On 12 January James called on Carrington and Eusapia Palladino at a Mr. Adam’s house. He experienced a “queer twisting of my chair.” Münsterberg’s article in the Metropolitan Magazine, received on 21 January, evaluated his own visits. James characterized this writing as “a buffoon article.”

In his Oxford lectures, James had devoted a chapter on the influence of Henri Bergson on his thought. One of his letters reveals how deeply this influence touched his own personal life. Later in the month an article appeared by James on “Bradley or Bergson?”

James was honored by a dinner on 18 January with friends to celebrate the presentation of his portrait painted by his cousin “Bay” Emmet. He replied to the speeches by Palmer, Royce, Eliot, and Lowell. Another honor was his election to the Institut de France (Academy of Moral and Political Sciences). The announcement was made by Bergson by cable on 22 January. In one sense it was also an honor to receive from a friend a complete set of Shakespeare’s works, which James intended to read in their chronological order.

Some of the letters deal with James’s efforts to help Schiller win the Waynflete Professorship of Philosophy at Oxford, which unfortunately he lost. James was involved, to the extent that his poor health permitted, in
the attempt of others to have the thirteenth International Congress of Psychology meet in the United States in 1913. Academic politics caused the failure of this venture.

Mr. and Mrs. James sailed for England on 29 March to visit his brother Henry who was ill and depressed. While there, he worked a bit on his “Introduction to Philosophy” manuscript. He also wrote an article on his friend Benjamin Paul Blood, which turned out to be James’s last article.

From 5 to 16 May James was in Paris on his way to Nauheim. There he met Strong, Bergson, and J. M. Baldwin. Professor Boutroux, who had lectured at Harvard in March and stayed with the Jameses, took James to a meeting of the French Academy. The main reason James was in Paris was for a medical experiment that did not work out. He was alone on this stage of the trip, because Mrs. James stayed with Henry. Both of them did not join William at Nauheim until 8 June.

While at Nauheim James continued to write to his friends, always showing great interest in their activities. One new interest of his own was meeting a young German philosopher, Julius Goldstein.

They all left Nauheim on 23 June. It took them a month to reach Rye via Constance, Luzern, and Geneva in Switzerland, then Paris and London. At Rye James was too weak to see Schiller. It is very sad to read that he had not received any word, even from Blood, about his article on Blood, which he must have thought was well done. Ironically, the last word in that article was “Farewell.”

The Jameses, with Henry, left for home on 12 August. The ship docked at Quebec. From there they traveled to their summer home “Chocorua,” where on 26 August William James died.
To Maxwell J. Savage

Cambridge, Mass
Jan. 4, 1910

My dear Savage,

It gives me great joy to hear from you again. I have been ignorant of what had become of you, knowing only that since I saw you in California (Redlands, was it?) you had gone into a still worse nervous and mental breakdown. You had used yourself harder than anyone I ever heard of during the previous years, and I suppose you have paid the price. I hope the thing now is liquidated, and that you are well on the way to a stable equilibrium again. It is a pity, it seems to me, to get into the more poisonous labyrinths of philosophy, the first thing, but perhaps you have to. I have acquired emancipation from the labyrinths by following the example of Bergson, who has, I think, successfully shown that antinomies & puzzles all come from a misapplication of concepts to the immediate flow of sensible experience. The latter (which is the only concrete reality given us), is a continuously changing much-at-once, of which however each of us realizes very little at a time. We enlarge the perspective of it by building it out conceptually, and thus not only learn vastly more about it, but control it practically in a wonderfully successful way. But the concepts, being abstracts, are inadequate; yet philosophers make the mistake of supposing that they are truer and deeper, that they should be substituted, and that as they are related to each other, so to the profounder philosophic eye the parts of the sensible flux must also be related. This gives rise to the puzzle of dialectic. The concepts are discontinuous and static. The flux is continuous and full of activities. Concepts can only be compared, nothing hap-
pens among them. The flux is one long happening etc. In brief the remedy is to take up the flux, bodily and *tel quel into the content of philosophy*, and to allow that its peculiarities, novelties, activities, continuities, etc. are a legitimate part of reality. This has, as I said, been a great emancipation to *me*; and if you haven’t got my book called A Pluralistic Universe, I should like to send it to you for the sake of the Lecture in it on Bergson. Let me know! It seems to me that this short-circuits Kant, and successfully disposes of Spencer’s book on the unknowable. I think one is entitled after this to pass them by entirely, unless one be a historian of philosophy by profession. It is a great joy to me to revert to the concrete flow of my experience, to believe in activities, and think that reality is really being worked out there and growing. All this liberty is denied me by the ‘eternal’ type of philosophy.

Of *course* truth is relative to the trower, and yet the thing most relative to him at times may be that he should frame to himself a duplicate copy of the reality. At other times not a copy, but some idea which proves a satisfactory *substitute* for the reality would be what best expresses his cognitive relation to the latter.

All that *my* pluralism contends for is that there is nowhere extant a *complete* gathering up of the universe in one focus, either of knowledge, power or purpose. *Something* escapes, even from God. This is a purely formal statement. The material specification of the situation is for all science, philosophy & theology to work out together.

Write again, dear Savage, and tell us more about yourself. Such a life as yours used to be ought not to go into eclipse!

Believe me, with all good wishes for 1910,

Yours faithfully,

Wm James¹

¹
To Paul Carus

Cambridge, Mass.
Jan. 4. [1910]

Dear Dr. Carus,

I send herewith as a candidate for publication in the Monist a paper by Mrs. Fiske Warren on the relation of "science" to absolute reality, which seems to me personally well worth publication. She shows that the universality by which scientific concepts give us so much "control" of nature is paid for by an inadequacy due to their abstractness. Mrs. Warren lately distinguished herself at Oxford by going through the "double first" examinations with flying colours. Being a woman, she got no degree.

Her address is: Mrs. Fiske Warren, 8 Mount Vernon Place, Boston and you will of course deal with her directly as regards the article's fate. I thank you for your recent friendly note.

 Truly yours,

 Wm James²
To Ralph Barton Perry

95 Irving St.
Jan 5. '10

Dear Perry,

It has occurred to me that if Lowell is to be invited to the great portrait banquet Eliot ought not to be left out. Lowell was my pupil but Eliot was my 1st teacher (in the chemical dept. of the L. S. S. in 1861). He appointed & promoted me, and has always shown confidence in me and been an excellent friend. Shouldn't he be asked? I saw Dorr last night who said he had a dinner engagement on the 18th. & hoped our date might be the 17th.

Yours, as ever,

W. J.³

To F. C. S. Schiller

Cambridge
January 5, 1910

Dear Schiller,

I have had your long letter of the 19th. ult. a couple of days. We are no wise at variance, since we differ only as to a point of exposition and I have freely admitted that your method potentially includes mine. But I won't give
mine up for all that, for I realize in every actual discussion what an advantage it is to me to take the opponent midway in the cammin di nostra vita, where he already believes in things that survive his own existence (or his exit from the room) and to call "truth" a relation of someone's belief to such things. Let us each keep on his own way—yours is the more consistently logical and radical!

I have just read Royce's Heidelberg paper, which I find a charming piece of literary composition (all but the mystifying end, about "will"). As an approach to stating our view (I think he has tried to) it is feeble; as a correction of our view, it is pitiful and inexcusable after all that we have printed. I think the active mainspring of Royce's philosophizing is to be always able to get in some Wort-schwall of a semi-religious-mystificatory character before he closes. He always does it.

I have just read 75 pp. of Sturt's new book and am hot for the rest. It seems to me a great ethical document so far—just the sort of word that 1000's are waiting for, to be instantly emancipated thereby. It is the expression of such a whole and honest human individuality and what an admirable straight & simple style!

I have been quite ill again, but no matter. I keep cheerful. A happy New Year to you, Knox and the allies.

Yours ever,

W. J. 4
Dear Schiller,

'Tis a great letter that comes from you this morning. Your tho’t is far finer grained than mine and I wish it were not too late to incorporate some of your marginalia on the proof into my article on Bradley or Bergson. But I understand it to appear this week, so it must go in without them. As regards Bergson, it is barely possible that I am overdoing his rôle as a pragmatist. I confess that there is much that I fail to understand in his way of thinking, in particular, I don’t understand how much his ‘intuition’ as the philosofic attitude, differs from the usual ‘mystical’ enlargement of immediate perception. But I don’t understand him (as you seem to) to treat that same intuition as in any sense copying reality—it is, I think, an immediate experience of reality, only in a wider form than the naif man uses.

If you could see a chapter I have just been writing on ‘percept and concept’, I think you would be satisfied with my vindication of the conceptual function. I make it ‘consubstantial’ with perception. I have just re-opened a page to copy a phrase or two of your letter (you didn’t say it was copyrighted) and to refer to your article on Thought and Immediacy which I have just re-read. I found it all marked up by my pencil, but quite forgotten!

I am better in health than I’ve been for a year or more. All the result of being forced by a fiendish cold to stay in doors and stop all work for a month! This gave my heart a thoro rest and caused abatement of all its symptoms. Evidently all I need is to be sedentary enough and I shall be comfortable. A few years ago and I should have
felt like suicide at such a state of affairs—now I welcome it! But how different from your life of mountaineering and skiing.

Ever thine,

W. J.5

\[To\ Oliver\ Lodge\]

95 Irving St.
Cambridge
Jan 22. '10

Dear Sir Oliver,

I am mailing you, along with this, a "Metropolitan Magazine" which will show you the depth to which the "scientific" mind can descend, in the person of my impudent colleague Münsterberg. It is a buffoon article, as if written by a bagman. The worst of it is that I can imagine no process by which he could possibly be made ashamed of it, so essentially dogmatic is his mind that he will remain convinced to the end that he has "opposed" Eusapia and be proud of the literary performance. Absolutely the only "observation" was the catching of the foot by the man on the floor. M–g insinuates that this was done in consequence of his advice, but in point of fact he knew nothing of it till he was told after the sitting. I hope the article will amuse you more than make you angry.

Yours as ever

W. J.6

\[539\]
To Horace Howard Furness

95 Irving St.
Cambridge
Jan 27. '10

Dear Doctor Furness,

It will be hard for you to imagine the degree of pleasure which your letter to my wife has given to us both. That you and Owen W. should both have a stomach for the rather nasty and squabbly dialectics of a good deal of that book of mine is a surprise, but also a reassurance as regards the rest of the world. I am less surprised at Wister's digestion than at yours, however, for after that examination-paper in Philosophy 4, I have known him to be capable de tout. I am glad his health is improving, and I hope that yours will never deteriorate. The sight of your smooth and youthful countenance at poor Chas. Norton's funeral was good. It was extra good of you to yield to the impulse to write. We remember the impulse that made you give a mug to our new born girl so many years ago.

I suppose you have read Frank Harris on Shakespeare—be it true or false, I care not, it is at least a possible interpretation, and there is more vitality in that kind of handling of the divine William than I have met with before. It has set me on to reading S. in chronological order, which I have never done, and wh. I find intensely interesting. He was assuredly an erotic genius and ladies' man of the first order. I don't care what they say. I fear that you will despise the book, and all readers who take it serious. But no matter, if you don't despise my works—I am sending you 'Pragmatism' as still worth-
ier of being read aloud than the Pl. U. But you must render no account!

With the love of both of us, especially hers, I am very sincerely yours,

Wm James

· To T. Herbert Warren ·

Harvard University
January 31st, 1910

My Lords and Gentlemen,

I take the liberty herewith of recommending Mr. F. C. S. Schiller for the vacancy to which he writes me that he is a candidate.

His theories and mine agree on so many points that I may well be supposed to have a partisan prejudice in his favour. I may have one; but I can also see objective features in the situation, and it is only of these that I shall presume to write. Our day has become metaphysical again; publication abounds in all departments of philosophy; the interest both of scientific and of religious circles is awakened and the more thoughtful part of the rising generation everywhere follows developments intently. I know not what rival candidates may be in the field; but I know of no living English philosopher whose works are quoted in Italy, France and Germany with the frequency with which Mr. Schiller's are quoted; and in my country Messrs. Bradley and James Ward are the only authors who compare with him in this respect. His learning,
clearness, acuteness, and originality, are recognized and honoured wherever English philosophy is read.

A University like Oxford is looked upon so critically that it must henceforward appoint leaders in philosophy, as well as in science, or suffer in the esteem of the competent; and Mr. Schiller is a leader, by the voice of enemies as well as of friends. He and Mr. Bradley are by common consent the philosophic leaders at Oxford today.

Mr. Schiller's writings, influential and copious as they are, have largely been polemical and occasional-probably because his College duties have forbidden work of a more sustained kind. It is poor academic economy to keep a productive mind busy with tutorial drudgery, if a post be available with leisure for original systematic work. In my humble opinion Mr. Schiller has well earned a right to the amount of leisure which a professorship brings. This seems to me the dominant objective feature of the situation; and my opinion so little depends on my own sympathy with Mr. Schiller's doctrines, that if Mr. Bradley were a candidate, I would urge it just as emphatically on his behalf.

It is hardly possible that the Electors should not be fully alive to this aspect of the situation. But a disinterested voice from abroad often reinforces an opinion; and it is because of the chance that my words may emphasize a little the rank in which Mr. Schiller is held abroad, and the importance of his literary productivity to Oxford's reputation, that I take the great liberty of laying them before you.

Believe me, gentlemen, with great respect, your obedient servant,

Wm James
95 Irving St.
Cambridge
Feb. 16 ’10

Dear Mr. Furness,

You return bread for a stone, a fish for a serpent! Cleopatra and Charmian are more fun than “Truth” and “Pluralism.” The world of Plutarch and Shakespeare is the absolutely real world, and it is the whole purpose of my preposterous abstractions to make the common herd of philosophers believe it.—Only they won’t! d—n ’em! I’m sure you believe it “on instinct.”—Ah! me! if Shakespeare could only have been less fluent on certain nights or mornings, and no less fluent on others, his opera omnia would be worth more today. With hearty good wishes and repeated thanks for the monumental edition, I am ever faithfully yours,

Wm James
Dear Cousin Bertha,

I was greatly pleased to get your letter three or four days ago. I have heard no news of any member of your family for so many years. I think we are seeing in our family how rapid the process is by which collateral descendants of one person may soon cease to know whether they are related or not. I fear that your children and mine know nothing of one another’s existence. Where and how are your sisters?—I hesitate, thinking one of them may be no longer living!

I am growing old, and receiving flattery—but I don’t think it hurts me. What does hurt me is a poor condition of my circulatory apparatus, which stops all active exercise—and has reached such a pass this winter that I don’t dare to go to New York, for fear of the consequences.

My bro. Henry, who lives at Rye in England, has been quite ill and my eldest son Harry, who is a lawyer aged 30, sails tomorrow to spend a fortnight with him.

Let us keep each other informed hereafter at intervals of not more than a year! I thank you heartily for writing, and congratulate you on the married daughter (what name?) and the well son. I venture, in my wife’s absence, to join her regards with my love.

Affectionately yours,

Wm James
Dear Cattell,

Yours with enclosure rec'd. I am sorry you don't feel satisfied. I yielded to the combined suggestions of Baldwin and Pillsbury, thinking that the initiative of one man (who in this case seemed to be "officially" designated) is usually the best way out of a quandary. I think the machinery of the Association would have proved too cumbersome for any clear results. I doubt whether either Hall or Ladd wd. have got a majority. I can see reasons for either being president; but I confess that Hall would go against my grain, on account of his essential deviousness of nature and behavior. Münsterberg would probably organize the Congress better than any body; but he has also too many foes; and I think that Titchener, whose books have made him as favorably known in Europe, as his Cornell record has here, will be an altogether unexceptionable man. His real rival in my eyes was you, not only because you were one of the vice-presidents, but because of your organizing power, and credit all over this land. After you I should myself have preferred Judd, though if both you & Titchener had refused, I should perhaps have thought it my duty to propose Hall.

My own refusal was imperatively conditioned by the state of my circulatory organs. I had to introduce Boutroux to his audience 2 days ago, and could hardly speak for dyspnoea.

Yours ever,

W. J. 10
To Edward Bradford Titchener

Cambridge
Mch 19. 1910

Dear Titchener,

Amen! I am forwarding your last, rec'd yesterday, to Cattell, with my approbation, and saying that I am too busy getting off to Europe to write any more on this matter, except to notify Pillsbury and Watson of how things stand, and to leave the matter in their holy keeping.

My refusal to act is not a free-will performance. My health opposes an absolute veto to all public appearances.

Yours, with every hope,

Wm James

To James McKeen Cattell

95 Irving St.
Cambridge
Mch. 27. '10

Dear Cattell,

I send you the enclosed the moment it arrives, not knowing whether it may not contribute to make your journey hither unnecessary.
I confess I shuddered at the idea of both T. & you resigning and Hall or Ladd being the only alternatives, for no one but myself seems to think of Münsterberg as available!

I am exceeding glad that Titchener says yes.

Faithfully yours,

W. J.

· To F. C. S. Schiller ·

Lamb House
Rye Susses
April 8, 1910

Divine Schiller,

You will be surprised to hear from me at this address. My brother Henry has been quite ill and my wife and I landed on Thursday at Liverpool, first to spend two or three weeks with him and then to get on to Paris and thereafter to Nauheim for treatment of my bad circulatory apparatus, which has been progressing backwards rather nastily during the past year. Have the electors spoken? And to what effect? I think the decision must have been made. It seemed to me that your only serious rival should have been Taylor; but after reading your testimonials and knowing that neither he nor any other could muster anything half as imposing, I fell to believing that with every allowance made for ill will on acct. of punning, polemic virulence, anti-absolutism and your whole criminal record, they simply would not dare to
choose an inferior man. Heaven grant they may have been cowards! Let me know quick! I shan’t get to Oxford this time, tho’ I dare say that you are ready to give a series of banquets in my favor. I am so badly broken up thoracically that I prefer to wait till the therapeuts have patched me up and to see my friends (or such of them as I expect to see at all) on my way back in August, resurgent like a phoenix from his Nauheim bath. Of course you are the one I shall chiefly enjoy seeing. Hoping to hear good news from you speedily, I am

ever truly yours,

Wm James

· To F. C. S. Schiller ·

Lamb House
Rye, Sussex
April 22, 1910

Dearest Schiller,

I shake Oxford and its ways from the soles of my shoes—whatever one may say of America, such an election would have been out of the question in any of its institutions of learning. A real scandal! But the electors were courageous! By the way, at what college is J. A. Smith tutor? I am announcing the momentous event to Woodbridge, for an item in the Journal.

As regards the MS, which you send me, the matter of it is splendid—on pp. 9, 10 and 11 you strike into the very bowels of the subject and I hope that your “logic”
will start exactly on those lines. “Confusion of the judgment when in use with the potential meaning of its words”—that is göttlich indeed! I borrowed the April Mind from Sydney Waterlow, who lives here, in order to read your review of me, which I duly and submissively did. Incidentally, I tried to read Bradley’s article, but whether the fault were his or mine, I couldn’t follow its subtleties with any comprehension and postponed it to a later day, returning the number to S. W. I can’t recall now what Bradley said of designation, but you appear to have him on the hip most fatally and the exceedingly simple terms to which, between Bradley’s frankness and your scharfsinn, the issue is now reduced, ought to be a great clearer of dust out of the atmosphere. For my own part I find this paper immensely instructive, original and eye-opening.

As for the manner of it, I am much less pleased. [D. S.] Miller wrote years ago of Bradley that “he pinches and cuffs his reader like a nasty-tempered child.” Don’t you keep-a-doing something of the same sort to Bradley? And isn’t that apparent “hatefulness” of temper in you (in addition to the punning vice!) perhaps the real ground for J. A. Smith’s election instead of F. C. S. S.’s? Bradley never was a rationalist pur sang. In his Logic the recognition of reality in feeling and in his Appearance [and Reality] the passing beyond intellectual relations have made him one of the worst foes of the classic rationalism. Moreover, he is candid and becometh ever more so; and methinks the proper tone in which to accept this recentest candor is not that of standing off and triumphing, but of greeting and holding out the hand. If Bradley is a pistist with his vision (as of course he now avowedly is and is worth most for being so) speak not of him at all, if possible, but solely of the objective value of the vision. You have the best of him in point of truth; he is, I fear, a dying man; why then not let your tone be brotherly and kindly? Such a tone in this article might
also heap coals of fire on the electors, if any of them were influenced by the reasons I have suggested. I have accordingly made some pencil scribblings in the margin suggestive of this spirit of conciliation. They are not meant for definite proposals, but only to show the line I would recommend and you will of course disregard them according to your *bon plaisir*.

Since you are at work on a logic, I have yielded to the temptation to send you some pages on "percepts and concepts" from the MS of my introduction to Metaphysics. Heaven forbid that you should assume the labor of *commenting* on the stuff. It simply occurred to me that you might possibly find some of the statements helpfully simple. Return at your leisure, but don’t let the stuff get used for lighting your fire!

We are happy enough here, but a yankee misses the absolute privation of *warmth* in the climate. Not positively cold, but *warmthless*.

Ever thine,

W. J.

My MS consists of about 200 pp. so far. I hope about 1/2 of the book. I hear from Paris that my *Pluralistic Universe (Philosophie de l’Expérience)* just out is selling very fast. Who’d ’a thunk it? I don’t know whether I wrote you that I am now (along with Teddy R) an associé étranger of the Académie des Sciences Morales etc.—in short a full *membre de l’Institut*—its only foreign philosopher!12
To F. C. S. Schiller

21, Rue de Surené, Paris
May 9, 1910

Dear Schiller,

I rec'd your interesting letter a couple of days ago and read it to Strong who is himself working on very similar ground—the bleakest of human characters, but of monstrous integrity and candor, inhabiting a world of logical "thou shalt nots," to talk with whom causes me continual pectoral agony, but equally continual intellectual profit, so I keep it up! He has read me his late correspondence with you about the Will to Believe and I have just copied the major part of your admirable first letter to him for future use of my own. I will make no comment on your letter to me, not being im Stande just now.

You ask about Dr. [Alexandre] Moutier. He is exactly the reverse of a quack, but he performs genuine Wunderkuren on a certain type of arterial case to which, alas, he says, I don't belong. Of my case he says cela serait bien plus grave que ce serait bien moins ennuyeux. He advises me to repair to Nauheim again; but at my request, not by his advice, he is giving me some of his electric treatments, just to see what will occur. It is a discouraging experience for me, because Moutier has worked genuine wonders where the arterial tension is very high.

No more today—but assurance of my ever growing sense of the importance of the philosophic work of your pen!

Yours,

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

Villa Isolde
Bad-Nauheim
May 20, 1910

Just this line to let you know that I am settled, taking baths, etc. for the next 6 or 8 weeks and safe after a fierce 10 days at Paris, which quite used me up. The wife is still at Rye, but I hope to lure the brother here (and her with him) before the end of the month. Great and calm is Germany. I love to see it. No more today.

Yours ever

W. J.

To Horace Meyer Kallen

Bad-Nauheim
May 22, 1910

Thanks for your good letter, sorry for no better news about your prospects, but the sun will rise—"time & the hour" etc. I am here for 6 weeks more of bathing, Germany great & calm about me. I'm glad you take up the cudgels for me against Pitkin. Bergson does the same. I have to confess but partial understanding of Bergson's view of matter, however. Warm regards!

W. J.13

552
To Ralph Barton Perry

Nauheim
May 28, 1910

Dear Perry,

Jacobson's article has caused this letter to him to trickle out of my pen—will you kindly address it, as I have no knowledge (which you probably have) of where he may be. He evidently has a gift for clear writing, tho I find a good deal of muddle in his statements here.

Lectures must be on the point of ending, and I hope that you are not reduced to pulp. How glad I am that you're out of the summer school scrape!

I am here alone, taking baths, & considerably depleted by the same. I have a definite objective diagnosis now, of aortic enlargement, which perfectly explains my symptoms, banishes the spectre of "nervousness" which has always confronted me, and will enable me hereafter to live in a much more comfortable way—convenienter naturae, in fact. The baths won't cure, but will help to adapt the heart. There's life in the old dog yet!

My love to the Missus and the youthful prodigy, as well as to yourself—may you have a productive summer!

Yours ever,

W. J.¹⁴
To F. C. S. Schiller

Nauheim
May 29, 1910

I have just had a most refreshing 4 hours with Goldstein who is truly an âme d’élite and whom I found one of the easiest men to talk with whom I have ever met. I have had 7 baths and feel rather weakened as always, by them. The chief trouble is in my aorta and it is a comfort to have something so definite to serve as an excuse for saying “no” to disagreeable invitations. I am alone here, the wife still being with the brother. Dr. Moutier at Paris immediately said that I didn’t fall within his competency. I enjoy the sweetness of this place but can do almost no walking. Goldstein seems to me a great discovery—he makes me feel as if I were myself a great philosopher!

[unsigned]

To Ralph Barton Perry

Nauheim
June 12, 1910

I am forwarding to you in another cover a couple of articles by Prof. J. Goldstein of the technische Hochschule in Darmstadt, a man of 35, who seems to me to have an astonishing intelligence, and probably a big future. I think these articles will probably strike you as
extraordinarily suggestive of the concrete way in which secular change comes over the ethical world. I hope you'll get a decent vacation, & wife & baby too. Look out for some splendid stuff by Blood in the July Hibbert.15

[unsigned]

To F. C. S. Schiller

Nauheim
June 12, 1910

I have told Mr. K. Ashida, a Japanese who has been studying in our divinity school, that I would give him a note of introduction to you. Let this be the note—you will recognize the name on his card when he sends or brings it. He is a mature man, speaks admirable English and is genuinely interested in our point of view. It would be well if Japan could lay hold of it to start with in philosophy—its critical backlook would save them a lot of useless reading!

Wm James
Nauheim
June 22, 1910

Just read carefully Nunn’s and your Aristotelian contribution. Nunn, in spite of much good, is simply silly in his ultimate conceptions, and the way you put him underground, playful as a jovial young burying-beetle, does my heart good. All the more pity to waste such powers on desultory polemic work, that counts so little on the formation of opinion, when you might be working on a systematic and dogmatic treatise.

My baths are ended and we go to Constance tomorrow, soon to Luzern and thence to Lake Leman, in England last week in July. Address me c/o Coutts & Co. We ought to meet! I will notify you direct of any relatively permanent address.

W. J.¹⁶

Lamb House
Rye, Sussex
July 25, 1910

Dear Mr. Schiller,

William is here, very ill and weak. He can neither write or converse. His nights are dreadful and the hours one long fortitude. The Nauheim experiment has been all

• 556 •
disaster and every move seems to diminish his slight strength. Dr. [James] Mackenzie, in London, has been a very angel of helpfulness and wisdom. He regards William's condition as one of acute neurasthenia complicated and intensified by his poor heart. We are to sail on August 12th. from Liverpool on the Empress of Britain. Henry goes with us.

William bids me give you his blessing and tell you that you will have the brunt of the good fight henceforth. I "keep a good hope to the future" for him, for he never was more vital in spirit, or wiser in thought than now. Help me, our dear friend, to believe that his work here is not yet done.

Always sincerely yours

Alice H. James

· To F. C. S. Schiller ·

Lamb House
August 8, 1910

Dearest Schiller,

Your offer to come to London to see us is lovely, but my condition had better go without a meeting. Five minutes would mean little and anything more serious would add too much to the fatigue of my journey, rather hazardous [sic] at any rate, to Liverpool. This is the 2nd. note I've written in a month—the 1st being a card to Piddington yesterday. Heart proper not so bad, but atrocious reflex dyspnoea, weakness and anorexia. I leave the "cause" in
your hands, yours and Goldstein's in Germany. I don't feel sure about Kallen yet, tho' he's a "noble" fellow. Goodbye and God bless you! You shall hear of our safe arrival. Keep your health, your splendid health! It's better than all the "truths" under the firmament.

Ever thy

W. J.

If you want to write another line, we shall be at Garlants Hotel, Suffolk St., Pall Mall, Thursday night or on steamer Empress of Britain, by Canadian Pacific Line, Liverpool Friday or (I suppose) Queenstown, Saturday. What do you think of Blood in my article in the July Hibbert?

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To Horace Meyer Kallen

Lamb House
Rye, Sussex
Aug. 8, 1910

Dear Kallen,

Your letter was a great delight and I return immediately the Bergson enclosure. All four of us except Pitkin may well feel satisfied.

I have been very ill for a month, abominable weakness and dyspnoea, unable to write or even to talk beyond necessaries, but I expect to land alive at Quebec about the 19th and proceed to Chocorua. I have been unable to see Schiller, but in writing he takes his Waynflete defeat
lightly. What you write of Shackleford warms me up. If angeldom owns a supreme court he certainly is in it—extraordinary scholarly gifts also with all his modesty.

I sent you proof two months ago of my article on Blood in the July Hibbert Journal. Neither you, Blood, nor anyone else makes mention of it to me, barring Goldstein in Germany. It seems to me big literature and I hoped that it would please Blood to see it. Jacks was delighted, but my letter may have missed Blood.

No more, dear Kallen, but affectionate regards to you from us both, and congratulations on your having scored so well in the Bergson-Pitkin matter.

Yours always truly

Wm James

· To Thomas Mitchell Shackleford ·

Chocorua
Aug. 21, 1910

Dear Shackleford,

Got safely home but too desperately ill to converse with anyone, least of all with a man so close to me philosophically as you. It grieves me much to forego your visit here, but it is out of the question.

Make the best of Cambridge from where we hear naught but praises of you and your wife, and preserve a tender thought of yours affectionately,

Wm James

· 559 ·