

Sunshine.

Joy! joy! the royal bounteous Sun  
Is kissing rock, and hill, and river;  
It laughs where mirth and music run,  
And where the young leaves dance and  
quiver.

It sparkles in the feathery spray,  
And flutters in the crystal fountain;  
It turns to gold the heather gray  
Upon the brow of rock and mountain.

It gems the green woods' fragrant sod,  
And flowers by myriads smile in wonder;  
It writes in living letters "God!"  
As breaks the billowy clouds asunder.

It rests where cooling waters lave;  
It robes the sea in silver shimmer;  
It glances on the blue, blue wave,  
And where the white sails softly glim-  
mer.

It drops its silver in the hall,  
Its gold upon the poor man's portal;  
Heaven-sent elixirs softly fall,  
And make the joy of life immortal.

It peeps beneath the cottage roof,  
Companion of the sad and lonely;  
It weaves men's hearts in fairest woof  
Of kindness and friendship only.

Give praise to God for summer's sheen!  
Sing out your anthems sweeter, longer!  
And pray that with the glittering scene,  
Your love, and faith, and hope grow  
stronger.

SELECT STORY.

Phantom Fingers.

Chapter II.

CONCLUDED.

"AVE you said all, young man? Now  
bear me! cried the captain, hotly.  
You can't have my niece. That's the  
end of it. Nobody shall have her till I  
am dead; and you shan't have her,  
whether I'm alive or dead.

Why not, I, sir?  
Fred's blood began to boil.  
Because I hate you, if you must  
know. Everybody has a prejudice; mine  
is against you. Valerie shall have a  
more worthy man, if any.  
You insult me!

I don't care, boy, whether I do or not!  
said Rothwell, roughly. Who are you,  
jackanapes?  
Atherstone's breath came fast, and in  
little fetiches; his ruddy skin turned  
white and sickly; and his body swayed  
from side to side.

I cannot control myself, man! he  
whispered. Don't tempt me too far, for  
God's sake! You know my demon tem-  
per!

Pah!  
It was the essence of contempt, this  
slight puff from the sailor's lips.  
You miserable old coward! you take  
advantage of my weakness! said the  
other, clinching his nails till the palms  
of his hands bled.

The captain had hardly heard this,  
when he raised his great stick, poised  
it over his head an instant, and brought  
it down across Frederick Atherstone's  
broad shoulders.

The rod is for the impudent schoolboy  
he said.  
The young man received the blow  
without a wince. There was a pause.  
He suddenly turned and darted away  
like a madman.

\* \* \* \* \*  
That night, Herr Marck encountered  
him coming up the steps of the great pi-  
azza.

How pale you look! Where have you  
been all day? Riding, I suppose?  
Well, I did not ask the good captain.  
His face was unfavorable. To-morrow  
will do.

Frederick seized his arm, and glared  
into his eyes.  
Do you know, Marck, what is the no-  
blest passage in Shakespeare? he hissed.  
It is Othello's cry—  
"Blood, Iago! Blood, blood!"

\* \* \* \* \*  
The clock in the turret had just boom-  
ed out the hour of one. There was a  
dreadful shriek, coming apparently from  
the third corridor, and ringing through-  
out the house.

A single word was uttered in the voice  
of a man:  
Murder!  
Everybody in the building rose, threw  
on some garment, seized a light, and  
ran.

The door of Captain Rothwell's apart-  
ment was open. Those who entered saw  
a fearful sight.  
The old sailor lay on his bed, stabbed  
and strangled to death. On the white  
wall near his gray, matted hair was the  
print of a bloody hand.

Herr Marck, with starting eyes,  
pointed it out with his phantom fore-  
finger.  
See, said he, see! The right hand,  
and the forefinger gone at the second  
joint. Oh! Atherstone, my dear friend,  
what does this mean?

Frederick Atherstone stood stock-still  
like a man in a dream.

Chapter III.

WHAT does it mean? It means that  
he has been foully murdered—by  
whom, I know not!

But it is the print of your own hand  
cried the German. A fearful recollec-  
tion rushes over me, my friend! What  
were your last words to me this night  
when I encountered you on your way  
to bed? You shrieked blood! Oh, dear  
Atherstone, for the sake of thyself and  
all, explain this!

Atherstone pulled up the sleeve of his  
arm, and placed his right hand upon the  
crimson stain. The coincidence was ex-  
act.

A look of horror, deeper yet, than that  
which had preceded it, sat on the faces  
of all.

The young man then slowly raised  
the same hand above his head.

As heaven is my judge, I am inno-  
cent!

But with the shadow still on every  
countenance, all shrank away but one,  
and left him with the dead. This one  
was Valerie. She was on her knees, her  
head buried in the pillow. He paused,  
and looked at her in silence. She rose  
and confronted him.

Do you believe what I assert? he ask-  
ed, quietly.

I will not hold you innocent, she said,  
till you bring better proof of your inno-  
cence than this of your guilt.

He bowed his head, and left her.

Hardly had he gained the corridor  
when he heard a querulous voice appar-  
ently calling some animal. It was the  
voice of Herr Marck.

Atous, where are you? Where are  
you, I say? Oh, this is what it is to  
have a silly dog, who cannot be trusted  
alone! You have run once more. It is  
distracting.

What now, Herr Marck? asked  
Atherstone.

My little dog is gone. I ran from  
my room in so great a hurry that I  
forgot to close the door. The little  
fiend is so fond of outside that it makes  
off at every opportunity. It is fled now  
and will take to the woods, and be  
starved to death, for it is stupid, and  
can never find its way back. Oh, I  
am so troubled this miserable night!

Never mind the dog, man, said the  
other, angrily. Murder has been done  
here; the corpse lies in yonder room;  
you had best seek the villain who has  
done so dreadful a deed!

I know, I know, sir, answered Herr  
Marck, sharply. But under your cir-  
cumstances, I should not be so anxious  
for investigation. Reflect well, Mr.  
Frederick Atherstone.

What do you mean by this insol-  
ence.

Ah, forgive me. I am hasty, be-  
cause I am provoked at the wretched  
dog. Let me take a light, and search  
the grounds.

They parted.

None retired again to bed that night.  
The servants were sent off to the ad-  
joining town, with news of the murder,  
and a request for the presence of a cor-  
oner and the police.

Frederick Atherstone, as soon as  
breakfast was announced, went down,  
and took a position at the head of the  
table. All looked at him in wonder, and  
with the same horror as before.

You believe me guilty, said he. I see  
it in every eye. But I have sworn that  
I am not, and to this I shall stand  
while I have breath sufficient in my  
body to utter it. The officers of justice  
will arrive by noon. Let them come to  
my room, and take me thence to prison.

He went away, and left the breakfast  
to be eaten in a silence that was chill  
and ghastly.

At precisely noon, the police arrived.  
First they examined the scene of the  
crime; next, the coroner and the magis-  
trate heard the testimony, and finally  
they went to look for Frederick Ather-  
stone.

He was not in his room.

This was as great confirmation as  
could have been a judge's seal of death.

Pursuit was ordered. At the mo-  
ment they entered the grounds from the  
house, they confronted the suspected  
man.

You came a little sooner than I had  
anticipated, said he; but it is all the  
same. Take me.

The inmates of the house were stand-  
ing at the windows. The sun was shin-  
ing brightly on the snow, and the air  
was fresh and generous. Suddenly  
Herr Marck opened the piazza door, and  
came down the steps.

Gentlemen, said he, do you believe  
this man to be guilty?

Let us first make the trial of that  
print on the wall, said the magistrate.

They returned to the chamber of the  
crime; it need not be said that all sus-  
picion was confirmed.

So be it! broke in Herr Marck. I  
only waited for the decision of authority.  
Mr. Frederick Atherstone, you are a  
murderer; at your trial I shall be the  
principal witness against you. The  
end will be death!

He had hardly uttered these words

when there were pattering footsteps  
heard at the door. A little dog came  
trotting in. There was something in its  
mouth.

A bloody glove!  
The man of the phantom fingers  
turned horribly livid, and fell against  
the crimson smear that was on the wall.

I see it all! suddenly shrieked Fred-  
erick Atherstone. That man has done  
this deed. Arrest him!

The dog came quietly round, dropped  
the glove, fixed its wild eyes on its mas-  
ter, stooped like a cat, and sprang at  
his throat.

Off, Atous! You little devil, off I say!  
It is I, your master, you are choking!

The spectators glared, in powerless  
and horrified surprise.

My glove! continued the excited  
Atherstone, in a voice of thunder—my  
glove, stolen from me, as I can prove,  
but a few nights since. I missed it from  
my pocket the night I took the ride, af-  
ter my quarrel with Valerie. Do you  
not see, gentlemen, the dreadful depths  
of this conspiracy against me? This  
wretch did the murder, then marked  
the wall with the print of my hand, to  
throw the suspicion on me. Compare,  
gentlemen, for yourselves. Look, look?  
—the glove and the stain coincide iden-  
tically! It is heaven's own work, this  
attestation of my innocence: for, ob-  
serve, he writes between the teeth of his  
own dog, who has betrayed him! Do  
not let him escape! He will wrench  
away the dog, and fly, if you do not  
seize him.

Marck struggled with the animal for  
life. The long, white teeth pressed in-  
to his throat were strangling him.

Off, demon! he gasped. The dog is  
mad, my friends! Take him away, or  
he will kill me! See, he is on my chest  
and clings to my pipe of breath! I  
shall fall of exhaustion, and my death  
will be on your heads!

Atherstone, recovering his presence  
of mind, rushed forward, and pulled  
away the frantic beast. The officers  
then seized the German.

He panted in silence for nearly three  
minutes. By this time, every person  
in the house had entered the room.

It is so! came forth, in dry, husky  
words, I confess I planned as you have  
perceived. Was I not clever?

He looked up, and then around at  
the faces staring at him. Then he  
laughed.

But I have failed—perdition seize my  
accursed luck—I have failed!

He dropped into a chair, and hid his  
eyes in his long, slender, ghostly fingers.

But by another effort, he recovered him-  
self, took them away, and spoke again.

I confess my crime, said he, because  
I am tolerably confident, from what has  
happened, that the devil has deserted  
me, and that, at my trial, I should be  
found guilty. Now, as to details: My  
motive, in the first place—it was want  
of money. I took the old captain's out-  
of his sea-chest, and hid it in my water-  
pitcher which possesses a false bottom.

Returning to this room, the dog follow-  
ed me—curse him!—and saw the stab I  
gave. But was not the good Rothwell  
already dead? He was choked by  
these pretty white fingers, that play the  
piano so nicely. I used the knife, which  
you will also find in the water-pitcher,  
to get some blood wherewith to put over  
the glove; of course, one cannot print  
without ink. That is all.

It is not pleasant to elaborate narra-  
tives such as this, when they have reach-  
ed so great a crowning point of horror.  
Therefore I condense the rest.

Herr Marck was tried, and, of course  
convicted. But he poisoned himself with  
the nicotine of a pipe he was, by special  
favor, allowed to smoke, the night before  
his execution.

His conduct while in prison was curi-  
ous. He made prints of his phantom  
fingers all over the walls, where some of  
them may be seen yet. And in one spot  
he drew the portrait of a dog—Atous.  
Underneath he wrote: when a man loses  
the friendship of his dog, he is friendless  
indeed. This was in German, and in  
that language had more point than it  
can be given in a translation.

Atherstone and Valerie married; but  
not until he had succeeded in disciplin-  
ing his temper. It is now very good.

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Among those who came over with  
General Oglethorpe was a man by the  
name of Thomas Rosomworth, who was  
the chaplain, or minister, of the colony.

Soon after his arrival he married the  
above-mentioned Indian woman, Mary  
Musgrove. Bosomworth, was at heart  
a bad man, although by profession he  
was a minister of the gospel. He was  
distinguished for his pride, and ove  
riches and influence. At the same time  
he was very artful. Yet, on account of  
his profession, he was, for a time, much  
respected by the Indians.

At one of the great councils of the  
Indians, this artful man induced some  
of the chiefs to crown Malatche, one  
of the greatest among them, and to declare  
him prince and emperor of all the  
Creeks. After this he made his wife  
call herself the eldest sister of Malatche,  
and she told the Indians that one of her  
grandfathers had been made king by the  
Great Spirit over all the Creeks. The  
Indians believed what Mary told them,  
for since General Oglethorpe had been  
so kind to her, they had become very  
proud of her. They called a great  
meeting of the chiefs together, and Mary  
made them a long talk. She told them  
that they had been injured by the whites  
—that they were getting away the lands  
of the Indians, and would soon drive  
them from all their possessions. Said  
she: We must assert our rights—we  
must arm ourselves against them—we  
must drive them from our territories—  
let us call forth our warriors—I will  
head them. Stand by me and the houses  
they have erected shall smoke in ruins.

The spirit of Queen Mary was conta-  
gious. Every chief present declared  
himself ready to defend her, to the last  
drop of his blood.

After due preparation, the warriors  
were called forth. They had painted  
themselves afresh, and sharpened anew  
their tomahawks for the battle. The  
march was now commenced. Queen  
Mary, attended by her infamous hus-  
band, the real author of all their dis-  
content, headed the savage throng.

Before they reached Savannah, their  
approach was announced. The people  
were justly alarmed. They were few  
in number, and, though they had a  
fortification and cannon, they had no  
good reason to hope that they should  
be able to ward off the deadly blow  
which was aimed against them.

By this time the savages were in  
sight of Savannah. At this critical mo-  
ment an Englishman, by the name of  
Noble Jones, a bold and daring man,  
rode forth, with a few spirited men on  
horseback, to meet them. As he ap-  
proached them, he exclaimed in a voice  
like thunder:

Ground your arms! ground your  
arms! not an armed Indian shall set  
his foot in this town!

Awe-struck by his lofty tone, and per-  
ceiving him and his companions ready  
to dash in among them, they paused,  
and soon after laid down their arms.  
Bosomworth and his queen were now  
summoned to march into the city, and  
it was permitted the chiefs and other  
Indians to follow—but without their  
arms.

On reaching the parade ground, the  
thunder of fifteen cannon, fired at the  
same moment, told them what they  
might expect, should they persist in  
their hostile designs. The Indians  
were now marched to the house of the  
president of the council in Savannah.  
Bosomworth was required to leave the  
Indians, while the president had a friend-  
ly talk with them.

In his address to them he assured  
them of the kindness of the English,  
and demanded what they meant by com-  
ing in this warlike manner. In reply  
they told the president that they had  
heard that Mary was to be sent over the  
great waters, and they had come to learn  
why they were to lose their queen.

Finding that the Indians had been  
deceived, and that Bosomworth was the  
author of all the trouble—that he had  
even intended to get possession of the  
magazine, and to destroy the whites, the  
council directed him to be seized, and to  
be thrown into prison.

This step, Mary resented with great  
spirit. Rushing forth among the In-  
dians, she openly cursed General Ogle-  
thorpe, although he had raised her from  
poverty and distress, and declared that  
the whole world should know that the  
ground she trod upon was her own.

The warlike spirit of the Indians be-  
ing thus likely to be renewed, it was  
thought advisable to imprison Mary also.  
This was accordingly carried into effect.  
At the same time, to appease the Indians  
a sumptuous feast was made for the  
chiefs by the president, who, during the  
better state of feelings which seemed to  
prevail, took occasion to explain to them  
the wickedness of Bosomworth, and now  
by falsehood and cunning he had led  
them to believe that Mary was really  
their queen—a descendant of one of  
their great chiefs.

Brothers, said he, it is no such thing.  
Queen Mary is no other than Mary  
Musgrove, whom I found poor, and who  
has been made the dupe of the artful  
Bosomworth; and you, brothers, the  
dupes of both.

The appearance of things was now  
pleasant.

The Indians were beginning to be sat-  
isfied of the villiany of Bosomworth, and  
of the real character of Mary. But, at  
this moment the door was thrown open,  
and, to the surprise of all Mary burst  
into the room. She had made her escape  
from prison; and, learning what was go-  
ing on, she had rushed forward with the  
fury of a tigress:

Seize your arms! seize your arms!  
Remember your promise, and defend  
your queen.

The sight of their queen seemed in a  
moment, to bring back all the original  
ardor of the enterprise. In an instant  
every chief had seized his tomahawk,  
and sprang from the ground to rally at  
the call of their queen.

At this moment, Captain Jones, who  
was present, perceiving the danger of  
the president, and the other whites,  
drew his sword and demanded peace.  
The majesty of his countenance, the fire  
of his eye, and the glittering of his  
sword, told Queen Mary what she might  
expect, should she attempt to raise any  
higher the feverish spirit of her subjects.

The Indians cast an eye toward Mary  
as if to inquire what they should do.  
Her countenance fell. Perceiving his  
advantage, Captain Jones stepped for-  
ward, and, in the presence of the In-  
dians, standing round, again conducted  
Mary back to prison. A short impris-  
onment so far humbled both Bosom-  
worth and Mary, that each wrote a let-  
ter, in which they confessed the wrong  
they had done, and promised, if released,  
that they would conduct themselves with  
more propriety in future. The people  
kindly forgave them both, and they left  
the city.

THE following epitaph is to be seen  
in a Parisian cemetery. The author of  
it is a forlorn American widower: Sa-  
cred to the memory of Theodora, the  
beloved wife of —, proprietor of the  
— newspaper. Yearly subscriptions  
— francs, payable in advance. She  
was a good wife and an excellent mother.  
The publishing office is in — Street;  
knock loudly at the door. Thou art  
bitterly regretted, oh, much-loved wife!  
Rejected manuscripts are not returned.

DRYDEN was so bound up in his books  
that his wife exclaimed:  
I wish I were a book, that I might  
always be in your society.

I wish you were an almanac, so that  
I could change you every year, replied  
he.

PAUL PRY hereabouts thrusts his  
fingers into a horse's mouth to see how  
many teeth the horse had. The horse  
closed his mouth to see how many fin-  
gers the man had. The curiosity of  
each was fully satisfied.

THE night before a Boston man died  
his faithful wife watched by his side all  
through the dreary hours, with no com-  
panion but the dying husband and a  
copy of Jack Sheppard.

I think John labors under the im-  
pression that he is not wanted here, said  
Prunkins to his wife, at the same time  
nodding his head in the direction of her  
nephew.

Oh, don't trouble yourself about that,  
replied his wife; John is to lazy to la-  
bor under anything, even an impression.

A man in London, who had made a  
fortune as proprietor of a newspaper,  
wanted to name a vessel The Printer's  
Devil, in memory of his old business;  
but that name being thought too long,  
the craft was called The Devil for short;  
and this name proving prejudicial to the  
owner, he finally got it changed to "The  
Newsboy."

When betting men say they'll take  
you, take care it's not in.

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