

ants were close at hand, and then made a murderous volley, by which several officers were laid low, and General Howe himself was wounded in the foot.

The British soldiery this time likewise reserved their fire, and rushed on with fixed bayonets. Clinton and Pigot had reached the southern and eastern sides of the redoubt, and it was now assailed on three sides at once. Prescott ordered those who had no bayonets to retire to the back part of the redoubt, and fire on the enemy as they showed themselves on the parapet.

The first who mounted exclaimed in triumph, "The day is ours!" He was instantly shot down, and so were several others who mounted about the same time.

The Americans, however, had fired their last round, their ammunition was exhausted; and now succeeded a desperate and deadly struggle, hand to hand, with bayonets, stones and the stocks of their muskets.

At length, as the British continued to pour in, Prescott gave the order to retreat. His men had to cut their way through two divisions of the enemy who were getting in rear of the redoubt, and they received a destructive volley from those who had formed on the captured works. By that volley fell the patriot Warren who had distinguished himself throughout the action. He was among the last to leave the redoubt and had scarce done so when he was shot through the head with a musket-ball and fell dead on the spot.

While the Americans were thus slowly dislodged from the redoubt, Stark, Read, and Knowlton maintained their ground at the fortified fence, which indeed had been nobly defended throughout the action.

Pomeroy distinguished himself here by his sharpshooting until his musket was shattered by a ball.

The resistance at this hastily constructed work was kept up after the troops in the redoubt had given way and until Colonel Prescott had left the hill, thus defeating General Howe's design of cutting off the retreat of the main body, which would have produced a scene of direful confusion and slaughter. Having effected their purpose, the brave associates of the fence abandoned their weak outpost, retiring slowly, and disputing the ground inch by inch with a regularity remarkable in troops many of whom had never before been in action.

The main retreat was across Bunker's Hill, where Putnam had endeavored to throw up a breastwork. The veteran, sword in hand, rode to the rear of the retreating troops, regardless of the balls whistling about him. His only thought was to rally them at the unfinished works. "Halt! make a stand here!" cried he, "we can check them yet." In God's name, form, and give them one shot more.

Pomeroy, wielding his shattered musket as a truncheon, seconded him in his efforts to stay the torrent.

It was impossible, however, to bring the troops to a stand. They continued on down the hill to the Neck, and across to Cambridge, exposed to a raking fire from the ships and batteries, and only protected by a single piece of ordnance. The British were too exhausted to pursue them; they contented themselves with taking possession of Bunker's Hill, were re-enforced from Boston, and threw up additional works during the night.

### The Ancient Palace of the Khans.

Baktcheserai is celebrated for the number of its fountains and the purity of its water, which one writer pretends is the lightest in all Turkey. There are no less than 149 fountains for a population of 9,547 inhabitants. At the end of the long street, just across the little river, is the great sight of Baktcheserai, the ancient palace of the khans, which all travelers stop to visit. Now that Turkey is becoming so much Europeanized, this palace, as a specimen of the old architecture of the Turk race, goes on increasing in interest. The great men at Constantinople are sacrificing the ancient peculiarities of their palaces to modern conveniences, but this venerable monument is kept up by the sovereigns of Russia precisely in its ancient condition.

I was much struck with it when the brightly painted gateway first opened upon me. This divides in two a long line of buildings, of only one story in height, with all the windows filled up with carved woodwork, and ornamented with rude arabesques painted in bright colors. Right and left on entering are ranges of apartments, which all open on a long gallery, whence there is a good view of the interior court and the groups of fantastic buildings raised irregularly around it.

At the entrance of the second court on the left is the gate called the Iron Gate, leading to the principal apartments, on which is an inscription declaring it to have been built by Menghli Geray Khan, who conquered the Crimea in 1480, and was acknowledged as its sovereign by the Turks. A staircase leads into the richly-ornamented hall, in which there are two fountains, one of which is called Selsibil, or the fountain of Mary, on which the Russian poet Pouschkin has written some beautiful verses. Beyond this hall is that of the divan, the great council-room, placed in the midst of a terraced garden.

This is one of those magic buildings in which the climate of the East can really be enjoyed.—Its floor is of marble, and its fretted ceiling tastefully gilt, while the centre is occupied by a marble basin, into which the water is perpetually trickling from a fountain with fifteen jets. The only light that is admitted is toned down through painted glass, and the softest divans invite repose

from the heats of summer. The terraces of the garden outside are planted with roses; and the clearest streams of water fall in small cascades from one marble basin to another. From the first hall is a doorway leading to the principal apartments of the khan himself, where is the hall of audience and a long suite of rooms leading down to the banks of the river, whence the great man, behind a lattice, could, unperceived, see what was passing in the town.

Behind the Pavilion of the Waters, carefully hidden by high trees, is a little secluded court, where the sacred precincts of the harem terminated with a high tower or kiosk, whence the ladies used to witness the fetes and martial games that were celebrated in the great court, and whence there is a most charming view of the town and all the surrounding country.—While the right side of the palace was devoted to all that could contribute to the sensual enjoyment of life, on the left rose the mosque and the cemetery; the former built in a good style, and completed by two tall minarets of fine workmanship. The khan ascended to his tribune by a staircase shaded by a poplar tree, and here strangers are taken to witness the Mussulman service and the dance of the dervishes. The cemetery adjoins it, in which two large domes contain the monuments of nearly all the khans since 1654.—The gardens, and the reservoirs that feed the fountains of the palace, extend behind it, and above these, on one of the sides of the narrow valley, is seen a part of the town, and an immense cemetery, which is approached from the court of the palace by an alley of monuments.

One graceful dome, placed just without the precincts of the palace garden, immediately attracts attention. Below, an octagonal building, with interlacing arches and slender pilasters, supports it, and rich arabesques decorate every part, in the midst of which the cross is seen most conspicuous. This is the tomb of a beautiful Georgian, called Dilara Bikh, who was the wife of Krim Geray, and greatly beloved by her husband, who was one of the best khans that ever governed Crimea. The Georgians are all Christians of the Greek Church, and Dilara Bikh steadily refused to change her religion, and reposes here on sufferance, at the edge of the Mussulman cemetery, as she was not admitted into the burial ground of the house of Geray. Many a pilgrimage is made to this tomb, as to that of Marie Potocka, another beautiful Christian who gained the heart of a Mussulman prince.

She was a Pole, of an illustrious family, and inspired one of the last khans of Crimea with so violent a passion, that he carried her off and married her. Neither the splendor of her position, and the tenderness of her husband, could, however, reconcile her to being the wife of an infidel, and she died prematurely, worn out by remorse.—[H. D. Seymour, M.P.]

**THE NEW FRENCH SILVER.**—The public have been interested lately by statements respecting a new method of obtaining in large quantities, from that most abundant of deposits, common clay, a metal which rivals in beauty with silver, and surpasses it in durability, not to mention other qualities. The discoverer—for so we must call him—is Mr. Sainte-Claire Deville. Aluminium, which hitherto existed only in very small quantities, and esteemed rather as a curiosity, can now be prepared in masses sufficient and cheap enough to replace copper, and even iron in many respects, add thus place the "new silver," superior in some points to the real article, into such common use as to suit the means of the poorest persons.

We learn from Paris that the members of the Academy of Sciences and the numerous auditory were loud in their admiration and surprise at the beauty and brilliancy of many ingots of aluminium presented by Mr. Dumas, the celebrated chemist. It was impossible to believe they were not silver until taken into the hand, when their extraordinary lightness at once proved the contrary. That a metal should weigh so little seemed almost incredible.

The price of aluminium a short time since in France was about the rate of gold. Mr. Dumas assured the Academy that owing to recent discoveries reducing the expense of extracting it, the cost of production was now about one hundred times less; and Mr. Ballard, another member, stated that there was little doubt that the effect of competition in its manufacture, together with the advantage of throwing it open to the industrial resources of the world, would be to reduce the price as low as five francs the kilogramme, or forty cents a pound.

This important result is mainly attributable to the facility with which we are now able to procure pure sodium in abundance, which is the active agent for the revivification of aluminium, and which was at one time very expensive. Sodium is obtained by the decomposition of carbonate of soda by charcoal. By the aid of a little lime it has been found easier to separate it from oxygen. The conversion of aluminous earth or clay into chloride of aluminium takes place so easily that the price of the chloride only comes to about ten cents a pound.

Mr. Dumas observed that the generalization of the procedure of Mr. Deville, the application of chlorine to the extraction of metals, forms a new era in metallurgy.

Among the many remarkable qualities of aluminium, such as its resistance to oxidation, either in the air or by acids, its hardness, its wonderful lightness, its malleableness, the facility of moulding it, &c., Mr. Dumas mentions another, its sonority. An ingot was suspended by a string; and being lightly struck emitted the finest tones, such as are obtained only by a combination of the best metal.—[Ex.]

### LITTLE CHILDREN.

FROM THE OLIVE BRANCH.

I love the little children,  
I love them every one;  
I love them for their pleasantries,  
I love them for their fun.

I love them for their freshness,  
I love them for their joy,  
And I love them for their mothers' sake,  
For I was once a boy.

I never see a little child,  
But I feel as if I could  
Enfold him in my loving arms,  
And if I dared—I would.

The rosy-cheeked, the sunny-eyed,  
The gay and the demure,  
They all to me are beautiful,—  
The rich ones and the poor.

The infant at the mother's breast,  
Or in the nurse's arms,  
Or slumbering in the cradle,  
To me have many charms.

I love to see them smiling,  
I love to see them sleep,  
But not to hear them sighing,  
Nor can I hear them weep.

Poor, little, fragile flowers,  
Whene'er I see them bloom,  
They fill my heart with sunshine,  
And dissipate my gloom.

Fresh roses on our hearthstones,  
Besprinkled with the dew;  
The innocent, the artless,  
The truthful and the true.

The magic of their presence,  
The music of their voice,  
They make me think of heaven,  
And inwardly rejoice.

How dark the world, and lonely,  
I have no words to tell,  
If we saw them not around us,  
Nor felt their magic spell.

No wonder hapless Rachel  
So deeply mourned her lot;  
Her children all were taken,  
And she wept, "for they were not."

**SELECTIONS FOR A NEWSPAPER.**—Most people think the selection of suitable matter for a newspaper the easiest part of the business.—How great an error! It is by all means the most difficult. To look over hundreds of exchange papers every week, from which to select enough for one, especially when the question is not what shall, but what shall not be selected, is no easy task. If every person who reads a paper could have edited it, we should hear less complaint. Not unfrequently is it the case that an editor looks over all his exchange papers for something interesting and can absolutely find nothing. Every paper is drier than a contribution box, and yet something must be had; his paper must come out with something in it, and he does the best he can. To an editor who has the least care about what he selects, the writing he has to do is the easiest part of the labor.—Every subscriber thinks the paper is printed for his own benefit; and if there is nothing in it that suits him, it must be stopped; it is good for nothing. Just as many subscribers as an editor may have, so many tastes he has to consult. One wants something sound. One likes anecdotes, fun and frolic; and the next door neighbor wonders that a man of good sense will put such stuff in a paper. Something spicy comes out, and the editor is a blackguard. Next comes something argumentative, and the editor is a dull fool. And so between them all, you see the poor fellows gets roughly handled. They never think what does not please them may please the next man; but they insist, if the paper does not suit them it is good for nothing.—[Washington City Globe.]

**BORAX WASHING RECIPE.**—Our method is as follows:—

To every pound of soap add from one-half to three quarters of an ounce of common borax, with one quart of water. Put the water in any convenient vessel upon the stove, add the borax, somewhat pulverized, and then put in the soap cut up in thin pieces. Keep them hot, but not boiling, for two or three hours, or until the whole is dissolved, and then set aside to cool, when a solid mass will be formed. If the vessel is set upon the warm stove at night, the operation will be completed in the morning, though we think it better to stir the mass just before it is cooled.

The night before washing, rub the clothes where most soiled, with the soap, and soak in water till morning. This soap, which has been more than doubled in quantity, will go quite as far, bulk for bulk, as the original, thus saving at least one-half. The boiling and washing are to be performed in the usual manner; but it will be found that the labor of rubbing is diminished three-fourths, while the usual caustic or eating effect of the soap is greatly lessened, and the hands will retain a peculiar soft and silky feeling even after a large washing.

The preparation is adapted to all kinds of fabrics, colored or uncolored, including flannels, and it is thought to increase their whiteness.—By using this preparation, with the previous soaking over night, we have had sixteen dozen pieces finished early in the forenoon, when, by the old process, it would have been an all day's job.—[American Agriculturist.]

[From the Evening Post.]

### Culture of Fruit.

**Budding, or Inoculating.**—This method of engrafting is preferable, when small shoots or limbs can be found, to any other way of transforming a tree. The rapidity and success with which the operation is performed, with no damage to the tree, and the little stock necessary to make many operations, combine to make budding the favorite mode with fruit-growers.

A tree can be budded the second or third year from the seed, and it should always be done as near the root as possible. Large trees may be entirely changed by budding the thrifty sprouts, and fruit produced from the operation in two or three years. I have the finest of ox-heart and English cherries from buds the second year.—This latter fruit is much easier propagated from this mode of treatment than from engrafting; this has been my experience. All fruit is ready for budding when the bark will peel or start from the wood easily—cherries and plums before apples or pears. In budding, make the incision upon the north side, for one reason at least—it is more shaded than any other. The buds should be cut from the same year's growth, and like scions for engrafting, from the ends of the limbs and from bearing branches.

**Mode of Operation.**—Cut the bud with a sharp penknife at least one inch in length, i. e., the bark and wood attached to the bud should be of this length.

The two ends should be of the same size and so cut as to fit closely to the wood of the tree.—I first cut across the tree, then slit downwards; start the corners loose with the knife, insert the bud and shove it down so far that no bark is loose except that loosened by the bud itself.

Bind the whole tight with cotton rags, torn in strips so as to keep the bud firmly to the stock. This is the whole work, and a skilful hand can set hundreds in a day and lose comparatively none. F. D. W.

**MANAGEMENT OF KICKING COWS.**—An old farmer, who has had great experience in the management of cattle, gives the following advice as to the treatment of kicking cows: In most cases the habit of kicking is contracted during the first month after the cow has had her first calf. If, as is often the case with well fed heifers, the udder is a little feverish at the time, it often becomes so sore that it is impossible for the poor creature to stand still while the necessary milking is being done. Following the instinct of nature, she kicks; and finding she is thus for the moment freed from pain, continues to do so till the anger of the milker is aroused, and then a bad matter is made much worse.

It is better in the first place to tie the heifer by the head, then set your left shoulder gently but firmly against her, just back of her right shoulder, grasp firmly her right fore leg below the knee, turning her foot up backward till it touches the leg, then slip on over the knee a strap, or hoop, or cord that will confine it fast in that position. While standing on three legs she will find it difficult to kick so as to hurt you.

Now take a convenient sized cloth, and wet and wash the udder thoroughly with tepid or cold water, after which milk her as carefully and tenderly as possible, using at the same time such gentle and soothing language as is calculated to show her that you do not wish to hurt her—but let her struggles be ever so violent or provoking, mind you keep control of your own temper.

An outbreak on your part will as certainly be productive of a bad effect upon the cow, as an echo will answer your own voice, or as your image will be reflected in a mirror. Kindness, combined with the perfect control you have over her in this situation, I consider much the best way of breaking them; and after a few times she will lift her foot to be tied as readily as a horse will to be shod.

Continue to milk her in this way until the soreness is gone, and she will find it a gratification to be milked, will often meet you as she sees you coming with the pail, and you will ever after find it easier to get along with her should her teats by chance get sore afterwards.

**DESTRUCTION OF WEEDS.**—In many parts of the country, the farms have become overrun with weeds, from the neglect of the proprietors to attend to the suggestions below, and we find many farms in all parts of the country, in a like condition from the same cause:—

"There is no season of the year while vegetation is in progress of development, where time and capital may not be profitably employed in the destruction of weeds. All weeds of an indigenous character, are gross feeders; they require far more pabulum and consequently, are far more injurious and exhausting to the soil.—Even after the crops of roots and grain are removed from the fields, the warfare against them should be vigorously prosecuted, and every vestige of spurious vegetation which has found footing in the soil, be destroyed. Farmers sometimes manifest great care and industry in weeding their fields and gardens, but by a strange remissness, neglect to keep down the weeds which take root in their yards, and beside their fences.

As these do not subtract directly from the productive resources of their cultivated grounds, they are regarded as harmless; but every weed, wherever it grows, matures seeds, and these seeds, wafted by the winds of autumn, will be disseminated broadcast over those very lands which it has required so much patient industry, and so many hours of laborious effort to cleanse, and protect from their polluting influence.—Every weed, no matter where it may exist, should be destroyed before maturing its seeds."