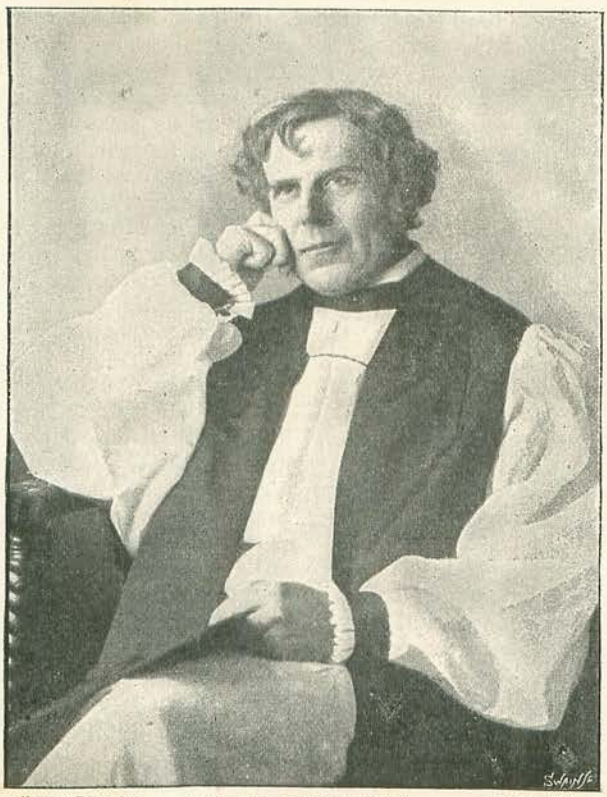
## *Illustrated Interviews.*

### XIX.—THE LORD BISHOP OF RIPON.

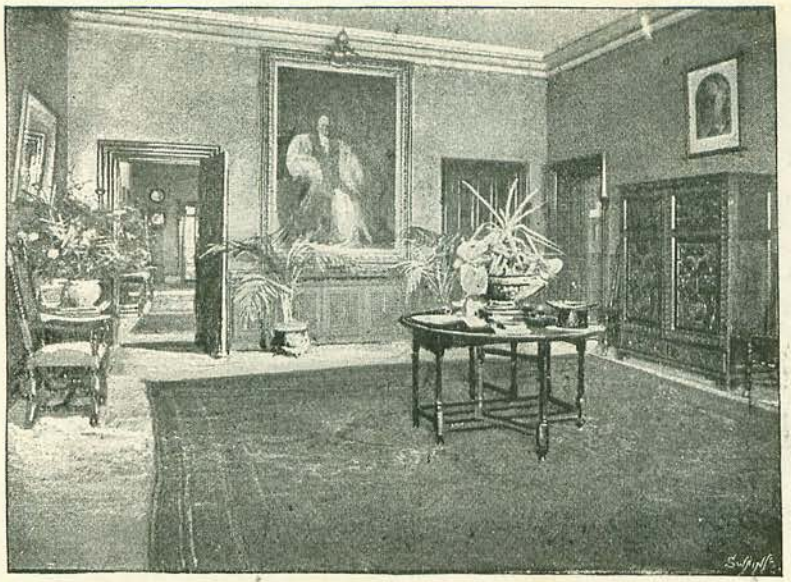


*From a Photo. by]* THE LORD BISHOP OF RIPON. *[Elliott & Fry.*

IT was a long, cold journey to Ripon. When I reached the Palace the time of five o'clock tea had long since passed—it only wanted half an hour to the first dinner bell. But a cup of deliciously warming tea was ready for me. This kindly thoughtfulness seemed to break down every barrier calculated to make one feel anything but perfectly "at home." Then, when the Bishop returned from a long day's work, the impressions gathered over the refreshing cup with his wife became a reality. It may at once be said that there is very little difference between him who preaches from the pulpit and him who sits down and talks with you in his own house.

The Bishop of Ripon is acknowledged to be one of the most eloquent preachers of the day. He is as gentle in his manner as he is convincing in his utterances. He is utterly free from anything suggestive of an over-estimated "I." He seems always to speak from his heart, and continually with the single thought of never giving a hurtful word. In truth, he is as impressive in the home as in the cathedral. Yet, when he is at home, there are his children, young and old. He is heart and soul with them in their play. Little Beatrice—whose pet name is Daisy—and five-year-old Douglas—familiarly known as Chappie—already know that there are merry games to be enjoyed in which their father watches over both.

We spent the evening after dinner in going through the house. The Palace, Ripon, is a semi-modern building, having been built some fifty years ago. The first stone was laid on Monday, 1st October, 1838, by Bishop Longley, and its correct entire cost was £14,059 1s. 8d. Its rooms are large and handsome. The entrance-hall abounds in

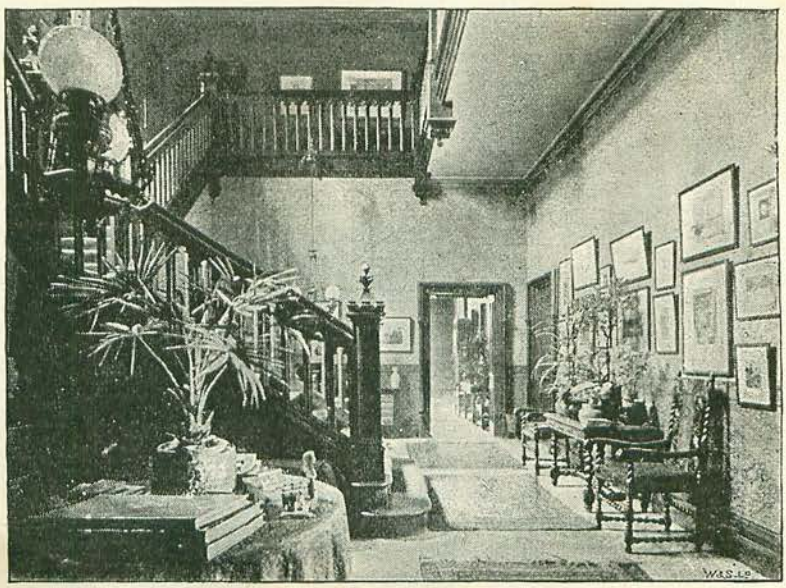


*From a Photo. by* THE ENTRANCE HALL. [*Elliott & Fry.*

flowers and ferns, and contains at least two valuable canvases. One is a life-size picture by Grant of Archbishop Longley—the first Bishop—the other, by Watts, is that of Bishop Bickersteth, the second Bishop. Both of these are heir-looms of the See of Ripon. Just beyond is a second hall, where is the great oak staircase leading to the rooms above. This corner is rich in etchings and engravings. Paul Sandby, R.A., is well represented with his "Windsor"; works by Aumonier, Fred Slocombe, Charles Murray, David Law, Joseph Knight, Meissonier, and a striking etching of Napoleon, by Ruet, are noticeable. There are many quaint old views of "Ripon Minster," a Soudanese sword which one of the Bishop's sons brought from Egypt, whilst on a table is a very clever model of the Bishop's father's church at Liverpool. It was made by an invalid lady, and her ingenious fingers have handled the cardboard and gum most artistically.

Immediately opposite to the hall is the Holden Library. A picture of the Rev. J. Holden, who not only founded it, but left a small endowment to keep it in good order, hangs over the fireplace. Here the clergy of the diocese may come and consult the volumes. It is a fine room, and its outlook upon the rising ground of the garden is pleasantness itself.

We were just leaving the library when a soft pit-pat, pit-pat at our heels caused me to turn. The quiet, disturbing footfalls were made by a beautiful blue Angora cat, which was accompanied by George, the pug, who had made his presence known at the dinner table. Both Sultan, the cat, and George proved to be the most interesting of animals imaginable. Sultan's kittens are sold for charitable purposes, and a little litter realized



*From a Photo. by* THE INNER HALL. [*Elliott & Fry*

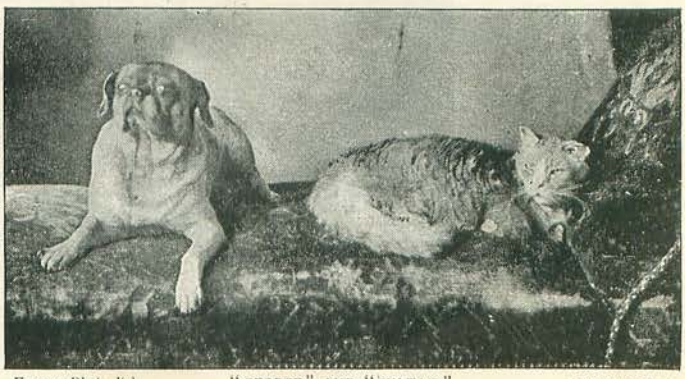
*From a Photo. by]* THE HOLDEN LIBRARY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

£10 for the Wakefield Bishopric Fund. George used to worry the sheep—he was the death of seven. He saw a St. Bernard causing trouble amongst the universal providers of lamb and mutton, and he could not resist the temptation to imitate his bigger brother. But he has long since been forgiven.

"Sultan and George," said the Bishop, "were the greatest of rivals when they first came here—now they are the best of friends. One bitter cold night George set up a terrible barking. I left my room, went downstairs—nothing apparently the matter. But George would not let me go. He barked and ran to the door. Then I heard a low, piteous cry. I opened the door, and in walked Sultan from the snow-covered step, perished with cold!"

I gave George a pat on the head—I fancy he knew what we had been talking about. Away he cantered with Sultan, and we went into the drawing-room. There are two such apartments at the Palace, each leading into the other. Both look out upon the grounds, the trees in which now bear the golden-tinted reminders of autumn upon their branches, and the grass is plentifully strewn with the chestnuts blown down by the wind. The smaller of the two rooms abounds with dainty water-colours—light, bright and tiny paintings of sea-side views and flowers—numberless portraits, and photographic reminiscences of travel. The curiosity, however, of this apartment is a replica of the bust of Dante at Naples. The Bishop of Ripon is a very earnest and enthusiastic student of the great philosophical poet. Pictures of Dante, indeed, abound throughout the house, and in the study—to be visited later—are to be found many rare and valuable editions of him who conceived the never-to-be-excelled "Inferno," including Lord Vernon's, the Landino editions of 1481, and the Nidobeato of 1478.

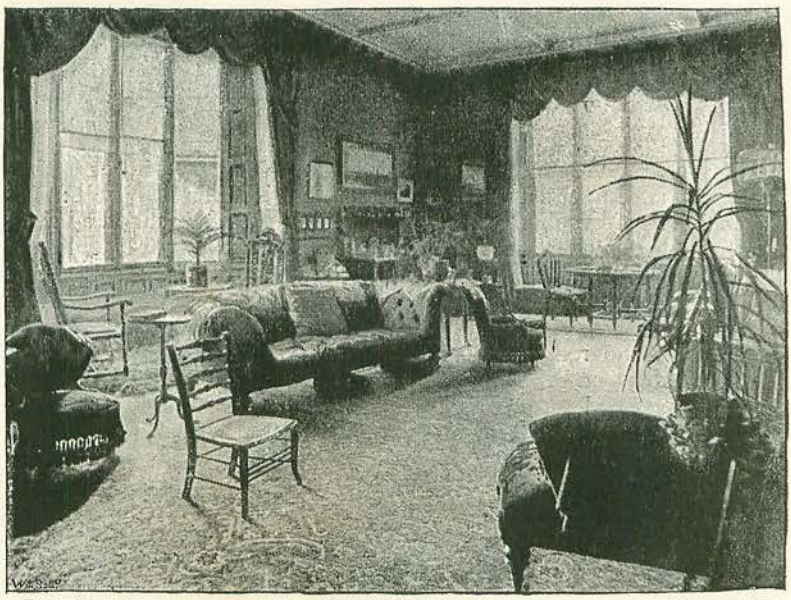
The large drawing-room affords a distant and picturesque view of the great square tower of the cathedral. The Palace is really on a level with it, so great is the rise in the ground. This apartment, like all the rooms indeed, is richly perfumed by flowers; exquisite china and silver nick-nacks are everywhere, and the Bishop evidently does not believe in the untold troubles associated with the presence of peacocks' feathers. There are several fans made from the "unlucky" stalks. One table seems given up to the congregating of tiny china animals—the most diminutive of pigs, kangaroos, rabbits, dogs, and ducks. The pictures are mostly marine subjects: two fine dockyard scenes are by Charles Dixon. Dixon—whose father,



*From a Photo. by]* "GEORGE" AND "SULTAN." *[Elliott & Fry.*

it will be remembered, painted "The Pride of Battery B"—was only sixteen when he painted them. A grand skin from a St. Bernard has its story to tell. The Bishop had two such dogs. His lordship changed his coachman and groom. Together with his family the Bishop left the Palace for a time, and the dog pined away. His skin now lies by the window. Alas! his more callous wife is still alive in the stable. Two of its offspring are in the safe keeping of a well-known clergyman, who, being in doubt as to what name he should bestow upon his newly-purchased pups, out of gratitude for the invigorating influence of the Harrogate waters determined to call them Sulphur and Magnesia!

The dining-room need be of goodly size—frequently some thirty or forty people sit down at its tables. There are many fine oil-paintings here. Two bear the initials "A. S." "A. S." was Arthur Stocks. When the Bishop of Ripon was vicar of St. James's, Holloway, Arthur Stocks was a superintendent in the Sunday school. He used to travel backwards and forwards twice every Sabbath to the school, and when he died he left a wish that his quondam vicar should have one of his works. It has the best place in the room, though there are several valuable works of the Titian School, and a striking canvas, believed to be a Mazzoni, which was picked up in a general shop in a western town.



*From a Photo. by]* THE DRAWING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

A long corridor runs level with the dining-room outside. Its walls are lined with pictures and photographs, all reviving pleasant memories. A dual picture of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Stanley is autographed by nearly all who signed the register on the occasion of their marriage—such names as W. E. Gladstone, Sir Frederick Leighton, and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. It was the Bishop of Ripon who officiated at the ceremony—probably the first and only Bishop who has conducted a wedding service the whole of which was "received" into phonographs placed in the Abbey. There are excellent portraits of Gerald Wellesley, Dean of Windsor; whilst Archbishop Longley—who surely occupied more ecclesiastical Sees than any previous prelate—has signed himself as Ripon, Durham, York, and Canterbury to a striking portrait of himself. Henry Irving is not forgotten; but perhaps the most striking sketch is that of General Gordon—just by the side of a map of Khartoum. The inscription reads: "General C. E. Gordon, from an hour's sketch I made of him on 21st December, 1882.—Ed. Clifford." Mr. Clifford was the only English artist the Hero of Khartoum ever sat to. Above the frame is a *fac-simile* of his last message: "I am quite happy, thank God; and, like Lawrence, I have *tried* to do my duty."

A photographic group of his lordship's working men's committee hangs near—their willing and kindly work is much valued. The Bishop is a purely practical prelate. This working men's committee has been formed with the aid of the clergy in Leeds. Leeds has some fifty parishes, and five working men are chosen out of each—giving a body of 250 strong. They help chiefly at special services such as those held on Good Fridays.

As we were discussing the peculiar advantages of soliciting the services of the working man to meet his brother workman, the distant

*From a Photo. by]* THE DRAWING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

sound of the chapel organ was heard. Its echo came very sweetly through the corridor. It was the time of evening service. The dim glow from the lamps lent an air of solemnity to the little chapel, and when the service was over we remained behind for a few moments. I could just distinguish the altar steps of white, black and red—the Dante combination of colours—and the peaceful light from the moon streamed through the stained glass windows on to the oaken stalls, showing faintly the outlines of apostles and saints. One of these was put up in 1852, in remembrance of the Rev. Charles Dodgson, examining chaplain to Bishop Longley and the father of the author of "Alice in Wonderland." It was here in the morning that I witnessed the gathering together of twenty or thirty clerics, who were licensed to new curacies and livings. We left the chapel, and ascending the great oaken staircase entered the study. This is essentially a room for work. The bookshelves contain some thousands of volumes—the only photo about the place is that of a family group. In one corner of the room stands a tin box, in which are three volumes of autographs, and the pages of these valuable volumes may be gone through, and the autographs of nearly all the Archbishops and Bishops of England for the last 200 years may be seen, including Juxon, Bishop of London, who attended Charles I. on the scaffold. A book containing photographs of the churches in the diocese reveals that Bishop Longley—the first Bishop of Ripon—was of a distinctly practical character. He started this ingenious index to the state of his churches. As soon as any alteration is made in a place of worship it is photographed. This shows the Bishop at a glance exactly how his churches are progressing from an architectural point of view.

The Bishop sat down, and it was whilst listening to much of the deepest interest regarding his work that I noticed the Prelate more closely. He is a trifle below the medium height, slightly whiskered, with iron-grey hair curled all about his head and brow. His face is intensely kind, and his every word and action suggestive of true and unaffected humility. Indeed, it is this very humility that has prevented his work becoming wider known. He is remarkably simple in his dress. Bishops, we know, have opportunity of seeing the sad, and indeed the seamy side of clerical life. If a man is a Bishop, he can still remain a brother. The putting on of the lawn lessens not his love for, and interest in, the young curate who only wears the linen surplice. He lives a quiet, homely, simple life, though always hospitable to others. How could he do otherwise, when he hears of cases like that of the poor cleric with a wife and eight children, who, after preaching his Sunday sermon, returns home to a meal of oatmeal gruel, and that meal would have been wanting had not a kindly farmer given it to his shepherd?

The Bishop of Ripon has a diocese extending over a million acres and numbering a million people. Between seventy and a hundred changes take place every year. He travels much. He estimates he covers between 10,000 and 12,000 miles every year.

We spoke about preaching. On this subject the Bishop believes that each man must use the method best suited to himself. There have been effective preachers both of written and extempore sermons. The question of memory came up, and the Bishop

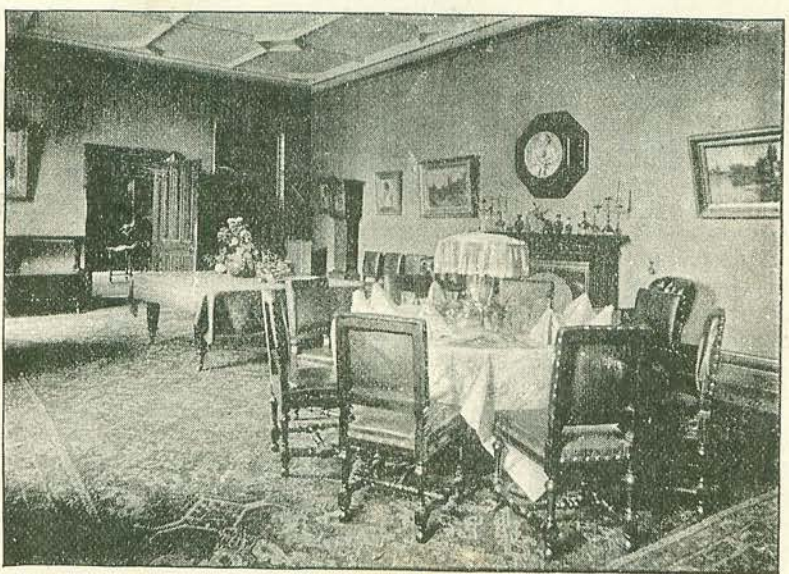
said : "I learnt something of this from the biography of Chancellor Bird, of Lincoln, who said, 'The memory is very sensitive of distrust; if you trust it, it seldom fails you.' I have tested this more than once. On one occasion I was preaching at St. Paul's. When I got into the pulpit I thought I could not remember the number of the verse of my text. I knew the chapter, and opened my Bible there, but could not see it. People began to move about, but I hazarded a guess, and fortunately it was right."

I learnt yet another example of this whilst in Ripon, though not from the Bishop. He was preaching at Bradford one Sunday morning two years ago. One of his many dramatic movements knocked his book from the pulpit cushion. It was just in the middle of the sermon. He never so much as glanced at the fallen volume, and my informant said he had never heard the Bishop more eloquent.

"You ask me if I advocate the preaching of other men's sermons," said his lordship, repeating my question. "There is one thing about it. It behoves every man to advocate the simplest honesty. If any cleric exchange his sermon with another, let him say from the pulpit, 'I'm going to give you So-and-so's sermon to-day.'"

We talked on, being joined by Mr. Harry Carpenter—the Bishop's eldest son—who frankly declared himself to be a happy, recently-called barrister, and just now lecturing for the University extension movement. We said "Good-night."

When I reached my room I sat down by the fire and remembered that the Bishop was fond of his joke. He has a name—William Boyd Carpenter—the latter of which is capable of a very merry conversion. The story is told how, before being appointed to the See of Ripon, he once married a young couple with the assurance that he was not only a Carpenter but a Joiner. Only a few months ago he was about to lay the foundation stone of a new vicarage. The architect handed him the trowel, etc., inviting him to become "an operative mason for a few moments."



*From a Photo. by.* THE DINING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

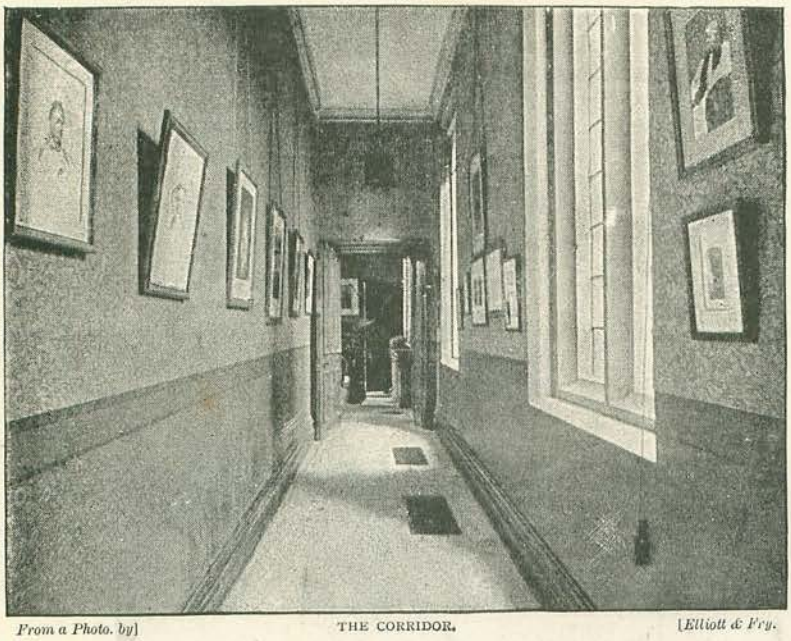
"I would rather remain a working Carpenter," was the witty reply.

I stirred my fire, and amongst the flickering embers I could almost see the faces of a happy pair at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate. The Bishop was officiating. The charming though nervous bride experienced some difficulty in taking off her glove at the right moment to receive the wedding ring.

And a very soft whisper of kindly assurance came from the clergyman's lips.

"Don't be flurried," he said, *sotto voce;* "there's plenty of time, and they are bound to wait for us!"

When I awoke in the morning I looked from my window. It was very early, and the sun was lighting up the tower of Ripon Cathedral as it rose above the tree tops.



*From a Photo. by]* THE CORRIDOR. *[Elliott & Fry.*

It was a fair scene. You could count a dozen rabbits hopping about on the grassy lawn leading down to the tennis court, and sitting nervously for a few moments, and glancing anxiously this way, that way, and every way in expectancy of a disturbing footstep. And as I looked out upon the beautiful scene of autumn-tinted trees and grassy mounds, with just a last rose of summer here and there, I could almost distinguish those little Arabs from the by-streets and slums of Leeds. They were running about in tatters, shouting themselves hoarse with delight, and turning unlimited catharine-wheels in their happy delirium. I could hear them distinctly clapping their hands; I could not hear the patter of their feet, though—the poor little fellows were bootless. Then they ceased their play for a moment. Somebody was beckoning to them to follow him. He quietly led them beneath the branches of the very biggest tree in the garden. He pointed his finger upwards. It was a very short sermon—a sermon from a text set up by Nature which the tiniest mite amongst this tattered congregation could understand.

"Little children," he said, "I want you to grow up like this tree—with nothing between you and Heaven, nothing save the branches which you must shoot out—branches of help to others."

And the children went to play again.

Then I spied from my window a fine piece of level ground. The railway men were playing cricket there. How they seemed to enjoy the huge plum-puddings after throwing down their bats and leaving the wickets! The toothsome puddings had been contributed by the ladies of the city, and made hot and steaming in the great copper of the Palace kitchen.

After breakfast, the Bishop and I went for a long walk around the grounds—there are sixty or seventy acres of land here, and a small home farm. The Palace—which I now saw properly for the first time—is built of stone, the monotony of which is relieved by many a climbing nasturtium and cluster of ivy leaves. The chapel stands at right angles to the house. It was added later, and is the gift of the late Archbishop Vernon Harcourt to the See of Ripon.

There is rather a curious thing about some of the decorative work on the exterior of the Palace. An episcopal diary started by Bishop Longley, and preserved at the Palace, mentions that amongst many carved "heads" on the chapel was that of a Bishop. A strong gust of wind blew it down: all the others, which were decidedly unclerical, remained! But the most amusing entry in this book refers to two figures of angels at the south-east and south-west corners. Seeing that the Queen and Prince Consort had only been married a few months when the Palace was built, instructions were given to imitate in the carving of the angels the features of Her Majesty and her Consort. But the stone-mason, being possessed of a certain prosaic mind, was not content with the attempt to give the features of the Prince, but represented him as an angel arrayed in a field-marshal's uniform and wearing the ribbon of the Garter! Of course it was altered at once.

We had walked on and stood still for a moment at the end of a long avenue carpeted with fallen leaves.

"Now you can see Norton Conyers! It is about four miles from here," said the Bishop. "Charlotte Brontë once had a holiday engagement as governess there, and a room is still shown where it is said the mad woman was confined whose story the gifted authoress told in the pages of 'Jane Eyre.'"

Then as we wended our way across to the farm, down paths lined with hedgerows, and through many wicket gates, we paused at times as the Bishop looked back upon his quiet though useful life.

The Right Rev. William Boyd Carpenter was born at Liverpool on March 26th, 1841. His father was vicar of St. Michael's there for twenty-seven years. His first schooling was obtained under Dr. Dawson Turner, at the Royal Institution School, and amongst famous boys of the Royal Institution were Bishop Lightfoot, Canon Duckworth, Professor Warr, and Mr. Crosse.

*From a Drawing by]* GENERAL GORDON. *[E. Clifford.*

"Dr. Dawson Turner," said the Bishop, "was a sort of cosmopolitan—he tried to teach a little of everything. He was a good-hearted man. He loved to give threepenny-pieces to the boys who pleased him. I well remember one day during prayers—we were all assembled in the big hall—and the head master was reading them. Suddenly the door opened and a big boy, very nervous and conscience-stricken, who thought he ought to be at prayers, crept quietly in. Dr. Turner looked up and said, in the same tone as he was reading, 'Go out—go out! Somebody put that idiot out!' Then he went on with his reading exactly in the same voice.

"The man I learned most from was Albert Glyn, our mathematical master—one of the best teachers that ever breathed. He would never let you pass a thing unless you thoroughly understood it. It was he who made mathematics an interesting and fascinating study to me."

We spoke of the time when the Crimean war broke out, when the Bishop was full of the boyish ardour of thirteen years of age. His schoolmaster would not give him a holiday to see the troops going off, but his father did. It was a sight to be remembered when the troops embarked during the war. The news was watched for eagerly, and talked over nightly. The Bishop's family, like so many others, had relatives in the war. Captain John Boyd, the Bishop's uncle, who was in command of the *Royal George*, planted the only shot in Cronstadt. Later he lost his life in attempting to rescue the crew of a small brig off Kingstown harbour. His monument is in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin.

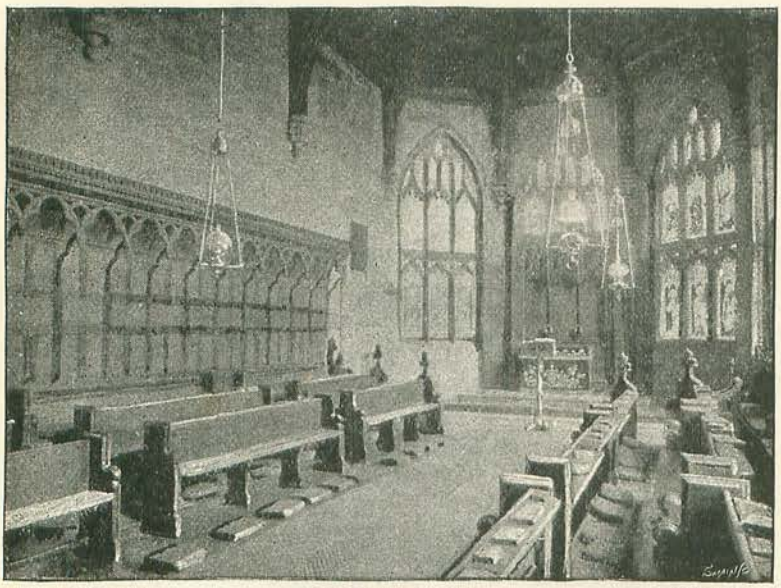
At this point of our conversation the Bishop alluded to a well-known story and epigram.

The story on which the epigram is founded is of two Irishmen, one of whom challenged the other to a duel. But when the eventful hour arrived one sat down and wrote that, were it only his honour at stake he would meet his opponent, but his wife depended on him, so he begged to decline. The other individual sent a message to say that if honour were the only consideration he would come, but he had a daughter and therefore prayed to be excused. So the epigram read:—

> Two brave sons of Erin, intent upon slaughter,
> Improved on the Hebrew's command:
> One honoured his wife and the other his daughter,
> That their days might be long in the land.

"This clever epigram," said the Bishop, "is popularly said to have been written by Flood, but I have always understood that it was written by my mother's mother."

That the Bishop's pen is occasionally employed in throwing off these epigrams is shown by the following. It will be remembered that at the time of the great storm at Samoa, Captain Kane, with a pluck and judgment which evoked the applause of the



*From a Photo. by]* THE PRIVATE CHAPEL. *[Elliott & Fry.*

American and German crews in the harbour, took his vessel out to sea and so saved her. When questions were asked in Parliament as to what honour would be conferred on Captain Kane in recognition of his services, the Firs Lord of the Admiralty replied "that Kane had only done his duty, and if he had lost his ship he would have been court-martialled." So the Bishop wrote :—

What shall be done for Kane?
Who brought his vessel safe through wave
With skilful hand and heart as brave;
What shall be done
for Kane?

What shall he have?
"We solve the
knot,"
Cries the First
Lord, impartial;
"If Kane had failed,
he would have got
Our pickle rod—
court-martial."

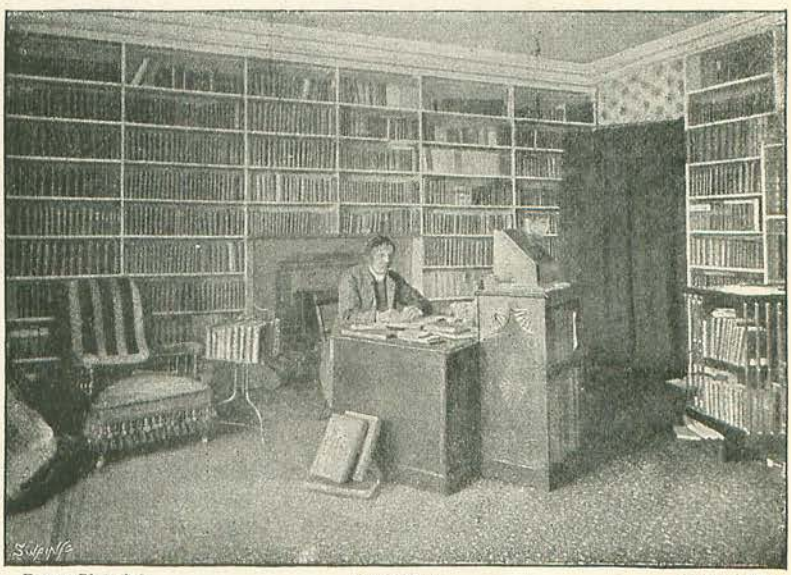
Then talk no more of
praise or gain,
Our English principle
is plain:
When storm winds
rise to hurricane,
If Kane escape he
'scapes the cane!

Here is another example :—

With regard to the recent conference at Grindelwald, which the Bishop had hoped to attend, it would not, it appears, have been his first visit, for at the request of the Bishop of London he acted as his deputy in opening the new English church destroyed in the recent fire. This church was built by the brothers Boss, who with their family, to the number of seven, keep the adjacent hotel, called "The Bear." The following lines were written by the Bishop in their visitors' book :—

A sign upon the earth, behold!
Competes with one in heaven,
The Bear above, the "Bear" below,
The stars that form them, seven.
But when these signs compared are,
Judge then the heavenly losses;
For all declare the earthly stars
Most surely are the Bosses!

He won an open scholarship at St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, and remained there until he took his degree in 1864. The late Attorney-General was the repre-



*From a Photo. by]* THE STUDY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

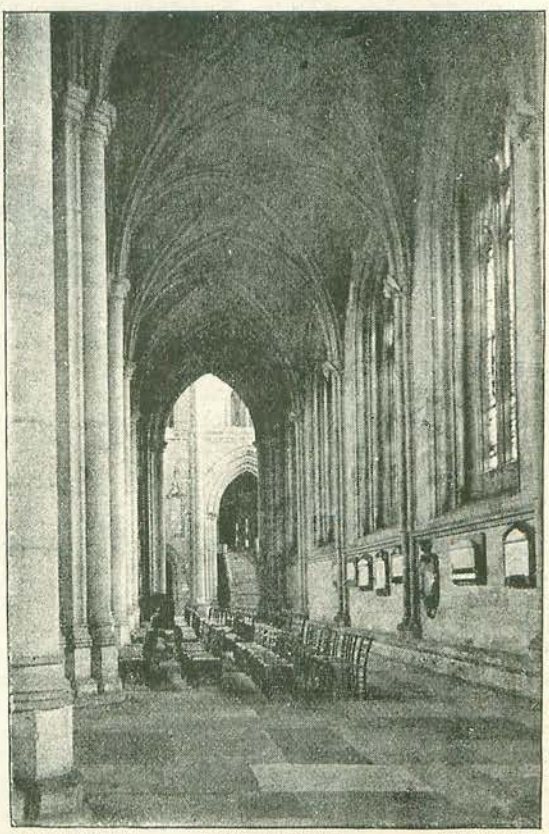
*From a Photo. by]* THE CHOIR, RIPON CATHEDRAL. *[Elliott & Fry.*

sentative of Cambridge in sports in those days. The late Mr. Parnell was at Cambridge at the same time, and Lord Carrington and Mr. F. C. Burnand were among the most important members of the Cambridge A.D.C., as it was called. The acting in those days was of a very high order. The Bishop was cox. of his college boat; not a very enviable position—"you've got all the responsibility and none of the kudos." A cox is like a bishop: he can only guide, he cannot give strength.

His lordship referred to the great improvement in University life to-day compared with thirty years ago. Much less wine is consumed now, and a man can go through the 'Varsity as a teetotaler without any inconvenience. At college the young man began a practical training for the ministry—giving lectures attending district meetings, and teaching in the Sunday school.

The Bishop's first curacy was at Maidstone, and, strangely enough, he was ordained by Bishop Longley. My visit to the Palace was in the full tide of the cholera scare, and the Bishop referred to his experiences of it at Maidstone.

"I was working there," he said, "when the cholera broke out in 1866. My vicar was away. I assisted a little, more especially at a rookery called Pad's Hole, then a den of thieves—now a low-lying little spot. I well remember the first case I visited. It was a poor fellow who was a very regular attendant at church. I went in at half-past ten to see him. I went again at half-past one. As I walked up the hill a woman met me and cried, 'He's gone!' He had been carried off in four hours. The truth is the people were taken by surprise, and few precautions were taken—there was no organized system of nurses then. The women who were sent to attend the cholera-stricken people knew nothing about nursing. They drank the



*From a Photo. by]* RIPON CATHEDRAL. *[Elliott & Fry.*

brandy intended for the relief of the sufferers. I went into one house to see a woman. The nurse was intoxicated. Shortly after the poor woman died. At the graveside stood the nurse, still suffering from the effects of drink.

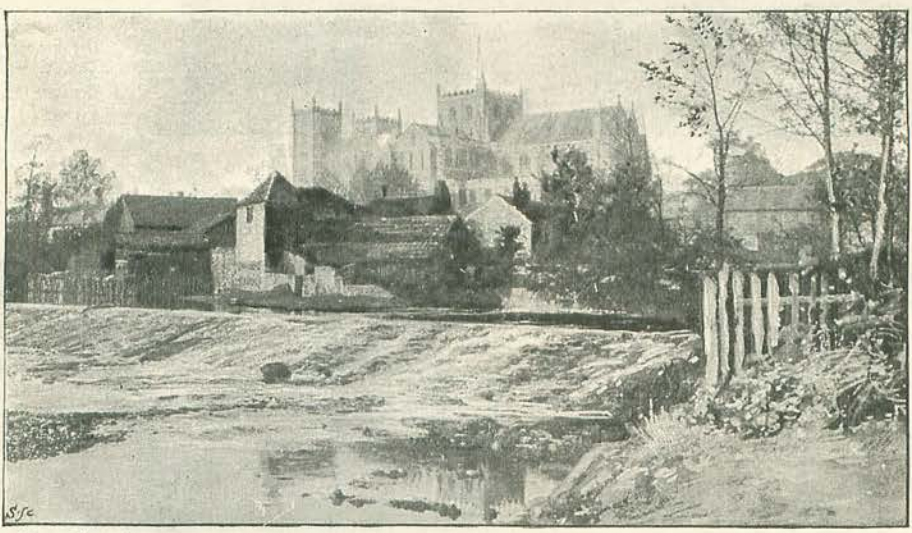
"Whenever I walk along here I feel indebted to Longley for one great thing," continued the Bishop. "You see these trees?" pointing to a magnificent belt of trees immediately in front of us. "They keep away the cutting Yorkshire winds. Longley planted these." Some idea of the power of the winds may be gathered from a note in Bishop Longley's diary already referred to. It was on the nights of the 6th and 7th of January, 1839, and all the north of England was affected by the storm. The Earl of Lonsdale lost 70,000 trees in his young plantation, and the magnificent avenue at Castle Howard was almost destroyed. The whole of the kitchen garden wall was blown down at the Palace. Bishop Longley very wisely put up that grand screen of trees.

His lordship entertains grateful recollections of his days at Maidstone under his vicar, the Rev. David Dale Stewart. He remained there two years, afterwards holding curacies at Clapham, and Lee in Kent. From Lee he went to St. James's, Holloway, to assist the Rev. W. B. Mackenzie.

"Mr. Mackenzie," said the Bishop, "was a remarkable man; his power in church and pulpit was singularly great. He only had one curacy and one incumbency. I succeeded him as vicar, remaining there from 1870 to 1880. There was no choir there — the congregation was the choir. Here, in Yorkshire, choirs are invaluable. The people enjoy it—they will have a choir."

I asked the Bishop if he thought well of the introduction of orchestras into our churches. His reply was thoroughly frank and real.

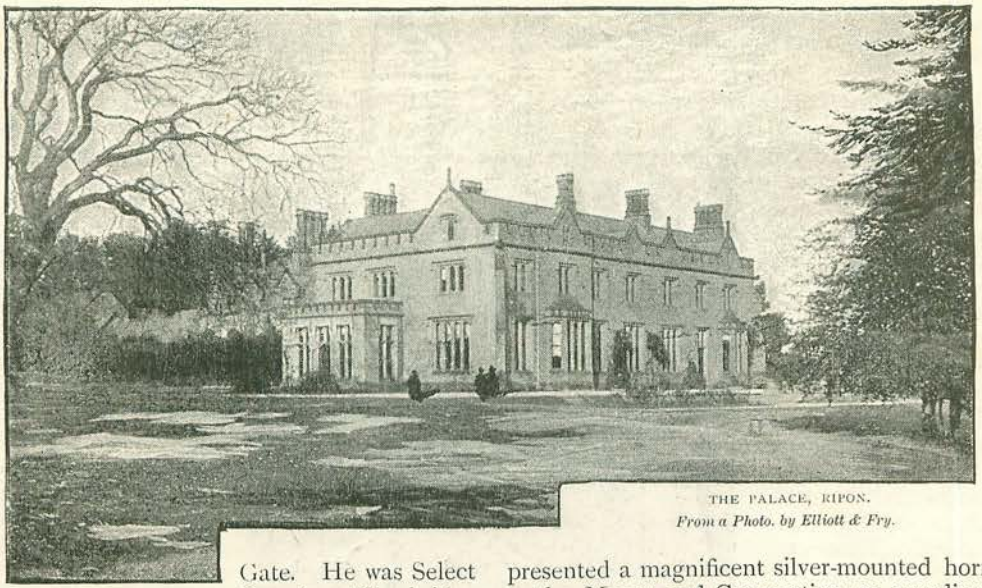
"In the old days," he said, "men used to play in the churches, and never expected to be paid. The condition of life since then has very much changed. If every man will bring his instrument to church as a personal act of homage to the glory of his Maker, by all means let us have it. We are in danger of forgetting that if our acts are not the personal homage of our hearts, such are not acceptance service. I am a little afraid that we are just now passing through such days of activity as will possibly cause us to forget the reality of things. We want, as Lord Mount-Temple said, the Deep Church as well as the High and Low. Yes, let us have orchestras in churches if you will, but I don't want the man to go into a place of worship with his fiddle-case under his arm and the idea in his mind that he is going to take part in a mere performance!"



*From a Photo. by]* RIPON CATHEDRAL. *[Elliott & Fry.*

At Holloway he founded many excellent institutions—classes for French, German, shorthand, etc. The young men had their House of Commons, with their vicar as Speaker. Many of the "M.P.'s" who belonged to the Highbury Parliament have since turned out admirable speakers and useful citizens.

After leaving St. James's, the Bishop became vicar of Christ Church, Lancaster



THE PALACE, RIPON.
*From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.*

Gate. He was Select Preacher at Cambridge in 1875 and 1877; Hulsean Lecturer at Cambridge, 1878; Honorary Chaplain to the Queen, 1878; Select Preacher at Oxford in 1882, when he was also appointed to a vacant Canonry at Windsor; Bampton Lecturer, 1887, and in 1889 he received an honorary D.C.L. from the University of Oxford.

On the death of the late Dr. Bickersteth, in 1884, he was consecrated Bishop of Ripon. His duties at the House of Lords consist of a fortnight or three weeks in each year, for the purpose of reading prayers. This duty, which once devolved entirely upon the junior Bishop, is now undertaken in turns, with the exception of the seniors in rank.

It was market-day when we took our way through the streets and great square which forms the market-place of the more than a thousand-year-old city. It still keeps up the old-fashioned custom of the blowing of a horn at morning and night near the Mayor's house.

On the north side of the Cathedral stands the Deanery. The Dean of Ripon, who is eighty-four, was cox. in the Oxford crew of the first 'Varsity race, and he acted as page at the coronation of William IV. His picturesque and venerable figure is one of the best known in Ripon. Dean Fremantle has made Ripon his home in the truest sense, ever since his appointment to the Deanery, now sixteen years ago. He has thrown himself with vigour and devotion into every good work in the city and neighbourhood. In the Millenary year he presented a magnificent silver-mounted horn to the Mayor and Corporation, as guardians of the city. More recently he presented a pleasant bathing shed and offices to the neighbourhood. He believes in the healthy exercise of swimming and boating and cricket. He still preaches with energy and impressiveness, and large congregations gather at the nave services in the Cathedral, where his voice is heard throughout the building. It is said that his portrait is to be hung up among the city worthies in the Town Hall. His sterling goodness, his generosity, his unfailing courtesy and kindness have endeared him to everyone; and all would readily allow that he is the best-loved citizen of the comely little Yorkshire town.

The near view of Ripon Cathedral is not particularly striking; its beauty is more impressive at a distance. Inside, however, though at first appearance somewhat bare-looking, there is much that is beautiful in architectural design. One is struck with its really magnificent width particularly, and the curious and sudden breaking up of the Norman arch, near the nave, by a Gothic pillar. The carving, however, of the stalls is very fine, and in many instances of great rarity. Beneath the stalls are many quaint specimens of the carver's handiwork. Beneath the Bishop's throne are the two spies of Joshua carrying the grapes, and a couple of giants are represented on either side, one all head and no body, the other all body with his head in the middle. Another stall shows Jonah being thrown overboard, with a whale waiting with open mouth to receive him, and near at hand is a

carving of Pontius Pilate wheeling away Judas in a wheelbarrow with his bag of silver.

Yet amongst all that is interesting in and about the cathedral nothing is more so than the Saxon Chapel under the crypt. It is the earliest known place of worship in the kingdom, its architecture being about the seventh century. We light our candles and follow the verger down the stone steps. The descent is a trifle treacherous. There are little niches in the wall where candles are placed. Then we enter the chapel. It is perfectly dark, and smells very earthy. A hole in one side of the wall is pointed out. Tradition says that in the old days, when people had anything suspicious against them, they were brought to this spot. If they succeeded in crawling through to the other side they were blameless; if they could not, they were unquestionably guilty. It is also said that the young damsel who creeps through is sure to get married within the year. Be this as it may, I was assured that very recently a Yorkshire farmer brought his three daughters and sought permission for them to crawl through the lucky hole. Another daughter who had been through succeeded in getting married, and the father of the remaining trio was anxious for them to see whether a journey through the wall might not help him to more readily dispose of his daughters!

*From a Photo. by]* THE DEAN OF RIPON. *[Elliott & Fry.*

HARRY HOW.