

kerchief to give me his measure for a new wig, I hardly knew what to do, whether to laugh or scream with fright. I never saw anything so hideous and so comical. It was Gorgon and Genou put together. He then related to me how he came to lose his wig. It was in a low den where he had been carousing with a lot of rough boatmen. Liquor, of course, got the better of them all. A free fight was first indulged in, but after awhile, by a common instinct, the whole of them turned on Paladine. The fellow, who is very powerful and no coward, faced them for a long time, and from a corner of the wall where he was driven, dealt them shower upon shower of heavy blows. But the unequal fight bore him down at last. Possibly, if he had continued to the end he might have been left dead on the floor, but fortunately, at the very crisis of the battle, one of his adversaries made a desperate plunge at his hair and tore off his wig. The effect was tremendous. A terrible shout arose: "The devil! the devil!" and in the twinkling of an eye the room was cleared. Out of charity I got the poor fellow a wig of the size, pattern and colour which he designated. He had some little money left with him, because he paid me for it. He left me a moment after, and I have not seen him since.

"You don't know what has become of him?"

"He must be at the Quarries, I guess."

"No. I am told he has not been there for seven or eight days."

"Oh, by the way, he did tell me he had had a falling out with the old man, and from what he said—I don't remember now precisely what—I concluded he would not go back home in a hurry. He talked to me of a trip he intended taking to New York on some business or other, but I did not pay much attention to him, for I thought he rather needed rest than anything else after such a hiding as he received. However, if he had it in his head to travel, I should not be surprised to learn that he has done so."

All this was bad enough. It was such news as I could not repeat either to M. Paladine or to Ory. The old gentleman's wrath would burst out afresh and Ory would break her heart with weeping. That Bonair had made search for Gaiso through the city was quite probable, and not finding her, he had sought relief from his vexation in a round of dissipation. When he had gone into that rather deeper than he expected, it was also possible that he had decided upon absenting himself for a time until the scandal had blown over or some other circumstance called for his return. I thought I might safely tell M. Paladine that Bonair was gone East.

(To be continued.)

BISHOPS OF DURHAM.

SOMETHING ABOUT A RICH OLD ENGLISH SEE AND SOME OF ITS EIGHTY-TWO INCUMBENTS.

The cable last week announced the death of Dr. Charles Baring, ex-Bishop of Durham, who resigned his office last January, when Dr. Joseph Barber-Lightfoot, Canon of St. Paul's and Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, was chosen his successor. Bishop Baring was raised to the Episcopacy in 1856 as Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, where he was known as a hard worker and a sworn foe of display, "having even been seen to carry his own carpet-bag from the railway-station and encouraging his clergy to receive him in the same homely way as they would any other brother clergyman." On the death of Bishop Villiers in 1861, Dr. Baring was translated to the See of Durham. During his seventeen years' incumbency he built 119 new churches, and enlarged and restored 150 others, besides building or enlarging 183 schools, forming 102 new parishes, and incurring a large outlay for burial grounds. He held 671 confirmations, at which 75,704 persons were initiated. The duties of his large diocese—it has a population of more than 1,000,000 souls—to which he sedulously devoted himself, left Dr. Baring little leisure for literature, controversy or politics. He was probably the strongest Evangelical on the bench, and so not in particular close sympathy with many of his clergy. Critics said that he was almost as tyrannical to his clergy as was Bishop Marsh, of Peterborough, who was smashed by Sydney Smith in the *Edinburgh Review*. "Bishop Overbearing" was one title conferred on him, and a familiar story that has been widely circulated relates how a child who had been playing in Au kland Park boasted on returning home that she had seen and been spoken to by "the Lord Bishop." "What did he say?" "Oh, he frowned and said, 'Get off the grass!'" His feuds with the Dean and Chapter of his Cathedral were notorious—indeed he had not preached in the cathedral for many years, and but rarely entered it. Nevertheless he was munificent in his charities, though opposed to all display, and when he resigned his charge, owing to ill health, declined to receive any retiring pension on the ground that his ample private means made it unnecessary for him to avail himself of the provisions of the Bishops' resignation act. The income of the See was £8,000 a year, to one-third of which he was entitled on retiring. He might also have retained as a residence Bishop Auckland, a noble palace. His successor would have found himself with an income of only £4,300 a year—£7,000 is the figure forwarded by a recent act, the other £1,000 going towards the endowment of the See of Newcastle—and without a residence, had Dr. Baring insisted on his rights.

The selection of Canon Lightfoot was a surprise, notwithstanding his eminent reputation for piety and learning. For more than two centuries at least the See of Durham had not been filled by any one not previously a Bishop, the successive translations being Bishop Crewe, from Oxford, in 1674; Bishop Talbot, from Salisbury, in 1722; Bishop Chandler, from Lichfield, in 1730; Bishop Butler, from Bristol, 1750; Bishop Trevor, from St. David's, in 1752; Bishop Egerton, from Lichfield, in 1771; Bishop Thurlow, from Lincoln, in 1787; Bishop Barrington, from Salisbury, in 1801; Bishop Van Mildert, from Llandaff, in 1826; Bishop Maltby, from Chichester, in 1836; Bishop Longley, from Ripon, in 1856; Bishop Villiers, from Carlisle, in 1860, and Bishop Baring, from Gloucester, in 1862. The present Bishop of Gloucester, Dr. Ellicott, was regarded as reasonably sure of the promotion, and wicked wits record that there was a distinctly visible smile on the congregation when he gave out as his text on the Sunday after the announcement of Canon Lightfoot's preferment, "O wretched man that I am!" Dr. Baring, by the way, was the first person that ever resigned the See of Durham.

The Bishopric of Durham is in the north of England what the Bishopric of London is in the south, holding an altogether unique position and preponderating over all other Sees. It is only inferior to an Archbishopric in dignity, and has the distinction of being one of the three Sees—London and Winchester being the other two—which carry with them a seat in the House of Lords independently of seniority on the bench. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York are not entitled to encircle their mitres with the ducal coronet, but the Bishop of Durham is, in compliment to the old Palatine rights of his predecessors. The Prince-Bishops of Durham once exercised regal sway over the territory of their diocese. Till the reign of Henry VIII. writs in Durham ran in the Bishop's name, and offenders were tried for breaking "the Bishop's peace," not the King's. As late even as the reign of William III what is now called "the County Palatine of Durham" was styled "the Bishopric of Durham." The incumbent, who was Count Palatine in right of his See, Earl of Sacerb, and in point of precedence held rank, as he still does, next to the Bishop of London, had his Court of Chancery, Attorney-General, etc., and Durham was one of the *imperium in imperiis* against which Burke thundered. The Bishopric was once the richest in England, its income in good colliery seasons ranging from £40,000 to £60,000 a year. When, almost a century ago, Thurlow asked it for his brother, the Bishop of Lincoln, George III replied: "Any other preferment, my Lord, but Durham has always been reserved for men of noble birth and distinguished connection," whereupon the King's conscience-keeper answered in his most impressive manner, "Then, your Majesty I ask it for the brother of the Lord High Chancellor of England," and the King gave way. The last Prince-Bishop who could be so designated by courtesy, in consideration of the princely amount of his revenues, was William Van Mildert (1826-36). He dispensed a splendid hospitality both at his city palace and country seat. Dr. Halifax, the biographer of the great Bishop Butler, says that the latter during his incumbency of Durham set apart three days every week for the reception and entertainment of the principal gentlemen of the county. Nor, it is added, did he neglect even the clergy who had the poorest benefices. "He not only occasionally invited them to dine with him, but condescended to visit them at their respective parishes." The notion that there could be any extraordinary condescension in the visit of a Bishop to the clergymen who formed a part of his staff throws a curious light not only upon the general ecclesiastical life of the eighteenth century, but also upon the position of the Bishops of Durham. It is worthy of remark also that when Dr. Baring resigned, the Dean and Chapter disregarded the formal inhibition of the Archbishop of York against their administering the diocese during the vacancy, considering that the guardianship of the spiritualities *sedes vacante* had been granted by a charter of William the Conqueror and confirmed by numerous charters of succeeding monarchs and bulls of Popes prior to the Reformation. It was then again confirmed in the charter of Henry VIII, and has only once been resisted, and that unsuccessfully, by Archbishop Sandys in 1587.

The Bishopric of Durham dates back 1,242 years, from the days of St. Aidanus, A. D. 637, when it had Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, on the Northumberland coast, as its headquarters. Thence the Danes expelled the Bishop and monks, about 800, and, says Heylin, "they wandered up and down from place to place for 200 years, not finding any place where they might repose themselves in safety, till in the end they sat them down in Durham, Anno 990 or thereabouts." Among the Bishops have been a Patriarch of Jerusalem, a Cardinal, a Lord Chief Justice, a principal Secretary of State, besides Lord Chancellors, Lord Treasurers, etc. Five of the Lindisfarne Bishops were sainted, the greatest of them being Cuthbert, in whose name the Durham Cathedral was consecrated. A shepherd boy of the vale of the Leader, he joined the monks of a small monastery on the Tweed—Muirros or Melrose—and by his ardent, but mild, piety and zeal for the conversion of the heathen rose to be friar, being afterwards transferred to Lindisfarne. He died March 20, 687, having, by his devotion to the spirit of prayer and holy contemplation, so distinguished himself that to his brethren he seemed "more

like an angel than a man." For some time he had occupied a solitary cell on the smaller island of Farne. There it was he died. Readers of "Marmion" will remember Scott's lines:

How on a rock by Lindisfarne,
Saint Cuthbert sets and toils to frame
The sea-born beads that bear his name.

The Northumbrian legend was that on dark stormy nights the saint occupied himself by forging on a rock anvil, with another fragment of rock as his anvil, beads for the faithful. To this day the waves cast up there after a storm "St. Cuthbert's beads"—the fossilized remains of crinoids washed by the sea out of the shore rocks. The saint's bones have wandered wide. He charged the monks of Lindisfarne, in the event of a Danish incursion, to quit the island and take his remains with them. Eleven years after Cuthbert's death they disinterred the body to give it a more honorable place, and finding that it had not undergone decay, proclaimed a miracle, and placed it in a shrine where it remained till 875, the wonder-working object of great veneration. To escape the Danes the brethren then left the island, taking the body with them. After wandering about for some years it found rest at Chester-c-Street till 995, when, the Danes coming unpleasantly close, it was taken to Rippon. The incursion over, the brethren brought it back, but at a spot on the River Wear, known as Duir-holm—the Deer's Meadow—they were miraculously arrested, and settling there with their precious burden, founded the Cathedral of Durham. To the present building the body was moved in 1104; on inspection ere it was placed in the lavishly adorned shrine behind the great altar, it was found to be inclosed in three coffins, one wrapped in hides, and to be shrouded in linen, "including the face, the only flesh visible being through a chink left in the cere-cloths at the neck." There the body remained till the Reformation in 1540, the saint's corporax cloth—the covering of the chalice, having meanwhile been the Plantagenet's banner, turning in 1346 the fate of the day at Neville's Cross and soon after witnessing the taking of Berwick. More fortunate than other saints, Cuthbert escaped ignominious treatment, his coffin being carefully closed, sealed up in an additional casket, and buried beneath the defaced shrine. In May, 1827, the coffins were opened, and within was found a skeleton, wrapped in shrouds of linen and silk, with on its breast a small golden cross. The whole body was perfectly dry, and as there was no space between the swathings and the bones, and no trace of decomposition was observable, it was evident that in promoting belief in the incorruptibility of the saint's body, the monks had been guilty of a pious fraud, exhibiting "a mere skeleton, swaddled up, so as to appear entire, with plaster-balls in the eye-sockets, to plump out that part of the visage."

LYMAN, SONS & CO.

We give this week an engraving of the exhibit made by Messrs. Lyman, Sons & Co., of this city, at the recent Dominion Exhibition at Ottawa. This house is by far the oldest in the drug business in the Dominion, and is one of the very few houses in Canada which has been successfully conducted by the same family from its foundation towards the end of the eighteenth century, and it has throughout its long existence maintained the highest reputation for honourable dealing and the purity of the goods it supplied. The exhibit made by this firm at Ottawa was worthy of special notice, and it is characteristic of the quality of the goods kept by them, that in the four regular classes in which they exhibited, they took three first prizes, including a silver medal, and one second prize, although, we are assured, nothing was manufactured especially for exhibition, everything shown having been taken out of the regular stock. The articles exhibited were: Pharmaceutical Preparations, including Fluid Extracts and Powdered Drugs and Spices, for which they received the Dominion Silver Medal and \$10, being the highest prize; Paints, ground in oil; and a collection of raw and boiled Linseed Oils, for each of which they received first prize. They also made a very attractive display of perfumes, prominent among which was their "Noupareil" perfumes, which, although but recently introduced, have already achieved for themselves a reputation second to none of even the imported perfumes, from such celebrated houses as Lubin and Atkinson. A special feature in this exhibit was a huge pile of Linseed Oil-Cake. This is the residue obtained in the manufacture of Linseed Oil, and as it consists only of the farina and mucilaginous skin of the linseed, is very nutritious, and is largely used for fattening cattle in England, where most of the cake made by the firm is sent. This house was the first to introduce the manufacture of Linseed Oil into Canada, nearly fifty years ago. At first, a wooden screw press was used, which was soon replaced by a hydraulic press: this proving insufficient, about twenty years ago four powerful hydraulic presses were erected, capable of pressing 500 gallons of oil a day. During the season these presses are run night and day, two gangs of men being employed. It may not be generally known that the climate and soil of Canada are particularly fitted for raising linseed, and that Canadian seed produces a large yield and a very fine quality of oil. As evidence of this, we may remark that, both at Paris, 1867, and Dublin, 1865, this firm obtained first prizes and medals for Linseed Oil, exhibited in competition with

oils from the best English crushers. A special prize was awarded for the oil cake shown at Ottawa. Messrs. Lyman, Sons & Co. are also large grinders of Land Plaster and Plaster of Paris, samples of which were shown at Ottawa and received special commendation.

NORDHEIMER'S HALL.

Murphy's Miniature Pinafore Company is performing as this number appears, with the success that was predicted for it. Those who have not yet witnessed the performance, should do so, as "Pinafore" interpreted by children, is doubly irresistible.

On the 10th proxo., the Emma Abbott Opera Company will make its debut amongst us. Of Miss Emma Abbott it is said that delightful as she is in concert, it is only fair to say that her genius is distinctly dramatic, and that to a temperament precisely fitted for the drama, she adds the gifts of a most thorough and elaborate cultivation. It would be idle to claim that in point of quality her voice is the equal of some of our very greatest singers; and in strict justice it must be added that Miss Abbott sings with such intensity and self-forgetfulness, that in her most impassioned utterances, her tone loses a part of its delicacy, and may be called slightly piercing, although never hard. This is unavoidable; and yet when we have said this we have exhausted our quiver, and add that in pureness, sweetness, the clear and even tones, and a mastery of all technical difficulties, Miss Abbott is surpassed by no singer who has ever visited us. In her half voice she has never been approached, and in the almost incredible difficulties of the "bird song" she shows all the resources of her rich and plastic organ and her long and arduous cultivation. She is not only a great singer, but a great actress, and in verve, intelligence and emotional sincerity, she cannot be surpassed.

HUMOROUS.

The English home ruler—The lady of the house.

"What is marriage?" "One woman the more and one man the less."

It is getting chilly; it is time to light the office fire. Now is the time to send in poems on autumn.

A RECENT obituary notice says: "Mr. Smith was an estimable citizen. He died with perfect resignation. He had recently been married."

AN Illinois editor returns thanks for a centipede sent him by mail from Texas, it being the first cent of any kind that he has received for several weeks.

BYRON once said of a lady whose tongue suggested perpetual motion to every visitor, that she had been dangerously ill but was now dangerously well again.

WOMAN has many advantages over man; one of them is that his will has no operation till he is dead, whereas hers generally takes effect in her life-time.

A PRECOCIOUS youth, prompted by an unpleasant recollection of the last term, says that school teachers are like dogs, because "they lick your hand." This carries off the palm.

THE little one made a beautiful answer without knowing it. "What! kiss such a homely man as papa?" said the mother in fun. "Oh, but papa is real pretty in his heart," was the reply.

If there is one thing more than another that will make a young man in a big button-hole bouquet, light gloves, dainty clothes, and hair parted in the middle, come down to hard-pan and as near common-sense as he can get without previous preparation or adaptability, it is to have a woman tell him he ought to have been born a girl.

"SCUGE me 'fyou please," stammered he as he staggered about four feet to the left and almost knocked a lady down on Main street last evening: "scuge me, m-madame, but prefehnel pedestrian oughter have no objection point, an' make for it to a b-bee line." And he walked on, really thinking he had enlightened a female who could not walk straight.

MISS CALINO goes for the first time to view the sea at Dieppe. At her departure for home her sister recommends her to carry back some sea-water in a bottle. She goes down to the shore and fills her vial with water. "Better not fill it up like that, missy," said a sailor. "because it being low water now, when the tide rises it'll burst your bottle." Miss Calino, quite convinced, pours out half the water and departs.

ARTISTIC.

MR. PRESTON POWERS, the sculptor, is about to return to Florence with many orders. He is making an ideal figure of "Maud Muller."

MR. ERNEST LONGFELLOW, the artist son of the poet, has a large allegorical composition which he painted in Paris and which he will shortly exhibit. He is going to build himself a studio at Cambridge.

As many as 14,000 works have been sent in from the art schools throughout Great Britain for competition at South Kensington, and there is reason to believe that the number next year will be exceeded.

At least one practical result of the desire to facilitate Boston girls in obtaining the most useful as well as ornamental branches in their education is the late furnishing of the girls' high school with an admirable collection of antique casts.

THE death of M. Alexander Hesse, the French painter is announced. He was working at a picture to be entitled "The Last Judgment," destined for next year's Salon, when death overtook him. He succeeded, in 1867, to Ingre's seat in the Institute.

THE late Duchess Colonna, the London *World* is informed, has bequeathed the whole of her unsorted works, art collections and artistic furniture to the city of Freiburg, on the condition that they shall be accessible to the public under the name of the Marcello Museum.

THE Chevalier Desanges has completed his portrait of the Earl of Beaconsfield for the Junior Carlton Club, London. The figure is life-size, and stands erect in an easy, graceful pose. A palette of light brown surmounts a black frock, relieving the sombre effect of ordinary walking costume. In the left hand is a scroll of papers. The likeness, says the *Morning Post* is faithful and characteristic.