

## Prince Kropotkin's Arrest.

Prince Kropotkin in The Atlantic.

I knew that my apartment was watched, but I hoped that the police would not pay me a visit before late in the night, and that at dusk I could slip out of the house without being noticed. Dusk came, and, as I was starting, one of the servant girls said to me, "You had better go by the service staircase." I understood what she meant, and ran quickly down the staircase and out of the house. One cab only stood at the gate; I jumped into it. There was no pursuit, and I thought myself safe; but presently I noticed another cab running full speed after mine; our horse was delayed by some vehicle, and the other cab passed mine.

To my astonishment, I saw it in one of the two arrested weavers, accompanied by some one else. He waved his hand at me, as if he had something to tell me. \* \* \* Instead of continuing my drive without taking notice of him, I told my cabman to stop. "Perhaps," I thought, "he has been released from arrest, and has an important communication to make to me." \* \* \* But as soon as we stopped, the man who was with the weaver—he was a detective—shouted loudly, "Mr. Borodin, Prince Kropotkin, I arrest you!" He made a signal to the policemen, of whom there are many along the main thoroughfare of St. Petersburg, and at the same time jumped into my cab, and showed me a paper which bore the stamp of the St. Petersburg police. "I have an order to take you before the Governor General for explanation," he said. Resistance was impossible—a couple of policemen were already close by—and I told my cabman to turn round and drive to the Governor General's house. The weaver remained in his cab and followed us.

It was now evident that the police had hesitated for ten days to arrest me, because they were not sure that Borodin and I were the same person. My response to the weaver's call had settled their doubts. They had now ascertained that I really was the man who used to go about in a peasant garb among the workers.