GRENADA SENTINEL.

THE MYSTERIOUS ORGANIST.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

Years ago, at the grand cathedral overlooking the Rhine, there appeared a mysterious organist. The great composer who had played the organ so long had suddenly died, and everybody, from the King to the peasant, was wondering who could be found to fill his place, when, one bright Sabbath morning, as the sexton entered the church, he saw a stranger sitting at the crape shrouded organ. He was a tall, graceful man, with a pale but strikingly handsome face, great black, melancholy eyes, and hair like the raven's wing for gloss and color, sweeping in dark waves over his shoulders. He did not seem to notice the sexton, but went on playing, and such music as he drew from the instrument no words of mine can describe. The astonished listener declared that the organ seemed to have grown human—that it wailed and clamored, as if a tortured human heart were throbbing through its pipes.

When the music had at length ceased the sexton hastened to the stranger and asked him:

"Pray, who are you?"

"Do not ask my name," he replied. "I have heard that you are in want of an organist, and I have come here on trial."

"You'll be sure to get the place," exclaimed the sexton. "Why, you surpass him that's dead and gone sir."

"No, no, you overrate me," resumed the stranger, with a smile; and then, as if disinclined to conversation, he turned from old Hans and began to play again. And now the music changed from a sorrowful strain to a grand old pæan, the mysterious organist,

> "Looking upwards full of grace,
> Pray, till from a happy place
> God's glory smote him in the face,"

and his countenance seems not unlike that of St. Michael, portrayed by Guido.

Lost in the melodies which swelled around him, he sat with his "far seeing" eyes fixed on the distant sky, a glimpse of which he caught through an open window, when there was a stir about the church door, and a royal party came sweeping in. Among them might be seen a bright young girl with a wreath of golden hair, eyes like the violet's hue, and lips like the wild cherries. This was the Princess Elizabeth, and all eyes were turned to her, as she seated herself in the velvet-cushioned pew appropriated to the court. The mysterious organist fixed his eyes upon her, and went on playing. No sooner had the music reached her ears than she started as if a ghost had crossed her path. The blood faded from her crimson cheek, her lips quivered, and her whole frame grew tremulous. At last her eyes met those of the organist in a long yearning look, and then the melody lost its joyous notes and once more wailed and sighed and clamored.

"By faith," whispered the King to his daughter, "this organist has a master hand. Hark ye, he shall play at your wedding."

The pale lips of the princess parted, but she could not speak—she was dumb with grief. Like one in a painful dream she saw the pale man at the organ, and heard the melody which filled the vast edifice. Ay, full well she knew who it was and why the instrument seemed breathing out the agony of a tortured heart.

When the services were over, and the royal party had left the cathedral, he stole away as mysteriously as he had come. He was not seen again by the sexton till the vesper hour, and then he appeared in the organ loft, and commenced his task. While he played, a veiled figure glided in, and knelt near a side shrine. There she remained till the worshippers dis appeared, when the sexton touched her on the shoulder and said:

"Madam, everybody has gone but you and me, and I wish to close the doors."

"I am not ready to go yet," was the reply—"leave me!"

The sexton drew back into a shady niche, and watched and listened. The mysterious organist still kept his post but his head was bowed upon the instrument and he could not see the lone devotee. At length she rose from the aisle, and moving to the organ loft paused beside the organist.

"Bertram," she murmured.

Quick as thought the organist raised his head. There, with the light of a lamp suspended to the arch above falling full upon her stood the Princess who had graced the royal pew that day. The court dress of velvet, with its ermine trimmings, the tiara, the necklace, the bracelets, had been exchanged for a grey serge robe and a long thick veil, which was now pushed back from the fair girlish face.

"Why are you here, Betram?" asked the Princess.

"I came to bid you farewell; and as I dare not venture into the palace, I gained access to the cathedral by bribing the bellringer, and having taken the vacant seat of the dead organist, let my music breath out the adieu I could not trust my lips to utter."

A low moan was the only answer, and he continued:

"You are to be married on the morrow?"

"Yes," sobbed the girl. "Oh, Bertram, what a trial it will be to stand at yonder altar, and take upon me the vows which will doom me to living death!"

"Think of me," rejoined the organtist. "Your royal father has requested me to play at the wedding, and I have promised to be here. If I were your equal I could be the bridegroom instead of the organist; but a poor musician must give up."

"It is like rending soul and body assunder, to part with you," said the girl. To-night I may tell you this—tell you how fondly I love you, but in a few hours it will be a sin! Go, and God bless you."

She waived him from her, as if she would banish him while she had the power to do so, and he—how was it with him? He rose to leave her, then he came back held her to his heart in a long embrace, and with a half smothered farewell left her.

The next morning dawned in cloudless splendor, and at an early hour the cathedral was thrown open, and the sexton began to prepare for the wedding. Flame-colored flowers nodded by the wayside—flame-colored leaves came rushing down from the trees and lay in heaps upon the ground; and the ripe wheat waved like a golden sea, and berries dropped in red and purple clusters over the rocks along the Rhine.

At length the palace gates were opened and the royal party appeared, escorting the Princess Elizabeth to the cathedral, where her marriage was to be solemnized.

It was a brave pageant; far brighter than the untwined foliage and blossoms, were the tufts of plumes which floated from stately heads and festal robes that streamed down over the housings of the superb steeds. But the Princess, mounted on a snow-palfrey, and clad in snow-white velvet, looked pale and sad; and when, on nearing the church, she heard a gush of organ-music which, though jubilant in sound, struck on her ear like a funeral knell, she trembled and would have fallen to the earth had not a page supported her. A few minutes afterwards she entered the cathedral. There, with his retinue, stood the Royal bride-groom, whom she had never before seen. But her glance roved from him to the organ-loft, there she had expected to see the mysterious organist. He was gone, and she was obliged to return the graceful bow of the King, to whom she had been betrothed from motives of policy. Mechanically she knelt at his side on the alter stone; mechanically listened to the service and made the responses.

Then husband drew her to him in a convulsive embrace, and whispered:

"Elizabeth, my queen, my wife, look up!"

Trembling in every limb, she obeyed. Why do those dark eyes thrill her so? Why did that smile bring a glow on her cheeks? Ah! though the King wore the royal purple, and many a jeweled order glittered on his breast, he seemed the same humble person who had been employed to teach organ music, and had taught her the lore of love.

"Elizabeth," murmered the monarch. "Bertram Hoffman, the mysterious organist, and King Oscar, are one. Forgive my stratagem.

I wished to marry you but I would not drag to the altar an unwilling bride. Your father was in the secret."

While tears of joy rained from her eyes, the new made queen returned her husband's fond kisses, and for once two hearts were made happy by a royal marriage.

The Armless Artist.

Caesar Ducorent was born in Lille, France, January 10, 1806. Born as he was without arms, what was there for him to do, even in this busy world? Each foot had four toes, but he early learned, to use these with advantage. When very young he could with ease throw a ball, cut with a knife, and draw lines on the floor with chalk, and could even cut figures on paper with his mother's scissors. He early became a good penman. From this he passed to drawing, and naturally enough to painting, the wide space between his great toe and the next enabling him to grasp his papers firmly. At the age of thirteen his progress astonished Watteau, professor at the School of Design in Lille, who received him as a pupil. Only three years later, he took the first prize for the drawing of the human figure from nature. After this he pursued his studies in Paris. He was of a lively temperament, and when in conversation he became animated, he was in the habit of gesticulating with his legs. Some one has described a visit to his painting room, which is interesting.

"Across the whole extent of the canvas ran, with incredible agility, like a fly upon the wall, the stunted trunk of a man, surmounted by a noble head, with expansive brow and eye of fire; and wherever the appiration passed along the canvas, he left the traces of color behind him. On approaching a few paces nearer we were aware of a lofty but slender scaffolding in front of the canvas, up and down and across the steps and stages of which climbed, and crouched, and twisted—it is impossible to describe how—the shapeless being we had come to see. We saw then that he was deprived of arms; that he had no thighs; that his short legs were closely united to his body; and that each of his feet wanted a toe. By one of his feet he held a palette—by the other a pencil. And in all this harness he moved, and rolled, and writhed, and painted in a manner more than marvelous; a voice musical, grave, and sonorous, saluting us by name, and invited us to be seated. Then the appiration glided down the whole length of the scaffold to the ground, advanced or rather rolled toward us, and with a bound established himself on the sofa at our side. We watched him with interest, and had a long conversation with him. He told us he had been born without arms, and had been a painter ten years, and was now making money by his art. He used his feet with almost as much ease as people do their hands, holding his palette in his left one, and his brush in the right, as though all his toes were fingers, changing them with the most perfect facility, and even thrusting his foot into his pocket, as another man would his hand. He wrote his name with great rapidity, and well, and told us he shaved himself.

SHERIFF'SSALE.

Duncan McKinley
vs } 3d Fi. Fa.
Reuben Fleming

By virtue of the above stated Fi Fa to me directed from the Hon. Circuit Court of Tallahatchie county, State of Mississippi, I will, on Monday, the 6th day of April 1868, in front of the Courthouse door in the town of Coffeeville Yalobusha county, Mississippi, between the hours prescribed by law, proceed to sell to the highest bidder for cash the following described property to-wit: One gin stand and the following lands e hf sw qr and s hf se qr w hf sw qr Section 19. n hf and ne qr of sw qr se qr and s hf sw qr nw qr of sw qr section 30. n hf and w hf sw qr section 31, and w hf nw qr section 32 Township 24 Range 4 east. Levied on as the property of the defendant Reuben Fleming, and sold to satisfy the above stated Fi Fa and all cost.

This the 20th day of Feb. 1868.

n3641 L. R. WILSON, Shff.
Yalobusha County.

NOTICE.

Pursuant to an order of the court of Probates of Yalobusha county, State of Mississippi, made at the September term, A. D. 1867, the undersigned Administrator, with the will annexed, of A. A. Hardwick, deceased, will on the 14th day of April, 1868, proceed to sell at public outcry, at the Courthouse, in the town of Coffeeville, to the highest bidder for cash, between the hours prescribed by law, all the interest of said testatrix in and to the following lands to-wit: Se qr of ne qr and e hf of se qr, e hf of sw qr, sw qr of se qr, section 35, s hf of n hf and ne qr of seqr and w hf of se qr and sw qr, of section 36, Township 22, Range 7 east, and ne qr of nw qr of section 2, Township 21, Range 7 east. The same being sold to pay debts of said testatrix.

L. R. WILSON,
Administrator with will annexed of A. A. Hardwick deceased. n36

THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI,
YALOBUSHA COUNTY.

The State of Mississippi, to the unknown heirs of Thomas Carbry, deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate:

You are hereby cited to be and appear before the Probate Court of said county of Yalobusha, at the Court House thereof, on the first Monday in April next, 1868, to answer the petition of N. C. Snyder and Hugh Torrance, Administrators of Thomas Carbry deceased, praying allowance of the final account of their administration and discharge therefrom; and to show cause, if any you can, why the said final account should not be allowed, and the said Administrators discharged from their said trust.

By order of the court, March 4th, 1868.

n3515 THOS. WARD, Clerk.

CITATION NOTICE.

To David Montgomery and Laura Fulton, postoffice not known, and mary C., Elizabeth and Robert N Archibald, of Pleasant Ridge, Picken county, Alabama, heirs and distributors of Richard Nason, deceased:

You are hereby cited to be and appear before the Probate Court of the County of Yalobusha, State of Mississippi, on the first Monday in April, to show cause, if any you can, why the petition of Mrs. E Owens, one of the Legatees of said decedent, to require the executor, of said testator to make final settlement, and to distribute the funds in his hands as executor as aforesaid, between the parties entitled to receive the same, should not be granted.

By order of the Court, this 4th day of February, 1868.

38-5t THOS. WARD, Clerk.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Officers of Court
vs } Fi. Fa.
Johnson Buntin.

By virtue of the above stated Fi. Fa. to me directed from the Hon. Circuit Court of Tallahatchie county, State of Mississippi, I will, in front of the Courthouse door, in the town of Coffeeville, on Monday, the 6th day April, 1868, between the hours prescribed by law, proceed to sell to the highest bidder for cash the following described property to-wit: One lot situated in the town of Oakland and known as lot No. 3, in Block D. Levied on as the property of Johnson Buntin, and sold to satisfy the above stated Fi. Fa. and all cost.

L. R. WILSON, Shff.
n36 Yalobusha County.

GIFT SALE
OF
TOWN PROPERTY.

One of the most beautiful and valuable city lots in the city of Grenada is offered for sale on the giftenterprise plan. This property is richly worth four thousand dollars, but is offered at the low price of three thousand. The tickets are five dollars each. The drawing will be conducted by a committee of gentlemen entirely disinterested. L. FRENCH,

n3613 Agent.
