

the dying sufferer, and her eye watched the spirit's latest struggle, till it quitted its disfigured tenement, and soared upward to its native skies.

But then it was the mother sank beneath the terrible infliction. Many were the wounds which in her splendid and triumphant career, the noble heart of Marie Theresa had received, and at this last blow they all bled afresh. It was more than nature could sustain—she was carried from her daughter's apartment to her bed, and before the dawn of another day the same dreadful malady declared itself in her. All wept for the "Mother of her people," but He who never breaks the bruised reed, interposed his healing hand, and she arose in due time from her bed of sickness and affliction—instructed by the past, purified in heart, and humbly submissive to the rod which had chastened her.

On the eighth day after the death of the young and ill-fated Josepha, the imperial vault beneath the church of the Capuchins, was opened to admit a funeral train, and she who had so short a time before entered it with agonizing fear, and ominous foreboding, was now, silent and insensible, borne thither to her lonely rest beneath the cold and fretted marble. Long and imposing were the ceremonies performed over that young inanimate form. But at length they terminated—the last prayer was said—the last wreath of incense arose from the swinging censer, the last chant was sung, and the young bride of Ferdinand slept beside the sister whose fate had been so similar to her own. The pageant disappeared—but one still lingered beside the tomb, and as he bent over it, embracing as it were the insensible marble, the light from the burning tapers fell upon the noble figure of him who had greeted Josepha in the church of the Capuchins. As he now stood beside her last resting place, the eloquence of deep and hopeless sorrow was written on every line of his fine countenance, and in the gathering drops that fell fast as a summer shower upon the cold marble of her tomb. Long he remained there, lost in a trance of grief, then hanging on the same shaft, whence her hand had displaced the withered roses, a garland of amaranth and myrtle, he drew his cloak around him, and with a backward, lingering look, slowly departed. A gallant steed stood in the court of the Capuchins—he bounded into the saddle, and passed the barriers of the city, just as the last requiem which had been chanted for the soul of the youthful queen, had died away in the churches and convents of the city.

From that melancholy day, the young Count Dalmanoff, the flower of the Hungarian nobility, the pride and boast of Marie Theresa's chivalry, disap-

peared from the Austrian Court. Whether he went, or what had been his fate, no one could conjecture. Nor were any tidings gained of him till years had passed away, when he was recognized among the slain in one of those bloody battles, which to Austria's shame, she waged against dismembered Poland. On his breast was found a small case of gold, enclosing a withered rose, and a tress of fair hair, and bearing engraved upon its back, the cypher and crest of Josepha of Austria.

E. L. C.

Montreal, December 10, 1838.

A HEART IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

I am wedded, Coleridge, to the fortunes of my sister and my poor old father. Oh, my friend, I think sometimes could I recall the days that are past, which among them should I choose? Not those "merrier days"—not the "pleasant days of hope"—not those "wanderings with a fair-haired maid"—which I have so often and so feelingly regretted; but the days, Coleridge, of a mother's fondness for her schoolboy. What would I give to call her back to earth for one day; on my knees to ask her pardon for all those little asperities of temper, which, from time to time, have given her gentle spirit pain; and the day, my friend, I trust will come. There will be time enough for kind offices of love, if heaven's eternal year be ours. Hereafter, her meek spirit shall not reproach me. Oh, my friend, cultivate the filial feeling!—and let no man think himself released from the kind "charities" of relationship. These shall give him peace at the last. These are the best foundation for every species of benevolence.—*C Lamb's Letters.*

DIFFERENCES OF THE SEXES.

Men love for things, as facts, possessions and estates; and women, persons; and while a man regards only abstract scientific facts, a woman looks only at the person in whom they are embodied. Even in childhood, the girl loves an imitation of humanity, her doll, and works for it; the boy gets a hobby-horse or tools, and works with them. But the noblest quality wherewithal nature has endowed woman for the good of the world, is love—that love which seeks no sympathy and no return. The child is the object of love, and kisses and watching; and answers them only by complaints and anger; and the feeble creature, that requires the most, repays the least. But the mother loves on; her love only grows stronger, the greater the need and the greater the unthankfulness of its object—and, while fathers prefer the strongest of their children, the mother feels most love for the most feeble and garrulous.