

## Progress of the War—Movements in the Crimea.

### DESTRUCTION OF TWO RUSSIAN TOWNS.

The *Moniteur* contains a report from Admiral Bruat, of October 2d, showing that an expedition against Tamon and Fanagoria, in the Kertch Straits, had completely succeeded. On the 25th of September Commandant Bonet left Kertch for Tamon, with ten gunboats, an aviso, and a steamer. On arriving off Fanagoria, he threw some shells into the redoubt, and proceeded to disembark about a mile from the fort. During this interval, the Russians abandoned the place, and the Allies took possession of it in the presence of a force of cavalry from 600 to 800 strong, which retired immediately. A few shells were thrown among them.

On the following day our troops were employed in destroying all the houses in Fanagoria that could have been converted into shelters for troops. At Cape St. Paul, 66 cannons and four mortars were found in the fort. At Tamon there were 11 24-pounders left in the sand. By the 2d October the destruction of Tamon and Fanagoria were complete. The expedition was about to return to Kertch.

### THE CAMPAIGN IN ASIA.

#### REPULSION OF THE RUSSIANS AT KARS.

The allies have achieved another great victory—the defeat of the Russians before Kars. This brilliant affair was achieved by the Turks, under Gen. Williams, an Englishman, who has maintained his position in Asia against unexampled difficulties.

A telegraphic despatch has been received at the Foreign Office from Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, dated Therapia, October 12, stating that the Russians attacked Kars on the 29th of September, and were repulsed after a conflict of seven hours, with a loss of 2,500 killed, and twice that number wounded. Upwards of 4,000 muskets were left on the field. The loss of the Turks was about 700 killed and wounded.

The following despatch has been received by his Excellency the Ottoman Minister at London: "The Minister of Foreign Affairs, Constantinople, to the Ottoman Envoy at London:

CONSTANTINOPLE, October 13.—An official report, received from the General commanding at Kars, under date of the 29th ult., announces the following:

The Russians had attacked Kars the same day. The combat lasted eight hours, and during the struggle, which could not have been of a more deadly character, the enemy, after repeated efforts made with its full strength, succeeded in entering some of the batteries, but was repulsed with heavy losses. After having made considerable efforts, the Russians were compelled to yield before the courage of our brave soldiers, and to retire in a state of complete confusion. In addition to the dead and wounded removed during the action, 4,000 dead were left in the trenches and in the environs of the fortress; one hundred prisoners were made, and one cannon captured. Our losses amount to 700 or 800 men, among whom we have to deplore the death of several superior officers.

On the 24th September, five days before this event, 4,000 men of Omar Pasha's arms, sent to raise the siege of Kars, by threatening the Russian provinces of Abasia, Mingrelia, Imeritia, Georgia, and Tiflis, (the capital) landed at Sauchum Kale, in Abasia. The active operations, however, it is understood, will be much retarded by the lateness of the season.

#### RUSSIAN ACCOUNT.

A dispatch received from St. Petersburg, states that on the 20th of September the Russian army attacked Kars.

In consequence of several officers of high rank having been killed or wounded early in the action the assault was unsuccessful.

General Mouravieff says: "At the beginning the attack was successful, but the position and number of the enemy forced us to withdraw. Notwithstanding this, and a heavy loss, our troops took fourteen banners, and a stand of colors.—The blockade of Kars is re-established."

#### ASIA—AFFAIRS UNCHANGED.

Dates via Constantinople are from Kars to Oct. 1, Erzeroum 9, Trebizond 11, and Samsoun 12. According to these, the Russians had made no assault on Kars since their repulse by Gen. Williams, but they continued to blockade the city closely. Cholera was making havoc in the Russian camp, and had appeared in Kars. Omar Pasha had his head quarters at Souchum-Kale, and was concentrating his troops preparatory to marching into Georgia. His army was 8,000 strong at the above dates, but reinforcements have since been sent from Constantinople and the Crimea.

#### BALTIC.

#### UNIMPORTANT OPERATIONS—MOVEMENTS OF THE FLEETS.

Hamburg letters of the 28th ult., mention that some English ships had effected reconnaissances in the Gulf of Pernau. A number of Russian coasting ships had been burned, and a steamer had bombarded the batteries of Gamia-Carley. A trifling engagement had occurred at Bernahem, between a few Russian soldiers and some English marines from the corvettes *Archer* and *Desperate*, which resulted in the retreat of the Russians and the demolition of the custom-house by the victors. Several of the ships had suffered from storms. The English fleet, which recently numbered 104 vessels, is now reduced to 50, while only two French ships remain. The remainder of the squadron is withdrawing from Nargen to Kiel.

Gen. Simpson states in one of his despatches that the fine weather had permitted great progress to be made in the repair of the railway and construction of new roads, and he entertains no anxiety of there being a scarcity of anything during the approaching winter. Dr. Hall, British inspec-

tor of hospitals, reports the health of the army satisfactory. Huts were arriving daily, and he hoped that ere the cold weather sets in, the most of the army would be under cover.

### AN EASTERN SONG.

Hassan, the wood cutter, from morn till night  
Toiled at his heavy task among the trees  
With willing hand; and, with a heart upright;  
Three times a day he prayed upon his knees.

At last, long years of work had worn his strength;  
His arm no more could level hearty blows;  
And scarcely would his toil at greatest length  
Supply the simple wants the poor man knows.

Still he worked cheerful on, with humble trust  
That for his needs the Lord would yet provide.  
One day he prayed—"O Prophet! O Most Just!  
Who hold'st the highest place by Allah's side;

"Thy servant now is poor, and weak, and old;  
And still, if Allah bids, will labor on;  
But if the prayer be right, and not too bold,  
Do thou pray for him that his task be done.

"Pray the Most Wise that to a single day  
The allotted earnings of my life he send;  
Then let my breath pass peacefully away,  
And in abundance let my labors end."

That night the wood cutter in slumber lay,  
When to his sleeping eyes a vision came—  
The Prophet's form, shining with light like day;  
The Prophet's voice addressed him by his name:

"Hassan, thy prayer is heard; life's lengthened years  
The Almighty crowds into a single day;  
To-morrow's sunset ends thy cares and fears,  
To-morrow brings thy age's destined pay."

With morning's dawn the old man grateful wakes,  
And, duly turning westward, kneels in praise,  
As his prayer-carpet from the ground he takes,  
A heap of money meets his startled gaze.

The Almighty's gift he knows. "To-day my last—  
The day on which my labors all are done—  
Shall, with this bounty, happily be passed,  
And others' blessings greet my setting sun."

A feast he makes—he welcomes in the poor,  
And for himself a single meal he saves.  
The feast is finished; at the open door  
A stranger stands, who for admission craves.

"Have pity on an outcast; give me food,  
And peace rest on thee." With quick reply,  
"Come, eat with me," says Hassan: "God is good!  
What matter if with half a meal I die?"

The stranger ate, and, grateful, took his way,  
Hassan left alone, when once again  
A cry disturbed the calm of closing day—  
The cry of one in hunger's bitter pain:

The old man hastes to help the beggar in,  
And gives him all that for himself he meant;  
Wishing, indeed, it had more plenty been,  
And feeling in his heart a sweet content.

Fasting, but peaceful, Hassan slept that night;  
The blessings of the poor to heaven rise,  
And, borne by angels clothed in holy light,  
Enter the pearly gates of paradise.

That night, once more, the Prophet's form appeared;  
He spoke to Hassan, and he sweetly smiled;  
"The blessings of the poor the Lord has heard;  
The Lord approves thee as his worthy child.

"And now he bids thee, as his steward live—  
Live out thy destined, lengthened years below;  
To thee his gracious hand will freely give,  
And what he gives do thou again bestow."

Long years in happiness old Hassan lived;

The poor prayed for him; Allah heard their prayers;  
And, when life closed, he that pure joy received  
Which for his faithful the Most High prepares.

**MACHINE FOR FOLDING PAPERS.**—We have in our lower press-room a machine for folding papers, which is not the least curious piece of mechanism in a printing establishment. We will try to give some faint idea of its construction. This machine is driven by a pulley and belt, and the gearing and motion are principally rotary. Fed the same as a cylinder press, the sheet is carried from the board by passing between two cylinders, the lower one stationary, the upper drawn close to the stationary one, by a rod worked by a cam, and remaining in such contact long enough to carry the sheet down a proper distance for its centre fold between the two pages, when a knife striking rapidly, horizontally, throws the sheet at its centre between the second pair of cylinders, and the sheet thus folded once is drawn in running along on tapes, which tapes are moved by the lower one of said second pair of cylinders.

This movement carries the sheet once folded, on tapes horizontally until it strikes two set guides, where it stops and another knife strikes the sheet in the middle of the page crosswise, forcing it between a third pair of cylinders running at right angles with the second pair. The third pair of cylinders then giving the sheet its second fold, carry it upwards some six or eight inches, when a third knife strikes it and forces it between a fourth pair of cylinders. Passing a fourth pair, it is folded to one-eighth of its original size, when carried again along on tapes at right angles with its first movement over the fifth pair of cylinders, giving it its last fold, when landed on tapes it is carried out of the machine.

The cylinders are all inside of an iron frame compact, occupying not over three feet square. A main shaft, connected by cog-wheels to other shafts, at right angles, with tapes passing from one cylinder to another, gives them all the same speed. The motion of the knives is governed by cams, and when the sheet is in its proper place to be folded, they move suddenly to their work, and return again as soon as it is done.

The machine will fold at the rate of twenty-five hundred per hour, and if well fed will do its

work more perfectly than it can be done with human hands. Folding boys average about two hundred an hour; thus, allowing one boy as feeder, this machine saves the labor of at least eleven boys, and does not make the noise of one of them.

For a daily issue, where time is worth more than money, this machine is a very important appendage.

It is a Buckeye invention, hailing, we believe, from Columbus.—[Cleveland Herald.

**INFALLIBLE RECIPE FOR MAKING BREAD.**—In the first place, there are three indispensable requisites for making good bread, viz:—Good flour, good yeast, and a careful hand. From three quarts of sifted flour, take one half pint of it in a separate vessel, and scald it with boiling water; let the paste cool to blood heat, and then add one egg, one tea-spoonful of sugar, one table-spoonful of salt, one cup of new milk, one cup of well risen yeast, whip the whole well with a spoon, and then pour it into the midst of the three quarts of flour; knead it well, with as much warm water as will make it into a moderately stiff dough; let your bread rise till at least twice its size; then, after again kneading a great deal, mould out your loaves or rolls into smooth, regular forms, wet them over with cold water, to prevent cracking, and set them to raise again under a clean cloth, till by touching on one side, they will quiver on the opposite side, then wet again with cold water and bake immediately. If the fermentation has not arrived at this point, the bread will not be sufficiently light—if it is suffered to go beyond this point, the bread will lose its sweetness. A tin kettle with a closely fitting cover, is best to set your bread in, particularly when it is set to raise over night, to be baked for breakfast in the morning. Your bread should be set to raise in a moderately warm place, in winter, and a cool place in summer. I use yeast cake, as more convenient, more easily kept sweet, and less expensive. I make them thus:

Boil as many hops as I can grasp in one hand, in a quart of water, down to three half pints, then pour it over a cupful of sifted flour, through a sieve or colander; let it get cold; then add a pint of well risen yeast, and as much Indian meal as will make a stiff dough; set by to raise, and when quite spongy and light, sift your board over with meal, make your cakes thin and lay them on it to dry; turn them frequently while drying. After they are thoroughly dry, hang them in a clean bag in your kitchen, to insure them from moisture. Do not dry them in the sun or near a fire, either will destroy their life. I usually put my board of yeast cakes to dry on the highest shelf in the kitchen, after sifting them over with meal, which can be shaken off with the dust, which will unavoidably fall upon them.

Raleigh, N. C., 1855.

M. M.

**THE ARTESIAN WELL IN PARIS.**—One of the most extraordinary things in Paris (or, indeed, in the world) is the artesian well of Grenelle. It was begun in 1834, finished after several forced suspensions, about the year 1841. It is bored in the centre of the court of the Abbatoir, goes 1700 feet in the bowels of the earth, and the column of water, nine inches in diameter, rises in a copper tube 122 feet above the surface. From this elevation it descends by means of another tube to the to the ground and is conducted to the reservoir at the Pantheon, whence it is distributed for the use of the inhabitants. The temperature of the water is constantly about eighty degrees Fahrenheit. It holds several salts in solution, among the rest iron, (which colors glass submitted to its action) and is highly charged with carbonic acid gas. Now, what is most interesting about this well is that the facts developed by it, it being the deepest yet bored, have served to explode the old doctrine that such wells were mere examples of a jet of water having its head on some mountain or high table land, passing through the ground and springing to the outlet up to the height of its head.

The force that drives a column of water up to an elevation of 1800 feet, and with such rapidity as to supply 3,400,000 gallons in 24 hours; the force that shows itself to be variable, sometimes comparatively quiet, at others almost terrific in its violence, is thought to be volcanic, and to result from expansion within the inner crust of the earth—to be, in fact, a sort of explosive escape from an artificial valve in the immense steam boiler on whose surface we live. When the well was first opened, and before the water was carried to its present height, vast quantities of mud came over, from which the height of the column now clarifies it. But for a while the residents in the vicinity were greatly alarmed, thinking that the ground on which they lived was gradually undermined by the action of the water, and that some day they would be engulfed. This notion has long ceased to alarm them, as it is evident that the anger has pierced through the rocky exterior into the very interior, the soft central mass of the earth, whence the detritus that frightened the Parisians proceeded, and not, as they ignorantly imagined, from just beneath their houses.—[Paris correspondence Newark Daily Advertiser.

**MODERN DISCOVERY.**—Within the last twenty-five years all the principal features of the geography of our own vast interior regions have been accurately determined; the great fields of Central Asia have been traversed in various directions, from Bokhara and the Oxus to the Chinese Wall; the half-known river systems of South America have been explored and surveyed; the icy continent around the Southern Pole has been discovered; the Northwestern Passage, the ignis-fatuus of nearly two centuries, is, at last, found; the Dead Sea is stripped of its fabulous terrors; the course of the Niger is no longer a myth, and the sublime secret of the Nile is almost wrested from his keeping. The Mountains of the Moon, sought for through two thousand years, have been beheld by a Caucasian eye; an English steamer has ascended the Chadda to the frontiers of the great Kingdom of Bernou; Leichardt and Stuart have

penetrated the wilderness of Australia; the Russians have descended from Iliouk to the mouth of the Amoor; the antiquated walls of Chinese prejudice have been cracked and are fast tumbling down, and the canvas screens which surround Japan have been cut by the sharp edge of American enterprise. Such are the principal results of modern exploration. What quarter of a century, since the form of the earth and the boundaries of its land and water were known, can exhibit such a list of achievements?—[N. Y. Tribune.

**FROM OREGON.**—The *Oregonian* of the 17th November says:

Gen. Wool, U. S. A., has arrived at Vancouver. It is supposed that he will take command in person of the forces now in the field.

**INDIAN BATTLES.**—The *Oregonian* says of the battle fought on the 3d November on White River, by Lieut. Slaughter and Capt. Page, that it lasted all day, and that thirty Indians were supposed to have been killed. The next day another fight took place, in which several Indians were killed and one white man severely wounded. On Tuesday, Nov. 6, Lieut. Slaughter, who was in advance of the volunteers, was attacked at the crossing of White River. John Egan, the guide, A. Perham, and three regulars were seriously wounded. The Indians were dispersed. An express had arrived at Steilacoom, bringing the bodies of Moses, McAlister, and Miles, who were killed a few days before. Dr. Barnes, who was supposed to have been killed, escaped with a slight wound, and was rescued by the troops. Down the Sound the Indians were laying the country waste, murdering men, women and children, and burning the houses, barns, etc. On the Puyallup River, near Seattle, several had been killed. One woman was said to have killed with her own hand three Indians before she was killed.

**MOTHERS.**—Napoleon, after having observed to Madam Campan, that the old system of children's education was bad, inquired what she considered wanting to make it good. "Mothers," was the reply. As women are the first, and perhaps the most influential, teachers, we must have good mothers, if we would secure good teachers. With them rests the tuition of the heart, so much more important than that of the head. Sentiment precedes intelligence; and it has been well observed by the authoress of a deservedly popular work, that the earliest smile which responds to the maternal caress, is the first lesson in the affections. Mothers were meant by nature to inspire virtue, even when they do not directly seek to teach it, and they will rarely go wrong when they follow their paternal impulses.

**BEAUMONT'S TYPE DISTRIBUTING MACHINE.**

—On Thursday we witnessed the operation of this machine, and, after a pretty thorough examination of its workings, are convinced of its practical utility in large printing establishments. Each machine will distribute but one size of type; but the inventor says that they may be so constructed as to be easily adapted to the different sizes of small type. If worked by hand, one man or boy can distribute 12,000 ems per hour, and with scarcely a possibility of an error of a single type; whereas, by the usual process of hand distribution, 3,000 ems are about the average. The machine can be worked by steam, and one man can then attend to three of them, making the total distribution in one hour 30,000 ems.—[N. Y. Jour. Com.

**A LIBRARY OF BRICKS.**—According to the Leeds Mercury, Col. Rawlinson has just discovered among the ruins of Ancient Babylon an extensive library—not, indeed, printed on paper, but impressed on baked bricks—containing many and voluminous treatises on astronomy, mathematics, ethnology and several other most important branches of knowledge. These treatises contain facts and arguments which, in his opinion, will have no small operation on the study of the sciences to which they relate, and indeed, on almost every branch of learning, and which throw great light upon Biblical history and criticism and the history of our race.—[Ex.

**WONDERFUL ECHO.**—It has been ascertained that the newly erected round house of the Central Railroad, on Lombard, Jackson, and Montgomery streets, possesses all the wonders of the celebrated whispering gallery in England. Standing under the dome a whisper enunciated can be heard at any extremity of the building. The dome is traversed with thousands of iron rods, which support it, and it is said that these are a cause for the peculiarity noticed.—[Albany Argus.

**BE NEITHER lavish nor niggardly**; of the two avoid the latter. A mean man is universally despised, but public favor is a stepping stone to preferment; therefore generous feelings should be cultivated.

Let your expenses be such as to leave a balance in your pocket. Ready money is a friend in need. Keep clear of the law; for, even if you gain your case, you are generally a loser.

**PHYSIOGNOMY.**—Was there ever seen a smile on the lip, with which the upper part of the face agrees not in expression, that was not evidently feigned and forced, to be the disguise of a mind ill at ease, and a sick spirit? The mind looks through the eyes, and the brow should smile in unison with the lip, to show the joy sincere. This was uniformly remarked of Napoleon.

**A wealthy farmer** in the state of New York, being engaged in a law suit with Mr. Havens, wrote the following classical epistle to his attorney:—"Squire Wells, sir, if the sate of Heaven's goes agin me, I want you to carry it up to a higher corte, for God knows I don't owe him one cent."

**Nimrod**, can you tell me who the first man was?

**Adam Somebody.** His father wasn't nobody, and he never had a mother on account of the scarcity of women and the pressure of the times.