

Miscellaneous.

The Battle of Inkermann.

So simple in its main thread, (says The London Spectator,) is the story of the battle of Inkermann, that the official despatches, and fuller correspondence, which reach us this week, scarcely modify the tale; but rather, as usual, enable us to realize the magnitude of the contest, its desperate obstinacy, its appalling amount of bloodshed, the imminent peril of (allied) soldiers, and the heroism which enabled them to endure, to resist, and to triumph over fearful odds.

For a day or two previously to the 5th November, the Russians, who already possessed a large force within the prolonged fortifications, and a large force within the rear, in the neighborhood of Balaklava, had been observed to receive re-inforcements, estimated at 30,000 or 40,000; which added to Liprandi's corps on the Russian left, of 35,000 or more and the garrison, would probably justify Gen. Canrobert's estimate of 100,000 men, in one way and another, arrayed against the lies on the memorable 5th of November.—To augment the weight of the force brought down to crush the besiegers, the now useless army of the Danube had been withdrawn from Moldavia, leaving Bessarabia still defended by its special army, but not, it is supposed, entirely exhausting the re-inforcements to be brought from the interior.—The effort of Menschikoff to throw his strength into a succession of powerful, and, if possible, decisive blows, is shown by the advance of Danneberg's army in the very lightest order, augmenting the numbers about Sebastopol, without much regard either to their equipment or provision. The aim was to bear down by accumulated pressure; and it was with such a view that the batteries resumed the bombardment of the allies in their besieged camp; a strong force from the garrison moved out to act with Danneberg's army, and Liprandi made a feint that might have been, had it succeeded, a penetrating attack toward the rear; and, as it was it did engage the attention of a portion of the British and French forces. Thus the allies were to be occupied all around, while the weak, un entrenched and unfortified points in their position toward the valley of the Inkermann was to be penetrated by a force of great weight and momentum. It was with the earliest dawn enveloped in mist and rain, that the allies hearing, without seeing, the movement of the enemy, roused themselves to a comprehension of that which they were to expect. They were attacked in position, by troops converging into a narrow and broken ravine, or meeting of several ravines; and here notwithstanding all the "solidity" ascribed to them in the despatch of the French commander, the English soldiers were repeatedly driven back. At one time the battle consisted in the play of artillery upon the soldiers of either side; at another, in sharp conflicts of small arms; but for the most part of the time in direct personal encounters, where each side tried against the other its weight, muscular strength, nerve and resolve. The 8,000 English who were repeatedly brought forward to meet the attack, where the same men, unrelieved throughout the day. The narrowness of the channel through which the battle raged prevented the Russians from using their numbers at once, but those numbers gave a command of fresh forces in successive relays. So the conflict continued throughout the day, till afternoon; the contending bodies swayed backwards and forwards as re-inforcements or new resolution lent the greater impetus to either side. The arrival of the French first restored something like aggressive equality to the allies; and at last, English "solidity" and French gallantry proved greater than Russian ferocity and numbers. The Russians gave way and retired; their immediate object unaccomplished, and their path strewn with dead, principally of their own.

In this days battle the ascertained loss of the English was 2,612; that of the French 1,700; and the Russian loss is guessed at 15,000. (5,000 is nearer the mark.) The proportionate loss of officers, of the allies, is excessive. Supposing the Russian loss not to be over-estimated, it would be about equal to that of the allies in proportion to the gross numbers at the command of Prince Menschikoff.

Kossuth on the War.—Kossuth has delivered a great speech in England on the war and the errors of the allies. His view, enforced with his peculiar powers of oratory, is that the only means of securing the West of Europe against the encroachments of Russia is the re-construction of Poland, followed by the restoration of the other lately subjugated and suppressed nationality of the Continent.

Sweet are the uses of adversity.

How it Feels to be Shot At.

A correspondent of the London Times, writing from the Crimea, of the battle of Inkermann, says:

When we got under the fire of the enemy's large guns, we deployed into line and lay down, and remained our hour in this recumbent position, with shot, shell, grape, canister, and every infernal invention for the destruction of human life, flying over and into us and all about us, fired from 32, 24 and 18 pounders. Just when we lay down, an 18 pound shot struck and went through one of my front-rank men, carrying away his pouch and ammunition; he was the third man on my right, and I thought that things were becoming serious. We lay still for half an hour before any of our artillery came up, and when they did open fire, as you may imagine, nine and six pounders could not do much against heavy guns, securely posted in a commanding position, and well worked.—After lying down for about ten minutes, I began to get a little accustomed to the whizz of the shot and the screech of the canister, &c., over my head, and, consoling myself with the idea that if there was one of them meant for me, I could not possibly avoid it, I took out my opera glass and watched the proceedings of the enemy. In a very short time I knew every gun that would bear on my position, and you may imagine my feelings when I saw those guns discharged.—The intervals between the discharge and the arrival of the shot, (which was sure to pitch somewhere near me,) were not, I confess, the happiest moments of my life.—I can't describe the feeling exactly. It was not fear but it was something of the same nature, I suppose. At all events, it was very unpleasant. If you wish to have my autograph, you had better keep this, as not a day and scarcely an hour passes, without some deadly missile passing close to us, and perhaps some day one of them may take a fancy to my head, and then you will not hear from "your own correspondent at the seat of war." Just this moment, two shells burst, close to where I am sitting, and one of the men has brought me a very ugly-looking fragment of one of them. I am writing this on my knee, under a stone wall, thrown up for the defence of the picket. My back is nearly broken, and I am perfectly bothered and confused by the incessant firing of our lines and the town, which is now going on for its sixth day. I think the Russian fire is slackening, but this may be fancy. I shall now go, for a change to see if there are any Russians moving about in our neighborhood.

"LITTLE DAM BROOK"

A clergyman, seeing a little boy playing in a small stream by the road side, inquired for his father.

"He's over to the little dam brook" exclaimed the lad.

"What!" said the reverend gentleman, shocked at the boy's profanity, "can't you speak without swearing?"

"Well he is over to the little dam brook, anyhow," persisted the boy, as he went spattering through the water and mud after a butterfly.

"He's been over to the little dam brook all day, and if you don't believe it, you can go up to that house and ask mother."

The clergyman sought an interview with the mother immediately, and complained of the profanity of her child. After telling her, however, what the lad had said, she laughingly informed him that "little dam brook" was a title by which the stream was called, to distinguish it from "big dam brook" situated a few miles further to the eastward.

DEATH—As we should Regard It.

We shall be glad, if any one who reads the following sentences will turn to the works of the writer of them—works unequalled in our day; perhaps, of richness and beauty of thought—those of Walter Savage Landor:

"Death can only take away the sorrowful from our affections: the flower expands; colorless film that enveloped it falls off and perishes. We may well believe this, and believing it, let us cease to be disquieted for their absence, who have but retired into another chamber. We are like those who have overslept the hour; when we rejoin our friends, there is only the more joyance and congratulation. Would we break a precious vase because it is capable of containing the bitter as well as the sweet? No: the very things which touch us the most sensibly, are those which we should be the most reluctant to forget. The noble mansion, is most distinguished by the beautiful images it retains of beings passed away; and so is the noble mind. The damps of the autumn sink into the leaves, and prepare them for the necessity of their fall; and thus insensible are we as years close around us, detached from our tenacity of life by the gentle pressure of recorded sorrows. When the graceful dance and its animating music are over, and the clapping of hands, so lately linked, hath ceased; when youth and comeliness and plesantry are departed,

"Who would desire to spend the following day Among the extinguished lamps, the faded wreaths, The dust and desolation left behind?"

But, whether we desire it or not, we must submit. He who hath appointed our days hath placed their contents within them; and our efforts can neither cast them out nor change their quality."

THE RUSSIAN TROOPS AND THEIR HABITS.—It is said that the Russian soldiers have been liberally supplied with liquor previous to the commencement of the attack of the 5th. There continued and loud shouting, and the impetuosity of their attack, rendered it probable that they were under the influence of some artificial stimulus of the sort.

In the caucases also of many of the killed on the field was found a mixture of raki and water. The men who had fallen in our hands, though generally of short stature, are of sturdy frames, with broad chests and well developed muscular legs. Their clothing is well made and warm; and, though coarse in texture, are amply sufficient protection against the weather. The voluminous folds of their great coats, the sleeves of which are doubled back nearly as far as the elbows, while the skirts descend to the ankles—throw the 'skipping' ordnance great coats issued to our troops completely in the shade as regards comfort and warmth. To prevent the length of the coat inconveniencing the wearer when walking, the skirt all around is made by a very simple contrivance to loop up above the knees. So also the coat can be worn loose like a cloak, or drawn in at the waist. The men carry with them mittens of thick black cloth, the four fingers being together in one, the thumb in another division of the glove.

Among the curious and sad details of the recent battles in the Crimea, we read of an old soldier, who, feeling his end approaching and wishing to die like a good Christian, sent for a clergyman to administer to him the rites of the church. After having attentively listened to the exhortations of his confessor, and received extreme unction, he asked him with a feeble voice, "Can you tell me, reverend father, if Sebastopol is taken?" The clergyman, astonished at such a question from a dying man, answered that as yet there was no positive account of its fall. The sick man continued, "The reason I ask the question is, as I am about to depart for the other world, it would have given me great satisfaction to be able to announce the good news to Marshal St. Arnaud." At these words his head fell back on his pillow, and after half an hour's suffering the poor soldier breathed his last.

STARVATION IN A LAND OF PLENTY.—Four young children of a destitute German emigrant family, died lately in New Orleans of starvation, and when the Coroner entered the room where they lodged, the mother was weeping, half distracted, over her little ones, while endeavoring to nourish a filth, which was still alive, though dying, with a little porridge made of hard 'out meal cake. The father stood looking on the scene in a state of apparent stupefaction. The dead were two little boys aged one year and seven and a half, and two little girls aged six and two and a half, while the dying one was a girl of five years.—Two had their arms locked together as they had died.

Just to fill the column.

New York

AMERICAN ARTISTS' UNION!

The American Artists' Union, would respectfully announce to the citizens of the United States and the Canadas, that for the purpose of cultivating a taste for the fine arts throughout the country, and with a view of enabling every family to become possessed of a gallery of Engravings by the FIRST ARTISTS OF THE AGE, they have determined, in order to create an extensive sale for their Engravings, and thus not only give employment to a large number of artists and others, but inspire among the common people a taste for works of art, to present to the purchasers of their engravings, when 250,000 of which are sold, 250,000 GIFTS, of the actual cost of \$100,000.

Each purchaser of a One Dollar Engraving, therefore, receives not only an Engraving richly worth the money, but also a ticket which entitles him to one of the GIFTS, when they are distributed.

For Five Dollars, a highly finished Engraving, beautifully printed in Oil, and FIVE GIFT TICKETS, will be sent; or Five Dollars worth of splendid Engravings can be selected from the Catalogue, and be sent by return mail or express.

A copy of the Catalogue, together with a specimen of one of the Engravings, can be seen at the office of this paper.

For each Dollar sent, an Engraving actually worth that sum, and a GIFT Ticket, will immediately be forwarded.

The Committee believing that the success of this Great National Undertaking will be materially promoted by the energy and intelligence of intelligent and persevering Agents, have resolved to treat with such on the most liberal terms.

Any person wishing to become an Agent, by sending (per post) 25c will receive by return of mail, a One Dollar Engraving, a "GIFT TICKET," a Prospectus, a Catalogue and all other necessary information.

On the final completion of the sale, the GIFTS will be placed in the hands of a Committee of the purchasers to be constituted, and notice of which will be given throughout the United States and the Canadas.

LIST OF GIFTS.

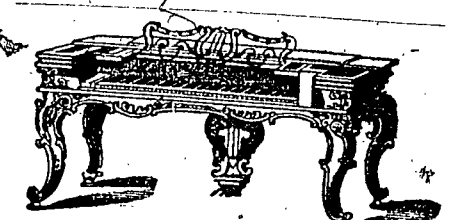
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DRY GOODS WEISE & CAMPBELL have just received at their Store, in N. Hanover street, Carlisle, a large, handsome and cheap stock of FALL GOODS, which we will sell cheaper than ever. Give us a call. Carlisle, Sept. 12, 1854.

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