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A. P. DURLIN & CO., PROPRIETORS.

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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**DR. G. C. ELLIOTT,**  
Resident Physician and Surgeon, Office at the corner of the Public Square, Erie, Pa.

## Poetry and Miscellany.

### WORK AWAY.

Work away!  
For the Master's eye is on us,  
Never off us, still upon us,  
Night and day,  
Work away!

Keep the busy fingers plying,  
Keep the ceaseless shuttles flying,  
See that never thread lies wrong;  
Let not slack nor slatter sound;  
Sound of whirling wheel confused  
Steady, head, let wheel be strong  
And firm that has to last so long.

Work away!

Keep upon the swirling ring  
Stroke of hammer; on the gloom  
Set 'twixt cradle and 'twixt loom,  
Shower of fiery sparks flying;  
Keep the mighty farrow glowing,  
Keep the red-hot lining, flowing  
Swift within the ready mould;  
See that each one than the old  
Still be fitter, still be fatter  
For the Master's use, and rarer  
For the Master to behold.

Work away!

For the Leader's eye is on us,  
Never off us, still upon us,  
Night and day;  
Wide the tracks he prizes round us;  
Deep and savage mountains bend us.

Far away  
Smile the soft savannah green;  
Rivers sweep and roll between.

Work away!

Bring your axes, woodmen true,  
Bane the forest till the blue  
Of heaven's sunny eye looks through  
Every wide and tangled glade,  
Jungle, swamp and thicket shade.

Give to-day!

Work away!  
For the Father's eye is on us,  
Never off us, still upon us,  
Night and day!  
Work and pray!  
Pray, and work will be complete;  
Work, and prayer will be the sweetest;  
Love, and prayer and work the best;  
Will attend upon their way.

Fear not lest the busy finger  
Wave a net the soul to stay;  
Give her wing—she will not linger  
Soaring to the source of day.  
Clearing clouds that still divide us,  
From the azure depths of rest,  
She will come again beside us,  
With the sunshine on her breast,  
Sit and sing to us, while we weave,  
While the outward din is thick,  
Songs that she hath learned abroad.

Live in Peace as in Present;  
Work for both while yet the day  
Is our own: For lord and peasant,  
Long and bright as summer's day,  
Cometh soon our Holiday!

Work away!

### THE TWO MOTTOES.

In the coach-office at Cerny stood two young men who had just taken their places for Keyserberg. They were of the same age—each about four-and-twenty; but there were remarkable differences in their physiognomy and general appearance. The shorter of the two was dark, pale, and quick in his movements, and of an impatient vivacity of manner which betrayed, at a first glance, his southern origin. His companion, on the contrary, tall, fair and ruddy, was a perfect type of that mixed Alsatian race, in which French expansiveness is happily blended with German good humor. On the ground at their feet were two small portmanteaus, upon which cards of address were fastened with sealing wax. On one of these cards was inscribed:

HENRY FORTIN, Marcellise;  
and at its four corners a seal had impressed upon the wax the motto—"Mon Droit."

On the other card was written:

JOSEPH MULLEN, Strasburg;  
and the motto of the seal was "Caritas."

The office-keeper had entered their names in his book, and added the words "with two portmanteaus," when Henry demanded that these should be at the moment of their arrival. It was his right, he maintained, to have them weighed at once. The office-keeper, thus hard pressed, grew obstinate in his turn. In vain did Joseph interfere, and remind Henry that he had barely time to dine before departure. In virtue of his motto, the Marcellise never gave way when he thought he was right; and he always thought that. At last the office-keeper, weary of the dispute, beat a retreat, and escaped into his dwelling-house. Henry would have continued the discussion with the porter, but fortunately he spoke nothing but German. So he was fain to accompany his friend to the inn, venting upon him by the way, the superabundance of his ill humor.

"By heavens!" he exclaimed, as soon as they were in the street, "you would make a saint swear. What! you would not back me against that obstinate fellow?"

"It seems to me," replied Joseph, with a smile, "that it was rather he who was in want of a backer; you brought forward as formidable an array of arguments as if your fortune or your honor had been at stake."

"In your opinion, then, I should have done better not to have defended my right?"

"When the right is not worth defending."

"Ah, how like you!" interrupted Henry, warmly; "you are always ready to yield; one must be walking over your body before you think of defending your self. Instead of considering the world a battle-field, you take it to be a drawing-room, for the interchange of courtesies."

"Not so," replied Joseph, "but a great ship, all the passengers of which each other reciprocal friendliness and toleration. Every man is my friend until he has declared himself my enemy."

"For my part, I consider every man my enemy until he has declared himself my friend," replied the Marcellise. "It is a prudent system, which I have always found answer, and I advise you to adopt it at Keyserberg. There we shall find ourselves face to face with our uncle's other heirs, who will not fail to appropriate all they can of the inheritance. For my part, I am determined to concede nothing to them."

Thus conversing, the cousins reached the White Horse inn, and entered the public dining-room, which was unoccupied, save by the hostess, who was laying, for three persons only, a large table at one end of the apartment. Henry ordered two more knives and forks, to be laid for himself and Joseph. "I beg your pardon, sir," said the woman, "but you cannot dine here."

"Because, the three persons for whom we have laid this table desire to dine alone."

"Let them dine in their own room then," replied Henry abruptly. "This is the public room and the public table; here every traveler has a right to enter and dine."

"What matter," said Joseph, "whether we dine here or in another room?"

"And what does it matter to those three persons whether we dine here or not?" returned Henry. "They came before you, sir," objected the hostess. "Then in your inn, it is the first comers who lay down the law?"

"Besides that, they are persons whom we know, and you care more for them than you do for us," said Henry.

"You understand, sir, that when customers are in the case—"

"All other travelers must submit to their caprices."

"Your dinner shall be laid elsewhere."

"Yes, with broken meats from your favorites, table, I suppose."

The hostess was hurt by this imputation upon her establishment.

"If the gentleman is afraid of getting a bad dinner at the White Horse, there are other inns at Cerny," said she.

"I was just thinking so," replied Henry quickly, taking up his hat. And without listening to Joseph, who tried to detain him, he darted out of the room, and disappeared.

Mullen knew by experience that the best plan in cases like the present, was to let his cousin's ill-humor burn itself out, and that any attempt to interfere, would only aggravate his pugnacity. He resolved, therefore, to let him seek his dinner elsewhere, and ordered his own to be served up in an adjoining department. But just as he was about adjourning to it, the three expected guests entered the public room. These were an old lady and her niece and a gentleman about fifty years of age, and just occupied with the removal of their baggage. The old lady, who was withdrawing, when the gentlemen detained him. "I am grieved, sir," said he urbanely, "to learn the dispute that has occurred. In desiring to dine alone, our object was to avoid the society of persons whose conversation and manners might have shocked these ladies. But, certainly, we were far from desiring to drive away customers from the White Horse, as your friend perhaps believed; and in spite of what I say, I beg you to do us the favor of sitting down to dinner with us."

Joseph would have refused, declaring himself in no way offended by a precaution which he found quite natural; but Mr. Rosman (it was thus the two ladies called their companion) pressed his invitation in so cordial and friendly a manner, that he ended in accepting.

The old lady, who seemed little accustomed to travel, set down opposite to him, with her niece, and heared a sigh.

"You are tired, Charlotte," said Mr. Rosman.

"Tired indeed," replied the old woman; "as well I may, after being shaken up for a whole day in that crazy coach, getting my meals irregularly, and running all manner of dangers; for I know not how we escaped being upset twenty-times, the diligence was always leaning to one side or the other! I would give a year of my life that our journey were at an end."

"Fortunately the bargain is impossible!" cried the young lady, smiling and kissing her aunt.

"Yes, yes, you laugh at my troubles," said Miss Charlotte, in a half grumbling, half affectionate tone; "young ladies now-a-days, fear nothing! They travel by railway and steamboat—they travel by balloons if they could get places. It is the Revolution that has made them so bold. Before that, the bravest among them traveled only in carts, or on ass-back, and even then, when they had pressing business, I have heard my mother say that she never would travel in any other way than on foot."

"Yes," observed Mr. Rosman, "and therefore, her farthest journey was only to the chief town of her canton."

"That did not prevent her being a worthy and happy woman," replied Miss Charlotte. "When a bird has built his nest he stays there. The present custom of passing one's time upon the high-road, imparts one's love of home and family; people get a habit of being at home everywhere. It may be more advantageous to society at large, but it renders individuals less good and less happy."

"Come, come, Charlotte," said Mr. Rosman, gaily; "your late politics has set you against all journeys, but I hope your discontent will disappear before this excellent soup. I appeal to your impartiality whether a better can be got, even at Poutine."

The dialogue continued in this strain of affectionate familiarity. Joseph at first maintained a discreet silence, but Mr. Rosman spoke to him several times, and conversation had become general, when the waiter came to say that the diligence was about starting. They paid for their dinner, and hastened to the coach-office.

On arriving there, Joseph saw his cousin hurrying up. Whilst Mullen had dined, Henry had run from one tavern to another, finding nothing ready at any of them, and at last, pressed for time, he had been fain to buy a roll and some fruit, which he ate as he ran.

As may be imagined, the frugal repast had done little to sweeten his temper. Joseph obtained from questioning him. Indeed he had no time, for the way bill was already being called over, and the travelers were about to take their places, when the

office-keeper discovered that he had made a mistake, had booked two persons too many, and that the coach was full with Mullen and Fortin.

"Full!" cried Henry; "but I paid you my fare!"

"I will return it to you, sir," replied the clerk.

"Not at all," answered the young man. "Having once taken my money, there is a contract between us. I have a right to a place, and a place I will have."

And so saying, he grasped a strap and ascended the imperial, where was a place yet unfilled. The traveler to whom it belonged protested against this usurpation; but Henry grunted, declaring that none had a right to make him get down, and that if any attempted it, he would repel violence by violence. Joseph in vain endeavored to compromise the matter; the Marcellise, whose humor had been by no means mended by his bad dinner, persisted in his resolution.

"To every one his right," cried he, "that is my motto; yours is charity. Be as charitable as you please; for my part I am satisfied with justice. I have paid for this place; it belongs to me. I shall keep it."

The traveler whose place he filled, claimed it by priority of possession; but Henry, who was a lawyer, replied by quotations from the code. There was a sharp interchange of violent explanations, reprimands and menaces. Miss Charlotte, who had heard everything from her place in the coupe, groaned and sighed her shame, and recommended her diatribes against traveling in general, and public vehicles in particular. At last, Joseph perceiving that the dispute became more and more envenomed, proposed to the office-keeper to have a horse put to a cabriolet which stood in the yard, and in which he and the disappointed traveler would continue their journey. The expedient was adopted by the parties concerned, and the diligence set off.

It was in the month of November: the air, damp and chilly at the moment of departure, grew colder as it approached. Henry Fortin, accustomed to the sun of Providence, was anything but comfortable in his exposed place upon the top of the diligence. In vain did he button his great coat to the very chin; he shivered like a leaf in the frigid evening fog. His lips were blue, his teeth chattering. Soon a small icy rain, driven full in his face by the wind, penetrated his clothes. His neighbor protected by an ample blanket cloak, might easily have spared him a portion of it, and been so worse off himself; but the neighbor was a corpulent shop-keeper, very tender of his own person and extremely careless of the comfort of others. When Fortin refused to give up the piece of which he had taken possession, the fat man applauded, declaring that every one traveled for his own account and should look after his own interests; principles which the young man found then perfectly reasonable, and found one of the journey, the stout traveler put his head out of his cloak, looked at his neighbor and said—

"You seem very cold, sir?"

"I am wet to the skin," replied Fortin, who could hardly speak.

The fat man shook himself in his huge wrapper, as if enjoying the warmth and dryness it secured him.

"It is very bad for the health to get wet," said he philosophically. "Another time I advise you to bring a cloak like mine; it is very warm and not dear."

Having given this sensible advice, he withdrew his comfortable countenance within his snug garment, and relapsed into a luxurious doze.

It was long after eightfall when the diligence arrived at Keyserberg. Half dead with cold, Fortin scrambled down from the roof and sought refuge in the kitchen, where a large fire burned. On entering, he found a group of travelers already assembled round the cheerful hearth, and amongst them, to his surprise, were his cousin and the traveler whom he had deprived of his place. The cabriolet had taken them by a cross-road, which was a short cut, and they had been an hour at the inn.

On remarking his cousin's deplorable plight, Mullen at once gave up his chair to him; as for the traveler whom Fortin had dispossessed at Cerny, he could not restrain a hearty laugh.

"Upon my word," he cried, "I must thank this gentleman for having driven me from the imperial of the diligence; for, had he not done so, I should now be wet and half frozen as he is, instead of being warm and comfortable as I am."

Fortin's position was altogether too bad to admit of a retort; he sat down before the fire, and tried to warm himself.

As soon as he was a little revived, he asked for a room and a bed; but the Keyserberg fair was only just over; and the inn was full of persons who were to leave next morning. Joseph and his companion, although they had arrived before the diligence, had found but one small bed vacant, which the former had generously given up to the latter. However, after much inquiry and investigation, it came out that there was another bed disengaged; but this stood in a room with four others, occupied by four pedlars, who refused to admit a stranger into the apartment.

"Did they engage the room for themselves alone?" inquired Fortin.

"By no means," replied the innkeeper.

"Then you have a right to dispose of the unoccupied bed?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Then what reason do they give for refusing to admit a fifth person into the room?"

"No reason at all, but they are four rough-looking fellows, and nobody cared to have a quarrel with them."

Fortin rose quickly from his seat.

"That is weakness," cried he. "For my part, I certainly will not sleep upon a chair, because four strangers think proper to monopolize five beds.—Show me their room. They must be made to hear reason."

"Have a care, Henry," said Mullen. "They are brutal, ill-conditioned fellows."

"Does their brutality excite them to make me sit up all night?" sharply demanded the native of Marcellise. "No pardies! I will go to bed in spite of them."

He put on his traveling cap, and was leaving the room in company with the innkeeper, when Mr. Rosman, who, whilst seeking a man to carry his baggage, had overheard the conversation, and approached the two cousins.

"I perceive, gentlemen," said he, with his friendly smiling air, "that you have difficulty in finding beds for to-night."

"I shall not long be without one, replied Henry, passing on."

"One moment," said Mr. Rosman. "These men will perhaps reply to your reasons with insults, and you may have difficulty in getting them to admit your right. Had you not better accept beds at my house gentlemen? I live but a few yards off, and shall have the pleasure in receiving you."

Fortin and Mullen bowed, and returned their thanks for this hospitable invitation—but in very different tones. That of Mullen was grateful and joyous; that of his companion constrained although polite. Henry had not yet forgotten that Mr. Rosman was the primary cause of the meagreness of his dinner at Cerny.

"You are too obliging, sir," said he, softening his voice; "but I would not on any account occasion you so much trouble. It is well, besides, to give a lesson to those people, and to teach them to respect the rights of travelers."

Having thus spoken, he again bowed, and betook himself to the apartment occupied by the pedlars. Mullen, fearing a quarrel, followed him; but which it was because that the hawkers did not much care about the matter, or that they were daunted by the Provencal's resolute mien, they contented themselves with a little grumbling, in spite of which Henry installed himself in the fifth bed. His cousin relieved of his apprehensions, then re-descended the stairs and joined Mr. Rosman, who had been so obliging as to wait for him.

Miss Charlotte and her niece Louisa were preparing the tea table before a crackling fire of firs. Mullen's guide spoke a few words in a low voice to the two ladies, who received the young man with courteous kindness. They made him sit down at table, and Louisa filled the cups. As to Miss Charlotte, she had not yet recovered from the fatigue of her journey; seated in her arm chair, she fancied she still felt the jolt of the diligence, and heard the rattle of the wheels in the singing of the kettle.—She did not forget, however, to inquire what had become of the young man who had carried the imperial of the diligence by assault at Cerny, and Mr. Rosman related what had just occurred at the inn.

"Miss me," cried Miss Charlotte, "the peace his life in search of quarrels and litigation!—He is a man to be avoided like a pestilence."

"It is impossible to have a better heart or more upright character," replied Mullen; "but he makes a point of acting up to his motto: To every one his right!"

"Whereas your motto is Charity," rejoined the old lady with a smile. "Oh! I overheard all that passed at Cerny."

"You are mistaken," replied Mullen; "it was not to Keyserberg to be present at the opening of a will, which takes place to-morrow."

"A will!" repeated Miss Charlotte, in a tone of surprise.

"The will of our uncle, Doctor Harver."

The two ladies and Mr. Rosman looked at each other.

"Ah! you are the doctor's relatives?" said Mr. Rosman, gazing at the young man with a certain degree of interest. "Chance could hardly have directed you better, sir, for I was his oldest and most intimate friend."

This sort of mutual recognition led to the conversation about the deceased doctor. Mullen had never seen him, but he felt for him that sort of respect regard, which instinct establishes between members of the same family. He talked a long time of the doctor; listened with great interest to details of his life and of his last moments; and at last after one of those intimate conversations in which heart and mind throw off disguise, and display themselves as they really are, he retired to bed, delighted with his hosts, who, on their part were equally pleased with him.

Tired with his journey, it was late when he awoke next morning. He hastened to dress himself, in order to seek his cousin, whom he was to accompany to the notary with whom the will was deposited. But, on going down into the breakfast room he found the notary there, with Mr. Rosman and with Fortin, for whom a messenger had been sent. Miss Charlotte and Louisa soon appeared. When all were assembled, Mr. Rosman turned to the young men and said, with a smile:

"All here present are interested in the matter which brings you to Keyserberg, gentlemen: for my sister-in-law, Miss Charlotte Revel, and my niece, Miss Louisa Armand, whose guardian I am, have come hither, like yourselves, to witness the opening of the will of their brother, and uncle, Dr. Harver."

The two young men bowed to Miss Charlotte and Miss Louisa, who returned their salutation.

"Since accident has brought together all the parties concerned," continued Mr. Rosman, "I thought the doctor's last wishes might be made public here as well as at the notary's office."

Fortin made a sign of assent. Everybody sat down, and the notary was about to break the seal of the will when he checked himself.

"This will," said he, "is of old date, and, during the latter month of his life, Dr. Harver told me several times that it was his intention to destroy it, so that each of his heirs might receive the share regulated by law. The non-execution of his intention I can explain only by the suddenness of his death. I deem it my duty to declare this; and now I ask all the interested persons here present whether they are disposed to fulfill the Doctor's expressed intention; and to cancel the will with one consent, before any know whom the document enriches."

"This unexpected proposal was followed by the first of some moment's duration. Mullen was the first to break silence.

"As far as I am concerned," said he, modestly, "having no particular claim upon the good will of the deceased, I cannot consider that I make a sacrifice in agreeing to an equal division of the property, and I am quite willing to consent to it."

"For my part," said Miss Charlotte, "I make no objections whatever."

"In the name of my ward," said Mr. Rosman, "I give my consent."

"Then," said the notary, turning to Henry, "there is only this gentleman."

Fortin seemed somewhat embarrassed.

"Take my cousin," he at last said, "I have no ground to expect that the will favors me; but that is

the very reason why I should be guarded in my decision. Whatever may have been the doctor's intentions, his will alone can now be considered to express them; to neutralize beforehand his testamentary dispositions, is to infringe both on the rights of the will, and on those of the unknown legatee."

"Let us say no more about it," interrupted the notary. "Prompt and perfect unanimity could alone make legitimate my proposition. Let us remain in the strict limits of legal rights—as you, sir, propose; and now please to listen."

With these words he tore open the envelope, opened the will, and read as follows:—

"Of the four persons who can lay claim to my inheritance, I know but two;—my sister Charlotte Revel, and my niece, Louisa Armand. But these two, long united by the strictest affection; have but one common interest, and may be considered in fact to constitute but one person; with respect to them therefore, I have only Louisa to consider. My first intention was to bequeath to her all I possess; but it afterwards occurred to me that one of my two nephews might be equally worthy of my regard.—The sole difficulty is to find out which of the two it is.

"Unable to investigate this point myself, and well knowing the intelligence and right-mindedness of my niece, Louisa, I refer the matter to her judgment; and I constitute my sole heir that one of the two cousins whom she shall select for her husband."

"Havasas."

When the notary, passed, after completing the perusal of the will of the eccentric but well-meaning doctor, a silence of some duration ensued.—The two young men look embarrassed, Louisa held down her head.

"Truly," cried Miss Charlotte at last, "the doctor has bequeathed a very difficult task to my niece."

"Less difficult than you think, sister," said Rosman, smiling. "I have long been well acquainted with the contents of Harver's will, and I made inquiries in consequence. The result of those inquiries convinced me that, whatever her choice, there was nothing to fear for Louisa."

"Then let Miss Armand decide," said the notary laughing. "Since there is safety in either case, she has but to consult her inspirations."

"I will beg my aunt to decide for me," murmured the young girl, throwing herself into Miss Charlotte's arms.

"Decide," cried the old lady;—"it is very perplexing, my dear, and really I do not know."

But, whilst uttering these words, with an air of indecision, Miss Charlotte's first glance was at Mullen. Fortin perceived this.

"Ah, Madam, cried he quickly, "I see that your choice is made, and whatever my regrets, I cannot but approve it. Mademoiselle," he continued, taking her hand, "is deserving than I am."

"Your present conduct proves the contrary," said Miss Charlotte, touched by this generosity; "but we already know Mr. Mullen a little, and then—in short, you deserve to bear the whole truth—"

"Tell me, by all means," interrupted Fortin. "Well, then, his motto encourages, whilst yours deters me; he promises indulgence and your justice. Alas! my dear sir, justice may suffice for angels, but men have need of charity."

"You are perhaps right, madam," said Henry Fortin, thoughtfully; "yesterday and to-day everything seems to combine to give me a lesson. The rigid defence of my right has always turned against me, while my cousin's benevolence has in every instance profited him. Mullen was in the right; his motto is better than mine, for it is nearer to the law of God. Christ did not say, 'To every one his right'; but rather, 'Love your neighbor as yourself.'"

What they do at the top of the Earth.

Thirteen thousand seven hundred and twenty feet above the level of the sea! At a perpendicular elevation of upwards of two miles and a half, nearly on the snow line of the Andes, stands the topmost city of the earth, Cuzco de Pasco. It is the capital of the richest silver district in Peru. In the shops of Pasco are found the products of all countries. Pasco's pale ale is in high favor here, and knives and forks bear the name of Sheffield cutlers. I remember being pleasantly surprised in a shepherd's hut on the Puna, at having placed before me some boiled mutton on a plate ornamented with a picture of John Anderson my Joe, and his good wife, with two verses of the song beneath it. The Indian was delighted at the pleasure I took in the plate, and was solicitous to have the verses translated.

The taste for gambling, so prevalent throughout South America, is most strongly developed at Cuzco de Pasco. Public lotteries are drawn every week, and sometimes every day in the week. The streets are continually infested by fellows crying, "A thousand dollars to-morrow." These men carry tickets, from which they tear, for each customer, a book, price one shilling, giving him or her a chance in the next lottery. The prize is sometimes as large as five thousand dollars, with intermediate ones of smaller amount. I believe that the strictest impartiality and fairness characterize the drawing. All these lotteries are under government control. The billiard and monte tables are in constant request; dominoes is a favorite game in the cafes, but those games of cards which are rapid in their results, and depend wholly upon chance, have irresistible attractions for all classes.

The shaven priest, decorated with crosses rosary, may be frequently seen playing with the ragged Indian, and instances are told of the wealthy mine proprietor losing in a night every dollar he possessed, to one of his own ragged men. The cockpit is a favorite amusement. The combatants are armed with one spur only; this is a flat, curved, two-edged blade, very keen and finely pointed. The first blow commonly decides the battle, and both cocks are oftentimes killed. Hundreds of dollars change hands every minute; the excitement of the betters is intense, and even here on the afternoon of the Sabbath, which is especially appropriated to the cockfight, the priest hands round the begging box, or lays his dollars on a favorite bird.—Household Words.

The ruling passion was recently exhibited in a remarkable manner, on the occasion of a funeral. An old lady had lost her husband, and on the day of her funeral, her neighbors were somewhat tardy in appearing at the solemnities. "Nabby," said the old woman, "hand me my knitting; I might as well be taking a few stitches while the gathering is taking place!"