

*President.*—What tumult is this which approaches?

*Engineer.*—It is a regiment about setting out for the frontiers :  
[Enter an Infantry Regiment at a quick march : they halt, and an officer advances.]

*Commanding Officer.*—Citizens, Magistrates, we come to take our leave of Warsaw, and to pledge our best services to our beloved Country.

*The Multitude.*—Success attend the brave soldiers of honour !

[All join in an enthusiastic cheer.]

*C. Officer.*—Citizens, I address you in the name of my gallant comrades, whose looks speak more eloquently than words. We will endeavour to deserve these rapturous expressions of your regard, beneath the influence of which, the soul seems imbued with immortal vigour. In the name of our common country we thank you for your exertions on the defences of Warsaw ; it shall be in the last extremity—if Poland be driven to extremity—the glorious funeral pile of our lives and liberties.—Soldiers—Enclosed by the walls of your beloved city, surrounded by fathers, brothers, wives and children, kneel, kneel down warriors, and give the pledge which shall be redeemed amid the din of battle. [The soldiers kneel.] We swear to meet the Intruder with the bayonet's point, to devote every energy of our nature to the delivery of Poland, and on the frontier of our beloved Country, to present our breasts as an unflinching rampart against the Tyrant's approach.

The soldiers cry “ we swear, we swear, . . . swear.”

*C. Officer.*—To the Frontiers then ! death to the Russ ! liberty for Poland !

[All cheer—the regiment displays its banners, and departs, amid the blessings, tears, and applauses of the citizens.]

*A Workman.*—Make way, maké way there, here comes the brave 1st regiment of Lancers.

[A Cavalry regiment comes in, the men mounted on jet black chargers.]

*Workmen.*—Huzza ! huzza ! the chivalry of Poland !

*Priest.*—Terrible and lovely are the warriors of truth and liberty !

*Officer of Cavalry.*—Farewell Citizens, farewell Warsaw, we go to combat in your cause on the extreme plains of our country ; and in your presence we swear, to conquer if we may, or to die if we may not conquer : except we return victorious, we return no more.

[The cavalry raise their spears on high, and answer, “ we swear, we swear.”]

[Workmen, women, and children, join in singing a popular lay.]

Polanders fare ye well !  
Speed to the war ;  
The sound of the battle's swell  
Rolleth afar.