ROYCE VISITED THE JAMESES AT RYE ON 4 JANUARY. He was about to give the second series of his own Gifford lectures at the University of Aberdeen.

The Jameses left England on 13 January to accept an invitation from professor Charles Richet to spend a little over nine weeks (22 January to 2 April) at his Château de Carqueiranne in the southern part of France along the Mediterranean coast (Costebelle-Hyères). Richet and his family had moved to Paris. Before moving into the château, the Jameses stayed in the Hotel d'Albion for a week. Frederic Myers and his family shared the château with them for awhile. A bit of comfort was the news that James had been elected a corresponding member of the Royal Prussian Academy of Sciences of Berlin. Furthermore, his health improved by the very favorable climate and rest to the point that he was able to do some work on the postponed first series of lectures. The letters of this chapter and the next record the stages of their composition, little by little.

He wrote to a friend, "The problem I have set myself is a hard one: first, to defend (against all the prejudices of my 'class') 'experience' against 'philosophy' as being the real backbone of the world's religious life—I mean prayer, guidance, and all that sort of thing immediately and privately felt, as against high and noble general
views of our destiny and the world’s meaning; and second, to make the hearer or reader believe, what I myself invincibly do believe, that, although all the special manifestations of religion may have been absurd (I mean its creeds and theories), yet the life of it as a whole is mankind’s most important function.”

After leaving the château, the Jameses stayed on in this lovely area at the Hotel Costebelle until 23 April. J. M. Baldwin and his family visited them here from 8 April to 10 April. James also offered some advice to the young R. B. Perry about his academic future.

The Jameses headed for Nauheim again by way of Geneva to see the Flournoys. Also Mrs. James needed more clothes made, now that they were staying away longer than expected. The second Nauheim visit lasted through the month of May. This series of baths hurt James more than they helped him. Afterwards they spent the summer vacationing in Montreux, Ouchy, Geneva, Luzern, Paris, and Ostend, where they met Schiller. It is surprising that James returned to Nauheim for a third time (24 August—7 October) after the disastrous second visit and his protest against medical advice. After this “cure” the plan to return to Rye was dropped, and instead they went south to the more moderate climate of Rome via Switzerland, spending twelve days in Geneva again. They arrived in Rome on November 1. They lived in the Hotel Hassler until 6 December, when they moved to the Hotel Primavera on the Via Veneto. Although there was some thought to leave Rome at the end of the year, they actually stayed on until 6 March 1901.
Dear Lutoslawski,

Your postal card the other day took a great load off my mind. I had been aiming for a couple of weeks at a letter to you but owing to my weakness had not been able to accomplish it; and I had begun to think from your long-continued silence, so unusual in a man of your uncontrollable epistolarity, that you had fallen seriously ill, or even had committed suicide, and would be heard from no more. I see now that it was nothing but the hard work at the University that had kept you from writing. My prediction is that you will gradually outgrow these fits of prostration and resume your old vigorous habit of body and mind.

Let me tell you about myself. I went through my course of Nauheim baths in London and found myself in a most exhausted state at the end. The doctor sent me to the tonic air of West Malvern to recover strength. I had a bad breakdown there and for three weeks have been at my brother’s here, but am still unable to make the slightest effort. Even dictating a letter greift mich an considerably, so I must be very short with this one. By the ninth or tenth of the month we expect to depart for Costebelle near Hyères in France, to get the benefit of an open-air life which in the English winter it is impossible to enjoy unless one be exercising. I will report from thence how things go.

The Towianski book arrived duly and is an extremely interesting document. His intellectual content seems to
have been of the simplest, but as a saintly character he was evidently among the first of men. There are some splendid personal anecdotes in the book.

I made return by sending you a little volume to which I also wrote a preface at Nauheim. I think it an extremely instructive work. The author is my former student. From Blackwood's long retention of your manuscripts I should tend to draw a favourable augury.

I have seen neither of the Sidgwick's; nor have I seen any other English friend for more than a few minutes, having been so ill that conversation upset me. With best regards and good wishes from both of us to your household.

Believe me always affectionately yours,

Wm James

To Ralph Barton Perry

Lamb House
Rye, England
2 January, 1900

Dear Perry,

I was delighted, about a month ago, to receive your good letter. I had been trying to bring myself to the point of writing to you for some time previous for news of yourself, but this answered my immediate need. I am exceedingly glad to learn that the work and you suit each other so well, doubly glad that you had so good a time at the Putnams' and fell in love with Keene Valley. Did you
make Adler’s acquaintance there? I hope from now onwards that you will get a few weeks there every summer. I love it like a person; and if Calais was engraved on the heart of Mary Tudor, surely Keene Valley will be engraved on mine when I die.

I heard of you at Bryn Mawr the other day indirectly, but am unable to report authentically the impression you made. I got Royce’s book this morning and am expecting to have an interview with him in a couple of days. Isn’t he a strong man rejoicing to run a race?

I regret to say that I myself seem about withdrawing from the career. I have had to resign my Gifford job on account of heart trouble, which has been developing rapidly in the last six months, and have applied for a second year of absence from Harvard, which will of course be granted. I can at present do no work whatever, and cannot tell how long it will last. This makes an opening into which, my dear Perry, I devoutly hope you will be thrust. This will be a blank sight better than Bryn Mawr, of which I therefore say nothing. Miller of course is sure of another year of it—I hear that his work has been very satisfactory; but if Royce comes abroad next year there will be plenty of stopgaps needed and, knowing you as I do, I shall use all my efforts to get a berth for you in the hope that you may grow up as one of our permanent and most illustrious features. Of course it will mean pure philosophising; and this, after all, may seem to you the more insipid part; but I am more and more convinced that pluralism and radical empiricism need a prophet and that, if one springs into being, he will not preach to altogether deaf ears, *par le temps qui court*.

Streams of consciousness are going on inside of me which make me feel that if the working power were allowed, I might really now begin to publish something worth while—something, at any rate, much more connected in form and fundamental in content than I have hitherto allowed myself to touch. The doctors take a not
unfavorable view of my case, and we will hope for the best. But I doubt whether lecturing will ever agree with me again unless possibly on a very restricted scale.

A good deal of this is rather confidential: you will of course judge how much to keep to yourself.

Good-bye, dear old boy, and a happy new year to you. Keep your health, your spirits and your faith; and believe me always affectionately yours,

Wm James

Tell me how it goes with Prof. Russell. Has he too broken down in health? and with what ailment? and where is he?

· To Katherine and Henrietta Rodgers ·

Lamb House
Rye
5 January, 1900

Dear “Girls,”

You must have wondered what had become of us. The truth is that in October I sent a post card to the Hotel Moser, Vevey, thinking you had gone there. As no intimation of reception came I gave you up, not remembering who your bankers were until the other day, when it occurred to me that Morgan was the place. I wrote, and they told me you were at Ouchy; but I send this to their care—it seems to me likely that you may already be in Florence.

I hope things have gone well with Henrietta and that
her malady is by this time cured. If it isn’t she will not be pleased with this message, as I find by my own case that people who are ill don’t thoroughly enjoy hearty messages from home deigning to deal with them only on the basis of their supposed recovery. Pray write soon, addressing Brown, Shipley & Co., and telling us just how it goes with you.

We have been for three weeks here—at Henry’s in this charming abode, with its walled garden, in a little town all composed of tiny old brick houses with innumerable chimneypots and nooks and corners between them,—trying to gather strength for a journey to the south of France, whither I am ordered for my unfortunate heart, which gets worse instead of better and which, it is hoped, will improve if I can keep more in the open air. It is, of course, a terrible disappointment to me to have run down hill so far; but there is no thorn without a rose, and it brings out in brilliant display the angelic qualities of my wife who seems really enthusiastic now that she can hold me completely under her thumb and treat me like a baby once more.

H. J. seems in complete agreement with his environment—middle-aged, calm and industrious and eager to know, when we came back, whether we had seen you and all about you.

I must be brief in my letters nowadays, and this is mainly meant to get one from you in return. So believe me, with most affectionate regards and wishes for a happy new year for both of you,

always your faithful cousin,

Wm James
Lamb House
January 9, 1900

Dear Schiller,

My trip to West Malvern, whither I was ordered after my course of baths, proved rather disastrous than otherwise, and I have been for three weeks recuperating here at my brother's. I am still weak and unable to make the slightest effort without cardiac symptoms. I am going to the south of France in a few days to get the benefits of more life in the open air. The doctors take a hopeful view of my case, but it needs a lot of passivity on my part to win through, if I ever do so.

I need not say how extremely sorry I have been to spend all these weeks in England and see nobody. Peculiarly sensible have I been to this privation in your case. Of course I have sent in my resignation from the Gifford Lectures, and my only hope is that the Committee will let me postpone them indefinitely. Good-bye, dear Schiller. If I get sensibly better, be assured that I will let you know.

Yours most truly and affectionately,

Wm James

Thanks for your jolly good letter from Gersau, which came after this was dictated. I will order a photo sent you from Cambridge—enjoyed your squibs—hope to live to enjoy your essay, and your future book. Have you seen Royce's Gifford course? Also [Théodore] Flournoy's admirable monographic study of a medium? Des Indes à la
Planète Mars (Alcan, 1900). It ought to make Münsterberg feel ashamed. My address is always c/o Brown, Shipley.³

· To Ralph Barton Perry ·

Dover
Jan 13. 1900

I forgot the other day to speak of your literary plan. No use dealing with a publisher beforehand! But by all means write!—whatever comes of it, it will be good for you to be getting at work done with the intention of production, and your scheme of an “Introduction” seems to me capital. We are off in an hour for Hyères, on the Mediterranean.

Wm James⁴

· To Josiah Royce ·

Carqueiranne (Var)
Feb. 8. 1900

Dear R.

I hope the lectures are reeling off to your best heart’s desire and that you feel like a regular Aberdonian townsman by this time. What will the title of the 2nd. volume
be?—I am now in my 4th week here. The climate is magnificent, but my condition doesn’t improve as fast as it promised to in the first week or 10 days.—We are trying co-operative housekeeping with the Myerses and it works very well, M. revealing an exceedingly gentle and patient side of his character. Your book is the heaviest reading I’ve done, and we live mostly on home letters. I still can’t get to writing. It would be too careless on the part of the Absolute to leave your lectures undestroyed by mine but it looks as if the old sinner might be going to do it. Write us a line ere you return.

Affectionately

W. J.5

· To Henry Rutgers Marshall ·

Carqueiranne (Var)
Feb. 18. 1899 [1900]

Dear M.

Your letter of Jan 25th (which came duly) was a kind act. Now that I am knocked out, I am learning from many quarters how much friendliness and sympathy exists in the world, and your demonstration is one for which I am most grateful since I am peculiarly sensible of your existence as one of the valuable features in the frame of things. You tell me nothing of your own history, health or fortune, so I can merely hope that all goes well. My nervous condition, quite prostrate since the middle of Nov., took a sharp turn upwards 10 days ago, and tho the
heart is no better, I began yesterday to work for an hour on Gifford lectures, & hope to continue daily. But I must limit correspondence to post cards. We are enjoying Charles Richet's château here in company with Fred Myers and family.

Wm James


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To Arthur Auwers.


Carqueiranne (Var), France
March 1st. 1900

My dear Sir

Of course I am immensely pleased at your letter addressed to London, and informing me of my election as corresponding member of the Academy of Sciences of Berlin. Your letter sent to America has not yet arrived, but I shall doubtless receive it duly.

I accept the honour most gladly, although I well know how little worthy of it I am.

I deeply regret to say that the bad state of my health at present will make it entirely impossible for me to go to Berlin to take part in the solemnity. I am recovering very slowly from a bad attack of nervous prostration consequent upon heart disease, and am unable to bear the slightest excitement or muscular exertion. It is a great pity to be forced to absent oneself from an occasion so brilliant and interesting, in which one has been invited to take part.

My permanent address is Cambridge, Mass., U. S. of
A., whither Sitzungsberichte and other printed matter should be sent.

I beg you to send the Program of the ceremony and whatever other official communications to me there may be, to the care of Brown, Shipley and Co., Bankers, London, E. C. I shall probably not remain in this part of the “Riviera” very much longer.

With thanks to all to whom I owe this honour, and most respectful greetings to yourself, I am always sincerely and faithfully yours,

Wm. James

Herrn A. Auwers
vorsitz. Secretar der Kgl. Akademie d. Wissenschaften
Berlin

Carqueiranne (Var)
Richet’s Château
March 6, 1900

It is high time after all your epistolary favors to me, that I should send you a word of our news. We are now in our eighth week in this region, 6 having been passed with the Myers in this once stately but now somewhat neglected house. The climate is simply glorious and my nervous system, which had become acutely “prostrated” in London, and stayed so for two months, is rallying, though less fast than I should like it. The heart symptoms proper remain stationary so far as my feelings go
and I must await the Nauheim doctor's verdict a couple of months hence to know how that objectively is. Meanwhile I have had at last to give up the attempt to walk at all, so certain is even crawling for 1/4 of an hour to bring on protracted distress. I am at last able to write in bed an hour or more each morning, and the Gifford work is begun, which is of priceless value to my spirits. Have you read Flournoy's admirable book? I think your apology to Münsterberg in the Proceedings left him rather worse off and wish you had left out the joke about his presenting variety shows. Myers' medium is very extraordinary.

Yours,

Wm James

To F. C. S. Schiller

Carqueiranne
March 15, 1900

Dear Schiller,

Your jolly letters in return for my post cards are an exchange of gold for copper, but so be it for the present, if you are willing. Your photo came duly; refreshed one's memories, and kept alive one's belief in the existence of beauty being still possible in this senescent and ugly growing world! Mine should already have reached you. I wrote to my son to send you one from Cambridge. I really exalt over your ghost house, and hope and trust it can be published in extenso in the Proceedings. How's
this? Why on evolutionary principles may not all these phenomena be residues of the chaos out of which our official universe extricated itself in such solidly organized shape? Parts imperfectly connected with the rest yet connected enough still to hang on and break in occasionally and not entirely disappear like the earlier portions of the disorder which are so discontinuous as to be absolutely beyond reach?

W. J.

· To F. C. S. Schiller ·

Carqueiranne
March 30, [1900]

I believe I altogether forget to acknowledge and praise your paper from the Proceedings on the Logic, etc. I think it admirable and calculated to clear the atmosphere. I am worse again, after being better—one must expect ups and downs.

We leave this hospitable roof on the 2nd. for the Hotel Costebelle, Costebelle-D’Hyères (Var), France, to be there a fortnight. Thence to Geneva, and by May 1st. at Nauheim again.

W. J. 8
To F. C. S. Schiller

Hotel Costebelle, Var.
April 6, 1900

Dear Schiller,

As usual, I reply to your magnificent letter by a postcard, having to economize my stock of literary energy for the great Gifford effort, page 15 of Lecture 3 completed today. I am glad you are reviewing Flournoy whose medium I may not see. I will read him your private remarks on his book. I don’t see why some things should not permanently be only half way in the cosmos. This is a purely abstract proposition. It is absolutely incredible to me that Hyslop should officially suffer for what he has done, tho’ such a lying rumor may well arise.

Wm James

To Josiah Royce

Costebelle
April 9, 1900

Dear Royce,

Perry asks for my endorsement re Walker fellowship. It is of course unnecessary, since the department knows him so well. I regard him as one of the most unexcep-
tionable candidates for that fellowship that we have ever had, and expect the best things from him.

Yours ever

Wm James

Dear Royce—Just one word ere the mail goes. I hope you bear the Spring work well. I should think there'd be a little collapse after all your tension. Baldwin & family arrived at this hotel (for a day or two) last night. He seems in good order, and the sight of him makes me feel rather "old." I am able to dawdle through the days, & am on my 3rd lecture—but I fear it is poor stuff, written with so little grip on any thing. In a week we go to Geneva, thence early in May to Nauheim.

I enclose a notice lately received from Sorley—the last page may please Mrs. Royce. Don't return it. I suppose your 2nd course will now be rushed through the press. What have you decided, or shall you decide, about your own Sabbatical?

Always affectionately yours

Wm James¹⁰
Hyères
April 9. 1900

Dear Perry,

I have written to Royce to appuyer votre candidature for the Walker fellowship on the Committee. But I am sure that my voice is not required. In a week we leave for Geneva where we hope to meet the Russells. I am relatively comfortable now, but progress is disappointingly slow, and it may be only superficial. I can't tell till my thorax is again percussed and ausculted at Nauheim in May, just where I am.

I hope you will get the Walker F-p. A year abroad will be just the thing for you at this stage. Most of it in Germany, I suppose, but I can't advise as to where. If you do come I hope that we may drift together. I should give a great deal to see you over here. My own plans are entirely contingent on the Medical Advice I shall get in 3 or 4 weeks, so I can predict nothing as to where I shall be at all after it. I can write, but only a very little, and the two and two-thirds lectures already accomplished are, I fear, rather inferior stuff.

Let me know of whatever your prospects are.

Yrs. in haste

Wm James
To Katherine and Henrietta Rodgers

Costebelle-Hyères
April 20. [1900]

We leave next Monday night for Geneva, where we are to finish the week at Prof. Flournoy’s, 9, Florissant. We may have to stay on longer at some pension or hotel, in order for Alice to finish some dress making.—Pray send a line to tell us where you are, so that a meeting may take place if possible. We were very thankful for your last letter of information, but you see the season proved so cold everywhere, that we did best to stay in this sunshine. I hope that you have both got safely through and especially that H. is cured of the trouble. Hoping soon to see you, I am always affectionately

W. J.

To Charles William Eliot

Geneva
Apl. 30. [1900]

I have just received a diploma making me a corresponding member of the Berlin Acad. of Sciences. As this is a compliment to the University as much as an honour to me, I think I should let you know. There seem to have been 51 similar appointments, of whom Willard Gibbs and Rowland were Americans. Only 3 of them were philosophers, the other 2 being Wundt & Heinze of
Leipzig, so I am the only foreign philosopher. The vanity (in both senses of the word) is the greater; for if one philosopher was to be taken, the Frenchman Renouvier was absolutely the one indicated—I say nothing of lesser rivals!—Don't think of writing to congratulate! I am in the main better, and shall soon have the doctors at me again.

Wm James

To Ralph Barton Perry

Villa Luise, Nauheim
May 16, 1900

Dear Perry,

Your note of May 5th has just arrived and I reply immediately. The ideally best thing for you would no doubt have been the Walker fellowship abroad. As between next year at Harvard and a probably permanent place at Amherst, it seems to me that the balance is in favor of Harvard.

If you take Amherst now, you are stuck for many years in a community with almost no philosophic companionship. Russell has recently been complaining bitterly to me of what he considers the bad effect on him of his long isolation at Williams. No one but beginners; and you are too young yet to live entirely on your own stores.

True you would have Garman, but he is so terribly peculiar and autocratic (this between ourselves) that his presence might be a positive objection to the place. He
is good for students, but not for colleagues—at least so I fear.

Of course life at Amherst would have many ideal features, but at Harvard you would have at least one year more of strong philosophic stimulation, with possibly another chance as good as this Amherst one at the end of it. My condition of health makes the state of the philosophic department year after next an open question. I shall certainly never take up more than one course again, if that; so there will be both work and money for an additional man, and to be on the spot is an advantage. Miller is already on the spot, with greater claims than you and I should myself hate to be forced to choose between you. You are both such tip-top A. 1 fellows for elevation of character. Miller is a perfect hero for magnanimity of disposition, that you ought to be bosom friends, and I hate to think of your being rivals, for there probably would not be room for both of you so soon. But objectively considered such rivalry is a good condition of things, so that should not deter you.

I am ignorant of the pecuniary importance of the choice, as you are situated, but apart from that it seems to me that sticking to Harvard is playing the game of your life in the bolder and larger way; risking more for greater possibilities.

I saw your Chieftain Russell a good deal during the first week in May. He has had a rather doleful winter, but seems pretty well and will probably do his work all right, if they don't kill him with Faculty meetings.

I have at last settled down to my 3rd Nauheim cure, so called, and begin bathing tomorrow. I will let you know the results later on. What will be your address through the summer? I do hope that you will get to Keene Valley again. I wish that I might believe that I should.

In any case, Perry, it seems to me that you are a lucky boy to have no worse dilemma than this to trouble you at the end of your first year.
With warm regards from us both, I am

Ever truly yours

Wm James

P.S. Fool that I am! I hastily read Amherst instead Smith, misled doubtless by my old associations with the name of Seelye. Gardiner is, I imagine, a man easy to live with—but on the whole, I give the same advice! You will probably have made up your mind long ere this reaches you.  

· To Ralph Barton Perry ·

Hotel Beau-Rivage
Ouchy. Lausanne
17 June 1900

Dear Perry,

Yours of the 4th. came yesterday. I am sorry you shd. have had a bad 1/4 of an hour over my contrary advice. I dare say that Palmer's was better; and in any case, if the Harvard chance had not simultaneously offered, you would have been esteeming yourself the happiest dog in the world to get so promptly into such a first class berth as Smith. I am impressed by it as much the best of the women's colleges. But can your susceptible heart, at so inflammable an age, stand the exposure? Won't your intellectual life, properly so called, be sadly interfered with? By way of derivative, I am giving you a note of introduction to Mrs. Goldmark, Adler's mother in law,
who lives next to him in Keene Valley. She has 3 very nice daughters, Bryn Mawr girls, "Pauline" being on the whole the finest girl I know, for general character. I also enclose a note of introduction to Adler, whom you must cultivate. He is one of our first Americans.

Has Smith left Smith College (if so, whither?), and does Pierce step into his place. I think you'll have first rate company there now, for Pierce is very nice, and Gardiner is a first class judicious philosopher, and very agreeable man. Moreover the place and region are exquisite.

My 3rd Nauheim exp. has left me worse than ever. I wish I had never known the name of the accursed place. I just vegetate here, but have hopes of getting on to some sort of a working level yet.

Write to me again when you get to Keene Valley.

Yours ever,

Wm James

To James Mark Baldwin

Geneva
June 19. [1900]

Dear Baldwin,

This is news indeed, and I hope, for the honour of the flag, and the general spread of international relations, that you will both decide to be a candidate and get the place. You are already identified enough with America for us to keep the credit of having produced you.
No other candidate can point to an output like yours, unless Bosanquet should apply—or Shadworth Hodgson—but he, I suppose, never would.

I can’t in my present state, write a separate and variant letter to all those names you give me. Those at Oxford know you: which of the outsiders are most important? Wire me whether, & to whom to write—here, Hotel Metropole, Geneva.

I can’t reconcile myself to the Sidgwick tragedy. I fear he will go with the chief fruits of his philosophic reflection unuttered. I can’t express my estimate of the loss to clear philosophic thought which this may mean.

Nauheim knocked me flat, again, after only 5 baths! I have but just recovered the ground lost, nervously. Morally, I have gained emancipation from specialistic advice. Henceforward James M. D. is my only doctor—at least the only one from whom I shall receive orders; and, he helping, I expect to get on to some sort of a working level. I should certainly have been a better man today, had I never left home, but simply rested, with a little advice from my good practical Cambridge Dr. Driver.

Yours, with best hopes,

W. J.14
To George Herbert Howison

Luzern
June 28, 1900

Dear Howison,

Your letter from Basel, which I got at Geneva, 3 or 4 days ago, was a most agreeable surprise. I had been wondering about you, knowing that the time for your return was drawing nigh, yet unable to communicate, for I had lost the Rothschild address you gave me in America, and you sent me no address when you last wrote—I sent a post card or two addressed simply “Oxford”—I doubt whether they were forwarded. On the whole with Oxford and Italy, and one volume ready for the press, your year seems to have fulfilled its purpose pretty well, though all such years are apt to be a disappointment. Mine has been a fearful one. Encouraged by 4 doctors (!) I tried Nauheim again last month—with disastrous results. But I was prudent enough to back out before grave damage had been done (the doctor loudly protesting against such blaspheming) and by this time I have got back and more than back to where I was at the end of April. I forswear all specialists henceforward, and mean to take care of myself. My heart is organically in no such bad shape, and many a man of my age lives long enough with arteries like mine, and I mean and fully expect to have some working life yet. But d—n the doctors! I believe that Nauheim has done me pure harm, and that I should have been comparatively well had I just stayed at home & rested. I haven’t written a line for 3 months, but mean in a week to recommence. The Gifford & Harvard authorities have vied with each other in indulgence, so I shall pull through, somehow.
I see Baldwin has the first Oxford honorary doctorate of Science. No doubt it pleases him. I hope you liked him as much as he seems to have liked you. We had 2 very pleasant days with them at Hyères.

I am glad you find Lorenz's translation good. I confess to my shame that I cdn't bring myself to read a word of it. It is bad enough to see ones self in English!

We shall spend a month in this region, and (probably) go to my brother's in England in the fall. I am extremely sorry that the Howisons & Jameses haven't met—especially the Missuses, but still more especially Mr. James & Mrs. Howison. Shall we ever meet again? I think, on the whole, that that California trip was the high water-mark of my existence. I trust that work won't seem too onerous on your return, that you'll like your new president, Montague, Bakewell's wife, and all. You'll doubtless miss McGilvary. Be sure and vote for Bryan! I should were I at home.

Yours ever

Wm James

To F. C. S. Schiller

Paris
July 28, [1900]

Your letter arrived this A. M., and I wrote a card to welcome you on Tuesday next. But I am a football in the hands of higher powers, and an hour ago it became necessary to repair to Ostend tonight, where I shall be at least a week, and miss you unless you go that way.

W. J.
Bad-Nauheim
September 30, 1900

Dear Schiller,

Your letter makes me think you never received a post card of mine sent to Oxford about a week or two ago. I am still here, but about to get off in a few days for Luzern, then Varese, and mean to reach Rome about November 1st. and see how much of the winter there will suit. My nerves are better, but I'm otherwise non valid, yet I don't give up hope of improvement, for the most promising therapeutic card is yet to play.

D. S. Miller is gone home, pronounced "cured" as to the heart, by Schott, but very sensitive, and I tremble to confess I think it possible his case may follow my example—I mean in being incurable by Nauheim.

Hurrah for the Axioms as Postulates! Do you contributors dedicate your several essays? If so, I shall be too proud! I have become a mere clothes-horse on which to hang literary distinctions. "La renommée vient à ceux qui ont la patience d'attendre, et s'accroit à raison de leur imbécillité!"

Münsterberg's book is announced to be out in a few days. It will probably be better than the rude rehearsal in English. Anyhow, the dedication saves it! Think kindly of him hereafter, yoked together in a common personal devotion! He has his faults, as who has not, but he is not as bad as you think him, and may yet be a ministering angel when you lie howling.

I wish you could give me offhand and without taking trouble, one or two short quotations to illustrate the fundamental Trostlosigkeit of the outlook on life of the early Greeks—the ultimate unintelligibility and cruelty.
One passage from a dramatist, one from the greek anthology perhaps—not in the original! The “joyous” greeks forsooth! If you can’t do it offhand, don’t think of doing it at all. I can get it when I return to England. I hope the College year looks rosy! Warm regards from both of us!

Yours affectionately

Wm James

To James Rowland Angell

Nauheim
Oct. 4. 1900

Dear Angell,

Your jolly good letter of Sept 22. finds me here where I am just finishing a third “cure”—so-called—of baths for my sick heart and aorta. It is good to hear from you, and to see that your animal (or intellectual?) “spirits” are unabated. How many years is it since we have met? By this time you are one of the veterans, as I am one of the fossils!

I didn’t know that Salter was going to run a muck among the Xian Scientists, and on . . . sorry. It is a religious movement essentially, and is based and propagated largely on personal experience. Against such things attacks from outsiders are as nothing. They only confirm the other outsiders in their contempt; and what is gained by that? The thing must be reformed from within, or by the other schools of healing. Have you seen
H. W. Dresser's "Philosophy of Mental Healing"? (N. Y., Putnam). An admirable work, as is also his little "Living by the Spirit." That is the kind of criticism that Christian Scientists can be moved by, but hardly by anything from Universities, or psychological Laboratories. Still, follow your own impulses. You may partly educate the public. A couple of months ago, I succeeded in writing a Gifford lecture, only the 4th of a course of 10 for which I have contracted, entitled (not the course, but this lecture) the religion of healthy-mindedness, in which I treat the entire mind-cure movement with great respect. I think it deserves it, as a bit of religious experience, though of course the Eddy school are intellectually absurd.

I have to stay a second year away from home, and mean to attack Rome for the winter. I can make no efforts whatever, and my working power is reduced to a mere trickle. I ought eigentlich to write no letters, so I will stop this one.

With warmest regards from both of us, and thanks to you for writing, and with profoundest respects to Mrs. Angell and the baby, I am ever truly yours,

Wm James
Nauheim
October 6, 1900

Dear Schiller,

You are a trump, and act more poetry than your illustrious namesake Friedrich ever wrote. I refer of course to your new and unheard-of-nominations of me, which, the world being all prose, it is impossible for me to think of for a moment. *Va pour* the Romanes Lecture, were I *imstande*, but I am leading, and shall probably be condemned to lead until I shuffle off, an almost vegetative existence. I have resigned from my second Gifford course, and should do so from my first one, save for the already written contract. No new lectures or honors are possible. If I do any work hereafter, it must be with the pen only. As for the Electorship etc., though I don’t just know what sort of a Kurfürst it may be, it is safe to give an absolute no to that also. *Duties* I can’t perform, and sinecures I disapprove of in my own person. So take my thanks for your unending kindness, and let the President R. I. P. ! I wish they would name you for the Romanes Lecture—I am sure that you could write a good one for the times we live in.

Poor Lutoslawski! He is going greatly to alter his text, I believe, and I wish that some one would lend a touch to the proofs. I might undertake half of them, if you would do the other half.

As for the Greek texts, you are a regular fundgrube of ready erudition. I ask you for a tuppence and you give me a sovereign! It shows that the higher learning—which in this case I showed myself to possess—consists chiefly in knowing to whom to apply for information. I
have a great mind to impress my readers with all your raw Greek in my footnotes. Alas! I cannot read it, having both begun and abandoned the study in my 14th year and knowing now barely how to look up a word in the lexicon. Five or six of your citations will suit my purpose admirably, in English, and save me a lot of pech in turning books over when I come near a library. Thank you everlastingly.

We leave tomorrow for Switzerland. The weather still is heavenly and beats our much boasted American autumnal article.

I enclose some scraps towards your Immortality collection. They are from a fine old Russian epicurean, Baron Ostensacken, dipterologist and ex-consul general, in New York, one of the happiest men in this existence whom I’ve ever known, but wütend against the other. Keep or destroy them as you see fit.

Yours ever

Wm James

I am forgetting to re-applaud the Proceedings review of Münsterberg. It is grossartig.¹⁹
Dear Grace,

Your good and delightful letter of July 29th. reached me duly and I have just read it again. It brings you vividly "home" to the imagination, in your quiet house, with your books and your interests not bounded by the village. Boerdom, China, and the Philippines are still unsettled, though the summer has given way to the Fall. Today is a bleak low-clouded cold-winded forerunner of winter, but it is the first. We brag too much in America about everything, and I have been inwardly celebrating to myself our impassioned American climate ever since I have been abroad until within the past six weeks, when there developed itself here a run, seven weeks long without a break, of weather of our best late September type, warm, & golden, or pearly, & misty as the days fill out, but exquisite and good to live through. You can imagine how favorable it was to the Nauheim patients, and how by me in particular it was enjoyed. It is probably over now for good, but in the 12 days in which we have been here, I have spent six entire ones on the lake steamboats taking an air- and sun-cure, and found it delightful. We are here to get some dresses made for Alice—Geneva seems an admirable place for "retail trade"—and the day after tomorrow we hope to leave via the St. Gotthardt for Rome. Since being here I have found myself surprisingly well, it seems certain that my nervous prostration is in full retreat, and as for the organs of circulation, I took a walk an hour ago, longer than any I have taken within twelve months, and no symptoms of distress! Hurrah! hurrah! It takes my breath away!
away!—or rather it doesn’t!—or rather it does so morally but not physically as heretofore. I enjoy greatly feeling myself in Switzerland. Surely S. is ‘the’ pays modèle, and its civilization the best “out.” The natural beauty, the civic order, the good health and good manners, the intelligence and thrift, the immense trade prosperity, the low taxes, the church without snobbery, and the army without militarism, the democracy, the laboriousness, the cheerful tone, the freedom from the corruption that every “great” country shows, all make me wish to be a Swiss, were I not a citizen of Massachusetts. In fact it is a glorified Massachusetts erected into an independent State. I believe in it & love it, and but for climatic reasons would never go to Italy. To tell the truth, I rather shrink now from the Italienische Reise. It is a sad thing that what under one set of conditions is the rarest treat (as a short legitimately earned vacation, for example) under other conditions becomes a weariness to the flesh. If you knew how weary we both are of dragging out this hotel to hotel existence! The narrow bedrooms, the society of chambermaids and waiters, the absence of any books save those immediately in use, no hooks, no decent table, never a shelf to put a book on, oh! it is dreary in the extreme, and in Rome at present what I foresee is only its continuation. One does depend, as one grows older, especially if one has to be as inactive as I am, on “things,” on one’s own things. To live in a room with a book case, & writing table, and large enough to walk about in, seems to me by this time to be all alone enough to make a man happy. But the months will speed away: The Gifford people have very obligingly put off my course till May or June, so I shall have plenty of time to write, now that I am so distinctly better, my last 5 1/2 unwritten lectures. And then hey for home.

You speak of several books you have been reading. I know Veblen’s & Maeterlinck’s, the first awfully jolly in
spots, & telling much truth, the latter much other truth, and very distangy all over—a little too sweetish for my taste. But surely an original force in french style. I am deep in Münsterberg's last volume. I wholly fail to assimilate its chief theses, but it is a prodigious example of audacious and clever system-making and for mere talent displayed, both in ingenuity of ideas and clearness of exposition, keeps him at the very head of German psychological writing. Fundamentally rotten, all the same, though, in my humble opinion. So systematically rotten, that I shouldn't at all wonder if he became the leader of a great German school of thought. That seems the essential requisite in Germany. Don't publish this opinion miscellaneously till I publish it myself!

How delicious it is to think of all you Irving St. people beginning the cheerful College year together! We hope soon to see Richard with his full $100,000 in hand. I congratulate W. Bullard on his marriage and hope you will all be enriched by having the bride in the family. I trust that all are well at Shady Hill and especially that Lily's summer has been free from the ancient trouble. Tell her I owe her still two letters, and her father one. I tho't his address at Ashfield, which I read in the admirable Springfield Republican, most wonderfully well put. I don't think he ever did anything better either for fond or forme. Good bye, dear friend! Keep well and going till we return. We both send love, to you and all the Nor-tons in sight.

Affectionately yours,

Wm James

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To F. C. S. Schiller

Albergo Primavera, Rome
December 28, 1900

Yours of the 22nd. very welcome indeed. I can only reply by post-card, "nerves" which in October seemed to be mending very nicely having lately gone to utter smash and smithereens. 'Tis very disheartening indeed, and I don't understand it at all. I hope the immortality circular will be disseminated in America. Haven't yet read your unmoved mover article—it got mislaid in our various moves and packings and hasn't yet turned up. Münsterberg's book a monstrously able performance, which I have actually read through, on account of the dedication. But to my mind it doesn't essentially mend matters over the Psychology and Life book. We must leave Rome. Do you recommend Gersau after the new year to one who can't stand cold? It has been strongly urged upon us by Mrs. Frazer. Can one have an open fire in Gersau? To me the air tight German stoves and unventilated rooms are an abomination.

W. J.²¹