

with a low, deep-mouthed growl, he sprang upon me. I stood ready with the gun, now useful only as a bludgeon. It had made a good circuit in the air, and now went bang against the tiger's head, as he made his spring, and dashed him on his side.

"What a horrible growl of pain ran along the river bank! But, though a good deal stunned, and his skull, I am sure, considerably fractured, the tiger was not killed, but immediately began to rouse himself to renew the combat. The gun, however, was fractured to more purpose,—splintered right down to the lock. But with the barrel I succeeded in giving him two or three more blows, which brought him down again, and then my knife, finding the jugular vein, ended the battle; though, ere the victory was gained, I had many more lacerating scratches than I would willingly have counted on.

"And then, when it was all over, the fatigue and pain, which a moment before had seemed vanished, rushed back upon me, and, utterly overpowered, I sank down on the rough earth and stones. How long I might have lain there I do not know; but, I dare say, our ensign would have had cause to bless the tiger, had it not been for the timely arrival of two Hottentot soldiers, who were out on leave to shoot buffaloes, and who, hearing the tiger's strange howl, came to see what was the matter. After doing their best for me there, one of them sped back to the fort with the news; and before nightfall I was back in my own quarters, safe but not very sound. But the recovery of the cattle of which I was ordered in search, and the punishment of the outrage, were subjects forgotten in two or three subsequent Kafir offences, before I had recovered from the combined effects of fatigue, chill, and clawing.

"But the tiger skin is a magnificent one; I sent it home, where, I understand, it occupies a place of honor, as it deserves. In removing the skin, it was discovered that another bullet had hit him before mine. This had been the shot I heard, and the cause that enraged him to the pitch of attacking me."

Miscellaneous.

PRESERVING SHINGLES ON ROOFS.—Some paint roof-shingles after they are laid. This makes them rot sooner than they otherwise would. Some paint the courses as they are laid: this is a great preservative, if each shingle is painted the length of three courses. But about as sure a way to preserve shingles, and that with little or no expense, is a mode recommended in a letter to us, by Hon. David Hunter, of Clinton, on the 23d of February last. We publish so much of his letter as relates to this subject, in hopes that it may be of service to many of our readers.

"There is one thing more, that nearly all people know, if they would only attend to it; that is, to sprinkle slaked lime on the roofs of their buildings in rainy days. Put it on considerably thick, so as to make the roof look white, and you will never be troubled with moss; and if the shingles are covered ever so thick with moss, by putting the lime on twice, it will take it all off, and leave it white and clean, looking almost as well as if it had been painted. It ought to be done once a year, and, in my opinion, the shingles will last almost twice as long as they will to let the roof all grow over with moss. I tried it on the back side of my house ten years ago, when the shingles were all covered over with moss, and they appeared to be nearly rotten. I gave the roof a heavy coat of lime, and have followed it up nearly every year since; and the roof is better now than it was then, and to all appearance, if I follow my hand, it will last ten or fifteen years longer. The shingles have been on the roof over thirty years. There is no more risk about sparks catching on it than on a newly shingled one. Those who do not have lime near by, can use good strong wood ashes, and these will answer a very good purpose to the same end."

The action of the lime is to cleanse the surface of all impediments to the free and rapid passage of the rain-water off. This enables the shingles to dry very soon, and consequently prevents rotting. Moss-covered roofs will rot very rapidly.—*Rural Intelligence.*

HOW TO BATHE ON A SUMMER'S DAY.—Many erroneous notions prevail respecting the use and properties of the warm bath. To many persons the idea of submersion in warm water, on a summer's day, would be preposterous; but if it be rationally considered, it will be found that the warm bath may be taken with equal or perhaps greater benefit in summer than in the winter. During hot weather, the secretions in the skin are much increased in quantity, and consequently a greater necessity exists that it should be kept perfectly free from obstructions. Another prevailing error respecting

the warm bath is, that it tends to relax and enervate the body; for experience has sufficiently proved the fallacy of the opinion, and many physicians have prescribed its use to patients laboring under debility from disease, none of whom experience such effects, but have all felt invigorated, and mostly restored to health and strength. Many persons are deterred from using the warm bath, especially in winter, from fear of catching cold; but this fear is groundless, for it has often been found that the warm bath, by increasing the circulation on the surface of the body, renders it more capable of withstanding the effects of cold than it otherwise would have been.

FAT MEN.—There is something cordial about a fat man. Everybody likes him, and he likes everybody. Your Ishmalites are a bareboned race; a lank tribe they are, skeleton and bile. Food does a fat man good: it clings to him; it fructifies on him; he swells nobly out; and fills a generous space in life. He is a living, walking minister of gratitude to the earth, and the fullness thereof; an incarnate testimony against the vanities of care; a radiant manifestation of the wisdom of good-humor. A fat man, therefore, almost in virtue of being a fat man, is, *per se*, a popular man, and commonly he deserves his popularity. In a crowded vehicle, the fattest man will ever be the most ready to make room. Indeed, he seems to be half sorry for his size, lest it be in the way of others; but others would not have him less than he is, for his humanity is usually commensurate with his bulk. A fat man has abundance of rich juices. The hinges of his system are well oiled; the springs of his being are noiseless; and so he goes on his way rejoicing, in full contentment and placidity. A fat man feels his position solid in the world; he knows that his being is cognizable; he knows that he has a marked place in the universe, and that he need take no extra pains to advertise mankind that he is among them; he knows that he is in no danger of being overlooked. It does really take a real wrong to make one really hate a fat man; and if we are not always as cordial to a thin man as we should be, christian charity should take into account the force of prejudice which we have against his thinness. A fat man is nearest to that most perfect of figures, a mathematical sphere; a thin man to that most limited of conceivable dimensions a simple line. A fat man is a being of harmonious volume, and holds relations to the material universe in every direction; a thin man has nothing but length; a thin man, in fact, is but the continuation of a point.—*Lectures of Henry Giles.*

A LESSON.—There was once an old man whose eyes had become dim and his ears deaf. When he sat at the dinner table, he could hardly hold his spoon, so that sometimes he spilt his soup on the cloth. His son and daughter-in-law were much displeased at this; at last they made their father sit in a corner behind the stove, and gave him food in a little earthen plate. He never got as much as he could eat, and he would often look towards the table with wet, longing eyes.

One day his shaking hand let the little dish fall, and it was broke. The woman scolded, but he said nothing: he only sighed. They then brought a wooden trough for him. Once he was sitting thus in a corner, his little grandchild, about four years old, was playing on the floor near him with some pieces of wood.

"What are you making?" said the father, smiling. "I am making a trough," answered the child, "for father and mother to eat from when they are old, and I am grown big."

The man and his wife looked at each other in silence, and their tears flowed fast. They brought their old father back to the table, and gave him as much as he wished, and they never spoke angry words when his trembling hand spilt soup on the cloth.—*Christian Witness.*

A HINT TO WRITERS.—It is a rule in gunnery, we believe, that the force of the discharge is not proportioned to the amount of powder used, but to the amount which can be thoroughly ignited; the remainder is not only a waste, but an impediment. and in writing, it is not the multitude of words, but the just number best fitted to be vivified by the idea, which gives energy to expression. It is also a rule, that it is unnecessary to load a cannon to shoot a humming bird, and in speech, often more depends on precision, than force of language.—Some poets whom we know, overlook these rules. The wolk in must ring and be darkened with noise and smoke, that men may think that a great battle is raging, and yet the upshot of the whole is the mangled body of a rabbit or wood-chuck.

GETTING WHITEWASHED.—A gentleman, during the past week, being somewhat unwell, was obliged to remain in bed for a day or so—during which time the operation of turning the house inside out

and upside down was going on, and colored men were engaged in whitewashing, and wenchies in scrubbing. Desirous of being shaved, and not wishing to venture out of doors, he sent for a barber. It was a "colored" individual who was thus honored by "a call," and he having arrived, the sick man got up and sat on the chair, while the barber, with a lather box in hand, commenced his pleasing task.

A little daughter of the gentleman, between three and four years old, happened to be in the room at the time, and the sick man observed how she gazed in wonder as the barber lathered his face. She instantly ran out of the room, but soon returned and took another look at the operation, as if to satisfy herself that she might believe her eyesight; when she quickly made her way down stairs and commenced crying.

"What's the matter, my dear?" asked her mother, who was busily engaged in superintending the house cleaners.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "Do come up stairs, mother, quick, and help father; for there's a big nigger going to whitewash him!"

ALL SORTS OF MINDS.—There is a strong disposition in men of opposite minds to despise each other. A grave man cannot conceive what is the use of wit in society. A person who takes a strong common sense view of the subject is for pushing out by the head and shoulders an ingenious theorist, who catches at the slightest and faintest ridiculous from afar, will hold no commerce with him who feels exquisitely the fine feeling of the heart, and is alive to nothing else; whereas, talent is talent, and mind is mind, in all its branches. Wit gives to life one of its best flavors; common sense leads to immediate action, and gives to society its daily motion; large and comprehensive views cause its annual rotation; ridicule chastens folly and impudence, and keeps men in their proper sphere; seizes hold of the fine threads of truth; analogy darts arts away in the most sublime discoveries; feeling paints all the exquisite passion of man's soul, and rewards him by a thousand inward visitations for the sorrows that come from without.—God made it all! It is all good! We must despise no sort of talent, they have all their separate duties and uses—all the happiness of man for their object: they all improve, exalt and gladden him.

A TRUE WIFE.—She is no true wife who sustains not her husband in the day of calamity; who is not, when the world's great frown makes the heart chill with anguish, his guardian angel, growing brighter and more beautiful as misfortunes crowd around his path. Then is the time for a trial of her greatness—then is the time for testing whether the sweatness of her temper beams only with a transient light, or like the steady glory of the morning star, shines as brightly under the clouds. Has she smiles just as charming? Does she say, "Affliction cannot touch our purity, and should not quench our love?" Does she try, by happy little inventions, to lift from his sensitive spirit the burden of thought?

There are wives—no! there are beings who, when dark hours come, fall to repining and upbraiding—thus adding to outside anxiety harrowing scenes of domestic strife—as if all the blame in the world would make one hair white or black, or change the decree gone forth. Such know not that our darkness is heaven's light—our trials are but steps in a golden ladder, by which, if we rightly ascend, we may at least gain that eternal light, and bathe forever in its fulness and beauty.

"Is that all?" and the gentle face of the wife beamed with joy. Her husband had been on the verge of distraction—all his earthly possessions were gone, and he feared the result of her knowledge, she had been so tenderly cared for all her life!—But, says Irving's beautiful story, "a friend advised him to give not sleep to his eyes, nor slumber to his eyelids, until he had unfolded to her his hapless case."

And that was her answer, with the smile of an angel—"Is that all? I feared by your sadness it was worse. Let these things be taken—all this splendor, let it go! I care not for it—I only care for my husband's love and confidence. You shall forget in my affection that you ever were in prosperity—only still love me, and I will aid you to bear these little reverses with cheerfulness."

Still love her! a man must reverence, awe, and liken her to the very angels, for such a woman is a living revelation of heaven.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—The following waif, albat on the "sea of reading," we clip from an exchange. We do not know its paternity, but it contains some wholesome truths, beautifully set forth:

Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadow fall across their own path, hiding

forever from their eyes the traces of the loved ones whose living smile was the sunlight of their existence. Death is the great antagonistic of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passage may lead to paradise; and, with Charles Lamb, we do not want to lie down in the muddy grave, even with kings and princes for our bed-fellows. But the fiat of nature is inexorable. There is no appeal or relief from the great law that dooms us to dust. We flourish and fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flower that blooms and withers in a day has not a frailer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men appear and vanish as the grass, and the countless multitude that throng the world to-day will to-morrow disappear as the footsteps on the shore.

In the beautiful drama of Ion, the instinct of immortality, so elegantly uttered by the death devoted Greek, finds a deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his young existence his beloved Clemathe asks if they shall not meet again, to which he replies: "I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal—of the clear streams that flow forever—of the stars, among whose fields of azure my raised spirit hath walked in glory. All were dumb. But while I gaze upwards on thy living face, I feel that there is something in the love that mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clemathe."

REANIMATION OF DROWNED PERSONS.—Dr. Hall, an eminent physician of London, has just given to the world the result of a series of investigations on Asphyxia, or the suspended animation resulting from immersion in water, which are interesting in the highest degree, & if in the hands of others found to be effectual, will revolutionize the entire method of treating persons found drowned. He objects to the practice of seeking to restore animation by elevating the temperature of the body by hot blankets and hot applications. The suspended animation in the case of drowning arises from two distinct causes, first, a want of the air usually received in the process of respiration, and second, a retent of carbonic acid gas in the lungs, and in its final permeation in the blood vessels. Permeation produces a poison capable of disorganizing the blood, and producing death from this cause alone, and is increased by heated applications. Dr. Hall has pointed out one impediment to the restoration of this function which has hitherto escaped notice. This is the falling back of the tongue across the top of the glottis, or entrance into the windpipe. The first step in Dr. Hall's process is to remove this difficulty by placing the patient upon his face and breast, instead of his back as is usually done. The body is then turned slowly upon its side, and re-turned as slowly to its first position upon the breast and face. This motion, whose effect is to cause a considerable amount of air in the lungs to be expelled and re-inspired, is to be kept up until breathing is restored, or all hopes of resuscitation from this source are abandoned. "Nothing says Dr. Hall, "can exceed the beauty of this life-giving, (if life can be given,) this breathing process."—*Baltimore American.*

LOVE FOR TREES.—We love trees. They seem like things of life. They stand like sentinels while we sleep, and whisper to us through the sky. It seems as though they were our kindred, and we hold converse with them as we watch their swaying branches through the long summer days.

"I never complained of my condition but once," said an old man, "when my feet were bare and I had no money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet and I became contented."

A friend of ours on being told that, if he wanted good health, he must "forego cigars," answered that he "would rather go four cigars than forego one."

An editor out West, announces the birth of his ninth child, under the head of "Distressing Casualty."

TO PRESERVE HERBS.—All kinds of herbs should be gathered on a dry day, just before, or while in blossom. Tie them in bundles, and suspend them in a dry, airy place with the blossoms downwards. When perfectly dry, wrap the medical ones in paper, and keep them from the air. Pick off the leaves of those which are to be used in cooking, pound and sift them fine, and keep the powder in bottles, corked up tight.

Remember that every person, however low, has rights and feelings. In all contentions, let peace be rather your object than triumph. Value triumph only as the means of peace.—*Shirley Smith.*