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. XVII. 1 CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1866. 1 NO. 6

SEWING MACHINES.

ROBERT YOUNG has much pleasure in announcing that he has just been appointed sole Agent for P. E. Island, for the sale of

THE WEED SEWING MACHINES,

and would strongly recommend to all intending purchasers, an inspection of the sample now on his premises, so confident is he that they only require to be seen in operation to be appreciated.

THE WEED MACHINES

are better adapted than any others in the market to the changes and great variety of sewing required in a family. They will sew from one to twenty thicknesses of Marselles without stopping, and make every stitch perfect. They will sew from the finest gauze to the heaviest cloth, and even to stout, hard leather, without changing the needle or making any adjustment of the Machine. Two different sizes of the Machine are manufactured fitted up, plain or ornamental, with or without cabinets as may be preferred.

These Machines have obtained the highest premiums wherever they have been exhibited in competition with other Machines.

Charlottetown, May 28, 1866. tf

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

THE Subscriber would inform the Inhabitants of P. E. Island, that, on the arrival of the Brig *ANN*, from Liverpool, G. B., he will offer,

Wholesale and Retail,

For Cash or good Joint Notes of Hand,

Nos. 1, 2 & 3 WHITE LEAD, in 56, 28, & 14 lbs.;
Black, Red, & Yellow PAINTS, in 28 & 14 lbs.;
Boiled and raw LINSEED OILS;
Chance's Smethwick GLASS;
PUTTY, Black and White, in Bladders 28 and 14 lbs.;
CUT NAILS, and CUT SPIKES;
Diamond Head DECK SPIKES;
Bars Refined and Common IRON, assorted sizes;
Barrels and Kegs COAL TAR;
Barrels Black and Bright VARNISHES;
Coils HEMP and WIRE CORDAGE;
Bolts Extra and Navy Boiled CANVAS;
Bars YELLOW METAL, ⅜ to ¾;
YELLOW METAL BUTT BOLTS, 7 × ⅞;
CLINCH RINGS, Iron and Yellow Metal;
Crates and Casks GLASS, CHINA, and EARTHENWARE,—Crates assorted for country use;
A NEW MIXTURE for Bottoms of FISHING BOATS, much approved of by English fishermen.

Parties wanting any of the above articles will do well by calling and inspecting them, at the OLD STAND, formerly occupied by W. W. LORD & Co., HEAD of LORD'S WHARF, Water Street.

ARTEMAS LORD.

Oct. 29, 1866.

REMOVAL.

THE Subscriber begs respectfully to announce to his customers and friends that he has REMOVED to the New Brick Building, in Queen Street, erected on the site of his former Store, where he has opened his

NEW GOODS!

Received per *Undine*, *L. C. Owen* and *Lotus*, from Great Britain; and per *Oriental*, from the United States, comprising, in part,

Cottons:

Grey and White Cottons, Grey Sheetings, Regatta and Fancy Shirtings, Fancy Prints, Drillings, Jeans, Glazed linings, Casbans, Tickings, Towelings, Battings White, Red and Blue Cotton Warps, &c., &c.

Cloths:

Black and Blue Pilots, Whitneys, Devons, Astricans, Scotch Tweeds, Fancy Doeskins, Black Broad Cloths, Black Doeskins and Cassimere and Union Cloakings.

Dress Stuffs:

French Merinoes, Coloured Coburgs Alpacas, Black Coburgs and Lustres, Fancy Checks, Gala Plaids, Plain and Fancy Winceys, Serges, Cashmeres, Plaids, &c.

Fancy Goods:

Ribbons, Feathers, Flowers, Brooches, Dress Buttons, Belt Buckles, Bead Trimmings, Laces, Edgings, Frillings, Stamped Muslins, Berlin Wools, Scotch Yarns, Patent and Silk Velvets, Velvet Ribbons, Dress Caps, Borders, Caps, Cauls, Veils, Hoods, Clouds, &c., &c.

Woollens:

Blankets, Rugs, White, Scarlet and Coloured Flannels, Scarlet and Black Shirting, Saxony Shirtings, Blue Serges, Scarfs and Cravats, &c.

Linens:

White Frontings, Grass Cloths, Hollands, Table Damasks, Tickings, Osnaburgs, Hessians and Drillings.

Gents' Furnishing Goods:

Coats, Vests, Pants, Shirts, Socks, Drawers, Gloves, Hats & Caps, Mufflers and Scarfs, Neck Ties, Collars, Braces, and Rubber Coats.

—Also—

Ladies' Felt, Velvet, and Silk HATS; Ladies' Fur Boas and Muffs, Woollen Shawls, Hoop Skirts and Skirtings; Rubber Boots and Shoes; Felt Snow Boots, &c., &c.

Tailors' Trimmings.

Groceries and Dye Stuffs; a full Assortment of Small Wares, &c., &c., &c.

FREDERICK LEPAGE.

Glasgow House Nov 12, 1866.

NEW STOCK.

WINTER GOODS!

THE Subscribers would respectfully invite the attention of Town and Country Customers to their

Unusually Large Stock

OF

Fall and Winter Goods,

Received from LONDON, MANCHESTER, GLASGOW, LIVERPOOL, HALIFAX, and BOSTON; carefully selected to meet the Wants of the Country, and now selling at EXTRAORDINARY LOW PRICES, for CASH.

DAVIES & WEEKS.

Queen St., Nov. 19, 1866. 5i

New Goods, New Goods.

THE Subscribers have just received, per Barque "Undine," from Liverpool, their

FALL & WINTER SUPPLY OF

DRY GOODS,

Now open for Inspection at the Old Establishment, Pownal Street; also to be had at the New Store, Queen Square.

A Good Selection of

WINTER CLOTHS,

Comprising Whitneys, Beavers, Plain & Fancy Doeskins, Elephant and Moscow Cloths.

—ALSO—

A Good Selection of

Ready-made Clothing,

Scarlet, White & Grey Blankets, Horse Rugs, Railway Wrappers, Printed Druggets, Cocoa Matting, Woollen & Marsellas Quilts, Woollen Covers, Pink, Blue, White and Scarlet Flannels, Fancy do.

Dress Stuffs.

Lustres, Coburgs, Baratheas, Alpacas, Poplinets, Camlets, Shepherd Plaid Checks, Merinoes, Plain and Fancy Whincies, Tweeds, &c.

Worsted Damasks,

Black and Coloured Silks, Striped Silks, Shawls, Mantles, Paletots, Chest Protectors, Corsets.

Grey, White & Printed Cottons,

Cotton Warp, Wadding, Gloves, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Table Covers, Table Damasks, Gents' Linen and White Cotton Shirts, Woollen Shirts, Bonnet Fronts, Gents' Ties and Scarfs, Collars, Muslins, Muslin Curtains, Ladies' Grey, Black and white Lamb's Wool Hose, Gents' Hose, Drawers and Linders, Door Mats, Umbrellas—a variety in Cotton, Silk, and Alpaca, &c., &c.

—Also—

A Large Lot of Furs.

Ladies' and Gents' Fur Caps, &c., &c.

All of which will be sold *cheap* for CASH.

J. S. & J. PURDIE.

Ch'town, October 22, 1866. 1s13m

LONDON HOUSE.

Established 1820.

1866. FALL, 1866.

BY Ships PRIORESS, UNDINE, L C OWEN, LILLIE, and ANN, from LIVERPOOL; LOTUS, from LONDON; EMPRESS, from GLASGOW; HELEN DAVIES, from BARBADOES; Steamer ALHAMBRA, from BOSTON; Schr. CHARLES, from HALIFAX; ERIN, from QUEBEC—the Subscribers have now completed their

Importations for the Season,

Which, have been selected by one of the FIRM, and bought on the best terms, they are enabled to offer at extremely low prices for PROMPT PAYMENT. Wholesale Buyers supplied as usual. The present Importation comprises—

Chests Fine Congou Tea,	Bales White and Colored Warps,
Hhds. Granulated Barbadoes and Porto Rico Sugar,	" Paper Hangings,
Hhds. Muscovado Molasses,	" Wrapping Paper,
Crates Earthenware,	" Bagging and Grain Sacks,
Cases Dress Goods,	Casks assorted Cutlery,
" Millinery,	Bundles Spring and Cast Steel,
" Haberdashery,	Sets Plough Metal,
" Shawls and Mantles,	Packages Nails and Spks
" Silks and Ribbons	" Ironmongery,
" Linen Drapery,	Tons assorted Bar Iron,
" Gloves and Hosiery	Packages asstd. Paints,
" Ready-Made Clothing and Rubber Coats,	Hhds. Paint and Seal Oil,
" Rubber Boots and Shoes,	Sides Sole Leather,
" Floor Cloths,	Barrels Crushed Sugar,
" Townend's Hats & Caps,	Flour,
" Ladies' Boots and Shoes,	Epsom Salts,
" Ladies' Furs and Fur Caps,	Currants,
Bales Printed, Unbleached and White Cottons,	Cudbear,
" Cotton Check, and Wool Shirtings,	Ginger,
" Blankets and Horse Rugs,	Washing Soda,
" Carpets and Woollens,	Kegs Baking Soda,
" Clothsand Doeskins,	Kegs Mustard,
	Tobacco,
	Boxes Raisins
	Lozenges,
	Soap,
	Bags Pepper,
	Glass,
	Rice,
	Coils Manilla Rope,
	Dozens Buckets and Brooms, &c., &c.

G. & S. DAVIES.

Charlottetown, Dec. 3, 1866

West India Produce.

JUST received per *Comet* a choice lot of above, consisting of—

28 Puncheons Bright MOLASSES, }
30 Tierces do do } (superior
30 Bbls do do } article.)
16 Half bbls do do }
15 Tierces Barbadoes SUGAR, }
39 Bbls do }
30 Bbls Granulated do } (very good.)
25 Bbls Centrifugal do }
8 Puncheons Demerara RUM, } (good flavor.)
8 do St. Jago do. }

And for Sale by

B. WILSON HIGGS.

Peake's Brick Building, Water Street, }
Charlottetown, Nov. 26, 1866. } isl

Per 'Helen Davies,'

THE Subscriber has *Just Received* from BERMUDA—

3 Hhds. Bright Porto Rico SUGAR,
20 Bbls. do do.

B. WILSON HIGGS.

Nov. 26, 1866. isl

Kerosene Oil.

40 Bbls. KEROSENE.

For Sale by

B. WILSON HIGGS.

Nov. 26, 1866.

Raisins.

100 Boxes Bunch RAISINS,
100 Half do Layer and Bunch do,
100 Quarter do Layer do.

B. WILSON HIGGS.

Nov 26, 1866. isl

Bermuda Arrow Root.

JUST received by the *Helen Davies*—
A few five pound Boxes of genuine Bermuda ARROW ROOT.

B. WILSON HIGGS.

Nov. 26, 1866. isl

St. Dunstan's College;

Under the patronage of His Lordship the Bishop af Charlottetown.

THIS INSTITUTION is situated on the Princetown Road, a mile and a quarter north of Charlottetown. The site is peculiarly beautiful, healthy, and far removed from the distractions and moral dangers of the city.

The halls and rooms of the building are spacious, airy and comfortable.

The College Grounds are large, affording ample room for games and athletic exercises.

The course of studies embraces all the branches necessary to prepare young men for the study of the learned professions or fit them for mercantile pursuits, such as History, Geography, the English, French, Latin and Greek Languages, Rhetoric, Mathematics, Philosophy, Chemistry, &c. Music, vocal and instrumental—is also taught.

The College possesses a large and well selected Library, as well as an extensive Philosophy Apparatus.

The Professors and Teachers reside in the Institution, forming but one family with the students, and exercising a constant supervision favorable to discipline, decorum and good morals.

Catholic students are carefully and frequently instructed in their holy religion, which they are required to practise. The most solicitous attention is paid to the morals of all; and whilst within the College enclosure they are constantly under the watchful eye of one of the Teachers or Prefects. Perfect discipline is strictly but kindly enforced.

Students when entering must produce satisfactory testimonials of good character.

The College is visited regularly once a week by a Physician.

TERMS:

Per Quarter of 11 Weeks.

Board and Tuition, - - -	£6 0 0
Use of Library, - - -	0 1 6
Physician's Fee, - - -	0 1 6

Payments to be made half-yearly in advance.

The College furnishes bed-steads and mattrasses; the students must provide their own beds and bedding, brushes, basins, towels, &c.

The Scholastic year commences on the first Wednesday in September and ends about the middle of July. Students are requested to enter the College on the first day of the opening of the classes.

For further particulars apply to

A. McDONALD.

St. Dunstan's College, Aug. 6th, 1866.

To the Tenants on that part of Lot 34 belonging to Mr. JAMES F. MONTGOMERY.

THE TENANTS on the above Property are hereby required forthwith to pay the Arrears of Rent, due from them to JAMES F. MONTGOMERY, ESQR., at Mr. HENSLEY'S Office, in Charlottetown, he being authorised by me to receive and give discharges for the same.

JAMES P. DOUSE.

Charlottetown, 26th Nov., 1866. 1m

Administration Notice.

ALL persons indebted to the Estate of WILLIAM SNEESTON, late of Charlottetown, deceased are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal demands against the said estate, are required to furnish the same, duly attested, to the undersigned for settlement.

MARY SNEESTON, Executrix.

Ch'town, Dec. 10, 1866. 3m

NEW FOUNDRY.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the inhabitants of Charlottetown and vicinity, that he is prepared to furnish Castings of various descriptions at the

CITY FOUNDRY,

near McKINNON'S TANNERY. Ship and Mill Castings, Thrashing Machines and Mud Diggers, &c. made at shortest notice.

Agent for Prince County—Mr. Albert Baker, Centerville, Bedeque.

MICHAEL RIORDAN.

Charlottetown, Nov. 26, 1866. 3m

LITERATURE.

THE HAUNTED ORGANIST OF HURLY BURLY.

There had been a thunderstorm at Hurly Burly. Every door was shut, every dog in his kennel, every rut and gutter a flowing river after the deluge of rain that had fallen. Up at the great house, a mile from the town, the rooks were calling to one another about the fright they had been in, the fawns in the deer park were venturing their timid heads from behind the trunks of trees, and the old woman at the gate lodge had risen from her knees, and was putting back her Prayer book on the shelf. In the garden, July roses, unwieldy with their full-blown richness, and saturated with rain, hung their heads heavily to the earth; others, already fallen, lay flat upon their blooming faces on the path, where Bess, Mistress Hurly's maid, would find them when going on her morning quest of rose leaves for her lady's pot pourri. Ranks of white lilies, just brought to perfection by today's son, lay dabbled in the mire of flooded mould. Tears ran down the amber cheeks of the plums on the south wall, and not a bee had ventured out of the hives, though the scent of the air was sweet enough to tempt the laziest drone. The sky was still lurid behind the boles of the upland oaks, but the birds had begun to dive in and out of the ivy that wrapt up the home of the Hurly's of Hurly Burly.

This thunderstorm took place half a century ago, and we must remember that Mistress Hurly was dressed in the fashion of that time as she crept out from behind the squire's chair, now that the lightning was over, and, with many nervous glances towards the window, sat down before her husband, the tea urn and the muffins. We can picture her fine lace cap, with its peach ribbons, the frill on the hem of her cambric gown just touching her ankles, the embroidered clocks on her stockings, the rosettes on her shoes, but not so easily the lilac shade of her mild eyes, the satin skin, which still kept its delicate bloom, though wrinkled with advancing age, and the pale, sweet puckered mouth, that time and sorrow had made angelic while trying vainly to deface its beauty.

The squire was as rugged as his wife was gentle, his skin as brown as hers was white, his grey hair as bristling as hers was glossed; the years had ploughed his face into ruts and channels; a bluff, choleric, noisy man he had been; but of late a dimness had come on his eyes, a hush on his loud voice, and a check on the spring of his hale step. He looked at his wife often, and very often she looked at him. She was not a tall woman, and he was only a head higher. They were a quaintly well-matched couple despite their differences. She turned to you with nervous sharpness and revealed her tender voice and eye; he spoke and glanced roughly, but the turn of his head was courteous. Of late they fitted one another better than they had ever done in the heyday of their youthful love. A common sorrow had developed a singular likeness between them. In former years the cry from the wife had been, "Don't curb my son too much!" and from the husband, "you ruin the lad with softness." But now the idol that had stood between them was removed, and they saw each other better.

The room in which they sat was a pleasant old-fashioned drawing room, with a general spider-legged character about the fittings; spinnet and guitar in their places, with a great deal of copied music beside them; carpet tawny wreaths on blue; blue flutings on the walls, and pale gilding on the furniture. A huge urn, crammed with roses, in the open bay-window, through which came delicious airs from the garden, the twittering of birds settling to sleep in the ivy close by, and occasionally the pattering of a flight of rain drops, swept to the ground as a bough bent in the breeze. The urn on the table was ancient silver, and the china rare. There was nothing in the room for luxurious ease of the body, but everything of delicate refinement for the eye.

There was a great hush all over Hurly Burly, except in the neighbourhood of the rooks. Every living thing had suffered from heat for the past month, and now, in common with all nature, was receiving the boon of refreshed air in silent peace. The mistress and master of Hurly Burly shared the general spirit that was abroad, and were not talkative over their tea.

"Do you know," said Mistress Hurly, at last "when I heard the first of the thunder beginning I thought it was—it was——"

The lady broke down, her lips trembling, and the peachy ribbons of her cap stirring with great agitation

"Pshaw!" cried the old squire, making his cup suddenly ring upon the saucer, "we ought to have forgotten that. Nothing has been heard for three months."

At this moment a rolling sound struck upon the ears of both. The lady rose from her seat trembling, and folded her hands together, while the tea-urn flooded the tray.

"Nonsense, my love," said the squire; "that is the noise of wheels. Who can be arriving?"

"Who, indeed?" murmured the lady, reseating herself in agitation.

Presently pretty Bess of the rose leaves appeared at the door in a flutter of blue ribbons.

"Please, madam, a lady has arrived, and says she is expected. She asked for her apartment, and I put her into the room that was got ready for Miss Calderwood. And she sends her respects to you, madam, and she'll be down with you presently."

The squire looked at his wife, and his wife looked at the squire.

"It is some mistake," murmured madam "Some visitor for Calderwood or the Grange. It is very singular."

Hardly had she spoken when the door again opened, and the stranger appeared—a small creature, whether girl or woman it would be hard to say—dressed in a scanty black silk dress, her narrow shoulders covered with a white muslin pelerine. Her hair was swept up to the crown of her head, all but a little fringe hanging over her low forehead within an inch of her brows. Her face was brown and thin, eyes black and long, with blacker settings, mouth large, sweet and melancholy She was all head, mouth and eyes; her nose and chin was nothing.

The visitor crossed the floor hastily, dropped a curtsey in the middle of the room, and approached the table, saying abruptly, with a soft Italian accent:

"Sir and madam, I am here. I am come to play your organ."

"The organ!" gasped Mistress Hurly.

"The organ!" stammered the squire.

"Yes, the organ," said the little stranger lady, playing on the back of a chair with her fingers, as if she felt notes under them. "It was but last week that the handsome signor, your son, came to my little house, where I have lived teaching my music since my English father and my Italian mother and brothers and sisters died and left me so lonely."

Here the fingers left off drumming, and two great tears were brushed off, one from each eye with each hand, child's fashion. But the next moment the fingers were at work again, as if only whilst they were moving the tongue could speak.

"The noble signor, your son," said the little woman, looking trustfully from one to the other of the old couple, while a bright blush shone through her brown skin, "he often came to see me before that, always in the evening, when the sun was warm and yellow all through my little studio, and the music was swelling up my heart, and I could play out grand with all my soul, then he used to come and say, 'Hurry, little Lisa, and play better, better still. I have work for you to do by-and-by.' Sometimes he said, 'Brava!' and sometimes he said 'Excellentissima!' but one night last week he came to me and said, 'It is enough. Will you swear to do my bidding, whatever it may be?'" Here the black eyes fell. "And I said, 'Yes.' And he said, 'Now you are my betrothed.' And I said 'Yes.' And he said, 'Pack up your music, little Lisa, and go off to England to my English father and mother, who have an organ in their house which must be played upon. If they refuse to let you play, tell them I sent you, and they will give you leave. You must play all day, and you must get up in the night and play. You must never tire. You are my betrothed, and you have sworn to do my work.' I said, 'Shall I see you there, signor?' And he said, 'Yes, you shall see me there.' I said, 'I shall keep my vow, signor.' And so, sir and madam, I am come."

The soft foreign voice left off talking, the fingers left off thrumming on the chair, and the little stranger gazed in dismay at her auditors, both pale with agitation.

"You are deceived. You make a mistake," said they, in one breath.

"Our son—" began Mistress Hurly, but her mouth twitched, her voice broke, and she looked piteously towards her husband.

"Our son," said the squire, making an effort to conquer the quavering in his voice, "our son is long dead."

"Nay, nay," said the little foreigner. "If you have thought him dead, have good cheer, dear sir and madam He is alive; he is well, and strong and handsome. But one, two, three, four, five (on the fingers) days ago he stood by my side."

"It is some strange mistake, some wonderful coincidence!" said the mistress and master of Hurly Burly.

"Let us take her to the gallery," murmured the mother of this son who was thus dead and alive. "There is yet light to see the pictures. She will not know his portrait."

The bewildered wife and husband led their strange visitor away to a long and gloomy room at the west side of the house, where the faint gleams from the darkening sky still lingered on the portraits of the Hurly family.

"Doubtless he is like this," said the squire, pointing to a fair-haired young man with a mild face, a brother of his own who had been lost at sea

But Lisa shook her head and went softly on tiptoe from picture to another, peering into the canvas, and still turning away troubled. But at last a shriek of delight startled the shadowy chamber.

"Ah, here he is! see, here he is, the noble signor, the beautiful signor, not half so handsome as he looked five days ago when talking to poor little Lisa! Dear sir and madam, you are now content. Now take me to the organ, that I may commence to do his bidding at once"

The mistress of Hurly Burly clung fast by her husband's arm.

"How old are you, girl?" she said faintly,

"Eighteen," said the visitor, impatiently, moving towards the door.

"And my son has been dead for twenty years!" said the mother, and swooned on her husband's breast.

"Order the carriage at once," said Mistress Hurly, recovering from her swoon; "I will take her to Margaret Calderwood. Margaret will tell her the story. Margaret will bring her to reason. No, not to-morrow, I cannot bear to-morrow, it is too far away. We must go to-night."

The little signora thought the old lady mad, but she put on her cloak again obediently and took her seat beside Mistress Hurly in the Hurly family coach. The moon that looked in at them through the pane as they lumbered along was no whiter than the aged face of the squire's wife, whose dry, faded eyes were fixed upon it in doubt and awe too great for tears or words Lisa, too, from her corner gloated upon the moon, her black eyes shining with passionate dreams.

A carriage rolled away from the Calderwood door as the Hurly coach drew up at the steps. Margaret Calderwood had just returned from a dinner-party, and at the open door a splendid figure was standing, a tall woman dressed in brown velvet, the diamonds on her bosom glistening in the moonlight that revealed her, pouring, as it did, over the house from eaves to basement. Mistress Hurly fell into her outstretched arms with a groan, and the strong woman carried her aged friend, like a baby, into the house. Little Lisa was over-looked, and sat down contentedly on the threshold to gloat a while longer on the moon, and to thrum imaginary sonatas on the door-step.

There were tears and sobs in the dusk moonlit room in which Margaret Calderwood carried her friend There was a long consultation, and then Margaret having hushed away the grieving woman into some quiet corner, came forth to look for the little dark-faced stranger, who had arrived, unwelcome, from beyond the seas, with such wild communication from the dead.

Up the grand staircase of handsome Calderwood the little woman followed the tall one into a large chamber where a lamp burned, showing Lisa, if she cared to see it, that the mansion of Calderwood was fitted with much greater luxury and richness than was that of Hurly Burly. The appointments of this room announced it the sanctum of a woman who depended for the interest of her life upon resources of intellect and taste. Lisa noticed nothing but a morsel of biscuit that was lying on a plate.

"May I have it?" said she, eagerly. "It is so long since I have eaten, I am hungry."

Margaret Calderwood gazed at her with a sorrowful, motherly look, and, parting the fringing hair on her forehead, kissed her. Lisa, staring at her in wonder, returned the caress with ardour. Margaret's large fair shoulders, her donna face, and yellow braided hair, excited a rapture within her. But when food was brought her she flew to it and ate.

"It is better than I have ever eaten at home!" she said gratefully. And Margaret Calderwood murmured, "She is physically healthy, at least."

"And now, Lisa," said Margaret Calderwood, "come tell me the whole history of the grand signor who sent you to England to play the organ."

Then Lisa crept in behind a chair, and her eyes began to burn and her fingers to thrum, and she repeated word for word her story as she had told it at Hurly Burly.

When she had finished, Margaret Calderwood began to pace up and down the floor with a very troubled face. Lisa watched her, fascinated, and when she bade her listen to a story which she would relate to her, folded her restless hands together meekly, and listened.

"Twenty years ago, Lisa, Mr. and Mrs. Hurly had a son. He was handsome, like that portrait you saw in the gallery, and he had brilliant talents. He was idolised by his father and mother, and all who knew him felt obliged to love him. I was then a happy girl of twenty. I was an orphan, and Mrs Hurly, who had been my mother's friend, was like a mother to me, I, too, was petted and caressed by all my friends, and I was very wealthy; but I only valued admiration, riches—every good gift that fell to my share—just in proportion as they seemed of worth in the eyes of Lewis Hurly. I was his affianced wife, and I loved him well.

"All the fondness and pride that were lavished upon him could not keep him from falling into evil ways, nor from becoming rapidly more and more abandoned to wickedness, and even those who loved him best despaired of seeing his reformation. I prayed him with tears, for my sake, if not for that of his grieving mother, to save himself before it was too late. But to my horror I found that my power was gone, my words did not even move him, he loved me no more. I tried to think that this was some fit of madness that would pass, and still clung to hope. At last his own mother forbade me to love him"

Here Margaret Calderwood paused, seemingly in bitter thought, but resumed:

"He and a party of his boon companions, named by themselves the 'Devil's Club,' were in the habit of practising all kinds of unholy pranks in the country. They had midnight carousings on the tombstones in the village graveyard; they carried away helpless old men and children, whom they tortured by making believe to bury them alive; they raised the dead and placed them sitting round the tombstones at a mock feast. On one occasion there was a very sad funeral from the village; the corpse was carried into the church, and prayers were read over the coffin, the chief mourner, the aged father of the dead man, standing weeping by. In the midst of the solemn scene the organ suddenly pealed forth a profane tune, and a number of voices shouted a drinking chorus. A groan of execration burst from the crowd, the clergyman turned pale and closed his book, and the old man, the father of the dead, climbed the altar steps, and, raising his arms above his head, uttered a terrible curse. He cursed Lewis Hurly to all eternity, he cursed the organ he played, that it might be dumb henceforth, except under the fingers that had now profaned it, which, he prayed, might be forced to labour upon it till they stiffened in death. And the curse seemed to work, for the organ stood dumb in the church from that day, except when touched by Lewis Hurly.

"For a bravado he had the organ taken down and conveyed to his father's house, where he had it put up in the chamber where it now stands. It was also for a bravado that he played on it every day. But, by-and-by, the amount of time which he spent at it daily began to increase rapidly. We wondered long at this whim, as we called it, and his poor mother thanked God that he had set his heart upon an occupation which would keep him out of harm's way. I was the first to suspect that it was not his own will that kept him hammering at the organ so many laborious hours while his boon companions tried vainly to draw him away. He used to lock himself up in the room with the organ, but one day I hid myself among the curtains, and saw him writhing on his seat, and heard him groaning as he strove to wrench his hands from the keys, to which they flew back like a needle to a magnet. It was soon plainly to be seen that he was an involuntary slave to the organ; but whether through a madness that had grown within himself, or by some supernatural doom, having its cause in the old man's curse, we did not dare to say. By-and-by there came a time when we were awakened out of our sleep at nights by the rolling of the organ He wrought now night and day. Food and rest were denied him. His face got haggard, his beard grew long, his eyes started from their sockets. His body became wasted and his cramped fingers like the claws of a bird. He groaned piteously as he stooped over his cruel toil. All save his mother and I were afraid to go near him. She, poor, tender woman, tried to put wine and food between his lips while the tortured fingers crawled over the keys, but he only gnashed his teeth at her with curses, and she retreated from him in terror, to pray. At last, one dreadful hour, we found him a ghastly corpse on the ground before the organ.

"From that hour the organ was dumb to the touch of any human fingers. Many, unwilling to believe the story, made persevering endeavours to draw sound from it, but in vain. But when the darkened empty room was locked up and left, we heard as loud as ever the well-known sounds humming and rolling through the walls. Night and day the tones of the organ boomed on as before. It seemed that the doom of the wretched man was not yet fulfilled, although his tortured body had been worn out in the terrible struggle to accomplish it. Even his own mother was afraid to go near the room then. So the time went on, and the curse of this perpetual music was not removed from the house. Servants refused to stay about the place. Visitors shunned it. The squire and his wife left their home for years, and returned; left it, and returned again, to find their ears still tortured and their hearts wrung by the unceasing persecution of terrible sounds. At last, but a few months ago, a holy man was found, who locked himself up in the cursed chamber for many days, praying and wrestling with the demon. After he came forth and went away the sounds ceased, and the organ was heard no more. Since then there has been peace in the house. And now, Lisa, your strange appearance and your strange story, convince us that you are a victim of a ruse of the Evil one. Be warned in time, and place yourself under the protection of God, that you may be saved from the fearful influences that are at work upon you. Come————"

Margaret Calderwood turned to the corner where the stranger sat, as she had supposed listening intently. Little Lisa was fast asleep, her hands spread before her as if she played an organ in her dreams.

Margaret took the soft brown face to her motherly breast, and kissed the swelling temples, too big with wonder and fancy.

"We will save you from a horrible fate!" she murmured, and carried the girl to bed.

In the morning Lisa was gone. Margaret Calderwood coming early from her own chamber, went into the girl's room and found the bed empty.

"She is just such a wild thing," thought Margaret, "as would rush out at sunrise to hear the larks!" and she went forth to look for her in the meadows, behind the beech hedges, and in the home park. Mrs. Hurly, from the breakfast room window, saw Margaret Calderwood, large and fair in her white morning gown, coming down the garden path between the rose-bushes, with her fresh draperies dabbled by the dew, and a look of trouble on her calm face. Her quest had been unsuccessful. The little foreigner had vanished.

A second search after breakfast proved also fruitless, and towards evening the two women drove back to Hurly Burly together. There all was panic and distress. The squire sat in his study with the doors shut, and his hands over his ears. The servants, with pale faces, were huddled together in whispering groups. The haunted organ was pealing through the house as of old.

Margaret Calderwood hastened to the fatal chamber, and there, sure enough, was Lisa, perched upon the high seat before the organ, beating the keys with her small hands, her slight figure swaying, and the evening sun playing about her weird head. Sweet unearthly music she wrung from the groaning heart of the organ—wild melodies, mounting to rapturous heights and full of mournful depths. She wandered from Mendelssohn to Mozart, and from Mozart to Beethoven. Margaret stood fascinated awhile by the ravishing beauty of the sounds she heard, but rousing herself quickly, put her arms round the musician and forced her away from the chamber. Lisa returned next day, however, and was not so easily coaxed from her post again. Day after day she laboured at the organ, growing paler and thinner and more weird-looking as the time went on.

"I work so hard," she said to Mrs. Hurly. "The signor, your son, is he pleased? Ask him to come and tell me himself if he is pleased."

Mistress Hurly got ill and took to her bed. The squire swore at the young foreign baggage, and roamed abroad. Margaret Calderwood was the only one who stood by to watch the fate of the little organist. The curse of the organ was upon Lisa; it spoke under her hand, and her hand was its slave.

At last she announced rapturously that she had a visit from the brave signor, who had commended her industry, and urged her to work yet harder. After that she ceased to hold any communication with the living. Time after time Margaret Calderwood wrapped her arms about the frail thing, and carried her away by force, locking the door of the fatal chamber But locking the chamber and burying the key were of no avail. The door stood open again, and Lisa was labouring on her perch.

One night, wakened from her sleep by the well-known humming and moaning of the organ, Margaret dressed hurriedly and hastened to the unholy room. Moonlight was pouring down the staircase and passages of Hurly Burly. It shone on the marble bust of the dead Lewis Hurly, that stood in the niche above his mother's sitting-room door The organ room was full of it when Margaret pushed open the door and entered—full of the pale green moonlight from the window, mingled with another light, a dull lurid glare which seemed to centre round a dark shadow like the figure of a man standing by the organ, and throwing out in fantastic relief the slight form of Lisa, writhing, rather than swaying, back and forward, as if in agony. The sounds that came from the organ were broken and meaningless, as if the hands of the player lagged and stumbled on the keys. Between the intermittent chords low moaning cries broke from Lisa, and the dark figure bent towards her with menacing gestures Trembling with the sickness of supernatural fear, yet strong of will, Margaret Calderwood crept forward within the radii of the lurid light, and was drawn into its influence. It grew and intensified upon her, it dazzled and blinded her at first, but presently, by a daring effort of will, she raised her eyes and beheld Lisa's face convulsed with torture in the burning glare, and bending over her the figure and the features of Lewis Hurly! Smitten with horror, Margaret did not even then lose her presence of mind. She wound her strong arms around the wretched girl, and dragged her from her seat and out of the influence of the lurid light, which immediately paled away and vanished. She carried her to her own bed, where Lisa lay, a wasted wreck, raving about the cruelty of the pitiless signor who would not see that she was labouring her best. Her poor cramped hand kept beating the coverlet, as though she were still at her agonising task.

Margaret Calderwood bathed her burning temples, and placed fresh flowers upon her pillow. She opened the blinds and windows, and let in the sweet morning air and sunshine, and then looking up at the newly awakened sky with its fair promise of hope for the day, and down at the dewy fields, and far off at the dark green woods, with the purple mists still hovering about them, she prayed that a way might be shown her by which to put an end to this curse. She prayed for Lisa, and then, thinking that the girl rested somewhat, stole from the room. She thought that she had locked the door behind her.

She went down stairs with a pale, resolved face, and, without consulting anyone, sent to the village for a bricklayer. Afterwards she sat by Mistress Hurly's bedside, and explained to her what was to be done. Presently she went to the door of Lisa's room, and hearing no sound, thought the girl slept, and stole away. By-and-by she went down stairs, and found that the bricklayer had arrived and already began his task of building up the organ room door. He was a swift workman, and the chamber was soon sealed safely with stone and mortar.

Having seen this work finished, Margaret Calderwood went and listened again at Lisa's door; and still hearing no sound, she returned, and took her seat at Mrs. Hurly's bedside once more. It was towards evening that she at last entered her room to assure herself of the comfort of Lisa's sleep. But the bed and room were empty. Lisa had disappeared.

Then the search began, up-stairs and down-stairs, in the garden, in the grounds, in the fields and meadows. No Lisa. Margaret Calderwood ordered the carriage and drove to Calderwood to see if the strange little will-o'-the-wisp might have made her way there; then to the village, and to many other places in the neighbourhood which it was not possible she could have reached. She made inquiries everywhere, she pondered and puzzled over the matter. In the weak suffering state that the girl was in, how far could she have crawled?

After two days' search, Margaret returned to Hurly Burly. She was sad and tired, and the evening was chill. She sat over the fire wrapped in her shawl when little Bess came to her, weeping behind her muslin apron.

"If you'd speak to Mistress Hurly about it, please, ma'am," she said. "I love her dearly, and it breaks my heart to go away. But the organ heavn't done yet, ma'am, and I'm frightened out of my life, so I can't stay."

"Who has heard the organ, and when?" asked Margaret Calderwood, rising to her feet.

"Please, ma'am, I heard it the night you went away—the night after the door was built up!"

"And not since?"

"No, ma'am," hesitatingly, "not since. Hist! hark, ma'am! Is not that like the sound of it now?"

"No," said Margaret Calderwood; "it is only the wind." But pale as death she flew down the stairs and laid her ear to the yet damp mortar of the newly built wall. All was silent. There was no sound but the monotonous sough of the wind in the trees outside. Then Margaret began to dash her soft shoulder against the strong wall, and to pick the mortar away with her white fingers, and cry out for the bricklayer who had built up the door

It was midnight, but the bricklayer left his bed in the village, and obeyed the summons to Hurly Burly. The pale woman stood by and watched him undo all his work of three days ago, and the servants gathered about in trembling groups, wondering what was to happen next.

What happened next was this: When an opening was made the man entered the room with a light, Margaret Calderwood and others following A heap of something dark was lying on the ground at the foot of the organ. Many groans arose in the fatal chamber. Here was little Lisa dead!

When Mistress Hurly was able to move, the squire and his wife went to live in France, where they remained till their death. Hurly Burly was shut up and deserted for many years. Lately it has passed into new hands. The organ has been taken down and banished, and the room is a bed-chamber, more luxuriously furnished than any in the house. But no one sleeps in it twice.

Margaret Calderwood was carried to her grave the other day, a very aged woman.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE WOMEN IN CONVENTION.

Many flowers are born "to blush unseen, and waste their sweetness on the desert air," but such is not the case with those wild flowers which bloom with such unfading lustre in the American political garden—Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Mrs. Lucy Stone.

These females, like Adah Isaacs Menken, are fond of sensation, and, while the last named artiste sought to attain notoriety by her delineation of the character of Mazeppa, Mrs. Stanton and Mrs. Lucy Stone excite the admiration of their sensation-loving-countrymen by appearing at Tweedle Hall, in Albany, dressed "in gorgeous array," and talking a vast amount of nonsense, while they announce themselves to be the "champions of progress and of equal rights."

Mrs Elizabeth Cady Stanton was dressed in a rich blue brocade silk, with neck trimmings of point lace, and a camel's hair shawl. She said that a woman was as good as a man, and a little better, a proposition to which, we are sure, all our readers will agree. She also informed her auditors that women were entitled to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," and that, "on the score of intelligence, the white woman was far above the negro." No one but beast Butler or the King of Dahomey would deny this. But Mrs. Stanton further insisted that women are entitled to all the rights of citizenship, and that, as their intelligence was admitted to be quite equal to that of men they ought therefore to be permitted to vote Mrs Lucy Stone, whose face, we are told by the New York *World's* reporter, "beamed with recent maternity" and who must therefore have looked exceedingly well, was elected chairman, or rather chairwoman of the Convention.

Another bright light was the Rev Mrs. Olympia Brown, aged 26, the patroness of a Universalist church in Boston. Her features are pale, her hair is of a "creamy brown," her dress of black silk, and her voice like a silver clarion This lady's speech was principally denunciatory of Horace Greeley, whom she proclaimed to be "a swindler and a sham."

The Convention goes for equal political rights to all sexes, all ages, all colors, and all classes. When Mrs. Stanton becomes Presidentess of America, what a pleasant world this will be! We have in vain sought to find out anything of the husband of Mrs. Stanton, or the Stone who owns such a precious gem as Lucy Stone for his wife. It must be a proud thing to own wives with "creamy hair," and "clarion voices," —but it is wrong to envy any one, and we do not envy Stone and Stanton.

The *personnel* of the Woman's Rights Convention is thus described by a correspondent of the *World*:—"Mrs. Lucy Stone Blackwell is the methodizer and chairwoman. She is quick, affable and makes a good presidentress. It's amusing to see her husband play second fiddle. He is a mild, obedient man, and never speaks without consulting his wife. He is called Lucy Stone's husband. Miss Anthony drives the business, and is as executive as Gradgrind or any other man. Her forte is figuring. Mrs Cady Stanton attracts much attention. As a speaker she swings round the circle with ease and discreetness, and is the best posted woman here. The lady is a good deal of a democrat, and a staunch free-trade man. Her exposes of the hypocrisy of Greeley, Wilson & Co., are scathing. Rev. Olympia Brown, Mrs. Kingsbury and Mrs. Elizabeth Jones are minor lights that fill in the chinks. Of men, there are three—one white, Parker Pillsbury; one intermediate, Fred. Douglass; one almond-pure black, Charles Redmond. Pillsbury does the writing for the women. Douglass tried to be the big talker, but Redmond, the genuine darkey, takes the shine out of him, talks twice to his once, and makes a good many points. There is no insincerity about these folks—they mean what they say."

A German Catholic priest was recently indicted by a grand jury for preaching the gospel in Franklin county, Missouri. The following is an extract from the indictment:—"The grand jurors of Franklin county present that Morton Siessel, a minister of the gosple, on the 8th of April 1866, with a force of arms, at and in the county of Franklin, unlawfully, wilfully, corruptly, maliciously and wickedly did preach to an audience then and there assembled, without having first taken, subscribed and filed the oath, contrary to the form of the constitution in such case, and against the peace and dignity of the state." It is a matter of congratulation that the above outrage could not be committed anywhere in the world except among pagan nations and in the United States. In no other countries could the preaching of the gospel, under any circumstances, be indicted as a crime, subjecting the preacher to imprisonment and penalties.

BRITISH VIEWS OF THE "EMINENTLY POLITICAL" DISPATCH.

Mr. Seward has almost surpassed his previous diplomatic exploits in his late note to Sir Fredrick Bruce. If he had wished to save the lives of the Fenian marauders who had been justly sentenced to death in Toronto, he might probably have attained his object by a confidential representation that the exercise of the mercy of the Crown would be agreeable to the American Government. It is not, however, to be supposed that an American Secretary of State troubles himself about the execution of a couple of piratical Irishmen. It is his nobler vocation to insult the Government of England, and more especially to call the admiring attention of his countrymen to his disregard of justice and of courtesy. The note of Sir Frederick Bruce was accordingly published in the newspapers at the same time at which it was sent to its proper destination; and the President himself, two days later, referred the Mayor of New York to Mr. Seward's letter as a proof of "the determination of the Government to take all steps which may be necessary and proper for the protection of all its citizens, wherever they may be." The note is like Mr. Seward's communications in general, offensive, rude and sneering. Its primary object was perhaps to influence the impending elections in the State of New York, but incidentally Mr. Seward no doubt wished to reduce the Canadian Government to the alternative of humiliation or of unpopular severity. It was impossible that he could be ignorant of the difficulties which he interposed in the way of any intended remission of the capital sentence. If Lynch and McMahon are not executed, the whole population of the United States will believe, on plausible grounds, that they owe their lives to the menaces of their own Government, and not the clemency of Lord Monck.

The tone of Mr. Seward's note is probably unprecedented in communications among Governments of equal rank, and it forcibly recalls Napoleon's language to his dependent allies, or Prince Menschikoff's demeanour during his mission to the Porte in 1853.

It seems that "the Government of the United States is required, by the highest considerations of natural dignity, duty, and honor, to inquire into the legality, justice and regularity of the judicial proceedings which have thus taken place, and that, after making such a careful scrutiny, we shall expect to make known to Her Majesty's Government such opinions as the President, on due consideration shall adopt" In other words, the criminal jurisdiction of Canada is to be subject to an appeal to the Government of the United States; and Mr. Seward coolly proceeds to intimate that delays may probably occur in the proposed revision of the sentences. "It would be very gratifying to the President if you should be able to give me an assurance that the execution of the convicted persons will be suspended if occasion for delay shall arise in the manner before mentioned to make it desirable." That one Government should inquire into "the legality, justice, and regularity" of judicial proceedings instituted under the authority of another, is a claim wholly inconsistent with national independence.

There is not the smallest reason to suppose that the sentence on the Fenian freebooters is informal or irregular; and the American Government has as little concern as Austria