

SCIENTISTS

ON OF TIMBER.

It will preserve timber by a correspondent as an important is well known, he is used to preserve not timber? That quantities of salt are used, however, is no as we are reminded The Railway and En- Says this paper: well known for a any metallic salt in- er will preserve it long as it remains in considerable quantity, the chlorid of sodi- of zinc is the salt nett process of tim- which engineers have uctural timber and or a long time. In including those of ce, and deliquescence of moisture, these very similar. This gives rise to one of the use of metallic preservative. In de- where the atmosphere most all the year salts and other tim- salt and resist decay but in ordinary cli- sture in the atmos- and the moisture in cause the salt to the timber in a few antiseptic is thereby salts which have mber treatment to a ent are the sulphate (nitro) and the bich- y (corrosive sublimo- disappear from the presence of moisture, th engineers has been to retain the anti- timber in sufficient ect it from germs of

of the salt to teach or seems also to have for the correspond- renewed annually, if this were done the indefinitely. He nce in applying salt es. This he has done diagonally down- heart of the timber, three inches above and going three or w the surface. The with salt and then ates that after many ation this method of shown good results, ut what would be ex- ts in timber treat- man has found out treatment has been engineers who have line, for a long time, have been looking for cheap substances for it is not so much a with preservative e which will remain hen once applied, or it in the timber. One s been extensively ap- in a solution of glu- essure, after the pre- en injected. In order agregnate the tim- it from loss of the has been found neces- the timber, place it finally use pressure estred penetration of these various pro- figure largely in the treatment. Should it taceous to substitute r other metallic salts preserving, the treat- l be expensive, owing handling the tim- s processes necessary erial into the timber quantity, and hold it

AL TO A BISHOP.

y, bishop-elect of the Segovia, Philippine from New York for ty's departure was event eminently cal- and encourage him ance of his new and As many of his clerical brethren as modated at St. Mala- Philadelphia, met him dinner given in his Preradgast. In the remarks Bishop Pre- was his pleasure and the bishop- name of clergy of the k for \$11,000. Father nted another check for of a number of the of the bishop-elect.

THE COLLEGIANS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOW THE GENTLEMEN SPENT THE EVENING, WHICH PROVED RATHER WARMER THAN HARDRESS EXPECTED.

"Peace!" said Hepton Connolly, with a face of drunken seriousness, "peace to the manes of poor Dalton."

"Amen, with all my heart!" exclaimed Mr. Cregan, "although the cocks are well rid of him. But a better horseman never backed a hunter."

"I drink him," said Hyland Cregan, "although seldom I care to toast a man who dies in his bed."

"That's all trash and bragery, Cregan," cried Connolly; "we'll have you yet upon the flat of your back, and rooping for a priest into the bargain."

"Upon my honor as a gentleman, I am serious," said Cregan. "They may talk of the field of battle and bloody breaches forlorn hopes and hollow squares, and such stuff, but what is the glory of a soldier after all! To drag through the fatigues of a whole campaign, with its concomitants of night-watches, marches in marshes, and bivouacs in rainy weather, and with no brighter prospect at the year's end than that of making one among half a million of fighting fellows who are shot on a heap like larks; and even then you meet, not hand to hand, but could to cloud, moving about in a flock, and waiting your turn to take your allowance of cold lead, and fill a pit with your neighbors. Glory! What glory is there in figuring in small types among a list of killed and wounded? the utmost distinction that a poor sub can ever hope for. Why, a coward is no more ball-proof than a gallant fellow, and both may often shine together upon the same list. No—my ambition should have a higher aim. While I live, let my life be that of a fearless fellow; and when I die, let my epitaph be found in a handsome paragraph, under the head of 'Domestic Intelligence,' in the county journal. Affair of Honor—Yesterday morning at 5 o'clock—meeting took place—Hyland Cregan, Esquire, attended by Blank, Esquire—and Captain Blank, Esquire, attended by Blank, Esquire—regret to state—Mr. Cregan—third fire—mortally wounded—borne on the ground. The affair, we understand, originated in a dispute respecting a lovely and accomplished lady, celebrated as a reigning toast in that quarter."

"And the grand-niece, we understand," added Hardress, laughing "to the unhappy gentleman whose fate we have just recorded."

There was a laugh at Cregan. "Nay, my young friend," he said adjusting his ruffles with the air of a Chesterfield, "the journal that shall mention that circumstance must be dated many years hence."

"Adad, not so far off neither, Cregan," exclaimed Mr. Cregan, "and if you were to go out to-morrow morning I should not like to see you go posting to the Devil upon such a mission as that."

"Talking of the Devil," said Hepton Connolly, "did you hear Cregan, that the priest is to have us all up on the altar next Sunday, on account of that little squib we had in the mountains the day of the races?"

"It may be," said Cregan, with a supercilious smile; "mais ce n'est pas mon affaire. I have not the honor to belong to his communion."

"Oh," cried Mr. Cregan, "true enough. You belong to the genteel religion."

"There you have the whip hand of me," said Connolly, "for I am a Papist. Well, Cregan, not meaning to impugn your gallantry now, I say this: a Papist, to fight a duel, requires and possesses the courage of a Protestant ten times over."

"Pray, will you oblige me with a reason for that pleasant speech?"

"Tis as clear as glass. A Protestant is allowed a wide, discre-

tionary range on most ethical, as well as theological points of opinion. A poor Papist has none. The Council of Trent, in its twenty-fifth session (have it from the Bishop), excommunicates all duellists, and calls the practice an invention of the Devil. And what can I say against it? I know something of the common law, and the rights of things, persons, and so forth, but the canonical code to me is a fountain sealed. 'Tis something deeper than a cause before the petty sessions. 'Tis easier to come at Blackstone, or even Coke upon Littleton himself, than at Manochius or Saint Augustine."

"Well, but how you run on! You were talking about the courage of a Protestant and Catholic."

"I say a Papist must be the braver man, for, in addition to his chance of being shot through the brains on a frosty morning in this world (a cool prospect) it is no joke to be damned everlastingly in the next."

"That never struck me before," exclaimed Cregan.

"And if it had," said Cregan, "I confess I do not see what great disadvantage the reflection could have produced to our friend Connolly, for he knew that, whether he was to be shot yesterday in a duel, or physicked out of the world twenty years hence, that little matter of the other life will be arranged in precisely the same manner."

"As much as to say," replied Connolly, "that now or then the Devil is sure of his bargain."

"My idea precisely, but infinitely better expressed."

"Very good, Cregan, I suppose it was out of a filial affection for the sooty old gentleman you took so much pains to send me to him the other morning."

"You placed your honor in my hands, and I would have seen you raked fore and aft fifty times, rather than let the pledge be tarnished. If you did go to the Devil, it was my business to see that you met him with clean hands."

"I feel indebted to you, Cregan."

"I have seen a dozen shots exchanged on a lighter quarrel. I was present myself at the duel between Hickman and Leake, on a somewhat similar dispute. They fired fourteen shots each, and when their ammunition was exhausted, actually remained on the ground until the seconds could fetch a new supply from the nearest market-town."

"And what use did they make of it when it came?"

"Give me time, and you shall hear. 'Twas Hickman's fire, and he put his lead an inch above Leake's right hip, (as pretty a shot as ever I saw in my life). Leake was not killed through, and he stood to his ground like a man. I never will forget the ghastly look he gave me (I was his second), when he asked whether the laws of the duel would allow a wounded man a chair. I was confident they did, so long as he kept his feet upon the sod, and I said so. Well, the chair was brought. He took his seat somewhat in this manner, grasping the orifice of the wound closely with his disengaged hand. (Here the speaker moved in his chair some feet from the table, in order to enact the scene with greater freedom). There was a fatal steadiness in every motion. I saw Hickman's eye blink, and not without cause. It winked again and never opened after. The roof of his skull was literally blown away."

"And the other fellow?"

"The other gentleman fell from his chair a corpse at the same moment, after uttering a sentiment of savage satisfaction, too horrible, too blasphemous to think of, much less to repeat."

"They were a murderous pair of ruffians," said Hardress, "and ought to have been impaled upon a cross-road."

"One of them," observed Hyland Cregan, sipping his punch, "one of them was a cousin of mine."

"Oh! and, therefore, utterly blameless, of course," said Hardress, with an ironical laugh.

"I don't know," said Cregan. "I confess I think it a hard word to apply to a gentleman, who is unfortunate enough to die in defence of his honor."

"Honor!" exclaimed Hardress, with indignant zeal (for though he was no great devotee, he had yet some gleams of a half religious virtue shining through his character). "Call you that honor? I say a duel-

A TALE OF GARRYOWEN.

BY Gerald Griffin.

list is a murderer and worthy of the gallows, and I will prove it. The question lies in the justice or the injustice of the mode of separation. That cannot be a just one which subjects the aggressor and aggrieved to precisely the same punishment. If the duellist be the injured party, he is a suicide, and fit the inflictor of the wrong, he is a murderer."

"Aye, Hardress," said his father; "but there are cases—"

"Oh, I know what you mean, sir. Fine, delicate, thinspun' modes of insult, that draw on heavier assaults, and leave both parties laboring under the sense of injury. But they are murderers still. If I filled a seat in the Legislature, do you think I would give my voice in favor of a law that made it a capital offence to call a man a scoundrel in punishment? And shall I dare to inflict with my own hand in the streets that which I would shudder you see committed by the hangman?"

"But if public war be justifiable," said Connolly, "why should not private?"

"Aye," exclaimed Hardress, "I see you have got that aphorism of Johnson's, the fat moralist, to support you; but I say shame upon the recreant, for as mean and guilty a compliance with the prejudices of the world as ever parasite betrayed. I stigmatize it as a wilful sin, for how can I esteem the author of Rasselas a fool?"

"Very hardly," said Cregan; "and pray what is your counter-argument?"

"This public war is never (when justifiable) a quarrel for sounds and conventional notions of honor; public war is at best a social evil, and cannot be embraced without the full concurrence of society, expressed by its constituted authorities, and obtained only in obedience to the necessity of the case. But to private war society has given no formal sanction, nor does it derive any advantage from the practice."

"Upon my word," said Cregan, "you have some very curious ideas."

"Well, Hardress," exclaimed Connolly, "if you have a mind to carry those notions into practice, I should recommend you to try it in some other country besides Ireland; you will never go through with it in this."

"In every company, and on every soil," said Hardress, "I will avow my sentiments. I never will fight a duel; and I will proclaim my purpose in the ears of all the duellists on earth."

"But society, young gentleman—"

"I bid society defiance—at least that reckless, godless, heartless crew to whom you wrongfully apply the term. The greater portion of those who bow down before this bloody error, is composed of slaves and cowards, who are afraid to make their own conviction the guide of their conduct."

"Letting I dare not wait upon whom I would,

Like the poor cat j' the adage."

"I am sure," said Cregan, "I had rather shoot a man for doubting my word, than for taking my purse."

"Because you are as proud as Lucifer," exclaimed Hardress. "Who but the great father of all injustice would say that he deserved to be shot for calling you a (it is an unpleasant word, to be sure)—a liar?"

"But he does more; he actually does strike at my life and property, for I lose both friends and fair repute, if I suffer such an insult to pass unnoticed."

In answer to this plea, Hardress made a speech, of which (as the newspapers say) we regret that our space does not allow us to offer more than a mere outline. He contended that no consequences could justify a man in sacrificing his own persuasion of what was right to the error of his friends. The more general it became to increase the number of its victims. The question was not, whether society would disown or receive the passive gentleman, but whether society was in the wrong or the right; and it the former, that he was bound to adopt the cause of justice at every hazard. He drew the usual distinction between moral and animal courage, and painted with force and feeling the heroism of a brave man encountering alone the torrent of general opinion, and taking more wounds upon his spirit than ever Horatius Cocles risked up-

on his person. He quoted the celebrated passage of the faithful seraph in Milton, alluded to the Athenian manners, and told the well known story of Lucian Anacharsis, all which tended considerably more to exhaust the patience than to convince the understanding of his hearers.

"Finally," said he, "I denounce the system of private war, because it is the offspring of a barbarous pride. It was a barbarous pride that first suggested the expedient, and it is an intolerable pride that still sustains it. Talk of public war! The world could not exist, if nation were to take up the sword against nation upon a point of honor, such as will call out for blood between man and man: The very word means pride. It is a measureless, bloody pride, that demands a reparation so excessive for every slight offence. Take any single quarrel of them all, and dissect its motive, and you will find every portion of it stained with pride, the child of selfishness—pride, the sin of the first Devil—pride, the poor pitiful creature of folly and ignorance,—pride, the—"

"Oh, trash and stuff man," exclaimed Connolly, losing patience; "if you are going to preach a sermon, choose another time for it. Come, Cregan, send the bowl this way, and let us drink. Here, young gentleman, stop spouting, and give us a toast. You'll make a fool of yourself, Hardress, if you talk in that manner among gentlemen."

Without making any answer to this speech (which, however he felt a little difficulty in digesting) Hardress proposed the health and future fame of young Kyrie Daly.

"With all my heart," exclaimed his father and Connolly.

"I'll not drink it," said Cregan, putting from him his glass.

Hardress was just as proud (to borrow his own simile) as Lucifer himself, and, probably, it was on this account he held the quality so cheap. It must be admitted, likewise, that his ambitious love of singularity formed but too considerable a part of his motive in the line of argument which he had followed up; and he was by no means prepared to perform the heroic part which he had described with so much enthusiasm. Least of all could he be expected to do so at the present moment; for while he was speaking he had also been drinking, and the warmth of dispute, increased by the excitement of strong drink, left his reason still less at freedom than it might have been under the dominion of an ordinary passion. He insisted upon Cregan's drinking his toast.

"I shall not drink it," said Cregan; "I consider him as an impertinent puppy."

"He is my friend," said Hardress.

"Oh, then, of course, said Fireball, with an ironical smile, evidently intended as a retort, "he is utterly blameless."

To use a vulgar but forcible expression, the blood of Hardress was now completely up. He set his teeth for a moment, and then discharged the contents of his own glass at the face of the offender. The fire-eater, who, from long experience, was able to anticipate this proceeding, evaded by a rapid motion, the degrading missile, and then quietly resumed his seat. "Be prepared, sir," he said, "to answer this in the morning."

"I am ready now," exclaimed Hardress. "Connolly, lend me your sword, and be my friend, Father, do you second that gentleman and you will oblige me."

Mr. Barnaby Cregan rose to interfere; but in doing so, he betrayed a secret which had till that moment lain with himself; he was the first who fell.

"No, no swords," said Connolly; "there are a pretty pair of pistols over the chimney-piece. Let them decide the quarrel."

It was so agreed. Hardress and Cregan took their places in the two corners of the room, upon the understanding that both were to approach step by step, and fire when they pleased. Hepton Connolly took his place out of harm's way in a distant corner, while Cregan crept along the floor, muttering in an indistinct tone: "Drunk? aye, but not dead drunk. I call no man deal drunk while he lies on the high road, with sense enough to roll out of the way when a carriage is driving towards him."

Hardress fired after making two paces. Cregan who was unhurt reserved his shot until he put the pistol up to the head of his opponent. Hardress never flinched, although he really believed that Cregan was about to shoot him.

"Come," said he loudly, "fire your shot and have done with it. I would have met you at the end of a handkerchief upon my friend's quarrel."

Hyland Cregan, after enjoying for a moment the advantage he possessed, uncocked his pistol, and laid it on the table.

"Hardress," said he, "you are a brave fellow. I believe I was wrong-

I ask your pardon, and am ready to drink your toast."

"Oh, well," said Hardress, with a laugh, "if that be the case I cannot, of course, think of pursuing the affair any further. And he reached his hand to his opponent with the air of one who was exercising rather than receiving a kindness.

The company once more resumed their places at the table somewhat sobered by this incident, which, though not unusual at the period, was yet calculated to excite a little serious feeling. It was not long, however, before they made amends for what was lost in the way of intoxication. The immense blue jug, which stood inside the fender, was replenished to the brim, and the bowl flew round more rapidly than ever. Cregan told stories of the Hell-fire Club in the sweating and pinching days. Connolly overflowed with anecdotes of attorneys outdone, of plates well won, of bailiffs naimed and beaten; and Cregan, whose tongue was the last member of his frame that became accessory to the sin of intoxication, filled up his share in the conversation with accounts of cocks and of ghosts, in the appearance of which last he was a firm though not a fearful believer.

Hardress remained with the company until the sound of a vehicle drawing up at the hall-door announced the return of his mother and cousin. He then left the room and hurried to his own apartment, in order to avoid meeting them under circumstances which he well supposed were not calculated to create any impression in his own favor.

We cannot better illustrate the habits of the period than by transcribing an observation made in Mr. Cregan's kitchen at the moment of the dispute above detailed. Old Nancy was preparing the mould candles for poor Dalton's wake when she heard the shot fired in the dining-parlor.

"Run into the gentlemen, Mike eroo," she exclaimed, without even laying aside the candle, which she was paring with a knife, in order to make it fit the socket more exactly. "I lay my life the gentlemen are fighting a jewel."

"It can't be a jewel," said Mike, the servant boy, who was courting a slumber in a low chair before the blazing fire. "It can't be a jewel, when there was only one shot."

"But it isn't far from 'em, I'll be bail, till they'll fire another, if they do not be hindered; for 'tis shot for shot with 'em. Run in, eroo."

The servant boy stretched his limbs out lazily, and rubbed his eyes. "Well," said he, "fair play all the world over. If one fired, you wouldn't have the other put up with it, without havin' his fair revenge?"

"But may be one of 'em is kilt already!" observed Nancy.

"E'then, d'ye hear this? Sure you know well, that if there was any body shot, the master would ring the bell."

This observation was conclusive. Old Nancy proceeded with her gloomy toil in silence, and the persuasive Mike, letting his head hang back from his shoulders, and crossing his hands upon his lap, slept soundly on undisturbed by any idle conjectures on the cause of the noise which they heard there.

(To be continued.)

BABY'S HEALTH.

Mothers all over the Dominion will be spared many an anxious hour if they will keep always at hand a box of Baby's Own Tablets and give them to their little ones as occasion may require. These Tablets have saved thousands of little baby lives and grateful mothers everywhere acknowledge the good they have done their little ones. Mrs. E. J. McParland, Wylie, Ont., writes:—"I cannot praise Baby's Own Tablets enough. When I got them my baby girl was very bad with whooping cough, and cutting her teeth besides. With both these troubles at the same time she was in a bad way and slept but little either day or night. After the second dose of the Tablets I found there was already a change for the better. She slept well through the day and nearly all night, and this was a great relief to me, as I was nearly worn out losing so much rest at night. She cried almost incessantly before I began giving her the Tablets, but in a short time the cough ceased, she cut six teeth, grew cheerful and began to gain wonderfully. In fact, I believe I owe her life to Baby's Own Tablets, as I do not think she would have pulled through had it not been for them. I can recommend the Tablets to any mother who has a cross, fretful, sickly child.

These Tablets will cure all the minor ailments of little ones: they are guaranteed to contain no opium, and can be given with advantage to the youngest and most delicate child. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail, at 25 cents a box, by writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Lack of Public Spirit In Catholic Ranks.

Under the caption "A Belated Community," the Boston "Pilot" says:—

"It is some time since we have heard of any know-nothingism in Massachusetts, but we learn from 'The Messenger,' of Worcester, that it infests the lovely town of Leominster.

This community numbers about 15,000 persons, and the last assessor's list showed that there were 3,795 voters. Nearly one-half of the latter are Catholics, and yet, according to 'The Messenger'—

The water works system is an extensive one, but no Catholic name appears on its membership.

The valuable school property, for which Catholics pay their full share, is handed solely by non-Catholics.

No Catholic is chosen to the library committee, and consequently the list of Catholic books is meager and inadequate.

The selectmen, the town clerk, the collector and treasurer, the auditor, the highway commissioner, the assessor, the constables, the field-driver, fence viewers and pound-keeper are all Protestant.

No Catholic owns, or controls a clothing or shoe store, nor is there an Irish or Catholic clerk in any such business house.

The above facts are as discreditable to the Catholics of Leominster as they are disgraceful to the Protestants. Our co-religionists seem to fail to realize that they have nearly half the votes and consequently almost enough to turn any election—that the determined demand of so numerical a body for a fair showing in regard to candidates for public office would probably be complied with; otherwise there it nothing to prevent those boycotted from nominating a ticket of their own—that a Catholic vote counts for as much as a Protestant ballot—that a Catholic dollar is as much appreciated by the tradespeople as that of a Protestant.

The Catholic citizens would not suffer from this political ostracism if they would show as much enterprise and brains—an easy matter—as their bigoted townsmen. And if the tradespeople will not hire a person, solely because he or she is a Catholic, then the Catholics ought in self-respect to refrain as much as possible from purchasing any of their stock. Merchandise as good and cheap can be procured in adjoining places where such prejudice does not exist, at the expense of a little inconvenience.

We trust that the Catholics of Leominster will wake from their lethargy and secure their rights. If they do not they deserve to suffer from the religious boycott."

There are many cities and towns nearer home where the same sad spirit of indifference prevails in Catholic ranks.

THE FARMER AND STATESMAN

Those who imagine the Irish farmer has a fair chance may be interested in knowing the following facts: To deliver a ton of eggs from the banks of the Boyne to Leeds, in England, costs more than ninety shillings.

To take a ton of eggs from St. Petersburg to Leeds costs less than thirty shillings, and from the south of France less than twenty shillings a ton.

A member of the British Government, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, was traveling in Ireland. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre is a benevolent, conscientious man, and it was his intention, if possible, to awaken the Irish peasants to the error of their ways, from the point of view of political economy. Wherever he went he had the latest reports from the London "Times," showing the market value of eggs, chickens, pigs, etc., and he always impressed on the peasants the value of enterprise.

He found one old Irishman sitting beside a small pool of water, watching some chickens on the bank and some ducks on the water. This conversation took place:

"My good man, what do you do with those chickens?"

"Eat them," said the Irishman.

"What do you do with the ducks and with the eggs?"

"Eat them, too."

"But let me read you the price of eggs, chickens and ducks in London this morning, and you will see how prosperous you would be if you would sell in the big city the things you raise."

"Do you see that pool of water?" said the Irishman. "Well I suppose if I had that pool of water in hell I could get any amount of money for it. The trouble is to get it there."

Mr. Shaw-Lefevre is now an ardent advocate of reduced railroad transportation rates in Ireland. — The Gael.