

his neck, dared not move or call for assistance, lest the attention of the populace should again be directed towards him. But, once more surrounded, he implored for mercy.

"Mercy!" loudly repeated a young wounded man from his waggon. He stood upright, and his head was awkwardly bandaged with a linen saturated with blood. His words were brief and his accent imposing. "Mercy!" he exclaimed, "for this poor wretch. When a condemned criminal meets the king's carriage, he is entitled to his free pardon. Now, this man has encountered a waggon of wounded patriots—a majesty which is, perhaps, as good as any other. Let him, in this case, have the same privilege. Let the man live.

"This voice of clemency from a wounded patriot, asking for the pardon of an enemy, carried with it a power that subdued the anger of the multitude. The populace is variable, and its passions changeable. Each pressed forward to liberate the spy; his deliverance could not take place too soon. An infinity of hands seized the string, crossed each other, and pulled different way; unhappily, they executed the poor wretch in their very anxiety to save him.

"Thou art free! Get up and go about thy business!"

"The spy answered not.

"Has fear then killed thee?"

"No. The spy was dead: and the people who so lately had blasphemed at seeing him alive, now grieved for him. Fear and sadness were expressed on the features of all. The waggon and the crowd rapidly quitted the square.

"Meantime the young wounded soldier had fallen into strange reflections. The moonlight had enabled him to recognize the features of the dead man; they were those of Michel Linski, a former comrade in Constantine's guard, and his rival in the affections of the youthful Maria, when both wore the imperial livery. The revolution had taken place; the one had remained in the service of the Russians, the other had deserted to serve his country.

"Now that the wounded man had recognized the victim of both the popular wrath and the popular humanity, he felt less grieved at the occurrence. He had no rival to fear; and, after after all, Linski was a base traitor.

"Like a hearse moving among tombs, the waggon slowly proceeded between two rows of houses, whose doors were carefully closed. A single window in one of these dark dwellings still showed a light. Who could be watching at such an