

safe keeping and care of an asylum, and though she saw the difficulties which he stated to her in his reply as to conveying her sister from the West Indies to England while he was unable to accompany her, still she was never satisfied until at last she received intelligence from the Colonel that he had placed his wife beneath skilful medical care, previous to his departure for Ceylon. This was the last letter she received from her brother-in-law for many years, but during his absence in India she corresponded regularly with Julia, and from her received full particulars of Katrine's health and gradual progress to sanity. Mrs. Kirkpatrick had been most anxious to visit England to see her sister once more and make acquaintance with her daughter, of whom from her letters she prophesied so much kindness and amiability. But her own family was large, and required a mother's continual care, while Mr. Kirkpatrick absorbed in the duties of his situation, and having few ties now to bind him to his father land, as all his near relatives were dispersed or dead, never responded to the idea of his wife's departure. Thus Louise had to rest satisfied with the letters she received, and the hope which Julia always encouraged, that at some not very distant day she should have the pleasure of receiving her niece in Malaga.

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#### THE LETTER BAG OF THE STEAMER, OCTOBER, 1853.

LADEN with many a written scroll, the noble ship swept on,  
 A thing of life and majesty she cut the watery zone;  
 And thought and prayer around her moved from either sundered shore,  
 For hope and love had mighty stake upon the news she bore.

There were those beyond that giant sea whose hearts with hope were beating  
 For tidings from the western world of welfare and of meeting,  
 And waiting eyes and longing hearts watched for her coming home,  
 Nor knew her absence but delayed affections bitter doom.

For midst her weight of manuscript, from lofty and from low,  
 Scrolls from the cabinet and desk lay many a fold of woe,  
 To send thro' every throbbing vein dark sorrows wasting tide,  
 They told of loved ones far away who thought on home and died.

Dread tidings traced by stranger hands were sent to many a home,  
 From the Crescent City's mourning land and Havana's groves of bloom,  
 All telling of some silent heart—some quenched and buried love,  
 That life no more had treasures here, but laid up far above.

She bore a new and fearful tale to crush the spirit's smiles,  
 That fever's deadly breath had touched Bermuda's sunny isles;  
 That the young and brave, the fond and fair, were cold and still in death,  
 Summoned by swift and speedy call to sleep her dust beneath.

And oh that this were all of death that noble steamer told—  
 That mid her weight of letters she had borne no darker fold,  
 Nor tidings brought of cruel wrong beneath Acadia's sky,  
 How on the sea, bright forms were left to perish and to die.