THE EXAMINER:

A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, and News.

"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."---Euripides.

Vol. XIII. **Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Monday, June 15, 1863.** **New Series.---No. 29.**

UNION BANK
OF
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.
Incorporated by Act of Colonial Legislature.

Capital Thirty Thousand pounds Currency, in 3,000 shares of Ten pounds each, payable by instalments in three years.

PROVISIONAL MANAGING COMMITTE.

C. Palmer, Chairman,	Hon. W. W. Lord, M.L.C.
Hon. G. Beer, M.L.C.	Hon. James Pope, M. P. P.
Henry Haszard, Esq.,	Geo. F. C. Lowden, Esq.
Wm. E. Dawson, Esq.	William Heard, Esq.
James D. Mason, Esq.	Thomas Dodd, Esq.
Alfred Phillips, Esq.	Wm. R. Watson, Esq.
J. A. Darcy, Esq.	Owen Connelly, Esq.
George Davies, Esq.	

THIS BANK is formed to supply an addition to the money circulation of this Island, the want of which has for some time been sensibly felt. It is the natural consequence of an increasing population, an expanding Commerce, and of the enlarged production of an industrious and energetic people. Incredible as it may seem, until the year 1855, there never was a Bank established in this Island; in that year, under the pressure of a similar necessity, the Bank of Prince Edward Island was called into existence; and while it has facilitated the trade and commercial business generally, it has largely contributed to the developement of the resources of the Country, and its results are supposed to have been satisfactory to the Shareholders, having for some years past paid them an annual dividend of ten per cent.

The increase in the population since the year 1855, the large addition to our trade and commerce, the increasing Revenue, the breadth of arable land cleared and cultivated, the growing increase of farming stock, the augmented export of grain and agricultural produce of all kinds, have rendered further Banking operations in this Island absolutely necessary.

It appears from the census of 1860, and from other authentic sources, that in the preceding five years the increase in the population of this Island was 9 361 persons; increase of breadth of land under cultivation 45,000 acres; increase in the quantity of roots and cereals exported 842,000 bush. That in the year 1861, the Imports amounted to £314,902, currency; the Exports, including shipping, to £343,421, currency, (showing a balance of trade in favour of the Island.) That in twenty years, from 1839 to 1859, the revenue more than doubled itself, the figures being, in 1839 £17,041; in 1859 £41,000.

Whilst to carry on this additional trade, the public Banking accommodation up to 1855 was nil, and since that time it has never exceeded £52,000 per annum, or about thirteen shillings per head for the population, a sum so small as to be almost incredible; while the Banking accommodation of the neighbouring Province of New Brunswick, it is believed, amounts to thirty shillings per head.

The effect of the large additions above referred to, has been an increasing annual demand for Discount, and for a larger amount of Circulation or Floating Capital; but as the Bank of Prince Edward Island did not provide this, the Public in their necessity were driven to the private discounter for accommodation, at very heavy rates, and it has been estimated that at these rates a sum nearly equal to the Capital of the proposed Bank is annually discounted.

Deeply impressed with the importance of this evil, and feeling that there is in this Island an ample field for the secure and profitable action of a second Bank, the promoters have set on foot the proposed Establishment; and in submitting this prospectus to the Foreign as well as Island Capitalists, as a safe and profitable investment, they beg to refer to the Act of Incorporation of the Union Bank, now before the Legislature, and to those parts of it especially intended for the security of Shareholders and the public generally, namely, Section 18th, whereby Stockholders are declared personally liable for redemption of all Bills issued by the Corporation, and all debts due thereby in proportion to the Stock they respectively hold; but no Stockholder shall be liable for any sum exceeding twice the amount of his Stock, in addition to the Stock held by him.

And also Section 20, wherein it is enacted that the total amount of debts (deposits excepted) which the Bank shall at any time owe, shall not exceed three times the amount of the Capital Stock paid in. The Directors being made liable in their private capacities for any excess.

Subscription lists for Stocktakers (already largely subscribed for) are in the hands of each of the provisional committee.

Charlottetown, April 20, 1863.

BAZAAR
FOR
ST. DUNSTAN'S COLLEGE.

Under the Patronage of His Lordship the Bishop of Charlottetown.

A BAZAAR, having for its object the raising of funds to aid in liquidating the debt incurred by the re-building of St. Dunstan's College, will be held at the said College on WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, the 8th and 9th of JULY next. The ladies of the Convent of Notre Dame are the principal organizers thereof, and are zealously seconded in their laudable efforts by many ladies of the city. The following articles will be disposed of by Lottery:—

1. A Drawing room Chair, embroiderered on cloth and mounted............6s per ticket.
2. A pair of Fire Screens..........3s "
3. An elegant Sofa Cushion..........3s "
4. A Fire Screen, No. 1..........2s "
5. Do No. 2..........2s "
6. A Work Box, embroidered on purple velvet..........1s 6d "
7. A pair of Foot-stools..........1s 6d "
8. A Work Box painted on velvet....9d "

Contributions in money, fancy work, materials for fancy and useful works, &c., will be thankfully received by the following:—

The Ladies of the Convent,	Mrs. McIsaac,
Mrs. P. Walker,	Mrs. D. Reddin,
Mrs. O. Connelly,	Mrs Gleason,
Mrs. Eckstadt,	Mrs. Gaul,
Miss McDonnell,	Mrs. J. Murphy,
Miss Reddin,	Miss Kelly,
Miss Longard,	Miss McDade.

The ladies and gentlemen belonging to the country, as well as those belonging to the city, are respectfully solicited to send in their contributions as soon as possible to either of the above ladies.

Persons desirous of obtaining tickets for the Lotteries will also please send in their names to any of the same parties.

Charlottetown, June 1st, 1863.

CHARLES BELL,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
QUEEN STREET. CHARLOTTETOWN.

BEGS to intimate that he has JUST RECEIVED, via Halifax, his SPRING AND SUMMER SUPPLY, and is now showing a large and carefully selected STOCK OF NEW GOODS, suitable for the season, in

CLOTHS, TWEEDS, DOESKINS,
TAILORS' TRIMMINGS,
HATS AND CAPS,
SHIRTS, SHIRT COLLARS, TIES, SCARFS, GLOVES, BRACES, UNDER CLOTHING,
&c. &c. &c.
FOR MEN'S WEAR.

Inspection respectfully solicited.

☞ Remember the New Stand, QUEEN-STREET.

Charlottetown, June 1st, 1863.

FLOUR! FLOUR!
Idaho from New York and Carrie Rich from Boston.

JUST RECEIVED
400 Barrels FLOUR,
different grades. For Sale at DODD'S BRICK STORE.

May 8, 1863. DODD & ROGERS.

NOTICE!

WHEREAS, by Bill of Sale, dated this 5th day of JUNE, 1863, Mr. RONALD McDONALD, of SUMMERSIDE, in Prince County, Prince Edward Island, Merchant, has THIS DAY sold, made over, and delivered to us all his Book Debts, Notes of Hand, &c., PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given to all Persons indebted to the said Ronald McDonald that we have appointed WILLIAM BEAIRSTO, of Summerside, aforesaid, our Attorney, to collect said Debts and Notes, and who alone is authorized to grant discharges for the same.

WETMORE & McCULLOCH,
Of Halifax, Nova Scotia.

June 8, 1863. isl 2m

LITERATURE.

TWILIGHT.

Softly it melts, yon fading ray,
Like love's last look, all faintly given;
Calm, as some soul that dies away,
And fades from earth to rise in heaven.
Over the still dark woodlands dim
The fluttering breeze of evening dies,
Or faintly sings day's parting hymn
Beneath the sweet, the twilight skies.

Is not the twilight memory's hour,
Who, while its failing gleams may last,
Sits oft beneath their sombre power,
To mourn o'er that dear dream—the past:
Dim as yon lingering beams they rise—
The scenes, the lost, the loved of yore—
Shadowed on memory's tear-dimmed eyes,
Who whispers "they can come no more."

Pure as yon fading sky's faint light
Each buried face remembered seems,
And each loved form comes softly bright,
And fair as childhood's holy dreams;
Yet ah! how changed, how cold they rise—
Those loved of youth's dear, vanished day;
Melting from sad affection's eyes,
As phantom-like as twilight's ray.

Yet, on the brow of twilight's hour,
A dim, but deathless glory plays,
And o'er the soul she sheds a shower
Of thoughts, akin to heavenly rays;
And mid her faint spiritual light,
Oft to the heart a glow is given,
Which triumphing o'er sorrow's night,
Reveals the coming dawn of heaven.

And not in vain does sorrow keep
Her tender memories of the past;
Nor idly does affection weep
O'er forms and scenes too dear to last;
But holy hopes from memory spring,
Begotten by undying love,
And faith, on strong untiring wing
Still soars to greet earth's lost above.

A RUSSIAN SUITOR.

My uncle, Mr. James Ludlow, was one of the richest and most respected of the English merchants at St. Petersburg, and he had often pressed me to pay him a visit. As long as I can remember, I had been an especial favourite of this uncle—my mother's brother — who had no son of his own, and who had always treated me with great kindness during his frequent visits to his native country. By degrees, however, these periodical trips grew few and far between; Mr. Ludlow's health was not what it had been, and his intercourse with my parents and myself was limited to correspondence.

I scarcely remember how it came about that I was led to accept my uncle's invitation to pass a winter as his guest in the Russian capital. Some undefined ideas of bear-hunts and wolf hunts, of gay balls and sledging parties, tempted me to face the journey and the climate; while my father was strongly in favour of my going. I suspect that Mr. Ludlow had written to my mother in more urgent terms than to myself, for she more than once 'wondered how I should like my cousin Caroline;' while my father made more than one jesting allusion to the probability of my coming back a Benedict. Now, Mr. Ludlow happened to be a widower—a most unlikely man to contract a second marriage, and Caroline was his sole heiress.

The invitation was accepted, but a number of trifling causes combined to postpone my actual departure, and the winter season was already far spent when I arrived at St. Petersburg, and took up my residence beneath my uncle's roof. Before I had been many days an inhabitant of the northern capital, I was as heartily in love with my pretty blue-eyed cousin as the fondest of match-makers could desire; but the worst of the matter was, that my affection was not reciprocated. Caroline — whom I had not seen since she was a little fair-haired child — met me with the frank kindness of bearing which our near relationship warranted; but I found no especial grace in her eyes, nor was I long in learning that her affections were engaged.

Mr. Ludlow, in his blunt good-natured way, rated me soundly for the delay in my arrival at St. Petersburg, on which he laid the blame of the failure of plans which he now avowed openly enough.

'You see, Harry, my boy, it was the wish of my heart, years ago, that you and my daughter Caroline should love each other. You are my dear sister's child, and I have no son of my own to carry on the business which Ludlow and Gregg have conducted here ever since the Emperor Paul's reign. You have been brought up to business-habits, will be well off when your father dies—I hope that it will not be yet, this many a year — and I never heard anything of your character but what pleased me. Carry will be well off, very well off, and is a dear, good girl, and a pretty girl.'

'Indeed she is,' said I, cracking a filbert with unnecessary vehemence.

My uncle nodded, and pushed the decanters towards me, as he answered: 'I wish you could have had her, Harry; but I fear she's in love with that Russian fellow—confound him!'

What Russian fellow? Although this conversation took place on the tenth evening of my stay at St. Petersburg, we had already been a good deal in the gay society of the town, and I had seen, with a jealous pang, sundry wasp-waisted young officers and diplomates doing their best to fascinate the rich and pretty English heiress. But when Mr. Ludlow named Basil Olgoff as the fortunate winner of Caroline's heart, I could not help uttering an exclamation of incredulous astonishment.

This Olgoff was a tall, dark-complexioned young man, about two years older than myself, and of a gloomy aspect and taciturn demeanour. He was a constant visitor at my uncle's house, but I had never felt the curiosity to ask any questions regarding him; and I could not conjecture how Caroline could be attracted towards him.

Indeed, among all those gay uniforms, resonant titles, and sparkling orders, Olgoff's plain black-coat, gaunt figure, and sad face, had appeared to the utmost disadvantage, and he was the very last person on whom my suspicions would have fixed. It was difficult to guess what merits Caroline saw in such a suitor. Disposed as I was to take a sufficiently modest estimate of my own powers of pleasing, I could not see any superiority in looks or manners on the part of Basil Olgoff over Henry Walton. He was a baron, to be sure, but what of that!

I suppose I must have spoken the last sentence aloud, for my uncle readily rejoined: 'What of that, indeed! Why, Harry, you must not set my Caroline down as on a par with those silly English girls who fling themselves away on the first foreign puppy that flashes his trumpery title, real or fictitious, before their foolish eyes. We have seen too much of the grand world in these latitudes to be so easily gulled. My daughter might have been a princess twice, at least, since she came out in Russian society, had she and I fancied those who sought her hand, and who were higher and wealthier, ten times over, than Olgoff.'

He then went on to tell me that the latter was a neighbour of theirs in the country. My uncle had purchased a small estate on the banks of the Volga, not very far from the city of Nevskoi Novgorod, and it was there that he and his daughter spent the summer. Olgoff lived hard by, on a property small indeed as to value and extent, but which had been handed down from father to son for a length of time most unusual in Russia, where fortunes are commonly of quick growth and rapid decay. He was the heir of one of those ancient families of Boyards, the old squirearchy of Muscovy, poor and barbarous in the eyes of the mushroom nobility of St. Petersburg, but who render to that brilliant and corrupt court scorn for scorn, and hatred for dislike. The Olgoffs were one of those families which Peter the Great had failed to remodel according to his imperial fancy. They had given up their beards and caftans at his will, but they had never flocked to his new metropolis among the Ingrian swamps, and they kept aloof from the frowns or favours of the sovereign. Basil's father had, however, been cajoled or forced into the military service, had risen to the rank of general, and had received the title of baron—a distinction little valued by a boyard of ancient stock, and which he esteemed the less from sharing it with the meanest of the Czar's French and German sycophants. The old general had rendered some service to my uncle in times long past, and on this account the Ludlows had always been kind and hospitable to his son, their neighbour.

And now the mischief was done. My hopes were nipped in the bud; my uncle's plan for his daughter's settlement in life was overturned, and the house of Ludlow and Gregg bad fair to come to an end with the earthly tenure of its present chief. Mr. Ludlow was very much vexed, but he was the kindest of parents, and the idea of thwarting his daughter's inclinations never seriously entered his head. She was his only child, had been petted and indulged from the cradle, and he could not bear to give her pain, or to be harsh with her. He thought it his duty to speak to Caroline on the subject, but beyond a word of warning and advice he would not go. Paternal prohibitions and stern injunctions were as much out of his way as the impressive maledictions and fine speeches of a theatrical heavy father. He spoke accordingly, praising my unworthy self, doing his best to set me, her cousin, in a pleasing point of view before Caroline's eyes, and at the same time expressing a not unnatural wish that she should marry a man of her own country and creed, in preference to an alien.

But Caroline's answer, though not quite direct, left no hope. She liked me very well, she said, as a cousin; she was in no hurry to be married, and so on. But it was plain to her father that her affections were engaged, and that if Basil Olgoff chose to make an offer, that offer would be accepted. My uncle groaned in spirit, but left his daughter full liberty of choice. 'Olgoff's not a bad fellow,' he would say to me in moments of confidence over the mahogany. 'But a Russian! the difference of religion and nationality is so great, that such unions have a thousand chances of shipwreck; and though the lad is a good steady lad, and the soul of honour, as his father was before him, he has inherited some wonderful notions of his own about church-matters—is not, indeed, an orthodox member of the Russo-Greek communion, but is what they call here a Raskolnik—a dissenter, belonging to some wild sect. To us Englishmen it matters little how these people differ among themselves about ritual and discipline, picture-worship, and genuflexions; but the Raskolniks are enemies of government, and I should have preferred that my son-in-law should be at least in good odour with the powers that be.'

These words raised my curiosity. I knew as yet but little about the under-currents of religious feeling in Russia, but I made inquiries, and received copious information, if not always of an accurate nature. I learned that, in spite of the sheep-like docility with which the great bulk of the nation had followed the beckoning-hand of the czar-pontiff, many sects still set themselves in opposition to the state profession of faith. These varied much, from the Non united Greeks to the strange heretics who followed the doctrines of certain wild prophets and martyrs, as singular, but more obscure than Kniperdoling or John of Leyden. All these dissenters were more or less under the frown of imperial power, according to their grades—the adherents of the old order of things being viewed with simple displeasure, while the partisans of more fanatical and dangerous teachers were actively persecuted.

Horrid tales were told of these last, tales of cruel torture, mutilation and death, ruthlessly inflicted on voluntary victims, who thought to buy Paradise by creating for themselves a place of torment upon earth. But the authorities took every means to hush up such legends, and at the same time endeavoured by strict severity to extirpate this moral cancer from society.

To which of these sects Olgoff belonged, I had not the remotest idea; nor, indeed, could I glean any information on the subject from my numerous acquaintances, who were in general only too communicative concerning their neighbors. Indeed, religion, except from a political point of view, was rarely spoken of; elegant scepticism, or an affectation of cosmopolitan indifference, reigned among the polished denizens of the St. Petersburg palaces, and it was understood that the orthodox United Greek Church was an excellent church for the mujiks, the merchants, the soldiers, the 'black people' in general. That the Olgoff, in some outward respects, conformed to this church, was pretty certain; and beyond that nothing was known, though much might be suspected.

The winter went on with its biting cold, its snowstorms, its keen winds, its nights of starry splendour, and its constant round of festivity. There might be suffering in the suburbs, where the *tshernoi narod* left their wooden hovels to seek warmth by huddling in the steaming halls of the vapour-bath, and where bread and sour cabbage were dear, and *vodki* scarce, but there was no stint of revelry and mirth among the stately streets of the city. I stayed, although every successive week and day proved more and more clearly that Caroline's affections were engaged by the gloomy young Russian, and though it was manifest that she only cared for me as a near relative and not a disagreeable companion. Yet I stayed, though I can hardly explain the mixture of feelings which prompted me to linger on at the northern capital. My own hopeless attachment had a smaller share in this resolve than I was perhaps willing to allow, but I was in truth much interested in the strange semi-barbarous country, its wonderful contrasts, and quaint peculiarities; and, as habit lessened the pain of seeing another preferred to myself, I came gradually to take much interest in Olgoff himself. He seemed a problem worth solving, this dark, stern young man, whose reserve and gravity were out of tune with the light flippancy of metropolitan manners, and who seemed a living protest against the social system of the place. I have often watched my successful rival, sombre and thoughtful, in a saloon full of lace, diamonds, and gay uniforms, of fluttering plumes and fans, and the mingled hum of music and merry voices, until I could have fancied him some Puritan of the seventeenth century, saddening by his mournful presence the butterfly court of Charles II. When I call him my successful rival, I am not perhaps wholly accurate. In the first place, I had, I am happy to say, been too prudent or diffident to breathe one word of love in Caroline's unwilling ear; and in the next place, Basil Olgoff had never formally offered himself as a suitor. He was attentive certainly, visited often at my uncle's house, appeared at every ball or concert where my cousin was invited, and never showed the slightest sign of caring for any other feminine society, but he remained mute, and I often wondered why.

At last, towards the end of the season, when the melting snow was pouring torrents of dirty water down the streets, till lately paved with a pure white crust of glittering crystals, when sledges were thrust into the coach-house, and carriages began to splash and struggle along the quays, Baron Olgoff spoke out. My uncle came to me in some dudgeon.

'Well, Harry, boy, you must give Caroline joy—she *is* to be a baroness, after all, for that dumb suitor of ours has found his tongue, and be hanged to him! Don't wince, nephew. I'd rather have given her to you, fifty times over, but I never thwarted my girl yet, and I could not find the heart to say no, as I longed to do, when she came an hour ago, all tears and blushes, to tell me of Olgoff's proposal. Heaven bless her; I hope she'll be happy, but I must say I have my doubts.'

So had I. Very serious doubts indeed. Not that I was unjust enough to deny that Basil Olgoff was in some respects worthy of his good luck. In spite of the young boyard's icy reserve, there were flashes of good and noble feeling which broke from him at times, and I had discovered that his principles and sentiments were modelled on a far higher standard than that of most of his equals in rank. But there was something hidden, something kept back. I often felt the conviction that Olgoff was not entirely frank with us, but for my very life I could not have explained my reasons for so deeming. However, I could not contemplate Caroline's sunny beauty beside his gloomy brow and dark watchful eyes, without an undefined presentiment of evil.

I do not think my uncle felt precisely as I did. His objections to the marriage were plain enough. He had wanted Caroline to choose an English husband; if her cousin, so much the better, but at any rate he disliked her union with a foreigner, a Russian, and a member of a different church. It was painful to the sturdy British merchant to think of the old house of Ludlow and Gregg changing its name, of his grandchildren growing up to speak the Muscovite tongue, to have Russian feelings and habits, and to bow before gaudy pictures and flaring candles at the bidding of a Papas of the Greek fold. He could not bring himself to deny Caroline her free choice, but he deferred the actual wedding as long as he possibly could, hoping, as he confessed to me, that the young people might change their minds, or that something might occur to break off the match. He insisted that the time of betrothal should include the whole summer and autumn, and that when the family returned to St. Petersburg for the winter season ensuing, it would be quite time enough to celebrate the marriage.

Yielding on all other points, on this Mr. Ludlow was inflexible, and it was settled that the wedding should be deferred till the Christmas following. In the meantime the affianced couple would not be absolutely separated, since my uncle's summer abode was at a place called Vailinga, situated, as I have previously said, near New Novgorod, and on the banks of the Volga, while Baron Olgoff was his next neighbour. Somewhat to my surprise, Mr. Ludlow gave me a warm invitation to spend the summer, or at least a part of it, on this small estate, in a country where, as he said, game abounded and sportsmen were scarce, and where travellers seldom penetrated. I believe my worthy uncle, who was a tenacious, though a most kindly man, secretly hoped that in the course of the summer something might occur to break the engagement; that a longer acquaintance with Olgoff's apparently unattractive disposition might chill Caroline's feelings towards him; and that his daughter might be tempted to transfer her affections to her kinsman—myself. I entertained few or no hopes of the sort. Indeed I was fast schooling myself into viewing Caroline with merely brotherly interest, but I felt an invincible apprehension on her account; and though I rather liked Olgoff, I could not but regard the attachment as an ill-starred one. Again, I was really curious to see provincial Russia, to enjoy the wild sports of the forest, and to make an exploring expedition among the spurs of the Ural, since I had a taste for geology, and was at least as much at home with the hammer as the fowling-piece or rifle.

I accepted my uncle's invitation; we set out together as soon as the snow was thoroughly melted, and travelled by easy stages to Vailinga. My uncle's house, built of the soft stone common in the province, stood on a sort of bluff or rising-ground, fringed with trees, and so situated that a sinuous twist of the Volga almost converted it into an island. On three sides, indeed, the shining river made a moat around it, cutting it off from the village of Vailinga, which was only accessible by a ferry, without a long detour. The view from the terrace and windows of the house was fine; the eye roamed freely over the seas of swaying pines, whose dark tops were mottled here and there by the light green of birch woods, far away beyond which were bare and stony plains; while in the horizon towered, blue and gigantic, the crests of the Ural range, dividing Europe from Asia.

As for Vailinga itself, it was one of those villages so common among the steppes of Russia, of Hungary, or wherever the land is occupied by a people of Tartar descent. It was large enough to merit the name of town, but in its straggling and rustic disorder, in its lack of public buildings, shops, and pavement, it was thoroughly a village. It had, however, a police-court with a small prison attached, two churches and a vapour-bath. The latter was a shabby affair; but the churches were large, and their Byzantine domes were gorgeously adorned with purple and gold, laid on in somewhat theatrical taste, but which shone in the sun like the speckled plumage of a starling. Most churches in eastern Europe, indeed, can boast of gay and tawdry decorations that contrast sharply with the mean ugliness of the huts around them, and so it was at Vailinga.

As for the residence of Basil Olgoff, that was on the opposite side of the Volga, and within sight of my uncle's house. A quaint abode it is; that baronial mansion of the long descended Olgoffs, with its one heavy tower of solid masonry—a tower that was traditionally said to have withstood more than one siege in the days of the Tartars—and the more modern buildings of wood, blackened with age and smoke, and strongly resembling a series of barns. There was a large garden in which a few flowers bloomed among the fruit-trees, and close up to the sunny peach-wall came the dark rustling fir-trees of the forest. A melancholy future home, I thought, for a young girl like cousin Caroline.

The Olgoff property was not large, and I believe the young boyard was often straitened for means, but I am sure he was not actuated by mercenary views in paying his court to Caroline. So indeed my uncle, who was a just man, grumblingly admitted; adding that the baron seemed to care no more what was settled on Miss Ludlow, or in what manner, than if every pine on his barren acres were worth its weight in silver. He was sincerely attached to Caroline; but his undemonstrative manner gave him a cold and unpleasing air, though my cousin herself would never listen to a word in his disfavour.

My stay at Vailinga was a pleasant one enough. There was plenty of shot, plenty of wild rambles among the woods or trips down the river, and we now and then received an invitation from some neighbouring proprietor, or two or three families would drive or sail for leagues to accept my uncle's hospitality, for Mr. Ludlow had a wide-spread acquaintance. Then I found both amusement and interest in drawing forth legends, anecdotes, and odd traits of national character, from the peasantry around us, and found cause to be glad that I had the power of conversing thus. Of course, the people spoke no tongue but the Muscovite; but I had devoted much time at St. Petersburg, under the guidance of a shrewd teacher of languages, to the acquisition of the Russian dialect, and having some aptitude for the study, had made considerable progress. My uncle, on the other hand, had never learned above a few words of the language; French had always sufficed him in conversational intercourse, and he had never cared to acquire a tongue which is despised even by those who use it.

It was not long before I began to learn, thanks to hints and chance words, that a great schism lay beneath the apparently dull uniformity of the local system. Most of the villagers were of course of the orthodox faith, but there were many who were more than suspected of secret heresy, and to whom the Czar's supremacy in religion appeared hateful and monstrous. Several of those Raskolniks were pointed out to me, and were, as far as I could judge, inoffensive persons enough—a trifle more industrious, staid, and thoughtful than their neighbours. In some cases they were residents in the village, but in most instances they were serfs of the Olgoff estate, and were presumed to be under the especial patronage of the lord of the soil. There is said to be an intolerant spirit among the Russian mujiks, but I own that in this case I saw little proof of it. The dissenters were looked coolly upon, but not treated with any disrespect, and it seemed as if the peasants regarded the suppression of religious differences as the province of government alone. But there was one man in whose breast fiercer feelings existed, and this was the priest who officiated in the smaller of two churches, Pope Niklas.

Pope Niklas was an ambitious man, it was said; more able and better instructed than the great bulk of the rural clergy, and of a respectable family in Moscow itself—the Russian Mecca. He was able to speak French—a wonderful accomplishment for a papas; but I never liked the man, often as I conversed with him. His aspect was rather imposing, in his dark robes, with his shaven temples, his long black hair falling in snaky profusion over his velvet cape, and his fiery eyes glittering under brows that would have become a grand inquisitor. It was said that he had set his heart on becoming a bishop; and indeed I could not but recognise that he was of the true Torquemada stamp, very unlike the tipsy boors who officiated in the parishes around him, and for whom the serfs had scanty reverence when outside their chapel doors.

I was talking to Pope Nicklas once in the village street, when Basil Olgoff passed by in earnest converse with a man whom I had never seen before, but whose long gray beard and keen wrinkled face were worthy of notice. The priest started, and muttered something like an anathema, while, as if by an involuntary impulse, he stealthily shook his fist at the receding figures.

'Eh! Monsieur Niklas, has the baron offended you then?' asked I, with a laugh.

'And you—you whom he has supplanted—do you not hate him?' asked the priest, giving me a searching glance that made me, too, start. I had never mentioned Caroline's name to the papas at all, and yet he had guessed my attachment. However, his cunning was at fault. I did not hate Olgoff, and I was not unjust enough to say that he who had known Caroline longer than I had supplanted me in her regard. Some impulse, however, checked me as I was about to deny the imputation, and I held my peace; while the priest, chuckling over his own keen insight into human motives, went on to speak more freely.

'The accursed Agag!' said he; 'let him have a care what he does. That is the third time he has brought yonder arch-worshipper of Baal into my parish; but the orthodox are not always to be mocked with impunity.'

I asked the papas what he meant.

'Stephen, son of Constantine, is the most famous preacher of his blaspheming band of heretics,' was the answer; but the habitual caution of the papas had returned, and he would say no more.

A few days later an unexpected stir took place in the tranquil village. This was caused by the sudden arrival of a squadron of light horse, detached from the sotnia of Cossacks in garrison at New Novgorod, and whose tents were now to be pitched on the borders of the forest, hard by the outskirts of Vailinga. The commander of this force happened to be a young Russian of princely family whom I had often met in the clubs and ball-rooms of St. Petersburg, and who was communicative enough both with respect to his errand and his present banishment from the court.

'Figure to yourself, *tres cher*, that you behold an unhappy exile from civilized society,' said the little count, lashing his varnished boot with a gold-mounted riding whip, and putting on a most amusing air of injured innocence. 'I spent a little too much, lived a little too fast, and see the consequence. My monster of an uncle, the old prince, who lives on a tenth of his revenue, was so shocked at the list of my debts, that he would only pay them on condition of this frightful sacrifice—of my exchanging into this hideous Cossack corps, and giving up the Imperial guard, of which I was, I flatter myself, no unworthy member. So here I find myself—I, Emmanuel Galitzin—actually doing thief-takers' work, and sent here to root out a nest of heretics—I, a Voltairean!'

'Heretics!' I exclaimed.

'Yes, my friend; some sort of pestilent fanatics, *je n'en sais rien, moi!* But a famous preacher of these wild fellows, one Stephen Constantinovitch, has been traced here, and the wise-acres of the government imagine a revolution to be brewing, and have sent my men, who are half heathens, and myself, a philosopher as you know, to set matters straight, which is a droll idea.'

Count Galitzin either did not know, or would not tell, the name of the informer who had set the authorities on the track of Stephen the preacher, but I could guess that the malice of Pope Niklas had prompted the persecution of the Raskolniks. In vain, however, did the Cossacks scour the forests like sleuth-hounds on the trail of a wounded deer; in vain did the priests of the different parishes make rigid inquiry among their flocks, for no trace of the proscribed man could be detected.

For my own part, I felt pretty sure that the hunted fugitive was still close at hand, for a great change came over Caroline's affianced husband, and I instinctively attributed this to the influence of his religious mentor. Basil Olgoff had always been silent and melancholy, but now the calm gravity of his manner gave place to the most abrupt alternations between unnatural vivacity and the very deepest depression. At one time he would be absolutely gay, mirthful, and amusing, showing a play of fancy, and a store of anecdote that would have done credit to any lion of the *salons*, and at another he would sink into a state of such gloomy apathy that nothing could arouse him from his sullen meditations.

These changeful moods caused Caroline many an unhappy moment, aroused in my mind the gravest suspicions of Olgoff's sanity, and even made my uncle, not habitually an observant man, uneasy with regard to the future. His idea was that his future son-in-law might be in debt, and in his blunt good-natured way he placed his strong-box at Olgoff's disposal, and was rather vexed when it was declined. Still the summer went on, and the Cossack tents still whitened the fallows across the river, and the patrols went trampling through the woods, but no arrest took place.

One day, how well I remember it! as I sauntered along the leafy shade of the trees in the broad village street, I heard the clank of spurs and sabre, and Captain Count Galitzin came up, radiant and brisk. His first words were: 'Congratulate me, Walton; give me joy of the probable termination of my exile in Vailinga. We shall finish with these pests to-night, and I shall have the felicity of conducting them, in chains, to New Novgorod, where at least there are dominoes and champagne, and where drinkable coffee can be had.'

'To-night! how?' asked I.

Galitzin told me in his chattering style that the Raskolniks had a false brother among them, who, for a hundred roubles, had given the alert to government, and had betrayed the rendezvous of this wild sect. The fanatics had lately made many converts among the ignorant peasants around, and it was deemed needful to cut short their proselytism by a sharp and stern example.

'Apropos,' said the Count, 'that black-looking, sulky marplot, Olgoff, is to be there to-night, and must take his choice of a lance-thrust or a trip to Siberia. Better the former, for your sake, Walton, if you have an eye, as I suspect, to your pretty cousin and the savings of *ce digne* Monsieur Ludlow. Aha! good-bye; I go to prepare my men. The trap closes on the mice by midnight.'

This was startling news. I could not doubt the exactitude of the information I had received, nor, as a man of honour, could I hesitate for a moment as to the course to pursue. I must warn Olgoff. For Caroline's sake, I must save her betrothed husband from the peril that was closing in upon him. I hurried to the ferry, crossed the river, and hastened up to the house. As I crossed the lawn, I heard from a half-open window, that of the library, the sound of voices, Caroline's and Olgoff's. For a moment I stopped, and an indefinite thrill of jealousy ran through my veins; but I crushed the pitiful sentiment, and was advancing, resolved to lose no time in conveying my warning, when the window was violently flung open, and Basil Olgoff sprang out, and strode fast across the green sward, with flushed face and wild gestures.

I was springing to meet him, when a smothered cry, and the sound of a fall attracted my notice; I hurried to the open window, entered, and found Caroline lying in a swoon upon the ground. A scene of confusion followed, several of the voluble but half-useless Russian servants crowded into the room at my impatient summons; my uncle came with a frightened face; we placed the poor girl on a sofa, and tried the usual remedies to revive her, and with success. Poor Caroline! she only regained her senses to commence sobbing as if her heart would break, and her expressions were so incoherent and broken by weeping, that it was long before we could distinguish their purport. At last we learned that Basil had bidden her adieu, had spoken fondly and in heart-broken accents, but with a dreadful firmness of conviction of the necessity for their parting, and had entreated her to pray for him, and to cherish his memory. Then he had torn himself away, abruptly as he had come, and the shock of parting had overcome her strength.

Mr. Ludlow was very angry at first. His notion was that his daughter's affections had been trifled with, and that some caprice had led Olgoff thus roughly to break off the engagement; but I did not share this impression. Drawing my uncle apart, I told him as cautiously as I could what Galitzin had related to me.

'Poor unhappy lad!' he exclaimed, 'it was a sad day when I agreed to give Caroline to a Russian, especially one half-crazed, as he seems to be; but we must save him if we can.'

This seemed no easy matter. I spent the rest of the day in a fruitless search for Basil Olgoff, but could gain no clue to his retreat. While Mr. Ludlow stayed to endeavour to console his daughter, I was vainly interrogating the young baron's servants, vainly ranging his grounds, or wandering from chamber to chamber in his house, but without gaining the slightest information.

Weary and baffled, I returned home, and my uncle met me with an anxious face, to say that Caroline was quiet now, but so wretched that it made his heart bleed to look at her. Poor thing! her white wan countenance and eyes that had grown dim with weeping, were sad to behold, and she was quite changed from the gay, light-hearted girl I had always known her. Olgoff's conduct had been cruel and capricious, as I thought, and I felt a glow of anger as I saw my pretty kinswoman suffer thus for his sake.

The moon rose, and presently the night wind began to sigh through the trees, and the hours stole on fast towards the fatal time when the meeting of the wild enthusiasts should be betrayed. I chafed at the inaction to which I was condemned, and suggested to my uncle that I had better go across to the village, and try to interest Galitzin in poor Olgoff's behalf. It was a desperate hope, for the young noble had the true Tartar nature under his varnish of western elegance, but it seemed the only means left us. I quitted the room, and was leaving the house, when a little bare-footed girl, who weeded in the garden, came tripping up with a piece of paper in her hand.

'English lord, I found this beyond the shrubbery, and I took it home, and my mother said I should give it to some of the family, as it has most likely been dropped, and perhaps they would give me a copeck.'

There was writing on the scrap of paper, in Russian characters of course, but these were familiar to me now, and I read, in Olgoff's hand, the broken sentences that ran thus:

'Pity and forgive—the lot has fallen—so happy as your lover, your husband—midnight—at the Hetman's Oak—pray for me, as for the dead.'

I turned to the child, and asked if she or her parents could read. The reply was in the negative. Satisfied, so far, I dropped some small coins into her extended hand, and she darted off homewards. I remained behind, sorely puzzled. It was evident that this scrap of paper was part of an incomplete letter which Olgoff had designed to send to Caroline by way of farewell; that he had given up the design, and let fall the paper by accident. Probably the Hetman's Oak was the place of meeting for the Raskolniks, while the 'lot,' of which his incoherent words spoke as having fallen, implied most likely the mysterious reason for the renunciation of his dearest hopes. While I thus pondered, I felt a light touch on my arm, and started. Caroline was beside me, her face deathly pale, but with her eyes unnaturally bright, and a calm resolve written in her features. I tried to hide the scrawl; it was too late.

'I have read the writing,' she whispered; 'hush! I know all. Let us go together, and we may yet save him.'

She threw a cloak, which she had hastily caught up, over her shoulders, drawing the hood over her bright hair with an impatient gesture, and stepped cautiously out into the moonlight. I followed, and with quick steps we went towards the forest. We both well knew the place named, for the Hetman's Oak was less than two miles off, though in a very wild nook among the woods. But, once among the thickets, the moon served us little, the briars and interlacing boughs rendering our progress very tedious and fatiguing. At last we approached the dell, dark and steep, and surrounded by gray rocks and huge trees, over which towered the gigantic trunk and broad boughs of Hetman's Oak. The dense mass of foliage here defied the moonlight, but we could see something stirring in the glen beneath us; something black and shapeless, but which as by instinct we knew to be a crowd of human forms. Then a dull murmur of voices suddenly swelled into a wild and plaintive chant, some hymn of this strange church among the desert. It rose and fell, now low and faint, now shrill and loud, but always sad; and then a gleam of ruddy light broke out from a kindled pile of fir cones, and we could dimly discern a number of persons, nearly eighty, as I should judge, gathered around a kind of altar of rough stone, beside which was piled an immense heap of logs and brushwood. Nor was this all.

The sudden light showed priest and congregation: it fell with lurid radiance on the wrinkled face, the gray beard, and black robes of Stephen the preacher; on the coarse russet garb and stern features of the serfs, the begrimmed countenances of the charcoal-burners, only half-human in aspect, and the two or three members of the assembly whose garments revealed a higher rank. No children were present, and only two or three women. But our eyes roved hastily over