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Song of the Spirit of Poverty.

BY ELIZA COOK.

A Queen, a song, for the beldame Queen,
A Queen that the world knows well,
Whose portal of state is the workhouse gate,
And throne the prison cell.

I have been crown'd in every land,
With nightshade steep'd in tears,
I've a dog-gnawn bone for my scepter wand
Which the proudest mortal fears.

No gem I wear in my tangled hair,
No golden vest I own;
No radiant glow tints cheek or brow,
Yet say, who dares my frown?

Oh, I am Queen of a ghastly court,
And tyrant sway I hold,
Baiting human hearts for my royal sport
With the bloodhounds of Hunger and Cold.

My power can change the purest clay
From its first and beautiful mould,
Till it hideth from the face of day,
'Till hideous to behold.

Mark ye the wretch has cloven and cleft
The skull of a lonely one,
And quail'd not at purpling his blade to the heft,
To make sure that the deed was done.

Fair seeds were sown in his infant breast,
That held goodly blossom and fruit,
But I trampled them down—Man did the rest—
And God's image grew into the brute.

He hath been driven, and hunted, and scourged
For the sin I bade him do,
He hath wrought the lawless work I urged
Till blood seem'd fair to his view.

I shriek with delight to see him bedight
In fetters that chink and gleam,
'He is mine,' I shout as they lead him out
From the dungeon to the beam.

See the lean boy clutch his rough-hewn crutch,
With limbs all warp'd and worn,
While he hurries along through a noisy throng,
The theme of their gibing scorn.

Wealth and Care would have rear'd him straight
As the towering mountain pine,
But I nursed him in that halting gait,
And wither'd his marrowless spine.

Pain may be heard on a downy bed,
Hearing the groan of despair,
For suffering shuns not the diadem'd head
And abideth everywhere.

But the shorten'd breath and parching lip
Are watch'd by many a eye,
And there is balmy drink to sip,
And tender hands to ply.

Come, come with me, and you shall see
What a child of mine can bear,
Where squalid shadows thicken the light
And foulness taints the air.

He lieth alone to gasp and moan,
While the cancer eats his flesh,
With the old rags festering on his wound,
For none will give him flesh.

Oh, carry him forth in a blanket robe,
The lazar-house is nigh,
The careless hand shall cut and probe,
And strangers see him die.

Where's the escutcheon of blazon'd worth?
Who is heir to the famed rich man?
Ha! ha! he is mine—dig a hole in the earth,
And hide him as soon as ye can.

Oh, I am Queen of a ghastly court,
And the handmaids that I keep,
Are such phantom things as Fever brings
To haunt the fitful sleep.

See, see, they come in haggard train,
With jagg'd and matted locks
Hanging round them as rough as the wildsteed's
Or the black weed on the rocks.

They come with broad and horny palms,
They come in maniac guise,
With angled chins and yellow skins,
And hollow staring eyes.

They come to be girded with leather and link,
And away at my bidding they go,
To toil where the soulless beast would shrink,
In the deep, damp caverns below.

Daughters of Beauty they like ye,
Are of gentle womankind,
And wonder not if little there be,
Of angel form and mind.

If I'd held your cheeks by as close a pinch,
Would that flourishing rose be found?
If I'd doted you a crust out, inch by inch,
Would your arms have been as round?

Oh, I am Queen with a despot rule,
That crushes to the dust;
The laws I deal bear no appeal,
Though ruthless and unjust.

I deaden the bosom and darken the brain,
With the might of the demon's skill;
The heart may struggle, but struggle in vain,
As I grapple it harder still.

Oh, come with me, and ye shall see,
How well I begin the day,
For I'll be to the hungriest slave I have,
And snatch his loaf away.

Oh, come with me and ye shall see,
How many skeleton victims fall;
How I order the graves without a stone,
And the coffins without a pall.

Then a song, a song for the beldame Queen—
A Queen that ye fear right well;
For my portal of state is the workhouse gate,
And my throne the prison cell.

THE SACRED WRITERS AND THEIR Heathen Contemporaries.

Showing, at one view, the period in which the Sacred Writers flourished, and the most celebrated of the Heathen Poets, Historians, Orators, and Philosophers, contemporary with them; compiled from works of Dr. Enfield, Dr. Adam Clarke, and others.

CENTURY.	INSPIRED WRITERS.	HEATHEN WRITERS.
XV.	Moses.	There is no Pagan writer that can be traced nearly to the age of this sacred historian and legislator.
XII.	Samuel the prophet.	Orpheus, Musaeus, and Linus, are placed by some in this century, but on very doubtful authority.
XI.	David.	Homar, the father of Greek poetry.
X.	Solomon.	Herodotus, the first Greek historian.
IX.	Jonah.	Lycurgus, the Spartan legislator.
	Amos.	Zoroaster, Chaldean philosopher.
	Hosea.	
	Isaiah.	
	Joel.	
	Micah.	Romulus, founder and first King of Rome.
VIII.	Nahum.	Numa Pompilius, second King of Rome.
VII.	Zephaniah.	Thales, chief of the seven Sages of Greece, and founder of the Ionic philosophy.
	Jeremiah.	Epicurus, of Croto, philosopher and poet.
VI.	Habakkuk.	Solon, legislator of Athens, and one of the seven Greek Sages.
	Daniel.	Sappho, Greek female poet.
	Obadiah.	Anacharsis, Scythian philosopher.
	Ezekiel.	Esop, Phrygian philosopher, and celebrated fabulist.
	Ezra.	Pythagoras, founder of the Pythagorean philosophy.
	Haggai.	Herodotus, a Pythagorean philosopher, and of aristical principles, and of so melancholy a turn that he was called "the weeping philosopher."
		Democritus, the laughing philosopher, who made a jest of every thing.
V.		Anacron, a beautiful but licentious Greek poet.
		Herodotus, of Halicarnassus, the father of history among the Greeks.
		Pindar, of Thebes, the prince of lyric poets.
		Cato, of Utica, Roman patriot and stoic philosopher; but who ended his days by suicide.
		Thucydides, Greek historian of the Peloponnesian war.
		Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles, three celebrated Greek tragic poets.
		Socrates, a celebrated moral philosopher, and pronounced, by the Oracle, the wisest man in Greece, was indignantly condemned, and poisoned in the first year of this century.
		Plato, founder of the Platonic philosophy, and Xenophon, celebrated general, philosopher, and historian, were both pupils of Socrates.
		Aristotle, called the prince of philosophers and critics, and chief of the Peripatetics.
		Demosthenes, the prince of Greek orators.
		Isocrates and Æschines, two other eminent Greek orators.
		Theophrastus, disciple of Aristotle, an historian and natural history.
		Theocritus, father of the Greek pastoral poetry.
		Callimachus of Cyrene, eminent Greek elegiac poet.
		Manetho, ancient Egyptian historian.
		Epicurus, founder of the Epicurean philosophy, founded on the love of sensual pleasures.
		Zeno, of Cyprus, founder of the stoic philosophy.
		Pyrrho, founder of the sceptical philosophy which doubts every thing.
		Archimedes, of Syracuse, and Euclid, of Alexandria, celebrated mathematicians.
		Polybius, Greek historian, and author of universal history of his own times.
		Terence, Latin dramatic poet.
		Quintilian, Roman lawyer, rhetorician and orator.
		Lucretius, Roman philosopher and poet, but atheistical.
		Virgil, the prince of Latin poets, author of the Æneid.
		Horace, a pleasant, elegant, and witty Latin poet.
		Tibullus, an elegiac Latin poet, usually published with Catullus and Propertius.
		Ovid, a popular Latin poet, of very licentious character.
		Cicero, prince of Roman orators.
		Cornelius Nepos, the Latin biographer of Greek and Roman generals.
		Diodorus Siculus, of Sicily, author of a Universal History.
		Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Latin historian and critic, author of Roman Antiquities.
		Seneca, tutor to Nero, and a celebrated moral writer.
		Livy, historian, author of the celebrated Roman History.
		Plutarch, celebrated Roman historian and biographer.
		Phædrus, Latin poet and fabulist.
		Strabo, Greek philosopher, geographer, and historian.
		Perseus, a Roman knight, Latin satirical poet.
		Lucian, a celebrated Latin poet, put to death by Nero.
		Lucian, Greek critic and satirist.
		Pliny, the elder, lawyer and natural philosopher, and author of a celebrated Natural History.
		Juvenal, a celebrated Roman satirist.
		Tacitus, Roman historian, the first statesman and orator of his age.
		Martial, eminent Roman epigrammatist.
		Statius, Latin epic poet.
		Diocletian, emperor of the Roman empire.
		Dionysius, Greek critic and satirist.
		Pliny, the younger, lawyer and natural philosopher, and author of a celebrated Natural History.
		Juvenal, a celebrated Roman satirist.
		Tacitus, Roman historian, the first statesman and orator of his age.
		Martial, eminent Roman epigrammatist.
		Statius, Latin epic poet.
		Diocletian, emperor of the Roman empire.

AURORA.

Aurora was lamenting among the gods that she, who was so much praised by mankind, was so little loved and sought after by them; and least of all by those who sang of her and praised her most.

"Grieve not at thy fate," said the goddess of wisdom; "is not mine the same? And consider, too," continued she, "who are those that neglect thee, and for what rivals they desert thee. Behold how, whilst thou art passing by, they lie buried in the arms of sleep, and waste away body and soul." Besides, hast thou not friends, hast thou not votaries enough? All creation honors thee; all the flowers awake, and deck themselves in thy rosy light; new bridal beauty, the choir of birds welcomes thee; each contrives some new device, to hail thy brief visits. The industrious husbandman, the studious sage, do not neglect thee; they drink from the cup which thou profferest, health and strength, quiet and long life, doubly welcome in that they enjoy thee, undisturbed by the noisy rout of sleeping fools.—Dost thou deem it little happiness to be beloved, and be unapproached by the multitude? "Tis the highest pleasure to love among gods and men."

Aurora blushed at her groundless complaints, and every fair one, who is pure and innocent like her, desires the same good fortune for herself.

THE BEGGAR.

Not long since an old beggar named James was in the daily habit of placing himself at the principal gate of a church in Paris. His manner, tone and language, showed that he had received an education far superior to that which is the ordinary lot of poverty. Under his rags, which were worn with a certain dignity, shone a still livelier recollection of a more elevated condition. This beggar also enjoyed great authority among the patients belonging to the parish. His kindness, his impartiality in distributing alms among his fellow paupers, his zeal in appeasing their quarrels, had earned for him well merited respect. Yet his life and misfortunes were a complete mystery to his most intimate comrades, as well as to the persons attached to the parish. Every morning for twenty-five years, he regularly came and sat down at the same place. People were so accustomed to see him there, that he made, as it were, part of the furniture of the porch; yet, none of his fellow beggars could relate the least particular of his life.

Only one thing was known, James never set his foot in the church, and yet he was catholic.—At the time of the religious services, when the sacred dome resounded with hymns of devotion, when incense, ascending above the altar, with the rows of the faithful towards heaven, when the grave and melodious sound of the organ swelled the solemn chorus of the assembled christians, the beggar felt himself impelled to mingle his prayers with those of the church; with an eager and contented eye he contemplated from without the solemnity which the house of God presented. The sparkling reflection of the light through the gothic windows, the shades of the pillars, which had stood there for ages, like a symbol of the eternity of religion, the profound charm attached to the gloomy aspect of the church; every thing inspired the beggar with involuntary admiration. Tears were sometimes perceived to trickle down his wrinkled face; some great misfortune, or some profound remorse seemed to agitate his soul. In the primitive times of the church he might have been taken for a great criminal condemned to banish himself from the assembly of the faithful, and to pass, like a shade, thro' the midst of the faithful.

A clergyman repaired every day to that church to celebrate mass. Descended from one of the ancient families in France, possessed of an immense fortune, he found a joy in bestowing abundant alms. The beggar had become the object of a sort of affection, and every morning the Abbe Paulin de Saint C—, accompanied with benevolent words his charity, which had become a daily income.

One day James did not appear at the usual hour. The Abbe Paulin, desirous of not losing this opportunity for his charity, sought the dwelling of the beggar, and found the old man lying sick on a couch. The eyes of the clergyman were smitten with the luxury and the misery which appeared in the furniture of that habitation. A magnificent gold watch was suspended over the miserable bolster; two pictures, richly framed, and covered with crapes, were placed on a white-washed wall; a crucifix in ivory of beautiful workmanship, was hanging at the feet of the sick man; an antiquated chair, with gothic carvings, and among a few worn out books lay a mass book, with silver clasps; all the remainder of the furniture announced frightful misery. The presence of the priest revived the old man, and with an accent full of gratitude the latter cried out—

"M. Abbe, you are then kind enough to remember an unhappy man!"

"My friend," replied M. Paulin, "a priest forgets none but the happy ones; I come to inquire whether you want any assistance."

"I want nothing," answered the beggar, "my death is approaching; my conscience alone is not quiet."

"Your conscience! have you any great fault to expiate?"

"A crime, an enormous crime, a crime for which my whole life has been a cruel and useless expiation; a crime beyond pardon!"

"A crime beyond pardon! there does not exist any! The divine mercy is greater than all the crimes of man."

"But a criminal, polluted with the most horrible crime, what has he to hope for pardon? There is none for me."

"Yes there is," cried out the priest with enthusiasm, "to doubt it would be a more horrible blasphemy than your very crime itself. Religion stretches out her arms to repentance. James, if your repentance is sincere, implore the divine goodness; it will not abandon you. Make your confession."

Thereupon the priest uncovered himself, and after pronouncing the sublime words, which open to the penitent the gates of heaven, he listened to the beggar.

"The son of a poor farmer, honored with the affection of a family of high rank, whose lands my father cultivated, I was from my infancy welcomed at the castle of my masters. Destined to be a valet-de-chambre to the heir of the family, the education they gave me, my rapid progress in study, and the benevolence of my masters, changed my condition: I was raised to the rank of a secretary. I was just turned of twenty-five years of age, when the revolution first broke out in France; my mind was easily seduced by reading the newspapers of that period; my ambition made me tired of my precarious situation. I conceived the project of abandoning for the camp the castle which had been the asylum of my youth. Had I followed that first impulse, ingratitude would have saved me from a crime. The fury of the revolutionists soon spread through the provinces; my masters, fearing to be arrested in their castle, dismissed all their servants. A sum of money was realized in haste, and selecting from among their rich furniture a few articles, precious for family recollection, they went to Paris to seek an asylum in the crowd, and find repose in the obscurity of their dwelling. I followed them as a child of the house. Terror reigned uncontrolled through France, and nobody knew the place of concealment of my masters. Inscribed on the list of emigrants, confiscation had soon devoured their property; but it was nothing to them, for they were together, tranquil and unknown. Animated by a lively faith in providence, they lived in the expectation of better times. Vain hope! The only person who could reveal their retreat, and snatch them from their asylum, had the baseness to denounce them. This informer is myself. The father, the mother, four daughters, angels in beauty and innocence, and a young boy, of ten years of age, were thrown together into a dungeon, and delivered up to the horrors of captivity. Their trial commenced.

The most frivolous pretences were then sufficient to condemn the innocent; yet the public accuser could hardly find one motive of prosecution against that noble and virtuous family. A man was found, who was the confidant of their secrets and their most intimate thoughts; he magnified the most simple circumstances of their lives into guilt, and invented the frivolous crime of conspiracy. This calumniator, this false witness, I am he. The fatal sentence of death was passed upon the whole family, except the young son an unhappy orphan, destined to weep the loss of all his kindred, and to expose his assassin, if he ever knew him. Resigned, and finding consolation in the virtues, that unfortunate family expected death in prison. A mistake took place in the order of the executions. The day appointed for theirs, passed over, and if nobody had meddled with it, they would have escaped the scaffold, it being the eve of the ninth of Thermidor.

A man, impatient to enrich himself with their spoils, repaired to the revolutionary tribunal, caused the error to be rectified; his zeal was rewarded with a diploma of civism. The order for their execution was delivered immediately, and on that very evening the frightful justice of those times had its course. The wicked informer, I am he. At the close of the day, by torchlight, the fatal cart transported that family to death! The father, with the impress of profound sorrow on his brows pressed in his arms his two youngest daughters: the mother a heroic and christian like woman, did the same with the two eldest; and all mingling their recollections, their tears and their hopes, were repeating their funeral prayers. They did not even utter the name of their assassin. And it was late, the execution. Little accustomed to the horrible work, the valet on the way, begged the assistance of a passer by. The latter, consented to help him in his ignoble function. This man is myself.—The reward of so many crimes was a sum of three thousand francs in gold; and the precious articles still deposited here around me, are the witnesses of my guilt.

After I had committed this crime, I tried to bury the recollection of it in debauchery; the gold obtained by my infamous conduct was hardly spent, when remorse took possession of my soul. No project, no enterprise, no labor of mine, was crowned with success. I became poor and infirm.—Charity allowed me a privileged place at the gate of the church, where I have passed so many years. The remembrance of my crime was overwhelming; so poignant, that despairing of divine goodness I never dared implore the consolation of religion, nor enter the church. The alms I received, yours especially, M. Abbe, aided me to hoard a sum equal to that I stole from my former masters: here it is. The objects of luxury you remark in my room, this watch, this crucifix, this book, these veiled portraits, were taken from my victims.—Oh how long and profound has my repentance

been, but how powerless! M. Abbe, do you believe I can hope pardon from God?"

"My son," replied the Abbe, "your crime no doubt is frightful: the circumstances of it are atrocious. Orphans who were deprived of their parents by the revolution, understand better than any one else, all the bitterness of the anguish suffered by your victims! A whole life passed in tears is not too much for the expiation of such a crime. Yet the treasures of divine mercy are inexhaustible. Relying on your repentance, and full of confidence in the inexhaustible goodness of God, I think I can assure you of his pardon."

The priest then rose up. The beggar, as if animated by a new life, got out of bed and knelt down. The Abbe Paulin de Saint C. was going to pronounce the powerful words which bind or loosen the sins of man, when the beggar cried out: "Father wait! before I receive God's pardon, let me get rid of the fruit of my crimes. Take these objects, sell them, distribute the price to the poor." In his hasty movements, the beggar snatched away the crape which covered the two pictures. "Behold!" said he—"behold the august images of my masters!"

At the sight, the Abbe Paulin de St. C. let these words escape:—"My father! my mother!" Immediately, the remembrance of that horrible catastrophe, the presence of the assassin, the sight of those objects, seized upon the soul of the priest, and yielding to an unexpected emotion, he fell upon a chair. His head leaning on his hands, he shed abundant tears; a deep wound had opened afresh in his heart.

The beggar, overpowered, not daring to lift up his looks on the son of his masters, on the terrible and angry judge, who owed him vengeance rather than pardon, rolled himself at his feet, bedewed with tears, and repeated in a tone of despair,—"My master! my master!"

The priest endeavored, without looking at him, to check his grief. The beggar cried out:—"Yes, I am an assassin, a monster, an infamous wretch! M. Abbe dispose of my life! What must I do to atone you?"

"Avenge me!" replied the priest, recalled to himself by these words—"avenge me, unhappy man!"

"Was I not right in saying that my crime was beyond pardon? I knew it well, that religion itself would repulse me. Repentance will avail nothing to a criminal of so deep a dye; there is no forgiveness for me—no more pardon—no forgiveness!"

These last words pronounced with a terrible accent, reached to the soul of the priest, his mission and his duties. The struggle between filial grief and the exercise of his sacred functions ceased immediately. Human weakness had for a moment claimed the tears of the saddened son.—Religion then stirred the soul of the servant of God. The priest took hold of the crucifix, his paternal inheritance, which had fallen into the hands of this unhappy man, and presenting it to the beggar, he said in the strong accents of emotion:—"Christian, is your repentance sincere?"

"Yes."

"Is your crime the object of profound horror?"

"Yes."

"Our God immolated on this cross by men, grants you pardon! Finish your confession."

Then the priest with one hand uplifted over the beggar, holding in the other the sign of our redemption, bade the divine mercy descend on the assassin of his whole family!

With his face against the earth the beggar remained immovable at the priest's feet. The latter stretched out his hand to raise him up—he was no more!—N. Y. Mirror.

A SONG.

BY ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

"Yes!" I answered you last night—
"No!" this morning, sir, I say—
Colors seen by candle light
Cannot be the same by day.

When the tabors played their best,
And the dancers were not slow,
"Love me!" sounded like a jest,
Fit for "yes," or fit for "no."

Thus, the sin is on us both;
Was the dance a time to woo?
Woeer light makes fickle truth,
Scorn of me recalls on you.

Learn to win a lady's faith
Nobly, as the thing is high—
Bravely as if fronting death—
With a virtuous gravity.

Lead her from the painted boards—
Point her to the starry skies—
Guard her by her truthful words,
Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true,
Ever true as wires of yore,
And her "yes," once said to you
Shall be yes for evermore.

PETER THE GREAT.

More than dramatic horrors, studied carefully, prepared with deliberation, are connected with the reign of Peter the Great. If we acquit him of the murder of his son, still enough remains against him to prove that he was the most horrible monster that ever wore the human form. To establish a character for vigor, he deemed cruelty necessary, and rejoiced in the opportunities afforded him for inflicting it. His efforts to create a navy, and otherwise to elevate Russia in the scale of nations, have already shed on his name a portion of that glory which, since he sunk into the grave has dazzled the eyes of most observers and caused his enemies to be in a great measure forgotten; he was looked up to with wonder, when the Strelitz, a powerful military body who were discontented with the changes they witnessed, seeing him move among them like an ordinary individual, lost all that awe for him which majesty should inspire. Their dissatisfaction increased, and at length they determined to assassinate the Czar. To accomplish their object it was resolved to fire Moscow and when Peter should appear in the streets to give directions for checking the conflagration, they persuaded themselves it would be an easy thing, amidst the confusion which must prevail, to deprive the monarch of his life.

One of the leaders of the Strelitz was named Sukanin, and it was at his house the conspirators met, from time to time to plan the assassination of Peter, and the destruction of the officers and foreign soldiers who were attached to him. The night on which this fearful tragedy was to be performed, arrived, and the Strelitz indulged in a joyous revel to prepare them for the work of blood. Strong liquors, however, overpowered the intellects, or the courage of some of the conspirators, or by some means they were corrupted. Whatever the cause, two of them found their way to the Czar and betrayed the whole plot.

A strange and terrible scene succeeded!—Prompt in his determination, Peter wrote to the Colonel of one of his regiments of guards commanding him with his soldiers to surround and invest Sukanin's house that night. He meant it to be done at the hour of ten, but in the hurry of the moment he wrote instead the word "eleven."—This accident had nearly cost him dear.

Peter anxiously waited for the moment to arrive when the conspirators would be secured. It sounded, and he had no doubt his orders were obeyed, and the malicious Strelitz were in his power. In this conviction he proceeded to the house of their leader, Sukanin. On approaching it he remarked with displeasure, that no guard had been stationed outside. Eager to reprove such negligence, he entered, and in a few minutes he found himself alone and quarried in the midst of a desperate band, who were in the act of taking a solemn oath to put him to death.

He heard enough of what was passing before he made his appearance to understand how they were engaged, and to withdraw without being discovered, and of course pursued and butchered, was impossible. He therefore subdued all appearance of emotion, and with an air of ability, joined the revellers.

"I hear joyous sounds," said he, "as I passed, I knew the voices, and I thought I could do better than to join the Strelitz in their festivities. To their health I wish to drink. Fill me a glass."

The conspirators were amazed. At first they could hardly believe that Peter was alone—but being at length assured of that fact, their alarm subsided. They handed him wine, and affected great joy at seeing him amongst them. Beholding their enemy thus defenceless, their courage returned, which sustained by the circling glasses, was inflamed to exulting confidence. To fall upon him and extinguish him there, seemed to be a task of little difficulty. At first they conversed in whispers and signs, but the keen eye of Peter watched every movement, and put some restraint upon their boldness. By degrees they began to manifest a feeling that in their judgment it was unnecessary longer to mask their design. They murmured resolve not to lose the golden opportunity chance had thrown in their way, reached his ear. He was exasperated almost to madness by the supposed disobedience of the officer who he had hoped to find had secured the malcontents by 10 o'clock. An hour had nearly elapsed, and still he did not make his appearance. Alarm at the dangers which thickened around him and rage at the neglect which he accused as the cause of a peril so great, Peter was embarrassed how to act, when one of the Strelitz, impatient for action, called the Sukanin in a low but expressive tone—

"Brother, it is time."

The look and manner of the speaker fully made known the real meaning of his speech. The Czar felt that it was thought that the moment had arrived when his life might be safely assailed. A pause followed, and no answer was returned.—Just then Peter heard a sound which satisfied him of the near approach of his soldiers.

"It is time," repeated the man who had previously spoken.

"Not for you, villain; though it is for me," exclaimed Peter, and while he spoke he struck the Strelitz in the face with such force that the man sunk to the ground. The guards rushed in, and the conspirators finding that they had been betrayed—that their treason was known, threw them-