

for there hast thou drank, there hast thou sung—there, when it was cold for us in Warsaw, thou hadst the warmth of spring at thy command. Thence didst thou look upon us scornfully as we passed cold and suffering. There we warmed thee and by our toil of slavery provided wine for thee ;—there we pampered thee at the expense of our comforts, and our happiness, and our freedom. Fool that thou art ; knowest thou not that the animal is fattened before it is killed ?”

“ The string was strained, and the pully squeaked. The unhappy man was hoisted slowly, and the impatient crowd applauded. On a sudden the rumbling of a heavily laden waggon was heard at a distance. The nearer it approached, the more did it excite the attention of the multitude. It proceeded with difficulty along the unpaved streets ; but it stopped at length before a neighbouring barricade. All the spectators of the execution immediately ran thither. The spy was left alone ; the string by which he was suspended had not been fastened, and the men who held it letting go their hold, the half strangled wretch fell to the ground.

“ What was the cause of this reprieve ? The spy hoped—what ? I can’t tell. For supernatural aid, perhaps ; that God had performed a miracle to save him, or that the Russians had entered Warsaw. But a sublime and patriotic strain soon resounded in his ears—

Let the lancers die, and Poland live for ever !
followed by clapping of hands, greetings, cries of grief and cries of joy. The waggon conveyed the wounded from Praga. It contained those young and brave lancers who had gone forth so handsome and so robust, and were now returned mutilated by the enemy’s grape shot. One had lost an arm, another a leg ; a third—but let us draw a veil over the sufferings of these brave men. They were singing in chorus :

Let the lancers die, and Poland live forever !

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“ The crowd was instantly occupied in pulling down the barricade which prevented the waggon from passing. Surely there was never before so energetic and unanimous an operation ; emmets alone display such amazing activity. Paving-stones, tuns, timbers, and chains, were cleared and separated like the unravelling of a knot of thread. The street was soon cleared ; the waggon passed through two lines of respectful citizens, and, followed by the crowd, advanced towards the man whose execution had been suspended. The latter, with the rope about