## Loctry.

WATCHWORDS OF LIFE. Hope.
While there's hand to make ! While there's a string heart brave! While there a test mayrought! Truct, While there's a God to save That there's a work for each ! Feel That there's a strength in God! Know. That there's a crown reserved! Wait, Though 'neath cloud and rod ! Love, When there's a foe that wrongs:! adiry :**Holp**C (ight When there's a brother's need! Watch... When there's a tempter near! Ires , Pray, Both in word and deed!

Der mest-chopper hanged on the vhitevashed vall, "

DEE SHOEMAKER'S POY.

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For no gustom recomed to de butcher's shtall-Der sausage maskeen was now longer in blay, And der putcher poys all had a holiday. Der shoemaker's poy comed dere to shlide; On der door of der zellar, but shtealed inside Mit der chopping masheen he peginned to make free.

Un he cried, 'Dere ish nobody looking at me. Oh ! der shoemaker's poy. Un. oh. der shoemaker's poy i

Der day good away, un der night comed on, Ven der sheemaker's vound dot his poy was gone ; .......

He called up his yrow, un der search began To look for der poy, un vind him if dey can. Dey seeked un asked for him at efery door, At der putcher's, der baker's und groseher shtore;

At der loger pier zellar, der shtation house, But the onewer they getted vas, 'Nix cum APOUSA.

> Oh ! der shoemaker's poy, Un, oh, der shoemaker's poy!

Dey seeked him all night, un doy seeked him all tay,

Un for more ash a mont vas der duyvil to pay In der alleys, der houses, un efery blace round, In der Tooms, in der rifer, un in der tog-pound, Dey seeked him in undil veeks vas bast. Un der shoemaker goed to his awl at last, Un ven he'd pass py, all der beeples would cry "Dere goes der shoemake, vat losed his pov." Oh! der shoemsker's poy, ..

Un, oh, der shoemaker's poy!

At length der meat-chopping masheen was in need,

Der putcher goed to it, and dere he seed A pundle of pones; un der shoes vas dere Vot der long lost shoemaker's poy did year. His jaws were still wagging, and seemed to say "Ven no one was here, I got into blay-It closed mit a spring-and der poy so green, Vas made sausage meat by der chopping masheen."

Oh! der sheemaker's poy, Der last of der shoemsker's poy!

## Tales and Sketches.

## · THE COUNTESS.

The immense drawing room was blazing with light. There was, in fact, but one dark spot-it was the little old countess, still reelining upon that hearse-like appendage, and half buried within the black velvet cushions At her feet knelt Lisette, with an enormous fan of peacock feath rs. which she waved incessantly, as though her mistress suffered from faintness. Nothing could be more recherche than the taste which marked the adornments of this splendid, spartment; no, particular style, no particular date had, here its portrai ture, but there was a grouping together of the rare and beautiful, most charming to the eye Here was music, too; a beautiful harp rester its golden frame against cushions of azur volvet a piano, its keys glistering in the mellow light of waren tapers, and, as if serclessly thrown by the same fairy hand that had swept

thrown by the same fairy hand that had swept its strings, a guiter by upon a small table within a little recess, ever which curtains of crimson velvet awape to the floor.

"By Jove !" whispered the colonel, with a shrug of the shoulders, so his eye took in this heilliant some, and these glaneed towards the black mass in its essent, the spot upon the sam,—"by Jove, our hereas well belief this temple of hearty. But less us lay our laurely at her shrine." These, approaching the country is the same of the country. These approaching the country is the same of the same temple of beauty Bes les us lay our laurele at her ahrino. There approaching the countries of a swaggering of the stempted to pass of a law witty compilations attempted and create allem he sood all beautiful for an empress would not have assumed more banding to be a law and the same old create an advanced to the same of a law and the same and a law and the same and a law and the same and the same of a law with a dorself the walls. Leaving all others. The averaged upon one pricing alone.

his eye rested upon one picture alone.

It was a portrait—the portrait of a charm-It was a portrait—the portrait or a charming young girl, but so lifestike, so fresh, so
beaming with gladness, the stood there,
the very personation of "Marken-yelep'd Euphilosysis," affet our shewalter involuntarily
opened his arms, as if to catch the nymph in
the nity descent she was about to risk. This
charming portrait represented a young girl tripping beneath a broken archway, as if in playful chase of the little fawn skipping and leaping before her over the grass grown ruins. A robe of pure white, confined at the alender waist by a scarf of light blue silk, floated with eiry-grass-eround har lovely form save a narrow fall of lace upon her shoulder, her fair. round Artis were have lose little hand gathering her robe above the tiny foot, just poised upon a fragment of the ruins, as if to spring therefrom; the other awept back from her beautiful brow the long, golden tresses, wherein a few wild flowers were carelessly entwined. What could be more graceful than her attitude what more charming than her sweet, youthful face ! Ah, Montespan was very sure the

world could not produce her equal ! The counters saw a great deal behind those gogrles yes, and she saw the start of surprise which marked our chevalier's first view of the portrait, and she saw what an impromptu pantomine was performing before that senseless canvas !

A low, musical laugh broke the solemn zilence.

Could it have been that little, impudent waiting-maid. Eugene turned round. The colonel turned round. Well, the countess was as motionless as a statue, while Lisette, with a face half an ell long, was sweeping the ponderous fan with the regularity of a Chinese puntuk. It must have been a bird-yes, it is assonishing how some birds will intimate the human voice, thought Eugene. And this reminded the colonel of music, so once more approaching the couch of the "dark lady." he ventured : "Your ladyship, I see, is a votaress of St. Cecillia may I presume to inquire, do you play ?"

"When I am in the mood for music," was the reply.

Another silence—and again the brave colonel hazarded a few remarks, which were mot with the same chilling reserve.

You have really some exquisite paintings, madame." exclaimed Montespan; "pardon my ouriosity, but will you have the kindness to inform me whether that beautiful picture which hange opposite, is an eriginal portrait, or some ideal sketch of the artist-if so, like Prometheus, he must have worshipped the creation of his own genius !"

"Lisette, does the gentlemen allude to the picture in the caken panel?" asked the countees, without turning her haughty head.

"Oh, yes, madame." "It is an original, monsieur," said the

countess, with a slight, very slight inclination of her head. "Heavens? how lovely! And, will madame

excuse the liberty ?-- this beautiful creature-sho—she still l-i-ves 2"

Another slight bow was the only response The counters then blows a small silver whistle -Adolphe glides in, and stations himself behind the sombre couch of his lady. Lisette, with a coquettish air, throws down the fan and stands by the side of her lover. A slight effort a gentle pressure and slowly the strange equipage moves forward-slowlyslowly, and with a formal "Good evening, messieurs," the Countess d'Argentine disappeared.

"Ah, was there ever such a fright !" quoth the wicked little counters, viewing herself in the full-length mirror. "What think you now, my good Lisette, are we in danger of being run away with ?"

"Ah, but my dear lady, what a pity ! you so young, so charming! Heavens! that odious cap, that horrid wig -ah, let me tear them to pieces!" cried Lisette, preparing to disrobe her young mistress.

"Gently, gently, my maid : remember we have need for this same odious cap and wig again."

"But these goggles—oh, dear !-suffer me to break them."

Not at all: Liests these goggies, too, must do their duty."

Lisette assented, with very bad grace, to her ladyship's whim, and while she braided the long, fair hair of her mistress and prepared her tollet for the night, continued to chatter about the handsome chevaliers, and what a pity it was, after all that they should think her beautiful lady such a fright! While the countess, it must be owned, listened to the idle prating of her waiting-maid with

preservorthy allence.

District worthy allence.

Therefore, being very handsome—heighe !"

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Heigh-ho! Yes, my ledy, he is yet

Such magnificent large oyes?" Lin Yes to the cities of the Eupire 42,000,000 maken Such a splendid figure Plant Ah yours in 

ining the of note with versions of the control of t ber dimpled chin in the hollow of her hand, the house of the seminary of the s

"Ha! ha! my friend, what say you now to running off with our fair hosters!" cried the colonel laughing, and slapping Mentespan upon the shoulder.

"Why, as the lady does not seem to have the use of her limbs, I must give it up, colonel."

"Good. But what a misfortune; had this widow been but young and charming, we might have crossed swords for the possession of these fine domains."

"But listen, colonel: that portrait, tell me. was there ever such an angel !-- such beauty, such sweet innocence! Ah, my friend, could I but behold the heavenly original!"

"Charming, and find her a grandmother, perhaps."

"Ah, impossible; who knows, my friend, perhaps this lovely being dwells within these walls. Oh, rapture! yes, it must be so, the harp, the guitar, the paintings, the books, all proclaim her presence; I tell you there is some mystery here."

"Yes, yes, you are right, Eugene. Some step-daughter, perhaps, held in 'durance vile.' through jealousy; some dependent niece yes, yes, for only fancy the old lady at the harp, or sweeping the guitar; in fact, the idea is too absurd. Let us summon Jacques."

"Ah, Jacques, come in Jacques. Charming old lady, your mistress—you have lived here, I suppose, at this old chateau-fine placebeautiful scenery -I say, you have lived here, I suppose, many years, good Jacques."

"Yes, you may say that, Monsieur, six-andsixty years, man and boy, have I dwelt within these old walls; and never, until the death of my honored master, the count, had I cause of

"But now, I suppose, it is different; the countess has it all her own way-you understand."

"No, sir, I do not understand; but if your honor means anything disparaging to my beloved mistress, I-I am an old man, but pardon me, I should feel constrained to knock your honor down !"

"Ha, ha; bravo-no, nothing at all disparaging, Jacques. She is an excellent mis-

"Ah, monsieur, she is the kindest, the love-

liest, the sweetest young lady." "How-what-Jacques !--young-ha, ha,

come, that won't do !' "Pardon me, monsieur, I have known my lady ever since she was a child, and I forget

"Yes, you forget that you have grown old together."

"Did your master, the Count Argentine, leave any children?" said Montespan, for the first time joining in the conversation.

"Children! oh no, monsieur; why they were only married a few hours before my honored master breathed his last !"

"Then whose portrait is that which hangs in the drawing-room, good Jacques?"

"That why, that is the countess her self."

"Nonsense! That is impossible; the colors are as fresh and glowing as if painted yesterday, and it should be more than fifty years old. No. no. good Jacques, you mistake."

"Ah, your honor, just like the picture does my beloved lady looks to me, even to this day !"

"Then, by all the saints in the calender, I wish I saw with your eyes? But the harp, the

piano-who plays?" "Why, my lady plays and sings like an angel: a-hem. I mean—that is—sho did play

like an angel." "But her fingers are getting stiff, ch, Jac

ques ?" added the colonel, "no offence, Jacques-thank you-good night."

A week-how soon it passed even in that old chateau-and the little circle thus strangely thrown together, became quite agrecable and confidential. The colonel hums a tune, while he ogles Lisette, whose blushes and smiles render Adolphe quite beside himself with jealousy. He also hunts in the forest, and drinks wine with his comrades below in the village, where all is mirth and jollity. Montespan, in the mean time, cannot account for the strange interest which keeps him with in the chateau. He spends a great deal o time before that mysterious portrait. He feels unaccountably attracted towards the old constess -at the sound of her low, soft voice, he becomes confused, and wonders why it is so much sweeter than any other woman's he ever heard ! He is now almost constantly by the side of that funeral couch he sometimes takes the fan from the hands of Lisette; yes, and more than once assisted Adolpho to place his mistress where she directs is is such a pleasure to serve so amiable an old lady t

The reserve of the countees rapidly wear off; she qondescends, to converse, agreeably. She is fond of reading so is Montespan; it is surprising how, their tastes assimilate. C. Togother they read, Racine, Bousseau, and the charming Savigne, and the countees is several times thrown into an agitation quite unsuited to her years. Montespan is a musician, toohe plays the piano with superior skill, blending therewith the tones of his rich yolce.

Sometimes the countees is prevailed on to touch the guitar she certainly makes sweet music; but it is an effort, she cays, and she deep not trust her voice to sing; it is tremulated with age; She begins to abhor that sellous eap and wig, as much as Lisette. and substitutes a pair of speciacies for those bornble goggios !

Strange, said Montespan, des day with

his eyes fixed on that charming portrait-"strange, when I listen to the countess, I sometimes forget, like poor old Jacques, that she is no longer young and beautiful?"

"You are well this morning, my friend !"

"Perfectly so, my bondrable lady; but my regiment leaves to-morrow." "To-morrow : ah, so soon !" and there was

a slight tremor in the voice of the speaker. "The thought of parting, perhaps for ever, continued Montespan, "with one to whom I indebted for as-much kindness-fills-rewith pain !"

The counters turned away her head, and Montespan saw she grew very pale.

"Ah, it is you, madame; you who are not well slas, you have exerted yourself too

"No :-it is only faintness with which I am sometimes seized. I am better now."

For the first time he ventured to take her hand—that hand so fair and delicate—its touch thrilled him he carried it to his lips.

"Pardon me, estimable lady, your kindness to a stranger has called forth feelings such as I never before experienced ! Alas! Madame, I am alone in the world-an orphan from my earliest childhood. No mother's love, dear lady, ever blessed me : pardon me, but since I have had the happiness of knowing you, I have for the first time, realised of what an inestimable treasure death has deprived me! Ah! madame, that you were indeed my mother

"Your mother! A-h!" screamed the countess, and she buried her face in her handkerchief-suddenly she became convulsedthere was a merry peal of laughter—then low, deep sobs succeeded.

"Oh, heavens, you are vory ill !" axclaimed Montespan, not doubting the poor lady was in hysterics, "and I-I have caused it! What the fan, he began to wave it rapidly over the head of the unfortunate counters.

In a moment, however, she recovered herself. "Alas ! my friend," said she, "you touched a chord, of whose vibration you little dreamed," Then drawing a valuable ring from her slender finger, "Accept this, my dear young friend, in token of the regard with which you have inspired me. If, at any future day, you have a boon to ask of the Countess d'Argentine, send me this ring, and it is granted. Adieu, my friend !"

Hark, how mournfully echo the drums, as the regiment slowly winds through the rugged defiles of the mountain.

And the countess and Lisette stand, watching them from a turret of the old chateau.

"Ah, poor fellows! and they were such charming chevaliers ! Alas !" exclaimed Lisette, wiping her eyes, "and now, my lady, as they are gone, I suppose I may as well put away your venerable grandmother's wig."

"Yo c.s. Lisette-heigho!"

"And the cap, and the-"

"Yes, Lisette, take them all, all away. Alas! I wish I had never seen them."

But whether her mistress meant the wig or the chevaliers, Lisette could not determine.

All Paris, that is all the musical world of Paris, was in ecstacy. Radiant with the most lovely countenances, with eyes more sparkling than the brightest jewels, and smiles so beaming with the happiness of the hour, the Opera House presented one blaze of magnificence, from pit to gallery.

These happy people—yes, they are happyforgetting for a few brief moments, the vicissitudes of the world without, they have met beneath this splendid roof, to greet once more their favorite prima donna, who, after a twelvemonth's absence, is again to thrill their souls with her ravishing notes. Even royalty itself has stepped from the throne, to smile upon

this nightingale of the hour. It was rather late as a party-of officers enered the scene of brillancy. Chatting, and laughing gaily, their eyes appeared far more engaged in surveying the galaxy of beauty which surrouded them, than their ears, in listening to the magnificent thrills gushing forth from the enchantress of song. One of the party, however, must be an exception; for, after an indifferent glance around, he seated himself listlessly, in one corner of the box, and resting his head upon his hand, made his own thoughts his companions! " ...

"Come, come, Montespan, a truce to your melancholy, for to night, man," exclaimed one. "How can you remain so inhensensible to the peerless charms around. See, there is the beautiful Marchioness D ; one glance at her bewitching face would warm the heart' of an anchorite; and there, too, is that experb madamo, with her gazello eyes, and the charming little barohess but, who is that lovely presture fast entering the box of La Duchesse da B Took 1 look 1 what an angel'; tell me. Barotine Is Fleur, tell me, do you know seminary. Business i

"No, they do not know; so they level their eye glasses, and declare that she is the most divine creature they had ever beheld." snoses

Scarcely conscious of so doing Monteensii languidly raised his head, and cast his eyes obeek flashes and pales, by turns, and how addressing the daughter of my honored triend, a wildly all eyes rest upon that fair young even the Counters d'Argentine by

ture, whose whole soul seems only intent upon the stage.

Ah, well may be gaze, for it is the living image of the parties, which hange in the saloon of their saloon of has hung'in the inner chamber of his heart for a whole year, that he sees. Fortunately, surprise and joy do not eften kill one-if so, alas ! poor Eugene, he must have given up the ghost on the spot.

As a lily swayed by the breeze, the lovely unknown suddenly inclines her graceful head to the spot where Montespan is still clinging to the pillar. Their eyes meet. By what strange sympathy should this fair creature also evince so much agitation? As if involuntarily, sho half rises from the velvet cushions, and, with her small hands classed together, bends towards him, and then suddenly sinks back, nearly fainting.

Again her eyes met his, but this time she did not withdraw them, while a blush like the shadow of a rose mantled her sweet face. To render her resemblance to the portrait. more perfect, she was dressed in pure white, with a few flowers enwreathed among the beautiful tresses which fell untrammelled around her. Montespan hid his face in his hands a few moments to sesure himself this was no illusion : he looked : again-oh, happiness I she was still there!

Convinced now that his imagination had not played him false—that he really saw be fore him the original of: that enchanting picture—Montespan scarcely know how to deport himself in the first delirium of his joy. . Then a thousand conflicting thoughts hurried through his brain. Who could she be? what connexion could she possibly have with the inmates of that old chateau ! why did his venerated friend the counters, whose parting gift still sparkled upon his finger-why did she always shun inquiry when he ventured to speak to her of that beautiful pertrait? True, Jacques had affirmed this picture was that of the countess horself; but the fallacy of this. assertion was now fully established; yet, strange anomaly, so insenarably was the countess associated with the picture in his mind, that now to separate the two he found most painful. Suddenly the conversation he had held with the counters at their last interyiew; her agitation, when he alinded to the ties of parent and child, and her remark. "you have touched a chord of whose vibrabion you have little dreamed," occurred to him, and with it: the rapid conviction that this beautiful creature, whose resemblance to the portrait would almost challenge belief, could be no other than the daughter of the Countess d'Argentine. Yes, he was sure of it, and some unhappy difference had led to the estrangement of mother and child-what a misfortune! and so, young and beautiful! Could she be married? Married ! sh, heaven forbid! And raising his eyes with almost an imploring look to the spot where he had beheld her, he finds, also! the fair unknown has vanished, leaving no trace by which he can hope to see her again. 

"If to meet an old friend will be agreeable to M. Montespan, the Countess d'Argentino will be at home to-morrow morning at twelve. "Hotel de B ...... Rue Chaussee d'Antin."

Such was the billet which awaited our hero upon his return from the opera.

"Ah, happy moment ! The excellent countess was then in Paris; he should behold her again, that estimable, venerated friend: and ah, rapture !--hor daughter--that beautiful impersonation of all the loveliness which once adorned her mother—her too, he should seehe should speak to her-perhaps touch her fair hand, perhaps --- "

Ah, to what heaven his imagination would not have soared, it is impossible to say, had not his aspiring thoughts been suddenly dashed to earth by the thought that he was only a poor lieutenant, without friends or fortune : which reflection caused him to beat his breast and tear his hair in such a travedy fashion, that his kind landlady begged a set of merry lodg. ers in No. 10 to be quiet, as the poor young gentleman in No. 12 had a grievous head-ache -listen! they might hear him now pacing his room, poor young fellow!

The next morning, at twelve o'clock precisely, Montespan was at the Hotel de B. He was increduced into a beautiful salcon, where he was told the countess would soon randive him.

The certainty of so soon meeting this beloved friend drove all other thoughts from his mind : even the portrait and its lovely counterpart were forgotten. The same delightful feeling to which he attributes all the sweet ness of filial regard, and which he experienced so forcibly at the chateau, again stirs his bosom. He wonders through which of the many doors the couch of the counters will be drawn ; he listens eagerly for her approach."A whin anddouly the tapestry at one end of the A lovely girl whom he had ween in the box of The Duckess to B-glides in, and, with a Wildeful bend of the head, desires him to be .t

Conceive, if you can his emotion ! It was with difficulty he could even return the salute :10 to the box of "La" Duchesie. Respensy white of the fair lady, and I am sure you would does he see, that he thus started to his took white fair quite althoused of his swewardsoon, and, with trembling hand, slings for support date reader, hid you been there. At length to one of the gilded pillips Mark How his ventured to sale of Have I the pleasure of