

## THE SISTER VICTIMS.

By the Author of "The Funeral," the  
"Orphan Girl," &c.

Kate was a fair but a fragile flow'r,  
And delicate from her natal hour:  
I've watched above her cradle when  
We fear'd she would not wake again;  
And, as I mark'd her silent sleep  
Methought the slumber given  
Appear'd so calm, so blest, so deep—  
That if she died I could not weep,  
She was so fit for heaven,—  
And earth, I knew, no place could be  
For so much peace and purity!

She lived however, and, like the Spring  
When its earliest flow'rs are blossoming,  
Put forth her young beauties one by one,  
Till warm'd into life by a noon-day's  
sun:  
And fondly we mark'd the daily growth  
Of her and her sister Ellen both,—  
The latter a different child;  
Stronger and more robust to view,  
And as beautiful as wild!  
And little Kate was lovely too,  
But she was pensive, still, and mild,  
And all the contrast drew

"They grew together side by side,"  
A mother's joy, a mother's pride:  
Oft have I mark'd that Parent's eye  
Gazing in silent ecstasy;  
Till her love and her hope were blent  
with fear,  
Though the flow'rs were fair, than the  
worm was near!

The memory of a mother's love  
Is binding all things on earth above:  
The fount of life from whence first  
gush'd  
Support, frail nature's claim:  
The seat where first our cries were  
hush'd,  
And the tear from our soft eye brush'd,  
Blend with a mother's name!  
The long, long nights of painful watch-  
ing,  
They've wakeful kept above our slum-  
ber,  
Our slightest feverish movement catch-  
ing,  
Counting their frequency and number,  
Are things which tell how deep they feel  
An interest in their children's weal;  
And if, in after years, we blight  
Their hopes when bursting into light,  
Heavy and dark one cloud will be,  
Oershadowing our memory;

Time pass'd on, and the early spring  
Of their lives toward summer was open-  
ing:  
And they grew in years and they grew in  
grace,  
As fair in form and as sweet in face,  
As the little cherubs that mother had  
prest—  
And who now were not—to her beating  
breast,  
In happier days, ere corroding care  
Had enter'd her bosom to linger there:  
When she first had tasted the purest  
bliss  
Which the soul can feel in a world like  
this.

For if aught on earth give joy above  
The joys of earth, 'tis a mother's love!  
But human life is charg'd with sorrow;  
Joy to day and grief to-morrow  
Run in one unbroken train,  
Never to divide again!

It was thus with her,—in the morning  
sun,  
Six roses graced the parent stem;  
Death had ere evening through them run,  
And only left two buds of them;—  
Like unpluck'd fruit on the uppermost  
bough,\*  
This remnant was all that was left her  
now!

Years fled,—and in the bloom of life,  
Ellen was—unconfest—a wife!  
He—who had given her soul's first  
dream,  
The light that light her early love,  
Which in its purity might seem  
An emanation from above;  
Who, since she saw him, was to her,  
Of all the joy she ever knew,  
The one, the only minister,—  
The altar and the shrine,  
At which she worship'd; whence she  
drew  
Of Love, a life divine!

He won her fond believing heart,  
Which dream'd that his could never part  
From that to which it clung:  
She lives—she wakes—that dream is  
past,  
From him the widow'd wife is cast,—  
The rife flow'et flung!

And ah, what untold grief is hers,  
Who once from prudence' path-way errs!  
\* "Two or three berries in the top of  
the uppermost bough,"—Isaiah, Chap.  
XVII. v. 6.

None knew her inward sense of shame,  
No blight had fallen on her name;  
Amid the lovely virgin throng  
She still might proudly move along,  
And to the world around would seem  
Pure as an infant cherub's dream!  
But in her bosom's secret cell,  
One self-condemning thought would  
dwell,

And on her soul one sorrow lay,  
No human art could charm away,—  
Her peace of mind for ever gone,  
Without one hope to lean upon,  
One friendly breast, on which her soul  
Could pour its griefs without controul.  
She stood as stands some lofty tree,  
Whose core the canker-worm hath found  
As fair, as beautiful, as free,  
In all, save life, as those around!  
And oft her dim and tearful eye,  
Would wake a sister's sympathy;  
And in that sister's starting tear,  
Would beam affection fond and dear,  
And Kate, with soul-felt tenderness,  
Would strive to sooth her deep distress;

'Twas all in vain;—upon her cheek  
Soon flush'd the bright, the hectic  
bloom;  
Her soul grew calm, her spirit meek,  
And erring Beauty found a tomb!

Three summer suns had roll'd away,  
Since that sad and tearful day,  
And to the light and joyous hearted,  
Many a gleam of bliss imparted;  
Thrice clomb the moon a Wintry sky,  
And walk'd her silent course on high,  
Had thrown o'er earth her silvery light,  
And witness'd many a scene of love  
Below, from her bright home above!  
Three years had flown, and on their  
wing,  
Borne Wintry Age, and Childhood's  
Spring,  
And Fall's decay with Summer's bloom,  
All onward to the silent tomb.  
And Kate had lov'd:—

'Twas the evening hour,  
When the feeling steal with a holy pow'r  
Over the soul, and chase away  
The thoughts and the cares of the trou-  
bled day:—  
When the heart is still, and the mind to  
rest  
Is sooth'd by such dreams as calm the  
blest—  
That a lover first breath'd in her youth-  
ful ear  
The tale to fond woman's soul so dear,—  
He vow'd—but a lover's vows are old,  
And tell the tale which hath oft been  
told.

They stray'd away from the silent shore,  
And bent their steps to her mother's  
door;  
As she prest his arm, not a word was  
spoken,  
Nor by aught was the night's deep still-  
ness broken,  
Save now and then when a sigh, suppress'd,  
Would strive to escape from either breast.  
Her eyes, uplifted, were fix'd on the sky,  
And his were silently raised on high,  
Catching a rapturous glimpse of the  
grace,  
Beaming so brightly from that sweet face  
The moon was up, and her silvery light  
Had dispers'd from the skies the clouds  
of night,—

It was then she yielded her heart to him,  
Whose love and whose truth should ne'er  
grow dim;  
And the stars look'd out from their  
homes to see,  
An off'ring of love and purity!  
I said that from her birth-hour, Kate  
Was fragile, fair and delicate:  
And now, within her eye, a light  
Beam'd almost spiritually bright;  
And fitfully the hectic glow,  
Would o'er her pale cheek come and go;  
And then her slight and sinking form,  
Yielding to some internal storm,  
Became transparent, and as spare  
Almost as one from upper air.  
The sudden sigh too, half suppress'd,  
Told that within her youthful breast  
There lurk'd a discontented guest,  
Which seem'd at times to almost start  
The very life strings of the heart:  
Yet to the parent, now bereft  
Of ev'ry other one;  
This was the only child still left,  
For her to lean upon.  
And when that mother heard the sigh  
Which oft from Kate would break;  
Or saw the tear drop in her eye,  
The bright glow on her cheek,—  
Was it a wonder that her fear  
Presag'd some coming evil near?  
Which undefin'd a while might seem  
As the dim outline of a dream,  
Then form to dread, that early fate  
Would leave her wholly desolate!

The tale was false, for Albert came,  
Kate and her youthful vows to claim,  
Scarce did his bark securely ride,  
Ere he had hastened to his bride,—  
His own betroth'd, who long had che-  
rish'd

But one dark thought that he had pe-  
rinish'd.

The tale was false,—he again return'd,  
With fame and with honors richly earned  
He ask'd not why her form was weak,  
Nor why the lily on her cheek,  
Nor why her eye with tears were dim?  
He felt that she had mourn'd for him!  
And he knew that her eye would again  
be bright,  
And beam with her own accustom'd  
light;  
That beauty again would her cheek re-  
sume,  
And the lily give place to the rose's  
bloom.

The morning sun rose clear and bright  
And Kate's young heart beat free and  
light;  
From her breast she had banish'd ev'ry  
care,  
And thought that was uncongenial there,  
For this was to be her bridal day;  
And the dream so dearly priz'd,—  
Which once in dimness had died away,  
Was soon to be realized!

And now they at the altar stand,  
He holds in his her trembling hand,  
And bending at that holy place,  
With downcast eyes and blushing face,—  
"Father, proceed!"

From amidst the crowd,  
"Stop!" cried a voice both calm and  
loud,—  
And instantly beside them stands  
A stranger with uplifted hands;  
And Albert caught, with wild amaze,  
That stranger's fix'd and steadfast gaze,  
As eye met eye, the latter's look  
Was more than Albert's soul could brook—  
"Foe to my peace! Methought with thee  
"My secret" he cried "would in safety  
be—"

And his form, as it fell on the altar stone,  
The stranger cast one long look upon,—  
"Father," he cried, "I have come to  
save  
This girl from the arms of yon perjur'd  
slave;  
Though his faith and his love were  
pledg'd to both;  
To Ellen he solemnly plighted his troth,  
At the midnight hour in the house of  
pray'r,  
When no witness, save God and myself,  
was there,  
And I bid this maid, in the name of God,  
Not to wed her departed sister's lord!"

The tale is told,—my task is o'er,  
Ellen and Kate are now no more;  
Fate mark'd them both—the earliest one,  
Just as her race of joy begun:  
The other, when the world look'd fair,  
And promis'd future pleasure there.  
Two flow'rs, both bright in life's young  
morn,  
The lily and the rose;  
Down to the darksome grave have gone,  
Almost ere childhood's close.

Yes, they have pass'd from this troubled  
earth  
To a world where the brightest of bliss  
has birth;  
And the Sister-victims have found above  
That peace which they lost below, for  
Love!

**A Snake Story.**—The Troy  
Mail says, that a Dr. Buchanan  
has shown the editor a garter  
snake twelve inches long, which  
was lately thrown from the stom-  
ach of a man in that place. The  
editor asks his readers to believe  
the tale, and to substantiate the  
account, says, that Dr. Buchanan  
informed him, that it is by no  
means wonderful, and that while  
a student, his Professor had a pa-  
tient, from whose stomach was ta-  
ken an old snake and nine young  
ones: the old one was supposed to  
have burrowed there more than  
three years!!

**"A Genius in Prison."**—The edi-  
tor of the Mississippi *Genius of  
Liberty* is now in jail for stealing  
turkies! What a fowl mouthed  
tellow he must be.

**Waterloo Review.**—It is reported  
in a high quarter that there will  
never be another Waterloo Re-  
view. The reason assigned is  
that a period of twenty-one years  
has elapsed.

The next launch from Pembroke  
yard will be the Gorgon, an im-  
mense steam frigate carrying guns  
between decks. It will take place  
in October.

## Notices

CONCEPTION BAY PACKETS  
St John's and Harbour Grace Packets

THE EXPRESS Packet being now  
completed, having undergone such  
alterations and improvements in her accom-  
modations, and otherwise, as the safety, com-  
fort and convenience of Passengers can pos-  
sibly require or experience suggest, a care-  
ful and experienced Master having also been  
engaged, will forthwith resume her usual  
Trips across the BAY, leaving Harbour  
Grace on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and  
FRIDAY Mornings at 9 o'clock, and Por-  
tugal Cove on the following days.

## FARES.

Ordinary Passengers ..... 7s. 6d.  
Servants & Children ..... 5s.  
Single Letters ..... 6d.  
Double Do. .... 1s.  
and Packages in proportion

All Letters and Packages will be careful-  
ly attended to; but no accounts can be  
kept for Postages or Passages, nor will the  
Proprietors be responsible for any Specie or  
other monies sent by this conveyance.

ANDREW DRYSDALE,

Agent, HARBOUR GRACE

PERCHARD &amp; BOAG,

Agents, St. John's

Harbour Grace, May 4, 1835

## NORA CREINA

Packet-Boat between Carbonear and  
Portugal Cove.

JAMES DOYLE, in returning his best  
thanks to the Public for the patronage  
and support he has uniformly received, begs  
to solicit a continuance of the same fa-  
vours.

The NORA CREINA will, until further no-  
tice, start from Carbonear on the mornings  
of MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, posi-  
tively at 9 o'clock; and the Packet Man  
will leave St. John's on the Mornings of  
TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, at 9  
o'clock in order that the Boat may sail from  
the cove at 12 o'clock on each of those  
days.

## TERMS.

Ladies & Gentlemen ..... 7s.  
Other Persons, from 5s. to 3s. 6d.  
Single Letters ..... 6d.  
Double do. .... 1s.

And Packages in proportion.

N.B.—JAMES DOYLE will hold  
himself accountable for all LETTERS  
and PACKAGES given him.  
Carbonear, June, 1836.

## THE ST. PATRICK

EDMOND PHELAN, begs most  
respectfully to acquaint the Public, that he  
has purchased a new and commodious Boat  
which at a considerable expence, he has fit-  
ted out, to ply between CARBONEAR  
and PORTUGAL COVE, as a PACKET-  
BOAT; having two cabins, (part of the after  
cabin adapted for Ladies, with two sleeping  
berths separated from the rest). The fore-  
cabin is conveniently fitted up for Gentle-  
men with sleeping-berths, which will  
he trusts give every satisfaction. He now  
begs to solicit the patronage of this respect-  
able community; and he assures them it  
will be his utmost endeavour to give them  
every gratification possible.

The ST. PATRICK will leave CARBONEAR  
for the Cove, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and  
Saturdays, at 9 o'clock in the Morning,  
and the Cove at 12 o'clock, on Mondays,  
Wednesdays, and Fridays, the Packet-  
Man leaving St. John's at 8 o'clock on those  
Mornings.

## TERMS.

After abin Passengers 7s. 6d.  
Fore ditto, ditto, 5s.  
Letters, Single ..... 6d.  
Double, Do. .... 1s.  
Parcels in proportion to their size or  
weight.

The owner will not be accountable for  
any Specie.

N.B.—Letters for St. John's, &c., &c.  
received at his House in Carbonear, and in  
St. John's for Carbonear, &c., at Mr. Patrick  
Kiely's (Newfoundland Tavern) and at  
Mr. John Cruet's.  
Carbonear, ---  
June 4, 1836.

## TO BE LET

On Building Lease, for a Term of  
Years.

A PIECE of GROUND, situated on the  
North side of the Street, bounded on  
EAST by the House of the late captain  
STARR, and on the east by the Subscriber's.

MARY TAYLOR,

Widow.

Carbonear, Feb. 9, 1837.

## Blanks

of Various kinds for SALE at the Office of  
this Paper.