

THE LIFE OF  
WALTER PATER

BY THOMAS WRIGHT



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WALTER PATER.

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THE LIFE OF  
WALTER PATER

BY

THOMAS WRIGHT

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF EDWARD FITZGERALD,"  
"THE LIFE OF SIR RICHARD BURTON," ETC.

*WITH SEVENTY-EIGHT PLATES*

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# THE LIFE OF WALTER PATER

## CHAPTER XXX

I JANUARY 1875 TO DECEMBER 1876

### GREEK STUDIES

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28. Review of Symonds' "Renaissance in Italy." *Academy*, 31 July 1875.
29. Demeter and Persephone. Lecture 1875. *Fortnightly Review*, January and February 1876.
30. Romanticism. *Macmillan's Magazine*, November 1876. It appeared as "Postscript" in "Appreciations" 1889.
31. A Study of Dionysus. *Fortnightly Review*, December 1876.

During the next few years Pater occupied himself almost exclusively with the well-known series of *Greek Studies* which, though contributed to the *Fortnightly* and *Macmillan's Magazine* as early as 1875 and 1876, did not appear in book form till after his death. These articles fall into two groups, of which the first, consisting as it does of several delightful imaginary portraits, is far and away the more fascinating. He had already given us portraits, more or less fanciful, of Leonardo, Botticelli, and others, and he now brings us face to face with his notion of Dionysus,<sup>(1)</sup> Demeter<sup>(2)</sup> and Hippolytus—haunting figures, built out of the *Bacchae* and the *Hippolytus* of Euripides, *The Acharnians* of Aristophanes, Ovid's *Epistle of Phædra to Hippolytus*, the Twenty-sixth Idyll<sup>(3)</sup> of

Dionysus,  
Demeter,  
Hippolytus.

(1) Bacchus.

(2) Ceres.

(3) The Bacchanals.



Theocritus and scattered passages in other Greek and Latin classics. In *A Study of Dionysus* it is observed that writers make a mistake in speaking of "the religion" of the Greeks; they should say "the religions," seeing that each race and district had a religion of its own. The people whose lives were spent in the wine country, it is pointed out, were worshippers of the youthful, triumphant Dionysus and his tipsy train; whereas the farmers of the fat cornlands, instead of wasting valuable time and good prayers on a mere vine fertiliser, sang lustily holy hymns to divine Demeter of the bursting barns; while to the great god Zeus<sup>(1)</sup> neither of them gave a moment's thought. In short, there was "a little Olympus outside the greater." In order to account for the fact that the vine produces the sleekest and most luscious grapes in the parched lands watered by heavy dews, the legend makes Dionysus to result from the union of Semele, a beautiful mortal, and the all-powerful Zeus, whose lightnings slay the mother at the moment she is giving birth to the infant, thus become the offspring of fire and dew. The passion of Dionysus for Ariadne gives Pater one of the opportunities which he never allowed to escape him—of enquiring how the subject was treated by the Renaissance painters, including Titian with his Bacchus and bridled panthers; and finally he shows us the god descending, at the close of the year, to the dim underworld; but in a few months he

bursts the winter's chains  
And all things feel renewal of their youth.<sup>(2)</sup>

Such are the salient events connected with the old Greek deity which, by help of "stray hints in art and poetry and religious custom," Pater sets before us; but, in giving them, we make no attempt to convey to the reader the peculiar and elusive character of these Greek studies. In order to understand that, he must turn to

(1) Jupiter.

(2) John Payne: *The Last of Hercules*.

the original. As a maker of imaginary portraits, however, Pater was not to reach the top of his skill until he wrote the work of which *Imaginary Portraits* is the title.

The next essay—"The Bacchanals"—a pendant to the preceding, is a kind of paraphrase of Euripides' play, with which Pater takes very much the liberty that FitzGerald did with the poems of Omar Khayyám and Jami. Those scenes in old Thessaly are brought before us with extraordinary vividness. We see the Mima-lonian furies dancing wildly under the forest boughs—their draperies touched by the wind, their heads thrown suddenly back; our ears are dinned with ithyphallics, the crash of cymbals and the rattle of tambourines, and we see the fatuous Pentheus sallying grotesquely to his frightful doom, and then (sickening sight!) his torn and bleeding limbs lying scattered through the tangled wood.

From the savagery of *The Bacchae* one is led to the sufferings of Demeter,<sup>(1)</sup> who, according to Pater's graceful fancy, is "the weary woman, indeed, our Lady of Sorrows, the *mater dolorosa* of the ancient world." She is pictured as flying, with veil plucked from her hair and blue hood cast from her shoulders, over land and sea in search for her lost daughter Persephone,<sup>(2)</sup> who had been carried off by Aidoneus.<sup>(3)</sup> In her anger against Zeus, who neglects to help her, she straightway forsakes the assembly of the gods and takes up her abode among mortals. Disguised as an old woman, she introduces herself to the daughters of Celeus, King of Eleusis, who, however, does not know her—the gods being hard for men to recognise—and becomes a member of their household. Then, in her anger at being deprived of her daughter, she visits the earth with famine; nor is she willing to withdraw it or return to Olympus until Zeus listens to her demand. Finally it is arranged that Persephone shall spend two-thirds of

(1) Ceres.

(2) Proserpine.

(3) Pluto.

the year with her mother, and one-third in the kingdom of the dead. When Persephone is below ground, it is winter and the corn-seed lies supine in the mould; when she reappears, the seed sprouts and the earth yields her increase; while, as the story of Demeter and her daughter embodied itself in the Greek imagination, there grew up what are known as the Eleusinian Mysteries—which seem to have symbolised the leading events in the story of the two goddesses. Pater, who suggests that they were “an artistic spectacle,” finds a parallel in “the mediæval ceremonies of Palm Sunday.” “There would,” he says, “be nocturns, libations, quaint purifications, processions . . . The libations at once a watering of the vines and a drink offering to the dead—still needing men’s services, waiting for purification, perhaps, or thirsting, like Dante’s Adam of Brescia,<sup>(1)</sup> in their close homes. It was the Pagan All Souls Day.”<sup>(2)</sup>

The next study is that of the Greek Joseph (Hippolytus),<sup>(3)</sup> tempted by the Greek “Potiphar’s wife” (Phædra). Virginity, chastity, and celibacy had been, as we have already observed, from his schooldays a favourite theme with Pater. As a youth he had glorified the married virgin Elizabeth of Hungary, and in his prime he raises a trophy to the continent Hippolytus. Son of King Theseus and the Amazonian Antiope, and reared in a sequestered village, Hippolytus had from his childhood been a votary of the great

(1) *Inferno*, Canto 30. He had counterfeited the coin of Florence. His punishment in the *Inferno* was Thirst. “One drop of water now, alas! I crave.”

(2) 2nd November. On that day Roman Catholics seek by Prayer and Almsgiving to alleviate the sufferings of souls in Purgatory. Pater often associated objects and events which would to other persons appear to have no connection with one another. He probably derived the habit from Renan, to whom Ezekiel was a kind of Victor Hugo, and so on.

(3) Founded on the *Hippolytus* of Euripides, and the “Phædra to Hippolytus” of Ovid. Mr. A. C. Swinburne, it will be remembered, has a poem on the same subject, entitled *Phædra*. Def. Ed. I. 27.

and chaste Artemis.<sup>(1)</sup> He made for her a little altar, of which he was the little priest—being, indeed, a sort of boy Pater<sup>(2)</sup>—and even as a young man he could never be induced to put up a prayer to Aphrodite<sup>(3)</sup> or to cense her altars. Then Phædra, Theseus's lawful wife, falls madly in love with him, and as he flees from her presence, he is followed by the resentment, not only of Phædra, but of the slighted Aphrodite, who, to carry out her revenge, has recourse to Neptune. As Hippolytus is charioteering near the sea, a great breaker, or, as some say, a sea-bull,<sup>(4)</sup> so startles the horses that he is thrown to the earth and killed; and the moral of it is, if moral there be (though Pater notices it not), that he who flouts nature, as did Hippolytus in refusing to look on the daughters of men (before he met Phædra), courts and must expect punishment. But perhaps it was as well, for if he had

Loved girls and song and the soft cadenced beat  
Of golden-sandall'd feet,<sup>(5)</sup>

he might have offended Artemis, and so come to trouble in some other way.

The latter half of the work, which consists of three chapters on Greek Sculpture, while possibly more informing than the previous half, is far less fascinating. The chapters we have 112. Greek been considering are, as we said, really Sculpture Imaginative Portraits, inspired by ort and scrap, of Dionysus, Demeter and Hippolytus; and belong to the same category as Pater's presentations of Van Storck, Denys, Duke Carl and Emerald Uthwart. Those who would thoroughly enjoy Pater must surrender themselves unconditionally to him,

(1) Diana.

(2) See Chapter III.

(3) Venus.

(4)

A sea bull flung  
His obscene body in the courser's path.  
—Browning, *Artemis Prologizes*.

(5) John Payne: *The Building of the Dream*.

and believe, for the moment, everything that his idealizing imagination chooses to submit to them. His portraits are such as no other man could draw. He sees analogies that nobody else would have suspected. He has made Demeter as real to us as the Virgin Mary, and Hippolytus, formerly but a black charioteer on a red vase, an historical person, with some sort of an aim in life; and everything is very subtle, very dainty, very picturesque, very Pateresque, and very precious. But when Pater lays himself out to enlarge upon mere metal and marble the charm straightway evaporates. He does what other men have done as well, if not better. Sound learning characterises these essays, the style is still his own, and he labours to make us see these statues of his, not in a cold grey museum, but under a glowing Attic sky, with the metal reins of the horses and other vanished accessories gleaming once more in the sunlight; moreover, he does succeed in giving a certain warmth and sensuousness to them, but these essays, nevertheless, are, as a whole, not much more successful than his Notes on the French Churches of Amiens and Vézelay.

His chapter "The Beginnings of Greek Sculpture" might felicitously have been called "The Reign of Hephæstus,"<sup>(1)</sup> for it tells of an age of metal-work whose chief glory was the wondrous and bewildering shield of Achilles.<sup>(2)</sup> After pointing out that the origin of Greek art had drifted from Assyria, by way of Phœnicia and Cyprus, Pater, in order to illustrate his statement that the real background of Greek sculpture was "a world of exquisite craftsmanship," describes the magnificent Ivory Coffin of Cypselus.<sup>(3)</sup>

The next chapter, "The Marbles of Ægina," might fitly have been styled "The Reign of Apollo."

(1) Vulcan.

(2) Iliad XVIII.

(3) It is described by Pausanias and Herodotus, whose descriptions were the foundation of my little volume, *The Ivory Coffin*, published in 1903.







MR. W. H. MALLOCK.

*Photo by Elliott and Fry.*

Previously, observes Pater, the human form had been represented almost as a caricature, but in the figures from the gables of the temple of Athene, "the perfect artistic flower of its time and place," we see noble human forms with their passions revealed in their faces; and he points out, further, that the monument reveals to us "the temper which made the victories of Marathon and Salamis possible," the gods and demi-gods being represented as fighting, personally, and "not as mere shadows," on the side of the Greeks. Lastly, Pater comes to "The Age of Athletic Prize-men," in which warriors give place to Olympian victors—a countless concourse of popular illustrations to the Pindaric odes. Every page of the book bears evidence of exhaustive labour—indeed, we have over-elaboration, with the result that some of the sentences have to be read and re-read carefully before the meaning can be grasped. It is, indeed, not as a builder of sentences but as a selector and manipulator of words that Pater excels. The words and phrases are quietly and æsthetically beautiful, and the language is marvellously fitted to the thought; but, while the jewels are all of price, the design of which they form a part is sometimes unhandsome, and often bewildering.

## CHAPTER XXXI

1877

### THE NEW REPUBLIC

#### BIBLIOGRAPHY :

37. The Bacchanals. Written 1878. *Macmillan's Magazine*, 1889.
38. The Beginnings of Greek Sculpture. *Fortnightly Review*, February—March 1880.
39. The Marbles of Ægina. *Fortnightly Review*, April 1880.

Commenting on this period of Pater's life and upon Jowett's hostility to Pater, Mr. A. C. Benson, after observing that Jowett may have "identified Pater with the advanced æsthetic school,"<sup>(1)</sup> continues, "Or possibly he was alarmed at the mental and moral attitude with which Pater was publicly credited, owing in considerable measure to the appearance of *The New Republic*."

113. "The  
New  
Republic,"  
1877.

Now, the trouble with Jowett took place in 1874, years before there was any such thing as an æsthetic school, for in 1874 Oscar Wilde, the founder of that school, was a boy of seventeen at Magdalen College, Oxford, without any distinct ideas about anything, and without a fraction of influence. And if Oscar Wilde had nothing to do with Jowett's attitude towards Pater, it is also rather difficult to see how Mr. Mallock's book could have had any influence over Jowett—seeing that this book was published in 1877—that is *three years after* the Pater-Jowett trouble.

As to Mr. Benson's surmise in respect to Jowett's

(1) Benson's Pater, p. 55.

alarm, we can say positively that Jowett *was* alarmed "at the mental and moral attitude with which Pater was publicly credited," and just as positively, from documentary and other evidence, that if *The New Republic* could not possibly have had anything to do with Jowett's attitude towards Pater, so it had nothing to do with the creation of the suspicion with which Pater, owing to his own lack of circumspection, was regarded. What Pater did not say in his books, he said bluntly with his lips, and all cultured Oxford, excepting such as were blind as bats and deaf as posts, and, later, all cultured London, were conversant with it; and all thoughtful men felt that there *was* danger in some of his teaching.

A little further on, Mr. Benson says, "One feels that Jowett, with his talent for frank remonstrance, had better have employed direct rather than indirect methods." But, no, that wont do. Mr. Benson is hopelessly at sea. That Jowett, who was one of the noblest, grandest and most generous men that Oxford has produced, acted at this juncture precisely as a Christian and a fine English gentleman ought to act, we, with all the facts before us, can unhesitatingly affirm; and he further showed his Christianity and gentlemanhood by coming forward, when Pater had become, to use Lady Dilke's expression, "a better man," and holding out the cordial hand of friendship.

*The New Republic* is simply capital fun, of a kind that no sensible man would mind. The worst charge that it brings against Mr. Rose is that he was curious about a class of books, concerning which, according to Sir Richard Burton, most scholars are, and rightly, curious, namely, the kind that is always kept under lock and key; and as Pater himself smiled and thought no more about it, we may do the same. To say a parting word about Mr. Benson: although in the fierce light of facts all his arguments shrivel up to nothing, we must pay him one compliment. It certainly



required no little courage on his part to deal with the subject at all—a subject that every other writer on Pater has studiously avoided. And we appreciate courage in what must truthfully be called a very cowardly age.

*The New Republic* consists of a series of amusing dialogues on culture, faith, and philosophy, purporting to have been uttered by certain men and women of mark in the country house of a Mr. Lawrence.<sup>(1)</sup> For example, we are introduced to the great Broad Church divine, Dr. Jenkinson [Jowett], still full of vigour though his hair is silver—the sparkle of whose eyes joins strangely with the most benevolent of smiles; the black-whiskered Mr. Storks [Huxley]; the supercilious Mr. Luke, “great critic and apostle of culture” [Matthew Arnold], who talks rather loudly and rather slowly; Mr. Rose, “the pre-Raphaelite” [Pater] who always speaks in an undertone, with a soft lulling voice, and whose two topics are self-indulgence and art; and several others, including two ladies, Mrs. Sinclair [Violet Fane],<sup>(2)</sup> and Grace [Mrs. Mark Pattison.]

Of all the company we are naturally most interested in Mr. Rose, whom Mr. Mallock had met, though, we believe, he derived most of his material from a young man who had been one of Pater’s pupils. In a letter to the writer,<sup>(3)</sup> Mr. Mallock says: “The fanciful sketch of Pater introduced into *The New Republic* was meant to represent an attitude of mind rather than a man;” but whatever Mr. Mallock’s intentions, the portrait is a faithful one.

After some desultory talk at table, Mr. Herbert [Ruskin] declared, rather fiercely, that the human race was wandering in an accursed wilderness, which not only shows no hill-top whence the promised land may be seen, but which, to most of the wanderers, seems a

(1) Writing in *The Cam* (14 Feb. 1906), Mr. Oscar Browning says: “The proof-sheets [of *The New Republic*] were corrected by Mr. J. A. Symonds, when I was his guest at Clifton in 1877.”

(2) Lady Currie. She died in Oct. 1905.

(3) 19 Feb. 1904.





MR. WILLIAM SHARP.

*From a photo lent by Mr. Sharp to the Author.*



promised land itself—this wilderness teeming with factory chimneys and other abominations.

“To me,” followed Mr. Rose, raising his eyebrows wearily, and sending his words floating down the table in a languid monotone, “Mr. Herbert’s whole metaphor seems misleading. I rather look upon life as a chamber, which we decorate as we would decorate the chamber of the woman that we love, tinting the walls of it with symphonies of subdued colour, and with flowers, and with strange scents . . . We know that so many of the old aims were false, and so cease to be distracted by them. We have learned the weariness of creeds; and know that for us the grave has no secrets. We have learned that the aim of life is life; and what does successful life consist in? Simply,” continued Mr. Rose, answering his own question and speaking very slowly, and with a soft solemnity, “in the consciousness of exquisite living—in the making our own each highest thrill of joy that the moment offers us—be it some touch of colour on the sea or on the mountains, the early dew in the crimson shadows of a rose, the shining of a woman’s limbs in clear water, or——”

Here, unfortunately, a sound of “Sh!” broke softly from several mouths.

When the conversation turned to religion, Mr. Rose said that he had lost interest in “the warrings of endless doubts.” He took “a profounder and more exquisite pleasure in the colour of a crocus, the pulsations of a chord of music, or a picture of Botticelli’s.”

On the Sunday there is a sermon by Dr. Jenkinson—which the guests subject to criticism.

“All discussion of such matters seems to me but a diseased activity,” said Mr. Rose, raising languidly a white deprecating hand; but when the conversation turned to History he broke in with enthusiasm: “Why, but for history,” said he, “what should we be now but a flock of listless barbarians? Would not all

life's choicer and subtler pleasures be lost to us, if Athens did not still live to redeem us from the bondage of the Middle Age, and if the Italian Renaissance—that strange child of Aphrodite and Tannhäuser—did not still live to stimulate us out of the torpor of the present age?" Scarcely less enthusiastic about poetry, he compares the "man of culture to an Æolian harp which the winds at will play through."

Later falls from him a diatribe against the ugliness of the London streets, and the hell of distracting noises made by the carts, the cabs and the carriages. Nothing soothes him but the shops of certain upholsterers and dealers in works of art. He knew and could praise men who never admit a newspaper into their houses—that is of later date than the times of Addison—men who, with a steady and set purpose, follow art for the sake of art . . . life for the sake of life. Then he pictures a new London, beautiful as Athens, with houses, theatres, gardens, such as the men of the Italian Renaissance would joy to look upon, and with a sort of Piræus for the accommodation of the horrors of trade and business—a London with Attic architecture and Syrian odours.

As regards religion, he volunteers the theory that it never lights our lives so beautifully as when it is leaving them; and he then pictures two women, one an untamed creature with laughter on her lips, but who does not reach the highest degree of happiness; the other a languid beauty, who is sad but sees that sadness is lovely, and so sadness turns to joy. "There is a sadness," he observes, "a langour even in the grave tendrils of her heavy hair, and in each changing curve of her bosom."

"What a very odd man Mr. Rose is," whispers one of the guests—a Lady Ambrose. "He always seems to talk of everybody as if they had no clothes on."

Pater's fondness for rare books, especially those of an erotic nature, is amusingly hit off. Among the

books of the host's uncle, who preferred a mistress to a wife, was a work of a kind generally kept under lock and key.

"And now," exclaimed Lady Ambrose, "I want to have a look at that book of your uncle's. I have often heard it spoken about. Come, Mr. Lawrence, you need not hold it back. I'm sure there's nothing in it that would do me any harm."

"Well, no," said Lawrence; "in this volume I don't think there is."

"What," interposed Mr. Rose, "is there another volume? I should much like to see that."

After Lawrence had read some portions of the first volume, Mr. Rose said: "As I suppose we shall ere long be all going to dress for dinner, I will go, Mr. Lawrence, if you will let me, and examine that other volume you spoke of, of your uncle's miscellanies."

The Parthian shot is even more amusing:—

"I was looking before dinner," said Mr. Rose, who, with Lawrence, was bringing up the rear, "at the books in your uncle's pavilion in the garden, and I saw there, in a closed case, a copy of the *Cultes Secrets des Dames Romaines*."

"Well," said Lawrence, a little stiffly. "It has been locked up for years."

"I conceived as much," said Mr. Rose gently. "As you do not seem to set much store by the work, I will give you thirty pounds for it."<sup>(1)</sup>

It has been supposed by some that Pater suffered "violent distress" from this parody of his style and manner, but we are able to declare positively that, instead of suffering distress, he took it as a compliment, thoroughly enjoyed it and laughed heartily at the passages that went nearest to the truth. Pater was

(1) We have quoted from Mr. Mallock's book only in so far as it concerns Mr. Rose, but it abounds in good sayings, e.g., "The highest labour will never produce money, but generally requires it." "The power to find or make an object [upon which to labour] is, I think, a great part of genius."

troubled, indeed, not because people might recognise the portrait, but because he feared they might not recognise it. "I am pleased," he said to one friend,<sup>(1)</sup> "to be called Mr. Rose—the rose being the queen of flowers; and the joke is a good one, but in years to come the humour will have evaporated, for nobody will know who Mr. Rose is." Pater, indeed, had no idea at that time that he would become really famous—that he would be remembered even by the next generation. We would also point out that he was a man who did not care one straw what anybody said of him—being in this respect not in the least sensitive. Mr. Greenslet and others are afraid that Mr. Mallock's mockery "has led people to form a misconception of Pater;" but Mr. McQueen writes: <sup>(2)</sup> "It was not a misconception at all, but the truth as to one side of Pater's nature." In connection with the fun which Mr. Mallock manages to express from Pater's voice, Mr. McQueen says: "In the fifties and early sixties Pater's voice had been pleasing, quiet, steady, and manly, but when as an æsthete he affected 'flute-like modulations,' he fairly laid himself open to Mr. Mallock's sarcasm."

(1) The author had this from the friend's lips.

(2) To the present writer.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

JANUARY 1877 TO APRIL 1880

MR. RICHARD C. JACKSON <sup>(1)</sup>

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One day in the Spring of 1877 in Canon Liddon's rooms at Christ Church,<sup>(2)</sup> Pater was introduced to a handsome and studious young scholar named Richard C. Jackson, who proved to be a personal friend not only of Canon Liddon, but also of Carlyle, Dr. Pusey, and Dean Church. The conversation presently glided to Dante, and the intimate knowledge of the subject which Mr. Jackson displayed at once excited Pater's interest; while later he learnt with delight that Mr. Jackson was the grandson of the Captain Francis Jackson of Charles Lamb's charming essay.<sup>(3)</sup>

114. Mr.  
Richard  
C. Jackson,  
1877.

(1) Now F.S.A. and Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, &c. For other notes respecting Mr. Jackson, see subsequent chapters and the Appendix.

(2) Although Liddon had in 1870 become a Canon of St. Paul's, London, he continued to hold his rooms at Christ Church, and spent a portion of every year there. See *Life of Liddon*, p. 256.

(3) Lamb and Jackson were at Christ's Hospital together, hence Lamb calls him "My dear old friend." Later in life Captain Jackson resided at the Red House, Mare Street, Hackney. He was not poor, as Lamb humorously represented him, nor had he any daughters—though he had two sisters. He named his son, Charles, after Lamb, and the present Mr. Jackson has Charles for one of his names. See *T.P.'s Weekly* and the *South London Observer* for 1905. In one place Lamb speaks of Captain Jackson as belonging to a family which held "ducal honours."



“And what did Pater look like?” enquired a friend of Mr. Jackson.

Mr. Jackson considered a moment, and then said: “Outwardly, he was just like the woodcuts in a certain very scarce work of Charles Lamb’s, ‘*Satan in Search of a Wife*, by an Eye-Witness.’ ”<sup>(1)</sup>

“And did not that repel you?”

“Oh, no!” replied Mr. Jackson. “It is only with the intellect and the character that I am concerned, and I already felt myself strongly drawn to the man.”

As for Pater, all he could at first know was that he had come upon a mind with as many hues as an Indian carpet, and a host of unusual interests inextricably mingled: a man who was at once an authority on Dante and Greek art, a Platonist, a Monk, a Re-Unionist—and more other things else than he could for the moment recall.

Born in 1851, Mr. Jackson is of noble lineage, being descended from the ancient Earls of Norfolk.<sup>(2)</sup> At the age of twelve he could recite the whole of the Book of Psalms and much of Dante’s “*Inferno*,” having had, as a tutor in Dante Dr. Henry Clarke Barlow, founder of the Dante Lectures in University College, London. Another of Mr. Jackson’s tutors was Dr. John Mason Neale,<sup>(3)</sup> the hymnologist, who then resided at Sackville College, East Grinstead;

(1) See Mr. Moore’s description of Pater’s appearance in Chapter 36 of this book, p. 137. Pater was none the worse for being extremely plain.

(2) He is a lineal descendant of John de Norfolk, who was a younger brother and heir apparent of Roger Earl of Norfolk, who surreptitiously surrendered his lands, honour, and office into the hands of King Edward the First because John de Norfolk “manfully stood up for the rights of the Church and the liberties of the people.”

(3) Richard C. Jackson was a boarder at Dr. Neale’s. J. M. Neale [1818—1866]. Among his translations are “*Jerusalem the Golden*” and “*For thee, O dear, dear country.*”

and, lastly, he is signalised as having been the only literary pupil that Thomas Carlyle ever had.<sup>(1)</sup>

As a young man his studies had taken him entirely out of the common ruts.

"What are you reading?" enquired Canon Liddon the first time he spoke to him.

"A very old author," replied Mr. Jackson. "Nobody thinks about him now."

"You are thinking about him," rejoined Liddon, and the friendship that sprang up was severed only by Liddon's death.

Surprised as Pater was at Mr. Jackson's tenacious memory, he was still more surprised at his new friend's argumentative skill, and at the fact that Mr. Jackson, though but twenty-six, was an authority on poetry, sculpture, painting, and music.

"I am dumfounded!" exclaimed Pater excitedly. "I will write a book about you." He did. That book was *Marius the Epicurean*—and Mr. Jackson was Marius.

For months, indeed, it was as though Pater could never separate himself from Mr. Jackson, and he plied him with thousands of questions.

Mr. Jackson and Pater often met in Canon Liddon's rooms at Christ Church, and the happy hours they spent there and in the surrounding grounds, which were beautiful with ilexes, led them to speak of the college and its towers as if they were of ivory, while the great entrance under the Tom Tower became "The Golden Gate."

115. Pater  
and  
Mr. Jackson  
in Canon  
Liddon's  
Rooms.

One day Pater, after producing a number of little squares of white paper upon which he had been making notes, said to Mr. Jackson, "See, I told you I would write a book about you, and now I have sucked your veins dry, I will begin."

<sup>(1)</sup> R. C. Jackson was introduced to Carlyle in 1865, by Dr. John Mason Neale, in the vestry of St. Mary's, Crown Street, Soho. Carlyle often attended this church.

"There must be no personalities," interrupted Mr. Jackson.

"Certainly not," followed Pater, "but since I have taken the bloom off the peach, the fragrance from the rose, and the breath from the lily—even as the hyacinth sprang from the blood of Hyacinthus, so shall all that I have gleaned from *thee* swell *thy* fame to kiss posterity therewith."

It was a curiously stilted speech, but one eminently characteristic of Pater, who then added, "I am glad to write about you, for, owing to you, my life has been enriched—its minstrelsy swelled."

The remark led Mr. Jackson to compose on the spot some warm-hearted but rather effusive stanzas, the last of which ran as follows:—

You greet me as your Marius! me  
Who swelled for you life's minstrelsy  
    In ivor towers.  
I say to thee,  
    Within my garden I enclose  
    Your spirit with a damask rose  
    Of ivor towers.

Of course, Mr. Jackson set no value whatever on these lines, nor did he ever imagine that they would find their way into print, but, now that *Marius the Epicurean* is a classic, they have a certain historical interest.

Some time afterwards Pater said to Mr. Jackson: "My dear Marius, I want you to write me a song for my birthday;" so Mr. Jackson wrote and sent him some lines, entitled "Thou standest on the threshold," one stanza of which runs:—

Your darling soul I say is enflamed with love for me;  
Your very eyes do move I cry with sympathy:  
Your darling feet and hands are blessings ruled by love,  
As forth was sent from out the Ark a turtle dove!

For twenty years or so these two metrical effusions have been hidden away among old letters, etc., and Mr. Jackson discovered them and read them again, with curiously mingled sensations, only a few days ago.



Among the houses at which Pater was a welcome guest was that meeting-place of novelists, poets, and other notabilities—the residence of Mr. George T. Robinson; and here he met Miss A. Mary F. Robinson (afterwards Madame Darmesteter, and now Madame Duclaux); Miss F. Mabel Robinson, who subsequently obtained distinction as a novelist; Mr. Philip Bourke Marston, the blind poet; and Mr. William Sharp, who subsequently wrote both under his own name and that of “Fiona Macleod.”

116. William  
Sharp,  
D. G. Rossetti.

To the eyes of William Sharp, Pater appeared a Dutch-looking man “of medium height, heavily built, with a peculiar though slight stoop,” a pale face and deep-set eyes of an unusual grey.<sup>(1)</sup> On the day that he and Pater first met, Pater, for some reason or other, was on excellent terms with himself, and when the Robinsons’ cat, a long-haired creature, jumped on to his knee (as did every cat at every opportunity), he began, as he stroked it, to talk brightly and wittily to Sharp, in whom he was interested, first, because Sharp, though but a young man, had been a traveller, and, secondly, because he was acquainted with D. G. Rossetti.

Speaking of Rossetti, Pater declared that of the six men then living who were certain to be famous—Tennyson, Browning, Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, Swinburne, and Rossetti—Rossetti was “the most significant as well as the most fascinating.” Of the others he said: “Ruskin has had by far the most influence over the sentiment of people”; Arnold “has exercised the most potent influence on intellectual manners”; Tennyson “has imposed a new and exigent conception of poetic art”; Browning is “the greatest stimulus to hopeful endeavour.” “To most people,” he continued, “Browning is an inexhaustible spring of hope, and hope is to most people more vitally near and dear than poetry.”

<sup>(1)</sup> *Atlantic Monthly*, Dec. 1894. Article by William Sharp.

Pater listened with unfeigned delight to the descriptions of the strange sights witnessed by Mr. Sharp in the Pacific and the Atlantic, for, like most men of feeble frame, he took a keen interest in adventure and deeds of daring.

He subsequently passed a few moments in the company of Rossetti, who expressed his admiration for the *Renaissance*.<sup>(1)</sup> But Rossetti, who was nearing his end (he died 9th April, 1882), was not drawn to Pater as a man; and it is remembered, too, that William Bell Scott<sup>(2)</sup> rarely referred to him except contemptuously.

Comparing the characters of Pater and Rossetti, Mr. Richard C. Jackson, who was also intimate with Rossetti, observes: "In one respect the two men were as opposite as the poles. Pater was amusingly parsimonious, and when with a friend often forgot to pay his own 'bus fare; Rossetti, on the other hand, though in no better circumstances than Pater, was generous to a fault. It was really not safe to express admiration for anything that Rossetti possessed, for he would be sure to say, 'Since you like it, you shall have it. Indeed, you *shall* have it'; and you had to be very firm with him to make him keep his own property."

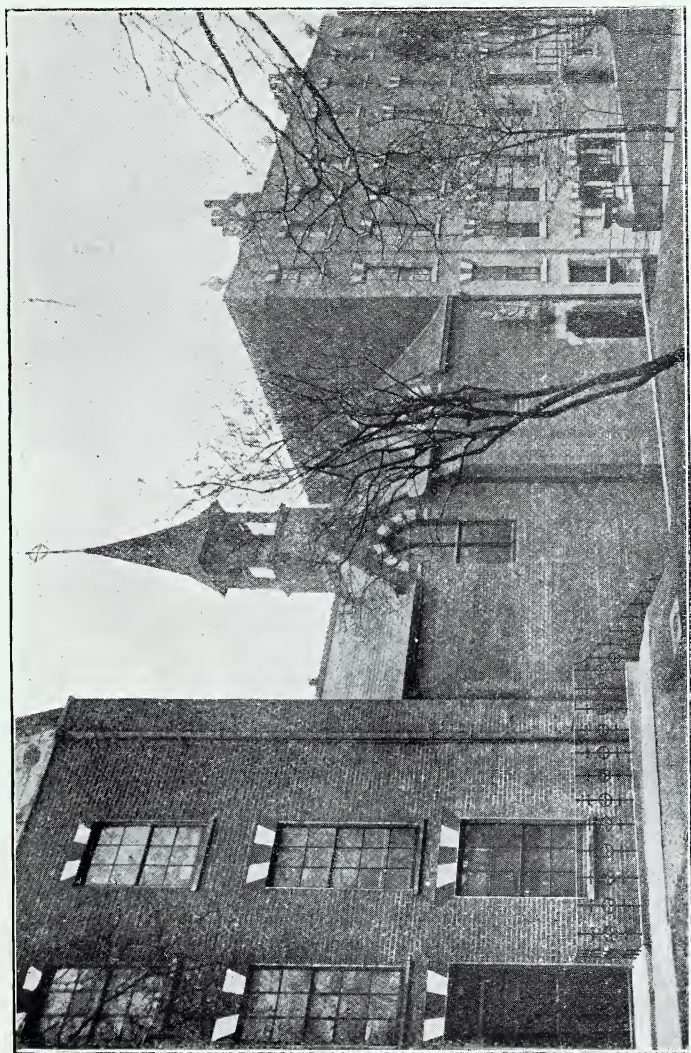
One year of Pater's life was now very much like another. Term-time was spent either in Oxford or with Mr. Jackson at Camberwell; vacation-time on the Continent, generally with his sisters, and often in the La Beauce country,<sup>(3)</sup> of whose natural scenery and half mediæval towns he never wearied. Sometimes he was to be met at Munich, either in the halls of the Glyptothek with its magnificent collection of ancient

117. On the Continent. Passion for Sights and Emotions.

(1) Rossetti, in conversation with Mr. John Payne, spoke enthusiastically of Pater's masterpiece.

(2) Painter of the series of historical pictures at Wallington Hall. Scott and Rossetti were friends.

(3) North of the Loire in France.



ST. AUSTIN'S.





sculpture, or the Pinakothek with Watteau's "Fête Champêtre" and "Conversation Galante;" or in the city cemetery where "the dead have to lie in state before burial behind glass windows,"<sup>(1)</sup> among flowers and incense and "holy candles." At another time he might be met in the Somme Valley and at Valenciennes, imagining his "Apollo in Picardy" and his study of Watteau, most of the inspiration for which, however, he obtained at the Dulwich Gallery,<sup>(2)</sup> which he often visited in the company of Mr. Jackson. Now he is in Brittany (dear to him as the home of Renan), whence he brings some curious ironwork for his doors at Brasenose; now sauntering on the bank of some Low Country canal, which he gazes at with the eyes of Sebastian van Storck; now in some antique town of the Palatinate—the original of Rosenmold with its "storks on the chimneys and green copper roofs baking in the long, dry German summer." Still, as we said before, the dearest district of all to him was the La Beauce country—the land of Ronsard and Du Bellay—the land which we now associate with Gaston de Latour and waxen, flaxen Denys. Here he visited Gothic churches, old *chateaux* "with strangely twisted staircases," and rambled in search of wild flowers in cornfield and vineyard.

His chief attractions in London were S. Alban's, Holborn, the National Gallery, and the Greek and Roman saloons in the British Museum. At the National Gallery he spent many hours studying his old favourites—the "Warrior Saint Liberale," with its "delicately gleaming silver-grey armour;"<sup>(3)</sup> Botticelli's wistful Madonnas, and his Heretic Picture with the great circles of the Redeemed; Leonardo's "Lady of the Rocks;" Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne;" and Raphael's "Ansidei Madonna" "seated in a cool pearl-grey quiet place where colour counts for double."<sup>(4)</sup>

(1) *Greek Studies*, p. 258.

(2) See Appendix X.

(3) *Renaissance*, p. 147.

(4) *Miscellaneous Studies*, p. 46. This picture was purchased for the nation in 1885. See also Appendix X.

The study of Pater, indeed, should create a new and burning interest in the treasures of the National Collection in those who have never really appreciated its joys; while it should cause old pilgrims to bend thither once more their eager footsteps. To adapt the refrain of "The Vigil of Venus"—

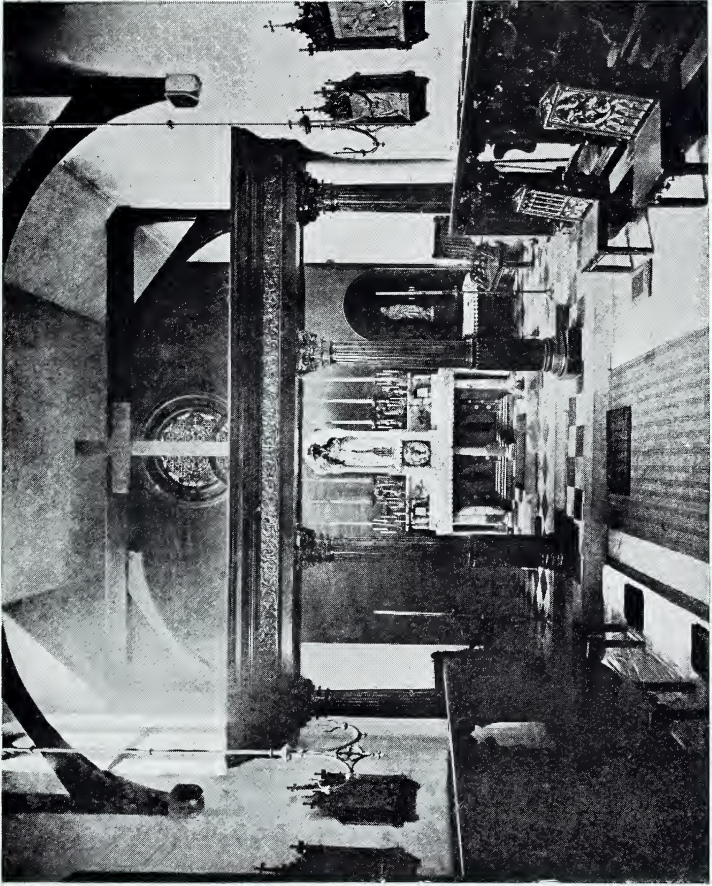
Let those love now, who never loved before,  
And those who always loved, now love the more.

Scarcely less magnetic to Pater were the Greek and Roman treasures in the British Museum. To his love for novelty in sight and sound we referred, when speaking of the days when he went with the multitude to hear Bellew and Spurgeon, and he was still just as eager for fresh emotions. In *The New Republic* Mr. Rose is made, when describing the Thames, to express the wish that for the sake of the emotion he could see some "unfortunate" precipitate herself from a bridge—but that is mere hyperbole, for Pater would have been troubled to see even a fly suffering. Still his passion for new sensations was not less marked at forty-two than it had been at twenty-two, and any show could draw him. When the Emperor Napoleon III., after the war of 1870, came over to England and secluded himself at Chislehurst, Pater was deeply chagrined. "They ought to exhibit him," he said to his brother William. "There's a crack in 'Big Ben;' <sup>(1)</sup> why don't they put him under the bell, and charge a shilling a peep?"

Sights and sounds ecclesiastical afforded him unalloyed pleasure, and he revelled especially in the gorgeous scenes at S. Alban's, Holborn, which was just then at the height of its reputation for ornate services,<sup>(2)</sup> and the principal Roman Catholic chapels. He delighted in high altars banked with flowers—the arum, the narcissus, the jonquil—innumerable candles

<sup>(1)</sup> The Bell at Westminster, of course.

<sup>(2)</sup> In 1882 the Rev. Alexander Heriot Mackonochie, in compliance with the wish of Archbishop Tait, resigned the living.



INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL, ST. AUSTIN'S.





forming a pyramid of points of fire, priests in transcendent copes stiff with gold, incense rising in swelling clouds, bell ringing, genuflections. But what it was all for did not trouble him. In *The New Republic* Mr. Rose is represented as attending Ritualistic churches "when in the weary mood for it." "In some places," he is made to say, "the whole thing is really managed with surprising skill. The dim religious twilight, fragrant with the smoke of incense . . . the tapers, the high altar, and the strange intonation of the priests, all produce a curious old-world effect."

We now come to an event which was to have a singular influence on Pater's life, namely, the founding of St. Austin's Priory, in Walworth, by the Rev. George Nugée, a very wealthy High Church clergyman. Mr. Nugée who, curiously enough, like several other of Pater's friends,<sup>(1)</sup> was of Huguenot descent, had, after many laborious years in London, been appointed to the family living of Wymering-with-Widley in Hampshire, and he used his wealth in restoring his churches, extending his schools, founding a brotherhood, and in doing much beside "for the general good of the parish." Finding his work there completed, he resolved to devote the rest of his life to labour in the most degraded part of London known to him, namely Lock's Fields, Walworth; and with that end in view he looked for a suitable successor (whom he found in the Rev. H. B. Smith), and resigned his living. Regarding the idea as a direct call from God, and having made with the Vicar of St. John's, Walworth (the Rev. G. T. Cotham), a friendly arrangement by which a portion of the parish was assigned to him as a legal district,<sup>(2)</sup>

118. St.  
Austin's.  
Father  
Nugee,  
1878.

<sup>(1)</sup> McQueen, Dombrian, and others.

<sup>(2)</sup> The church attached to the district of St. Austin's was in Salisbury Crescent, where the ritual was also very ornate.

he hired several large houses in the New Kent Road, and transformed them into a "Monkery," near which he erected a beautiful chapel with a black and white marble pavement which had come from All Soul's, Oxford, fittings of carved oak of antique designs, and an altar of marble richly gilt. The chapel was dedicated to St. Austin, whose figure appeared over the entrance gate. Mr. Nugée then established popular week-day services, and a working men's club; and every effort was made both at St. Austin's and in the homes of the people "to awaken a religious spirit." The provost, as Father Nugée was termed, presently found himself surrounded by a number of helpers, including Mr. Richard C. Jackson (or the Rev. Brother à Becket, to use his monastic name), and the Rev. E. Salisbury. Most of the brethren connected with St. Austin's were men of ample private means—indeed, to use Mr. Jackson's term, "it was a 'Monkery' of rich men"—and all wore, both in chapel and in the street, the black gown of the order. "It was a hotbed of so-called Romanism," observed Mr. Jackson to the writer, "and glorious days they were. Life was then worth living—filled as it was with beautiful thoughts—surrounded as we then were with those in whose souls was found no guile." For the services at St. Austin's Mr. Jackson wrote many hymns, one of which, "Nearer to me,"<sup>(1)</sup> is of special interest to us in the light of Pater's remarks in *Marius* with reference to the earnestness of the Christians: "Some there present apprehend that prayer prevails, that the very object of this pathetic crying Himself draws near;" and we may at once say that Pater drew all his inspiration for the latter portion of *Marius* from the St. Austin's services, "which were dight with gold and gem and sacred song."

<sup>(1)</sup> It appears on p. 11 of Mr. Jackson's volume of Poems *The Golden City*.

## NEARER TO ME

Nearer to me  
 Come, gentle Saviour come,  
 That I may see  
 Thy more than Sacred Form!  
 Closer to be  
 Drawn still by Thee.  
 Nearer to me  
 Come, kindest Friend, and best;  
 Still yearningly  
 Pants my sin-burden'd heart  
 With Thee to be  
 In unity.  
 Nearer to me  
 Come Thou in toil and pain,  
 Bearer of free  
 Grace to the captive soul,  
 That I, in Thee,  
 At peace may be.  
 Nearer to me  
 Deep drawn by cords of love,  
 Deign'dst Thou to be  
 Perfect through suffering,  
 So may pain be  
 Healing to me.  
 Nearer to me  
 Come, with Thy healing balm;  
 Only in Thee  
 True joyaunce here is found;  
 All else I see  
 Phantoms to be.  
 Nearer to Thee  
 As I draw, Hope renew'd  
 Smileth on me;  
 Not now in mockery  
 Steadfast doth she  
 Promise to be.  
 Nearer to Thee  
 Through all life's changeful scenes,  
 Still may I be!  
 High though the billows roll;  
 Port sure I see,  
 Saviour, in Thee.  
 Nearer to Thee  
 So may death clasp me, Lord;  
 Waiting to see  
 Thy ever Blessed face  
 When spoil'd shall be  
 Death's ministry.

Of the other hymns by Mr. Jackson which were sung at the St. Austin's services, perhaps the one best remembered is that commencing—

"The songs of sweetest notes now raise."<sup>(1)</sup>

<sup>(1)</sup> *The Risen Life*, p. 46. London: Masters and Co., 1881.

Both Cardinal Newman and Walter Pater, who, as we have several times said, was a great lover of hymns, had for these lines a particular affection, and considered them among the most touching in the language.<sup>(1)</sup> They certainly bring the services at St. Austin's very near to us. Besides labouring among the poor, the St. Austin brethren prepared young men for Holy Orders—Mr. Jackson taking Church History, Mr. Salisbury Greek and Latin and the construction of sermons, and Father Nugée Pastoral Theology. Among the worshippers was Mr. Henry Dawkes, formerly of Ravenstone, near Olney, who had a remarkable collection of works of art which Pater sometimes inspected. "If," said Mr. Jackson to Mr. Dawkes, "you will find the paint, I will cover the walls of the Mission Chapel of St. Austin's with illuminations." Mr. Dawkes consenting, Mr. Jackson, who had a remarkable gift for this kind of work, at once commenced his undertaking, with the result that within a few weeks St. Austin's presented perhaps the most beautiful interior in London.<sup>(2)</sup> Mr. Jackson also helped in various ways very many other advanced churches, most of which he and Pater visited together—frequently attending a different church every Sunday—the principal being St. Alban's, Holborn; Christ Church, Clapham; St. Peter's, London Docks; St. Paul's, Walworth;<sup>(3)</sup> St. James's, Hatcham; St. Michael and All Angels, Beckenham; St. Peter's, Streatham; St. Augustine's, Queen's Gate; and St. Barnabas, Pimlico. Occasionally, however, Pater attended less ornate services, thus on 31st December, 1876, he heard Dr. Liddon preach at St. Paul's Cathedral from Psalm xc., verse 1,<sup>(4)</sup> and curiously

(1) See also Appendix X.

(2) Commenting on Mr. Jackson's work, Mr. Dawkes, himself a connoisseur in art, told the writer that he had never seen anything so beautiful in his life.

(3) The Vicar was the Rev. John Gowing, who had six curates, each possessed of something like £3,000 a year. His services eclipsed even those at St. Alban's.

(4) "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations."





THE REV. FATHER NUGÉE.

PROVOST OF ST. AUSTIN'S,



enough chanced to sit next to one of his old pupils—the Rev. Anthony Bathe, a friend of Mr. Jackson's.

One of Pater's Oxford friends, who did not quite like all these disappearances from the University, happening a little later to enter Pater's room at Brasenose found him reading a volume <sup>(1)</sup> in crimson cloth with a great "I.H.S." on it.

"For what new light am I forsaken?" he asked, as Pater rose to greet him. Then taking up the book, which had been placed on the table, and noticing Mr. Jackson's name on it, he said, "This is the attraction. Who is he?" But Pater, with that curious dislike of mingling his friendships to which we referred in our preface, made some reply that amounted to nothing and changed the conversation.

The services at St. Austin's were of a most ornate description. The Sacrament was reserved, incense was used, and there were processions with banners, the proceedings, indeed, being scarcely distinguishable from those in Roman churches at the present day. Its chapel—the talk of London—became one of those exclusive places that everyone wished to see, and every Sunday crowds were turned away from the doors. At these services, Pater, by this time a personal friend of Father Nugée, as well as of Mr. Jackson, was frequently present, being attracted, as he said, solely by the gorgeousness of the scene. His eulogiums, however, gave pain, instead of pleasure, to Father Nugée, whose one desire was to bring not only Pater but all others who attended "really," to use his own words, "into the Christian fold," and who could not bear to have his chapel regarded merely as a show.

"I am afraid," observed Father Nugée to Pater, "you quite misunderstand us. These ceremonies are but an outward expression of what is in our hearts.

(1) A copy of the 4th edition of *His Presence*.



We don't want mere sight-seers—or, rather, we want them only because we are in hopes that they may be led to become sincere Christians." A little while after, Pater, on being spoken to more pointedly, observed, "I can assure you, Mr. Nugée, I am interested in the Christian religion only from the fact of my being Page-in-Waiting upon your Professor of Church History. The Church of England is nothing to me apart from its ornate services. Indeed, I am just as much drawn to Nonconformity, for whose great men—Baxter, Wesley, and Spurgeon—I feel a true admiration."

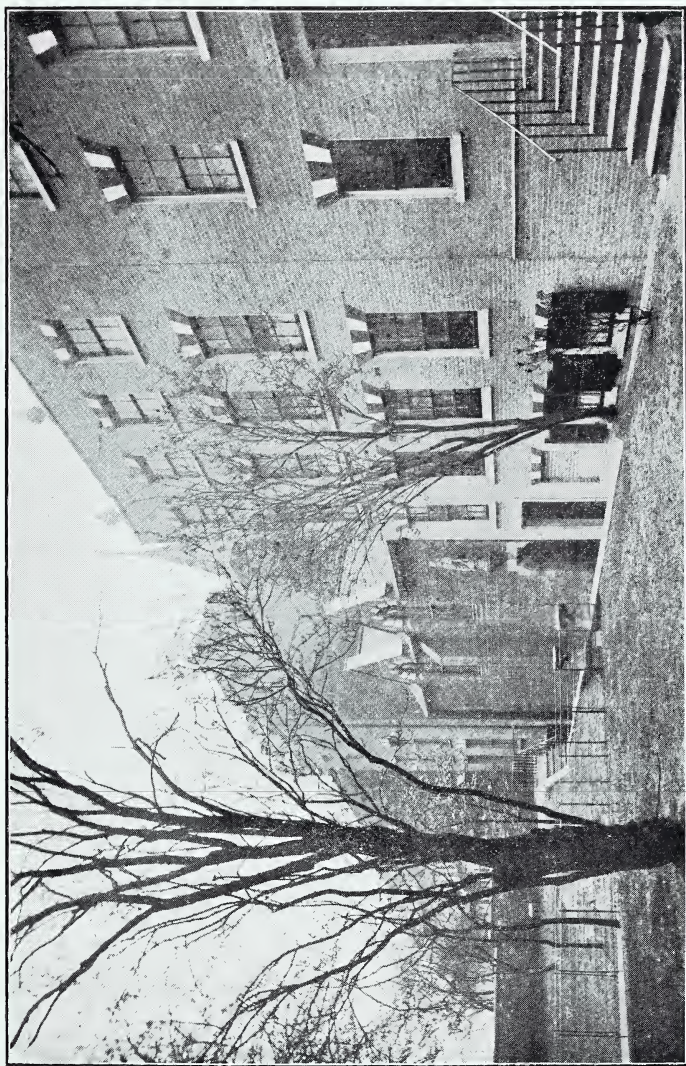
If, however, Pater appreciated ornate ritual he liked bed better, and we suppose no healthy man ever spent more hours between the sheets. When he was a guest at Grosvenor Park it was no uncommon event for Mr. Jackson to find him not down early enough for morning service. Mr. Jackson would then go to church, and when he returned at dinner-time it would be to learn, more often than not, that Pater was still in bed. It is comforting, however, to be assured that he was never known to get up too late for evening service—which certainly tells in his favour.

Though he openly expressed his indifference to religion apart from its ceremonials, he was frequently, as occasional observations proved, not altogether at ease in his mind.

"I wish," he once said to Mr. Jackson, "that I had as much backbone as you. Those wonderful, snowy Thomas à Kempis heights upon which you and Father Nugée are perched are eternal in their æsthetic charm—but they are inaccessible to weaker mortals like me."

"Don't trouble about your backbone," replied Mr. Jackson, "cast yourself unreservedly upon God, and you will soon lose your infirmities."

"But," commented Mr. Jackson sorrowfully, in speaking of the matter to the writer, "my words had no effect on him." Perhaps, however, they went deeper



RESIDENCE OF FATHER NUGÉE.

(ADJOINING ST. AUSTIN'S.)



than he supposed, for, one day, Pater remarked in his dreamy manner: "A man's horizon is certainly enlarged by religion."

Pater's appearances at Walworth and Camberwell were always unexpected; or rather, they never caused astonishment, for it was known that he might present himself at any time. Mr. Jackson's monastic name was, as we have already noticed, the Rev. Brother à Becket, on account of which Pater often called him "The Archbishop."

120. Pater  
can breathe  
only at  
Walworth.

One morning a tremendous hammering was heard at St. Austin's gate, and when the porter opened it, there stood Pater, who, in high tones, cried, "I want the Archbishop. Where is the Archbishop?" For some reason or other, the porter was sulky. "You can't see him," he replied. But Pater was determined, consequently a noisy altercation ensued, which was fortunately overheard by Mr. Jackson, who, after rushing downstairs, and rebuking the porter, drew his friend into the house—exclaiming, "Here I am then, crozier lost, mitre pawned, but your Archbishop still. Now what is it you want?"

"Oh, I'm bound to come here to breathe, sometimes," replied Pater—"to breathe this freer air. Oxford pains me, slays me! It is impossible there to escape the ruts of convention. Everything follows the most ridiculous precedents, and the stupidest of rules. The whole place is cobwebbed over. Oh, it's so delightful to be in Walworth—to be a man for an afternoon, after being an automaton for a month. Oh, I can breathe in Walworth!"

The same Thames rolls by Oxford as by Bermondsey and Walworth; and there are persons who contend that it does not increase in limpidity as it proceeds; but Pater, looking at it from Folly Bridge, saw nothing but mud, looking at it from London Bridge nothing but stars. At St. Austin's he was truly happy. It

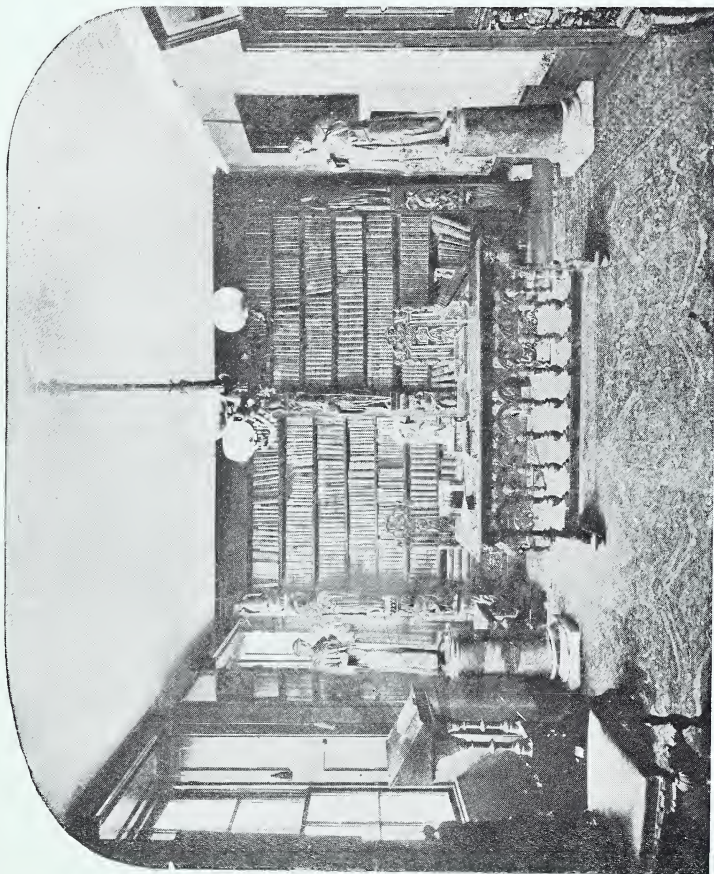


was in a measure his own. The gorse gilding the South London commons, through which he and Mr. Jackson used to wander talking of Greek art, was dearer to him even than the yellow cornlands of La Beauce. In other places his brain slumbered like a bear in winter; in those golden plains ideas came upon him with the rush of a whirlwind.

From this time St. Austin's and Mr. Jackson's home, Grosvenor Park, Camberwell, which also had its chapel,<sup>(1)</sup> became second homes to Pater, and he spent far more of his time in the company of Mr. Jackson than in that of any other friend. Of Mr. Jackson, and his scarce and valuable books he never wearied, and they passed many hours together examining and talking over these and other treasures, which included an Aldis Homer of 1524 bound in purple Morocco, a great number of Charles Lamb's books, &c., Carlyle's Wallet—stamped with T.C., given him by Goethe—the Duke of Brunswick's loving-cup—a marvel of workmanship in gold and ivory—to say nothing of chalices, intaglios, cameos, medals, coins, and other works of art.

Camberwell in those days had quite a rural aspect—the very names of the thoroughfares—Denmark Hill, Camberwell Grove, Grove Lane—suggesting greenery; and in Ruskin's *Præterita* and the letters of William Black, who lived at this time in the white stuccoed "Airlie House" in Camberwell Grove—it appears as a kind of Eden. Black, who had settled in Camberwell just after the success of his story *A Daughter of Heth*, and who wrote here *Madcap Violet*, which glows with local colour, and *Macleod of Dare*, always held that there was no sunset like that to be seen in Grove Park, nor any moonlight like that which bronzed the towering Grove chestnuts. At the end of 1878 Black, who by

(1) Memories of both this chapel and St. Austin's were drawn upon by Pater when he was writing the latter portion of *Marius*.



THE LECTURE ROOM, ST. AUSTIN'S.





that time had become a personal friend of both Mr. Jackson and Pater, removed to Brighton, though he was still often to be found at Airlie House, which, we believe, was taken by one of his relatives. If Pater's visits to Grosvenor Park became at last more frequent than quite pleased Mr. Jackson, lovers of books and of engraved gems and other works of art will be inclined to view leniently his obtrusiveness. He felt that he could never have too much of "Camberwell the Golden." Camberwell and Walworth, indeed, had become his Fortunate Islands—his earthly Paradises. But for them *Marius the Epicurean*, *Greek Studies*, and *Appreciations*, all of which were inspired by Mr. Jackson and Mr. Jackson's books and pictures, could not possibly have been written. With Oxford men, on the other hand, Pater was never, to use Dr. Johnson's expression, "quite easy." Even those to whom he was amicably disposed found, says Mr. Humphry Ward, "*intimacy with him very difficult.*" "You never," continues Mr. Ward, "felt that he was quite at one with you in habits, feelings, preferences. His inner world was not that of anyone else at Oxford."<sup>(1)</sup> At Camberwell, on the other hand, it was quite different. There he wore his heart upon his sleeve. No stiffness intervened between Pater and Richard C. Jackson—nor between Pater and another group of friends to whom we shall in a few pages introduce the reader. *They* never found "*intimacy with him difficult.*"

Among the worshippers at St. Austin's was a big burly fellow named William Andrew, who, having fallen ill, had to be taken to St. Thomas's Hospital, where Mr. Jackson, wearing always the black cassock of the Augustine canons, paid him many visits; and when Andrew came out of the hospital Mr. Jackson continued to see and assist him—often leaving gifts, too, for Andrew's aged mother. One Saturday night,

<sup>(1)</sup> *Walter Pater*, by A. C. Benson, p. 26.

between eleven and twelve, as Pater and Mr. Jackson were sitting together in the house in Grosvenor Park there came a mysterious knocking at the door, and the housekeeper went somewhat timidly to answer it. Presently she entered the room in which the friends were sitting with the information that there was a tremendous fellow—a complete stranger—standing on the step with something wrapped in a black cloth, who—and she confided to them that she did not like either his appearance or his manner—declared that he would see nobody but Mr. Jackson.

Noticing his friend hesitate, Pater said, “Go at once. It might be an archangel sent to you direct from Heaven.”

On approaching, rather apprehensively, the open door Mr. Jackson felt a bird-cage thrust into his hands, and at the same moment he recognised the voice of William Andrew, who said he had brought a linnet—adding, “because, sir, you have been so kind to me and my poor mother.” Mr. Jackson—and only those who have been the objects of gratitude can understand the sensations to which it gives rise—had all the trouble in the world to keep back the tears that would keep coming to his eyes, as he returned to the room holding the cage; while William Andrew followed with his acre of face beaming with smiles, and the cloth that had covered the cage in one of his big hands. Pater, who had overheard part of the conversation, and guessed the rest, was, like Mr. Jackson, half in tears, and presently he said in a husky voice, “I told you it might be an archangel sent direct from Heaven; and so it is.”

A few days after, Mr. Jackson took William Andrew (who from the day of the linnet incident was known as “The Archangel”) and another St. Austin’s worshipper to Chislehurst for a little outing, and to show them the glorious old church of which the Rev. Father Murray, a friend of Mr. Jackson’s, was then Rector. There they met Pater, and all four returned home

together. As they were getting on to a 'bus at Lee some man, pointing to Mr. Jackson's gown, expressed his abhorrence of "those d—— Romanists;" but a moment later he lay flat on his back on the road, felled by the gigantic fist of William Andrew. Pater and Mr. Jackson, who scarcely expected to see the man rise again, were in dismay; and Andrew wondered whether he had not hit too hard. However, the man got up, and then, oddly enough, took the hem of Mr. Jackson's cassock in his hands, kissed it, and begged pardon. After some gracious remarks, Mr. Jackson ascended the 'bus, and when he and Pater were seated, Pater said, "If you *will* go about in this thing"—pointing to the cassock—"you must expect such occurrences. Far better do as I do, and give only the grain of incense.<sup>(1)</sup> Still, with our friend the Archangel beside you, you will be fairly safe." William Andrew died about two years later, but the linnet's song, streaming from its cage at Grosvenor Park, often reminded Mr. Jackson and Pater of the little bird's gigantic and grateful donor.

Occasionally Pater appeared as a public lecturer, but his subjects, owing to their abstruseness, attracted but sparse audiences. At the Birmingham and Midland Institute he once lectured on "Demeter and Persephone;" and at South Place Chapel, Finsbury, and Toynbee Hall,<sup>(2)</sup> he discoursed on "Humanism." His South Place hearers, who had been philandering all day with Argentine A's and Turkish Unifields, listened heroically, though with eyes propped open, to the peroration, uttered in Pater's usual and just audible voice; slept soundly during the lecture itself, which was delivered quite as softly and lullingly;

122. Pater  
as a  
Lecturer.

(1) The title page of Mr. Jackson's volume, *Love Poems*, is ornamented with a smoking altar, on which is the inscription, "The one grain shall be given."

(2) I have not the date, but it must have been some Saturday, probably in 1880. On the following day he and Mr. Jackson lunched with Dean Church.

and recovered consciousness just in time to give the lecturer a hearty vote of thanks for the intellectual treat he had afforded them. Pater, after replying suitably, quitted the building on excellent terms with himself, though what it was that put him into that frame of mind is not clear. With Toynbee Hall, on the other hand, he was disgusted. There, though he talked just as softly and soothingly, the audience, instead of going quietly off to sleep, insisted on making an uproar.

"How did you get on?" enquired Mr. Jackson, after the lecture.

"How could you expect me to get on," replied Pater, "with such a pack of benighted fools?"

"You don't seem to mind where you lecture," observed someone to Pater after the South Place Chapel evening.

"A Nonconformist's cheque," replied Pater, "is as acceptable as a Churchman's."

The event of this period at Oxford was the restoration of Queen's College Chapel, for which some splendid designs were submitted by Mr. John P. Siddon, and published in the *Journal of the British Architects* (1879-80). To Pater's regret they were passed over in favour of other designs which were less elaborate and less beautiful.



"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by. Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow."—*Lamentations* i. 12.

O can it be nothing to ye Sinners.

Is it not everything to you! "For behold He cometh, and every eye shall see Him. They also that pierced Him."

O come then look unto Jesus the Crucified this Holy Week, and be saved from the wrath to come.

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## SERVICES

AT  
**S. AUSTIN'S MISSION CHAPEL,**  
SALISBURY CRESCENT.

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## HOLY WEEK,

*Commencing Monday, March 26th.*

PRAYERS and SERMON every Night at 8 o'clock.

### SUBJECTS.

- Monday. . . Christ Betrayed  
Tuesday. . . Christ's Last Supper  
Wednesday. . . Christ's Agony in the Garden.  
Thursday. . . Christ's Trial and Imprisonment.

### Good Friday, Christ's Death.

Devotions on the Way of the Cross. . . . . 8 a.m.

Procession from the Chapel and Open-Air

Addresses by the **Rev. Fr. NUGÉE**, 10 „

Parson of S. Austin's Priory.

Addresses on the Seven Sayings from the Cross by the Brethren of S. Austin's Priory, from 12

to 3 p.m.

Evening Prayer and Sermon by the

**Rev. Fr. NUGÉE**, 7 p.m.

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ONE OF THE PUBLIC NOTICES OF THE SERVICES AT  
ST. AUSTIN'S MISSION CHAPEL,





## CHAPTER XXXIII.

MAY 1880 TO FEBRUARY 1884

### THE WRITING OF MARIUS

#### BIBLIOGRAPHY :

40. Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Written 1883.

Two events disturbed the even tenour of Pater's life in the year 1881, namely, the loss of his scout, Harry Charlwood, who had been removed to a lunatic asylum, where he died; and the disappearance from the great Quadrangle at Brasenose of the Samson and Philistine group. Charlwood was succeeded by Frank Walker, a spruce, obliging man, who retained the post until Pater's death, and still waits upon Pater's successor in the same suite of rooms. He tells us that he is the fourth generation of common-room servants, his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather having had the same duties. But this is probably only his modesty, for no doubt there was a Walker in office when the Rev. Robert Burton, Brasenose's dear son, of *Anatomy of Melancholy* fame, used, as a little clerical diversion, to saunter down to the Folly Bridge to hear the barge-men swear; nay, even in the dim beginnings of the college when the aularis was not allowed "to exercise his wit at the expense of his friends," though it was considered an act of Christian piety to break the head of a man who did not happen to belong to one's own college.

As regards the statuary group, which, as we before said,<sup>(1)</sup> represented Samson braining a Philistine with the ass's jawbone, the figures, owing to their nudity

123. Samson  
is sent  
Down.

<sup>(1)</sup> Chapter XXVI.

had long been a target for the wit of the flippanter undergraduates; and, consequently, a source of annoyance to the governing body. A mild specimen of this wit is displayed in our photograph of it, taken just after some wag had painted on the pedestal—

In Memory  
of  
SAMSON  
Late of B.N.C.<sup>(1)</sup>

On joyous occasions, Brasenose was thought not to have done its duty unless Samson was made to take part in the festivities. Thus, in the *Oxford Undergraduate's Journal* of 4th February, 1874, we read: "On Saturday last, Miss Lorina Liddell, the Dean's eldest daughter was married. By way of celebrating the happy event some bibulous youths adorned the statute of B.N.C. quad with a covering not its own." indeed, on waking up in a morning one never knew what colour Samson would be; and at last the thing became so great a nuisance that the authorities ordered it to be taken down, and it was sold for old lead.<sup>(2)</sup> Pater, however, who admired not only strong men, but effigies of strong men, and who held the group to be a genuine work of Giovanni of Bologna—or John of Bologna, as he generally called him—regarded the removal as an unexcusable act of vandalism, and no mode of rousing him was more successful, observes Mr. Gosse, than to say artlessly, "Was there not a group by John of Bologna in the college?" However sunken in reverie, dreamily detached, he would sit up in a moment, and observe with great acidity, "It was totally devoid of merit, no doubt;"<sup>(3)</sup> nor were the undergraduates less piqued when they discovered that their old friend and buffoon had been "sent down."

(1) Brasenose College.

(2) This was in 1881.

(3) *Critical Kit-Kats*, p. 269.



BROTHER A BECKET.

(MR. RICHARD C. JACKSON.)



Among Mr. Jackson's greatest pleasures were the conversations he had with Ruskin, which generally took place in the beautiful avenue of Dane House, then occupied by Mr. Druce,<sup>(1)</sup> a personal friend of both Ruskin and Mr. Jackson—the avenue in which Mendelssohn—inspired by the notes of the many nightingales that congregated there—composed his beautiful *Song of Spring*.<sup>(2)</sup>

124.  
"Marius"  
and Ruskin  
at Dane  
House,  
Camberwell.

Here, to use Mr. Jackson's ornamental language, "in that delightful avenue whose outspreading branches, kissing and embracing each other, appeared to emborder the heavens with a canopy of lace far more beautiful than Spanish rosepoint"—they spoke of, and had fiery discussions about Dante, Shakespeare, and Plato, "with some minor philosophers but little known in those days." Ruskin, who walked with shoulders bent, having grown warm in praise of the glories of the Greek drama, declared that no other nation had produced anything to equal it.

"It is not so," observed Mr. Jackson, with heat, "I defy you to produce one single Greek dramatist whose tragedies in any one single instance can stand side by side with those of our English Chatterton."<sup>(3)</sup>

"Ah!" said Ruskin, with a smile, "you are a young enthusiast, and your admiration for the beautiful *Tragedy of Ælla* has carried you away. I must confess, however, that I have never considered very deeply the works of the marvellous boy poet."

On another occasion, when they were together and the talk ran on Charles Lamb, Mr. Jackson mentioned his relationship to Lamb's friend, Captain Jackson.<sup>(4)</sup>

Thereupon Ruskin threw up his arms, flung them round Mr. Jackson, and cried, with his penetrating

(1) I believe that Mr. Druce's son now resides in Ruskin's house.

(2) This song was known for many years by the name of "Camberwell Green." Mendelssohn resided with a rich gentleman, one E. Benecke, of 174, Denmark Hill.

(3) See also *Love Poems* by Richard C. Jackson, p. 46.

(4) See Chapter XXXI.



voice<sup>(1)</sup>—for he loved to impress and startle—“Lamb was the only writer in the world who had a human soul within his breast that cared for *me* and *you*—a breast filled with the understanding that told us what a great legacy Shakespeare had bequeathed to mankind, embracing and infusing into this suffering humanity of ours that particular something which tells us that we are not our brother’s keepers, but the entertainers of the angels of God.” Then, looking up to the high arches of the avenue, he said: “Here we are (giving to his r’s their peculiar roll) in Winchester Cathedral,<sup>(2)</sup> with the spirit of Charles Lamb to fill our souls with gladness;” and when Pater and Mr. Jackson walked together in the avenue, Mr. Jackson delighted Pater with the recital of these reminiscences. It is pleasing to remember that the avenue is now preserved for the public—for it forms a part of the new Ruskin Park, and still more pleasing to recall the fact that among those whose efforts resulted in its formation none was more active or more enthusiastic than Mr. Jackson,<sup>(3)</sup> who was one of the Committee formed to raise a fund for its purchase.<sup>(4)</sup> Indeed, it may be said that but for his persistent energy the opportunity would have been allowed to slip by. In some articles which Mr. Jackson has recently sent to the press he urges that the avenue should be adorned with a series of “delightful white tabernacles” in which could be placed busts in bronze of the eminent men associated with Camberwell—namely Byron, Garrick, Carlyle, Sir Theodore Martin, Browning, Pater, Jowett, Shelley, Keats, Charles Lamb, Mendelssohn, Sir Arthur

(1) Ruskin’s voice had “a peculiar timbre,” says one who knew him, “at once penetrating and attractive.”

(2) The nave of which has been likened to a forest of stately trees.

(3) See “Ruskin Park,” an article in *The South London Observer*, 11 Feb. 1905. “Ruskin Park made Glorious.” *Id.* 25 Feb. 1905.

(4) The bulk of the purchase money was found by the boroughs of Camberwell, Lambeth and Southwark, and the London County Council.



MR. FRANK WALKER.

*Photo by W. H. Payne, St. Aldate's, Oxford.*



REV. EDWARD SALISBURY.  
PROFESSOR OF GREEK AND LATIN,  
ST. AUSTIN'S PRIORY.



Sullivan, Dr. Stainer, Edward Alleyn, Ben Jonson, and Shakespeare.

In November, 1882, Pater had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. William Sharp; and after showing some of his treasures, including manuscripts in the handwriting of Rossetti, Swinburne, 125.

and Matthew Arnold, he fell to talking of the days when he used himself to poetise. "I learnt much," he said, "through the writing of verse, and still more through metrical translation."<sup>(1)</sup> A sunbeam having pierced the room, he dilated on the golden thread that runs "through all writing that is distinctive and beautiful," and then read aloud the passage in "The School of Giorgione" about the alchemy of gold light.<sup>(2)</sup>

Mr. Sharp  
visits Pater,  
5th Nov.,  
1882.

The friends took some strolls together, but Pater "walked heavily, and, particularly when tired, with a halting step that suggested partial lameness." "He was singularly observant," remarks Mr. Sharp, "of certain natural objects, aspects, and conditions, more especially of the movement of light in grass and among leaves, and of fragrance; he was wilfully blind to all passers-by."

On another occasion after thanking Mr. Sharp for various compliments paid him, Pater said, "I have worked hard for many years at those prose essays, and it is a real encouragement to hear such good things said of them by the strongest and most original of young English poets."

Pater spent the summer of 1882 in Cornwall, and on his return he said to Mr. Jackson, "I have made some progress with my *Marius*, the setting of which is to be ancient Rome in the time of Marcus Aurelius. Similar studies—suggested by the changes of a soul—have occupied the minds of scholars in all ages; but mine

126. The  
Writing of  
"Marius."

<sup>(1)</sup> *Atlantic Monthly*.

<sup>(2)</sup> *Renaissance*, pp. 136, 153.

will, I think, have a savour—a bouquet of its own. It now only remains for me to go to Rome, as I shall, at the end of the year, in order to vivify the sentiments to which you have given expression and to obtain local colour.”<sup>(1)</sup>

“I am glad to hear it,” followed Mr. Jackson, “for Rome, though so frequently talked about by Englishmen, is little enough understood by them.”

To Rome, therefore, Pater went, and having surrendered himself to the influences of “mouldering plinths,” “vague entablatures,” and “shattered cornices,” he returned to England, and proceeded hot-foot with his project.

For a number of years, let it be observed, Pater had devoted himself sedulously to the study of the various systems of Greek Philosophy; and as, in his *Plato and Platonism*,<sup>(2)</sup> presently to be considered more particularly, he insists upon the advantages of the “historic way” of considering them—the way he himself followed—it is evident that some intimacy with these systems is necessary to the understanding of the state of Pater’s mind at this time; and the following very brief remarks may be of assistance to those who have not been able to give serious attention to the study.

The three principal Pre-Platonian philosophers—and the influence of each is traceable in Plato—were Heraclitus, Parmenides, and Pythagoras. To Heraclitus, with his doctrine of the Perpetual Flux, and to his lineal descendants the Cyrenaics, the Epicureans and the Teutonic Hegel and Schelling, Pater had for years been drawn, and among the events that had lately gratified him was the publication by his friend, Mr. Ingram Bywater, of the *Fragments of Heraclitus*<sup>(3)</sup>—a volume consisting of 138 short passages. “Everything,”

(1) His first visit to Italy had been made in 1865. Mr. Jackson had also travelled in Italy.

(2) See Chapter XLIII, § 168.

(3) *Heracliti Ephesii Reliquiæ recensuit.* 1877.



cried Heraclitus, "is vanishing. None has ever passed twice over the same stream. Nay, the passenger himself is without identity." This doctrine which went hand in hand with Polytheism, and led men to feel the importance of seizing the present moment—this doctrine of "the Many," as some have termed it, was embraced with enthusiasm by the Athenians, whose boundless impatience and passion for novelty was noticed, it will be remembered, by St. Paul.

Parmenides opposed to this teaching the doctrine of Lethargy—of "the One" as opposed to the Many. There is, he declared, Absolute Being. The eternal and infinite Deity and the world are one. All this change that Heraclitus chatters about is only apparent. "There is an insoluble, immovable granite beneath and amid the wasting torrent of mere phenomena;" and as the Hymn of Cleanthes shows, Parmenides and his followers had ideas of the Deity not very dissimilar from our own. The third philosopher, Pythagoras, taught the doctrine of the Pre-existence of Souls and that everything moves according to a numerical scheme—the "Philosophy of Re-action"<sup>(1)</sup> in short.

Lastly came Plato—who drew, as we observed, from all three of his predecessors, though he sympathised most with Parmenides—"divine Plato" with his *Theory of Ideas*.<sup>(2)</sup> There is a world above this, he insists, where everything is perfect—a Beata Urbs. Everything that our minds conceive is good, true, or beautiful according as it approaches the perfect form in the world above. But how can humanity get any notion of the perfect originals? Simply, says Plato, borrowing an idea from Pythagoras, by looking backward. The soul before coming into our body—that is, the soul in a pre-existent state—had glimpses of those originals. It has forgotten much of what it saw, but not all. Now the best men—in other words, those who

(1) Pater.

(2) Or the Theory of Perfect Forms or Archetypes.



remember most—are in love with perfect forms,<sup>(1)</sup> and other men can be brought to love these forms by education. Our aim should, therefore, be to make an ideal state where everything likely to quicken that love should be fostered, and everything likely to deaden it excluded. Such a state Plato has sketched for us in his *Republic*. “Make it your business,” he says, “not to grasp at pleasure, but to seek perfection.”

In the doctrine of the Pre-existence of Souls, as taught by Plato, and played with by Vaughan and Wordsworth, Pater was a staunch believer. “We are all born out of due season,” he once said to Mr. Jackson, as they walked together in the garden at Grosvenor Park, “our real home being Paradise, and when sad thoughts come to us it is because we recall the things in our former home, and these thoughts make us weep—or rather would make us weep, but for those”—and he pointed to a cluster of pansies. “Pansies,” he continued, “are the eyes of the angels, given to mankind so that they should not weep.” Of another favourite flower—the common white pink—he said, “Its fragrance is the breath of Euterpe.”<sup>(2)</sup>

Up to this time the sympathies of Pater had been entirely with the Heraclitans, Cyrenaics, Epicureans, or whatever the people who ranged themselves with Heraclitus were called; and his doctrine had been, “Imitate the men of the Renaissance and enjoy yourself.” He now, however, saw fit to modify his teaching. In Dr. Dowden’s words he was “departing from the doctrine of the perpetual flux—with ideals of conduct corresponding to that doctrine—or was at least subordinating this to a larger, really a more liberal, view of things;

(1) “This,” commented Mr. Richard Jackson to the writer, “was the sum and substance of Pater’s religion. He was not drawn by anything else, hence his reply to Father Nugée.” See Chapter XXXI.

(2) Euterpe—she who delights. She was the muse of lyric poetry, and is generally represented with twin pipes.



THE AVENUE, RUSKIN PARK, CAMBERWELL.

*From a photo by Albert Flint, 68, Church Street, Camberwell.*



his mind was also tending, and now partly under the influence of Plato, away from the brilliantly-coloured, versatile, centrifugal Ionian temper of his earlier days, towards the simpler, graver, more strictly ordered, more athletic Dorian spirit."<sup>(1)</sup>

Pater's ideal people were now, like Plato's, not the Athenians, but the Lacedemonians, or Dorians, whose motto was Discipline rather than Pleasure; and henceforward we find him crying, not "Enjoy yourself," but "Exercise Restraint." The beauty of Discipline is henceforward his constant theme, and one word was continually slipping from his mouth or his pen—the word *ascêsis*, an ecclesiastical term meaning "restraint"—the restraint imposed upon himself by a monk.<sup>(2)</sup> Even as early as 1872 he had begun to use it, for in the Preface of *The Renaissance* he speaks of "the charm of *ascêsis*, of the austere and serious girding of the loins in youth." The word appears once in *The Marbles of Ægina*,<sup>(3)</sup> twice in *Marius the Epicurean*,<sup>(4)</sup> and twice in *Plato and Platonism*.<sup>(5)</sup> In *Emerald Uthwart* he puts it in Greek characters *ασκησις*, with the observation, "we need that Greek word."<sup>(6)</sup> In short, *ascêsis*—"monastic *ascêsis*"—discipline, restraint—are constantly his cries, and it is only by bearing this in mind that *Marius the Epicurean* and Pater's subsequent life can be thoroughly understood. But though he constantly preached "restraint" he never practised it—the virtue was always foreign to him. It is, indeed, amusing to recollect—and it was certainly the case—that these chapters on the duty of discipline, and the importance of practising *ascêsis* were written by a man in fairly good health, who mortified himself by lying in

(1) *New Liberal Review*, July 1902.

(2) An idea which he took from the St. Austin monks.

(3) *Greek Studies*.

(4) *Marius*, Vol. I., pp. 25, 169.

(5) *Plato and Platonism*, pp. 58 and 169.

(6) *Misc. Studies*, p. 182. "Emerald Uthwart" appeared in 1892.

bed half the day—who, indeed, actually wrote some of them between the sheets at near upon noon.

While Pater was writing *Marius* Mr. Jackson busied himself in the preparation for the press of two volumes of religious poems, all of a High Church character, namely, *The Risen Life* and *His Presence*, which he illustrated with many beautiful miniatures, reproduced in colours from rare and valuable Italian missals, and they attained a wide popularity. Both Canon Liddon and Pater, who pronounced Mr. Jackson a true successor of John Mason Neale, read the volumes with pleasure; but Canon Liddon's appreciation of them was tempered with the regret that the price of *His Presence*—two shillings—was too high for the poor. "If you can make up your mind to issue it at a shilling," he said to Mr. Jackson, "I will give you £150 for that purpose." The result was that at a shilling it was issued, and three editions (25,000 copies) were called for at that price.

128. The  
Risen Life  
and His  
Presence.





SAMSON AND THE PHILISTINE.

FORMERLY IN THE GREAT QUADRANGLE AT BRASENOSE.





## CHAPTER XXXIV

1884

WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE

For some time Mr. Jackson had taken an interest in, and had been very kind to, a gifted young man named Walter Blackburn Harte,<sup>(1)</sup> who was ambitious of becoming an author. Like most beginners Harte had a difficulty in securing recognition, and his first manuscript was returned, as generally happens, “With the Editor’s thanks.” In a letter of condolence and encouragement, written to him on this occasion by “Marius the Epicurean,” Harte is told that the sketches are too thin, and he is, very wisely, bidden to “swell them out with noble thoughts and to give them life.” One of the lad’s greatest pleasures was, in his own words, to cross with Mr. Jackson “the grim mysterious bridges of London, and hunt for the elixir of dreams on old bookstalls;” and long after, when he had settled in America, and Fame was beginning to be kind to him, he seemed to hear, amid the roar of the street, Mr. Jackson’s authoritative voice, and the question directed to the bookseller: “Have you anything of Charles Lamb’s or William Blake’s, mister?” In his gratitude to Mr. Jackson, Harte sent him gifts of books and choice flowers; and when he bought a book for his own shelves he, as often as not, wrote in it “Walter B. Harte, from his best friend himself.” Being allowed the run of Mr. Jackson’s library, whether its owner happened to be present or not, Harte would, not

(1) Born, we believe, in 1868. Apparently he met Pater in 1884, went to America in 1890, and died there in 1899.

infrequently, arrive at ten in the morning and stay the whole day. On one occasion Mr. Jackson left home soon after breakfast to attend a sick friend, and returned just before dinner-time, bringing with him the late Dr. Garnett. On entering the library, they found not only young Harte, but also Walter Pater and William Black, who, it seems, had been there most of the day—for, after browsing among the books, they had lunched together on port wine and pulled bread; and even then they were not tired of the house, for they invited themselves to dinner, in speeches to which Mr. Jackson listened with dismay. However, owing to the skilfulness of his housekeeper, a dinner intended for two was made to do duty for five, and a delightful evening was spent. Harte, already a brilliant conversationalist, though not much over sixteen, outshone himself on this occasion, and both dazzled and entranced Pater by his “impudence of thought”—a feature that subsequently characterised his articles in the *American Arena* and his books. Pater, himself a daring and an amusing paradoxer, admitted afterwards that Harte hopelessly out-distanced him in that kind of wit, and added, “He is a darling personality.”

“You are right,” commented Mr. Jackson. “He is a most sweet child—a prose Chatterton, an eternity of consolation to me.”

Many of Harte’s piquant sayings were occasioned by the pleasure which he felt in dwelling on the part that chance plays in men’s lives, but he was at his best when he allowed his wit to play upon the subject of Prejudice; and at such times he found Mr. Jackson with his antipathy to Nonconformists, and Pater with his dislike of Canterbury and Cowper, fair game. “I think,” he once said, “people have no idea of the social utility of a good stock of prejudices, but a prejudice without wit is the Devil with gout—all prescriptions fail to meet the case.” Pride, he held to be only prejudice; but “how often,” he observed, “those



WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE.

*Photo taken in Montreal.*



VEARGETT W. MAUGHAN.

*Photo by Stilliard and Co., Oxford.*



who have known misery in youth think it necessary to rob chance of her part of their prosperity in order to bolster up their vanity." "Any persons," he thought, "who dare to put a bit of colour into our desperately 'practical' lives should obtain our respect, since we are most of us afraid to cut any capers of our own."

The following are a few of his most delightful paradoxes:—"If a man is so destitute of resources that he can only hope to get his bread by deserving it, he merits hanging." "We never envy the deserving. We may under the stress of certain emotions admire them, but we envy only the undeserving." "A man cannot provide himself with brains, when the Almighty, for His own good reasons, has omitted to furnish him in this particular; but most men can procure a dress-suit, and it is a substitute that more than meets the occasion."

The five acquaintances, we said, spent a delightful evening together. Harte left at twelve, Dr. Garnett at one. After the latter had gone, Mr. Jackson said to Pater, "And what did you think of Dr. Garnett?"

"His voice," said Pater, "sounds like silver bells that speak to us at the close of day, and it also reminds me of a verse in Revelation, 'And there was no more sea.'"<sup>(1)</sup>

"And of Harte?" continued Mr. Jackson.

"He is full of original fire," replied Pater. "And what a sweet way he has of looking at men and things."

Pater and Mr. Jackson then walked home to Airlie House with Black, after which they returned to Grosvenor Park, where they spent the very little that remained of the night. Pater and Black often met afterwards, and Black presented several of his novels to Pater, who read them with interest, and said that they regulated his mode of thought.

At St. Austin's "Little Walter," as Mr. Jackson called Harte, to distinguish him from Pater, or the

<sup>(1)</sup> Rev. xxi., 1.



“Great Walter,” worshipped regularly, and he was often to be seen arrayed in scarlet cassock and cotta of rich point lace, and carrying high the handsome silver-gilt cross at the head of the gorgeous processions there.

If Pater was charmed with Harte, on the other hand, Harte was proud to know Pater, whom he described as “pre-eminently a stylist, with a delightful indifference about what is going on in the world to-day.” Consequently it was with unusual interest and curiosity that in company with Mr. Jackson he made a pilgrimage to Oxford. But Pater and his surroundings proved a disappointment. Pater, who was all kindness, did not on that occasion scintillate; and Harte, who seems to have expected to find the rooms at Brasenose a kind of literary Aladdin’s palace similar to that at Camberwell, stared with astonishment when he learned that the few shelves which he saw, furnished chiefly with presentation copies and cheap reprints, supported the whole of Pater’s library.<sup>(1)</sup> After a lunch at the Clarendon, the friends rambled round Oxford, and then Mr. Jackson and Harte returned to town.

A few years later, Harte sailed for America to seek his fortune. Fame came to him as the result of an article on the Canadian House of Commons, contributed to an American magazine—a brilliant piece of word-painting in which every personage mentioned “stood out clear and distinct in a few burning words.” From Canada he passed first to New York and afterwards to Boston, where he wrote many delightful essays, the best of which subsequently appeared in book form with the title of *Meditations in Motley*,<sup>(2)</sup> and where his brilliant and trenchant epigrams

<sup>(1)</sup> Pater’s library was dispersed after his death. A number of the volumes were, we believe, purchased by Mr. H. H. Blackwell, the Oxford bookseller. Pater’s copy of the Septuagint is now in the possession of the Rev. Carthew Fisher, M.A., of 19, Foxley Road, Camberwell.

<sup>(2)</sup> It was reviewed in the *English Academy*.

passed from mouth to mouth. "The very first duty of a writer," he used to say, "is to be original. Most writers are the slaves of custom. The fear of the critics has spoilt many a good book. The best writers are those who, ignorant or disregarding of the statutes of literature, simply listen reverentially to the whisperings of God in the fields and in the market-place, and afterwards publish an echo of what has thrilled heart and soul."

Along with copies of his articles in the *Arena* and other periodicals, Harte used to send Pater American ties "in order to make him cut a jaunty figure." "Ah," he once wrote, thinking of the old days spent in the study at Grosvenor Park, "what a head full of dreams I had then. Would that I could become a boy again!"

At this time, to employ the language of Mr. Jackson, "there was proceeding a bitter conflict between the world and the Church, the sufferings of the clergy being augmented by the provisions of the detestable Public Worship Regulation Act of 1874"; and on many occasions Canon Liddon urged Mr. Jackson to fling himself into the brunt of the fight. One morning in July, 1885, he thus addressed him: "I think you are the laziest of persons, to rest your oars as you do when you are aware of the sufferings of the clergy,<sup>(1)</sup> and aware also that you are perfectly able to correct the misunderstandings that exist in men's minds concerning ritual. It is a fact best known to yourself that you are a pupil of England's one liturgical scholar, the late Venerable Dr. John Mason Neale, and I cannot but think that it is dishonouring a memory so

131.  
Conversation  
between  
Canon Liddon  
and Mr.  
R. C. Jackson,  
July, 1885.

<sup>(1)</sup> The imprisonment of the Rev. A. Tooth, whose church was St. James's, Hatcham, and the trouble at St. Alban's, Holborn, of which Mackonochie was vicar will be remembered. Mackonochie's congregation subsequently migrated to St. Vedas, Foster Lane.

precious to leave undone the work which was ever uppermost in his mind, namely, the propagation of the knowledge of the ancient ritual of this beloved Church of England of ours. You know that you are intimate with every ritual that has impressed itself and left its mark upon the Christian peoples of the earth. You understand, for instance, the ancient ritual which was observed in our Cathedral Church of St. Paul; and the knowledge of the difficulty which Bishop Clifford had in endeavouring to make things clear in his day ought to be incentive enough to you to carry on the work where Dr. Neale left it off. You know the perplexities of the clergy. Now, if it were possible for them to procure a handbook of the Daily Services telling how these services were to be ritually observed, with the colours of the vestments to be worn, it would be a blessing to the Church both here and in our colonies; and my last word to you to-day is to express the hope that you will be able to see your way clear—for it means a large expenditure of both time and money—to serve the Master in this all-important desire of mine. And I would urge you to have the Daily Lessons printed in large type, so that old and failing eyes may be able to see them clearly in dimly-lit churches.”

Moved by these words, Mr. Jackson resolved to issue an annual ecclesiastical almanac; and the first—

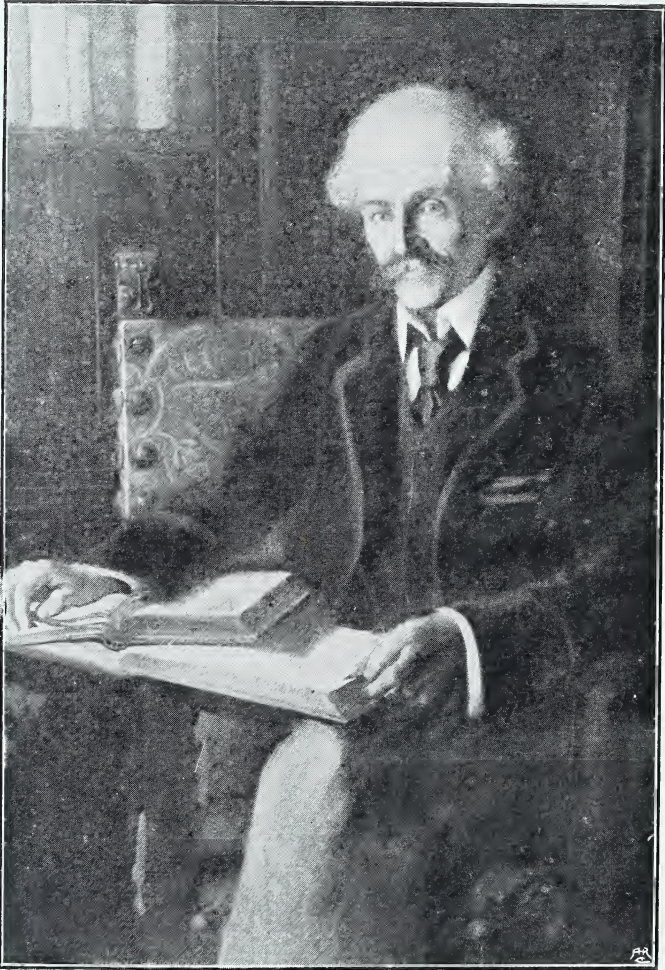
132. that for the year 1886—left the press

Jackson's at the end of 1885, with the title of  
 Kalendar. “Jackson's Church of England Lectern  
 1886. and Parish Kalendar.” It enjoyed an

immense circulation, and was continued, enlarging as it went, till 1893.<sup>(1)</sup> For illustrations it had a number of artistic but quaint little figures of bishops, confessors, and virgins, with name below or at the side on a scroll; and the letterpress consisted of

(1) When it was called *Jackson's Sarum Church of England Kalendar*.





MARIUS THE EPICUREAN.

(MR. RICHARD C. JACKSON, F.S.A.)

*From an Oil Painting.*



liturgical directions and papers by Canon Liddon, the Rev. A. H. Mackonochie, the Rev. Orby Shipley, the Rev. E. Salisbury, the Rev. Dr. Littledale, Mr. Jackson, and others.



## CHAPTER XXXV

FEBRUARY 1885

### MARIUS THE EPICUREAN

#### BIBLIOGRAPHY :

41. Marius the Epicurean. Feb. 1885.
42. A Prince of Court Painters. *Macmillan's Magazine*, Oct. 1885.

Pater's book *Marius the Epicurean* was now finished. He who goes to it as to a story will be grievously disappointed. Plot there is none. It is the history of the progress less of a man than of a mind—the mind to a considerable extent of his friend, Richard C. Jackson. As we have already noticed, Pater promised that there should be no personalities; and as a consequence few of the incidents in Marius's career occurred to Mr. Jackson. For them Pater drew upon his own life.<sup>(1)</sup> But even then all has not been said, for Pater, in sketching Marius, mingled his own mind with that of his friend; and Flavian is also a compound of himself and another. But, as we have already observed, all Pater's characters are composite. Marius, who, like Pater, had at an early age lost his father, is brought up in the religion of Numa, and as the head of his house takes a leading part in its religious ceremonies. "Only one thing distracted him—a certain pity at the bottom of his heart, and almost on his lips, for the sacrificial victims."<sup>(2)</sup> In this he resembled the child Walter Pater, who had "an almost diseased sensibility to the spectacle of suffering;" indeed, the opening chapters of *Marius* and the autobiographical "Child in the House" are almost parallel studies.

All the notes required for the descriptive portions of *Marius*, including the accounts of Marcus Aurelius,

<sup>(1)</sup> He admitted as much to Mr. William Sharp.

<sup>(2)</sup> "The Child in the House." *Misc. Stud.*, p. 155.

Lucian and Apuleius, were taken from books in Mr. Jackson's library at Grosvenor Park; for Pater, as we have seen, had no scarce and curious books of his own, while Mr. Jackson possessed, and still possesses, one of the most valuable private libraries in England. "It is true," Pater once said to Mr. Jackson, "that I could obtain the various editions of the classics and the lives of the men who lived in the time of Marius, with their precepts, at the Bodleian, but I infinitely prefer to have what I require associated independently with you—a single human being in whose company I rejoice to be. No doubt the books at the Bodleian were at one time or another in the keeping of just such a person as yourself, still the past of him has departed from sight and ken." After saying these words, Pater took down from Mr. Jackson's shelves a copy of the excessively rare 1525 edition of Homer, with wood-cuts. "What a joy to me it is," he said, "to be able to find such a treasure as this in the hands of a friend. To my mind it is an embodiment of the soul of Marius and his love for the beautiful. Here you see, four hundred years nearer to the time of Marius than we are, an effort (another Marius as it were) to make clear to the minds of the unlettered, the incidents upon which the blessed poet dwelt so fondly. I feel that the men who made this book were more permeated with the influence of Greek literature than we are—that their principles correspond more nearly than ours with the principles that governed thought in the days of Aurelius. This book carries me into the very heart of ancient Rome."

The fact that Pater introduces into this book both his antipathy to snakes and the painful incident in connection with the death of his mother, has already been mentioned. In the Temple of Æsculapius Marius is urged to promote diligently "the capacity of the eye, inasmuch as the eye would be for him the determining influence of life." During his schooldays at Pisa he has, like Pater, an appetite for fame and longs to be a

poet; and he forms a close friendship with a school-fellow older than himself named Flavian, in whom old King's School Boys can see a resemblance to Joseph Haydock, who, as we have already mentioned, seems also to have been drawn upon for the character of James Stokes in *Emerald Uthwart*. Flavian and Marius read together on one of their holiday afternoons, "the pleasant and delectable jests"<sup>(1)</sup> of Apuleius's *Golden Ass*—a most beautiful and scarce edition of which Pater often bent over lovingly in Mr. Jackson's library—and then we are presented with Pater's version of the affecting story of Cupid and Psyche—a version, however, which, lacking as it does the warmth of the original, can scarcely be termed a success; and we hope it is not heresy to say that we prefer dear old William Adlington, despite his grotesque "pot of immortality."<sup>(2)</sup> Though we can imagine Pater finding as much fault with Adlington as Cowper did with Chapman's delectable translation of Homer, it must also be noticed that Pater omitted the humour in which Adlington revelled—as, for example, that passage in which the gods and goddesses are represented as hurrying up to Jupiter's council when they understand that absence means a heavy fine.

The effect of the episode of Cupid and Psyche on Marius was to combine many lines of meditation already familiar to him "into the ideal of a perfect imaginative love, centred upon a type of beauty entirely flawless and clean—an ideal which never wholly faded from his thoughts." Upon Flavian it had the effect of giving him the ambition to be a great writer—a "precious" writer in the sense of one who weighs every phrase and word—and henceforth Flavian is Pater himself. Words were to be his war apparatus. Flavian could see that

(1) William Adlington's expression.

(2) "And then he tooke a pot of immortality and said: 'Hold, Psyches, and drinke to the end thou maist be immortall.'" William Adlington 1566. "Holding out to her his ambrosial cup, 'Take it,' he said, 'and live for ever.'" Pater 1885.

his first business was to be forcibly impressed, the next to make "visible to others that which was vividly apparent, delightful, of lively interest to himself to the exclusion of all that was but middling, tame, or only half true even to him." "To know," he said, "when one's self is interested is the first condition of interesting other people." A Euphuist—a fastidious selector of words and builder of phrases, Flavian, by-and-by, writes the beautiful "Pervigilium Veneris,"<sup>(1)</sup> but he had scarcely finished it before he fell ill of the plague, of which, after a short illness, he died.

Marius, who had also written verse, now, like Pater himself, put aside the ambitions of a poet for those of a prose-writer.<sup>(2)</sup> He studies Heraclitus, and then "joins company" with the distinguished expander of the Heraclitan philosophy, Aristippus of Cyrene, whose idea that things are but shadows, and that all is vanity, became to him "the stimulus towards every kind of activity, and prompted a perpetual, inextinguishable thirst after experience." "Supposing," he said, "our days are, indeed, but a shadow, even so, we may well adorn and beautify, in scrupulous self-respect, our souls, and whatever our souls touch upon." He was resolved that it should be said of him, as was said by Horace of the Cyrenaic master: "Every complexion of life, every station and circumstance sat gracefully upon him."<sup>(3)</sup> He was determined, too, to add nothing—not so much as a transient sigh—to the great total of men's unhappiness, and it will be remembered that Pater was the kindest of critics. In none of his writings will there be found an ill-natured word against anyone. His ideal was "not pleasure but fulness of life;" he required vivid sensations, and culture as the only means of obtaining them. Although Marius's work changed from poetry to prose he retained, like Pater,

(1) This famous poem, of unknown authorship, is often printed with the works of Catullus.

(2) Marius, Vol. I., p. 126.

(3) Horace: Epistles, Book, i., 17; Marius, i., 139.

the "poetic temper." "I should like," Pater once said to Mr. Jackson, "my *Imaginary Portraits* to be called, if only they could be, *Prose Idylls*."

At Rome, Marius is thrown into the company of the stoical and noble-minded Emperor Marcus Aurelius,<sup>(1)</sup> and finds gods whom no man can number. The old Olympians had formidable rivals in a host of new deities introduced from other lands. "High and low addressed themselves to all deities alike without scruple; confusing them together when they prayed," offering them "flowers, incense and ceremonial lights." It didn't seem to matter very much what you worshipped as long as you gave it flowers and candles, and incense; and one grain, at least, Pater used to say, should be laid on every altar.<sup>(2)</sup>

Presently Marius heard Fronto the philosopher give an harangue on Humanism and the Platonic idea that we are all fellow-citizens of one city—a supreme city on High "Urbs Beata"<sup>(3)</sup>—from which the true aristocracy of earth (that is the men of intellect) have created customs and observances which have become a valued tradition. He tried in vain, however, to discover the whereabouts of those "elect souls"—"that comely order"—to which, for his own peace, "he ought to adjust himself," and from the idea of an Urbs Beata he obtained only moderate consolation; nor was he much assisted by an exposition of Platonism delivered, at a banquet, by the celebrated Apuleius. He next, by favour of a friend, becomes acquainted with a society of Christians, whose sincerity and the beauty of whose religion make an indelible impression on him, and what follows is an exact description of the services of St. Austin's, which its founder, Father Nugée, had modelled as closely as possible on those of the early

<sup>(1)</sup> Pater found all the early English translations of the *Meditations* in Mr. Jackson's library.

<sup>(2)</sup> See also frontispiece of *Love Poems*, by Richard C. Jackson.

<sup>(3)</sup> See Chapter XXXVIII. for a reference to Pater and Dr. Neale's hymn.



Church. The liturgy seemed to Marius to be full of consolations for the human soul, and he felt inclined to believe that these Christians did have "some credible message from beyond the flaming rampart of the world"—a message of hope that moulded them anew.<sup>(1)</sup> The services were no cold formalities. "*Adoramus te, Christe, quia per crucem tuam redemisti mundum!*" they cry together, and so deep is the emotion that at times it seems to Marius "as if some there present apprehend that prayer prevails, that the very object of this pathetic crying Himself draws near."

Persevering in his studies, Marius finds much to stimulate him in the works of Pliny, who bade authors "Write in the morning, polish in the afternoon, and read in the evening." He has the intellectual pleasure of overhearing a dialogue between an etiolated student and the brilliant Lucian, and presently we find him, in imitation of Aurelius, making a register of the movements of his private thoughts and humours—in short, "He confesses himself." Marius, though impressed by Christianity, does not become a Christian; for though he dies in the midst of a persecution, it is not for his religious principles, but in an attempt to save from death his Christian friend. However, those who buried him held his death, according to their generous view in this matter, to have been of the nature of a martyrdom, and so ends what has been called, and in a sense correctly, Pater's *Apologia pro vitâ suâ*.

"It is certainly curious," observes Mr. Jackson, "that the later days of Pater's own life bore a remarkable resemblance to the latter days of Marius, for Pater, though drawn more and more to religion, could never truthfully be said to have become a Christian,<sup>(2)</sup> and it is still more remarkable to notice that his death was just as tragic as was that of Marius."<sup>(3)</sup>

(1) Marius, Vol. II., p. 131.

(2) The views of other friends of Pater will be found in our concluding chapters.

(3) See Chapter XLII. and the *Times* of 31 July 1894.



There are many passages in *Marius* of surpassing beauty, the finest, perhaps, being *Marius's* soliloquy as he crosses the Campagna,<sup>(1)</sup> and the accounts of the service in Cecilia's house,<sup>(2)</sup> that is to say, at St. Austin's, and the death of *Marius*. One is struck, however, not so much by particular scenes, as by the extraordinary care lavished upon the book as a whole—every sentence, perhaps every word, of which had been carefully weighed. It has the finish of an exquisitely wrought alabaster vase. Clarity, however, not being Pater's principal virtue, his meaning is not always easy to grasp. Indeed he loves to involve himself in shadows. Indistinctness pleases him. This is noticeable even in small matters, where he goes out of his way to be indefinite. Thus on the Campagna "an animal feeding crept nearer."<sup>(3)</sup> We presume it was a cow; and at the Apuleius feast "a favourite animal purred its way gracefully among the wine-cups."<sup>(4)</sup> This probably was not a cow. In such instances indefiniteness matters little, but it is the same when he is dealing with other subjects, and at times one altogether loses patience with him. He will not put a thing in a nutshell and be done with it. He prefers to convey his ideas by repeating himself—by reiterating the same thought in different language. Indeed, he is more intent on making a prose poem than on precipitating a clear idea promptly into our heads.

(1) Chapter XIX.

(2) Cecilia is, of course, the Saint Cecilia, patroness of music, whom Raphael in his well-known picture represents with a vestal organ, whose pipes drop out while the infinitely more glorious celestial music, proceeding from a group of angels, falls on her ears. St. Cecilia's house, now converted into a church, is one of the show places of Rome. There is an illustration of it in Wey's "Rome." At the Oratory, Brompton, in a side chapel, is a representation in marble of the martyrdom of S. Cecilia, which is a replica of that preserved at Rome.

(3) *Marius*, Vol. II., p. 67.

(4) *Marius*, Vol. II., p. 78.

And yet who would have Pater other than he is? To remove his obscurities would be to take away half his charm.

On the completion of *Marius* Pater gave to Mr. Jackson, as a memorial, a very beautiful ring, which he had been accustomed to wear round his necktie. It is of great antiquity, the setting being of pure gold of ancient Greek workmanship, wrought with the most consummate skill, the intaglio, which is the well known legend of the unicorn, being much older than the goldsmith's work.

Some years after the appearance of *Marius*, a friend having asked Pater for a favourite sentiment from one of his books for a collection of autographs, he wrote the following words, taken from a speech of Lucian's in *Marius*: "And we too desire, not a fair one, but the fairest of all. Unless we find him we shall think we have failed." (1)

"What," enquired another friend, "was your object in writing *Marius*?" "To show," replied Pater, "the necessity of religion." "In *Marius the Epicurean*," observes Oscar Wilde, "Pater seeks to reconcile the artistic life with the life of religion, in the deep, sweet and austere sense of the word. But *Marius* is little more than a spectator, an ideal spectator, indeed, . . . yet a spectator merely, and perhaps a little too much occupied with the comeliness of the benches of the sanctuary to notice that it is the sanctuary of sorrow that he is gazing at." (2)

Of the reviews of *Marius* none gave Pater more pleasure than that in *The Athenæum*, (3) which was from the pen of William Sharp. "I consider such criticism as that," said Pater, "criticism at once so independent and so sympathetic, to be a reward for all the

(1) *Marius*, Vol. II., p. 161. *Notes and Queries*. 17 July 1897.

(2) *De Profundis*, p. 68.

(3) 22 Feb. 1885.

long labours the book has cost me," and he several times after remarked how cheering the praise of *The Athenæum* had been to him.

In the meantime there had been changes in Pater's circle at Oxford, the greatest of them being the gap made by the death<sup>(1)</sup> of the Rector of Lincoln, whose fondness for books characterised him to the end. "Ah!" he said, during his last illness, "I am to leave my books . . . They have been more to me than my friends." Then he asked first for one, then another, till he was literally covered almost to the shoulders as he lay, while the floor was strewn with them. And so very appropriately he died amid the aroma of his "rotten apples."<sup>(2)</sup>

A few months later died<sup>(3)</sup> the Principal of Brasenose, the Rev. Dr. Cradock, who was succeeded by the Rev. Albert Watson.

In the summer of 1885 Pater received another visit from Mr. William Sharp, and the friends wandered together in Christ Church meadows, and along by the Cherwell, while the sun sank in gold and amber, and the air was heavy with the perfume of the meadow-sweet.

"Certain flowers," said Pater, "affect my imagination so keenly that I cannot smell them with pleasure. The white jonquil, the gardenia, and the syringa actually give me pain. I am partial to the meadow-sweet, but on an evening like this there is too much of it. It is the fault of nature in England that she runs too much to excess."

"You remember Blake?"<sup>(4)</sup> observed Mr. Sharp—"The road of excess leads to the palace of Wisdom."

(1) 30 July 1884.

(2) See Chapter XXVIII., § 106.

(3) 26 Feb. 1886.

(4) For reference to the Memorial to Blake erected by Mr. Richard C. Jackson, see Chapter XLIII.

“Yes,” replied Pater, “it is a notable saying, and, like most kindred sayings, is probably half true. Talking of Blake, I never repeat to myself without a strange and almost terrifying sensation of isolation and long weariness that couplet of his—

Ah, sunflower, weary of time,  
Who countest the steps of the sun.”

“Which,” enquired Mr. Sharp, “are your favourite *intimate* passages?”

“Foremost,” replied Pater, “I must put a maxim from Plato, ‘Honour the soul; for each man’s soul changes according to the nature of his deeds, for better or worse.’ Then Balzac is full of good things, as for example, ‘*Le travail est la loi de l’art comme celle de la vie.*’”

Of Pater’s antipathy to snakes we have already made mention. Once at Oxford, when a small party, including Pater and Mr. and Mrs. Sharp,<sup>(1)</sup> were walking in the fields, Pater suddenly started, grew pale, and abruptly hurried forward “with averted head.” It appears he had seen a dead adder. On another occasion Mrs. Sharp was wearing “a flexible silver serpent made of over a thousand little scales, the work of a Florentine mechanic,” and when, at Pater’s request, she unloosed it to show him, it writhed about her arm as though alive. Pater drew back horrified, nor would he touch or even again look at it. He was, indeed, so uneasy, “so evidently perturbed” that, in pity for him, instead of replacing it she put it out of sight.

(1) Pater thought very highly of Mrs. Sharp.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

JANUARY 1886—MAY 1888

IMAGINARY PORTRAITS : MR. GEORGE MOORE

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47. Sebastian van Storck. *Macmillan's Magazine*, Mar. 1886.
48. Denys l'Auxerrois. *Macmillan's Magazine*, Oct. 1886.
49. Duke Carl of Rosenmold. *Macmillan's Magazine*, May 1887.
50. Imaginary Portraits. 1887.
51. Review of Symons's "Introduction to Browning." *Guardian*, 9 Nov. 1887.
52. Review of Lemaitre's "Serenus and other Tales." *Macmillan's Magazine*, Nov. 1887.
53. Review of "Robert Elsmere." March 1888.

Up to the period of which we are now speaking Mr. Jackson had every year spent almost as much time at Oxford as Pater had in Camberwell; but several of his friends having removed from Oxford he now scarcely ever visited that city. Pater, to use his own expression, was "full of grief." "If, however," he added jocularly, "my dear walking Bodleian" (a name he frequently applied to Mr. Jackson), "you won't come to me, I suppose I must come to you."

"You intend to settle in London, then?" observed Mr. Jackson.

"Yes," replied Pater. "There are in Oxford some very objectionable persons from whom I would gladly separate myself, and I mean to move at once."

To Mr. Jackson this announcement was not altogether pleasing, owing to the fact that Pater intruded rather too much upon his time. In the words of Sir

136. Earl's  
Terrace,  
1886.



Richard Burton, "an Englishman loves above all things to be left sometimes alone;" and the luxury of solitude was one which, when Pater was within five miles, Mr. Jackson had some difficulty in obtaining. Thus it happened that at the very time several other men were turning over heaven and earth in order to get on familiar terms with Pater, Mr. Jackson, on account of pressure of business, was trying by every conceivable means—short of giving offence—to keep Pater at a distance.

A little later Pater took a house—No. 12, Earl's Terrace, Kensington, which faced a large open space—the grounds of Holland House—though he always regarded the arrangement as merely a temporary one, and the extreme barrenness of the house, for there was in it neither ornament nor attempt at ornament, struck all visitors.

Between March, 1885, and the spring of 1887, he was engaged upon several articles dealing with English literature, and also upon the series of delicate sketches which he subsequently issued in book form as *Imaginary Portraits* 137. —a title which may have been suggested by his old friend McQueen's *Imaginary Countries*, though it is more probable that it was derived from the title of a favourite book of his, Landor's *Imaginary Conversations*. *Imaginary Portraits.*

As we have several times insisted, Pater's chief title to fame consists in his gift for making Portraits, either entirely or in part imaginary. The portraits in the *Renaissance* owed as much to Pater's brain as to History, those in *Greek Studies* had for foundation nothing more substantial than the figments of old poets; he was now to make portraits of Ideas in which the influence of Blake, with whom he was then super-saturated, is easily recognisable. The first of these sketches belongs to the category of the Renaissance Portraits—for it is partly historical, dealing, as it does,



with Antoine Watteau<sup>(1)</sup> and his friendship for Jean Baptiste Pater, the painter, with whom Walter Pater claimed kin. The other three are entirely fictitious.

The dainty and beautiful sketch of Watteau—"A Prince of Court Painters"—which owed its inception to a visit to the Dulwich Gallery, made in the company of Mr. Jackson, purports to consist of extracts from a French journal, written between 1701 and 1721, the supposed writer being the elder sister of Jean Baptiste Pater, the most distinguished of Watteau's pupils. Watteau is first introduced to us as a youth of seventeen. We see him mounting step by step to fame, painting his "*L'embarquement pour l'île de Cythère*" and his other masterpieces, treating his pupil cavalierly, and, on his deathbed, imploring that pupil's forgiveness. Pater has wrought into the leading facts of Watteau's career a wistful tenderness, and has clothed them with ethereal beauty, forming a picture as delicate and as dreamy almost as Watteau's own beautiful work.

The next sketch, "Sebastian van Storck," seems to have been suggested by Mrs. Humphry Ward's translation of *Amiel's Journal*, which Pater reviewed in *The Guardian* of March 17th. Sebastian van Storck is the story of a man who sterilizes his life by "trance-like contemplations of the Infinite," and his career and that of Amiel, who did so little when he could have done so much, have parallels that must strike the most unobservant. The sketch opens with some charming pictures of Dutch life, and then we see Sebastian mewing himself up in a desolate retreat and letting all the pleasures of the world slip by. A plump and pretty Dutch girl, who tries on him her various arts, finds him as cold as an iceberg. Instead of attending to Miss Westrheene's tempting lips, he hunches his back and fills a manuscript book with records of abstract thoughts not dissimilar from Spinoza's. Like Montaigne, and like

(1) Antoine Watteau, whose paintings are among the glories of the Wallace Gallery, was born at Valenciennes in 1684.

Pater himself, he luxuriates in his thoughts, to whatever goal inclined; but he closes his life by an act of self-sacrifice, and thus makes some amends for its misexpenditure.

“Denys l’Auxerrois” deals with a subject upon which Pater, following Heine, was continually, as we have already noticed, allowing the lightnings of his genius to play, namely, the return to sunshine of the old neglected gods of Olympus. He had already touched upon it in his articles on Pico and Leonardo in *The Renaissance*, and he was by-and-by to make a companion sketch to “Denys,” namely, “Apollo in Picardy.”

Mr. Gosse’s remark that “Denys l’Auxerrois” displays the peculiarities of Pater’s style with more concentrated splendour than any other of his writings will be subscribed to, we think, by most of Pater’s admirers.

“Of the four portraits,” says Mr. Arthur Symonds,<sup>(1)</sup> “the most wonderful seems to me the poem, for it is really a poem, named ‘Denys l’Auxerrois.’” Who, indeed, having once read it, can ever forget that strange, waxen, flaxen, flowery impassioned creature—who is none other than Dionysus the god of the vine and the reed in disguise! Pater made a special visit to Auxerre for the purposes of local colour, with the result that portions of the sketch are autobiographical.

There had been a series of wonderful vintages, and Denys is first introduced to us in the Cathedral on Easter Day, where, by a curious custom, the canons and others are playing solemnly at ball. Like Dionysus, Denys was born in a storm, and his mother died by a lightning stroke. To tell how he built an organ, and to outline his career there is no need, for lovers of Pater have it all by heart. We, too, like Pater, seem actually to have seen the hot, tarantulated, hunted figure of Denys in the streets of that quaint topsy-turvy

<sup>(1)</sup> *Studies in Prose and Verse*, p. 68.

mediæval town, and to have been present at the sickening Bacchanalia that followed.

"Apollo in Picardy," the companion sketch, which did not appear till seven years later, was inspired by an engraving, in Mr. Jackson's possession, of Apollo and Hyacinthus, from a painting by Domenichino.<sup>(1)</sup> In place of Dionysus we are presented with a re-incarnated Apollo. He appears as a "hireling at will," in an old Monastery in Picardy, but his presence is not serf-like, and men mark his "rich, warm, white limbs," his haughty expression, his "golden hair tied in a mystic knot fallen down across the inspired brow." He has come thus for any number of years past, though seemingly never grown older, singing his way meagrely from farm to farm to the sound of a harp. He has "a just discernible tonsure, but probably no right to it," and they call him Brother Apollyon. In the end, history more definitely repeats itself, for Apollyon, like his archetype Apollo, kills, accidentally, at a game of quoits, a handsome youth named Hyacinthus; and then disappears, leaving the Prior of the Monastery under the suspicion of murder. As in "Denys l'Auxerrois," Pater's work is very delicate and very clean, every word having been chosen for artistic effect.

"Duke Carl of Rosenmold" may fitly engage our attention after "Apollo in Picardy," for Carl is himself a sort of Apollo—"a half rococo Apollo," as Professor Dowden happily styles him. In his way he is as mad as Sebastian van Storck, and has like him Paterian habits. So great a passion has Carl for emotions that he contrives to assist at his own funeral. He follows himself to the grave with suitable decorum; and, in his disguise, he discusses his own merits with a beggar-maid—Gretchen—whom, solely for the sake of other emotions, he finally marries. The event that fired his life, an event that proved the beginning of his discovery of himself, was the reading, in Conrad Celles' *Art of*

<sup>(1)</sup> See Chapter XLV., § 181.

*Versification*, of a Sapphic ode entitled "To Apollo, praying that he would come to us from Italy, bringing his lyre with him." The subsequent history of Duke Carl we need not epitomise; it will be sufficient to point out that in this prince Pater tried "to embody the aspirations of the precursors of the age of genius which centred in Goethe." The effect of these wonderful pieces of work has been to put almost every one who has approached them into an ecstasy; and certainly there is nothing at all like them in literature. They are idylls written on mother of pearl. Mr. Arthur Symons, in his seductive *Studies in Prose and Verse*.<sup>(1)</sup> calls the style of *Imaginary Portraits* "the ripest, the most varied and flawless, their art the most assured and masterly of Pater's books." And elsewhere he refers to the work as showing Pater's "imaginative and artistic faculties at their point of most perfect fusion."

Oscar Wilde, who, in his brilliant essay "On Criticism,"<sup>(2)</sup> also pays a tribute to the *Imaginary Portraits*, considered the last of the four—"Duke Carl"—to be "in some respects the finest and most suggestive."

"Which is the best of your books?" someone once enquired of Pater. "*Imaginary Portraits*," he answered, "for it is the most natural."

Among those who at this time fell under the spell of Pater was Mr. George Moore, the novelist, who, however, was then known only as the writer of *Flowers of Passion*, *Pagan* 138.

*Poems*, and a few other works. Mr. "Audacious Moore."<sup>(3)</sup> 1886.

Moore, who called on Pater at 12, Earl's Terrace, described him<sup>(4)</sup> as "a very ugly man, an uncouth figure like a figure moulded out of lead."<sup>(5)</sup> He had a large, bald, over-arching skull, and

(1) P. 67.

(2) *Nineteenth Century*, Sept. 1890, p. 448.

(3) See article by Mr. Moore in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, August 1904.

(4) *Pall Mall Magazine*, Aug. 1904.

(5) See Chapter XXXII., § 113.

small eyes that shifted quickly." Regarding Pater as a sort of domesticated Verlaine—a vicarage Verlaine—Mr. Moore had no doubt that the "evasive eyes and the almost surreptitious manner" should be attributed to "an abnormal shyness, to an abnormal fear of himself and of his listener." In Pater's conversation Mr. Moore was disappointed. "Now and again," he says, "the conversation flickered up, a little light appeared in the vicar's mind, and one remembered what Pater said, not because he said anything remarkable, but because it was Pater who said it. . . . Intimacy was no part of his genius<sup>(1)</sup> . . . I was always more anxious to talk literature than to read or write it, and Pater did not talk about literature, nor did he even talk about himself. I began to doubt whether he wished to see me, and kept away, but he wrote to me very soon;" and later, as Mr. Moore was interested in the delicate and delightful little sketch "The Child in the House," Pater presented him with the proofs. When Mr. Moore sent Pater a realistic story in the hope that he would review it, he received, by way of reply, only a reproof. "Descriptions of violent incidents and abnormal states of mind," said Pater, "do not serve the purpose of art. The object of art is to help us to forget the crude and the violent, to lead us towards certain normal aspects of nature." To another friend, Pater said: "The perfection of culture is not rebellion, but peace."

The presentation of a copy of *Confessions of a Young Man* drew from Pater an acknowledgment, in which he calls his correspondent "my dear Audacious Moore." After expressing thanks for the book, he records the pleasure given him by Mr. Moore's<sup>(2)</sup> "delightful criticisms," "Aristophanic joy, or at least enjoyment,

(1) Here Mr. Moore is quite in error. No man could possibly have been more intimate with another than Pater was with Mr. McQueen, Mr. Dombrain and Mr. R. C. Jackson (see our earlier chapters), but he was "intimate" with only a very few men.

(2) The *Pall Mall Magazine*, Aug. 1904.



in life," and his "unfailing liveliness." "Of course," he adds, "there are many things in the book I don't agree with. But then, in the case of so satiric a book, I suppose one is hardly expected to agree or disagree. What I cannot doubt of is the literary faculty displayed;" and other kindly remarks followed.

"But," says Mr. Moore, "instead of bringing us together, this letter estranged us, for it made me hope for a more intimate friendship than Pater had yet given to me; and when I went to London I met the same formal man, as kind and polite as ever, but seemingly a little more distant. Was he more distant, or did I think him more distant because I had expected to find him nearer? We are friends with those with whom we have subjects of conversation, and I had few subjects of conversation with Pater. Pater did not talk about art or about literature, or sport or women; as we only exchanged formal remarks, I began to weary of him, and then I began to think that he avoided me when we met in the streets. Then I heard from Arthur Symons that he did not like to be spoken to out walking; he went out to meditate on what he had written that morning, and to consider what he was going to write that evening or next morning."

"Subsequently," says Mr. Moore, "I used to meet Pater at dinner in the dullest houses in London—houses where I seldom went, dreading the boredom of an evening. But I used to hear that Pater was always dining at these houses." What it was in them that attracted Pater, Mr. Moore could never discover.



## CHAPTER XXXVII

JUNE 1888—AUGUST 1888

GASTON DE LATOUR

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57. Review of "Life and Letters of Flaubert." *Pall Mall Gazette*, 25 Aug. 1888.

Of Pater's handsome, soldierly, Lord Dundreary-like brother William, who had followed his father's profession, we have at different times obtained glimpses. Notwithstanding his success at his examinations, William's dreams had still focused themselves on sword and bayonet; and seizing an early opportunity he joined the East Kent Militia, with a view to drifting into the regular army. Being disappointed in his hopes, he again resigned himself to medicine; and having taken up Lunacy he accepted a post as medical officer at the Hants County Asylum at Farnham, whence he removed to the Stafford County Asylum, where he became head medical superintendent. After he had held the latter post seven years his health began to decline, and he was obliged to give in his resignation. Despite all that loving attention could do for him, it soon became evident that his days were numbered, and on Sunday, 24th April, 1887—to borrow the phraseology of his brother Walter—"he quitted a useful and happy life."<sup>(1)</sup>

But these calm words convey little idea of the

(1) Dedication of *Appreciations*.

impression which the event made on the family. To Pater in particular the blow had been a crushing one, for he and his brother had been to an extraordinary degree engrossed in each other—like the brothers in *Gaston de Latour*, written the following year, they had been “perfect friends.”

While the scenes at Highgate Cemetery, where William was mournfully laid, were still fresh in Pater's memory, and while his mind was still haunted with the sombre reflections that the event had provoked, important changes were toward at Brasenose.

140. The New  
Brasenose.

Hitherto the college had consisted of only two quadrangles—“the great quad” and “the deer park,” but for long the authorities had contemplated pulling down the row of old houses adjoining the college on the south and forming an additional quadrangle which should have a High Street frontage; and by the end of 1887 the hopes of nearly a century were realised. A new quadrangle, consisting of a Principal's house and a number of rooms, one of which is now the Junior Common Room, gradually shaped itself, and grass plots and flower beds completed the admirable scheme. On festal occasions the new quadrangle has often been the scene of bonfires; and when, a little later, objections were made to them, Pater remarked: “But then how beautifully they illuminate St. Mary's spire!”

By a few of the more thoughtful undergraduates, Pater was at this time regarded with unfeigned admiration. They had read and pondered his books, and the wish “to burn with a gem-like flame” led them well nigh to idolize the famous high priest of culture; and it was noticed that all this worship was in a sense injurious to Pater. He became, in the words of one of his colleagues, “too pontifical.” Among his admirers perhaps the most

141.  
Veargett  
William  
Maughan  
[Died 29th  
May, 1888].

conspicuous was Veargett William Maughan,<sup>(1)</sup> a young personal friend of Mr. Richard C. Jackson, and a commoner of St. John's.<sup>(2)</sup> In the case of Maughan, whom Pater generally called, from his seriousness, "The Bishop,"<sup>(3)</sup> admiration deepened into affection, a feeling which was reciprocated by Pater, for they had many interests in common;<sup>(4)</sup> but the friendship had scarcely lasted a couple of years before it was suddenly ended by the death of Maughan, an event which occurred 29th May, 1888. Few undergraduates have been more popular, and the funeral procession, which was over two miles in length, was one of the most imposing sights ever witnessed in Oxford. The first portion of the service was read in St. John's College Chapel, where the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Bellamy, officiated, and at the conclusion the remains were borne to St. Sepulchre's Cemetery, among the mourners being Pater and Mr. Jackson. The sweet spring flowers—the flowers of the bough, as Omar Khayyám distinguishes them from the flowers of the field—were in their full beauty; and so, to use the words of a touching sonnet written by Mr. Jackson, under "glistening lilac boughs" blooming white and "hawthorns glorious," Veargett William Maughan was borne to his long home.<sup>(5)</sup>

(1) His London home was 11, Gayton Road, Clapton.

(2) Undergraduates of this college have to quit their rooms in their last year in favour of freshmen. Maughan, on being obliged to go, took rooms with one of the professors.

(3) Maughan, who was studying for Holy Orders, used to read the lessons at S. Michael's, Shoreditch, and at All Saints, Clapton.

(4) Among Maughan's customs was one that must have reminded Pater of his own early days, that of embellishing his books with illuminations. The present writer had the pleasure some time ago of offering for Mr. Jackson's acceptance an ancient little black letter copy of the Hours of the Virgin, illustrated with plates done by hand. "I am pleased to have it," said Mr. Jackson, "for it reminds me of a similar volume which my young friend Maughan, who had embellished it with his own hand, presented to me just before his death." Mr. Jackson himself—who is still half a monk—has all the skill of the inmates of the old scriptoria. See Chapter XXXII.

(5) A brass tablet to his memory may be seen in St. John's Chapel.

Shortly after the death of Maughan, Pater commenced a new story—if anything that he ever wrote can be called a story—which was to be a parallel study to *Marius*, namely, *Gaston de Latour*, a work which, as Pater several times observed, though no other writer has recorded the fact, drew its inspiration from Maughan, just as *Marius* had drawn its inspiration from Mr. Jackson.

142. *Gaston de Latour*, June—Oct., 1889.

Pater allowed five instalments to appear in *Macmillan's Magazine* in the months June to October, 1889, and then, dissatisfied with the framework of his narrative, abandoned the scheme altogether. Many men, owing to death, have left stories unfinished—Dickens and Thackeray, for example; but we do not recall any other instance of a story being voluntarily abandoned by its author after a large portion had appeared in print. After Pater's death these five chapters, together with an article on Bruno<sup>(1)</sup> (intended to form Chapter vii.), and a few scattered passages were issued in volume form with a brief preface by Dr. Shadwell.<sup>(2)</sup> This fragmentary story is certainly one of the most beautiful of Pater's works. As already observed, it has parallels with *Marius*, but the young La Beaucean is an altogether brighter, warmer, more human, character than the young Roman; and in place of the marble whiteness and coldness of *Marius's* surroundings we have the colour and glow of the fantastic days of the Pleiad—sunny France, instead of austere Rome—the sparkling Pantheist instead of the passionless Stoic. Here and there we can detect the influence of the *Chroniques* of his favourite Merimée, and here and there, too, reminiscences of the King's School days—some of which have already been pointed out.<sup>(3)</sup> Gaston himself is at times

<sup>(1)</sup> Which appeared as an independent article in the *Fortnightly Review*, Aug. 1889.

<sup>(2)</sup> 1897.

<sup>(3)</sup> See Chapter VIII.

a kind of double of Montaigne, Pater's deity of the moment, and one of the prominent personages of the story. It was from the chronicles of Montaigne's family, indeed, that Pater derived the name of his work—the Chevalier Francois de Latour, being the husband of Montaigne's daughter Léonor; but we also recall the fact that Virginia, the heroine of Pater's favourite story, *Paul and Virginia*,<sup>(1)</sup> was a "de la Tour." Pater made no attempt at a plot, and it may be said at once that Gaston and his wife Colombe are, and would have continued to be, simply Abelard and Heloise,<sup>(2)</sup> altered to taste. The opening scene is laid by the "white walls"—and Pater loved whiteness as never did another—of the chateau of Deux Manoirs, near the old town of Chartres in La Beauce—that district of France ever dear to Pater as the homeland of Ronsard and Du Bellay, and other paragons of the French Renaissance. Pater's indebtedness to Montaigne begins when he introduces us into the room in which Gabrielle de Latour died of joy,<sup>(3)</sup> and we are thenceforward reminded again and again of that writer. Dedicated to the service of the church, Gaston presently becomes a member of the household of the Bishop of Chartres, and Pater breaks out into a pæan in praise of the wonderful Cathedral there of Notre Dame. Like Marius, Gaston is in some respects Pater himself. At first he is all for church and asceticism. Then he feels the glamour of classicism. He is pulled two ways. A notable event in his life was a visit with his three friends, "The Triumvirate" (the Triumvirate of our early chapters will be recalled),<sup>(4)</sup> to the Poet Ronsard,

(1) By Saint Pierre.

(2) About this time Pater gave a copy of *Abelard and Heloise* to Mr. Jackson.

(3) Gaston, p. 25; Montaigne (Dent's), I., 12, "The Romane Ladie that died for joy." In the *Canterbury Journal* for April 1859 (and Pater, as a youth, may have read it) is an account of two persons who had died of joy; one a woman, the other an officer, the cause in each case being the same—the winning of a lottery prize.

(4) See Chapters VIII. to XVIII.



then lay Superior of the Priory of Croix-val, Vendome—and the chapter describing it is one of the finest pieces of writing even in Pater. All is very delicate and yet real. Ronsard truly lives; and we, like the Triumvirate, are perturbed by their day-mare—the appearance of their doubles. Delightful, indeed, are the nine months which we are made to spend with the “sceptic-saint”<sup>(1)</sup> Montaigne<sup>(2)</sup> in his round tower by the Dordogne; and we are glad to sit at the feet of Bruno and hear a sermon on pantheism; though we shudder as in fancy we hear the roar of the flames that consumed him at the stake. For, as Swinburne says: “the fates required a sacrifice to hate and hell”<sup>(3)</sup> ere fame should set his name in Heaven with that of his noble friend the English Sidney.

Gaston, unlike Marius, is attracted by pretty looks, with the result of an unhappy marriage, but the pitiful story of his wife Colombe comes in the portion of the work that is left nebulous. Like Ronsard, like Duke Carl, Gaston keeps discovering himself. His main study and amusement is himself, and like Montaigne his motto is “men not books.” Just as *Marius* is less a story than a series of haunting essays, so *Gaston* is more properly a disquisition on Ronsard, Montaigne, and Bruno, their doings and tenets—the career of the hero being a mere thread upon which to hang these union pearls.

Pater told Dr. Shadwell that the interest of the story would have centred round the spiritual development of a refined and cultivated mind [Maughan] capable of keen enjoyment in the pleasures of the senses and of the

(1) Emerson.

(2) The last of the Montaignes, who was a well-known artist about 1850, was a personal friend of Mr. Jackson, who introduced Pater to him. His widow, Mrs. Montaigne, now resides at 3, Horbury Crescent, Kensington.

(3) See Mr. Swinburne's fine lines, “The Monument of Giordano Bruno,” Def. Ed., Vol. VI., p. 243. Also “For the Feast of Giordano Bruno, Philosopher and Martyr,” Def. Ed., Vol. III., p. 48.



intellect, but destined to find its complete satisfaction in that which transcends both, namely, love for humanity, self-sacrifice; and like Maughan, Gaston was to be cut off in the lustihood of youth—but there are no old men in Pater's books. There is the same motive in some of Pater's previous stories. Marius dies for Cornelius, Sebastian for a child. But this characteristic of the sketches does not greatly impress the reader, and, truth to say, love for humanity was not a conspicuous feature in Pater's character. Although Gaston marries, his wife counts for little. She is a mere feather. But the frou-frou of a woman's dress is rarely heard in Pater's stories. Marius, Sebastian, and Emerald Uthwart do not even fall in love. Neither Denys nor Brother Apollyon gives so much as a thought to the other sex, which is rather remarkable, seeing that their heathen prototypes are understood to have been not altogether proof against its beguilements. As we noticed when considering *Marius*, Pater's declared object in writing that book was to show the necessity of religion,<sup>(1)</sup> and a similar motive seems to have been present in the conception of the scheme which was to have been carried out in *Gaston*. "Marius," as a friend of Pater's observed in *The Athenæum*,<sup>(2)</sup> "had illustrated the contact of the best results of Greek philosophy with the new doctrines of Christianity." In other words, it was the outcome of Pater's personal intercourse with Mr. Jackson, the clergy of St. Austin's Priory, and the other ritualistic clergy of the day. "Gaston," continues the writer, "was to show how the later Revival of Letters, in the form and with the issues which the movement assumed in a thinker like Montaigne, might be subdued and overcome by the spirit of the same faith."

(1) Thus showing the influence of the clergy of St. Austin's Priory.

(2) 17 Oct. 1896.

We ourselves believe that Gaston would have gone considerably further on the road to Christianity than Marius went. Since the appearance of the earlier work a great change had come over Pater, whereas in 1885 he was only at the porch of the church, in 1888 he knelt close to the altar. A glimpse at the new Pater is afforded by a letter written about this time by one of Pater's old friends, Lady Dilke, formerly Mrs. Mark Pattison. Lady Dilke, who had previously restricted herself to essays, subsequently wrote fiction as well, and in her private copy of her first book of stories she preserved the letters of two men for whose genius she had special admiration, namely, Mr. Watts-Dunton and Pater. "Pater," says Lady Dilke,<sup>(1)</sup> "came and sat with me till dinner-time. We had been talking before that on the exclusive cultivation of the memory in modern teaching as tending to destroy the power of thought, by sacrificing the attitude of meditation to that of perpetual apprehension. When the others left we went on talking of the same matter, but on different lines. Thence we came to how it might be possible, under present conditions of belief, to bring people up not as beasts, but as men, by the endeavour to train feeling and impart sentiments, as well as information. He looks for an accession of strength to the Roman Catholic Church, and thinks that if it would abandon its folly in political and social intrigue, and take up the attitude of a purely spiritual power, it would be, if not the best thing that could happen, at any rate better than the selfish vulgarity of the finite aims and ends which stand in place of an ideal in most lives now. He has changed a great deal, as I should think for the better, and is a stronger man"—the result, we may again repeat, of the St. Austin's influence.

143. A Chat  
with  
Lady Dilke.

<sup>(1)</sup> *Memoir* by Sir Charles Dilke, accompanying *The Book of the Spiritual Life* by Lady Dilke.

Pater numbered among his correspondents at this time Cardinal Newman and Canon Liddon; among his friends Professor Saintsbury<sup>(1)</sup> and Mr. Falconer Madan.

<sup>(1)</sup> An article on Pater by Professor Saintsbury appeared in *The Bookman* for August 1906.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII

SEPTEMBER 1888—DECEMBER 1888

### PATER'S STYLE—THE RENASCENCE OF WONDER

#### BIBLIOGRAPHY :

58. Style. *Fortnightly Review*, Dec. 1888.

In the year 1887 Pater wrote, besides less important work, an article on Style, which appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* in December, 1888.<sup>(1)</sup>

Although not one of his best articles, for as we have already remarked, his pen, when it was not making Imaginary

144. Pater's  
Article  
on Style.  
Flaubert.

Portraits, always lost much of its magic; nevertheless an article on style by one of our most prominent stylists must always be of interest; moreover, it has noteworthy passages. Though Greek of soul and dreaming continually of the far-off period when the Graces took hands with the Hours, Pater's literary model was a Frenchman, and this article leads the reader up, step by step, until he reaches the summit of the Stylists' Olympus, where sits, in solitary majesty, the cloud-compelling Gustave Flaubert, the deity of the dicta: "There is only one way of expressing one thing;" "Lose the whole world but find the *mot propre*." Pater's remarks on the writing of history and biography are well worthy of attention. "Your historian," he says, "with absolutely truthful intention, amid the multitude of facts presented to him, must needs select, and in selecting assert something of his own humour,

<sup>(1)</sup> It was subsequently printed in *Appreciations*. See also his remarks on the same subject in *Essays from the Guardian* p. 14.

something that comes not of the world without but of a vision within." In short, the bed of the brook colours the water. "Just in proportion," he continues, "as the writer's aim, consciously or unconsciously, comes to be the transcribing, not of the world, not of mere fact, but of his sense of it, he becomes an artist, his work is *fine art*." Very charming is his idea of literature as a refuge from the world's vulgarity, very wise his advice that every man should make his own vocabulary and speak the language that is his, and very eloquent is his insistence on the necessity of "soul" in style. Finally, he conducts us to Flaubert, and asseverates that the one indispensable beauty in the highest as in the lowliest literature is truth. "Say what you have to say, what you have a will to say," he continues, "in the simplest, the most direct and exact manner possible, with no surplusage."<sup>(1)</sup>

The noble termination of the article indicates that by this time Pater was well on his return journey to the faith of his boyhood. "Given," he says, "the conditions I have tried to explain as constituting good art; then, if it be devoted further to the increase of men's happiness, to the redemption of the oppressed . . . or, immediately, as with Dante, to the glory of God, it will also be great art." Pater makes some additional remarks on this enthralling subject in various other of his works, notably in his essay on Pascal, a writer who had a remarkable facility for saying precisely what he wanted in precisely the way that he wanted.

It may be profitable to examine Pater's own style, and to try it by the canons he himself has laid down.

Pater's first instructor in style was, as we  
 145. Pater's said, Mr. Fisher, of the King's School,  
 own Style. who wrote excellently, but in sonorous  
 Johnsonese. Pater imitated him to some  
 extent, but glided later into a good ordinary simple

(1) *Appreciations*, p. 24. Style.

English style without striking features. When he succumbed to the spell of Kingsley he became an unpleasant imitator of that writer. Thus he began one of his lost stories with: "I am going to tell you a beautiful brave story of the old Greeks." His mature style, as it appears in his books, he evolved with extreme care from 1862 onwards. Although he took enormous pains with his compositions, aiming, indeed, at writing English as if it were a learned language, no one recognised better than he that style ought not to be regarded independently of matter.<sup>(1)</sup> Like Flavian<sup>(2)</sup> he was saved "from the natural defects which his euphuism produced by the consciousness that he had a matter to present, very real, to himself."

The three radical merits of prose thought are, we are informed in this essay, order, precision, and directness. Pater is orderly. He took infinite pains to be so, and also equal pains to be precise, though the poet in him and his natural love for haze, shadow and mist often led to a different result. Nor is he always direct. An observer of order, precision and directness ought also to be clear; but clarity is frequently absent from Pater's writing. Some of the best scholars in England have pointed to passages in him that convey to them no meaning whatever. By dint of careful study and comparison of one work with another, we think we understand most that Pater says; but the labour has been considerable, and we are not sure that everyone else would take quite as much trouble. Of some of his sentences we failed to grasp the meaning until we had cut them into twos and threes and inserted brackets. He often splits his infinitives, he invariably writes "antiquarian"<sup>(3)</sup> instead of "antiquary," and he makes

(1) See Essay on English Literature. *The Guardian*, 17 Feb. 1886.

(2) In *Marius*.

(3) Antiquarian is, of course, the adjective; antiquary the noun.



other minor calls on the charity of the more fastidious reader.

Pater, as we have already observed, could always see the droll side of things. A dry, somewhat caustic humour, not infrequently added piquancy to his conversation; but when he touched his pen, Puck, Punch and party took their leave of him with a hasty "*au revoir*." In all his works the only humorous remark that at this moment we recall, is one bracketed in a tremendous quotation from Plato. "What long sentences Plato writes!" interjects Pater, and we can imagine him saying it with his tongue in his cheek—for nobody, we suppose, ever built up longer sentences than Pater. Some run to 160 words, and occupy a whole page of print. The fact that they are grammatically correct, and would bear analysis scarcely compensates for the headache they give. A second fault of Pater's is his habit of inserting, quite unnecessarily, French, German, and Latin words in place of English ones; a third—a failing common with word-fanciers—his habit of using words that pleased him whether or not they were the most suitable. It cannot be said, for example, that he was always happy in his use of "disparate,"<sup>(1)</sup> "flawless," "savoursome," and "sweet."

Oscar Wilde—an ardent worshipper of Pater—complained that his idol shared the viciousness of his times in appealing not so much to the ear as to the eye.<sup>(2)</sup> "Even the work of Mr. Pater," he says, "who is, on the whole, the most perfect master of English prose now active amongst us, is often far more like a piece of mosaic than a passage of music, and seems, here and there, to lack the true rhythmical life of words,

(1) Pater took this word from Jeremy Taylor's works.

(2) "The eye," says Goethe, "was above all others the organ by which I seized the world;" and Pater everywhere echoes Goethe, and urges men to satisfy "the lust of the eye."

and the fire, freedom and richness of effect that such rhythmical life produces."<sup>(1)</sup>

In his masterpieces, however, in the *Renaissance* and *Imaginary Portraits*, the various faults that we and others have indicated are reduced to a minimum. When, indeed, his mind is more on his matter than on his style he most excels. At his best he is superb. In these works, in *Marius*, and in the isolated sketches "Emerald Uthwart," "Denys l'Auxerrois," and "The Child in the House," one could point to sentence after sentence, paragraph after paragraph, of surprising beauty. These works teem with haunting thoughts, expressed in the most delicate and most becoming language; and in reading them we seem to be reclining on "ivory couches, elevated couches of ivory;" while some of the passages prompt the echo of Pater's own remark respecting Shakespeare's *Richard II.*: "What a garden of words!"

It is customary to speak of Pater's style as "chastened." Often, nay very often, there could not possibly be a better word to describe it; but not infrequently it displays a barbaric gorgeousness, or, say, a richness comparable to the fan tracery in Brasenose Chapel.

To the great revived movement of the soul of man after its long period of acceptance in things, including literature and art, Mr. Watts-Dunton has given the name of "The Renascence of Wonder"—a phrase which indicates that "there are two leading impulses that govern man: the impulse of acceptance, that is, the impulse to take unchallenged and for granted all the phenomena of the outer world as they are—and the impulse to confront these phenomena with eyes of inquiry and wonder."

146. Pater  
and "The  
Renascence<sup>(2)</sup>  
of Wonder."

(1) *Nineteenth Century*, July 1890, p. 131.

(2) Mr. Watts-Dunton, and many others, spell the word this way. Pater always wrote "Renaissance."

In what relation, we may ask, does Pater stand to the newly-awakened spirit of Romance? Is his work allied to the artificialities of Pope, Dryden, and Gray (for Pater is essentially a poet), or is he steeped in the fountain which is Coleridge? Well, it seems to us, that Pater belongs to both schools. As a rule he worked in the spirit of Pope; but he wondered—nobody wondered more. Before lovely works of art he stood spell-bound. The beauties of Nature set his soul in a glow. And yet he worked in the most mechanical way that a man could work, with his squares of paper and his ceaseless turning of the leaves of his dictionary. A man, too, who wore out more sheets than shoes would seem not to have very much in common with the new school. As a rule, his method of work was like that of Pope, only worse. "If," said one of Pater's most intimate friends to the writer, "Pater found a word anywhere that pleased him, in that word would go—somewhere or other, whether it meant anything or not." Though we would not lay too much stress on this remark, yet it should have the effect of putting students of Pater a little on their guard. Oddly enough, while he was sinning under this head, he was immersed in Montaigne, who writes, "Some there are so foolish that will go a quarter of a mile out of the way to hunt after a quaint new word."<sup>(1)</sup> And, again, "It is a natural, simple and unaffected speech that I love, so written as it is spoken, and such upon the paper as it is in the mouth, a pithie, sinnowie, full, strong, compendious and materiall speech, not so delicate and affected as vehement and piercing."

It is true that in revision Pater would strike out some of these excrescences; but, on the other hand, he would not infrequently insert new ones; and the student of Pater will find that the articles which Pater contributed to periodicals are, as a rule, more virile—more free from pedantry—than the same articles when they

(1) Montaigne. Florio's Tr. Dent's Ed., Vol. I., p. 256.

appeared in book form—a fact to which the public has never before had its attention drawn. As might be expected, it is not when Pater is painfully euphuistic that he is at his best. It is when he lets himself go a little that he really pleases, as when, for example, he writes on Denys, Monna Lisa, or Marius.

Still we can never get quite away from the atmosphere of the study. Truth to say, Pater the man and Pater the author were altogether different personages. Pater the man was all curiosity and wonder—a creature of a thousand impromptu sayings, a fellow of infinite mirth; but Pater the author did his work as the fashionable Claytons used to preach—in lavender kid gloves. And that is why his personal friends are unanimous in declaring that his conversation was more interesting than his books.<sup>(1)</sup>

He is the poet of the hot, moist conservatory rather than of the dew-wet park and the hoof-dented field. And so, if we are to judge him by Mr. Watts-Dunton's standard, we must call him a wonderer in shackles of his own riveting. Yet in a sense his hindrances seem to suit him. He is a robin redbreast in a cage,<sup>(2)</sup> and yet he does *not* put all Heaven in a rage. Sometimes, however, as for example, when he was intent upon *Imaginary Portraits*, he pushes his body very nearly through the bars. Pater's Dutch blood may account for a style that suggests mazes, precise gardens, and topiary work—all very charming, though we are not accustomed to associate them with the wonder-writers. Again, the wonder-writers, and especially Coleridge and Wordsworth, were fired with love for their fellow-men, but Pater did not care greatly for humanity. He was not devoid of kindly feelings, but he liked a life of feathered ease. It would be difficult to imagine Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Keats writing in bed at mid-day.

<sup>(1)</sup> Professor Campbell and several others have made this remark to me.

<sup>(2)</sup> Blake.

Most persons would suppose that Pater, who took such enormous pains with his writing, would, in a general way, be accuracy itself; and we believe that he can generally be depended upon.

147. *Bible Quotations.* But there is one most curious exception, and that is when he quotes, or rather mis-quotes the Bible. Thus, in "Art Notes in North Italy," St. Paul is made to bring his prisoners "bound to Damascus." But St. Paul brought no prisoners "bound to Damascus," nor are we ever told that he did; but twice in the Acts, once in the course of the narrative, and once in St. Paul's own account of his conversion (Acts xxii.), it is stated that he went to Damascus in order to bring the Christians who were there "bound to Jerusalem." If this inaccuracy stood alone, we should not have troubled to mention it; but the curious fact is that almost invariably when quoting or referring to Scripture Pater makes glaring mistakes. Take, for example, his attribution, in his essay on Pascal,<sup>(1)</sup> of the phrase "the Lord's doing, marvellous in our eyes" to Psalm cxix., the words being, of course, from Psalm cxviii. "This," observes Mr. McQueen, "was a very odd mistake, almost inconceivable in one who, when nineteen or twenty, must have known the Psalms almost by heart; and it is the more startling because Psalm cxix. has a peculiar character of its own, quite unlike Psalm cxviii., and the language of Psalm cxix. could hardly occur in it." And Mr. McQueen continues: "Was this inaccuracy in Biblical quotation designed, in a writer usually so careful?" We cannot say; but the list is by no means complete. The most glaring inaccuracy of all occurs in "The Child in the House,"<sup>(2)</sup> where the phrase, "the lust of the eye," is represented as occurring in Ecclesiastes. It is not the Preacher who says this, but John the Apostle, whose

(1) *Misc. Stud.*, p. 64.

(2) *Misc. Stud.*, p. 155.



exact words are "the lust of the eyes and the pride of life."

John Addington Symonds, writing to Henry Sidgwick, 5th April, 1885, says: "*Marius* I have not read. I suppose I must. But I shrink from approaching Pater's style, which has a peculiarly disagreeable effect upon my nerves—like the presence of a civet cat."<sup>(1)</sup>

148. John Addington Symonds and Pater.

Of Symonds's style Pater, on the other hand, had written eulogistically, for, when reviewing *The Renaissance in Italy* in 1875, he had said: "As is the writer's subject so is his style—energetic, flexible, eloquent, full of various illustration, keeping the attention of the reader always on the alert."<sup>(2)</sup>

Later, however, when there fell upon Pater and Symonds a mutual dislike of each other, Pater used to speak of the latter as "Poor Symonds"—a remark which mischief-makers took care should have the fullest possible circulation. As a critic Pater was the milk of human kindness. It was the dictum of Goethe that what it concerns us to know about a work or a writer are the merits, not the defects of the writer and the work, and, as Mr. Arthur Symonds has noticed, Pater carried this theory to its fullest possible limits, and may be said never, except by implication, to condemn anything. Certainly he never said a word to wound anybody.

Many are the pleasing comments on books that one finds scattered up and down the pages of Pater. His great favourite, *The Golden Ass* of Apuleius he calls the "book of books," while the contents of the *Florida* are "elaborate carved ivories of speech . . . with a fine savour of old musk about them."<sup>(3)</sup> He loved the "dainty *Metamorphoses* of Ovid,"<sup>(4)</sup> the mirth

149. Pater on Books.

(1) John Addington Symonds, by Horatio F. Brown. 1903.

(2) *The Academy*. 31 July 1875.

(3) *Marius*, Vol. II., p. 85.

(4) *Greek Studies*, p. 11.



of the "half-divine"<sup>(1)</sup> Aristophanes, and the impassioned verses of Sappho, upon whom it was his ambition to write, and upon whom he would have written had he lived a little longer.<sup>(2)</sup>

If he was deep in Plato, he was also an eager student of Plotinus, "that new Plato,"<sup>(3)</sup> who, according to Porphyry, was seven times elevated above the limitations of the body and the world; he wrote and spoke with affection of Shakespeare, Jeremy Taylor, Lyly, Vaughan, and Sir Thomas Browne. Wordsworth was always his darling. He found *Esmond* "a perfect fiction,"<sup>(4)</sup> *Lycidas* a perfect poem, and Dante, Montaigne, and Pascal fragrant as osier cobs. He instances Mérimée's *Colomba* as "vindicating the function of the novel as no tawdry light literature, but in very deed a fine art." He never tired of Stendhal's *Chartreuse of Parma* and *Red and Black*;<sup>(5)</sup> and he often quoted Stendhal's saying: "*J'aime passionnément la passion*;" but even Stendhal did not in his estimation approach the great Flaubert with his *Madame Bovary*.

For the works of Charles Dickens which had been so acceptable to him in his boyhood, he in middle-life lost all taste. "Dickens," he once observed to Mr. Jackson, "is a monument of wasted energy, but then he wrote for the unlettered."<sup>(6)</sup> "Thackeray," he added, "is a doubtful coon,<sup>(7)</sup> not knowing enough Greek to stuff a sow's ear"—though what it mattered to the author of *Vanity Fair* whether he knew little or much Greek we

(1) The half-divine humorist in whose incomparable genius the highest qualities of Rabelais were fused and harmonized with the supreme gifts of Shelley—A. C. Swinburne. *Def. Ed. V.*, 42.

(2) The notes prepared for this article are still in existence.

(3) *Renaissance*, p. 38.

(4) *Appreciations*, p. 18.

(5) In which, to quote Oscar Wilde, "the soul is tracked into its most secret places, and life is made to confess its dearest sins."—"On Criticism," *Nineteenth Century*, Sept. 1890.

(6) See Chapter XIV., § 48.

(7) Pater did not often use slang, but now and again, as Mr. Gosse's *Critical Kit-Kats* bears witness, he allowed himself the indulgence.

cannot say. The praise, however, which Pater begrudged to Dickens and Thackeray he bestowed freely on *Paul and Virginia*,<sup>(1)</sup> which he knew almost by heart; but his mainstay was the *Dictionary of National Biography*, the volumes of which he read religiously from cover to cover, one by one, as they came out.

A review by Pater of Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Robert Elsmere*, which appeared in 1888, reminds us that one of the characters in that work, namely, Edward Langham, derived much of his being from Pater, notwithstanding the fact that Langham was "possessed of exceptional personal beauty." According to general opinion Langham is a compound of Pater and Mr. R. L. Nettleship,<sup>(2)</sup> but features from other men seem also to be introduced. All the characters, indeed, are composite, and Pater professed to recognise the originals of each.<sup>(3)</sup> In his review of the book he says, "The men . . . seem . . . from time to time to reveal their joinings. They are composite of many different men we seem to have known, and fancy we could detach again from the *ensemble* and from each other." When dealing with Robert Elsmere's objections to religion Pater declares that they may all be met "by considerations of the same *genus*, and not less equal weight, relatively to a world so obscure, in its origin and issues, as that in which we live." He entirely objects to the place of worship which just before his death Elsmere started and in which he preached "an admirable sermon on the purely human aspect of the life of Christ . . . It is the infinite nature of Christ which has led to such diversities of genius in preaching, as St. Francis, and Taylor, and Wesley."

150. His  
Later Views  
on Religion,  
1888.

(1) Written by Saint-Pierre in 1788.

(2) Brother of Mr. Henry Nettleship, Professor of Latin at Oxford, Mr. John Trivett Nettleship the animal painter and Mr. Edward Nettleship the oculist.

(3) Elsmere, for example, is a kind of J. R. Green; Gray a distorted T. Hill Green.

In this article, indeed, we find a more definite statement on the subject of religion than Pater anywhere else gives, unless it be in his article on Amiel.

Perhaps the present is the best place for the submission of a cluster of anecdotes respecting Pater; and the Sanctuary story, though well-known,

151. **Anecdotes.** may, as it is eminently characteristic of him, come first. He was once, it is said, put on to examine for a scholarship, and he undertook the English essays. When the time came for deciding on the election Pater arrived with the tidings that he had lost the paper containing the list of marks. To the suggestion that it would be advisable to look again for it, he replied that it would be of no use, and he added that the essays did not much impress him. Something, however, had to be done, so in order to stimulate his memory the names were read out in alphabetical order, and he was requested to recall impressions that he had formed. Pater shook his head mournfully as each was pronounced, murmuring dreamily, "I do not remember," "It suggests nothing," and so on. Finally they came to the name of "Sanctuary." "Ah!" said Pater, his face brightening up, "I remember him—it was such a beautiful name."<sup>(1)</sup>

Among Pater's amusements was the inventing of "little farcical dialogues,"<sup>(2)</sup> in which he introduced his contemporaries; and he also imagined a group of relations—Uncle Capsicum, Aunt Eugenia, Aunt Guava, and others, whose names he took from the various plants mentioned in his favourite *Paul and Virginia*.

As a rule he took very little notice of the undergraduates, either in the quad or the lecture-room. One of them, Mr. G. C. Monck,<sup>(3)</sup> writes to me: "He was

(1) I had the story from the Rev. Anthony Bathe, who, however, cannot vouch for its truthfulness. Mr. Edmund Gosse tells it rather differently in *Critical Kit-Kats*, p. 269.

(2) See *Critical Kit-Kats*, p. 268.

(3) Now Rector of Closworth, Sherborne.

always in a dream, and from his habit of slouching past under the wall and never looking anyone fairly in the face, the undergraduates called him 'Judas.'"<sup>(1)</sup> Another comment was that "he slunk under a wall as though he had committed a theft, which he certainly never did, unless lifting an expressive word from Hooker or Taylor be so described."

Amusingly enough, while the undergraduates were making fun of Pater, it often happened—had they but known it—that he was ridiculing them. His comments on some of them, remarked an Oxford correspondent to the writer, were irresistibly funny. He likened one to a sausage, to whose sleek, unctuous body (smelling so savoury, too, and making one's mouth water), somebody, who had already touched it with a fork, was about to apply a knife; and others he compared to various animals and mimicked their actions; but, as wit of this kind invariably evaporates when committed to paper, we shall not attempt to reproduce it. Suffice it to say that it was amusing enough at the time and convulsed his hearers. He viewed the follies and frolics of the undergraduates with leniency. When somebody asked him whether their horseplay did not disturb him, he replied, "Oh, no, I rather enjoy it. They are like playful young tigers that have been fed."<sup>(2)</sup> Once in the common-room at Brasenose, when the subject of University reform was discussed, Pater interposed with, "I do not know what your object is. At present the undergraduate is a child of nature; he grows up like a wild rose in a country lane; you want to turn him into a turnip, rob him of all grace, and plant him out in rows."

(1) Several other correspondents have corroborated these statements of Mr. Monck's.

(2) *Critical Kit-Kats*.

## CHAPTER XXXIX

JANUARY 1889 TO 4 AUGUST 1889

OSCAR WILDE

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64. Review of Fabre's "Norine." *Guardian*, 12 June 1889.
65. Hippolytus Veiled. *Macmillan's Magazine*, Aug. 1889.
66. Giordano Bruno. *Fortnightly Review*, Aug. 1889.
67. Review of Correspondence de Gustave Flaubert. *Athenæum*, 3 Aug. 1889.

There now entered into Pater's life that brilliant but frightfully unbalanced man of genius, Oscar Wilde, who, at the age of thirty-five, could look back on a dazzling past and lived in anticipation of an altogether more dazzling future. His sky at this time knew no cloud. The curled and dowered darling of society, he walked through life, only, as it were, amid perfumes and on rich carpets of deep pile. He had become a cult. His exploitation of the lily and the sunflower, his elaborate coiffure, his "peacockly suits," his affectation, and his phrases had made him the talk of the time; and though he was ridiculed, and deservedly, as few men have been, discerning minds could see that this gaudily-coloured blossom had possibilities of acceptable fruit. As yet, however, his brilliant and suggestive essays and his witty and mirth-provoking plays were unwritten. Still, with his incessant talk about culture he had done his part towards leading his countrymen to a love for the beautiful. He already

152. Oscar  
Wilde,  
1889.



stood, to use his own words, "in symbolic relations to the art and culture of his age."<sup>(1)</sup>

Born in 1854, the son of a surgeon of Dublin, Oscar Wilde had, at the age of seventeen, entered Trinity College, Dublin, whence, in 1874, he proceeded to Magdalen College, Oxford, where his career was an unbroken success. In these days he had two enthusiasms—Keats and Pater, the perusal of whose *Renaissance* proved the turning-point in his life. At Dublin he had written verse, and he again returned to the muse—making the winding walks of Magdalene and their kingfishers, speeding like blue arrows, his principal themes. He loved everything that was bizarre and exotic—strange colours, strange scents, strange animals, strange birds. Who but he would have written—

"And on his hornèd head there stood  
The crimson phœnicopteryx?"

He had no sooner left college than, fired with enthusiasm for Pater's teaching, he commenced the propaganda with which his name is associated. Henceforth he was the æsthete of æsthetes. His first volume of poems appeared in 1881, and we presently find him lecturing on Art—first in America, and afterwards in England. Some men admired him; more ridiculed, but all talked about him; and that was precisely what he wanted, for he was above all things a keen man of business. His *Impressions of America*, although not free from his usual conceits, is in the main thoroughly sensible. But it was his affectation, and not his wisdom that captured the public imagination. Both in America and here the newspapers vied with one another in satirising him. They called him "Narcissus," and represented him carrying affectedly a stalk of lilies. *Punch* had him in a vase, with his head surrounded with petals, singing, "Oh, I feel just as happy as a bright sunflower;" and there came to the birth countless

<sup>(1)</sup> *De Profundis*, p. 21.

tracts against him—the most popular being *Soul Agonies in ye Life of Oscar Wilde*, with illustrations by C. Kendrick. He had green <sup>(1)</sup> eyes, slanted like a Japanese, a clean-shaven face, large lips, with the dividing lines as sharp as a baby's. Long masses of dark brown hair, parted in the middle, fell in odd curves over his broad shoulders. His prototype was the man in Martial, who arranged his tresses in order—

Smelling for ever of balm, and smelling of cinnamon spice.

Half a day was not too long to spend over his toilet. His previous coiffure, however, quite dissatisfied him when, one day, he came across a bust of Nero. Of the minor events of this monarch's reign our histories are full. They all tell us about the murder of his wife and his mother, his persecution of the Christians, and the burning of Rome, but the salient fact about him, namely, that he did his hair faultlessly, is, with that lack of the sense of proportion common to historians, nowhere mentioned. It was left to Oscar Wilde to discover this fact, and to copy the method. It was not uncommon to see Oscar Wilde in a suit of velvet, in colour "something between brown and green," faced with lapels of red-quilted silk, and he was often discovered seated on a sofa with an immense wolf-rug thrown over it, and "half-encircling his graceful form." Out of doors he carried a walking-stick "cut from the olive groves of the Academia." He bought half-guinea button-holes for himself, and half-crown flowers for his cabman. He hated magenta, and is credited with having written—

Put yellow lilies in your hair,  
 But wear not the magenta zone,  
 For that would make you out of tone;  
 I could not love you if you were.

He collected and studied jewels—the olive-green chrysoberyl, that turns red by lamplight, the cymophane with its wire-like line of silver, the deep green peridot,

(1) Lord Alfred Douglas.

the wine-yellow topaz, the carbuncle of fiery scarlet.<sup>(1)</sup> He spent days and nights holding them to the light of sun or lamp, settling them and re-settling them in their cases. He loved to utter their names, and in his writings he lingers affectionately on such expressions as male-sapphires and balass rubies. On his finger he wore a "scarabæus ring throwing off green lights." His days were spent sometimes industriously, but often in sheer idleness. In both his poetry and his prose writings the influence of Pater is very marked, and direct allusions are not uncommon. Thus in "Theoretikos" he says—

in dreams of art  
And loftiest culture I would stand apart  
Neither for God, nor for his enemies;<sup>(2)</sup>

and in the "Humanitad" the question is asked—

To burn with one clear flame, to stand erect  
In natural honour, not to bow the knee  
In profitless prostrations, whose effect  
Is by itself condemned—what alchemy  
Can teach me this?

"Why don't you write prose?" Pater one day said to Wilde. "It's so much more difficult to write than poetry."<sup>(3)</sup> "So I will," replied Wilde, and the result was the series of charming articles in the *Nineteenth Century*—in which—and their style has been compared to polished agate—the influence of Pater is everywhere noticeable. Thus, in his article "On Criticism,"<sup>(4)</sup> after declaring that in the best paintings, poems, and biographies we are presented not with facts, but with the images of painter, poet, and biographer, he enquires, "Who cares whether Mr. Pater has put into the portrait of Monna Lisa something that Leonardo never dreamed of? The

(1) See Sherard's *Life of Oscar Wilde*.

(2) For with Botticelli she, too, though she holds in her hands the "Desire of all Nations," is one of those who are neither for Jehovah nor for his enemies.—*The Renaissance*.

(3) This small but interesting fact has not previously been published. It was told to the writer by Mr. John Payne, who had it from Wilde's own lips.

(4) *Nineteenth Century*, July 1890, p. 144.

painter may have been merely the slave of an archaic smile, as some have fancied; but whenever I pass into the cool galleries of the Palace of the Louvre and stand before that strange figure, 'set in its marble chair in that cirque of fantastic rocks, as in some faint light under sea,' I murmur to myself, 'She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave . . . and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments, and tinged the eyelids and the hands.'<sup>(1)</sup> And I say to my friend, 'The presence that thus so strangely rose beside the waters is expressive of what in the ways of a thousand years man had come to desire';<sup>(2)</sup> and he answers me: 'Hers is the head upon which all the ends of the world are come,'<sup>(3)</sup> and 'the eyelids are a little weary.'<sup>(4)</sup>

And so the picture becomes more wonderful for us than it really is . . . The criticism which I have quoted is criticism of the highest kind. It treats the work of art simply as a starting-point for a new creation."

Elsewhere in this work we have quoted other criticisms on, or references to, Pater from the pen of Wilde.

Always witty, Wilde was at his best when talking of clothes—when abusing the top-hat or some ugly bonnet. He said that he once saw—which, of course, he never did see—in a French journal under a drawing of a bonnet the words: "With this style the mouth is worn slightly open." He could be equally amusing when on the subject of ancient dress, as when he described a lady in a farthingale as occupying all to herself as much room as would suffice for a moderate political meeting. He was one of the first to advocate

<sup>(1)</sup> *Renaissance*, p. 125.

<sup>(2)</sup> and <sup>(4)</sup> *Renaissance*, p. 124.

<sup>(3)</sup> I. Corinthians x., 11.

the making of not only homes but also schools beautiful, so beautiful that the punishment for undutiful children should be that they should be debarred from going to school the following day. He wanted to see children allowed to use their hands more, and said: "Give a child something to make, and he will be perfectly happy."

It has been asserted that Wilde's conversation, with its affluence of anecdote and parable, was better than his writing; and he himself once observed: "I have put my genius into my life—I have put only my talent into my works." Over and over again he lamented his wasted opportunities, and particularly in some lines that remind of nothing as much as the lament of Robert Greene; but Greene's was a deathbed sigh, whereas Wilde's was made in his prime. "Surely," says Wilde, in one of his finest outbursts—

"Surely there was a time I might have trod  
The sunlit heights, and from life's dissonance  
Struck one clear chord to reach the ears of God!  
Is that time dead? Lo! with a little rod  
I did but touch the honey of romance,  
And must I lose a soul's inheritance?"

The various citations from Wilde's works which we have given show clearly the influence of Pater on the most enthusiastic of his disciples; but we must point out that Wilde had adopted not Pater's later views but the views that Pater held at the time the *Renaissance* appeared. Since that date, however, Pater had proceeded leagues. He had passed from Cyrenaicism to Platonism, and from Platonism to Christianity. Already the Bible, the Prayer-Book, and the Breviary were, as he told a friend, his chief reading. Pater never repudiated his old views, but the remembrance of some of them made him uncomfortable; and it would have pleased him better if Wilde had accepted them with less fervour. Then, too, Pater was utterly out of sympathy with the lily and sunflower propaganda, and the rest of Wilde's extravagances; and once he was



thoroughly indignant when Wilde, whose boast was that he never walked,<sup>(1)</sup> hired a cab to take them to a place of amusement which stood only on the other side of the street.

One evening, according to report, Wilde got a setting down, which he certainly deserved. It was in a theatre. Upon entering the box of an acquaintance he was introduced to a lady of exceptional beauty. Striking an attitude, he said to her, "You are a flower."

"And you," the lady replied, swiftly, "are a fool."

Indeed, although the two men were outwardly on terms of friendship, and although they saw a good deal of each other, Pater, in his heart of hearts, regarded Wilde with continuous dislike. Still he had an undoubted admiration for Wilde's abilities, and he wished not to offend a man who in every club and street sounded his praises; who cried in season and out of season "There is no Pater but Pater, and Oscar Wilde is his prophet."

Wilde, who treated all other men as intellectually his inferiors, used to say that Pater was the only human being who "staggered" him. As time went on he treated Pater almost as a divinity, and when writing him a letter, or sending him a book, he loved to begin, French fashion, "Homage to the great master!"

Of Pater and Wilde many anecdotes could be told, and we may venture on one or two. To the low voice in which Pater habitually spoke on the platform we have in this book already referred. Once he lectured to a select company at the Literary Institute in Albemarle Street, and when the audience were retreating, he whispered, turning to Wilde—

"I hope you heard me, Mr. Wilde."

"We overheard you," was the reply.

"Really, Mr. Wilde," followed Pater, "you have a phrase for everything."

(1) Mr. John Payne once walked five miles with Wilde, near Walton-on-Thames.

Wilde once described *Debrett's Peerage* as "the best thing in fiction the English have ever done," and he was credited about this time with a hundred other smart sayings, which, since 1895, it has been the custom to put down to Whistler.<sup>(1)</sup> Walter Blackburn Harte's comment on Wilde was, "He has an exquisite gift of paradox, and paradox makes us all sit up. Besides paradox is the half of truth, and the one half is surely as good as the other. With one half the truth provided for us we can contribute the other half ourselves."

Pater and Wilde differed greatly in appearance, for while Pater was of middle stature, hunched, thin, bizarre, and the old man though scarcely fifty, Wilde was very tall, and had by this time begun to put on too much flesh. In company Wilde was far and away the more brilliant of the two. If he sometimes talked foolishly, on the other hand he was always amusing, and his affectation added zest to the not infrequent *bon mot*. Pater, on the other hand, was never really at home among numbers, and his natural shyness, though it wore off with years, prevented him from appearing to advantage. Among a few friends, however, with whom he could be effusive, he was always delightful.

The newspapers had for long attributed to Pater as many æsthetic extravagances as were reported of Oscar Wilde, and they called him a "Hedonist"—a term to which he objected "because it made a wrong—an unpleasant—impression on those who did not understand Greek." One result of these attacks had been his suppression in the second edition of the *Renaissance* of the well-known "Conclusion," which, however, in subsequent editions was restored to its place.

In the Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "Patience,"<sup>(2)</sup>

(1) No one has summed up Wilde better than Mr. Robert Hichens in his novel, *The Green Carnation*, 1894. The whole book is a most brilliant crystallisation of Wilde's (Esmé Amaranth's) affectations and personality generally.

(2) First produced 23 Apr. 1881.

Wilde was burlesqued as Reginald Bunthorne; but not infrequently, Bunthorne, both in appearance and voice, had a greater resemblance to Pater, with the bald head and "Pater poke" all complete.

Pater and Mr. Richard C. Jackson continued frequently to meet both in London and at Oxford—their talk generally running on Greek Sculpture

and Literature. In 1885 had appeared the edition of Sappho, by Dr. H. T. Wharton, and Pater, who was dissatisfied with the work, heard with pleasure that Mr. Jackson himself contemplated a translation;

and his pleasure was intensified at the sight of the Introduction. He could at first scarcely believe it when Mr. Jackson told him that there were in existence coins with Sappho's head on them; but a plaster cast of one obtained from the British Museum finally convinced him. "I'm flabbergasted," he said, "but I shall not now be satisfied till I get a gold one." This, however, not being procurable he obtained an electrotype from the British Museum, and had it set in a scarf-pin.

He also collected pictures of Sappho and other Greek writers, and composed an article on *The Age of Sappho*, which, however, was never finished. Among the presents which he made to Mr. Jackson was a beautiful ancient and precious Greek gem ring, which he had worn on high days in his scarf instead of a pin; and he also gave him the bust of Homer, which now stands in the Central Library at Camberwell.<sup>(1)</sup> It will scarcely be believed,<sup>(2)</sup> but of the more important examples of Greek and Italian sculpture and of ancient gems Pater knew hardly anything, and whenever he required information it was his custom, as he himself expressed it, "to apply to Marius."<sup>(3)</sup> It was Mr.

(1) It was presented to the Library by Mr. Jackson.

(2) The reader may refer to Chapter XXVIII.

(3) Mr. R. C. Jackson.

Jackson who first drew his attention to the Belvedere Apollo, and the famous bust of Marius in the Vatican. "Oh," he cried, on receiving a photograph of the latter, "it is a glorious thing!" "Indeed it is," followed Mr. Jackson. "It is the most human piece of sculpture in the world."

A photograph of a statue<sup>(1)</sup> of Narcissus, discovered at Pompeii, also deeply interested Pater, and he contemplated writing upon it a companion sketch to his "Apollo in Picardy."

On many points Pater and Mr. Jackson were in accord, but Mr. Jackson, as his volumes of verse testify, took life far more seriously than Pater.

He placed religion above everything else, and viewed "with dislike all movements outside the Church." Pater, on the other hand, could, as we have seen, praise in the same breath both Hooker and John Wesley, and used to say, "There's a deal to be got from Nonconformists." He rarely talked of religion, and his replies to questions on the subject often misled enquirers, who concluded that he was still but little interested in it.

If the friends when they were walking together in Oxford passed a church, Mr. Jackson would sometimes say, "I think we'd better look in here." And Pater would invariably reply, softly, "I think we had better not," though he would generally give way. Once they entered the Roman Catholic Church of St. Aloysius, situated in a lane branching from the Woodstock Road.

On leaving, Mr. Jackson pointed to the three boxes at the entrance—one for Peter's pence, one for the Poor, and one for the Sacristy—saying: "It is every man's duty."

"Certainly," replied Pater, putting, as did Mr. Jackson, several coins in the box for Peter's Pence.

<sup>(1)</sup> This statue, which is of bronze, is preserved in the Museum at Naples.

“It was right of you to remind me, but I often come and spend a little time in these places.”

Among the objects of extreme interest in Mr. Jackson's house in London were a number of exquisitely wrought and valuable antique chalices, and Pater used to contemplate them with keen interest, not, however, unmingled with sadness. “They are glorious memorials of revealed religion,” he once said, and then continued in a melancholy voice, “but what I cannot understand about the whole thing is the fact of my being unworthy, as it seems to me, of the manifestations they carry to most men—the ignorant and unlettered included; and I deplore the fact.”

The talk turning to Canon Liddon, Pater observed: “No one can remain in his presence many minutes without feeling that he is standing close to one not of this world.”

“His conversation,” followed Mr. Jackson, “is certainly not like that of men who reside in the hells of their own creation.”

Pater was by no means the recluse that some persons have described him. Indeed, he was well met with everybody, and could be found in all circles—though, naturally, his most intimate friends, such as Mr. Jackson, Canon Liddon, the late Professor York-Powell, and Dr. Shadwell saw most of him.

Occasionally, too, he was present at merry-makings and other gatherings at which the grave don is expected to unbend. Once he was among the guests at a “gaudy,” as he called it, held in a Ladies' College. It was a brilliant affair, almost every Oxfordian of note being present. In the midst of the proceedings the lady head of the house purposely dropped her white kid glove right in front of Pater, who, however, instead of gallantly picking it up, walked on and trod on it.

156. The  
Lady and  
the Glove.



“Didn’t you see *that?*” whispered a friend who stood near.

“Didn’t you see how I rewarded the action?” followed Pater. “If I had not remembered how, in spite of the honours heaped upon him by Queen Elizabeth, Sir Walter Raleigh was in the end led out to execution, perhaps I, too, might have made a fool of myself. Believe me, my dear sir, it was an insinuation of the devil that caused this woman to drop her glove.” Pater regarded woman much as did Dean Swift, who wrote: “A very little wit is valued in a woman, as we are pleased with few words spoken plain by a parrot;” and many of his paradoxes were pointed against the sex.

“You don’t approve of marriage,” a friend once observed to Pater.

“No,” he replied, “nor would anybody else if he gave the matter proper consideration. Men and women are always pulling different ways. Women won’t pull our way. They are so perverse.”

## CHAPTER XL

4 AUGUST 1889

### PATER AT FIFTY

Pater was now fifty, and had some five more years to live. In early portraits of him, taken just after the cultivation of the historical moustache, he has a rather helpless look, nor was he even then at all a strong man. In the portrait taken late in his life by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, he appears, though little over fifty, as bald as a coot, while the moustache has grown heavy and truly Bismarckian. The chin is shaven. He wears a spotted necktie. In these portraits he does not seem so very plain, but the evidence of all who knew him is the other way about; moreover, he himself was well aware of his shortcomings in this respect, and regretted them. He loved pictures; but there was one picture which always gave him pain—the one which he could see any day in the looking-glass. Previous to 1869, says Mr. Gosse, Pater's dress "was that of the Oxford don;" but subsequently it grew gayer, and he wore silk ties, one of which was of "brilliant apple-green," and another of peacock-blue, and gold pins of æsthetic design.

Never, as we said, robust, Pater, as life advanced, daily grew weaker; and at the age of fifty—a time when many men are in their prime—he was so much of an invalid that up to ten or eleven in the morning, he possessed, to use the expression of one of his admirers, little more life in him than the wounded negro in the tale of the King of the Black Isles.<sup>(1)</sup> After breakfast

(1) Arabian Nights.

in bed he revived, and then he often lay the rest of the morning, propped up by pillows, studying the Dictionary—and it was almost always the Dictionary. He loved it as the woodpecker does the bark of the beech. In his own words he pondered it “with his peculiar sense of the world ever in view, and so he begat a vocabulary faithful to the colouring of his own spirit, and in the strictest sense original.”

His intense interest in words for their own sake, and his love for choice phrases and everything relating to Euphuism is manifest in almost all his writings. He used to talk about delightful words, especially if they were not in common use, as an epicure does of lickerish morsels; nor did he refrain in his books, as the article on Du Bellay,<sup>(1)</sup> in the *Renaissance* and portions of *Marius*<sup>(2)</sup> and *Appreciations*<sup>(3)</sup> sufficiently witness.

Sometimes he would get up extra early, that is to say, a little before eleven, and between that hour and one would deliver lectures in his sitting-room to an audience of eight or ten. On his table at such times were always the five quaint white vases covered with blue dragons and other figures which appear in our illustration. Some were filled with ink and others with flowers, which, whenever possible, included the “tiny bells of the lily of the valley and its gaufred leaves.” These vases were quite a fetish with him, and no lecture would have been considered complete without them.

If friends were to dine with him, his anxiety lest everything should not be in perfect order amounted to a fever, and he wrote the menu cards in his own neat hand. He liked to have his table set with taste, and to see an orange-coloured silk strip down the middle over the white cloth, and plenty of flowers. He was in agonies if the tablecloth became a little rucked, while the tumblers, though rubbed till they gleamed again, never

(1) *Renaissance*, p. 162.

(2) *Marius*, p. 92.

(3) “Love’s Labour Lost,” p. 166.

quite reached his ideal. Some of his acquaintances called him the "shivery-shaky man," and talked of him as if he were a blanc mange or a jelly. The accounts of his sufferings in London, as furnished by one of his relatives, read like a chapter in Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*. The trains of the underground railway belched smoke and blacks at him, the omnibuses roared in his ears, ugly buildings obtruded their hideousnesses before his eyes. Everybody hustled him, shook him, trod on his toes, puffed cigar smoke into his face. It also generally rained; and he would return after these experiences, cold, wet, dejected, and utterly miserable. Pater's evasive glance was noticed by all his friends. He never looked a man straight in the face. Some writers have said that he had a military look. God help the British Army, and Britain, too, if its military men have Pater's physique and presence.

Professor Bywater once observed to the writer that Pater was a much abler man between twenty-five and thirty-five than later. "At twenty-five he let himself go, and often said marvellously clever things, but in later years much of his charm had evaporated."

To his delight in hymns, and especially those of the ancient Church, we have several times referred, and his particular favourites were those translated by Dr. Mason Neale. He once remarked to Mr. Jackson of the original of "Blessed city, heavenly Salem,"<sup>(1)</sup> "That hymn, which one must associate with Plato's *Urbs Beata*,<sup>(2)</sup> as well as with the verse in Revelation, is the consummate performance of the mind of a master in the realisation of the blessedness which is dispensed to mankind."

Owing to his feeble health Pater always looked at least ten years older than his age; but it was difficult to persuade him to call in a doctor, and he had little faith in medicines. No passage in his favourite Montaigne

(1) See *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, No. 396.

(2) See Chapter XXXIII.

pleased him more than the Seigneur's answer to those who urged him to take physic: "Tarry till such time as I have recovered my health and strength again, that then I may the better be enabled to endure the violence and hazard of their potions," and he was equally tickled by the remark of Sydney Smith who, when told that doctors must live, said that he did not think it at all necessary that they should.

During his later years Pater took very little exercise, and when he did venture out, he always walked on the shady side of the street, which, as Oscar Wilde told him, was quite the right thing to do, seeing that "the sun is jealous of Art," and that "thought always flourishes best in the cold." If he wandered beyond the town, it was generally alone and across Shotover Hill.

When writing, he sat at table in a stooping, cramped position; and before beginning to work would surround himself with a number of squares of white paper, some containing notes meant to be incorporated in the book that was being elaborated, and others blank. One square, which was blue, would contain the "Formula"—or central thought—a word that was frequently in his mouth—and he called the blue squares "stars." Before writing on any subject it was his invariable plan to ask himself, "What is that man's or that object's real self? What is the peculiar sensation, the peculiar quality of pleasure which his work has the property of exciting in us which we cannot get elsewhere?"<sup>(1)</sup> In short, what is its Formula?" Mérimée, he observes, delighted in the "rude, crude, naked force in men. . . himself carrying ever, as a mask, the conventional attire of the modern world—carrying it with an infinite contemptuous grace."<sup>(2)</sup> That is Mérimée's formula.

(1) "Every great writer has a certain virtue, active principle. It is our business to find this out." Preface to the *Renaissance*. See also *Renaissance*, p. 51.

(2) *Misc. Studies.*, p. 4.



Raphael's formula seemed to him the transformation of meek scholarship into genius. Botticelli he summed up in one word "neutrality." His interest is with "the middle world, in which men take no side in great conflicts." Leonardo stood for "clairvoyance." It is the same when Pater writes on architecture; thus, in his essays on Notre Dame of Amiens and the Madeleine of Vézelay, he points out that the former is pre-eminently the church of the city, the latter of a monastery, and calls these characteristics their formulæ.

After working upon small squares, Pater used to set them aside for larger squares, which, in turn, gave place to full-sized sheets. The paper was always ruled, and he left the alternate lines blank so as to admit of corrections. It has been said that Pater composed his best sentences, without any relation to the context, and then inserted them where they would be most effective. Mr. Gosse repudiates the idea as if it were disgraceful. Still other writers have done the same, as, for example, Pope and Hobbes, both of whom used to make memoranda of fine thoughts and afterwards look out places for them. Another remark of Mr. Gosse's must also be noticed. "I have known writers of every degree," he says, "but never one to whom the act of composition was such a travail and an agony as it was to Pater." As time went on, however, Pater wrote more easily, and more rapidly; and though he loved to polish and polish again, the labour of composition, far from being in any way painful to him, became a pleasure.

One singular habit of Pater's was to have whole essays set up—generally at the Clarendon Press—merely for the convenience of being able to correct them in print—a habit which he learnt from Balzac. The essay entitled "The School of Giorgione," for example, was treated in this way, the type being broken up after only six copies had been struck off.<sup>(1)</sup> When Mr.

<sup>(1)</sup> Says Mr. William Sharp: "As its pagination is from 157 to 184, its author must have had quite a large volume printed."

William Sharp asked why he did this, he replied that though he could and did revise often and scrupulously in manuscript, he could never adequately disengage his material from the intellectual light in which it had been conceived until he saw it in the vivid and unsparing actuality of type."

Pater was always ready to indulge in a jest—especially at the expense of his fellow dons; and nothing excited his risibility more than the "coquetries" of Show Sunday,<sup>(1)</sup> when the Broad Walk in Christ Church meadow was thronged with professors, undergraduates, and visitors. "The professors," he used to say, "go in flocks the day before to buy new hats, and on the next day—Monday—they return to their hatter, saying, 'Look here, you know you sent this hat to my rooms late on Saturday evening. But just look at the brim. Why, it's as limp as a dish-cloth.' The hatter hasn't the courage to say, 'I saw you bow it by the brim to at least five hundred ladies yesterday;' but he goes and grumbles to other hatters, and the story spreads all over the town. So you have the use of a brand-new hat all that Sunday for nothing. The ladies who, of course, get to hear of your devotion to them, are flattered, and you yourself become famous from St. Aldate's<sup>(2)</sup> to the Woodstock Road, and from St. Thomas's<sup>(3)</sup> even unto Mesopotamia."<sup>(4)</sup>

Love and lovers were his continual butt. "Where is X?" someone asked him. "Oh," replied Pater gravely, "I'm afraid, poor fellow, he won't be able to leave his room for—in fact, I don't know when he will be able to leave it—and the doctors can do nothing."—"It's something serious, then?" "Very," replied Pater, putting a handkerchief to his eyes, "he's cut half the hair off his head to give to Miss Y., as a keepsake."

(1) The Sunday in Commemoration Week.

(2) Church in the south of Oxford.

(3) Church in the west of Oxford.

(4) A walk on the east of Oxford.

In the historical associations of Oxford and its neighbourhood, Pater naturally took interest, and—remote as he was from a warrior—particularly in those of the soldiering sort. When his eyes fell on Magdalen tower he seemed to see Charles the First standing on the top watching the troops of Essex as they streamed from Abingdon over Sandford Ferry on that May morning of 1644. To an event that happened in the Royalist army a year later he refers in *Emerald Uthwart*,<sup>(1)</sup> namely, the tragic end of “Young Colonel Windebank.” Windebank, who had strengthened himself with a garrison of “near two hundred men” in a mansion at Bletchington, had at first bidden Cromwell defiance, but after a brief resistance—confused, it is said, by the tears of his young wife—he made terms with the enemy, who allowed him to retire to Oxford. This was on 25th April, 1645. A few days later, having been court-martialled by the Royalists and condemned to die, he set his back, says Pater, to the wall of Merton College and received his death volley with a soldier’s stoicism.<sup>(2)</sup>

Of one of Pater’s journeys to Cumnor, with its memories of Amy Robsart, we have already spoken; and his interest in that lady’s story was revived when Dean Burgon placed an inscription in reference to her in the church of St. Mary the Virgin. The adjacent Berkshire country was dear to him for Matthew Arnold’s sake, and Forest Hill for Milton’s.<sup>(3)</sup>

(1) *Misc. Studies*, p. 197.

(2) As regards the actual spot, however, probably both Pater and Carlyle [Cromwell, Ashburton Ed. i., 183] are wrong. According to local tradition Windebank was shot, not at Merton College, but at Broken Hayes (now Gloucester Green), Oxford. Broken Hayes is in the parish of St. Mary Magdalene, where Windebank was buried. The inscription in the register runs: “Buried Colonell . . . Windebank, 3 May, 1645.”

(3) Mr. Jackson remembers going with Pater over No. 19, York Street, Petty France, Westminster, where Milton resided in 1651, and the intense interest Pater took in Milton and his haunts. The house in Petty France disappeared about 1877.



PICTURES FROM PATER'S ROOM.

*Photo by W. H. Payne, St. Aldate's, Oxford.*





As of old, Pater kept a cat. To the cats in his works,—"the white angora" of *The Child of the House*, the "favourite animal" of Marius, and some others, we have already referred; and pussy is responsible for several bewitching phrases scattered here and there, as, for example, that in *Gaston de Latour*, where "the serene summer night glides in, aromatic, velvet-footed." He used to say, "The cat is the most intelligent of animals, simply because it is always the close companion of man"—a theory which he touches upon in his *Greek Studies*.<sup>(1)</sup> In ignorant Harbledown, as we have seen, people anathematised his cats in colloquial English, but at Oxford his neighbours merely expressed their irritation in Latin and Greek, which is not sinful. He was amused when Mr. Jackson once referred to the cat as "the only animal not mentioned in the Bible."

"Pater's conversation," said Sir F. A. Channing<sup>(2)</sup> to the writer, "was very crisp and clear-cut, pointing to great intensity of thought and feeling; but he seemed to lead an unreal life." "The happiest hours I have," remarked Pater, "are from one to three, after I have got rid of everything."

"He was the most lovable of men," observes Mr. Arthur Symons, "to those who rightly apprehended him, the most fascinating; the most generous and helpful of private friends."<sup>(3)</sup> He forgave his enemies straightway, without, like Heine, waiting till they were hanged.

One of the great lessons that Pater teaches us is the value of concentration. He was never tired of impressing it upon his pupils, and that he practised what he preached, his books bear abundant witness. "Once," writes the Rev. Anthony Bathe, to me, "when I had been speaking to him of some book he rebuked me, and said, 'Life is not long

160.  
Concentration and  
Self-repression.

(1) Page 16.

(2) Now M.P. for E. Northants. See Chapter XXII., § 78.

(3) *Studies in Prose and Verse*, p. 63.

enough to read such things,' and then he inveighed against the folly of promiscuous reading and of squandering one's attention on unprofitable subjects." Before opening a book he used to say to himself, "Is this book likely to assist me in my great aim in life?" If the answer was "No," he would put the book aside, no matter how tempted he might be to read it. In short, he practised self-repression systematically.

Pater stands quite apart in English Literature—alone, clear-cut, columnar. He has, perhaps, a few resemblances to Landor, and a few to FitzGerald. Both Pater and FitzGerald worked as a lapidary works—polishing and polishing until the arrival at perfection—FitzGerald in verse, Pater in prose. *The Renaissance* of Pater corresponds in a sense with the *Rubaiyat* of FitzGerald. Both writers had infinite patience. Nothing short of the finest of the fine could satisfy Pater, the æsthete of æsthetes, the refiner of refined gold; while FitzGerald polished his quatrains until, in the opinion of some critics, he spoilt them. Each loved beautiful words for their own sake; but FitzGerald certainly had more skill in concealing his art. If we turn from their works to the men themselves, there are also some resemblances, though there are differences enough. Neither could boast of personal beauty, though each idolised the glories of the human form. But while FitzGerald admired tall, handsome, muscular sailors and sons of the soil, Pater found his ideals only among students. Pater was as careful in his dress as FitzGerald was slovenly. FitzGerald's personality is associated with inconvenient lodgings, boats, yachts, and Bedfordshire pools and poplars; Pater's with incense, rose windows "like a flower in flame," and music surging through gorgeous churches and vast cathedrals.

Among the books perused by Pater in Mr. Jackson's study were the works of the Rev. Dr. Frederick Lee, the ritualistic and Jacobite rector of All Saints, Lambeth, and on learning 161. Dr. Lee. that Mr. Jackson and Dr. Lee were friends he begged an introduction. "I have been reading his works," said Pater, "and with one of them I was very much struck, namely, *The Prayers for the Departed*; I should be delighted to make his acquaintance." So the friends set out one morning for Lambeth. Dr. Lee, a man of polished manners, and picturesque though solid appearance, gave them a welcome and invited them to lunch; and the conversation ran on the O.C.R., or Order of Corporate Reunion<sup>(1)</sup>—that is to say, the reunion of the principal churches of Christendom, and Pater complimented Dr. Lee on his various writings. According to the *Reunion Magazine*, the Rulers of the Order of Corporate Reunion were *Thomas*, Rector of the Order and "Pro Provincial of Canterbury"; *Joseph*, Provincial of York; and *Lawrence*, Provincial of Caerleon; and their first Pastoral may be read in the *Reunion Magazine* by those who have the curiosity to turn to it. Who *Thomas*, *Joseph*, and *Lawrence* were, we do not know, but they were said to have been secretly consecrated by Roman, Greek, and Armenian bishops; and Dr. Lee, who was certainly the most active of the Reunionists, had during his lifetime the credit of being one of the three O.C.R. Rulers; while the office of Registrar-General was filled by Mr. Jackson. The members of the O.C.R. did not approve of the Reformation. Indeed, if you used the word they asked you whether you meant the *Deformation*. They were sincerely troubled because of the discovery,

(1) It called itself "A society or organisation of English Churchmen within the English Church, which aims at extirpating, destroying, and annihilating the deadly plague of Erastianism, which has for three and a half centuries well nigh smothered her spiritual life."

or supposed discovery, that Anne Boleyn was the daughter as well as the wife of Henry VIII.<sup>(1)</sup> to whom the Church of England owes its present construction; and also because Archbishop Tait was baptised not by a Church of England clergyman, but by a Presbyterian—"the validity of Presbyterian baptisms being at the best doubtful"—and there were not wanting correspondents who gravely suggested that the Archbishop should be baptised over again. They could not sufficiently praise "the glorious St. Thomas of Canterbury," and all were agreed that to St. Thomas's prayers we Englishmen owe pretty nearly every liberty we at the present day enjoy.<sup>(2)</sup> They also held that Dr. Lee was the greatest benefactor the Church of England had had since Archbishop Laud, and if anybody differed from them he was sure to be called a very ugly name—"a Prot"—which is short for "Protestant." They bemoaned the neglect in the Church of England of the "celestial medicine," Extreme Unction, calling it the "Lost Pleiad"; and they said that the O.C.R. would "restore to Catholic souls everything that they lost at the Reformation."

It has been the custom to ridicule the Reunionists, but they certainly did good by exposing the laxity of certain of the clergy. In one church, for example, as late as 1879, the clergyman, instead of filling the font, placed in it a vegetable basin or a soap dish,<sup>(3)</sup> with the detachable part removed; and Dr. Lee contended, with much show of reason, and not without humour, that it cannot be agreeable for people to reflect that they may have been baptised out of a soap dish, whether the detachable portion was removed or not. But more than that some clergymen, according to Dr. Lee, did not use water at all, but went through the empty form;<sup>(4)</sup> and he showed that the drinking parson

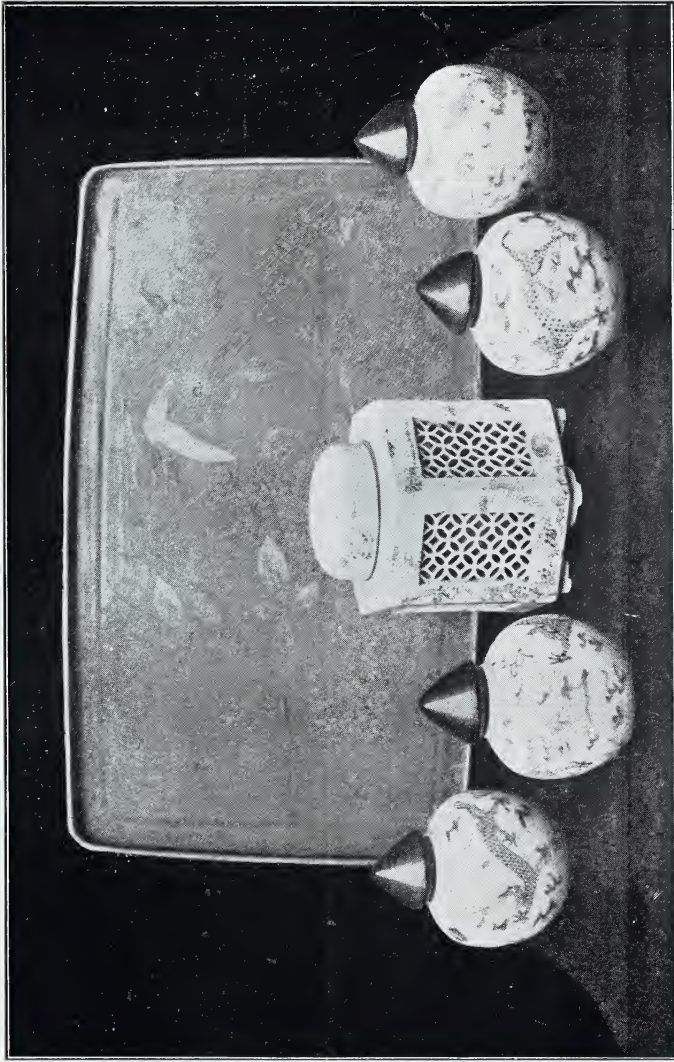
(1) See *Reunion Magazine* for 1879, pp. 17—30.

(2) See *Reunion Magazine*, p. 442.

(3) See *Reunion Magazine* for 1879, p. 497.

(4) *Reunion Magazine*, pp. 494, 498.





PATER'S VASES AND INKSTANDS.





“who overturned the chalice as he was administering it,” and the sporting parson, whose thoughts were with the hounds while his fingers broke the bread, were by no means extinct in the Church.

Dr. Lee held, furthermore, that if the clergy were lax, the laity were not much better. “Names which carry a lascivious sound ought not,” he said, “to be given to children, especially to those of the female sex;” and he considered that if such names were given the clergyman should alter them, whether the parents were willing or not. He also had a prejudice against a long string of Christian names, and it was said of him that he christened all the boys Frederick after himself, and all the girls Mary after the Virgin. “Name this child,” he would say in his authoritative voice. “Archibald Campbell Cholmondeley Constantine Ferdinand,” perhaps the mother would whisper.

“Frederick,” she would hear to her amazement, “I baptise thee in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, take this child.”

In the vestry, of course, there would be friction.

“This child,” Dr. Lee would say, “will have to get his living in the world, and what do you want to handicap him with Archibald Campbell Cholmondeley, and all the rest of them for? Anyhow, it’s done now and can’t be altered.”

Pater, who laughed heartily when Mr. Jackson told him these various tales about Dr. Lee, observed that humour covers a multitude of sins, and he and Dr. Lee became excellent friends.

## CHAPTER XLI

5 AUGUST 1889—JANUARY 1892

### APPRECIATIONS

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The event of 1889 at Brasenose was the resignation of the Principalship of the College by the Rev. Albert Watson, and the succession of Mr. Charles Buller Heberden.<sup>(1)</sup> "A marvel of erudition," a good classical scholar,<sup>(2)</sup> and a man of humour, Mr. Watson was at once as shy as Pater and as diffident as R. L. Nettleship. "With him," says a friend, "it was invariably 'I think,' never 'I am sure.'" The college was all in all to him, and both during his lifetime and after death he proved himself one of the most munificent of its benefactors.<sup>(3)</sup>

Apart from this event there was little change at Brasenose. Pater was steadily increasing in fame.

(1) Mr. Heberden had been a Fellow of the College from 1872.

(2) He published an edition of the *Select Letters of Cicero*.

(3) He died in 1904. See "An address given in Brasenose College Chapel on Sunday Evening, 27 Nov. 1904," by Mr. C. B. Heberden.

His works were read and appreciated by all men with any pretensions to taste and culture, he was regarded as a prophet in Israel, and there were "little stratagems to get specimens of his fair manuscript."

He now employed himself in preparing for publication in book form his essays on subjects taken chiefly from English Literature to which he had decided to give the title of *Appreciations*, but he also found time to write a Review of Mr. Arthur Symons' striking volume of poems, *Nights and Days*,<sup>(1)</sup> a review which is chiefly remarkable for its sly hit at Browning.<sup>(2)</sup> To Pater's struggles with Browning in the old Queen's College days we have already referred, and it is pathetic to notice that even by 1889 much of that poet was still an enigma to him. "The complex, perhaps too matterful soul of our century," says Pater, "has found in Mr. Browning, and some other excellent modern English poets, the capacity for dealing manfully with it, excepting only that it has been too much for their perfect lucidity of mind, or at least of style, so that they take a good deal of time to read. In an age of excellent poets, people sometimes speculate wherein any new and original force in poetry may be thought to reveal itself; and some may have thought that just as for a poet after Dryden, nothing was left but correctness, and thereupon the genius of Pope became correct, with a correctness which made him profoundly original; so the *cachet* of a new-born poetry for ourselves may lie precisely in that gift of lucidity, given a genuine grapple with difficult matter." Mr. Symons is then declared to be lucid. "In this new poet the rich poetic vintage of our time has run clear at last." Few young writers, we suppose, have received a more flattering, a more delicate eulogium, and the remembrance of it must be gratifying to Mr. Symons even now, although he has long occupied a prominent place in the ranks of living

(1) "A Poet with something to say."

(2) Browning died December 1889.

men of letters. Upon him, indeed, if upon any man, the mantle of Pater himself has fallen. With Pater as an inspiration, Mr. Symons has forged for himself a style that is at once distinct—in the sense of being always recognisable—and fulgid, and that proclaims him above all things a steadfast lover of his exquisite art.<sup>(1)</sup>

Although from Pater's previous works there is to *Appreciations* a palpable fall—Pater being far less at home in England than in Greece, Rome, and La Beauce—nevertheless, the book has its purple passages. Two of the articles—those on Coleridge<sup>(2)</sup> written in 1866, and Style<sup>(3)</sup> written in 1888, we have already considered. The rest deal with Wordsworth, Lamb, Sir Thomas Browne, various plays of Shakespeare and D. G. Rossetti; and there is also a Review of Féuillet's *La Morte*, which is strangely out of place in such a volume.

Naturally, the remarks Pater has to make on the "formula"<sup>(4)</sup> of each of his heroes interests us most. The formula of Wordsworth, he says, is his habit of assuming that every natural object has more or less of a moral or spiritual life—that "an emanation, a particular spirit" belongs not only to the moving leaves and water, but to the distant hills—to almost everything. Then, too, "he had pondered deeply those reminiscences and forebodings which seem to make our lives stretch before and behind us." Like Vaughan he traces the soul backwards and forwards, and he is almost with Plato in the idea of the pre-existence of souls.

(1) The reader may like to refer to the article "Walter Pater," in Mr. Symons's charming *Studies in Prose and Verse* (Dent and Co.).

(2) Chapter XXVI.

(3) Chapter XXXVI.

(4) See Chapter XXXVIII.



The essay on Lamb was the outcome of the study of Lamb's library, which, as we have already noticed, was in the possession of Mr. Richard C. Jackson, and of conversations with Mr. 164. Charles Jackson; though when writing it Pater Lamb. also remembered with pleasure Lamb's connection with the scenes of his own boyhood at Enfield. It was Pater's first intention to commence his essay by giving an account of the friendship between Mr. Jackson's grandfather and Charles Lamb, and a description of the library; but objections having been raised the idea was abandoned. He cross-examined Mr. Jackson, however, in reference to Lamb's life and habits, and much of the essay was written in the Charles Lamb room in Mr. Jackson's house—with Lamb's chair, bookcase, bureau, clock, and other treasures within touch. "All these things," exclaimed Pater one day, as he laid down his pen and looked round him, "all these things swell one's breast and fire one's soul."

Pater eulogises Lamb as a realiser of the principle of Art for Art's sake and as an enjoyer of life in its subtleties, pays him a tribute as the discoverer of the old English drama, and points out that the way of his criticism is to feel strongly the charm of some old writer, and then "to interpret that charm, to convey it to others—he seeming to himself but to hand on to others . . . that of which for them he is really the creator." His real motive in writing is the desire of self portraiture—and that is Lamb's *formula*.

If the article on Lamb carries us back to Pater's boyhood at Enfield—finishing as it does, with a tribute to the charms of that seductive spot—the article on Sir Thomas Browne with its gossip about his old favourite, "the judicious Hooker," reminds us again of the days of the King's School at Canterbury, and the boy who could repeat verbatim the fifth book of the *Ecclesiastical Polity*. After pointing out that Browne's life, though it contained nothing very remarkable, seemed to Browne

himself brim-full of wonders, Pater bids us not to try to read his books through. "Open them at random," he says, "and read a few paragraphs anywhere." Half-an-hour, for example, would be well wasted over the chapters in the *Discourse of Vulgar Errors*, entitled the Ring Finger, Deer, Mermaids and Unicorns. The best justification of Browne's literary reputation he holds to be "that wonderful book" *Urn Burial*, together with the elfin, and very singular "Letter to a Friend upon the occasion of the death of his intimate Friend."

The next subject, "Love's Labour Lost," Pater seems to have chosen simply because it is a play about words—Euphuism. He holds Biron to be Shakespeare himself, and appreciates, as we should expect, the delightful side of the euphuistic "foppery"—the fancy so many writers have "for an exquisite and curious skill in the use of words." Two essays, one on "Measure for Measure" and the other on "Shakespeare's English Kings," are followed by the unhappy article, alluded to earlier in this work, on Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

We said that the review of Féuillet's *La Morte* is here strangely out of place; but it has a peculiar interest of its own, for among the passages singled out by Pater for quotation is that in which Bernard relates how he fell into unbelief—  
 165. A Retrospect. a passage in which Pater saw mirrored his own tortured soul in those early days at the King's School and Queen's College. "The day," says Bernard, "on which I perceived my faith come to nought, the day on which I lost hope in God, I shed the bitterest tears of my life. Do you suppose that in those hours one does not feel the frightful discomfort of an existence with no moral basis, without principles, with no outlook beyond this world?"<sup>(1)</sup>

For us, indeed, notwithstanding the fact that it falls below some of his other books, *Appreciations* has many

(1) *Appreciations*, p. 228.

a charm. Consisting largely of essays that had long been laid aside it naturally lacks freshness; but we may regard it as an excellent pot-pourri, with the odour of roses of long ago. Not everyone, however, cared either for the medley or the style. "I tried Pater's *Appreciations* to-day," wrote John Addington Symonds pathetically, "and found myself wandering about the 'precious' sentences just as though I had lost myself in a sugar-cane plantation."

The same year that *Appreciations* appeared, and also the following year, Pater contributed a series of Reviews to *The Guardian*, the principal of which were on Wordsworth, Mr. Gosse's Poems, Ferdinand Fabre and the Tales of M. Augustin Filon; and these and previous contributions to the same paper have since Pater's death been published in book form.

## CHAPTER XLII

### LIONEL JOHNSON

To the admiration for Pater displayed by some of the undergraduates of Oxford, we have already referred; none, however, was more enthusiastic in his praise than the young Wykehamist, 166. The Gentle Wykehamist. Lionel Johnson, who had come up to Oxford in 1886 at the age of nineteen. Johnson, who first met Pater in Mr. Arthur Galton's room in the following year, was a thin, pale, delicate youth, quick and mouse-like in movement, low voiced and reticent of speech. He reminded of nothing so much as an old-fashioned child, and his general appearance, combined with the frequent twitching of his facial muscles, suggested the weakling. Year after year his cheek grew paler, and he shrank more and more from intercourse with the world. At midnight he would still be sitting with Dr. Primrose, Uncle Toby, Sir Roger, and other glorious ghosts of English Literature, and with that French poet "of vast, austere and melancholy genius M. Leconte de Lisle,"<sup>(1)</sup> for "Dark sleep loved him not," and he loved not

her nightly death to die  
And in her haunted chapels lie.

By religion a Catholic, he was passionately attached to the old faith and never liked even to give a book away without invoking upon the receiver the benediction of the "Blessed Virgin," or some other holy calendared person—"Sancte Thomas Aquinas," he wrote in a copy of Mr. Le Gallienne's *Religion of a*

<sup>(1)</sup> Fifty-three poems of this great, but neglected, genius appear (isometrically rendered) in the recently-published First Section (the Romantic Period) of Mr. John Payne's great anthology, *Flowers of France*.

*Literary Man*, "*per orationes tuas in ecclesiam Christi trahere scriptorum amicum meum*," but his was essentially a gentle spirit, and the heartiest thrust he ever made at Protestantism was a complaint of its "decent dulness."

His two salient enthusiasms were Thomas Hardy, the depicter of his beloved Wessex, and Walter Pater. Wessex, indeed, was no less dear to Johnson than it was and is to Mr. Hardy himself, and he could think of it only as a land of "great valleys of green fields, where the air is full of gold dust, and the grass gleams with warm light." Some have suggested that his admiration for Pater was not so much "the real thing as the result of a brooding ideality." There is no need, however, to decide. In some lines entitled, "Oxford," written "in one of his strange fits of fervour," when he was leaving the University, and dedicated to Mr. Arthur Galton, he dwells affectionately on the delights of the "sweet city" whose very soil was dear because Raleigh, Johnson, Addison, Shelley, and Landor had trodden it, but which was dearest of all because of Pater—

And there, O memory, more sweet than all,  
Lives he, whose eyes keep yet our passing light.<sup>(1)</sup>

And in another, apostrophising the beauties of Oxford, he says—

Calm Oxford autumns and preluding springs!  
To me your memory brings  
Delight upon delight, but chiefest one;  
The thought of Oxford's son,  
Who gave me of his welcome and his praise,  
When white were still my days.

And so he passed from Oxford to London, fragile of frame, but sturdy of spirit. Although ambition stirred him he could but look upon life, to use his own words, as "a forlorn hope—but promising at least the noblest of defeats." He continued, however, to keep in touch with Pater, whom he frequently met at Mr. Richard C. Jackson's, and other houses. That which most astonished him as their acquaintance ripened was

<sup>(1)</sup> Ireland and other Poems 1897. This poem is dated 1890.



Pater's amazing gift for assimilating other men's knowledge. "He is at once my envy and my despair," Johnson said in reference to Pater; "he is a literary vampire, sucking the life and poetry out of the heart of every man he meets."

Among Pater's other friends at this period were Mr. Douglas Ainslie and Mr. Charles Kennedy, a kinsman of his old Canterbury friend, J. Rainier McQueen, though what Mr. Kennedy, who piqued himself simply upon being a fashionable man about town, and Walter Pater had in common is not clear. One day Mrs. Emma McQueen, Kennedy's aunt, and J. R. McQueen's cousin, met Pater in Kennedy's rooms in London, and after referring to the old days at King's School and Queen's College, enquired, "Have you any message for McQueen?"

Pater hesitated, and then said, "Yes, give him my love."

The message was given, and that was the last communication that passed between Pater and McQueen.

In July, 1890, there appeared in *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine*, Oscar Wilde's well-known story, *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, and its author, desiring to see it issued in book form in England, subsequently offered it to Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. Although it is now very generally regretted that this book, despite its epigrammatic wit, was ever written, perhaps one ought to point out in fairness to Wilde, that, according to his own assertion,<sup>(1)</sup> his one object in writing it was to produce a novelty—something that would sell.

When the manuscript was ready for publication, Wilde submitted it to Pater, who, though he seems to have taken no particular interest in it, suggested some

(1) We have seen the letter in which he offered the book to Messrs. Ward and Lock.



MR. LIONEL JOHNSON.



alterations in the phraseology, which were carried out; and in due time it went to press. Perhaps, on no other book that was ever written have the reviewers heaped so much scorn as they did on *Dorian Gray*. They admitted that, as the book had a moral, it could scarcely be called demoralising; but to the atmosphere of it they objected in terms which could not possibly be stronger. The one reviewer who showed himself sympathetic was Walter Pater, whose estimate in *The Bookman*—and an unexceptionable and healthy estimate, too, doing justice, as it does, to the author's previous work—will always be regarded as one of the curiosities of criticism. What it all amounts to, however, is this: "The book is—well it has a moral."

"There is always something of an excellent talker," says Pater, "about the writing of Mr. Oscar Wilde; and in his hands, as happens so rarely with those who practise it, the form of dialogue is justified by its being really alive. His genial, laughter-loving sense of life and its enjoyable intercourse, goes far to obviate any crudity there may be in the paradox, with which, as with the bright and shining truth which often underlies it, Mr. Wilde, startling his 'countrymen,' carries on, more, perhaps, than any other writer, the brilliant critical work of Matthew Arnold. *The Decay of Lying*, for instance, is all but unique in its half-humorous, yet wholly convinced, presentment of certain valuable truths of criticism. . . . Clever always, this book, however, seems intended to set forth anything but a homely philosophy of life for the middle-class—a kind of dainty Epicurean theory, rather—yet fails, to some degree, in this; and one can see why. A true Epicureanism aims at a complete though harmonious development of man's entire organism. To lose the moral sense therefore, for instance, the sense of sin and righteousness, as Mr. Wilde's hero—his heroes are bent on doing as speedily, as completely as they can—is to lose, or lower, organisation, to become

less complex, to pass from a higher to a lower degree of development . . .

Dorian himself, though certainly a quite unsuccessful experiment in Epicureanism, in life as in fine art, is (till his inward spoiling takes visible effect suddenly, and in a moment, at the end of the story) a beautiful creation. But his story is also a vivid, though carefully considered, exposure of the corruption of a soul, with a very plain moral, pushed home, to the effect that vice and crime make people coarse and ugly."

The book abounds, as we intimated, in jewels of wit and epigram, all of which would distinctly gain by being removed from their displeasing ouches. Super-saturated with Pater as Wilde was, it is not surprising to find many passages very much in Pater's spirit—passages which, though perfectly original, seem to have been inspired by the friendship between the two men. Especially noticeable, for example, are the following, which were precisely Pater's sentiments:—

"You know how I love secrecy. It is the only thing that can make modern life wonderful or mysterious to us. The commonest thing is delightful if one only hides it." And again, "Every portrait that is painted with feeling is a portrait of the artist, not of the sitter. The sitter is merely the accident, the occasion."

There are suggestions of Pater in, "One could never pay too high a price for any sensation"; in "I have known everything, but I am always ready for a new emotion"; in the reference to the young man "who used to say that yellow satin could console one for all the miseries of life;" in the declaration: "Old brocades, green bronzes, lacquer work, carved ivories, exquisite surroundings, luxury, pomp—there is much to be got from all these;" and in the remark: "To become the spectator of one's life is to escape the suffering of life."<sup>(1)</sup>

<sup>(1)</sup> We do not suggest plagiarism. The two men being very much together naturally coloured each other.



Here, again, is a passage relating to the Roman ritual that might have come direct from Pater's mouth—"The daily sacrifice more awful really than all the sacrifices of the antique world, stirred him as much by its superb rejection of the evidence of the senses as by the primitive simplicity of its elements and the eternal pathos of the human tragedy that it sought to symbolise."

Some of the wit resembles that which subsequently scintillated in his plays, as, for example, when he says of pianists, "Even those that are born in England become foreigners after a time," and some of the sayings could be paralleled by similar pronouncements in his essays as, for example, "The great events of the world take place in the brain."<sup>(1)</sup>

A little later Wilde delighted the Town with his brilliant and witty quaternion of plays, *Lady Windermere's Fan*,<sup>(2)</sup> *A Woman of No Importance*,<sup>(3)</sup> *An Ideal Husband*,<sup>(4)</sup> and *The Importance of Being Earnest*,<sup>(5)</sup> which brought in from £3,000 to £4,000 a year, while Pater, even at his best, could never make as many shillings with his literary work. However, with his Brasenose income, his friend Jackson's books, his bed, and his grey Persian cat—christened by Oscar Wilde—"Evening Cloud," Pater found life, as Carlyle would have said, "not altogether unendurable."

Pater and Mr. Jackson lost about this time several of their common friends, those whom they mourned most being Canon Liddon, who died 9th September, 1890, and Canon Chamberlain. In memory of Liddon, Mr. Jackson presented to the Church of St. Thomas, Regent Street, a superb chalice which, we believe, is still used there. Canon Chamberlain

168. Deaths  
of Canon  
Liddon and  
Canon Cham-  
berlain.<sup>(6)</sup>

(1) A saying stolen from Schopenhauer.

(2) Produced 20 Feb. 1892.

(3) Produced 19 Apr. 1893.

(4) Produced 3 Jan. 1895.

(5) Produced 14 Feb. 1895.

(6) Vicar of St. Thomas the Martyr, Oxford.

to whose influence in Pater's life we have several times referred, and who had been editor of *The Oxford University Herald*, a paper to which, we are informed, Walter Pater occasionally contributed unsigned articles,<sup>(1)</sup> was in his eighty-second year, and had just celebrated the jubilee of his vicariate. He was buried in S. Thomas's churchyard, the spot being marked by an upright cross, standing on a rock.

<sup>(1)</sup> The obituary notice of Mr. Chamberlain in the issue of 30 Jan. 1892 is by Mr. Jackson.

## CHAPTER XLIII

FEBRUARY 1892—DECEMBER 1892

### PLATO AND DANTE

#### BIBLIOGRAPHY :

76. The Genius of Plato. *Contemporary Review*, Feb. 1892.
77. A Chapter on Plato. *Macmillan's Magazine*, May 1892.
78. Lacedæmon. *Contemporary Review*, Jan. 1892.
79. Emerald Uthwart. *New Review*, June—July 1892.
80. Raphael. Lecture at Oxford, Aug. 1892. *Fortnightly Review*, Oct. 1892.
81. Introduction to Dr. Shadwell's Translation of Dante's Purgatorio, 1 to 27.

How Pater had departed theoretically from the doctrine of the Perpetual Flux (or rather had subordinated it first to the views of Parmenides, and subsequently to the alter-<sup>169.</sup> Pater nately breezy and dreamy philosophy of on Plato. Plato), we have already shown;<sup>(1)</sup> and his studies in these subjects ultimately bore fruit in a series of articles on "Plato and Platonism," contributed to the *Contemporary Review*.<sup>(2)</sup>

Of the ground covered by Pater in the earlier portion of this work—that is to say, the teaching of the Pre-Platonic Heraclitus, Parmenides, and Pythagoras—we gave in Chapter xxxiii.<sup>(3)</sup> some account. After dealing affectionately with these pioneers, Pater approaches Plato with his theory of a perfect world above—a Beata Urbs. And it may here be remarked that in devoted Platonists Oxford was at this time particularly rich—

(1) Chapter XXXII.

(2) They were published in book form in 1893.

(3) § 125.

perhaps the most enthusiastic being Professor Jowett and Mr. R. L. Nettleship, who, a few months later, perished of cold and fatigue while ascending Mont Blanc.<sup>(1)</sup>

That the *Phædo* is "a veritable record" of the last discourses of Socrates Pater does not doubt, for he says, "In the details of what then happened, the somewhat prosaic account there given of the way in which the work of death was done, we find what there would have been no literary satisfaction in inventing."

The Chapter entitled "Plato and the Sophists" deals with Socrates' battles with those philosophers who avowedly applied to ethics the physics and metaphysics of Heraclitus; while in that on "The Genius of Plato," an attempt is made to give a clear idea of Plato's personality. Plato is put before us as the lover, the humorist, the teacher, the writer—dying pen in hand. He is "the lover," says Pater, "who is become a lover of the invisible, but still a lover, and therefore, literally a seer, carrying an elaborate cultivation of the bodily senses, of eye and ear . . . into the world of intellectual abstractions . . . filling this world with delightful colour and form, as if now at last the mind were veritably dealing with living people there." And that is Plato's *formula*.

Passing over "The Doctrine of Plato"—a treatise on the Theory of Ideas—we come to the sympathetic and enthusiastic chapter on Lacedæmon—a pæan in honour of the Spartans.

In passages, Pater entirely lets himself go. "*Ascêsis, ascêsis, ascêsis*," he seems to say, "Oh! if men only understood the importance—the beauty of discipline!" That, indeed, was the constant cry of the latter Pater. Hence his intense interest in these iron men of Lacedæmon with their hard and incessant labours. If asked, says Pater, "why this strenuous task-work, day

(1) 23 Aug. 1892.

after day; why this . . . laborious, endless education, an intelligent Spartan might have replied, 'To the end that I myself may be a perfect work of art, issuing thus into the eyes of all Greece.' " St. Paul, however, who does not seem to have read Pater's *Renaissance*, who, moreover, certainly shows himself woefully ignorant of the doctrine of "Art for Art's sake," considered that these Greeks took a great deal of trouble for very little. "Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown," he says—a mere wreath of parsley.

The Lacedæmon chapter is an undoubted success, simply because in writing it Pater was doing what he could do better than anyone else. He was drawing imaginary portraits—endeavouring to make the Spartans actually live before us, though he modestly labels it as "only a day-dream about an obscure ancient people, it was always so difficult really to know, who had hidden their actual life with so much success." The last two chapters are on Plato's *Æsthetics* and *The Republic*.

Among those who congratulated Pater on the book was, it is delightful to notice, his quondam tutor and enemy Professor Jowett,<sup>(1)</sup> who, in the pleasure it had given him, was content to let bygones be bygones. Mr. Israel Zangwill gave Pater a shock by telling him that the book contained a pun. When Pater asked anxiously for its precise locality, with a view to its removal, Mr. Zangwill, who said he could not remember, added wickedly, "I do not see why you should remove one of the best things in the book." Something still more dreadful, however, occurs in another of Pater's books, namely, the printer's error on page 43 of the fourth edition of *Imaginary Portraits*, where we read "Jean Baptiste returned unexpectedly. I heard his nasty footsteps on the stairs." Of course, it should be "hasty," though perhaps the incorrigible Mr. Zangwill would not have had that meddled with either.

<sup>(1)</sup> Jowett died 1 Oct. 1893.



Of the delicate and charming little autobiographical sketch, *Emerald Uthwart*, we have in this work several times spoken. We pointed out that  
 170. "Emerald Uthwart," 1892. Emerald is not so much Pater as Pater's ideal, and that while portions relating to the school at Canterbury have the faithfulness of a photograph the soldiering incidents are pure fiction. Though airy and light as a dandelion globe, or as Du Bellay's "Winnower's Song," the story of Emerald Uthwart is both stirring and pathetic; one entirely loses one's self while reading it; nor is the pleasure derived from it lessened by the fact that here and there Montaigne is drawn upon, as, for instance, where we hear of the rule, sanitary, almost medical, never to rouse the children.<sup>(1)</sup>

In December, 1890, Pater had been elected a member of the Oxford Dante Society, and during the years 1891 and 1892 he gave assistance to his  
 171. Pater on Dante. friend Dr. Shadwell, who was translating into English the first twenty-seven cantos of Dante's "Purgatorio." The volume, beautifully bound in white cloth, with light red ornament, appeared in 1892; and whether or not the reader agrees with Pater's estimate of Dr. Shadwell as a translator, he will read with deep interest the Introduction—in which Pater, quite unconsciously, lays bare the secrets of his inmost soul. In this little excursus, indeed—this unconsidered trifle—we get nearer to the later Pater than in any other of his writings. After a tribute to Dante's genius—"No one anywhere near him in time had united powers and acquirements so varied"—he takes upon himself to explain how it was that Dante found so little favour among our scholars in the eighteenth century. It was because that period delighted in what Lady Hesketh oddly enough called "generals." One should, by no means, it held, give a

<sup>(1)</sup> "Emerald Uthwart," *Miscellaneous Studies*, p. 174. Montaigne's *Essays* (Dent's Ed.), i., p. 262.





TINY.

circumstantial account of anything. The minuteness of Dante's handiwork, indeed, his care for elaboration of detail repelled our forefathers as much as it attracts us. Of the three parts of *The Divine Comedy*, "The Purgatorio"—"that large park illumined with a polar light and interspersed with groves"<sup>(1)</sup>—should, thinks Pater, be the favourite with the modern student. If the recollection of Pater's atheistical days did not explain why he loved the "Purgatorio" best, and why he clung to the idea of a Purgatory, the following passage, in which he expresses also his belief in the efficacy of prayers for the dead, would alone be sufficient to enlighten us. "An age of faith," he says, "our age certainly is not. The reader of this translation may be interested in doing that for himself, in connection with the belief in a constant, helpful, beneficent inter-action between the souls of the living and the dead, in the immense grace still obtainable for the departed by prayer here;" and those who in polemical mood enquire how Pater came to know that prayers for the dead are effectual—may be told that his belief in them resulted from the perusal of the book already alluded to, written by the Rev. Dr. Lee.<sup>(2)</sup>

An avowed Christian of the High Church type, with leanings towards Roman Catholicism, he now attended regularly the church of St. Barnabas at Oxford, which was remarkable then, as at the present time, for its extreme ritual—but he might also very often be seen in the Roman Catholic Church of St. Aloysius. When he looked back on his past life—on the period of militant atheism<sup>(3)</sup>—the period when he and the companions he had chosen had treated all things religious with derision—when, we repeat, he looked back on this period he found relief in the idea of a Purgatory where the penitent would have additional opportunities for

(1) Renan.

(2) See Chapter XL., § 160.

(3) "Agnosticism," if the reader prefers that term.

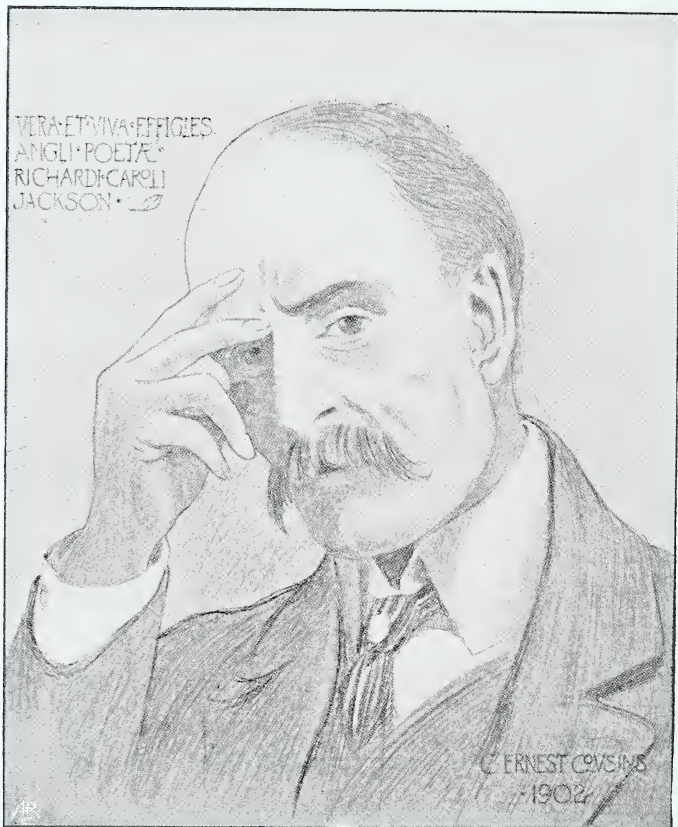
purifying his life. Isaiah's balsamum, "Though your sins be as scarlet" and our Lord's winning invitation, "Come unto Me all ye that travail and are heavy laden," seemed scarcely sufficient for so egregious a backslider as he deemed himself.<sup>(1)</sup>

The breadth of Dante's theological horizon excited Pater's fervid admiration. "It connects itself," he says, with that generous eclecticism which finds in "the 'house of many mansions' due place for Virgil and other sublime spirits of the Pagan world . . . Dante's large-minded treatment of all forms of classic power and achievement marks a stage of progress from the narrower sentiment of the Middle Age towards 'humanism' towards the mental attitude of the Renaissance and of the modern world."

<sup>(1)</sup> Again we remind the reader of the parallel cases of the puritanical John Bunyan and the evangelical Rev. John Newton.







MR. RICHARD C. JACKSON.

## CHAPTER XLIV

### PATER AT BOWYER PARK

Pater and Mr. Richard C. Jackson, or Marius, as Pater still liked to call him, continued frequently to meet—sometimes at Oxford, but far more often at Bowyer Park, Camberwell, where Mr. Jackson had resided since 1890. The house at Bowyer Park—though, to use the words of Mr. Henry Dawkes, “it was whether you consider its size or the beauty of its interior more like a palace than a house”—stood in extensive grounds, which were often the scene of animated conversations between the two friends. Of the interior, which comprised a number of large rooms, or rather “saloons,” we give five views, namely, a corner of “The Gold Room,” the North-East, the North-West, and the South-West corners of “The White King’s Drawing Room,”<sup>(1)</sup> and a view of “The Salon di Dante,” which contained, among many other objects of art, a bust of Dante, presented to Mr. Jackson by Dr. W. H. Thompson, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Professor Sir John Seeley. Referring to our illustration : on the left, near the window, will be noticed a great cabinet, which came from the collection of Sir Julian Goldsmith, and in front of it are Carlyle’s writing-table and chair. The chair, facing the window with a framed etching of Carlyle in it, came from the Palace of Michaelangelo, the bronzes on the mantel-piece were Napoleon the Third’s. The chair on the right, with open back, belonged to George Eliot, having been brought from her house at Wandsworth, and the

172. Pater  
at Bowyer  
Park.

(1) “The White King” was, of course, Charles I.

arm-chair, at the back of George Eliot's, came from Kensington Palace.

Of the treasures of Mr. Jackson's library, Pater was most taken with an early edition of Caxton and a pre-Caxtonian copy of the Golden Legend, with beautiful binding and clasps; but he was also very fond of handling the first editions of Carlyle and Blake.

To enumerate the engraved gems, enamels, and other small-sized works of art preserved in these rooms would be well-nigh impossible. There were more massing chalices—some of them mediæval and gem-encrusted—in the house than most people have tumblers.

Always in the habit of expressing himself forcibly, Mr. Jackson could scarcely find words strong enough to voice his contempt for those "Despicable curses in human form," as he called them, who take up a book "only for the foul purpose of killing time;" and of his beloved Charles Lamb he said: "His very indwelling is that of a beatitude which is godlike."

To *The Oxford University Herald*, he had contributed regularly, both prose and verse, the latter consisting, chiefly, of lines in commemoration of distinguished Churchmen, or of thoughts suggested by Saints' Days; one, for example, being on Corpus Christi Day, which the choir-angelic is imagined as celebrating—

With lily palms  
And new-born psalms.

Others are entitled, "Jesus and the Cross," "Easter Stanzas,"<sup>(1)</sup> "In Memoriam the Very Rev. Dean Church,"<sup>(2)</sup> "In Memoriam Canon Liddon,"<sup>(3)</sup> "In Memoriam Cardinal Newman"<sup>(4)</sup>—all of them being

(1) Addressed from S. Thomas' Church, Regent Street, 25 Jan. 1891.

(2) Who died at Dover, 9 Dec. 1890, aged 76.

(3) Who died 9 Sept. 1890, aged 61.

(4) Who died 23 Aug. 1890.

permeated with the devotional spirit of a Thomas à Kempis, or a S. Francis de Sales.

When Pater arrived at Bowyer Park he was generally ushered into the Salon di Dante, and the first question asked, after the customary greeting, was invariably, "Well, and what new books have you got?" Then, seating himself in George Eliot's chair, he would read and ponder by the hour; and he generally had for company, not only Mr. Jackson, but also a very handsome little white and fawn Pomeranian<sup>(1)</sup> named Tiny, and a black Tom cat named "Drum," short for Dromedary, because of its humped back—the result of ill-treatment under a former owner, from whom Mr. Jackson had rescued him. According to Pater, Drum, who usually found its way on to his knee, had a truly philosophical mind, which it exercised chiefly in pondering Plato's æsthetics and ethics; and he was never happier than when seated in that chair, fondling Drum, and reading to it the Platonic Dialogues or portions of *The Republic*; but while Drum listened with profound attention to all the Dialogues, he had, according to Pater, a decided preference for "The Phædon." We also learn that Drum enjoyed the distinction of having been stroked by Lord Leighton, Canon Liddon, and Sir Theodore Martin; but notwithstanding this honour, it was remarked of him that he never suffered from swollen head, or conducted himself patronisingly towards less favoured cats.

Equal to Drum in amiability, but inferior to him in scholarship, was the dog Tiny, to whom Pater also read Plato, and also addressed many flattering remarks, though he avoided titillating Tiny's vanity in the presence of Drum, for fear of hurting the latter's feelings. In scholarship, as we said, Tiny was far to seek. Truth to say his knowledge of Plato was to the

<sup>(1)</sup> To be exact a cross between a Pomeranian and a King Charles.



very last only superficial. His instincts were all military, and when, arrayed in a blue cocked-hat and clasping a small gun, he mounted guard (as in our picture), all beholders pronounced him irresistible.<sup>(1)</sup> Drum, in short, was a representative of the *vita contemplativa*, Tiny of the *vita attiva*.

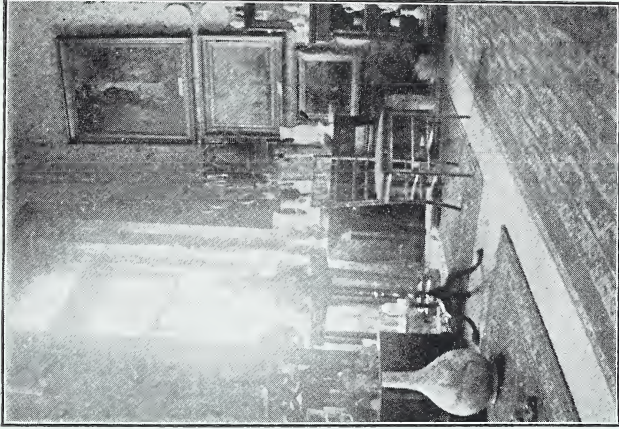
Those were the days of the "Lambeth Judgment,"<sup>(2)</sup> in which the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Benson, called the making of the sign of the cross "an innovation which must be discontinued;" and Mr. Jackson in his "Sarum Church of England Kalendar" and other publications not only sided with the clergy of S. Alban's, Holborn, and other churches who openly repudiated the ecclesiastical authority, but also strenuously advocated the use of vestments, unleavened bread, the mixed chalice, incense, lights, "the Position," and the singing of the *Agnus Dei* and the *Benedictus*. Pater also heartily approved of the action "of the so-called rebellious clergy."

"These bishops," he said, "are a law unto themselves. I heartily sympathise with all the men who have had the courage to go to a so-called prison in defence of their heart's convictions; and the most ridiculous outcome of it all is the bishops' putting on their heads the mitre and not knowing how to take it off. They receive the mitre with all the pomp and ceremonial of the Roman Church; but instead of removing it with like pomp and ceremonial,<sup>(3)</sup> they take it off as if it were a tall hat." On another occasion he said: "If the bishops send a man to jail for wearing a

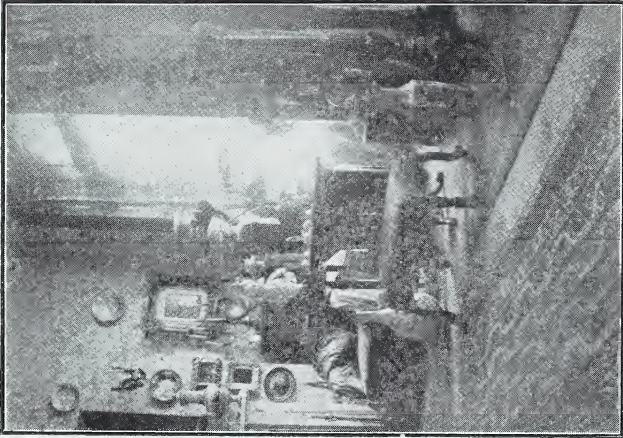
(1) Tiny, who out-lived Pater some eighteen months, died in 1896, aged 17 years. Drum died in 1904, aged 15.

(2) Mr. Jackson's Processional Hymn, "The Sign of the Cross," written in direct opposition to this judgment, appeared in his Kalendar for 1891.

(3) In the Roman Church there is as much ceremony in removing the mitre from the head of a bishop as there is in placing it on his head. In the English Church, while there is much ceremony in crowning a bishop, no ceremony at all attends the removal of the mitre.



A CORNER IN THE GOLD ROOM  
AT BOWYER PARK, CAMBERWELL.



NORTH-EAST CORNER OF  
THE WHITE KING'S DRAWING ROOM,  
BOWYER PARK, CAMBERWELL.



chasuble, they ought themselves to be put under lock and key for wearing a mitre—but it is ignorance, and ‘there is no darkness in the world except ignorance.’”<sup>(1)</sup>—an adaptation from Shakespeare which he was very fond of using.

One day as Pater was seated in George Eliot’s chair, he and Mr. Jackson fell to talking of its former owner; and Pater had abundance to say in praise of George Eliot, whose principal fault, he thought, was that she made her characters too much alike. He said that he preferred to all the rest of her works her only historical novel, *Romola*.

175.

Anecdote of  
George  
Eliot.

“I can tell you,” said Mr. Jackson to him, “the true story of George Eliot and George Henry Lewes—a story that gives the lie to all scandal. It is this.

“One day,<sup>(2)</sup> at a dinner party, George Eliot being among the guests, somebody happened to observe that George Henry Lewes was seriously ill, and without a soul in the house to wait upon him. George Eliot pricked up her ears, and then saying, hurriedly, ‘Please excuse me, I must go,’ she left the table. She made her way straight to Lewes’s house and knocked at the door. After she had waited a considerable time the sick man put his head out of the bedroom window and enquired who was there.

“‘It is I, Miss Evans,’ cried George Eliot. ‘I have come to nurse you. Let me in, and I won’t leave the house till you are better.’”

“That,” said Mr. Jackson, with some warmth, “is the true origin of the intimacy between George Eliot and George Henry Lewes, and the beginning of a purely platonic affection which has falsely received another name. They never occupied together the same bed-room.”

(1) “There is no darkness but ignorance.”—*Twelfth Night*, IV., 2.

(2) We presume in 1854. Lewes died in 1878. George Eliot married Mr. John Cross in May 1880. She died in Dec. 1880.

Pater listened thoughtfully, and he was evidently drawing a mental parallel between his own solitary life and that of Lewes, for after a minute or two's silence he said softly, while patting George Eliot's chair, "This will answer my amours"—meaning, of course, that as the woman who could do so noble a deed was not there, and as, therefore, he could not love her, he would love her chair.

On once being asked which is the most remarkable passage in George Eliot, Pater replied: "The words put into Piero di Cosimo's mouth in *Romola*—'The only passionate life is in form and colour.'"<sup>(1)</sup>

Mr. Jackson having spoken enthusiastically of S. Thomas à Becket, and having defended him from all traducers, Pater observed softly: "I greatly dislike Canterbury. It puts me too much in mind of fagging and impositions. Had Becket belonged to any other town I could, perhaps, have gone with you. Still I had happy days there with my friends McQueen and Dombrain," and he quoted some of McQueen's sayings.

The talk having glided to William Blake, a topic upon which the two friends held but one opinion, Mr. Jackson brought out his Blake treasures:

176. A Talk about Cowper, Dante, Burton and Blake. an engraving of the Canterbury Pilgrims, Blake's original oil-colour sketch for Chaucer, several copies of Blake's works in proof state, including the plates to the *Book of Job*, Young's *Night Thoughts*, and Blair's *Grave*—all in uncut states, and a copy of the famous "Marriage of Heaven and Hell," coloured in water-colours by Blake's own hand.

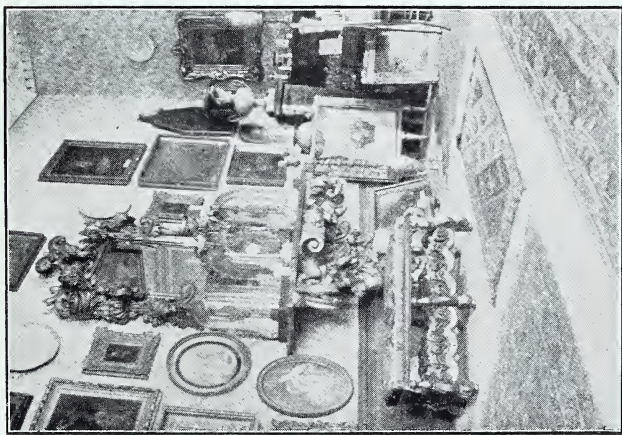
Pater, after gazing first at one and then at another in absolute silence, at last burst out with: "And these are what Blue-stockings call defective drawings. Defective drawings, indeed! They are triumphs of art."

<sup>(1)</sup> *Romola*, Chapter VIII.





SOUTH-WEST CORNER OF  
THE WHITE KING'S DRAWING ROOM,  
BOWYER PARK, CAMBERWELL.



NORTH-WEST CORNER OF  
THE WHITE KING'S DRAWING ROOM,  
BOWYER PARK, CAMBERWELL.



Blake is often mentioned in Pater's works, and even when his name does not occur his influence is recognisable. Thus, Blake's expression, "the spiritual form," which was a favourite one with Pater,<sup>(1)</sup> is used several times in *Greek Studies*, where Dionysus is regarded as the "spiritual form" of the vine, Pan "of Arcadia."<sup>(2)</sup>

In his eagerness to honour Blake, Pater was unjust to Cowper, against whom, as we have seen, he had contracted a curious antipathy, the result, possibly, of hearing too much about him in childhood. Pater's friends, who had pleasant memories of Weston Underwood and Cowper's favourite haunts, had praised that neighbourhood to wearisomeness; and Pater held that nothing good could come out of Weston, just as he was of opinion that nothing good could come out of Canterbury.

"Cowper," said Pater, "stole all his ideas from Blake"—an amazing enough statement, when we remember that nearly all Cowper's best work was written before 1785, and that Cowper had never even heard of Blake until he met Hayley in 1792. "If," said Pater, "Cowper could have been so blest by the Great Creator as to have been permitted to experience such visions as Blake saw; if He had seen fit to make Cowper the instrument for revealing to the latter eighteenth century what He had revealed by the poets of the Middle Age, then Cowper would have been the most happy man born out of due time." After a reference to Cowper's "lame verse," by which he meant Cowper's refusal to sacrifice sense to sound, Pater continued: "What I shall never be able to understand is how it was that in Cowper's stupid age of penny Dutch dolls in poetry even scholars (if there were any) should sing the praise of Cowper and entirely ignore the magnificence of the glorious tragedies of Chatterton—tragedies with a living soul and a veritable back-bone

(1) Who attributes it to Blake.

(2) *Greek Studies*, pp. 15 and 37.

within them." The ineffable pathos and beauty of the lines, "Oh, that those lips had language," and the haunting majesty of "God moves in a mysterious way," did not appeal to Pater, who found nothing noticeable in the latter except that in one of the verses "fast" is made to rhyme with "taste."

Pater called Robert Burton of *Anatomy* fame, and Michael Montaigne—both of whom, nevertheless, he loved—"Princes of the Paste-pot and Scissors." Balzac carried him away into the seventh heaven of delight, and of that author's letters<sup>(1)</sup> he said: "We could do with a hundred such volumes." Of James Howell, of *Familiar Letters* fame, he said: "Howell is a saint in disguise." He often spoke in praise of Dante, but he once observed, "Dante never made a greater mistake than when he called fame but a 'gust of wind.'"

A favourite meeting-place of Pater, Carlyle, Ruskin, Bell-Scott, Lord Leighton, Bishop Stubbs, Mr.

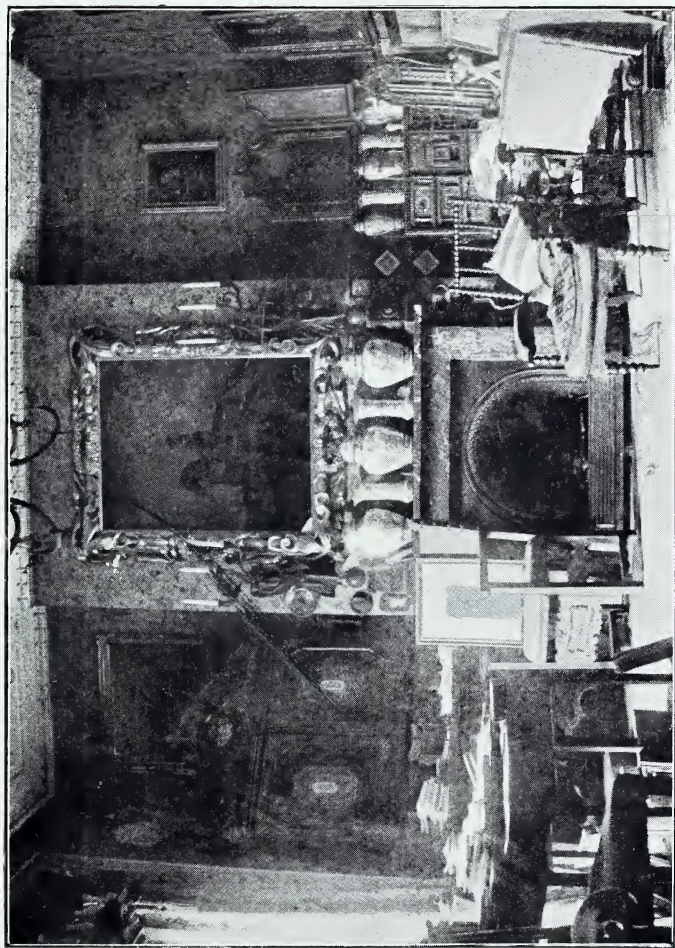
Richard C. Jackson, and many others  
177. Snow's. in the literary and artistic world, was

Snow's Restaurant—formerly, we believe, Pamphillion's<sup>(2)</sup> Coffee House—in Sherwood Street, close to Piccadilly Circus. The building has recently been rebuilt, but the old mahogany benches (and Pater's corner was the acute angle nearest to the street on the second floor, occupy precisely their original position. Pater and Mr. Jackson generally patronised Snow's after they had been attending the ornate services in the neighbouring church of St. Thomas, Regent Street, and in this corner they used to talk by the hour on Greek and Roman Art, Corporate Reunion, Prayers for the Dead, Charles Lamb, Blake, and the many other subjects which at the time interested them.

(1) An English edition in 2 vols., appeared in 1878, the translator being C. Lamb Kenney.

(2) The first Snow, who came from Stansted in Essex, is said to have been a relative of Pamphillion."





THE SALON DI DANTE, BOWYER PARK, CAMBERWELL.

*The Chair with a picture in it was Carlyle's, and it is turned towards Carlyle's table. George Eliot's Chair (Pater's favourite seat) is the one with an open back on the other side of the fireplace.*





Another attraction was the Greek Cemetery at Norwood, which abounds in costly tombs of white marble, and which Pater used to call "Athens in London." Hither they liked to wend with Mr. Jackson's portmanteau filled with old editions of Homer, Plato,<sup>(1)</sup> Pindar, and Sappho, from which, after spreading them out on the steps of one of the tombs, they used to read aloud; and sometimes they would sing to the birds old Greek songs—because "the birds contain the souls of the ancient gods." On one occasion the superintendent of the cemetery, mistaking one of them for a hawker and the other for a purchaser, stepped up, and while they were steeped in "the glory that was Greece," bade them collect their property and "clear out," adding brusquely: "This is not a public market for the sale of goods." Nor did the announcement that they were but seeking inspiration among the tombs, and calling back the spirits of bygone geniuses, just as Lorenzo the Magnificent<sup>(2)</sup> and some of the people in *Romola* had done, in the least mollify him. He again ordered them out of the cemetery, and out they had to go.

At one time or another the friends must have tramped together all over London, though, perhaps, they were oftenest seen in Lambeth "where all the men are named Frederick, and all the women Mary;" in Camberwell, which seemed to him the navel of the earth; and among the bookstalls of Holywell Street. Once, in the company of Dr. Evans of St. Mary-le-Strand, they visited "Rome in London," as Pater called it—that is to say, the old Roman Bath in Strand Lane—chatting as they descended the steps and approached the cool clear water, about the different Romans who had distinguished themselves in our

(1) The fine edition by Marsilio Ficino.

(2) See Roscoe's *Life of Lorenzo*.

island; and then the conversation turning to the neighbouring church of St. Mary-le-Strand, Dr. Evans told Pater that among its curates had been Thomas à Becket—and it certainly seemed strange to be reminded in a Roman Bath of the personality who seemed to be always dogging his footsteps. The friends also dined together at the Cheshire Cheese on the days when the celebrated pudding was served, and sometimes they visited East Grinstead Convent together; while occasionally they extended their excursions to Boulogne, enjoying the views both by day, when the beach is alive with holiday-makers, and by night, when, in Victor Hugo's words:

The moon above the deep  
Opens her silver fan.<sup>(1)</sup>

(1) *Flowers of France*, translations by John Payne.

## CHAPTER XLV

JANUARY 1893—DECEMBER 1893

“THE GREATEST WRITER IN THE WORLD”

### BIBLIOGRAPHY :

82. Review of Mr. George Moore's *Modern Painting* [Mr. George Moore as an Art Critic]. *Daily Chronicle*, 10th June 1893.
83. Apollo in Picardy. *Harper's Magazine*, Nov. 1893.
84. Plato and Platonism. 1893.

Of the friendship between Pater and Mr. George Moore, and the estrangement that followed, we have already spoken. “No two people,” says Mr. Moore, “ever seemed more sundered than Pater and I.” Then an interesting event happened. Mr. Moore's book *Modern Painting* had appeared that year, and Mr. [now Sir] Henry Norman, editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, stopping Mr. Moore, said to him: “I have a review of your book in type, and it is written by the greatest writer in the world”—and that is all he would reveal.

180. The  
Greatest  
Writer  
in the World.

“Every morning,” says Mr. Moore, “I jumped out of bed to look at the *Chronicle*. Three, four mornings passed, and no review. I went to Mr. Norman's house to beseech him to tell me who was the greatest writer in the world; but it was impossible to persuade him, and I passed a sleepless night asking myself vain questions.” Ultimately the review came out, and Mr. Moore discovered that “the greatest writer in the world”—the writer of the review—was Walter Pater. “I think,” observes Mr. Moore, “he must have felt that an acknowledgment of what I said about him in *Confessions of a Young Man* was called for. Others

had praised Pater, and abundantly, yet he did not write about the books of everyone who praised him, and he only once signed a book review. No, it was not the praise I bestowed on Pater—there was another reason, and a more personal one. He knew I had been disappointed at not receiving as much of his personal friendship as I had wished. Yes, truly, I believe that that was the reason.”<sup>(1)</sup>

The review, though sympathetic, is not one of Pater's best. *Modern Painters* is declared to be a clever book, and Mr. Moore to be a pungent critic of what he disapproves, a very animating guide to the things he loves; and the parts selected for particular praise are the chapters of positive appreciation concerning the French Masters Ingres, Degas, Millet, and others.

Although Pater's works were now well-known and valued in cultured circles, the pecuniary remuneration he obtained from them was still small.

181. The Shelley Memorial, 14th June, 1893. Indeed, he told a friend about this time, that his writings had never brought him in more than £100 a year. He did not become really famous until after his death.

Still he had an enthusiastic, if a rather small following. An earnest coterie recognised that a great man was in their midst, and congratulated themselves accordingly. Pater was not averse from incense, indeed he appreciated it, though occasionally he found the adulation of his friends inconvenient or obnoxious, and one incident in particular calls for notice. “It was the only time,” says my informant, “that I ever saw Pater really angry.” At some gathering at which Pater was present, one of his admirers was handing fruit round. When he arrived at Pater he dropped, half in veneration half in playfulness, on one knee, to offer the plate; but Pater, turning crimson with anger, cried with an excited gesture, “Get up, and don't be a fool.” As Pater advanced in years his health,

<sup>(1)</sup> *The Pall Mall Magazine*, Aug. 1904.





APOLLO AND HYACINTHUS.

FROM AN ENGRAVING OF THE PICTURE BY DOMENICHINO.

It was this Engraving which suggested to Pater his "Apollo in Picardy."

*Photographed by A. Flint, Camberwell, by permission of the British Museum Trustees.*



though he was still scarcely past middle life, began to cause his friends anxiety, and the solicitude of one of them for him was even pathetic. "He hands Mr. Pater about," people remarked, "as if he were a lady."

Though Pater, as we said, had his ardent worshippers, his existence was scarcely noticed by the rest of Oxford; that is to say, he was not regarded as anybody in particular; and a single anecdote will be sufficient to substantiate our assertion.

The year 1892 was the centenary of the birth of Shelley. The poet's praises were in all the newspapers, and the event was celebrated with particular enthusiasm at Horsham, where Mr. Edmund Gosse delivered an address, Mr. Sims Reeves and Miss Ada Tomlinson<sup>(1)</sup> sang some of Shelley's lyrics, and Miss Alma Murray recited the last scene in the *Cenci*.

Shortly afterwards, Lady Shelley signified her intention of presenting to University College, Oxford, the well-known statue of the dead Shelley, the work of Mr. Onslow Ford. For the reception of it a domed structure was erected close to the college from designs furnished by Pater's friend, Mr. Basil Champneys, and Wednesday afternoon, 14th June, 1893, was fixed upon for the unveiling of the statue. To borrow an expression from the newspapers of the time, all "the men of distinction" in Oxford were invited to be present. Among those who came from a distance was Mr. Gosse, who naturally looked round for Pater. Not seeing him, he called, after the ceremony was over, at Pater's rooms at Brasenose.

"Why did you not come?" enquired Mr. Gosse.

"I was not asked," replied Pater, softly.

It was the same quiet shrinking personality who had been swept into corners in those old tumultuous days at the King's School.

Oxford, indeed, had simply left out the one man of

<sup>(1)</sup> Mr. Reeves sang "I arise from dreams of thee," and Miss Tomlinson "The fountains mingle with the river" (Love's Philosophy).



commanding genius among them. It was not a case of forgetfulness. He was not considered important enough. The owl, the sparrow, the wren, the bat, and even the gnat had been invited, but the bird of paradise was passed over. "Oh Riddle!" to quote from some unpublished lines by Pater, "Oh disharmony in things!"<sup>(1)</sup>

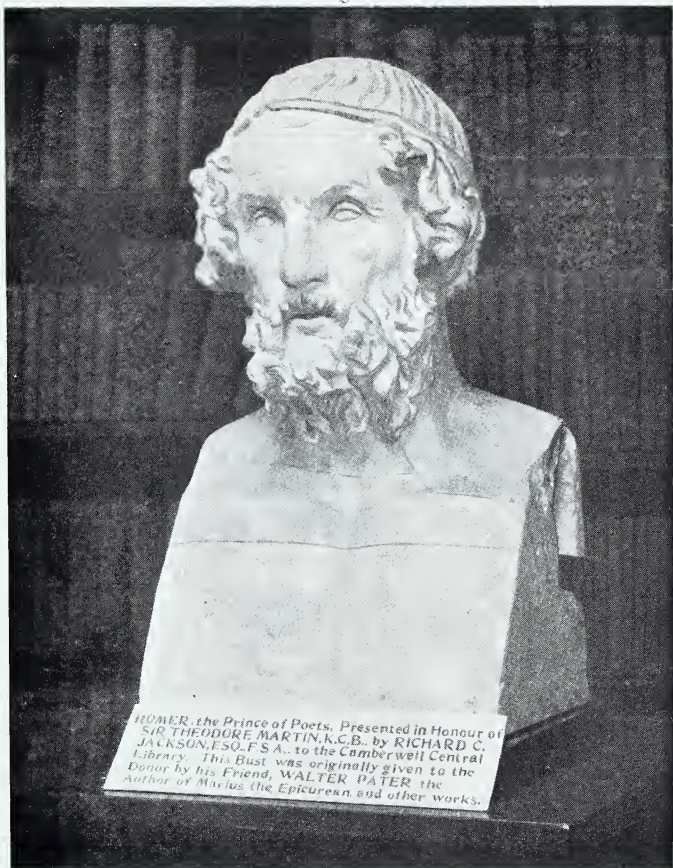
One is glad, however, not to be obliged to associate Pater with the Shelley memorial, which is certainly one of the saddest and most melancholy sights in Oxford, and one which we should not advise anybody to go to see. You feel in that chamber as if you were in a morgue, only worse. The poet is represented just as his poor naked body was taken from the water, and we cannot help thinking that, although the statue is a work of genius, it would have been far better buried.

Of Pater's delight in the Greek and Latin classics we have again and again spoken, and no one is likely to forget his remark: "The classic comes to us out of the cool and quiet of other times, as the measure of what a long experience has shown will never displease us." During his later days Pater had a number of fine Greek authors in the original text; but Mr. Jackson's collection was far larger than Pater's, and probably larger than that of any other Oxford scholar, while his library was just as rich in Italian and other works bearing on the Greek and Roman classics.

One day at Bowyer Park—it was the 20th June, 1893—Pater took from Mr. Jackson's shelves a magnificent folio volume bound in its original green vellum and entitled, "Veterum Illustrium Philosophorum Poetarum Rhetorum et Oratorum Imagines," etc., etc., published at Rome in 1685. For more than an hour he turned the pages over slowly and in silence—the world of the day absolutely lost to him. By and by he came to the engraving of the bust of Aristophanes,

182. The  
Bust of  
Aristophanes,  
20th June,  
1893.

<sup>(1)</sup> Greek Minstrel's Song.



PATER'S BUST OF HOMER.

NOW IN THE CAMBERWELL CENTRAL LIBRARY.

BY PERMISSION OF THE COMMITTEE.

*From a photo by Albert Flint, 68, Church Street, Camberwell.*





which is preserved in the Uffizi at Florence—the only inscribed representation of Aristophanes in existence—whose lettering runs, oddly enough :



“Aristophanes [son] of Philippides the Athenian”—whereas Aristophanes was the son, not of Philippides, but of Philippas. After gazing for a few minutes at the picture, Pater exclaimed suddenly, “How I should like to go down to posterity like that!” And in a sense his desire was gratified, for the lettering on his memorial in Brasenose Chapel is partly in uncial Greek. Then he said, “How I should like to bring out a work consisting of biographies of these Greek and Latin poets—with reproductions of the ‘icons’”—that was the word he used—“with the icons in this volume for illustrations. We could do it together.” “The idea is an excellent one,” followed Mr. Jackson, “and I shall be pleased to assist you in any way.”

Beyond making a few notes, however, nothing more was done, for Pater had determined, before commencing anything else in earnest, to finish a series of sketches, chiefly on subjects relating to Greek thought and mythology, which were to form a second series of Imaginary Portraits. The only sketch finished, however, was that suggested by Domenichino’s picture, namely, “Apollo in Picardy,”<sup>(1)</sup> which appeared in *Harper’s Magazine* in the November of that year (1893).

(1) Chapter XXXVI., § 136, and Chapter XXXIX., § 153.

Of the friends of Pater's later days one of the most devoted was the Rev. Dr. F. W. Bussell, now vice-president of Brasenose College. Dr. Bussell's rooms were, and still are, approached by the same staircase as Pater's—Pater's being on your left as you ascend and Dr. Bussell's on your right. Dr. Bussell, whose tastes were kindred to Pater's, and who, we may notice, has himself written on Plato<sup>(1)</sup> and Marcus Aurelius,<sup>(2)</sup> has recorded his impressions of his friend in print.<sup>(3)</sup> He told the present writer that Pater was during his last years a regular communicant—and to all appearance a "devout Christian"; facts worthy of being kept well in remembrance, seeing that during the whole of the period that Pater was a hearer at St. Austin's he never once took the sacrament. To continue Dr. Bussell's recollections, Pater attended regularly at Sunday morning chapel, expressed his sorrow when there was a scanty attendance, and often said that he should be glad to have attendance at that service made compulsory.<sup>(4)</sup> As of old, and as would be imagined after reading *Gaston de Latour*, he loved most the festival of Whitsuntide. "The gracious Pentecostal fire seemed to be in alliance with the sweet, warm, relaxing winds of that later, securer season, bringing their spicy burden from unseen sources."

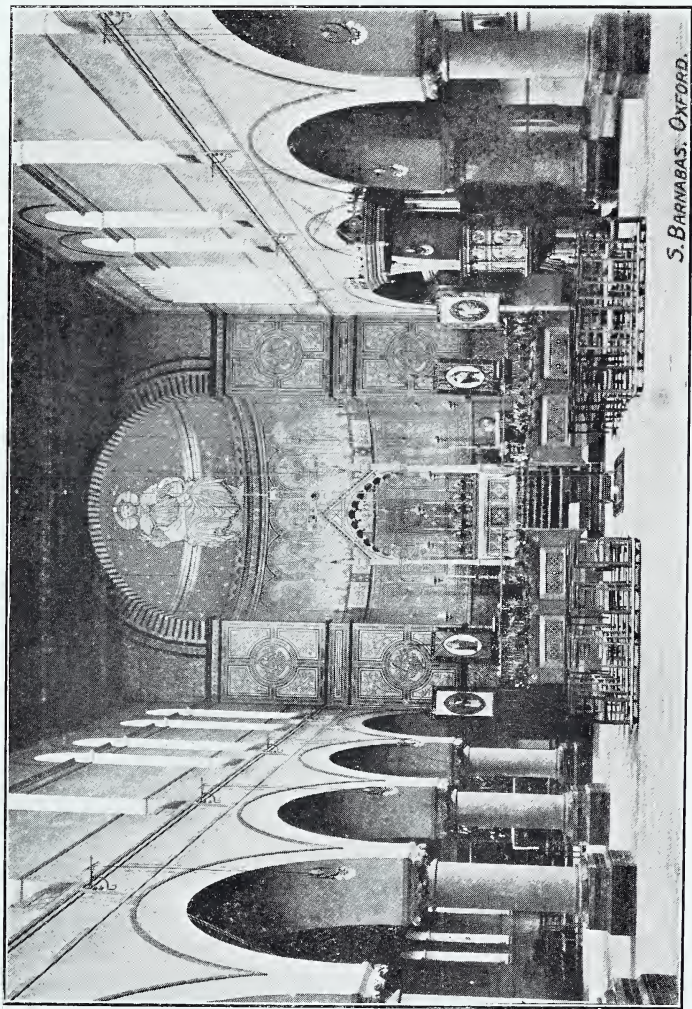
Pater used "to trouble himself a good deal when some of his pupils abandoned the idea of taking Holy Orders after coming up with that career in prospect. The entire interest of his later years was religious, not as some would put it, ecclesiastical, though he was keenly sensible of the influence of stately ritual. . . . In the chapel service he took great delight," some-

(1) *The School of Plato*, 1896.

(2) *Marcus Aurelius and the later Stoicism*, 1901.

(3) *In Memoriam, W.H.P.*, a copy of which Dr. Bussell kindly presented to the writer.

(4) See *In Memoriam, W.H.P.*, p. 3.



S. BARNABAS, OXFORD.

S. BARNABAS, OXFORD.





times regretting that the ardour of singing which the undergraduates showed in the Psalms, seemed to abate when they "came to the Magnificat, to him above others, the Song of Songs."<sup>(1)</sup> To an undergraduate he confessed that he now "read little else but the Bible, the Prayer Book, and the Breviary;" and it is remembered that the Marquis of Bute's translation of the Roman Breviary was the book which during his last years he most frequently borrowed from Mr. Jackson's shelves. "His interests," says Dr. Bussell,<sup>(2)</sup> "centred more and more on the liturgy and fabrics of the Catholic church; on the truth of the creed from a High Church standard; on the education of the young in the faith of their fathers . . . He was never happier than when discussing with child-like simplicity and submission some of the cardinal mysteries of the Faith; and I well recall how he would reprove any symptom of a Rationalizing spirit."

His hope was still to take orders,<sup>(3)</sup> and to pass the remainder of his days in some small country parish; he pictured to himself a quiet vicarage, an ivy-clad church, and a few simple country folk to whom he could tell the good news which he had once believed, which he had so long disbelieved, and in which he now found all his comfort—namely, that God so loved the world that "He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."<sup>(4)</sup> He studied the Bible again very carefully, and especially what he called the "sapiential, half-Platonic books"—Proverbs and Ecclesiastes—one of his favourite chapters being the Eighth of Proverbs,

(1) *In Memoriam, W.H.P.*, p. 4.

(2) *In Memoriam, W.H.P.*

(3) I have seen, I forget where, this idea ridiculed, but I had the information by word of mouth from one of Pater's friends. I observed to the person who told me, "Would this have been possible, seeing that Pater was 54?" The reply was: "It would not have been impossible, but it would have been difficult."

(4) St. John, III., 16.

with its splendid eulogy of Wisdom, its poetical description of the creation, and the declaration<sup>(1)</sup> that the work in which the Almighty took most delight was the creation of man; and we may notice that he quotes this passage, though, as usual, when quoting the Bible, not quite correctly, at the end of *Greek Studies*.

"There are hours," says Madame Darmesteter (and she was thinking of Renan, though had she been writing of Pater, whom she knew almost as well, the words would have been just as applicable) "there are hours in most lives, perhaps, when that which creates and represents appears more satisfying, more positive, than that which suggests and inspires; when the frieze of the Parthenon strikes us as more real than the shadow of the Cross of Calvary. And yet the Galilean conquers." Pater's life is an instance in proof.

Although Pater must at this period be regarded as a decided Christian, his mind was still curiously coloured by Greek thought, and he was more than once heard to observe that for those whose life had become gray and sad, and whose powers were failing [and those who heard him judged that he was thinking of himself] the most suitable door of relief was that of self-destruction. "So," he observed, "died Lycurgus, so Zeno, so Aristotle." Moreover the change in Pater's life which is made so clear by the passages recently quoted, was not noticed by some of the members of his circle, and Mr. Jackson used to speak of him to the last as "my beloved heathen friend."

As we have given Dr. Bussell's word-portrait of Pater, it may not be unacceptable to give Pater's vignette of Dr. Bussell, which occurs in a volume entitled *Oxford Characters*,<sup>(2)</sup> and accompanies a portrait of Dr. Bussell by William Rothenstein. Pater says of his friend: "He was early distinguished

<sup>(1)</sup> Proverbs VIII., 31.

<sup>(2)</sup> Published by Elkin Matthews and John Lane. There is also a portrait of Pater.

in the University, and has already preached some remarkable sermons in Saint Mary's pulpit . . . His versatility is considerable; but he is above all a student, with something like genius for classical literature, especially for the early Christian theology and late Pagan philosophy of the imperial age, which he reads as other people read the newspapers.”

Another friend of Pater's at this period was Mr. Falconer Madan, now sub-librarian of the Bodleian, lecturer in mediæval palæography and Fellow of Brasenose—a representative of that ancient and honourable family which has included, together with bishops, deans, and other church dignitaries, the distinguished, but curiously misunderstood philanthropist, the Rev. Martin Madan,<sup>(1)</sup> who figures so conspicuously in Cowper's letters.

During the latter years of his life Pater held the honorary office of Dean of his college—an office which entitled him to a canopied stall in the chapel. The place of worship, however, 184. which he most frequently attended was the S. Barnabas. ritualistic S. Barnabas's, with the vicar of which—the Rev. Montague H. Noel—he was on terms of friendship.

(1) Martin's mother was the lovely Court beauty Judith of the Swan Neck—the “Erinna” of Pope's poems, the Aunt Judith of Cowper's Letters.

## CHAPTER XLVI

JANUARY 1894 TO 30 JULY 1894

### LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH

#### BIBLIOGRAPHY :

85. The Age of Athletic Prizemen. *Contemporary Review*, Feb. 1894.
86. Some Great Churches in France. *Nineteenth Century*, March and June 1894.

Among the undergraduates of Brasenose in the nineties was a clever young draughtsman named John Hearn, who used to amuse himself by making caricatures of the dons, and among the victims of his pencil was Walter Pater, who is represented hat on head and umbrella in hand, just as he might be seen any day on the shady side of High Street. The drawing, which is signed with Mr. Hearn's usual pencil-name "J. C. R. Spider," was done one morning from life in the College Dining Hall. Mr. Hearn, who was an admirable mimic and actor, and was for some time President of the "O.U.D.S." [Oxford Union Dramatical Society], left college about June, 1896, took to the stage, and was for a time, we believe, with the late Sir Henry Irving.

Pater rarely sent presentation copies of his books to his friends, but he made an exception in the case of Lionel Johnson, to whom he gave a copy of every one. On receiving the *Plato and Platonism*, inscribed "With Mr. Walter Pater's compliments," Johnson seized a pen, and with heart all aglow, wrote on the fly-leaf : "Lionel Johnson from Walter Pater, Feb.

186. Lionel Johnson again, 1894.



REV. ALBERT WATSON,  
PRINCIPAL OF BRASENOSE.



REV. MONTAGU NOEL,  
VICAR OF S. BARNABAS, OXFORD.

*Photo by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.*





18th, 1893. *Sancti omnes orate pro scriptore amico meo et benefactore.*"

Prompted by admiration for his friend, Johnson then wrote an article, which he entitled "The Work of Mr. Pater," and which, after he had submitted it to Pater, who praised both its style and the scholarship it displayed, he sent to the *Fortnightly Review*, where it appeared, though not till after Pater's death.

Johnson writes with the enthusiasm of a disciple for a master, and with the endeavour to keep in mind the great lesson which Pater taught him, and which Pater teaches us all, namely, the advantage of *ascêsis*. He does not let his enthusiasm run away with him; yet one can see that he has much ado to control himself. "Charm," he says, "is well-nigh everywhere in Mr. Pater's work, a golden grace upon the delicate sentences; and a charm that is strangely strong." He points out that in Pater we have an artist of the severest kind, and asserts that "there is not one page in Mr. Pater's writings on which the most trivial carelessness can be detected,"<sup>(1)</sup> and he imagines Pater himself using the words which he had put into the mouth of Raphael: "I am utterly purposed that I will not offend." He dwells on Pater's love for constructing imaginary portraits; his hunger for truth; his interest in the young man—Watteau, Duke Carl, Emerald Uthwart, all being "enchancingly young"; his solitariness as a man of letters, his swiftness to perceive analogies, his passion for beauty and cleanliness, his constant straining after perfection, his desire (the same that inspired Flaubert), not to make pretty writing, but to clothe thoughts in precisely the words that they seem to require.

Early in the year the honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred on Pater by the University of Glasgow; and though he spoke of the honour disparagingly, because, as he said, it would have come better from his own

<sup>(1)</sup> This is, of course, incorrect.

University, nevertheless, not wishing to be ungracious to Glasgow, he went thither to receive it.

To several of Pater's friends, including Dr. Bussell, there seemed a certain fitness in the fact that Pascal was the last character that Pater undertook to pourtray. Often and often during the last twelve months of his life Pater had pondered the life and teaching of the great writer whose position was so like his own. Pater, as we have seen, had again become a Christian. He, too, was "holding the faith steadfastly, but amid the well-poised points of essential doubt all round him and it." At times also his feet were "almost gone." Like Pascal, he was a "sick soul." Three causes attached Pater to Pascal, first the similarity between the state of Pascal's mind and his own; secondly, the resemblance of portions of Pascal to Plato and other portions to Montaigne; and, thirdly, the fact that Pascal was a great stylist.

Pascal's fame commenced in 1656 with the publication of the *Provincial Letters*, written at a time when French religionists were divided into two camps—that of the Jesuits and that of the Jansenists, whose leaders were settled at Port Royal, near Versailles, and whom Pater calls "the Calvinists of the Roman Catholic Church." The Jesuits having attacked the Port Royalists, Pascal, who instantly flew to the side of his friends, lost no time in turning upon the enemy all his artillery of eloquence, wit and humour; nor, it may be assumed, have "the crimes" and the "anti-Christian doctrines of the Jesuits" ever been the target of a more effectual cannonading.

In Pater's opinion, Pascal, in manner of thought, savours of Montaigne, and he points out that even the old headings, under which the Port Royalist editors grouped the Thoughts, recall the great Seigneur's essays. Speaking of Pascal as a stylist, Pater contends (absurdly enough) that before Pascal's time French was only a



REV. (Now DR.) F. W. BUSSELL.

FROM "OXFORD CHARACTERS," BY WILLIAM ROTHERSTEIN.

*Lent by Mr. John Lane, publisher of "Oxford Characters."*





semi-barbarous language, while, thanks to Pascal, it became as exquisite a medium for expressing thought as Latin or Greek. Passage after passage appeals to him, but none more than that under "Sur l'Eloquence et le Style": "The very same sense is materially affected by the words that convey it. The sense receives its dignity from the words, rather than imparts it to them."

But, after all, it was the manner of Pascal that attached Pater to him. Pascal's aim was to draw men to religion and God, and Pater was just then very willing to be led. "The human reason alone," Pascal observes, "is an unsatisfactory instrument, and if truth is to take up its abode in us, it will not be by the gate of mere argument." Thirty years previous Pater would have flung a book containing such teaching into the fire. He now bends over it lovingly, and writes upon it sympathetically. "Sickness is the natural condition of Christians," says Pascal, and Pater boldly (in that last article of his) calling himself a Christian, says: "And we concede that every one of us more or less is ailing thus."

In May, 1894, the Rev. Lewis Campbell, who was engaged upon *The Life of Benjamin Jowett*, wrote to ask Pater for some recollections. The request revived painful memories, but Pater replied, giving an account of his intercourse with Jowett between 1860 and 1862. This letter,<sup>(1)</sup> the gist of which has already been given,<sup>(2)</sup> is chiefly interesting to us as illustrating the fact that whatever unpleasantnesses there had been between Jowett and Pater, there remained in Pater's breast not a particle of ill-feeling against his antagonist of other days. He had, at the time we refer to, little relished Jowett's attitude towards him; but this letter is not only untinged by unpleasant recollections, it is sweet

188. Pater  
and Professor  
Lewis  
Campbell.  
6th May,  
1894.

(1) It is printed in full in the *Life of Jowett*.

(2) See Chapter XXIII.

and eulogistic; and a considerable portion of it is taken up with the recital of the sterling qualities of the man of whom he could never think without a twinge. The justice of Jowett's conduct towards him he could not see at the time, nor would he acknowledge afterwards; but he never, such was the sweetness of his temper, bore malice against any man—whether for real or fancied wrongs. The boy who had injured him so terribly at the King's School, Dombtrain who had renounced him, Jowett who had "robbed" him of three hundred pounds—his feelings towards each were, after a short time, entirely free from acrimony.

"Pater's conversation," says Mr. Campbell, "always seemed to me more interesting than his books. Such easy flow of perfect expression, often paradoxical, but always suggestive. His personal excellence, his kindness and devotion to home duties were well-known to all his friends."

We have already mentioned that although the friendship between Pater and the Rev. M. B. Moorhouse in their undergraduate days was strained, nevertheless it did not snap; and Mr. Moorhouse, who, from 1880 to 1888, occupied the pulpit of St. Mary Bredin, Canterbury, and from 1888, that of St. Luke's, Bath, never visited Oxford without calling on Pater.

About this time it fell to Mr. Moorhouse's turn to preach the University sermon at Oxford, and taking advantage of the opportunity, he called, as usual, on Pater at Brasenose. They had a pleasant chat about old names and times and their studies and recreations—not forgetting the dramatic moustache incident, their bold action in changing their table at Queen's, Pater's pathetic struggles with Browning, Mr. Capes's "Tiger Springs," the poems they wrote together, the arguments they had, and the desperate water journey to Godstow. Having heard from a common friend that

189. The  
Rev. M. B.  
Moorhouse  
again,  
26th March,  
1894.

MARIVS  
THE EPI  
CVREAN.



JCR  
SPIDER

WALTER PATER.

FROM A SKETCH BY MR. JOHN HEARN.



Pater had "become almost a Christian," Mr. Moorhouse ventured to enquire before leaving (little thinking that he would never see Pater again) whether it was true that he had seen cause to change his opinions on religion. But Pater put by the question with a smile. "Ah," said he, "what discussions we used to have in those old days!" He then spoke of Mr. Moorhouse's poems, and begged him to continue to write hymns. "We do so much need good hymns," he said, "and you are just the person to write them." A little later—apparently in the middle of May—Mr. Richard C. Jackson, who was staying with the Cowley Fathers, called on Pater, and found to his grief that his friend was very unwell. Though Pater tried to be bright and cheery he was not quite successful, and he said "something about age creeping on us quickly." "However," he added, "I don't think I am going to die yet."

But the end was nearer than he supposed. In June, 1894, while living with his sisters in his house in St. Giles's Street, he was taken ill with rheumatic fever. He was nursed by his sisters and Mrs. J. R. Green, widow of the historian,<sup>(1)</sup> and, after an apparent recovery, applied himself again to his article on Pascal. But presently pleurisy set in. He was well enough on July 29th to leave his room, but next morning he was taken worse, and there "came upon him sudden death, which may be thought, after all, the kindest."<sup>(2)</sup> And so there passed from earth the quiet, gentle, unassuming, child-like spirit of Walter Pater. He was within a few days of fifty-five. It was the time of wheat and poppies; and he had departed prematurely in the wheat and poppy time of his life.

190. Death,  
30th July,  
1894.

The funeral took place on the afternoon of Thursday,

(1) John Richard Green died 1883.

(2) *Greek Studies*, p. 170.



August 2nd, at Holywell Cemetery, Oxford, the officiating clergymen being the Rev. L. J. M. Bebb, Vice-Principal of Brasenose, and the Rev. F. W. Bussell, and there were also present a number of Pater's old friends and the heads of several of the colleges. Of the numerous wreaths none was more beautiful than that sent by Marius the Epicurean.

All was very simple—almost as simple as that funeral referred to by Montaigne, where there was “one servant, one lantern,”<sup>(1)</sup> and precisely what Pater would himself have wished. At Canterbury Cathedral the same day a sermon was preached by the Warden of Keble, who referred appropriately to the event, and the honour in which Pater was held by his old school.

A marble cross, inscribed with the words :

In te Domine Speravi  
WALTER PATER  
Died July 30, 1894

marks the spot where Pater lies; and on the west wall of Brasenose College Chapel has been placed a beautifully veined marble tablet with a bust of Pater, surrounded with busts of Dante, Michaelangelo, Leonardo, and Plato, and the following mottoes in uncial Greek :—

ΩΣ ΦΙΛΟΣΟΦΙΑΣ ΜΕΝ ΟΥΣΗΣ ΤΗΣ ΜΕΓΙΣΤΗΣ ΜΟΥΣΙΚΗΣ

[Philosophy being the grandest of music.]

ΟΣΑ ΕΣΤΙΝ ΑΛΗΘΗ ΟΣΑ ΣΕΜΝΑ ΟΣΑ ΑΓΝΑ

[Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are holy, whatsoever things are pure.]

The world's indebtedness to Pater, both as a stylist and as an incenser to thought, can scarcely be over-estimated. “His real merit,” says Mr. John Payne, “was above everything suggestiveness.” “In literature,” says Professor Saintsbury, “I know no one who

(1) Dent's Edition, i., 22.

supplies at once so much stimulus, and so much practical help, with such a range of illustrative enjoyment into the bargain."<sup>(1)</sup>

Perhaps the life of a man whose motto was "Art for art's sake" ought not to have a moral; and yet we should like to apply one to it, namely, the following words which Madame Darmesteter—a friend of Pater's early days—puts into the mouth of Renan: "Nothing is less important than prosperity."<sup>(2)</sup> As we have already said, we have Pater's own words for it<sup>(3)</sup>—uttered very late in life—that he was never able to make more than a hundred pounds a year by his writings.<sup>(4)</sup> And yet he was already recognised as the prince of stylists, and had become a cult. Still, as long as work is done, it matters little a few years later whether much or little was paid for it, or whether anything was paid for it at all. America being discovered, it is of no great moment to the reader, the writer, or Columbus whether Columbus received for his pains few or many *maravedis*. In short, "Nothing is less important than prosperity."

(1) *The Bookman*, Aug. 1906.

(2) *Life of Renan*, p. 116.

(3) See § 180.

(4) Of course no reflection is cast upon anybody. The public simply did not buy. Some of his works went through several editions, but these editions could not have been large ones.

## CHAPTER XLVII

### PATER'S FRIENDS

#### BIBLIOGRAPHY :

##### POSTHUMOUS WORKS

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  - (37) The Bacchanals of Euripides.
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  - (65) Hippolytus Veiled.
  - (85) The Age of Athletic Prizemen.
89. *Gaston de Latour*.
90. *Miscellaneous Studies*. 1900. It contains :—
- (17) Diaphanéité.
  - (34) The Child in the House.
  - (70) Art Notes in North Italy.
  - (71) Prosper Mérimée.
  - (79) Emerald Uthwart.
  - (80) Raphael.
  - (83) Apollo in Picardy.
  - (86) Notre Dame d'Amiens; Vézelay.
  - (87) Pascal.
91. Essays from the *Guardian*. 1901.
- (45) English Literature.
  - (46) Amiel.
  - (51) Browning.
  - (53) Robert Elsmere.
  - (56) Their Majesties' Servants.
  - (59) Wordsworth.
  - (64) Ferdinand Fabre.
  - (73) The Contes of M. Filon.
  - (74) Mr. Gosse's Poems.



64, ST. GILES'S, OXFORD.  
THE HOUSE IN WHICH PATER DIED.





To all his friends Pater's death came as a severe blow, and several wrote poems and sympathetic letters on the subject. Of the metrical tributes the one that has attracted most attention is that by Lionel Johnson, which begins:

191. Lionel  
Johnson.

Gracious God rest him, him who toiled so well  
 Secrets of grace to tell  
 Graciously; as the awed rejoicing priest  
 Officiates at the feast  
 Knowing how deep within the liturgies  
 Lie hid the mysteries.

The writer then goes on to tell of the delightful converse held with his departed friend and master—"scholarship's constant saint." Stern, says Johnson, "is the faith of art, and he loved her severity." He is gone, yet he is still here—

Patient beneath his Oxford trees and towers  
 He still is gently ours;  
 Hierarch of the spirit, pure and strong,  
 Worthy Uranian song.

Johnson, himself, had not many years to live. He had one sad failing—a failing that deeply distressed all his friends—and though he often tried hard to break himself of it, it yearly got a greater mastery of him. One night, in October, 1902, a policeman, performing his duty in Fleet Street, found a man lying unconscious on the pavement. It was Lionel Johnson. He died a few hours later in St. Bartholomew's Hospital. "There is no literature," he had said in one of his books, "more melancholy from end to end than the Greek." But, surely, even in the annals of Greek literature, there is no sadder story than that of Lionel Johnson. A few slim volumes of poetry, some uncollected essays and newspaper articles, and a work dealing particularly with his beloved Wessex—*The Art of Thomas Hardy*<sup>(1)</sup>—are the only literary remains of one of whom men prophesied and hoped that he would stand among kings.

(1) Published 1894.

Walter Blackburn Harte achieved success after success, and his *Meditations in Motley*, which appeared in 1894, the year that Pater died, placed him in the front rank of American authors. Writing on 20th November, 1894,<sup>(1)</sup> to Mr. Jackson, in reference to that gentleman's Kalendar, he says: "I am interested in the old mysticism, and perhaps you could prescribe an enlightening or befogging course of reading in the Saints for me—Catholic or Buddhist, I don't care which. I'm eclectic in my tastes, and love to jumble up the sages, as they would be in a modern London omnibus."

Subsequently troubles fell upon him thick and fast; he died, we believe, in 1899, at the early age of thirty, and was borne to a New York cemetery.

The Rev. Dr. Bussell's tribute took the form of a sermon (from which we have already made quotations), preached on 14th October, 1904, in Brasenose College Chapel, from S. Luke, xi., 192. "You Lawyers." 52: "Woe unto you lawyers! for ye have taken away the key of knowledge; ye entered not in yourselves, and them that were entering in ye hindered." The sermon was largely a eulogy of Pater's life during the previous six or seven years. Unlike the unworthy lawyers, said the preacher, "Walter Pater was a pattern of the student life, an example of the mind which holds and will use the key of knowledge; severely critical of itself; generally tolerant of others; keenly appreciating their merit; a modest and indulgent censor; a sympathetic adviser"—"a devout Christian." His life seemed to Dr. Bussell "to be the gradual consecration of an exquisite sense of beauty to the highest ends; an almost literally exact advance through the stages of admiration in the Symposium, till at last he reached the sure haven, the one source of all that is fair and good."

(1) From 84, Waltham Street, Boston.



WALTER PATER'S GRAVE.

*Photo by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.*



In *Gaston de Latour*, it is said of the leading character in reference to his old schoolfellows, "Looking back long afterwards across the dark period that had intervened, Gaston could trace their ways through the world. Not many of them had survived to his own middle-life." So it certainly was with Pater's schoolfellows. Many died young. Frederick Brisbane Butler, Joseph Haydock, the proud tiger-like boy who "was so pleasant to stroke," and other King's School comrades had long been dead.<sup>(1)</sup> Of those who survive may be mentioned W. K. W. Chafy (now the Rev. Dr. Chafy), Henry B. Biron (now Vicar of Lympre near Hythe), and George Collard (now Sir George Collard and Mayor of Canterbury).

193.  
Mr. McQueen  
and other  
Friends.

As regards the members of the Triumvirate, Henry Dombrain and J. R. McQueen continued to be friends for many years. Dombrain took his degree in 1863, became curate of Chippenham early in 1864, Rector of Framilode, Gloucester, in 1866, Vicar of Stroud in 1873. He was a diligent, if rather narrow-minded, clergyman, with a furious antipathy to Radicals and Nonconformists. About 1883 he resigned his vicarage and retired to Clifton, near Bristol, where Mr. McQueen visited him, and he died in the autumn of 1896, leaving a widow but no family.

Mr. J. R. McQueen, who at the time of Pater's death, was travelling in Denmark, still resides among his Chailey trees and flowers, his owls and his stone peacocks, though he now and again takes a turn in his "Imaginary Countries," just to see whether the capital of Dodie-land is safe—and to repair now a bastion and now a bridge. And when he is in this mood he recalls the happy days that he, Dombrain and Pater used to spend together in the Precincts at Canterbury, in the echoing Blean Woods, and at hospitable Blaxlands, with its "syllabubs under the cow."

(1) Haydock died many years ago at Bath.



Of the friends of Pater's early manhood, one, as we have seen, Richard Robinson, passed away in the seventies. The Rev. M. B. Moorhouse now lives in retirement at Bath. In 1898 he published his volume, *Stories in Verse*, the first poem in which is "The Rescue," a metrical version of Pater's "St. Gertrude of Himmelstadt."

To come to the friends of Pater's middle and later life, Mr. Edmund Gosse, who has given his impressions of Pater in his volume of essays *Critical* 194. *Kit-Kats*,<sup>(1)</sup> and elsewhere, has long ago Mr. Gosse. found his precise niche in life. For literary purposes he has travelled in Scandinavia and Belgium, and his journeys have borne fruit in numerous suggestive essays on Ibsen, Verhaeren and other hyperborean writers. As a writer of poetry he has fallen under the spell of Théodore de Banville, whom he, in one of his volumes, addresses as—

Prince-jeweller, whose facet rhymes combine  
All hues that grow, all rays that shift and shine;

and his monographs on Gray, Congreve and Jeremy Taylor; his *History of Eighteenth Century Literature*; and the series entitled *A Century of French Literature*, and other works issued under his editorship are well known. In 1903 he was appointed to the Librarianship of the House of Lords. Mr. Thomas Humphry Ward still pursues his successful career, and, besides contributing to *The Times*, has written and edited many books, chiefly on Art, upon which, it is almost needless to say, he is a recognised authority; while Mrs. Humphry Ward has added year after year to her remarkable series of novels—the latest being *Fenwick's Career*, founded on the life-story of that glorious man of genius George Romney.

Mr. Arthur Symons has, since Pater's death, published several works, the most seductive, perhaps, being his *Studies in Prose and Verse*, which contains

<sup>(1)</sup> Published in 1900.



MEMORIAL TO WALTER PATER IN BRASENOSE COLLEGE CHAPEL.

*Photo by Hills and Saunders, Oxford.*



an article on Pater; while his articles in the *Outlook* and other periodicals are read with eagerness by all literary epicures.

Mr. George Moore has yearly added to his reputation as a novelist and art critic, and his name is, we need scarcely say, a household word.

Dr. Shadwell, who is now Provost of Oriel, has earned the gratitude of lovers of Pater by publishing the various works of his friend that remained in manuscript, and by collecting and issuing in book-form some of the articles that had previously appeared only in periodicals. We trust that he will still further increase their indebtedness to him, by making a volume of the remaining scattered essays and reviews of Pater—including the introduction to his own edition of Dante—an essay which, as we have already pointed out, has a peculiar autobiographical value.

Of the eight persons<sup>(1)</sup> whose names occur in the entry recording Pater's admission as Actual Fellow of Brasenose, Dr. Cradock, the Rev. Frederick Menzies, the Rev. Albert Watson,<sup>(2)</sup> and the Rev. William Yates are dead. The Rev. Edward Tindal Turner still resides at Oxford, Dr. Hornby is Provost of Eton, the Rev. (now Canon) T. H. R. Shand is Rector of Clayton, Sussex, and Mr. John Davies Davenport is still at the Chancery Bar.

Marius the Epicurean—Mr. Richard C. Jackson—still resides at Camberwell, and in a house that can only be described as a literary and artistic Aladdin's Palace. We suppose so many works of art, valuable books and objects that have belonged to men of genius could scarcely be found anywhere else in the same amount of space, and we are sure that if he were to commence

195. The  
Latter  
Marius.

<sup>(1)</sup> See Chapter XXVI.

<sup>(2)</sup> See "Address given in Brasenose College on Sunday Evening, 27 Nov. 1904, in Memory of the Rev. Albert Watson," by Mr. C. B. Heberden, the present Principal. There is also an account of Mr. Watson in *The Oxford Magazine*, 30 Nov. 1904.



to tell the story of each—and every one has its particular and interesting story—the result would be a string of tales as long as *The Arabian Nights*, and as ensorcelling.

In continuing his warfare in behalf of Christianity of the High Church type, Mr. Jackson used as one of his weapons "Jackson's Church of England Parish Kalendar," which was issued in 1897, as many as 350,000 dozen being sold. The kalendar part, which is illustrated with quaint little figures of bishops, confessors, and virgins, is accompanied by notes and compendious advice, chiefly in reference to religion. Most are excellent, and the following is deliciously Jacksonian: "Only such newspapers should be permitted to fall into the hands of young people, the editors of which are above suspicion. In other words, only such papers as *The Church Times* and *The Guardian* should be found lying about the house." There are many sweet thoughts about Prayer and Conversation, but we are attracted most by those on Reflection which commence: "The garden attached to your house . . . affords a beautiful emblem of a Christian's continual progress in the path of virtue. Plants always mount upwards"; and those on "The Actions of the Day," where we are told that "we do not come into the world to perform *extraordinary* things, but *ordinary* things *extraordinary* well." There are "wholesome directions" respecting ecclesiastical colours and vestments.

The year 1901 was associated in many minds with the millenary of the death of Alfred the Great, and no one entered more heartily into the celebrations than Mr. Jackson, who designed for the occasion a medal and a memorial in green bronze, and wrote a book on Alfred. The medal, since known as "The Jacksonian Commemoration Medal"—represents the King within a wreath of the *Laurus Nobilis*, the "Poet's Bay"—"an exact copy of the portraiture of King Alfred



which his moneyer placed upon the King's coins, by 'authority';<sup>(1)</sup> and the memorial consists of a medallion of King Alfred set in a frame representing oak leaves and acorns upon a slab of red alabaster, with the inscription: "Alfred the Great, born 849, died 901. I desire to live worthily all my days, that after death I might leave to my successors a memory of good work done. The Millenary of Alfred, 1901. Presented in memory of Queen Victoria by Richard C. Jackson." This memorial was placed in the Sir Henry Tate Public Library at Brixton, and unveiled by Dr. Richard Garnett, 17th September, 1901; and as many as ten replicas of it have been placed in various towns of the empire. The book was entitled *Alfred the Great of Blessed Memory*, and its dedicatory page contains the names of several personages who appear prominently in our pages, including those of Veargett W. Maughan and Walter Blackburn Harte. Mr. Jackson has also erected several memorials to William Blake. Mr. William Sharp died at Castello di Maniace, in Sicily, in December, 1905, at the early age of forty-nine; and a few days later an interesting literary secret was disclosed—namely, his identity with "Fiona Macleod." The Rev. Dr. Lee, who retired from the Anglican ministry in 1899, and was received into the Roman Catholic Church in 1901, died in January, 1902. William Black died on 10th December, 1898, and is buried at Rottingdean.

The remainder of Oscar Wilde's life may be briefly summarised. To his fall and its terrible sequel, we need do no more than allude. On his release from prison in May, 1897, he

196. The  
Last days of  
Oscar Wilde.

crossed to France, and, under the name of Sebastian Melmoth, took up his residence at the village of Berneval, near Dieppe, where he wrote the remarkable *Ballad of*

<sup>(1)</sup> The drawing for the block was made by the black-and-white artist, Ernest Cousins.

*Reading Gaol*, which appeared in 1898. His last days, owing to his own waywardness and extravagance, were spent in comparative poverty; remorse often haunted his couch—and in 1900, when his end seemed near, he joined the Roman Catholic Church. As he lay at the point of death, in a lodging-house bedroom in Paris, one of the doctors in attendance whispered to his colleague some rather dubious remark about fees, of which, to judge by appearances, there seemed little likelihood. Oscar Wilde, whom the doctors thought past hearing, turning towards them, gasped with much effort, "Gentlemen, I am afraid I am dying beyond my means." It was his last jest.<sup>(1)</sup>

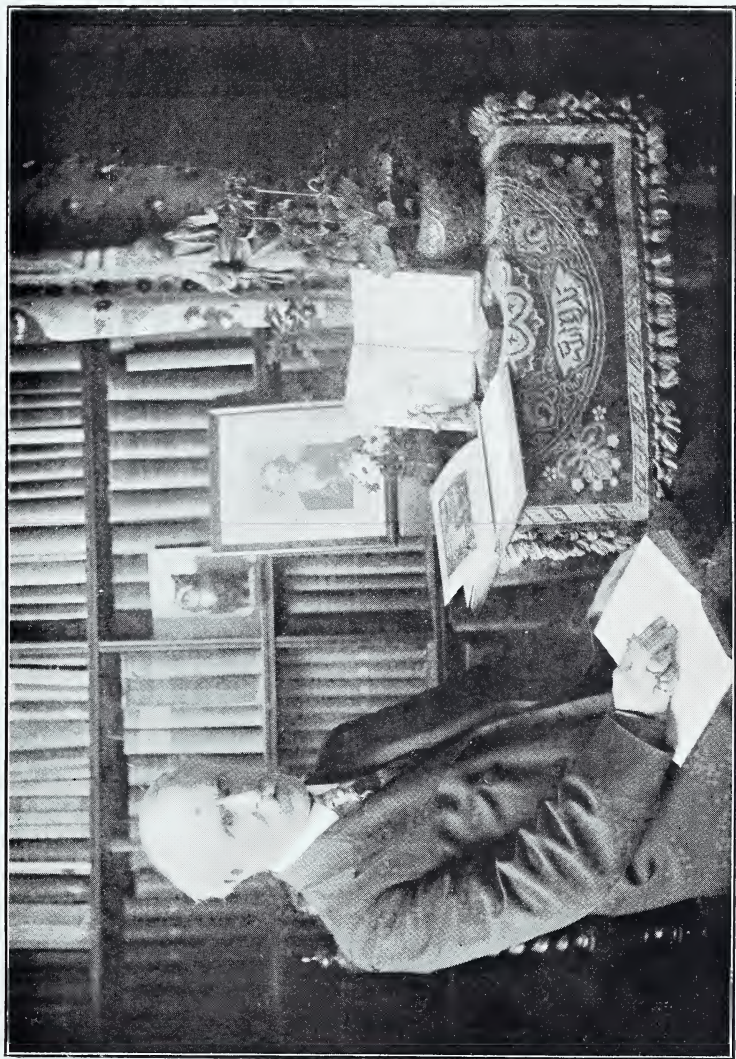
The end came on 30th November, 1900, his age being forty-six, and he was buried at Bagneux about four miles from Paris. The spot is now marked by a stone inscribed with a cross, the dates of his birth and death and the words: "*Verbis meis addere nihil audebant et super illos stillabat eloquium meum. Job xxix., 22.*"<sup>(2)</sup>

*De Profundis*, the exquisitely-written and deeply-moving narrative in which he exposes to view the very bed-rock of his soul, and which was written by him in jail, was published by his literary executor in 1905.

To enumerate the many books dedicated to Pater would take up too much space, but we may mention two—namely *Euphorion*, by Vernon Lee (Miss Violet Paget); and *The White Book of the Muses*, a volume of poems by G. F. Reynolds Anderson, who felicitously likens Pater's soul to an oriel lighted by the colours of sunset.

(1) There are several versions of this story. We have given the one which is generally received.

(2) After my words they spake not again; and my speech dropped upon them [like the gentle rain].



MR. RICHARD CHARLES JACKSON,  
IN MR. WRIGHT'S STUDY AT OLNEY, AUG. 1906.



## APPENDIX I

The Rev. M. B. Moorhouse's Metrical Version of Pater's  
Prose Story, "Saint Gertrude of Himmelstadt."

### SAINT GERTRUDE OF HIMMELSTADT.

Walter Pater's story, "St. Gertrude of Himmelstadt," is lost. The following is a metrical version of it, composed, with Pater's manuscript before him, by the Rev. M. B. Moorhouse, about 1860.

A castle stands by the winding Rhine  
On a lofty rock beside the river,  
Its turrets bright in the sunbeams shine,  
And its shadows on the water quiver.  
The gentle breezes o'er it breathing  
Whisper the music of sweet romance,  
Out from the ivy its ruins wreathing  
Fairy and goblin seem to glance.

Surely the hand of time deals kindly  
With these fair relics of olden days,  
Such tender touches are not laid blindly  
On scenes that merit our loving praise.  
Many a quaint and charming story  
Hovers around the haunted walls,  
Casting a halo of bygone glory  
To brighten the gloom when evening falls.

Here is a spot where fondly lingers  
The spirit of one grand deathless deed,  
As Fancy opens with cunning fingers  
Her magic roll for our eyes to read.  
Under the spell old memories waken,—  
Soldiers and vassals leap to life,—  
Banners waving and weapons shaken  
Bring back the stirring days of strife.

See, through the gateway, narrow and massive,  
There marches forth an armed throng,  
Every face stern set, impassive,  
As to the conflict they press along;  
Called to their Emperor's assistance  
They have to leave their Castle home,  
Moving into the shadowy distance  
Whence the summons for help hath come.



A youthful knight their ranks is leading,  
 His face lit up with a martial glow  
 To avenge his father, brought back bleeding  
 From deadly fight just a year ago.  
 He leaves his bride, a brave young maiden,  
 To rule the old Castle in his stead,  
 Nor will her strong heart, heavily laden,  
 Suffer her now to droop her head.

Cheerily stands she there to wave him  
 Love's farewell for the coming fray,  
 Keeps back the tears from her eyes to save him  
 A needless pang while he rides away.  
 One bright look he hath bent upon her  
 Full of his youthful joy and pride,  
 Then to the opening path of honour  
 Turns at speed with his men to ride.

On the walls stand the women weeping,  
 Watching their husbands and sons depart,  
 Children between them in wonder peeping,  
 Longing to follow with eager heart.  
 A few old veterans left remaining,  
 Bent with age and covered with scars,  
 Drown the women's shrill complaining  
 In the harsh clatter of bolts and bars.

Back to her chamber goes the lady  
 Firm in step and clear of eye,  
 Only the chapel-recesses shady  
 Shall see her tears and hear her sigh.  
 Blithely hither and thither moving  
 Her presence lights each darksome room,  
 Touching ever with impulse loving  
 Her husband's weapons and nodding plume.

Chief in her eyes one suit of armour,—  
 A panoply of silver rare,—  
 Stands in her room as if meant to charm her  
 With the fond fancy he still is there!  
 Worn by him in his boyhood early,  
 When first he plighted to her his truth,  
 Well may she love it now so dearly,  
 Bright with the memories of their youth!

Thus speed the days of anxious waiting  
 Swift with the comfort that duty brings,  
 Murmur and fear with her words abating,  
 Breathing the spirit of heavenly things.  
 Brightening her home with unselfish labours  
 As the long moon into darkness wanes,  
 Binding around her these humble neighbours,  
 Blessing and blest her life remains.

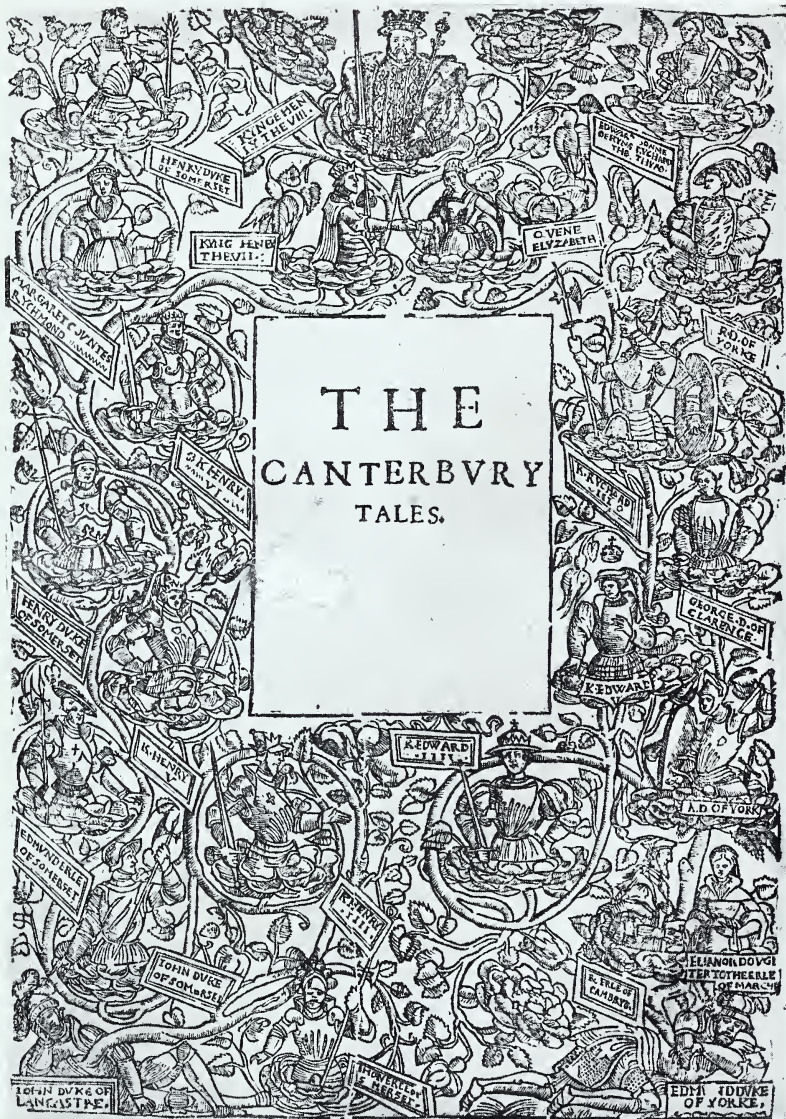


PLATE FROM THE BLACK LETTER CHAUCER OF 1598,

IN THE LIBRARY OF MR. RICHARD C. JACKSON.



Many a face downcast and troubled  
Caught from her looks a steadfast hope,  
Felt their courage and strength redoubled,  
Ready with life's worst ills to cope.  
Sweet are the fruits of faith's confidings,  
Able the strongest shocks to endure,  
Saved from all fear of evil tidings,  
Keeping the heart fixed firm and sure.

But one dark morning the ancient warder,  
Keeping his watch on the old grey walls,  
Sees hastening afar off towards their border  
A breathless runner who fainting falls  
Just within reach of the frowning gateway,  
Worn with travel, with anguish pale;  
Round him rushes the garrison straightway  
Eager to hear his grievous tale.

"The enemy met us," he faintly stammers,  
"Returning from the Emperor's host;  
From ambush hidden, with savage clamours  
They burst upon our lonely post.  
They hemmed us round in a wild, deep valley  
To crush us with the sudden fright;  
But nobly did our young lord rally  
His gallant handful for the fight.

"A brave stand made we from noon to sunset  
With our backs against the steep hill-side,  
Firmly meeting each furious onset,  
Hurling it back as do cliffs the tide.  
Wounded sorely, but not despairing,  
Our leader drew us up the slope;  
Cheering us all by his dauntless bearing,  
His words and looks full of sunny hope.

"There through the night we watched and waited,  
Firmly entrenched in our nest of rock,  
Ready with courage unabated  
To meet at dawn the foeman's shock.  
With ebbing strength, and far outnumbered,  
We would stubbornly face the fight again,  
Nor thought of escape, too sorely encumbered  
With half our roll-call wounded men.

"I knew a path, steep and hidden,  
That wound up over the mountain crest,  
And by our chieftain I was bidden,  
Soon as the darkness gave us rest,  
To climb that road of peril lonely  
And hasten hither to his home,  
To carry these tidings, even if only  
Your tears and prayers to our help might come."

## LIFE OF WALTER PATER

A lofty light on the lady's features  
 Told of a purpose brave and high,  
 For Love will strengthen the frailest creatures  
 And make them bold to dare or die.  
 When Life and Death are a contest waging  
 We hang on the issue with anxious breath,  
 When Love and Life are as one engaging  
 We know they can surely vanquish Death.

Miles away, through the long hot daytime  
 The fight went on in that valley deep,  
 To the band of heroes 'twas no light playtime  
 On the slippery crags their hold to keep.  
 This side and that the enemy pressed them,  
 The ceaseless showers of blinding darts  
 Gave the thinned ranks no time to rest them,  
 Strained to the utmost their eyes and hearts.

Just as the sun was slowly declining  
 A cry rang out from the foeman's camp,  
 The mountain crest was suddenly shining  
 With the dazzling blaze of some wondrous lamp :  
 Down the hill side moved a glorious vision,—  
 An angel form of avenging light,—  
 Heaven's champion come from the fields Elysian,  
 To aid the weak and defend the right !

The enemy fled at the first appearing  
 Of help so sudden and sight so strange,  
 Nor stayed their panic of utter fearing  
 Till far beyond their victims' range.  
 With awestruck looks the men beleaguered  
 Knelt down to speak their fervent thanks,  
 As, in the sunset glow transfigured,  
 The angel entered their weary ranks.

Oh ! 'twas still more like rapturous dreaming  
 For that brave chieftain, faint with strife,  
 When the form, celestial in its seeming,  
 Revealed the face of his noble wife !  
 That panoply of bright silver wearing  
 She had rushed to the rescue with utmost speed,  
 Heading her band with Love's own daring,  
 And Heaven's kind smile had crowned the deed !

Thus to man in life's battle contending,  
 Weary and wounded and sorely pressed,  
 Woman hath ever her help been lending,  
 Bringing relief to the burdened breast :  
 Clad in the armour of God's own giving,  
 Bright with the glory of cheerful faith,  
 Breathes she fresh courage into the living,  
 Sheds Heaven's light round the couch of death !

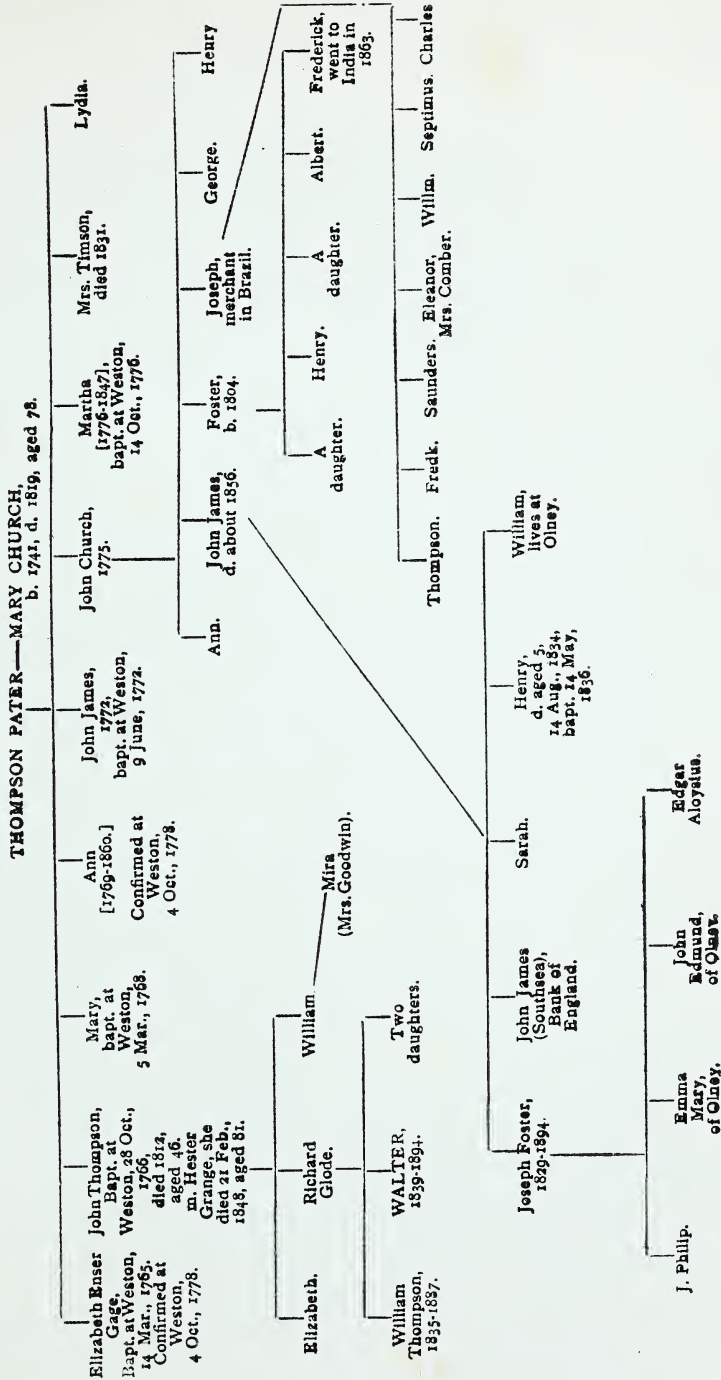






APPENDIX II.—GENEALOGICAL TABLE OF THE PATERS.

THE PATER FAMILY, OF WESTON UNDERWOOD, NEAR OLNEY, BUCKS.



## APPENDIX III

INSCRIPTIONS ON THE STONES IN WESTON  
UNDERWOOD CHURCHYARD

1	{	Mary Pater.....died	1819
		Martha Church (her sister).....	1836 or 1826
		Mrs. Timson .....	1831
2	{	Martha Pater .....	1847
		Ann Pater .....	1860
		Henry Pater .....	1830 or 1839
3		Joseph Foster Pater .....	1894

(1)

Pray for the Soul  
of  
MARY  
Widow of  
THOMPSON PATER,  
Formerly of Newport Pagnell,  
Who departed this life  
July 26, 1819.  
Aged 78 years.

MARTHA CHURCH,  
Sister of the above,  
Who died June 11th, 1836.  
Aged 81 years.

Also  
MRS. TIMSON,  
Daughter of the above.  
May they rest in peace.

(2)

Pray for the Souls  
of  
MISS MARTHA PATER,  
Who died Feb. 1, 1847,  
Aged 71.

MISS ANN PATER,  
Who died September 23, 1860.  
Aged 81.

Also HENRY, Son of  
MR. JOHN JAMES PATER,  
Of the Bank of England,  
Who died August 4, 1830.  
Aged 5 years.  
May they rest in peace.





Whom, as olde stories  
tellen vs  
There was a Duke  
that bight Theseus  
Of Athens he was lord  
and gouernour  
And in his tyme suche a  
conquerour

That greater was non vnder the son  
Full many a rich countre had he won  
And that with his wisdom, and his chualric  
He conquered all the reigne of feminy  
That whylom was called Lithca  
And wedded the queene Ipolitia (countre)  
And brought her home with him into his  
With mikell glorie and solemnitie,  
And she her yong lister Emely.

And thus with victorie and melody  
Let I this worthy duke to Athens ride  
And all his host in armes him beside,  
And certes, if it here to long to here  
I would haue told fully the manere  
How woman was the reigne of feminy  
By Theseus, and by his chualric

And of the great bataille for the nones  
Betweene Athens and Amalones  
And how besieged was Ipolitia  
The yong hardie queene of Lithca

And of the feast, that was at her wedding  
And of the tempest at her home coming

But all that thing, I mote as now forbere  
I haue god wot, a large field to cre  
And webbed bene the ozen in the plowe  
The remenant of my tale is long prouo

I will nat letten eke non of this rout  
Let euery fellow tell his tale about  
And let te now, who shall the supper win  
And there I left, I will again begyn.

This duke of whom I make mencionte  
Whon he was come almost to the towon  
In all his woic and his most proude  
He was ware, as he cast his eye aside  
Where that there knelid in the high wey  
A companie of ladyes, twey and twey  
Eche after other, clad in clothes blacke  
But such a crie and such a woie they make  
That in this world nys creatur liuing  
That euer heard such a waimenting  
And of this crie they nold neuer stenten  
Till they the reines of his bridell henter:

What folk be ye that at myn home coming  
Perturben so myn feast with crieing  
Quod Theseus: Haue ye so great enuy  
Of mine honour, that thus complainen & crye?  
Or who hath you misbode, or offended?  
Now telleth me, if it may be amended  
And why that ye be clothed thus in blacke?

The oldest ladie of them all spake  
Whan she had sowned with a beddy chere,  
That it was ruth for to see and here  
She said, lord to whom fortune hath yow  
Victory, and as a conquerour to lye  
Nought greueth vs your glory and honour  
But we beseeche you of mercy and socour,  
And haue mercy on our wo and distresse,  
Some drop of pite throught thy gentilnesse  
Upon vs wretched women let thou fall,  
For certes lord, there nys none of vs all

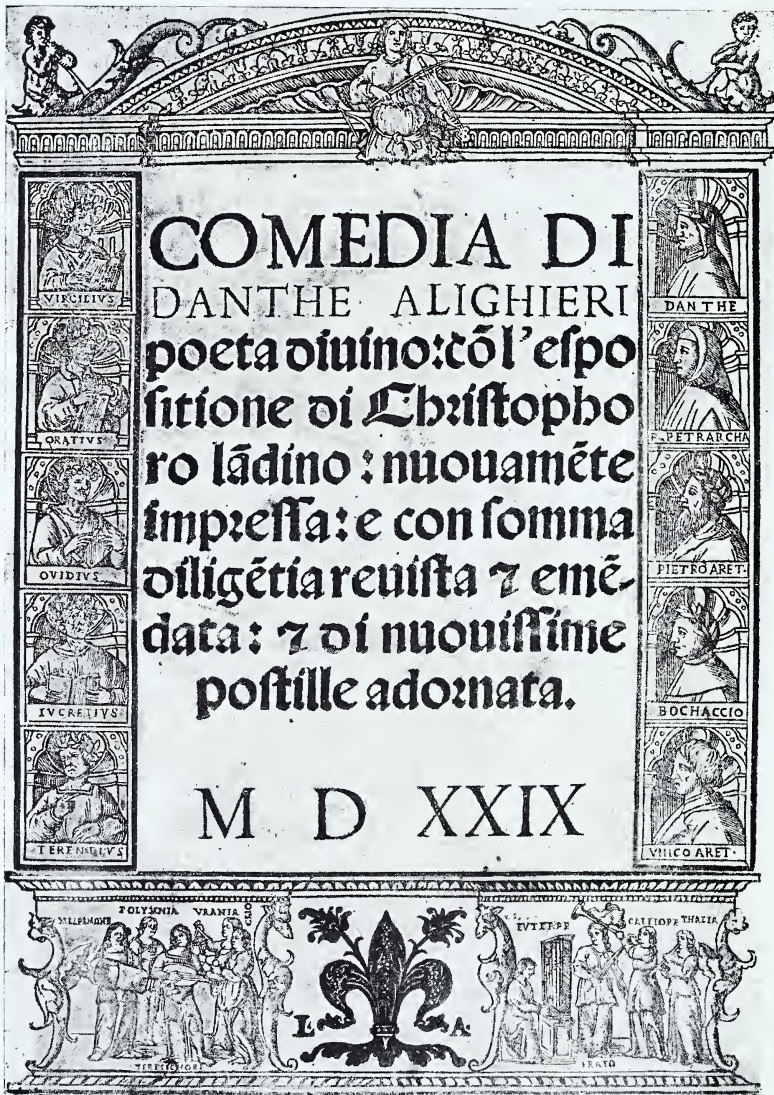
B. I.

The









**COMEDIA DI**  
**DANTHE ALIGHIERI**  
 poeta diuino: cōl' espo  
 sitione di Christopho  
 ro lādino: nuouamēte  
 impressa: e con somma  
 diligētiareuista 7 emē  
 data: 7 di nuouissime  
 postille adornata.

M D XXIX

THE DANTE OF 1529.

(3)

Jesu Mercy

ANN NASH PATER,<sup>(1)</sup>

at rest

Sept. 5, 1898.

Aged 87 years.

(4)

Jesu Mercy

WILLIAM FOSTER PATER,

Formerly of the Bank of England,

died at

Husborne Crawley, Bedfordshire,

June 24, 1874.

Aged 69 years.

(5)

Jesu Mercy



FREDERICK LOUDON PATER,

at rest

May 29, 1901.

Aged 62 years.

(6)

Of your Charity

Pray for the soul of

JOSEPH FOSTER PATER, C.C.,

of Hanslope House,

Bucks.,

late of Weston Underwood.

Born Nov. 18, 1829.

Died Oct. 5, 1894.

Jesus Mercy, Mary help.

R. I. P.

Well done, thou good and faithful servant,  
enter into the joy of thy Lord.

<sup>(1)</sup> This is the cousin referred to several times in this book.  
e.g., Chapter III.

(7)

Hic Jacet  
 REV. GULIELMUS GREGSON,  
 Romano-Catholicæ Ecclesiæ sacerdos  
 et per 30 annos hujus Pagi Catholicorum Pastor  
 obiit 18<sup>o</sup> Octobris anno salutis 1800<sup>o</sup>  
 Ætatis suæ 68<sup>o</sup>  
 vir fuit ore serenus acemete  
 sanctus moribus  
 Pauperum Medicus et Amicus.

## APPENDIX IV

## ENTRIES IN THE ROMAN CATHOLIC REGISTERS AT OLNEY

1765.

Baptism.

Ann 1765 die 14 Martii Eliz. Enti Gage Pater filia—Pater et  
 Mariæ Uxoris, Sponsors Franciscus Green et Eliz. Colling-  
 ridge.

Not signed, but probably by D. John Bened. Daniel or  
 Simpson.

1766.

Baptism.

Ann 1766 die 28 Octobris Joannes Thompson Pater, filius  
 Thomson Pater et Mariæ Uxoris, Susceptores Thomas Colling-  
 ridge et Hester Green.

Probably by D. John Bened. Daniel or Simpson.

1768.

Baptism.

Ann 1868 Die vigesima quinta Martii Maria Pater filia  
 Thomson Pater et Mariæ Uxoris, sponsors Joannes Morley et  
 Joana Harrison.

Probably by Fr. Daniel or Simpson.

1772.

Baptism.

Ann 1772 die Junii 9 Johannes Jacobus Pater filius legitimus  
 Tompson Pater de Newport Pagnel in agro Bucks, et Mariæ  
 Pater uxoris ejus, sponsors Jacobus Cavenagh et M. Church.

Signed, G. Gregson,  
 Jas. Cavenagh.

1776.

Baptism.

Ann Dom 1776 die Octobris 14 Baptizata Martha Pater filia  
 legit Tompson et Maria Pater, sponsors Gulielmus Hollings-  
 worth et Martha Church.

Signed, Wm. Gregson.

1778.

Confirmed.

Confirmed at Weston—Elizabeth E. Pater, Ann Pater.



A Falcon on  
a Canton.



*Alietus* the  
same that we  
call *Falcon*.

The property  
of the *Falcon*.

He beareth, Or, on a *Canton*, *Azure*, a *Falcon Volant*, with *Jesses* and *Bells* of the first, by the name of *Thurston*. This *Fowle* hath her *Tallons* or *Pounces* inwardly crooked like a *hook*, and is called in *Latine*, *Falco*, (saith *Calpine*) *Non quod falcatis unguibus, sed quod rostro & aliis tota falcata sit ad rapinam*; because it hath both *Tallons*, *Beak*, and all made hooked for to prey. *Upton* calleth her *Alietus*, saying, *Alietus*, (as dicth *Glossa super, Deuteron. 14.*) *ideme est quod falco*. This *Bird* (according to the same *Author*) is very bold and hardy, and of great *stomack*, for she encountereth and grapleth with *Fowls* much greater then her self, invading and affailing them with their *breest* and *feet*. Others (saith he) affirm, that *Alietus* is a little *Fowle* that preyeth upon small *birds*; of whom it is said,

*Obiinet exiguas Alietus corpore vires;*  
*Sunt & aves minime prada cibusque suis:*

*The A'iet is a bird of little power;*  
*And little birds are all he eats and doth devour.*

This *bird* (according to *Upton*) doth shew that he that first took upon him the bearing thereof, was such an one as did eagerly pursue, vex and molest poor and fillie creatures.



He beareth, *Azure*, a *Chevron engrailed*, between three *Falcons*, or, *Sparhawk*, Or, This is the *Coat Armour* of the Right Honorable, *Bulstrode Whitlock*, one of the *Commissioners* of the *Great Seal*, and now of the *Treasureship* of his Highnesse, 1658.



The *Field* is, *Sable*, a *Chevron* between three *Owles*, *Argent*. This is the *Coat-Armour* of Sir *John Prescot*, Knight. The *Owle* in *Armour*, signifieth *Prudence*, *Vigilancy* and *Watchfulnesse* by night; it is *Minerva's Bird*, and was born by the ancient *Athenians* for their *Armorial Ensign*, as I have before shewed.



He beareth, *Argent*, on a *Bend*, *Sable*, three *Owles* of the first. This is the bearing of the Right Honourable, *Thomas*, Lord *Savile* of *Pomfret*, *Vicount Savile* in *Ireland*, and created lastly *Earl* of *Suffex*. Of this *Family* is also that hopeful Gentleman, *Sir George Savile* *Baronet*, &c.

He



1797.

Baptism.

Ann Domi 1797 die Janii 1 Baptizatus Henricus, Thomson Church Pater filius legit Johannis et Pater, sponsore De Conner et Maria Pater.

Signed, Wm. G[regson].

1800.

Baptism.

Ann Domi 1800 Die Janii 19 Baptisatus Josephus Pater filius Johannis et M. Pater, sponsore Thos. Hopkins et Maria Pater.

Signed, Wm. Gregson.

1804.

Ann Pater stood sponsor to Thomas Harris 29 Jan. 1804.

1835.

Baptism.

Die — Maii 1831 natus et die 20 Junii 1835 baptizatus fuit Johannes Jacobus Pater (subcon) filius Johannis Jacobi Pater et Sarae Pater conjugium.

A me.

Signed, Seth Eccles Miss<sup>o</sup> Ap.

1836.

Baptism.

Die 14to August 1834 natus et die 14to Maii 1836 baptizatus est Henricus Pater (subcon) filius Johannis Jacobi et Sarae Pater conjugium.

A me

Signed, S. Eccles Miss Api.'s.

1837.

Convert.

1837 Susan Church.

## APPENDIX V

EXTRACTS FROM THE REGISTER OF THORNTON, NEAR STONY  
STRATFORD, IN THE COUNTY OF BUCKINGHAM

1618

William the sonne of Robert Pater and his wife was baptised ye eleaventh day of October.

1646

Ann Pater ye daughter of Rob: Pater was buried July 15th anno praed.

1646 Burialls

Ann Pater the daughter of Rob: Pater was buried July 15th

1652

Emme the wife of Robert Pater was buried the three and twentieth day of August.

1654

Anne the daughter of Robert Pater and Elizabeth his wife was baptized 18th of February.

1656

Mary the daughter of Robert Pater and Elizabeth his wife Bapt. 16 January.

1658

Jane ye daughter of Robert Pater and Elizabeth his wife Bapt. 18 July.

1659

Robert Pater was buried 29th November.

Anno Domini 1684

Elizabeth Pater, widow, was buried on ye 11th July 1686, after having lyen about seven weeks without any evacuation downwards and most of ye time not upwards neither.

## APPENDIX VI

## BIBLIOGRAPHY OF WALTER PATER

- |  |              |
|--|--------------|
| 1. S. Elizabeth of Hungary (poem) ... ..   | 1856 Spring  |
| 2. The Chant of the Celestial Sailors (poem)...  | 1856 Spring  |
| 3. Poets Old and New (Poem) ... ..   | 1856 Aug.    |
| 4. Cassandra (poem) ... ..   | 1857 June 29 |
| 5. Watchman, what of the Night? (poem) ...   | 1858 Summer  |
| 6. Chant of the Celestial Sailors when they<br>first put to Sea (lost poem) ... ..   | 1858 Autumn  |
| 7. S. Gertrude of Himmelstadt (lost prose<br>story). All we have is a metrical version<br>by the Rev. M. B. Moorhouse ... .. | 1858 Xmas.   |
| 8. To N.R.N. [JohN RainieR McQueeN] (lost<br>poem) ... ..  | 1859 March 3 |
| 9. Inscription for ye Poets Booke (doubtful)   | 1859 March   |
| 10. Song of the Mermaid (lost poem) ... ..   | 1859         |
| 11. Justification, an essay in prose (lost) ...  | 1859         |
| 12. My Cousin (only one verse preserved) ...   | 1859         |
| 13. The Acorn, written in an album at Heidel-<br>berg (poem) ... ..  | 1859 Oct.    |
| 14. The Fan of Fire: a Study from Words-<br>worth (poem) ... ..  | 1859 Nov.    |
| 15. Sonnet on Oxford Life ... ..   | 1860 Mar. 27 |
| 16. Greek Minstrel's Song from Iphigenia ...   | 1860         |
| 17. Diaphanéité ... ..   | 1864         |
| 18. Coleridge ( <i>Westminster Review</i> ) ... ..   | 1866 Jan.    |



ILLUSTRATION FROM SEBASTIAN BRANDT'S EDITION OF VIRGIL.

PUBLISHED IN 1502.







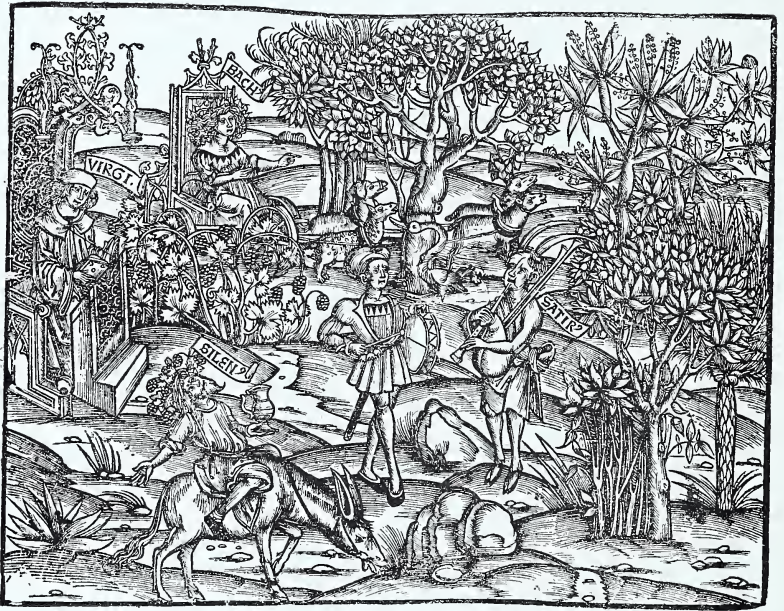


ILLUSTRATION FROM SEBASTIAN BRANDT'S EDITION OF VIRGIL.

PUBLISHED IN 1502.

19. Winckelmann (*Westminster Review*) ... 1867 Jan.
20. Æsthetic Poetry, written ... .. 1868
21. Notes on Leonardo da Vinci (*Fortnightly Review*) ... .. 1869 Nov.
22. Sandro Botticelli (*Fortnightly Review*) ... 1870 Aug.
23. Pico della Mirandola (*Fortnightly Review*) 1871 Oct.
24. Poetry of Michaelangelo (*Fortnightly Review*) ... .. 1871 Nov.
25. Studies in the History of the Renaissance.  
It contained :—  
    (19) Winckelmann  
    (21) Leonardo da Vinci  
    (22) Sandro Botticelli  
    (23) Pico della Mirandola  
    (24) Poetry of Michaelangelo  
and in addition—  
    Aucassin and Nicolette  
    Luca della Robbia  
    Joachim du Bellay  
    Conclusion.
26. Wordsworth (*Fortnightly Review*) ... 1874 April
27. Measure for Measure (*Fortnightly Review*) 1874 Nov.
28. Review of Renaissance in Italy, the Age of the Despots. By John Addington Symonds (Smith Elder 1875) (*Academy*) 1885 July 31
29. Demeter and Persephone. Lectures delivered 1875 (*Fortnightly Review*) ... .. 1876 Jan. and Feb.
30. Romanticism (*Macmillan's Magazine*) ... 1876 Nov.
31. A Study of Dionysus (*Fortnightly Review*) 1876 Dec.
32. The School of Giorgione (*Fortnightly Review*) ... .. 1877 Oct.
33. The Renaissance : Studies in Art and Poetry (second edition) ... .. 1877  
    Aucassin and Nicolette is called "Two Early French Stories," The Conclusion is omitted.
34. The Child of the House (*Macmillan's Magazine*) ... .. 1878 Aug.  
    Reprinted by Mr. H. Daniel 1894, and in *Miscellaneous Studies* 1895.
35. Charles Lamb (*Fortnightly Review*) ... 1878 Oct.  
    Reprinted in *Appreciations* 1889.
36. Love's Labour Lost, written 1878 (*Macmillan's Magazine*) ... .. Dec. 1885  
    Reprinted in *Appreciations* 1889.
37. The Bacchanals of Euripides, written 1878 (*Macmillan's Magazine*) ... .. 1889 May  
    Reprinted in Tyrrell's Edition of the *Bacchæ* 1892, and in *Greek Studies* 1895.

38. The Beginnings of Greek Sculpture  
(*Fortnightly Review*) ... .. 1880 Feb. and Mar.  
Reprinted in *Greek Studies* 1895.
39. The Marbles of Ægina (*Fortnightly  
Review*) ... .. 1880 April  
Reprinted in *Greek Studies* 1895.
40. Dante Gabriel Rossetti written ... .. 1883  
Appeared in *Appreciations* 1889.
41. Marius the Epicurean, 2 vols. ... .. 1885
42. A Prince of Court Painters (*Macmillan's  
Magazine*) ... .. 1885 Oct.  
Reprinted in *Imaginary Portraits* 1887.
43. Feuillet's La Morte written ... .. 1886  
Published in second edition of *Appreciations* 1889.
44. Sir Thomas Browne written ... .. 1886  
Published in *Appreciations* 1889.
45. Four Books for Students of English  
Literature (*The Guardian*) ... .. 1886 Feb. 17
46. Amiel's Journal Intime (*The Guardian*) 1886 Mar. 17
47. Sebastian van Storck (*Macmillan's  
Magazine*) ... .. 1886 March  
Reprinted in *Imaginary Portraits* 1887.
48. Denys l'Auxerrois (*Macmillan's Magazine*) 1886 Oct.  
Reprinted in *Imaginary Portraits* 1887.
49. Duke Carl of Rosenmold (*Macmillan's  
Magazine*) ... .. 1887 May  
Reprinted in *Imaginary Portraits* 1887.
50. *Imaginary Portraits* ... .. 1887  
It Contained :—  
(42) A Prince of Court Painters  
(47) Sebastian van Storck  
(48) Denys l'Auverrois  
(49) Duke Carl of Rosenmold
51. Review of Symóns' Introduction to the  
Study of Browning (*The Guardian*) ... 1887 Nov. 9
52. Review of Lemâitre's Serenus (*Macmillan's  
Magazine*) ... .. 1887 Nov.
53. Review of Robert Elsmere (*The Guardian*) 28 Mar. 1888
54. Gaston de Latour (*Macmillan's Magazine*) June—Oct. 1888
55. The Renaissance, Third Ed. ... .. 1888  
(32) "The School of Giorgione" is added  
to the work, and the "Conclusion"  
is restored.
56. Review of Doran's *Annals of the English Stage*.  
Reprinted as "Their Majesties' Servants."
57. Review of *Life and Letters of Flaubert*  
(*Pall Mall Gazette*) ... .. 25 Aug. 1888





ILLUSTRATION FROM SEBASTIAN BRANDT'S EDITION OF VIRGIL.

PUBLISHED IN 1502.

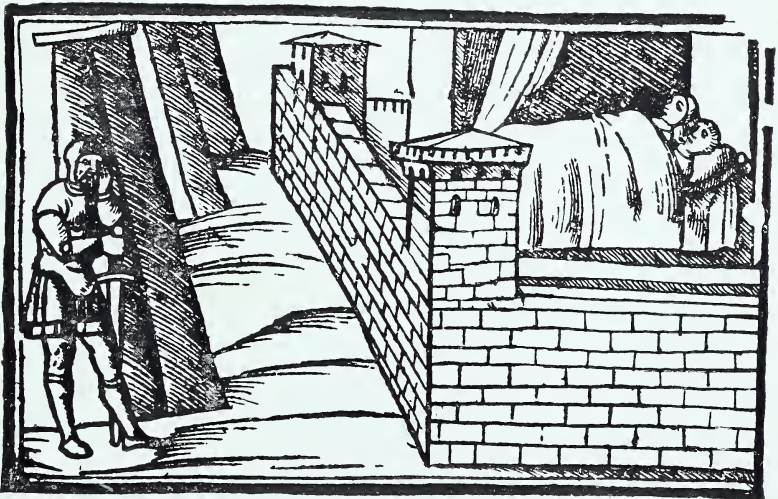


58. Style (*Fortnightly Review*) ... .. Dec. 1888
59. Review of The Complete Poetical Works of Wordsworth, Ed. by J. Morley (*Athenæum*) ... .. 26 Jan. 1889
60. Reviews of three editions of Wordsworth (*The Guardian*) ... .. 27 Feb. 1889
61. Review of Symons' Days and Nights, "A Poet with something to say" (*Pall Mall Gazette*) ... .. 23 Mar. 1889
62. Review of "Is it Thyself?" by Mark André Raffalovich (*Pall Mall Gazette*) ... .. 15 April 1889
63. Review of Fabre's Toussaint Galabrü (*Nineteenth Century*) ... .. April 1889
64. Review of Fabre's "Norine" (*Guardian*) 12 June 1889
65. Hippolytus Veiled (*Macmillan's Magazine*) Aug. 1889
66. Giordano Bruno (*Fortnightly Review*) ... Aug. 1889
67. Review of "Correspondence de Gustave Flaubert" (*Athenæum*) ... .. 3 Aug. 1889
68. Appreciations, with an Essay on Style ... 1889
- It Contained :—
- (18) Coleridge.
- (19) Winckelmann.
- (20) Æsthetic Poetry.
- (26) Wordsworth.
- (27) Measure for Measure.
- (30) Romanticism (Postscript).
- (35) Charles Lamb.
- (36) Love's Labour Lost.
- (40) Dante Gabriel Rossetti.
- (44) Sir Thomas Browne.
- (58) Style.
69. Review of a Century of Revolution, by W. S. Lilly (*Nineteenth Century*) ... .. Dec. 1889
70. Art Notes in North Italy (*New Review*)... Nov. 1890
71. Prosper Mérimée Lecture, 1890 Nov. (*Fortnightly Review*) ... .. Dec. 1890
72. Appreciations, Second Ed. ... .. 1890  
"Æsthetic Poetry" is omitted; Feuillet's La Morte (43) takes its place.
73. Review of the Contes of M. Augustin Filon (*The Guardian*) ... .. 1890
74. Mr. Gosse's Poems (*The Guardian*)... .. 1890 Oct. 29
75. Review of Dorian Gray (*Bookman*) ... Nov. 1891
76. The Genius of Plato (*Contemporary Review*) 1892 Feb.
77. A Chapter on Plato (*Macmillan's Magazine*) 1892 May
78. Lacedæmon (*Contemporary Review*) ... 1892 June
79. Emerald Uthwart (*New Review*) ... .. 1892 June
80. Raphael, Lecture, Aug. 1892 (*Fortnightly Review*) ... .. Oct. 1892

81. Introduction to *The Purgatory of Dante* (Purgatorio, 1—27); translated by C. L. Shadwell.
82. Mr. George Moore as an Art Critic (*Daily Chronicle*) ... .. 10 June 1893
83. Apollo in Picardy (*Harper's Magazine*) ... 1893 Nov.
84. Plato and Platonism ... .. 1893  
It contained :—  
(76) The Genius of Plato.  
(77) A Chapter on Plato.  
(78) Lacedæmon, and other articles.
85. The Age of Athletic Prizemen (*Contemporary Review*) ... .. 1894
86. Some Great Churches in France—Notre Dame d'Amiens, Vézelay (*Nineteenth Century*) ... .. 1894 Mar. and June

## POSTHUMOUS WORKS

87. Pascal. Written ... .. 1894  
Appeared in (*Contemporary Review*) Dec.
88. Greek Studies. It contained :—  
(29) Demeter and Proserpine.  
(31) A study of Dionysus.  
(37) The Bacchanals of Euripides.  
(38) The Beginnings of Greek Sculpture.  
(39) The Marbles of Ægina.  
(65) Hippolytus Veiled.  
(85) The Age of Athletic Prizemen.
89. Gaston de Latour.
90. Miscellaneous Studies ... .. 1900  
(17) Diaphanéité.  
(34) The Child in the House.  
(70) Art Notes in North Italy.  
(71) Prosper Mérimée.  
(79) Emerald Uthwart.  
(80) Raphael.  
(83) Apollo in Picardy.  
(86) Notre Dame d'Amiens; Vézelay.  
(87) Pascal.
91. Essays from the *Guardian* ... .. 1901  
(45) English Literature.  
(46) Amiel.  
(51) Browning.  
(53) Robert Elsmere.  
(56) Their Majesties' Servants.  
(59) Wordsworth.  
(64) Ferdinand Fabre.  
(73) The Contes of M. Filon.  
(74) Mr. Gosse's Poems.



WOOD-CUT FROM THE EDITION OF HOMER.

PUBLISHED AT VENICE 1525.





## APPENDIX VII

## BIBLIOGRAPHY OF MR. RICHARD C. JACKSON

1. The Very Rev. Provost Nugée ... .. 1879
2. The Golden City—Keble College Poems ...Oxford 1883
3. The Risen Life ... .. London 1883, 1886, 1889, 1894
4. His Presence ... .. London 1884, 1887, 3rd Ed. no date
5. Jackson's Kalendar ... .. 1886 to 1893
6. Divine Poems... .. London 1892 (pub. anon.)
7. In the Wake of Spring ... .. London 1898
8. King Alfred Medal of 1901. *Westminster Review*, Dec. 1901
9. Alfred the Great ... .. London 1901
10. Love Poems ... .. London 1902
11. Articles in *The Oxford University Herald*, *South London Observer*, *Camberwell and Peckham Times*, and other papers.

## APPENDIX VIII

## BIBLIOGRAPHY OF REV. CANON CAPES (PATER'S TUTOR)

1. Early Roman Empire ... .. 1876
2. Age of the Antonines ... .. 1877
3. University Life in Ancient Athens ... .. 1877
4. Stoicism ... .. 1880
5. Livy xxi., xxii., with Notes ... .. 1880
6. Polybius—Achæan League, with Notes ... .. 1888
7. Sallust, with Notes ... .. 1888
8. English Church in 14th and 15th Centuries ... .. 1900
9. Rural Life in Hampstead (History of Bramshott) ... .. 1903

## APPENDIX IX

## ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE WORKS BELONGING TO MR. RICHARD C. JACKSON

1. *The Chaucer* of 1598. Three plates.

The Title page is as follows:—The Workes of our Antient and learned English Poet, Geoffrey Chaucer, newly printed.

In this Impression you shall find these additions:—

1. His Portraiture and Progenie shewed.
2. His Life collected.
3. Arguments to every Booke gathered.
4. Old and obscure words explained.
5. Authors by him cited, declared.
6. Difficulties opened.
7. Two Bookes of his, never before Printed.

London :

Printed by Adam Islip, at the charges of Bonham Norton.

Anno 1598.

This work (one of the treasures of Mr. Jackson's library), is in Black Letter.

One day, when Pater and Mr. Jackson were visiting an acquaintance, Pater chanced to take up a rather rare little book called *Chaucer Modernised*. He remarked that he had never seen it before, and frankly admitted that he was entirely ignorant of the literature connected with Chaucer; that, moreover, of Chaucer himself and his work he knew very little. "Of course," he added, "I have heard of the *Canterbury Tales*, but I did not know that they were considered of sufficient importance to be modernised."

"And you educated at Canterbury!" cried Mr. Jackson. "Why every man, calling himself an Englishman, should be well versed in the *Canterbury Tales*! Still, being a Tutor of Oxford,<sup>(1)</sup> it seems natural that you should know nothing about the masterpieces of English Literature. But come to my library and I will show you something that cannot fail to open your eyes."

Pater duly presented himself early one morning, and Mr. Jackson placed before him the magnificent Black Letter Chaucer above described. Opening the book, Pater gave an exclamation of wonder and delight, and all that day he sat poring over its pages, scarcely saying a word.

Towards evening he observed: "How is it that I never heard of this till to-day? Our English Education is rotten to the core. We are deluged with Greek and Latin, and of our own glorious literature our schools teach us next to nothing—indeed we seem to be ashamed of it. Books like this or *facsimiles* of them ought to be in all schools and colleges—preserved, for convenience of inspection, in glass-cases—but the really pious student should be allowed to handle and study them."

Then, pointing to the portrait of Chaucer, he said: "This portrait, dight with heraldry, has as much within it as a vast number of the so-called commentaries of the Bible."

## 2. *The Dante of 1529.*

This 1529 edition of the Divine Comedy has, in addition to five large wood-cuts (one of which is a whole page portrait upon the back of its title-page), a wood-cut to every canto. The volume consists of 295 folios, and the commentary is by the famous Christophoro Landino. It was printed in Venice by Jacob del Burgofranco. Pater studied this volume carefully during his latter years, and he would have written a work on Dante had his life been spared.

## 3. *Guillim's Display of Heraldry.*

Fourth Edition. Printed in London by T. R. for Richard Blome, in 1660. This edition—which is the only complete one—is of great importance. It is a folio, and Pater took a particular interest in Mr. Jackson's copy, because every coat had been properly coloured by hand at the time of publication. He said of it: "This book, and other books on Heraldry, ought to be exhibited at all Public Schools, so that young gentlemen might become interested in the 'Science of Gentlemen.'"

<sup>(1)</sup> The ignorance of English Literature among the Professors and Tutors of Oxford in those days was appalling, and even to-day only a few of them make any pretensions to a knowledge of the subject.



ILLUSTRATION FROM THE EDITION OF HOMER.

PUBLISHED AT VENICE 1525.





4. *Sebastian Brand's Edition of Vigil* 1502. With 447 folios and 212 designs, many of which are the size of the page. Clean and perfect copies of this book, which has a thousand and one attractions for the scholar, are very rare. The commentary is by Christophoro Landino. *Johannis Gruninger, Argent* 1502. For further particulars see *Dibden's Greek and Latin Classics*, Vol. II., p. 542.

This work gave Pater a longing to make a new translation of Virgil. He said: "Could night be turned into day I would do it."

5. *The Homer of 1525*. Four plates. This magnificent edition of Homer was published at Venice in 1525. See *Dibden's Greek and Latin Classics* for its history. When Pater first saw Mr. Jackson's copy he stood as if thunderstruck; and exclaimed: "You are the 'Liar of Truth,' for no scholar—not one in ten thousand writers has ever heard of, much less seen, what you now present to my gaze—a Homer of this period with over a hundred wood-cuts."

## APPENDIX X

## ADDITIONAL NOTES CONCERNING PATER AND HIS FRIENDS

*Chapter XXXII.*—The Lamb Quartette at Christ's Hospital consisted of:—

Lamb	...	...	...	admitted	17 July 1782
Coleridge	...	...	...	admitted	17 July 1782
Jackson (Francis)	...	...	...	presented	12 May 1790
Hunt (Leigh)	...	...	...	presented	23 Nov. 1791

Pater was introduced to Mr. Richard C. Jackson by Canon Lightfoot, afterwards Bishop of Durham.

## ELEGIAC STANZAS.

*Written in "Marius the Epicurean."*

BY RICHARD C. JACKSON.

(Referred to in Chapter xxxii.).

FIRST fruits of labour latest found  
 With grace enough to charm the hours  
 Which come and go, one's praise to sound  
 In ivor towers!

Thou comest where rich flow'rs abound  
 Where ilex-trees all gem the ground,  
 By golden gate of ivor towers.  
 Unwritten thoughts are fragrant flowers,  
 When such within the heart are found,  
 While books beguile the passing hours  
 In ivor towers.  
 By love's sweet powers.

You greet me as your Marius! Me  
 Who swell'd for thee life's minstrelsy,  
     In ivor towers.  
 I say to thee,  
     Within my garden I enclose  
     Your spirit with a damask rose,  
     Of ivor towers.

Christ Church, Oxford (Canon Liddon's Rooms),  
 15th November, 1885.

### JOY STANDETH ON THE THRESHOLD

A REVERIE OF WALTER PATER.

(Referred to in Chapter xxxii.).

JOY standeth on the threshold  
     of each new delight,  
 As in that spirit true men  
     take of roses white:  
 Of roses fill'd all through with  
     joyaunces divine,  
 As in that beauty rare I  
     worship at its shrine.

Your darling soul I say is  
     enflam'd with love for me:  
 Your very eyes do move, I  
     cry, with sympathy:  
 Your darling feet and hands are  
     blessings rul'd by love,  
 As forth was sent from out the  
     Ark a turtle dove!

Oh, how I watch'd the travail  
     of your pensive soul,  
 Oh, sweetness unto sweetness  
     grew to make me whole!  
 With lilies white thou shinest  
     as fair Luna's brow;  
 The while thy latent thought, my  
     joyance doth endow.

4th August. Circ. 1887-9.

Of Mr. Jackson's friendship with various distinguished men of letters, and of his religious views, which were "in advance of those of Hurrell Froude," we have already spoken. Some of his most pungent and sarcastic sallies against the Bishops of the Church of England appeared in the *Church Echo*, of which he and Dr. Lee, of Lambeth, were proprietors. At the time they were written the Rev. A. Tooth and other Ritualistic clergymen were in prison. It is more pleasant, however, to recall Mr. Jackson as a philanthropist. Often during the inclement months of the year "Count d'Orsay's double," as he has been called, might be seen at night, in shabby attire, seeking out the poor and suffering in such quarters as the Thames Embankment, and providing them with shelter and breakfast.



ILLUSTRATION FROM THE EDITION OF HOMER.  
PUBLISHED AT VENICE 1525.









ILLUSTRATION FROM THE EDITION OF HOMER.  
PUBLISHED AT VENICE 1525.

Even now, when his health permits, he often goes on these errands of mercy.

When Pater, in the company of Mr. Jackson, first entered the Dulwich College Art Gallery, "he declaimed in his thinnest of silvery voices, '*Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis . . . Deus Pater omnipotens.*'"

Once, when Pater was standing before some of the Italian pictures in the National Gallery, he said to Mr. Jackson: "I marvel that there should ever have been any divorce from the one true Church of Christ, since God had placed within the reach of ordinary minds such extraordinary manifestations of Biblical truth, displaying at once the economy of the Divine Mind for the edification of mankind." In St. Alban's, Holborn, he said to Mr. Jackson: "How good God is to us when we kneel to pray here. He shows to us his hands and feet and wounded side. I only wonder why He will not *take* us."

*Chapter XXXVI.* Commenting on Mr. George Moore's remarks, Mr. Jackson writes: "Walter Pater detested the chatter of Blue-stockings and the common-place conversation of dinner-parties. What Mr. Moore stigmatises as 'the dullest houses in London' were, in fact, the households of pious Churchmen and scholars."

"Call my books," said Pater to Mr. Jackson, "'the Chalice of Humanity,' or 'the Mother of Sorrows' Children,' and I shall be content."

There are excellent articles on Pater in *The Oxford Magazine* for 7th Nov. 1906, and *John Bull* 8th Sept. 1906. The former is by Edward Manson who first saw Pater in the autumn of 1869. After describing Pater's room "with a dwarf orange-tree, with real oranges on it," on the table, Mr. Manson observes: "In person Pater was slight and gracefully made, though a little round shouldered . . . and he walked 'delicately' . . . He had one of those faces that laughter does not become. Laughter gave him a saturnine, Mephistophelean look. Report said that he had sat to Solomon the painter for the portrait of Judas Iscariot."

Speaking of the *Republic* of Plato, Pater "once said he thought it had been taken too seriously as a system of philosophy when it was probably only a *jeu d'esprit*." He much admired De Quincey, and remarked in reference to "the stony-hearted step-mother," and the tendered-hearted Ann, "Yes, one wonders sometimes whether he didn't dream the whole thing."

Speaking of Pater as a lecturer, Mr. Manson remarks, "He treated all systems [of philosophy] with grave respect, simply putting their leading tenets before you. . . . Part of the piquancy of the situation lay, in fact, in the mystery of Pater's own views." He used to say, "The most fatal thing in life is to form habits. Habit dulls our sensibility to the rich and varied drama which is going on all around us."

*Chapter XXXVIII.* "Your long sentences," said Mr. Jackson to Pater, "are a terrible infliction on the reader." "Oh," replied Pater, "all men take a long breath at times."

*Chapter XLVI.* Pater calls St. Ignatius Loyola, "the purest of saints."

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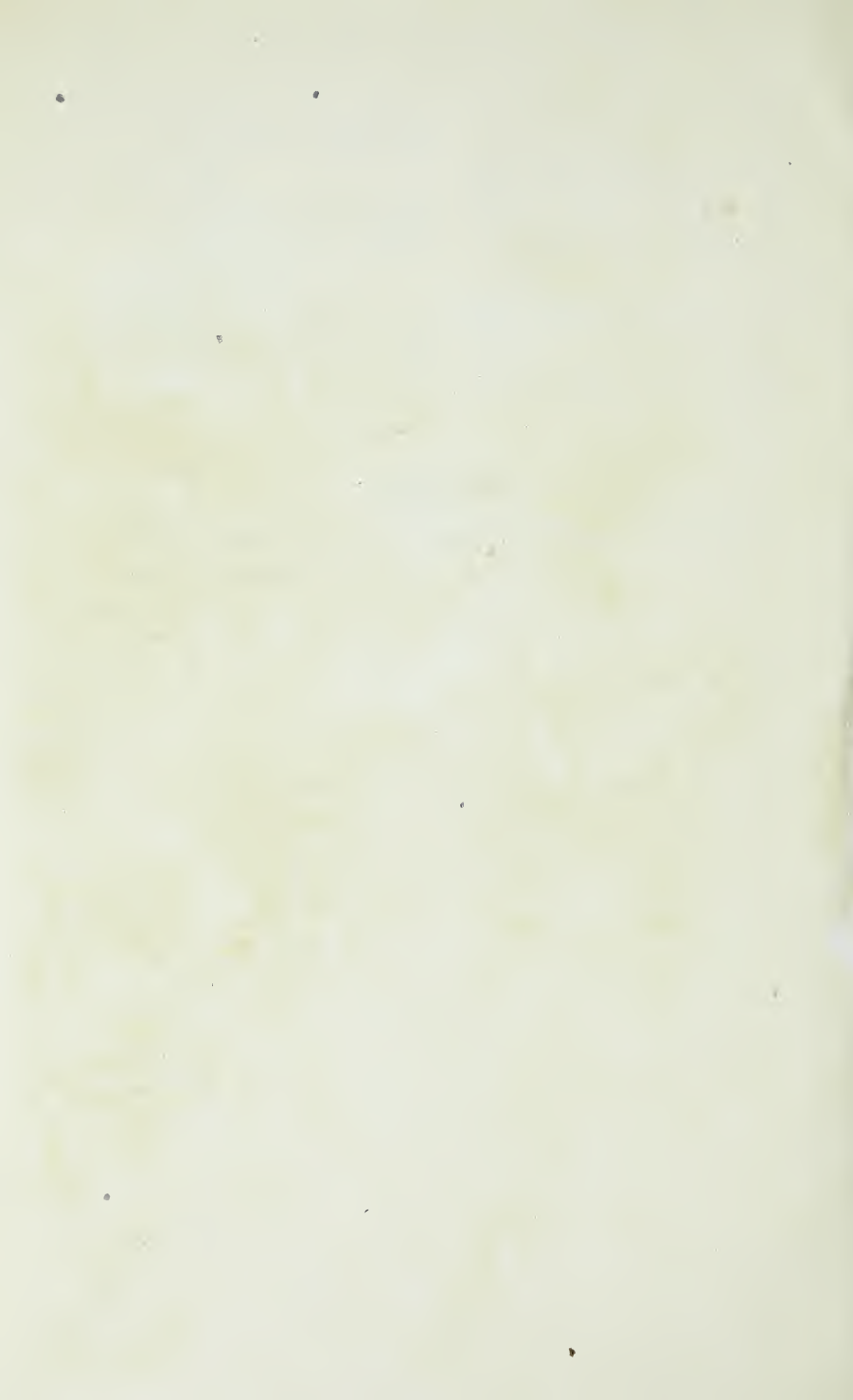
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## ERRATUM.

Vol. I, page 101, "all right" should be "all night."







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