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Strike While the Iron is Hot.

BY W. H. BARBER.

Strike while the iron is hot:
Duller each moment its glow;
If you wait till the metal grows cold,
Small impression is made by the blow.

Opportunities seldom return
If neglected, so do not delay;
Be wise and improve them at once,
And grapple success while you may.

Fortune favors the prompt and alert,
Who are quick to discern and to seize
The straws that Chance wafts in their way
Before they're swept off by the breeze.

To hesitance, sloth, and neglect
Were the prizes of life e'er decreed;
No; the vigilant, active and keen,
You will find, are the ones that succeed.

When the moment for action arrives,
To be prompt be it ever your rule;
Strike while the iron is hot,
And don't wait for the metal to cool.

The Act of a Fiend.

During the campaign of 1800 the French army, destined to meet the power of Austria on the plains of Italy, before it could render itself master of Turin and Milan, penetrate even to the walls of Genoa, and declare the terms of peace on the battlefield of Marengo, had yet to surmount the vast Alpine barrier which extends from the St. Bernard to Nice and Montenegro, and to overcome a series of tremendous obstacles, presenting themselves one after another in seemingly endless succession, and task to the utmost, if not defying, the courage of the troops and the military genius and perseverance of the leaders. These obstacles were not merely the results of natural position, there were instances in which the resistance of the invaded was more obstinate and more terrible than that of mountains, precipices, or rivers. Protected by fortifications of little strength or difficulty, and but very inefficiently aided by a locality which yielded but few means or opportunities of vigorous defence, but sustained by an indomitable courage, great resources of invention, and an enthusiastic love of country, infinitely more formidable even than their courage and their skill, the inhabitants of the small town and citadel of Ivrea, with a garrison of four thousand Austrian soldiers and twenty-five pieces of cannon, maintained their post for three days against an army of forty thousand Frenchmen, commanded by the three strongest but already most illustrious generals in Europe—Massena, Lannes and Bernadotte.

Furious at seeing his march thus arrested before this insignificant little place, he had taken Alexandria in a day, and Cairo in an hour, and impatient, moreover, to assume his positions for the treatment of the commander-in-chief, on the 25th of May, 1800, ordered the division of General Lannes to march upon the village in all its force, and take it by assault. After three hours of sanguinary combat, of fierce attack, and the most heroic defense, a handful of the defenders, driven from the citadel, retreating step by step, and hotly pursued by the victorious Frenchmen, commanded by the last resort into the quarters of Adjutant General H., with the resolution there to maintain themselves to the last and sell their lives as dearly as they might. In a moment the house occupied by a brave veteran was converted into a fortress—barricades were thrown up, loopholes for musketry cut in the walls, and every disposition made that time and means afforded for a last desperate resistance.

Lannes, who was the first to enter the assaulted village, detached an officer in command of two battalions to drive the insurgents from their position. The officer, equally distinguished among his fellow-soldiers for his impetuous courage and his ferocity, soon forced his way, at the head of one of his battalions, into the disputed mansion, trampling as he went upon the dead bodies of the forty brave fellows by whom it had been defended. Gen. H., the only survivor, after beholding the slaughter of the garrison, had armed himself with a hatchet, and with most superhuman strength and desperation opposed the entrance of the republicans; and when their leader presented himself, sword in hand, at the door of the room in which he had retreated, as his last stand of defence, the old general aimed at his head a furious blow, which would have closed his career at once and forever, had it not been skillfully parried by the sabre of the Frenchman. It was the last effort of the wounded and weary veteran; he fell, and in another moment the apartment was filled with republicans.

The Frenchman, who was never known to yield quarter to a vanquished enemy in the fifteen years of his wretched life, stepped forward to dispatch the fallen general, when a young and lovely woman rushed from an adjoining room, threw herself at his feet, and kneeling there, pale, distracted, the tears streaming from her eyes, shrieked forth in a voice of terror and despair:

"Spare him—O, spare him—do not take his life—he is my husband—the father of my child!"

The Frenchman glanced for a moment at the suppliant with an eye in which there was no trace of either anger or pity, and then, deliberately passing her aside, he made a step in advance, took a cool and steady aim with his pistol at the wounded officer and shot him through the heart.

The wife of the murdered man uttered a fearful scream, and starting to her feet and flying to the room whence she had come, returned in a moment with her boy, who, at the sight of his father's massacre, had hidden himself, pale and trembling under the bed; she held him up to the ferocious republicans, and exclaimed:

"Monster! you have slain the father—complete your work and destroy the son." At this moment loud shouts were heard, and a French general, surrounded by a crowd of officers, appeared at the door of the apartment. The scene was dramatic—a perfect *coup de theatre*. The heart of the ferocious soldier failed him; pallor

A Song in a Strange Land.

A beautiful and familiar passage in the Hebrew reads, "They that sow in tears shall reap in singing." To some brave souls in trouble, as to Paul and Silas in prison, the singing even takes the place of tears, and anticipates the harvest of joy. That the language of Christian hope is native in sacred tones, and that it never breathes unheard, the story of David Corrie touchingly illustrates.

David Corrie was a Scotch boy, trained in the Covenanter's faith, and early taught both to say the Catechism and to sing the Psalms.

Many of the grand melodies of Luther and the German Reformers had found their way among the barbaric tones of his native land, and through all his childhood and youth, he had heard them and joined in them by the fireside and at the kirk, till they were as familiar as his own name.

But David Corrie had a restless spirit, and as he grew to manhood, he could not abide at home.

He shipped as a sailor, and for years had sailed, wandering, while the wilder life of sea-life gradually wore out the pious impressions of his earlier days.

Then a sudden sorrow checked him in his erring ways, and shut him up to reflection.

His ship fell into the clutches of the Algerines, and he was carried in chains to Oran and sold as a slave.

For a time this affliction, so terrible to his restless, roving nature, almost crushed him, but the old memories, and the holy lessons of his youth returned at length, and became his only comfort.

Time passed, and the galling hardships of his servitude never lightened, and no deliverance seemed near. But he suffered on in patience, and every day, when his task was done, and he lay in his guarded quarters, he thought over the sacred texts he had learned in boyhood, and "sang the Lord's songs in a strange land."

One lovely moonlight night, as an English man-of-war lay in the harbor, off the shore where David was confined, some sailors, bored in the distance some strains of "Old Hundred" stealing over the sea.

Recent events, the time, the character of the place, all quickly suggested the explanation. There was a British subject in captivity. Ever ready for an adventure, the generous tars manned a boat, and followed the sound of the song, reached the spot where the prisoner lay, and with an old stroke in his eye, and a wreath from his Moslem guardsman's hands, and carried him under the protection of the English flag.

Restored to liberty, David Corrie returned to his dear old Scotland home, where he found his mother still living. Humble gratitude inspired him from the heart, and, meditating of his deliverance, through all his life of piety and peace he sang from an overflowing heart the old refrain that had moved his deliverance at sea:

"Be thou, O God, exalted high."
—David's Companion.

A Palace by the Sea.

Mr. John Hoy owns the most elaborate property in America on the brink of the ocean. It is said to cost him \$400,000 a year to keep it up. He had originally about 120 acres—probably the same area now. In order to get the continuity of a full-grown woods, such as the sea gulls had not touched, he built his mansion near a mile back from the beach. As it was set too low to be seen from the beach, he had now raised an open observatory roof above it, its only unique and not unimpressive. The Italian garden in front of this house is almost too beautiful to be real. A crescent-like sweep of geraniums, deeply bordered with rich leaves of various colors, but uniformly in arrangement, extends for nearly a quarter of a mile towards the long-gate, which is the most elaborate private garden, or series of gardens, in this country. The gates themselves appear to be of ash or laurel wood, plain white, and most tastefully carved and extended from bluish pillars capped with pinnate lamps. The fence about the place is of red and white tubs or shafts, quite open and hedged within. His lodges, gardeners' houses, etc., are very numerous and all fit for exact company. A new conservatory that he is now building is apparently 800 feet long. The huge front is set with huge yet graceful majolica vases, six to eight feet high, and streaming with brilliant flowers. All over the lawn in bronze tints are statues of celebrities in the size of the originals—such as the Venus de Milo, the Apollo Belvedere, etc. Fifteen or twenty of these can be seen in single visits. Nothing is crowded; a fine taste finds no object or distribution to give offence. I observe about 300 century plants in one place which the gardener was rearing. Mrs. Hoy, the mistress of all this loveliness, is said to be democratic enough to frequently make her own dresses.—N. Y. Herald.

THE ROQUEST HOTEL.—

If you want to be effective in presenting an enforcing truth, says the *Sunday School Times*, use illustrations that both you and your hearers are familiar with:

It was on one of the trains of the Vermont Central Railroad, heading into the White Mountain region. Runners from the various mountain hotels were canvassing the passengers for boarders. As one of them waxed eloquent over the attractions of the house he represented, in his conversation with two undecided travellers, he wound up his description with this emphatic declaration:

"I tell yer, gen'lmen, the '— House is the gran' mo-nast'ry of the moun'tain, an' 'ev'rythin' else is side show."

There was an illustration which was intelligible and to the point. To the average New Englander it was as expressive as it was forcible.

GEN. GRANT does not expect to return to the United States before December, 1878.

Mussulman Sympathy.

The great Ottoman empire once embraced large portions of Europe, Asia and Africa. The followers of Mahomet swarmed over three continents, and were all powerful wherever they ruled. In time, however, the Empire began to decay, and one by one different provinces established a semi-independence of the Porte. Egypt is only nominally a part of the empire. Morocco and other states in both Africa and Asia pay tribute, but do not fully acknowledge the sovereignty of the sultan. The present war grew out of the restlessness and insubordination, under great provocations, of the European provinces of Turkey, including Herzegovina, Montenegro, Bosnia, and the principality of Serbia and Roumania. The latter two were less closely identified with the Ottoman empire than any of the other states and provinces. The distant states of Africa and Asia, not directly incorporated in the Ottoman empire, but whose inhabitants are principally followers of Mahomet, are in sympathy with the Turks, but as yet have rendered no direct aid in the present war. Among this class are the people of the Barbary states, and the vast hordes who populate northern Africa, and the Persians, Arabs, and the Mussulman population of India. The telegraph informs us that the recent victories of the Russians have greatly excited the followers of the prophet in the latter country. It is not improbable that the parts will be able to recruit its armies with numerous zealous volunteers from the faithful of other countries, but that will hardly avail to turn the tide of the battle. What Turkey requires now more than recruits is money. Her treasury is empty; her credit is hopelessly wrecked; she has no means with which to prosecute the war after the present supplies are exhausted. She has put forth her best strength; she can hope to do no better than to stubbornly hold what she has until starvation and lack of war material forces her to sue for peace. She has the advantage now of some very strongly fortified positions at Plevna, Shumla, Silistria, Rostock, Widin, and in the Balkans. The progress of the Russian may be impeded, delayed, and some salient points in the distance some strains of "Old Hundred" stealing over the sea.

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A Devil Fish.

The largest devil fish ever known to be captured, dead or alive, has been landed in New York harbor. It was driven ashore near St. John during a severe storm a few weeks ago, and it was found by fishermen dying on the rocks where the stinging tide had left it. The creature's body is ten feet long, ending in a caudal fin two feet and a half across, and is armed with huge tentacles, two of them thirty feet in length and the others eleven feet. At the base of the arms is a powerful parrot-like beak, above which are two deep-set eyes each eight inches in diameter. The arms are slender and lath-like, ending in long, thin suckers, in double rows, by which the animal's prey is seized with a grip from which there is no escape and dragged toward the body and arms were a dusky red when found, but have since become perfectly white. The creature's mode of progression is not the least remarkable thing about it. The water is admitted to the breathing organs by valves, and when it has given up its oxygen to the blood it is violently expelled through a sort of funnel, and the creature is thus driven backward with great rapidity, while the broad caudal fin acts like a rudder in directing its course. It can also move backward or sideways by the action of its fins, and sometimes it crawls along the bottom with its long arms in a most ungainly fashion. This extraordinary creature has been purchased for the New York aquarium, and will be placed there in alcohol.

THE COST OF WAR.—

Prof. Sheldon Amos, of London, writes in the last number of the *International Review* on the most important subject, and is of the opinion that the increasing cost and destructiveness of war will in due time produce the best results of civilization, such as are always reached by reason rather than violence. The question of success in war, he says, must become increasingly one of whether a nation can pay for it in the place of paying for other things. When each nation is firmly assured of this, the speculative hilarity which now belongs to war will have vanished, and it cannot be long before the nations, under liberal and constitutional governments, combined to adopt some scheme of mutual assurance less extravagant, calamitous and inhuman than that of self-protection. This is the language of true statesmanship as well as of sound philosophy, and it will have to be heeded more and more as nations increase the burden of war debts under which they stagger. Nothing but the cost of war is likely to bring it to an end as a means of arbitration.

ONE GREAT ERROR OF OUR MORAL TEACHING

lies in the fact that there is too much *Don't* to it, and not enough *Do*. We bid our children not to do this and that; we do not always tell them what they may do. We tell the inmate not to go here, and there; but we do not as a general thing, give him a place where he can go. We bid the young avoid the light, warm, cheery saloon; but we give only the curb, or his own dim, chilly, uncomfortable room.

ALL the honorable pursuits of life are salutary, provided they are not sought with too great avidity and happiness.

That Earthquake.

The sensation of men and women in view of earthquakes are various and peculiar. We hear of a Utica gentleman who entered his house with the aid of a latch-key about earthquake time on Sunday morning. He had previously drunk a glass of beer, and he said to himself, holding fast to the banisters, "Powerful beer ever drunk in my life."

"William," called out his wife, "did you fall? Are you drunk again, William?"

"N-no," he replied. "What's the matter with you? What makes y' shake the bed so? Got the ager agin'?"

"William," she returned, with a sob, "you did fall and you know it. You made the whole house shake, too. You woke me out of a sound sleep. I even heard the dishes rattle, and it seemed as if the very bed was going out from under me. This is the second time, William. I shall write to my ma to-morrow."

"With I understood 'stronomy, or geology, or something," said the persecuted innocent to himself, "I did take a glass of beer, but I ain't so much 'tasted that I don't know when I am right side up." He thought seriously for a moment and then looked startled.

"P'raps they mixed it," he said. "Mus' be. Seemed to me the house was goin' around, anyhow."

We draw a veil over the scene that followed. There are some discussions too sacred for the public ear, and an angry woman in a night-dress is a something too appalling for the public eye.

To the clear conscience even earthquakes are not frightful, however. When the editor of the *Amsterdam Recorder* was awakened by the shock he rose up in his bed and called out in a clear voice, "Gabriel, is that you?" The shock passed off, but not a wave of his raven locks was disturbed. "I say," he called out abruptly, "come in." The silence was oppressive. "I pass," he remarked sleepily after a moment; adding as he rolled over, "Two dollars in advance; two and a half at the end of the year."

When Allen C. Beach arose to the situation the scene was far different. "It is an omen of defeat," he shrieked, throwing off the covers and jumping violently out of bed. "I hear the host of virtue and reform marching down upon me! It is the destruction of the Democratic Pharaoh. It is the tramp of the Assyrians. It is the army of the Union in search of a sour apple tree. What bold bring me a horse. Better still, send for a pack." He shut the door, and he went to his room, and he was sitting on the floor, and he was reading the old folks having gone to bed. "You are not afraid, I hope?"

"I wasn't trembling, Charles," she replied. "I thought you were. Why, this is very singular. I think the building is shaking. And listen. There are burglars in the house, Charles. I hear them in the next room. Oh, what shall we do? Why didn't we keep the light burning?"

"Hush," he said, as one having authority. "Not a word. Sit up closer, Matilda. Let us not get searching after danger. Let it come if it will. Closer yet. Hang on to me, Matilda, and all will be well. Or, if we must perish, let us be brave and perish together."

For the Countess was perhaps the most stoical of the many who were roused and awakened on this momentous occasion. "Gentlemen," she said, starting up in bed and sleepily searching around in vain for the help which, alas! is not hers, "my client is innocent. The horse was stolen by an entirely different person. I salute, gentlemen of the jury, to do—'kaka that!'" The horse was violently shaken, and she added, with a firm voice, "Barkis is willin'; and at the same time, gentlemen of the jury, I am not afraid."

The shock died away and she resumed her pillow with calm confidence, merely remarking to herself as she dropped asleep, "I've heard enough about that Colorado election. Now stop!"—*Rocketer's Demos.*

A WELL-KNOWN MANUFACTURER

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THERE is one sure way of attaining what we may term, if not utter, at least mortal happiness; it is this, a sincere and unrelaxing activity for the happiness of others.

THE weather, which has been splendid here since the 12th, changed again last night to rain, with storms and cold. Many tents were blown down, and general discomfort prevailed. However, five days of dry weather have made an immense difference on the roads which are easily traversable again—a perfect god-send to the cattle. I cannot find any reason for the idea that the cold and wet, when they do come in earnest, need close the campaign, certainly not as far as siege works are concerned. It is wholly and solely a question of transport, and this, on the other hand, when the cattle are good, almost means forage. I have never seen an army with such a complete of transport means as this. Where we should use three horses, or even two, the Russians employ four or five, and so on in proportion. The horses are all of hardy race, accustomed to just such a climate, or one rather worse. Then, as to forage, the country literally overflows with it—maize, oats, barley, of every sort that the horses like, and from wheat-stalks with the grain still in the ear. In the villages round the horses of the cavalry of the Imperial Guard are standing up to their knees in fodder. The transport horses are just as well off, and thousands of bullocks and buffaloes do the heavier work and live well upon coarser food. Besides the material brought from Russia by rail, 25,000 hired bullock-carts from Roumania and Bulgaria work the supply. There is no deficiency, therefore, under the two heads of transport and forage. While I write, and for hours past, interminable trains have been carrying shell and stores to Plevna at the rate of two miles an hour. A few thousand yards of canvas, a few thousand poles, and there is no reason why the horses of the reserve cavalry and trains should not be snugly housed and sheltered half under ground. The snow seldom lies, I am told, more than ten days at a time, and but a month in all, during the winter. Around Plevna itself, the villages of Urbitza, Gravitza, Tschemitza, and Radichewo, going from right to left, furnish abundant shelter for the main body of the front divisions of the besieging force. The outposts meet, of course, as before Metz in 1870, and, later, before Paris, be lodged in huts of boughs and straw, and even under tents of skins, with which each man is fully supplied.

Therefore, I do not see why the Russian grip should be relaxed one moment all the winter through, though, if necessary, the troops composing the besieging force might be partially relieved by rotations—that is, lodged in villages further in the rear. It seems to form an ordinary military problem that has been solved successfully often before and is in far more difficult circumstances. I shall indeed be much surprised if the cultivated genius of Gen. Todleben, the well-known military engineer and commander of the besieging force, is not able to find a way of doing this, and, if not, I am sure that the necessary impetus to a successful blockade, even if not to a vigorous siege; but my belief is that the crisis for Plevna is not far off. Exact details are here still wanting as to Osman's exact numbers and the time for which he is actually provisioned, but the works have advanced very rapidly within the last few days. A fresh element has also appeared on the scene. The cavalry under Gen. Gourko now, or will within this week, number no fewer than twenty-four regiments, all carrying the Berdan rifle. With these are a numerous and well-bored light artillery, and if any more success get into Plevna, will be an indelible disgrace to whoever is to blame.—*Correspondence London Times.*

"The Doctor and Miss Peggy."

Congress held its session in Philadelphia till the year 1800. The city had the tone and style of a capital, and was the residence of many men of wealth. Among these was William Bingham, a millionaire, who lived, it was said, in the most showy style of any man in America. His fondness for display prompted him to introduce the science of costumes of the Old World. At his parties, each guest was announced three times. As he entered the hall, his name was called aloud. A servant on the stairs took it up, and in a loud voice, proclaimed it to the man waiting at the drawing-room door; and as the guest passed in to salute the host, his name, for the third time, was pronounced in stentorian tones.

This foolish fashion, so unbecoming to the manners of a Republic, was put a stop to by a ridiculous occurrence. At one of Mr. Bingham's parties, an eminent physician, Dr. Kuhn, and his step-daughter, drove up to the door.

"What name, sir?" inquired the servant who opened the carriage door.

"The doctor and Miss Peggy," replied Dr. Kuhn.

The judgment was therefore set aside, and Mr. Bryant, so it is said, was so disgusted with the law, which by a technicality, deprived his client of a remedy for a slander, that he gave up his profession. Those of our readers who are lawyers will find the case of *Bioss v. Toby* reported in 2 Pickering's Reports, p. 320.

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Abundance of Russian Transport and Forage.

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THERE are 6,500 teachers in Maine.