you are the count Sobieſki: and I have the honour to be now ſpeaking with the braveſt champion of Poliſh liberty!"

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

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

"Then

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

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

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

The ardour of his manner, and the elevation of voice, had drawn the attention of every perſon in the room upon him, when Jenkins entered with his baggage. The door being opened, Sobieſki got into the coach; and gladly haſtened from

from a converſation, which awakened all his griefs.

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

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

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

"Why to be ſure," obſerved another ſpectator, "young people ſhould be brought up with reaſonable ideas of right and

and wrong, and prudence: Nevertheleſs, I ſhould not like a ſon of mine, to run harem ſcarem, through my property, and his own life; and yet one cannot help, when one hears ſuch a brave ſpeech, as that from yon Frenchman, juſt gone out, —I ſay, one cannot help thinking it very fine."

"True, true," cried the inquiſitor, "you are right, ſir; very fine, indeed, but too fine to wear; it would ſoon leave us naked, as it has done him; for it ſeems by his own confeſſion, he is pennyleſs; and I know, a twelvemonth ago, he was maſter of a fortune which, however incalculable, he has managed with all his talents to ſee the end of."

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

The man coloured at this unexpected inference; and glad that the company had not heard the firſt part of the dialogue, in which it was mentioned,—he ſtammered out

out ſome words, which no one could diſtinctly hear; took up his hat; and looking at his watch, ſaid, "I beg pardon, gentlemen, I have an appointment;"—and hurried out of the room without ſpeaking farther; although the good clergyman, whoſe name was Blackmore, haſtened after him, to requeſt to know, where the young foreigner lived.

"Who is that coxcomb?" cried the diſconcerted doctor, as he returned from his unavailing application.

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

there gentlemen, has been loitering about all day till now when the foreign gentleman coming in, he ſpoke to him."

"And don't you know any thing further of this foreigner? I did not hear his name."

"No, ſir; I forget what he is called, and Jenkins has not come back, who might have told you.—But I ſee him going acroſs the ſtreet; ſhall I run after him, and aſk him?"

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

"No, ſir; I am ſure he don't."

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

"Yes, to be ſure, doctor," cried the firſt ſpeaker, who now roſe to accompany him out; "It is our duty to befriend the unfortunate; but charity begins at home;

and as all's for the beſt, perhaps it is lucky we did not hear any more about this young fellow. We might have involved ourſelves in a vaſt deal of unneceſſary trouble; and you know people from outlandiſh parts have no claims upon us."

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

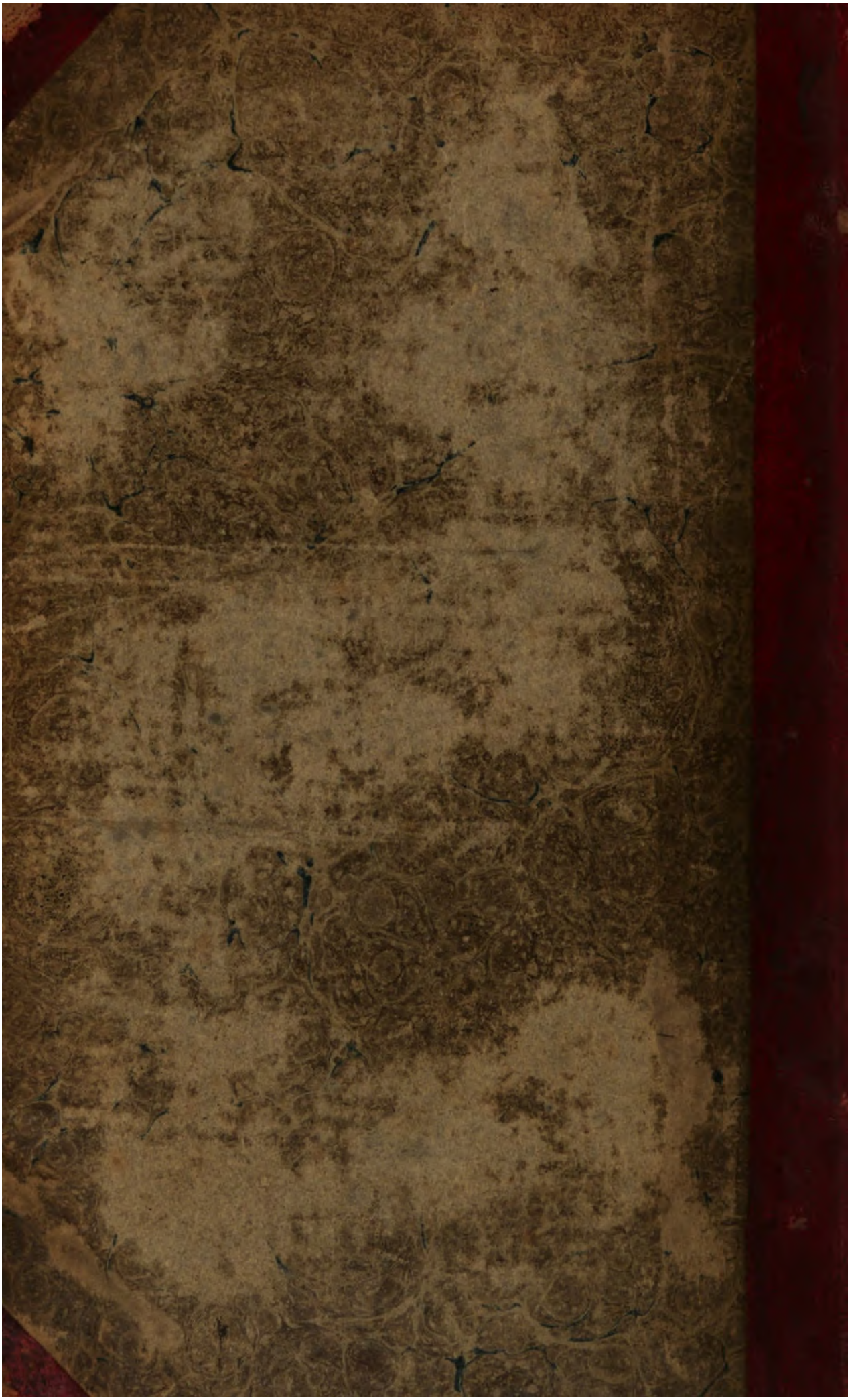
"Ah! doctor," cried his companion, as they ſeparated at the end of Charles-ſtreet, "you have always the beſt of the argument; you have logic and Ariſtotle at your finger ends."

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

"Ah, there you have me again. You parſons are as bad as the lawyers; when once you get a poor ſinner among you, he

finds it as hard to get out of the church as out of the chancery. However, have it your own way; charity is your trade, and I won't be in a hurry to diſpute the monopoly. Good day. If I ſtay much longer, you'll make me believe that black is white."

Dr. Blackmore ſhook him by the hand, and wiſhing him a good morning, returned home, pitying the worldlineſs of his friend's mind; and muſing on the intereſting ſtranger, whom he admired, and compaſſionated, to abſolute pain, for he believed him to be virtuous, unhappy, and unfortunate. Had he known, that the preſent object of his generous ſolicitude, was the illuſtrious ſubject of many a former eulogium from himſelf, how much encreaſed would have been his regret; —that he had ſeen the *Count Sobieſki*; that he had ſeen him in diſtreſs; and that he had ſuffered him to paſs out of the reach of his ſervices.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

Strahan and Preſton,
Printers-Street, London.