chosen by the artist we don't know why, except because he loved it,—the detail first and the ensemble afterwards, but beauty nestling everywhere amid the curiousness. Oddity and redundancy, perhaps, but infinite sincerity,—what is this but our own life in another form greeting us across the ages?

Bacon expressed the Germanic spirit when he wrote: "There is no excellent beauty without some strangeness in the proportion." The mediterranean or classic spirit has always sought to avoid strangeness, and thereby its works are so wonderfully communicable and urbane. It starts with the notion that a noble ensemble is possible, and works over the raw material by way of elimination and abstraction. But in spite of the intellectuality of classic work, we may still believe in our Germanic spirit as being the more fruitful thing. Its productions are fuller-bodied and less abstract. Something indeed it misses,—universality, simplicity, and purity; but it preserves more turns and shades of truth, and its content is so much the richer for its greater concreteness.

We gain above all a certain loveability in our works. Love goes from one individual to another individual, but individuals are always redundant with their own detail. Love, when once kindled, feeds on every point of peculiarity which its object offers. The Germanic genius loves unique objects, rich in curves and quirks, and points of peculiarity.

The mediterranean genius, more precocious, got historically the earlier right of way in artistic matters, and in that field has usually kept the prestige and authority. A century ago the great literary Germans themselves almost forgot, in their admiration of the classic spirit, what they owed to their own Northern character. It was in the philosophic and scientific field, and in poetry, that the greatness of the German genius first came to be acknowledged. But greatness can afford to bide its time. The whirligig has its revenges. And there is something almost epigrammatic in the fact that one of the very first steps which Harvard takes towards what must eventually be a great illustrative museum of plastic art-history, should be that splendid room-full of German objects now in the old gymnasiun,—German objects, with their unreduced uniqueness and individuality!

Germany has caught up, then, and taken the lead here, but the Italic and the Gallic genius must follow. Then only will our liberalizing background fill the measure of its possibilities. Meanwhile, for this beautiful and truly cultivating instalment, I can only repeat, on behalf of all my colleagues of all the different faculties,
tomorrow. The most sanguine expect no real assimilation of our prey to us or of us to our prey for fifty years to come, and no one who knows history expects that it can genuinely come at all.

Meanwhile, in spite of the indifference of the newspapers and in spite of the administrative barring out of news, our public has actually grown a little educated and reflective since the war began. It is fair to say that the more idealistic of our expansionists have put this forward from the outset as one chief reason why the Islands should be annexed. We were remaining too provincial-minded, they said, here in the United States, and this new responsibility would cultivate our consciousness of international affairs. But the consciousness which the experience has cultivated is a consciousness that all the anti-imperialistic prophecies were right. One by one we have seen them punctually fulfilled:—The material ruin of the Islands; the transformation of native friendliness to execration; the demoralization of our army, from the war office down—forgery decorated, torture whitewashed, massacre condoned; the creation of a chronic anarchy in the Islands, with ladromism still smouldering, and the lives of American travelers and American sympathizers unsafe in the country out of sight of army posts; the deliberate rekindling on our part of ancient tribal animosities, the arming of Igorrote savages and Macabebe semi-savages, too low to have a national consciousness, to help us hunt the highest portions of the population down; the inoculation of Manila with a floating Yankee scum; these things, I say, or things like them, were things which everyone with any breadth of understanding clearly foretold; while the incapacity of our public for taking the slightest interest in anything so far away was from the outset a foregone conclusion.

It is only fair to President McKinley and his coadjutors and successor to say that their better angels also had a finger in the pie, and that the institution of our civil commission has gone far towards redeeming our national reputation for good sense. The only trouble is that this agency has come too late for any solid success. We are trying to do with our right hand what with our left hand, the army, we had made impossible in advance. When we landed at Manila we found a passionate native cordiality, which would have met us half way in almost any scheme of protectorate and co-operation which we might have proposed. But, 'like the base Indian,' we threw that pearl of a psychological moment away, and embarked, callous and cold, and business-like, as we flattered ourselves, upon our sinister plan of a preliminary military deglutation of them, just to show them what 'Old Glory' meant. Let our civil commission do what it will now, the hands will not move backward on the dial, the day of genuine co-operation with the Filipinos is forever past. We cannot even be certain that the well-meaning commission will be anything but what the army thinks it, a sop to sentimentalists at home, and in the Islands a safe cover for the treacherous natives to hatch a new rebellion out.

This, then, is where we are today. The first act is over, and what is done can't be undone. Difficult as it is to keep hot words of accusation from rising to our lips whenever we think of the men who threw away so splendid an American opportunity—threw it away with our own action in the Cuba case before us as the only precedent we had to follow,—nevertheless it is bad politics to dwell too long upon events of yesterday. We opponents of an imperialist policy must simply hand over our brief for the past to the historians' keeping,—the historians who are already at work upon the chronicle, and who will shape the verdict of posterity upon the whole affair. We have made their labors easier. Time will unwind yet many a secret, but our Secretary and his fellow-workers have let few facts now attainable escape their channels of publicity, and for that service to truth they deserve our heartiest thanks.

Let us drop yesterday and its sins, then, and forget them. The attitude of 'I told you so' is sterile, and wise men know when to change their tune. To the ordinary citizen the word anti-imperialist suggests a thin-haired being just waked up from the day before yesterday, brandishing the Declaration of Independence excitedly, and shrieking after a railroad train thundering towards its destination to turn upon its tracks and come back. Anti-imperialism, people think, is something petrified, a religion, a thing that results in martyrdom, for which to 'discuss' means only to prophesy and denounce. If, so far, some of us have struck a slightly monotonous attitude, we have our good excuse. The wounds which our love of country received in those days of February, 1899, are of a kind that do not quickly heal. They ache too persistently to allow us easily to forget. Forget we must, however, we must attend to the practical possibilities of today.

And what are they? Immediate scuttling is certainly not among them, and anyone who should now urge it would, speaking practically, be a fool. Nations are masses with too enormous a momentum to reverse their motion with a jerk. They must be brought round in a curve. It seems even doubtful whether it would be for the Islands' interest to have our government immediately withdraw. What they need now is quiet for a few years, time to repair war's ravages, and to acquire some habits of administration which might outlast our stay. Not today, then, but tomorrow, is what we
ought to work for—abandonment of the islands as soon as, in our delicious phraseology, we have made them 'fit,' and meanwhile as steady a pressure as we can bring to bear towards determining our people to face that prospect, and towards making Congress say the decisive word.

The Democrats have already espoused our principles, and many of us think, therefore, that the one thing left for us is to espouse the Democratic cause. Against this there is the objection that the Democrats are only half sincere in the matter—it is largely an opposition issue to gain the independent vote—and there is the still stronger objection that the Republicans themselves have not half made up their minds that the Islands ought to be retained. The better self of the Republicans, their subliminal consciousness, so to speak, is already on our side. The party was railroaded into its conquistador career by the McKinley administration. The war short-circuited political reflection, and we had first of all to back up the Flag. But we may be sure that today the state of mind, even of our leaders, is full of misgivings, and that if we don't put them too much on the defensive, time will do our work.

The vital fact of the situation for us is that neither presidents nor Congress have as yet dared to face the responsibility of making any permanent colonial professions to which in pride or consistency we might find ourselves obliged to live up. Our adventure has literally been a wayward spree of power, wholly detached from any definite policy or plan. The instinct for self-preservation which in this has ruled us, is wiser far than a greater sense for national dignity would have been. The policy of drift has never been abandoned. If we should grant the Islands independence tomorrow, no man could show a scrap of paper to prove that we had broken a pledge to anybody, or had backed out of a single clause in our program.

Our tactics in this situation, Mr. Chairman, would therefore seem to be the simplest in the world. We must individually do all we can to circulate two phrases, so that the public ear becomes inured—"Independence for the Philippine Islands," and "Treat the Filipinos like the Cubans," and we must do all we can to force the hands of both parties to a positive declaration before its next presidential campaign. The Republicans will certainly not make a declaration for perpetual retention, and every open shying from that issue helps public opinion the other way. Constant dropping wears the marble. Phrases repeated have a way of turning into facts.

I hope you have not all forgotten the great speech on 'Public Opinion' which Wendell Phillips made in 1852. Read it again, anyhow, for it is full of inspiration for us here. "Hearts and sentiments are alive," said Phillips, "and we all know that the gentlest of Nature's growths or motions will, in time, burst asunder or wear away the proudest dead-weight man can heap upon them. . . . You may build your Capitol of granite, and pile it high as the Rocky Mountains; if it is founded on or mixed up with iniquity, the pulse of a girl will in time beat it down . . . This heart of mine, which beats so uninterrupted in the bosom, if its force could be directed against a granite pillar, would wear it to dust in the course of a man's life. Your Capitol, Daniel Webster," continued Phillips—if he had been speaking here he would have used other names—"Your Capitol is marble, but the pulse of every humane man is beating against it. God will give us time, and the pulses of men shall beat it down . . . The day must be ours, thank God, for the hearts—the hearts are on our side!"

Phillips's era saw the heart of man in perhaps a little simpler light than we can. We used to believe then that we were of a different clay from other nations, that there was something deep in the American heart that answered to our happy birth, free from that hereditary burden which the nations of Europe bear, and which obliges them to grow by preying on their neighbors. Idle dreamt pure Fourth of July fancy, scattered in five minutes by the first temptation. In every national soul there lie potentialities of the most barefaced piracy, and our own American soul is no exception to the rule. Angelic impulses and predatory lusts divide our heart exactly as they divide the hearts of other countries. It is good to rid ourselves of cant and humbug, and to know the truth about ourselves. Political virtue does not follow geographical divisions. It follows the eternal division inside of each country between the more animal and the more intellectual kind of men, between the tory and the liberal tendencies, the jingoism and animal instinct that would run things by main force and brute possession, and the critical conscience that believes in educational methods and in rational rules of right.

As a group of citizens calling to our country to return to the principles which it was suckled in, I believe that we Anti-Imperialists are already a back number. We had better not print that name upon our publications any longer. The country has once for all regurgitated the Declaration of Independence and the Farewell Address, and it won't swallow again immediately what it is so happy to have vomited up. It has come to a hiatus. It has deliberately pushed itself into the circle of international hatreds, and joined the common pack of wolves. It relishes the attitude. We have thrown
off our swaddling clothes, it thinks, and attained our majority. We are objects of fear to other lands. This makes of the old liberalism and the new liberalism of our country two discontinuous things. The older liberalism was in office, the new is in the opposition. Inwardly it is the same spirit, but outwardly the tactics, the questions, the reasons, and the phrases have to change. American memories no longer serve as catchwords. The great international and cosmopolitan liberal party, the party of conscience and intelligence the world over, has, in short, absorbed us; and we are only its American section, carrying on the war against the powers of darkness here, playing our part in the long, long campaign for truth and fair dealing which must go on in all the countries of the world until the end of time. Let us cheerfully settle into our interminable task. Everywhere it is the same struggle under various names—light against darkness, right against might, love against hate. The Lord of life is with us, and we cannot permanently fail.

Thomas Davidson: Individualist (1903)

I wish to pay my tribute to the memory of a Scottish-American friend of mine who died five years ago, a man of a character extraordinarily and intensely human, in spite of the fact that he was classed by obituary articles in England among the twelve most learned men of his time.

It would do no honour to Thomas Davidson's memory not to be frank about him. He handled people without gloves, himself, and one has no right to retouch his photograph until its features are softened into insipidity. He had defects and excesses which he wore upon his sleeve, so that everyone could see them. They made him many enemies, and if one liked quarrelling he was an easy man to quarrel with. But his heart and mind held treasures of the rarest. He had a genius for friendship. Money, place, fashion, fame and other vulgar idols of the tribe had no hold on his imagination. He led his own life absolutely, in whatever company he found himself, and the intense individualism which he taught by word and deed, is the lesson of which our generation is perhaps most in need.

All sorts of contrary adjectives come up as I think of him. To begin with, there was something physically rustic which suggested to the end his farm-boy origin. His voice was sweet and its scottish cadences most musical, and the extraordinary sociability of his nature made friends for him as much among women as among men; he had moreover a sort of physical dignity; but neither in dress nor in manner did he ever grow quite 'gentlemanly' or saln昨天ig in the conventional and obliterated sense of the terms. He was too cordial and emphatic for that. His broad brow, his big chest, his bright blue eyes, his volubility in talk and laughter told a tale of vitality far beyond the common; but his fine and nervous hands, and the vivacity of all his reactions suggested a degree of sensibility that one rarely finds conjoined with so robustly animal a frame. The great peculiarity of Davidson did indeed consist in this combination of the acute sensibilities with massive faculties of thought and action, a combination which, when the thoughts and actions are important, gives to the world its greatest men.

Davidson's native mood was happy. He took optimistic views of life and of his own share in it. A sort of permanent satisfaction radiated from his face; and this expression of inward glory (which in reality was to a large extent structural and not 'expressive' at all) was displeasing to many new acquaintances on whom it made an impression of too much conceit. The impression of conceit was not diminished in their eyes by the freedom with which Davidson contradicted, corrected, and reprehended other people. A longer acquaintance invariably diminished the impression. But it must be confessed that T. D. never was exactly humble-minded, and that the solidity of his self-consciousness withstood strains under which that of weaker men would have crumbled. The malady which finally killed him (a complication of bladder troubles) was one of the most exhausting to the nervous tone to which our flesh is subject, and it wore him out before it ended him. He told me of the paroxysms of motiveless nervous dread which used to beset him in the night-watches. Yet these never subdued his stalwartness, nor made him a 'sick-soul' in the theological sense of that appellation. "God is afraid of me" was the phrase by which he described his well-being to me one morning when his night had been a good one, and he was feeling so cannibalistic that he thought he might get well.

There are men whose attitude is always that of seeking for truth, and men who on the contrary always believe that they have the root
Excerpt: The text of essays, commentaries, and reviews. It seems reasonable to assume that these substantive variants represent James either altering the copy or the proof for the later-printed Report. Emendation of the copy-text is confined to bringing 'toward' at 82.32 and at 83.25 into conformity with James's characteristic 'towards' found at 84.3, the form invariable in the Post, incidentally. In the quotation from Wendell Phillips a few accidental differences have been silently restored and ellipsis dots added at 85.4 and 85.7. In substantives, at 82.2 James's 'know' is emended to Phillips's 'we all know'; at 84.4 James's 'put' has been altered to Phillips's 'heap'; at 85.2 'pile it as high' altered to Phillips's 'pile it high'; at 85.6 'Mountains, but if' to Phillips's 'Mountains; if'; at 85.8 'uninterruptedly' to Phillips's 'unintermittingly'. James's repeating for emphasis of 'Your Capitol' at 85.11-12 was allowed to stand.


Copy-text: (M5) holograph manuscript at Harvard (MS Am 1991), signed, with the title "Thomas Davidson: Individualist." The article also exists in two printed versions: the earlier written although later published (K) "Chapter XV | Professor William James's Reminiscences," which appeared signed in Memorials of Thomas Davidson, ed. William Knight (Boston: Ginn, 1907), pp. 197-199 (MCd 1903:10), and in the form of a letter to Knight, dated October 21, 1903, and (P28) "A Knight-Er rant of the Intellectual Life," McClure's Magazine, 25 (May 1905), 3-11, signed (MCd 1905:8). In addition there exists (P8) a set of galley proofs found in the Ida M. Tarbell Collection, Pelletier Library, Allegheny College.

As evidenced by an editor's insertion and note on the first galley of the proof, the McClure's title, by which the piece is most commonly known, may have been suggested by James himself, perhaps in an effort to appeal to the magazine's more popular audience. The insertion "A Knight-Er rant of the Intellectual Life:" Thomas Davidson, who tried etc. is above the printed title on the proof, "Thomas Davidson: Individualist," and is followed by the circled note 'Title suggested by Prof. James | letter of Feb 17th'. The letter does not seem to have survived. The article in McClure's carries the sub-title "Thomas Davidson: Who Tried to 'Be on Earth What Good People Hope to Be in Heaven'," and includes four photographs of Davidson. The title is drawn from James's text at 96.35-36, the sub-title from Davidson's maxim no. 7 at 93.26. This version was reprinted in Memories and Studies (1911), pp. 73-103.

James seems to have completed the original inscription some time before October 10, 1903, when he wrote a postcard to Dr. W. T. Harris asking for the name of "that Missouri German from whom Mr. Emery so long ago got his MS. translation of Hegel's logic. I want it as a matter of literary history" ("Pragmatist to Publisher: Letters of William James to W. T. Harris," ed. Wallace Nethery, The Personalist, 49 [Autumn 1968], #40, p. 505), this being followed by a letter of October 15 from...
non-qualifying practitioners need not complain if they do not enjoy.

But let us hear no more of the other bill, which would impede the acquisition of therapeutic experience by making experimentation the exclusive right of a certain class.

William James, M.D.

Cambridge, April 2, 1894.

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Experimental Psychology in America (1895)

To the Editor of Science: The American Journal of Psychology began a new series last week with an 'editorial' introduction, in which some most extraordinary statements appear. As an official of Harvard University I cannot let one of these pass without public contradiction. The editorial says (on the top of page 4) that the "department of experimental psychology and laboratory" at Harvard was "founded under the influence" of some unspecified person mentioned in a list of President Hall's pupils. I, myself, 'founded' the instruction in experimental psychology at Harvard in 1874-5, or 1876, I forget which. For a long series of years the laboratory was in two rooms of the Scientific School building, which at last became choked with apparatus, so that a change was necessary. I then, in 1890, resolved on an altogether new departure, raised several thousand dollars, fitted up Dane Hall, and introduced laboratory exercises as a regular part of the undergraduate psychology course. Dr. Herbert Nichols, then at Clark, was appointed, in 1891, assistant in this part of the work; and when Professor Münsterberg was made director of the laboratory, in 1894, and I went for a year to Europe, Dr. Nichols gave my undergraduate course. I owe him my heartiest thanks for his services and 'influence' in the graduate as well as in the undergraduate department at Harvard, but I imagine him to have been as much surprised as myself at the statement in the editorial from which I quote—a statement the more

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Letter to the Hon. Samuel W. McCall on the Venezuelan Crisis (1895)

Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., December 21, 1895.

My Dear Sir: As one of your constituents I urge you to use your influence in every way to mitigate the further results of the calamity which President Cleveland and Congress together have sprung upon the country.

The good fame that one hundred years have won for us, and that has made the rest of the world view us with an indulgence accorded to no other great power, the character, namely, of being safe, and always to be counted on as throwing our vast weight into the scale that stands for humanity and civilization, has in three days of delirium been flung so far away over the roof tops that fifty years of sane conduct will doubtfully buy it back. We have written ourselves squarely down as a people dangerous to the peace of the world, more dangerous than anything since France under Napoleon. The grotesque logic of the Cleveland-Olney communications is only matched by their gratuitously insulting form. Was there ever anything more infernally cynical than to make of an incident where we pretend to urge upon others the use of the humbler international methods the pretext and vehicle of a wanton and blustering provocation to war?

The President's fearful blunder was in coupling his direct threat of war with his demand for a commission. It is the passions aroused by that that so fatally complicate the situation. Had he simply asked for $100,000 for a judicial commission to enable us to see
how to exert most justly our influence hereafter, it would have left all possibilities open. And meanwhile, had the decision of the commission so solemnly inaugurated been adverse to England, it would have been exceedingly difficult for the English Government to go on in an unjust course. The Liberal party would have made of it an issue—we should have covered ourselves with dignity and honor and appeared to the world, as we always have appeared hitherto (alas, no longer), the friends of a new and more civilized international order.

All these possibilities are lost. The threat compels England to disregard the commission's decision. It compels us to declare war if she disregards it. Compels, that is, under penalty of flagrant cowardice on the one hand, under penalty of confessing to a buffoon Government on the other. It is monstrous that so sharp and calamitous an issue should be abruptly sprung on two friendly countries by the very first public utterance of our Executive. It has made retreat with honor impossible to either side, and I fancy that such a thing has never been done in the history of nations before, except as a preliminary to a declaration of war already decided upon on other grounds. Congress must do what it can to minimize the evil. Your constituents hold you responsible for your full share in all that may occur.

Respectfully yours,
WM. JAMES.

Hon. Samuel W. McCall,
House of Representatives.

Answer to Roosevelt on the Venezuelan Crisis (1896)

To the Editors of the Crimson:
Mr. Cleveland suddenly sends a message to Congress asking for a commission upon whose report he is to say to England: “Back down or fight.” Mr. Olney adds a letter to Lord Salisbury, saying that England's presence on this continent is a menace and an offence.

Congress and a large part of our newspapers and people thereupon go fighting-drunk; and Mr. Roosevelt writes you a letter to call any of us who may have presumed to beg our congressmen to slow-up if they can, "betrayers" of our native land. We are evidently guilty of lèse-majesté in Mr. Roosevelt's eyes; and though a mad president may any day commit the country without warning to an utterly new career and history, no citizen, no matter how he feels, must then speak, not even to the representative constitutionally appointed to check the President in time of need.

May I express a hope that in this University, if no where else on the continent, we shall be patriotic enough not to remain passive whilst the destinies of our country are being settled by surprise. Let us be for or against; and if against, then against by every means in our power, when a policy is taking shape that is bound to alter all the national ideals that we have cultivated hitherto. Let us refuse to be bound over night by proclamation, or hypnotized by sacramental phrases through the day. Let us consult our reason as to what is best, and then exert ourselves as citizens with all our might.

Your columns are not the place to discuss the Cleveland-Olney policy. Mr. Roosevelt uses them to call for a bigger navy, that being of course the next obligatory step in the novel national career sprung upon us so abruptly by the President, and which Mr. Roosevelt considers it to be a sort of treason now to oppose. There are enough of us who believe that the development of such a national career would be pregnant of calamity for civilization. Men at the student-age are easily swayed by phrases. But I trust that no catchwords or nicknames will deter Harvard students who have once made up their minds adversely on the general question, from beginning the fight just at this very point, and doing what little they can towards bringing the threatened increase of armament to naught.

Truly yours,
William James.
To the Editor of the Transcript:

An observer who should judge solely by the sort of evidence which the newspapers present might easily suppose that the American people felt little concern about the performances of our Government in the Philippine Islands, and were practically indifferent to their moral aspects. The cannon of our gunboats at Manila and the ratification of the treaty have sent even the most vehement anti-imperialist journals temporarily to cover, and the bugbear of copperheadism has reduced the freest tongues for a while to silence. The excitement of battle, this time as always, has produced its cowing and disorganizing effect upon the opposition.

But it would be dangerous for the Administration to trust to these impressions. I will not say that I have been amazed, for I fully expected it; but I have been cheered and encouraged at the almost unanimous dismay and horror which I find individuals express in private conversation over the turn which things are taking. "A national infamy" is the comment on the case which I hear most commonly uttered. The fires of indignation are momentarily "banked," but they are anything but "out." They seem merely to be awaiting the properly concerted and organized signal to burst forth with far more vehemence than ever, as imperialism and the idol of a national destiny, based on martial excitement and mere "bigness," keep revealing their corrupting inwardness more and more unmistakably. The process of education has been too short for the older American nature not to feel the shock. We gave the fighting instinct and the passion of mastery their outing; we let them have the day to themselves, and temporarily committed our fortunes to their leading last spring, because we thought that, being harnessed in a cause which promised to be that of freedom, the results were fairly safe, and we could resume our permanent ideals and character when the fighting fit was done. We now see how we reckoned without our host. We see by the vividest examples what an absolute savage and pirate the passion of military conquest always is, and how the only safeguard against the crimes to which it will infallibly drag the nation that gives way to it is to keep it chained for ever, is never to let it get its start. In the European nations it is kept chained by a greater mutual fear than they have ever before felt for one another. Here it should have been kept chained by a native wisdom nourished assiduously for a century on opposite ideals. And we can appreciate now that wisdom in those of us who, with our national Executive at their head, worked so desperately to keep it chained last spring.

But since then, Executive and all, we have been swept away by the overmastering flood. And now what it has swept us into is an adventure that in sober seriousness and definite English speech must be described as literally piratical. Our treatment of the Aguinaldo movement at Manila and at Iloilo is piracy positive and absolute, and the American people appear as pirates pure and simple, as day by day the real facts of the situation are coming to the light.

What was only vaguely apprehended is now clear with a definiteness that is startling indeed. Here was a people towards whom we felt no ill-will, against whom we had not even a slanderous rumor to bring; a people for whose tenacious struggle against their Spanish oppressors we have for years past spoken (so far as we spoke of them at all) with nothing but admiration and sympathy. Here was a leader who, as the Spanish lies about him, on which we were fed so long, drop off, and as the truth gets more and more known, appears as an exceptionally fine specimen of the patriot and national hero; not only daring, but honest; not only a fighter, but a governor and organizer of extraordinary power. Here were the precious beginnings of an indigenous national life, with which, if we had any responsibilities to these islands at all, it was our first duty to have squared ourselves. Aguinaldo's movement was, and evidently deserved to be, an ideal popular movement, which as far as it had time to exist was showing itself "fit" to survive and likely to become a healthy piece of national self-development. It was all we had to build on, at any rate, so far—if we had any desire not to succeed to the Spaniards' inheritance of native execration.

And what did our Administration do? So far as the facts have leaked out, it issued instructions to the commanders on the ground simply to freeze Aguinaldo out, as a dangerous rival with whom all compromising entanglement was sedulously to be avoided by the great Yankee business concern. We were not to "recognize" him, we were to deny him all account of our intentions; and in general to refuse any account of our intentions to anybody, except to declare in abstract terms their "benevolence," until the inhabitants, without a pledge of any sort from us, should turn over their country into our hands. Our President's bouffe-proclamation was
the only thing vouchsafed: "We are here for your own good; therefore unconditionally surrender to our tender mercies, or we'll blow you into kingdom come."

Our own people meanwhile were vaguely uneasy, for the inhuman callousness and insult shown at Paris and Washington to the officially delegated mouthpieces of the wants and claims of the Filipinos seemed simply abominable from any moral point of view. But there must be reasons of state, we assumed, and good ones. Aguinaldo is evidently a pure adventurer "on the make," a blackmailer, sure in the end to betray our confidence, or our Government wouldn't treat him so, for our President is essentially methodistical and moral. Mr. McKinley must be in an intolerably perplexing situation, and we must not criticise him too soon. We assumed this, I say, though all the while there was a horribly suspicious look about the performance. On its face it reeked of the infernal adroitness of the great department store, which has reached perfect expertise in the art of killing silently and with no public squealing or commotion the neighboring small concern.

But that small concern, Aguinaldo, apparently not having the proper American business education, and being uninstructed on the irresistible character of our Republican party combine, neither offered to sell out nor to give up. So the Administration had to show its hand without disguise. It did so at last. We are now openly engaged in crushing out the sacred thing in this great human world—the attempt of a people long enslaved to attain to the possession of itself, to organize its laws and government, to be free to follow its internal destinies according to its own ideals. War, said Moltke, aims at destruction, and at nothing else. And splendidly are we carrying out war's ideal. We are destroying the lives of these islanders by the thousand, their villages and their cities; for surely it is we who are solely responsible for all the incidental burnings that our operations entail. But these destructions are the smallest part of our sins. We are destroying down to the root every germ of a healthy national life in these unfortunate people, and we are surely helping to destroy for one generation at least their faith in God and man. No life shall you have, we say, except as a gift from our philanthropy after your unconditional submission to our will. So as they seem to be "slow pay" in the matter of submission, our yellow journals have abundant time in which to raise new monuments of capitals to the victories of Old Glory, and in which to extol the unrestrainable eagerness of our brave soldiers to rush into battles that remind them so much of rabbit hunts on Western plains.

It is horrible, simply horrible. Surely there cannot be many born and bred Americans who, when they look at the bare fact of what we are doing, the fact taken all by itself, do not feel this, and do not blush with burning shame at the unspeakable meanness and ignominy of the trick?

Why, then, do we go on? First, the war fever; and then the pride which always refuses to back down when under fire. But these are passions that interfere with the reasonable settlement of any affair; and in this affair we have to deal with a factor altogether peculiar with our belief, namely, in a national destiny which must be "big" at any cost, and which for some inscrutable reason it has become infamous for us to disbelieve in or refuse. We are to be missionaries of civilization, and to bear the white man's burden, painful as it often is. We must sow our ideals, plant our order, impose our God. The individual lives are nothing. Our duty and our destiny call, and civilization must go on.

Could there be a more damming indictment of that whole bloated idol termed "modern civilization" than this amounts to? Civilization is, then, the big, hollow, resounding, corrupting, sophisticated, self-conscious torrent of mere brutal momentum and irrationality that brings forth fruits like this! It is safe to say that one Christian missionary, whether primitive, Protestant or Catholic, of the original missionary type, one Buddhist or Mohammedan of a genuine saintly sort, one ethical reformer or philanthropist, or one disciple of Tolstoi or Dostoievski or Tolstoi, would do more real good in these islands than our whole army and navy can possibly effect with our whole civilization at their back. He could build up realities, in however small a degree; we can only destroy the inner realities; and indeed destroy in a year more of them than a generation can make good.

It is by their moral fruits exclusively that these benighted brown people, "half-devil and half-child" as they are, are condemned to judge a civilization. Ours is already execrated by them forever for its hideous fruits.

Shall it not in so far forth be executed by ourselves? Shall the unsophisticated verdict upon its hideousness which the plain moral sense pronounces avail nothing to stem the torrent of mere empty "bigness" in our destiny, before which it is said we must all knock under, swallowing our higher sentiments with a gulp? The issue is perfectly plain at last. We are cold-bloodedly, wantonly and abominably destroying the soul of a people who never did us an atom of harm in their lives. It is bald, brutal piracy, impossible to dish up any longer in the cold pot-grease of President McKinley's cant at the recent Boston banquet—surely as shamefully evasive a speech, considering the right of the public to know definite facts, as can
often have fallen even from a professional politician's lips. The worst of our imperialists is that they do not themselves know where sincerity ends and insincerity begins. Their state of consciousness is so new, so mixed of primitively human passions and, in political circles, of calculations that are anything but primitively human; so at variance, moreover, with their former mental habits; and so empty of definite data and contents; that they face various ways at once, and their portraits should be taken with a squint. One reads the President's speech with a strange feeling—as if the very words were squinting on the page.

The impotence of the private individual, with imperialism under full headway as it is, is deplorable indeed. But every American has a voice or a pen, and may use it. So, impelled by my own sense of duty, I write these present words. One by one we shall creep from cover, and the opposition will organize itself. If the Filipinos hold out long enough, there is a good chance (the canting game being already pretty well played out, and the piracy having to show itself henceforward naked) of the older American beliefs and sentiments coming to their rights again, and of the Administration being terrified into a conciliatory policy towards the native government.

The programme for the opposition should, it seems to me, be radical. The infamy and iniquity of a war of conquest must stop. A "protectorate," of course, if they will have it, though after this they would probably rather welcome any European Power; and as regards the inner state of the island, freedom, "fit" or "unfit," that is, home rule without humbugging phrases, and whatever anarchy may go with it until the Filipinos learn from each other, not from us, how to govern themselves. Mr. Adams's programme—which anyone may have by writing to Mr. Erving Winslow, Anti-Imperialist League, Washington, D. C.—seems to contain the only hopeful key to the situation. Until the opposition newspapers seriously begin, and the mass meetings are held, let every American who still wishes his country to possess its ancient soul—soul a thousand times more dear than ever, now that it seems in danger of perdition—do what little he can in the way of open speech and writing, and above all let him give his representatives and senators in Washington a positive piece of his mind.

William James


To the Editor of the Transcript:

May I send another word, suggested by your comment on Mr. Stetson's recent letter and mine?

You say you sympathize with our statements, but how, you ask, do we know enough to judge? How do we know what secret information the President may be acting on? How do we know Aguinaldo not to be a merely ambitious rogue? And your conclusion is that things must be left to drift by the individual citizen, since they are in the Administration's more knowing hands.

This seems to me the fatal weakness of the whole situation: Dismay, but conviction of ignorance, and consequent resignation to the torrent of events. What I observe in those I talk with is just this mixture of inner unhappiness with fatalistic resignation. And it seems to me completely to corroborate everything that the anti-imperialist leaders have been telling us since the outset of the affair.

We shall be too far, they have said, from these remote dependencies ever to have any accurate acquaintance with what is going on there, so that any sort of maladministration may count on the non-interference of our people if it once gets under headway.

Does not our very first step most exquisitely verify their prognostic? Haven't we made a fearful muddle? and does not the country on the whole treat it so far with a genuinely Mohammedan resignation and insensibility? It is simply too far away—is it conceivable that such things could be happening, if Porto Rico were their seat?

If ever there was a situation to be handled psychologically, it was this one. The first thing that any European Government would have done would have been to approach it from the psychological side: Ascertain the sentiments of the natives and the ideals they might be led by, get into touch immediately with Aguinaldo, contract some partnership, buy his help by giving ours, etc. Had our officers on the ground been allowed to follow their own common sense and good feeling they would probably have done just this. Meanwhile, as they were forbidden by orders from Washington, no one knows what they would have done.

But it is obvious that for our rulers at Washington the Filipinos have not existed as psychological quantities at all, except so far as
they might be moved by President McKinley's precious proclamation. Suckled on campaign platforms and moral platitudes himself, he seems to have had a beatific vision of the bland and evasive phraseology of that document electrifying the islanders much as it might electrify a Republican convention. When General Miller cables that they won't let him land at Iloilo, the President, we are told, cables back: "Cannot my proclamation be distributed?" But apart from this fine piece of sympathetic insight into foreigners' minds there is no clear sign of its ever having occurred to anyone at Washington that the Filipinos could have any feeling or insides of their own whatever that might possibly need to be considered in our arrangements. It was merely a big material corporation against a small one, the "soul" of the big one consisting in a stock of moral phrases, the little one owning no soul at all.

In short we have treated the Filipinos as if they were a painted picture, an amount of mere matter in our way. They are too remote from us ever to be realized as they exist in their inwardness. They are too far away; and they will remain too far away to the end of the chapter. If the first step is such a criminal blunder, what shall we expect of the last?

WILLIAM JAMES

Cambridge, March 2.

The Philippines Again (1899)

To the Editor of The Evening Post:

Sir: Time, it is to be hoped, will apportion justly the blame for the Philippine situation. Meanwhile does not the result cast a "lurid light" on the hollowness of this whole business which is so pleasing to our national imagination, the mission, namely, which we suppose Providence to have invested us with, of raising the Filipinos in the scale of being?

Among the charming "Fables" which the New York World printed many years ago was one about a hippopotamus, which,

walking one day in the forest [excuse the natural history], scared a hen-partridge from her nest of new-hatched fledglings. Touched with compassion, the kind-hearted animal exclaimed: "You poor, forsaken babes! Let me be a mother to you." So she sat down upon the nest of little partridges.—"Moral: It is not every one who can run an orphan asylum."

This fable seems to have been written by a prophet, for nothing could better hit off the "blended humor and pathos" of the present situation. Having scared Spain from the nest, we are trying to run the orphan asylum by the methods of the hippopotamus. Unquestionably the great heart of our people means well by the islanders, genuinely wills them good. So doubtless does our administration. But what worse enemy to a situation of need can there be than dim, foggy, abstract good will, backed by energetic officiousness, and unillumined by any accurate perception of the concrete wants and possibilities of the case? Cynical indifference, or even frank hostility, would, in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred, work less irreparable harm.

Seriously and before the bar either of morals or of practical common sense, is it an endurable notion that such vague and half-awake good will, "moving about in worlds not realized," as that hippopotamus the American people possesses, should actually have the vital destinies of the Filipinos intrusted to its hands? The foregone necessity of a tragic issue to the efforts of such an unintelligent colossus forms one of those grotesque and sinister contradictions in human affairs at which the angels are supposed to weep.

Surely any reflecting man must see that, far away as we are, doomed to invincible ignorance of the secrets of the Philippine soul (why, we cannot even understand one another's souls here at home), desirous moreover of results of a sort with which we are domestically familiar, and expressing our aspirations through an Executive which is only too true to our own type, our good will can only work disaster, and work the more disaster to the Filipinos the more conscious it gets of itself and the more exalted it grows over its "responsibilities."

At present its consciousness of its own goodness seems to be the chief enemy to a rational settlement.

If there were the least intelligence about our good will to the Filipinos, we would see that there is but one course that we should force our President to take. Order an immediate armistice. Replace our blundering officials at Manila by entirely different men. Pay the Malolos government a heavy indemnity. Stand by to protect it from foreign interference, and to help it in a limited number
of domestic matters in which it may request our services. Do this patiently and without officious activity; and await results. It will be time to make war on the islanders when the anarchy they are expected to develop if left to themselves begins to affect injuriously the outside world.

Now, if ever, is the time for us to take the back track. If the war is prolonged, and especially if any of our regiments should suffer severe loss, the blind good will of the American heart would change as easily as shot silk into an equally blind will to "Kill, kill, kill!"

WILLIAM JAMES.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS. MARCH 8.

Governor Roosevelt’s Oration (1899)

To the Editor of the Transcript:

Shall Governor Roosevelt be allowed to crow all over our national barnyard and hear no equally shrill voice lifted in reply? Even the “prattlers who sit at home in peace with their silly mock-humanitarianism” must feel their “ignoble” and “cowardly” blood stirred by such a challenge; and I for one feel that it would be ignominious to leave him in undisputed possession of the field.

In the hegelian philosophy the worst vice that an oration or any other expression of human nature can have is abstractness. Abstractness means empty simplicity, non-reference to features essential to the case. Of all the carnivals of emptiness and abstractness that the world has seen, our national discussions over the Philippine policy probably bear away the palm. The arch abstractionists have been the promoters of expansion; and of them all Governor Roosevelt now writes himself down as the very chief. We miss in him, thank Heaven, the sanctimonious abstractions. Not a word about “elevating” the Filipinos. Not a word about giving them pure homes, free schools, American school books and ready-made “pants” to hide their indecent nudity. Not a word about “sending them Christ”—and for all this let us thank him. But of all the naked ab-
published, and when a single shrill word from Lord Salisbury would have thrown that nation into a war-fever like our own, trace the low-water mark of national infamy? They failed to go to war, when our whole coast lay at their mercy!

It is impossible to say what principles of discrimination Governor Roosevelt could use in these cases, for in his oration he swamps everything together in one flood of abstract bellicose emotion.

Roosevelt and the McKinley party make one understand the French revolution, so long an enigma to our English imaginative powers. How could such bald abstractions as Reason and the Rights of Man, spelt with capitals, and ignoring all the concrete facts of human nature, ever have let loose such a torrent of slaughter? The Philippine Islanders well know how: that naked abstraction, "good government," firing the American soul, has done the like. We see how, by reading Governor Roosevelt's oration: "no parleying, no faltering in dealing with our foe," is keeping the ground red.

The crime of which we accuse Governor Roosevelt's party is that of treating an intensely living and concrete situation by a set of bald and hollow abstractions.

The abstractions are five in number:

1. "Responsibility" for the islands;
2. "Unfitness" of the natives;
3. "Good government" our duty;
4. "The supremacy of the flag" needful thereto; wherefore—
5. "No entanglement with Aguinaldo's crew."

There is not a jot of evidence that Mr. McKinley has ever conceived of the situation otherwise than in this stark-naked abstract form. Had he been himself at Manila, to see the population face to face as a concrete reality, instead of cabling abstractions from Washington for a trooper like General Otis to put into concrete shape; had he sent an unconventional character like Colonel Roosevelt, as full of feeling as he is of will, and made him dictator in his stead; or had he as far back as July hired some veteran English administrator at a million a year, and given him full power to settle the job in his own way, we should not have fallen—not fallen instantaneously at least—into this hideous fiasco. If ever there was a situation made to hand for our country to succeed with, had we only taken a more concrete view of it, it was this situation, soon after Admiral Dewey's victory.

It grows tiresome to repeat the indictment, but "good government" in the concrete means a government that seeks to make some connection with the actual mental condition of the governed.

It does not mean callous insult to all their representatives, and perfidy under the name of avoidance of entanglement.

Similarly "unfitness for self-control" means in the concrete a visible set of facts, and not a paper label pinned to a population beforehand by an assumption made thousands of miles away. Visibly, the Filipinos were showing fitness for government by actually carrying it on; and the only anarchy the islands now show is that ensuing upon our President's proclamation, a declaration of war in fullest technical form, to which no known concrete race of human beings ever could be expected to submit tamely. This monstrous proclamation came before the Spaniards had given up their legal title; it came like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky; it came with no preliminary attempt to get into any kind of working partnership with the national leaders or to gain their good will by even entertaining the possibility of conciliating some of their ideals. The empty abstractions had unrestricted right of way—unfitness, anarchy, clean sweep, no entanglement, no parley, unconditional surrender, supremacy of the flag; then indeed good government, Christian civilization, freedom, brotherly protection, kind offices, all that the heart of man or people can desire.

The one result that is obvious is that no more ignominious political blunder was ever made—no greater failure to profit by a magnificent opportunity. Or will Governor Roosevelt pretend that there is some law of nature which, if a man of different mental mould from President McKinley had been dictator for the past nine months, would have precluded him also from even trying a friendship-winning policy? Was there some iron decree of fate that doomed our name anyhow to become "from the word go" an object of execration to the Luzon population—that predestined every superior personality among them to become militant against us?

Hardly! It is safe to say that the governor perceives as much as anyone the personal blundering and incapacity, and knows as much as anyone that President McKinley is the sole culprit officially responsible. Yet like any Hun or Tartar, like President McKinley himself, his only notion of a remedy, now that we have committed the crime, is to kill, kill, kill our way through all its witnesses and victims. It is strenuous war, divine and glorious, and accursed be the mock philanthropists and weaklings who presume to call a halt!

I submit to Governor Roosevelt that here is a matter for a perfectly definite political issue in these States. Shall the mere killing policy continue, or shall it stop? Is a brown man's government that has for nine months carried on a war against the finest white army
Diary of French Naval Officer: Observations at Manila (1900)

To the Editor of The Republican:—

On looking over some back numbers of the Revue de Paris, a few days since, I came upon the diary of a certain Lieut. X. of the French navy, during his station in Manila harbor in the spring and summer of 1898. I have seen no reference to it in America, and imagine that it has passed unnoticed. It gives so vivid an account of the events of our occupation, and of the total impression made by them on a shrewd neutral observer, that I have translated such portions as treat directly of our relations with the insurgents in the hope that you may judge them worthy of a place in your columns. The diary is long, and was published in the Revue de Paris for October 15 and November 15, 1899. It is well worth reading entire.

I speak of Lieut. X. as a neutral observer, in spite of the fact that he appears to have small love for us Yankees. But to figure in the circle of international hatreds is one of the glories of being a "great power," so we should not complain of that tribute to our imperial status. As between us and the other great powers, Lieut. X. is certainly neutral, though the Filipinos, as the "under dog," and no great power, seem to exact from him a certain sympathy.

On the whole, it looks as if this cool-headed French officer's impressions of the situation were much like that which impartial history will end by recording. It is true that he ascribes to us a more deliberate duplicity than we can probably be charged with fairly. But how can a European realize what the depths of our American greenness were in problems of armed conquest and colonization? We meant no special trickery, but just handled our new problem after the pattern of the situations to which we were accustomed, viewing it as a new business enterprise. The Filipino mind, of course, was the absolutely vital feature in the situation: but this, being merely a psychological, and not a legal phenomenon, we disregarded it practically, and whilst making up our own minds what to do eventually, we played a waiting game. We merely told the natives that we were there to "set them free," and let that impression work on their romantic imaginations for all it was worth to us, whilst we carefully avoided any such explicit "entanglement"

William James

Cambridge, April 12.
with them as might make us subject to claims on their part later on. At Paris and at Washington we cut their envys dead, as the simplest way of saving ourselves from any consequential inconvenience. As Admiral Dewey proudly declares, we made no definite promises to any native. We only “used them,” scooping in whatever they might contribute to the improvement of our military situation, and washing our hands of responsibility for the interpretations which they, in their own greenness, might be moved to put on our protestations of benevolence. It is as if we said: “Good joke on the Filipinos; they won’t have a scrap of our handwriting to show!”

From the point of view of business, where the only relations between man and man are legal, this looked like a masterly policy, and was sure to commend itself to a mind for whom a pliant expedience for any move, appears to be the supreme ideal of human conduct. At any rate, it gave us time to consider what we really wanted: and, green hand playing against green hand, we against the Filipinos, it may well have seemed as if we were securing all the trumps, with hardly any risk to ourselves.

But when our president did make up his mind to appropriate the islands, cost what it would, his policy of “using” the natives as military allies, and ignoring them as political and moral entities, proved to have been the very ultra-stupidest of all imaginable schemes. It is a pity for our politic calculations; but higher situations often refuse to be handled by lower rules—bare legality and prudence are seldom enough to carry one through a delicate moral emergency. In this case, as it turned out, we had deliberately and wilfully thrown away the only trump-card really worth preserving, namely, the Filipinos’ esteem. Strange to say, they could not share our unctuous admiration of our own smartness. What could it seem to them but treachery? Our callous insults they might, indeed, have condoned, as merely due to our bad western manners; but with swindling (as they deemed it) added, what course was possible for them but war against us to the death?

Thus did President McKinley and his aids and abettors wreck this large national opportunity by their paltry and commercial way of apprehending its elements. It was full enough of difficulties, in any case; but a European government, even though it had been at heart more cynical than we were, would hardly have made so instantaneously rapid a series of blunders. Educated among conceptions more applicable to such complex conditions, almost any European statesman would have begun by treating the natives as if they had souls and those souls were a portion of the situation needful to consider; and, so doing, he might skilfully have steered things to some kind of an issue, at any rate, he would not have broken down in the first six months. But we, thanks to our administration, have lost the chance irreparably. Decidedly American party politics and clever business manipulation are not the school in which to learn how to extend an empire!

William James.

Geneva, Switz., May 6, 1900.

Views of Professor Blumentritt on the American Occupation (1900)

To the Editor of The Republican:

One of the latest published parts of Virchow's popular scientific series is a pamphlet of 77 pages by Prof Ferdinand Blumentritt of Leitmeritz, Bohemia, entitled “The Philippines: a summary account of the ethnographical and historico-political conditions of the islands; with an appendix containing the chief sections of the constitution of the Philippine republic. Hamburg, 1900.” It contains a mass of information, expressed in concise form, by a man thoroughly competent and familiar with the facts he writes of, and it ought to be immediately translated and obtain a wide circulation in the United States. It would be hard to imagine a more useful bit of enterprise at the present time than the cheap publication of this admirable little monograph. I subjoin a translation of the last 11 of Prof Blumentritt's pages, which treat of the events with which our own country is directly concerned.

William James.

Ouchy, Switz., June 15, 1900.
It is ridiculous to say that there will be a revulsion of popular sentiment. The proper execution of the law is the only thing we can look to for relief with any degree of hope. We need fearless police officers and resolute executives. But what we need most to check this social degeneracy is the omission of the horrible stories and the consequent plaintive editorials, which kind of journalism tends to increase the pruriency of public curiosity and to make the mob infection all the more seductive.

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Secretary Taft a Biased Judge (1904)

To the Editor of the Transcript:

May a humble citizen add his word to the discussion between the secretary of war and those who are asking the coming presidential conventions to put planks promising eventual independence to the Filipinos into their platforms? Secretary Taft thinks that any such promise will unsettle the Filipino mind, now in a fair way of being "educated" politically. It will start all the native politicians to intriguing for position in anticipation of the promised day, and if that day be less than a hundred years off, Mr. Taft thinks it will find the natives still untrained, still unfit, and prove to be more of a calamity than a blessing to them.

Now I yield to no one in esteem for Secretary Taft, whom I believe to be one of the finest characters now in public life anywhere. The candor of his speeches on this question wins my especial admiration. Unlike the simply brazen official utterances to which we have grown accustomed in Filipino affairs, what he says is really instructive. Assuming that we are something more than partisan rooters, to whom he must supply phrases, he seeks to persuade our intellects by the very reasons which persuade his own, and he conceals no facts. It would greatly raise the tone of political discussion everywhere if his example could be followed.

On all these accounts, and because he has been there, and knows the places where the shoe pinches, Mr. Taft's prestige is naturally enormous. His knowledge is concrete and solid, men say, while that of the bishops and college presidents who have signed the petition for independence is vague and remote. It would be no wonder if at the conventions his advice should carry the day against all the voices that urge an independence plank. "In the very nature of things," the delegates will think, "his opinion must be wiser than that of all these people at this distance."

I wish now to give some reasons why the opinion of a man who has played Governor Taft's part in the Islands does not deserve to carry this preeminent authority, and why the remoter view of long-range judges may well on the whole be wiser. I believe that his close personal relations to the struggle, so far from strengthening the prestige of any general views of policy which he may utter, ought, on the contrary, to be allowed for and discounted. It seems to me emphatically a case for applying the "personal equation."

Secretary Taft is himself the creator of the present regime in the Philippines. He was sent there to repair the work of mere destruction which President McKinley's Administration had with such a light heart originally blundered into, and to turn, if possible, a purely military conquest into a genuine assimilation. He accepted the mission in good faith, and organized a government of which the sole animating principle is the permanent welfare of the natives—as we are able to conceive that welfare. He started this work under incredible difficulties, in the midst of war, with American army opinion dead against him, with all the riff-raff of American exploiters and editors in Manila down upon him, with native support inefficient and suspicious when not actively treacherous, and with no help save that of his few official coadjutors and of his conscience. The hard beginnings of the task are over and the infant administration toddles on two legs successfully. Evolution on the lines attempted seems possible; one by one the later features of the programme may be realized.

Is it humanly conceivable that the creator of such an unfinished state of things would willingly suffer its evolution to be interrupted? It is the child of his loins and he must insist upon its growing to maturity. The good of the Islands, as he is able to imagine it, is identified with that programme exclusively. Other good, as other people may imagine it, is not THAT good, is but that good's destruction. Secretary Taft is in the very nature of the case bound, even though there were a flagrantly better possible alternative, to remain a passionate advocate of the system of which he is himself the author. He is morally unable to be an impartial witness.

As regards the system's prosperous evolution, his hopefulness
ought also to be taken with a large discount by the American delegate and voter. The governor general of an Oriental dependency cannot possibly see into the full rottenness of a situation, if it be really rotten. The information he goes by is certain to be accommodated and predigested for his reception. Hardly a native meets him sincerely; and his official family, laboring under identical drawbacks, cannot restore the balance to his sense of reality.

Mr. Taft, in short, is too close to the Philippine job to estimate its general historical bearings. These general bearings are, it seems to me, probably more justly apprehended by such educated men at home as those who have signed the petition to the conventions.

To myself, as one of the signers, the great historical objection to Secretary Taft's scheme is that it is so desperately Utopian. "The Philippines for the Filipinos" is an admirable watch-word, but that it actually should be a watch-word reveals the whole priggishness and spuriousness of the situation. Countries that really are for their inhabitants have no such watch-words; the fact that they are for them is obvious. The watch-word in this case is to remind us conquerors of our duty. We are to "give" the Filipino true liberty instead of the false liberty he aspires to; we are to reveal his better self to him, to be his savior against his own weakness.

The officials intrusted with the carrying-out of such a policy ought to be the offspring of a marriage between angels and steam-engines. They ought, at least, to be an apostolical succession of missionaries. Secretary Taft himself and a few of his colleagues have the best missionary spirit. But the frankness with which he admits his moral isolation is pathetic. If the natives are ever to do the American character justice, he thinks, the Americans who go to the Philippines must, first of all, change their character and manners. Even the teachers, if reports can be trusted, have become rowdies, and scores of them deserve to be deported.

Mr. Taft says: "Give us a hundred years and we may outgrow these difficulties. Let the question of independence then be broached, if need be, but not sooner." But is this anything but the enthusiasm of an initiator over his own work, and does not all history speak loudly against it? Is it likely that a success of Tafts can be provided? And if we turn from official life to private life, can the leopard change his spots or the Anglo-Saxon his unsociability? And can Americans of the sort that go to try their fortunes in the tropics ever be expected to succeed in the role of sympathetic friends and helpful elder brothers?

The trouble is that every step in the success of the Taft programme will breed new kinds of trouble. Suppose the Filipinos take all the education we give them—that will only make them the more frantic for independence—it is the "educated" natives of India who are the really troublesome enemies of British rule there, and if independence is out of reach, there will be endless agitation for statehood, as even now in Porto Rico it is beginning.

It is impossible seriously to believe that a hundred years or two hundred years will be different from twenty. They will still show a terrier-and-rat relation. History shows that no force endures like hatred of the alien ruler. The Filipinos had it when we arrived there, and they have national ideals which no yellow race except the Japanese have ever possessed. We have immensely deepened this side of their nature, enriching their history with imperishable legends and traditions and with a procession of heroes and martyrs. Two hundred years will alter this no more than twenty.

Secretary Taft is too good a liberal to say the word "never" when independence is suggested. He simply says, "For God's sake don't mention such a thing just now. Let things drift along as they are indefinitely." Does he forget that it was through the McKinley policy of drift that we lost our hold on the original situation? Benevolent drifting can hardly be much more satisfactory than crafty drifting. People's minds are settled, not unsettled by a certainty, and when Secretary Taft affirms the contrary, I can only suspect his interest in his own scheme of government to be growing a little convulsive.

The real obstacle to a promise of independence by our Congress is the old human aversion to abdicating any power once held. When love of power and the desire to do good run in double harness, the team is indeed a difficult one to stop. Cant and sophistry then celebrate their golden wedding. It is then that we have to kill thousands in order to avert the killing of tens or hundreds by one another. It is then that the boss-ruled Yankee finds the sacred duty laid upon him of preserving alien races from being exploited by their own politicians.

If after twenty years or so we let the Filipinos part in peace, it is likely that some American commandments will be broken. But the situation will have this much of good about it, that it will then have become endogenous and spontaneous. It will express native ideals, and natives will be able to understand it. Continuity is essential to healthy growth. Let the Filipino leaders try their own system—no people learns to live except by trying. We can easily protect them against foreign interference; and if they fail to be good exactly according to our notions, is not the world full even now of other people of whom the same can be said, and for whose
bad conduct towards one another we agree that it would be folly to make ourselves responsible?

Any national life, however turbulent, should be respected which exhibits ferments of progress, human individualities, even small ones, struggling in the direction of enlightenment. We know to our cost how strong these forces have been in the Islands. Let them work out their own issues. We Americans surely do not monopolize all the possible forms of goodness.

It is for such reasons as these that, with all respect for Secretary Taft, I am not in the least degree converted by his pronouncements against promising the Filipinos independence. William James.

Harvard University, May 1.

On Philippine Independence (1904)

To the Editor of The Evening Post:

Sir: May I make a brief rejoinder to the letter of Mr. James A. Leroy, in criticism of my recent remarks on Secretary Taft's unwillingness to promise independence to the Filipinos?

Mr. Leroy, withholding his own opinion as to the advisability of raising and settling now the question of independence, quotes a couple of his Filipino friends, who wish for independence ultimately, but who seem for the present, although their words are not over-clear, to be in favor of Secretary Taft's position. Mr. Leroy says that the views of such Filipinos ought to be taken into account, and, of course, they ought.

One of them, now a judge under our Government, says that at the beginning of our occupation his countrymen would have accepted American control under an "autonomous régime" without any promise of independence, but that the McKinley policy of equivocation, coupled with the irresponsible talk of American officials and others about independence, first brought on the war, and then the aspirations to independence which survive it. It would seem that what he himself probably desires is indefinitely future independence, but no present talk about it. He has seen it too much "exploited to the havoc of his countrymen's welfare by the ever-busy Filipino demagogues."

I fear that many persons among us, reading of a petition for a promise of independence to the Filipinos, think that a policy of immediate "scuttling" is meant. There may be some Americans in favor of immediate scuttling, but I know of none. I imagine that the signers to that petition to the conventions were almost all of them thinking of a training period of from twenty to twenty-five years. Secretary Taft believes in one of several generations. But he is unwilling openly to say "yes" as to the main point, and equally unwilling to say "no." Such evasiveness and leaving of things to work equivocally was, according to Mr. Leroy's correspondent, the policy that wrecked McKinley. Why, then, in heaven's name, should it save Taft?

This Filipino gentleman thinks that the irreconcilables among his countrymen form the element from whose advent to power bad government is to be feared. One's general knowledge of human nature suggests that a promise of independence might diminish this danger by converting some of the present irreconcilables to opportunists, to officeholders, in fact, and so training them to be more fit. Surely it ought to seem to them less unpatriotic to cooperate with us, if we definitely announce our purpose to get certain things under way and leave, and thus appeal to their good will to speed the plough. We might even gain some cordial recruits in this way.

Mr. Leroy says there is unconscious humor in my opinion that persons at a distance may judge better of our total policy than Secretary Taft. I can only repeat that opinion. The total policy includes many elements besides those with which Secretary Taft's duties have made him so much more familiar than we others are. One may easily see the trees and not see the forest, and Secretary Taft's peculiar situation makes a near-sighted view to some extent inevitable in his case. His feelings are so much enlisted in the success of the plans he has begun to carry out that the thought of their being interrupted or altered cannot touch him as it would touch any one else.

William James.

Réponse de M. William James: Catholicisme et protestantisme (1904)

M. William James est le grand maître actuel de la psychologie religieuse, et ses études sur ce sujet viennent d'être traduites par un philosophe de son école, le professeur Th. Flournoy, de Genève. On peut dire que M. James a fondé la psychologie physiologique dans son grand ouvrage: Principes de psychologie (New-York, 1890). Il est parfaitement sceptique à l'égard de la réunion des Églises, et ne la désire même pas. C'est la seule réponse, hostile à cette idée, que nous ayons reçue. Quant à une possibilité quelconque, le sens pratique du savant américain, comme celui de l'Anglais Fairbairn, la considère comme absolument chimérique.

Je n'ai rien à répondre à vos deux questions touchant la réunion des Églises catholique et protestante, sinon que cette réunion ne me paraît absolument pas désirable. Quant à sa réalisation dans les pays de langue anglaise, elle est (sauf pour une petite fraction de l'Église anglicane) si en dehors de toute possibilité, qu'il serait absurde de vouloir la discuter.

W. James.

∼ 62 ∼

a. On War (1904)

Though as decidedly averse to being interviewed as Hon. Richard Olney and equally reticent in the presence of a scribe, still the eminent psychologist consented to a talk on the Peace Conference yesterday. "You are evidently not in accord," began the inquisitor, "with the French writer who said that war would never cease to exist while there remained on earth two men having a woman and a loaf of bread to divide?" A humorous twinkle appeared in the eye of the savant. "I believe," he replied, "that war will ultimately cease, gradually, of course, between all civilized nations, through the enormity of the scale on which it is being waged and the fact that it destroys so many and because it works against such voluminous ideal interests. The war-like spirit will always exist, but there will be a time when nations will only permit themselves wars against savages—punitive expeditions and the like. This gratifies the imagination and keeps armies and navies employed. But that war should be waged between England and France, for instance, or between France and Germany would obviously be a crime against civilization. I think that the war spirit in mankind is essentially ineradicable, but it can be circumvented by preventing explosions through arbitration machinery and other means of carrying off the excitement before it becomes irresistible."

"Do you think, professor, that the resolutions forwarded to the emperors of Russia and Japan by the Peace Conference, entreat them to end their bitter war either by direct negotiations or by having recourse to the friendly office of the neutral Powers, will be heeded?"

"I have a feeling that it is entirely chimerical to imagine that the nations now at war would listen at all to any academical, philanthropic attempts to persuade them to cease their warfare." Here the professor, self-interrupting, modestly disclaimed the desire of speaking publicly on the subject, being interested more in the general constitution of human nature than in any particular experience for which he had no aptitude. Asked as to the probable result of President Roosevelt's exertions in attempting to get the Powers to participate in holding a peace conference, he answered: "I am exceedingly glad that our country is taking its natural position as a leader in this practical direction, and I am delighted, moreover, to hear that some arbitration treaties are in process of preparation. I think that Secretary Hay's presence on the opening day of the conference was full of good augury."

"Will England, think you, cordially cooperate with this country in the work of effecting international arbitration?"

"I am confident that England would proceed step by step with America in any efforts that we might make. But I think that our peace efforts have come too soon to have any controlling voice in such disputes between Japan and Russia. The tribal instincts, interests and antagonisms in this case are on such a primitive level that reason cannot have much voice in the settlement. Japan is really fighting for the autonomy of Asia, and Russia to extend her white man's dominion over what we regard as essentially subordin-
In view of the character Japan has already shown, magnificent intellectual and moral regard, the white man's claim (here the professor paused in order to fully emphasize his remark) has received a pretty black eye. I hope for my part that it will come out with its flag lowered. I believe that Asia under the influence of Japan will attain a more healthy career in evolution than if European countries were to come in, and do what there was talk of doing to China a few years ago."

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b. Correction to Remarks on War (1904)

To the Editor of the Transcript:

In your report of the Peace banquet, you quoted me last night as saying, "War is a sacrament—society would rot without the mystical blood-payment."

Those words were quotations of mine from clerical defenders of war whom I characterized in my speech as the shallowest of philosophers.

I hope you will print this correction, and oblige

William James.

Cambridge, Oct. 9.

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MR. JAMES: I am glad to find such a consensus of opinion against systematically relieving professors engaged in research work from instruction. The separation can be made of individuals, and made effectual enough, so that if men who cannot teach well but who can make investigations are found, they personally can be relieved. Professor Ostwald's conclusion after inquiries he had made into the lives of professors is about as follows: After sixty a man loses a great deal of his general energy; his ability to do new things is not peculiarly great; but, in return for this, he becomes more expert in the ruts which he has cultivated; and at the age of seventy, he may be at his very best as a teacher.

I agree with Professor Remsen about these small peppercorns of investigation done by young men; this thing must go on because it is valuable. If you wish in this world to have anything at all, you must have too much of it. You must have this pedantic small business which may call itself investigation; but you must have the irony too. The material has to be supplied in this excessive manner, and the irony and sarcasm have to sift it out; and, in the end, God's work gets done.
The Correspondence of William James

VOLUME 8

1895–June 1899

Edited by
Ignas K. Skrupskelis and Elizabeth M. Berkeley

with the assistance of
Wilma Bradbeer

University Press of Virginia
Charlottesville and London
Gad! I begin to bethink me. Is it the plagiarism in S.’s Seeing & Thinking etc? Does T. demand S’s expulsion by the Council, or what?

1 From about 1894 Armenians living in the Ottoman Empire were subjected to waves of persecution and massacre.

2 The protracted dispute between Great Britain and Venezuela over the boundaries of British Guiana was brought to a crisis by Cleveland’s message to Congress of 17 December 1895, widely regarded as a threat of war should Britain refuse to settle the dispute by arbitration.

3 A slip for ‘or’.

4 The issue concerns accusations of plagiarism in Scripture’s Thinking, Feeling, Doing (1895). Reviewing the work in the Psychological Review 2 (November 1895): 606–9, James Rowland Angell accused Scripture of neglecting few things to “make the book bad.” According to Angell, Scripture’s chapter 17 is taken without acknowledgement from Wilhelm Wundt, Lectures on Human and Animal Psychology (1894), in the translation by James Edwin Creighton and Edward Bradford Titchener. Scripture’s explanation of the matter appears in Psychological Review 3 (January 1896): 196–97. Apparently, Titchener expected the council of the American Psychological Association, of which WJ was a member, to take punitive action. The association was to meet in late December in Philadelphia. For WJ’s witticism about a psychological duel see SUC, 369–70.

To James Mark Baldwin

Dec. 24 [1895]

I have sent Tit’s letter to Ladd, urging him to make Scripture come forward with a spontaneous apology before the Society, before the Council has time to ask him. I don’t see how we can avoid requesting him, since T. has made complaint: and if he refused, it might be disagreeable all round. The bellum omnium contra omnes seems to have begun! I go to Salter’s 1415 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. Shall be there Thursday A.M.

W.J.

TC: MH bms am 1092.1

To Edwin Lawrence Godkin

95 Irving Street, Cambridge | Christmas Eve [December 24, 1895]

Darling Old Godkin,

The only Christmas present I can send you is a word of thanks and a bravo bravissimo for your glorious fight against the powers of darkness. I swear it brings back the days of ’61 again, when the worst enemies of our country were in our own borders. But now that defervesence has set in and the long long campaign of discussion and education is about to begin, you will have to bear the leading part in it, and I beseech you to be as non-expletive and patiently explanatory as you can, for thus will you be the more effective. Father, forgive them for they know not what they do! The insincere propaganda of jingoism as a mere weapon of attack on the President was diabolic. But in the rally of the country to the President’s message lay that instinct of obedience to leaders which is the prime condition of all effective greatness in a nation. And after all when one thinks that the only england most Americans are taught to conceive of is the bugaboo coward England ready to invade the globe wherever there is no danger, the rally does not necessarily show savagery but only ignorance. We are all ready to be savage in some cause. The difference between a good man and a bad one is the choice of the cause.

Two things are, however, désormais certain: Three days of fighting mob-hysteria at Washington can at any time undo the peace-habits of a hundred years; and the only permanent safeguard against irrational explosions of the fighting instinct is absence of ornament and opportunity. Since this country has absolutely nothing to fear or any other country anything to gain from its invasion, it seems to me that the party of civilization ought immediately, at any cost of discredit, to begin to agitate against any increase of either army, navy, or coast defense. That is the one form of protection against the internal enemy on which we can most rely. We live and learn: the labor of civilizing ourselves is for the next thirty years going to be complicated with this other abominable new issue of which the seed was sown last week. You saw the new kind of danger, as you always do, before anyone else; but it grew gigantic much more suddenly than even you conceived to be possible. Olney’s Jefferson Brick style makes of our foreign office a laughing stock, of course. But why, oh why, couldn’t he and Cleveland and Congress between them have left out the infernal war threat and simply asked for $1000000 for a judicial commission to enable us to see exactly to what effect we ought in justice to exert our influence. That commission, if its decision were adverse, would have put England “in a hole,” awakened allies for us in all countries, been a solemn step forward in the line of national righteousness, covered us with dignity, and all the rest. But no—omnia ademit una dies infesta tibi tot praemia vitae!—Still, the campaign of education may raise us out of it all yet. Distrust of each other must not be suffered to go too far, for that way lies destruction.

Dear old Godkin—I don’t know whether you will have read more
than the first page—I didn't expect to write more than one and a half, but the steam will work off. I haven't slept right for a week.

I have just given my Harry, now a freshman, your Comments and reflections, and been renewing my youth in some of its admirable pages. But why the dickins did you leave out some of the most delectable of the old sentences in the cottager and boarder essay? 

Don't curse god and die, dear old fellow. Live and be patient and fight for us a long time time yet in this new war. Best regards to Mrs Godkin and to Lawrence and a merry Christmas.

Yours ever affectionately Wm James

AUL: MH BMS AM 1083 (437)

1 WJ is referring to the vigorous editorial criticism of President Cleveland's Venezuela message in the New York Evening Post and Nation, both edited by Godkin.


3 Jefferson Brick is a character in Charles Dickens's Martin Chuzzlewit (1844). Brick, a war correspondent for the "New York Rowdy Journal," writes articles obnoxious to the British and declaims that the "libation of freedom" must sometimes be "quaffed in blood."

4 From Lucretius, De Rerum Natura, bk. 3, lines 898-99.

5 Edwin Lawrence Godkin, Reflections and Comments (1895), a collection of essays from the Nation. In "The Evolution of the Summer Resort," Godkin with tongue in cheek describes the tragic social consequences when summer-resort boarders—those who live in hotels—are displaced by cottagers—those who buy land and build on it.

To Andrew Seth Pringle-Pattison


Dear Seth,

You know of the international calamity that has befallen. No use of many words! Don't judge our country too harshly! The insincere jingo attacks that have been made on the president by the republicans for purely party purposes have been indeed diabolical. But the jingoism of the common people responding to him has its good side. It shows that in spite of party frenzies our republic is still a unit when it comes to a question of obedience to the executive, and that is the root of all national safety and greatness. It is true that that in turn presupposes that the executive should not habitually be insane. In the present case (unless our executive is acting on facts unrevealed to the public, which is the excuse supposed by many) it would really seem to have been insane—at least such is the opinion of almost all those whom I associate with. It has wantonly thrown to the uninstructed people an appeal to fight for the right side in a question of which the people can know noth-

ing, but in which it is bound provisionally to suppose that the right side must be the Venezuelan side, since the only England of which it has a conception is the nursery bugaboo England, the coward-bully who is supposed to be steadily bent, under various sanctimonious pretexts, upon occupying all the remoter corners of the globe. This irrational anglophobia among us is one of our great calamities; and in the long campaign of education that is about to begin, it will have to have its place. Now every patriot ought to do his share, and the brilliant tho't has occurred to me that I might possibly contribute an orphan's mite, if I were to go to Edinb. for my doctor's degree 1 (which you may possibly remember was voted me two years ago) and—in case there should be any dinner with speeches—let drop a few remarks that might have a [end of copy missing]

To incompleted: MH BMS AM 1092.1

1 WJ received an honorary doctorate from Edinburgh on 11 April 1902.

From Edwin Lawrence Godkin

PELLWOOD, | HIGHLAND FALLS, | ORANGE CO., N.Y. Dec. 29/95

My dear delightful James, probably the only man in the world capable of writing me such a soul stirring letter.

Our crisis here passed quickly as far as I am personally concerned. We began our fight on Friday week in a more dismal frame of mind than I have known for thirty years, but my anxiety was at an end in a few hours. 2 The intelligent public, business men bankers, clergy, professors, came to our support almost with a wave of applause and showers of letters, and our circulation (of the Post) ran up 1000 a day. So we were personally soon out of the woods.

But my dear fellow, the trouble is not over. We are now dealing with a generation which has grown up under the newspapers, and the "Americanism" of the Schoolbooks. It thinks history began in 1776, that we are a peculiar people and are strong enough to do what we please, whip England, or make silver circulate at 15 to 1 all over the globe, & looks on instructed or thoughtful people, people who are influenced by human experience, as "bad Americans," or pessimists. The newspapers stand between this generation & the light and make it very hard to get at them. The danger is that we shall have some frightful catastrophe before we settle down to the plain and rational living arranged for the republic by the Founders.

I am far from proposing to give up the fight, but I confess I do not
look for much point of fighting in what remains of my time. The spectacle of incapacity, not to say imbecility, & credulity which you see in Washington today, in the dealing of Congress with the finances, shows a state of things which will not be cured in ten years or in thirty. Democratic government everywhere, has in my poor opinion, to go through many crises & much sorrowful experience before humanity will be able to get into exctasy over it. The press is now the great enemy of good government, and of rational views of human affairs. Everybody I see here agrees about this, but no one is able to see how improvement is to come. I cannot, myself, imagine a better field for patriotic millionaires than the establishment of good newspapers, free from party bias. Highly as I value Colleges, I really think in our present condition money spent in this way would do more for our civilization than donations to Harvard or Yale or Chicago. College culture somehow does not get down among the masses quickly enough to affect politics: We are unfortunate, too, in being so far removed from contact with other societies, & types of government. The credulity about foreign politics which I meet with would disgrace any European peasantry.

I do not expect to work in my present harness more than three or four years more so you will readily forgive my pessimistic tone. Veterans, you know, are apt to be grumblers, & think "the service is going to the dogs", but I must have been of some value to my race to draw such an epistle as yours, and with such credentials, I shall confide myself gayly "au Dieu des bonnes gens." Wishing you, my dear James, the happiest of happy New Years. With a thousand thanks, I remain always, most affectionately and gratefully yours

Edwin L. Godkin

We are up here in the country for New Year's only. Our kindest—my wife's & mine—Christmas regards to Mrs. James.

ALS: MH M38 1895.2 (1861)

1The New York Evening Post responded to Cleveland's message of 17 December on the following day. But its first response was mild compared with the attacks made a few days later. "Friday week," was 20 December.

To Elizabeth Cass Goddard

Cambridge Dec 31. 95

Dear Mrs. Goddard,

I await you on this dying night of the eventful 1895 a New Year's Greeting. May 1896 be fuller of happiness for you than some previous years have been. I sent you just before Christmas a slight memento in the shape of Matthew Arnold's letters. They give a pleasant picture of the man, though they are, unlike some letters, less important than his books.

Since the boom at Cripple Creek I have been regretting not having mortgaged this house to invest. I hope you got in early! I suppose you auriferous Coloradoans talk of nothing else! Have you been losing your heads over the war? Cleveland's direct threat was certainly a calamity to civilization. People here are singularly unanimous about it. I am very hard at work indeed, and next summer's vacation seems very far off. It won't contain anything, I am very sure, as delectable as my fortnight with you. Pray accept my wife's most grateful regards along with mine, and believe me, dear Mrs. Goddard, your faithful friend,

Wm James

Remember me most kindly to Dr. Caldwell, the Edsells' and other inquiring friends, if any—Mrs. Slocum, for example. By the way, do they want a first-class French teacher at the College?

ALS: MU-C


2Gold had been discovered in 1890 in the area that became Cripple Creek, where the population until 1900 sometimes reached 50,000.

3Scott in "William James's 1895 Visit to Colorado," 38-39, identifies the persons to whom Wj is referring: Samuel L. Caldwell, a physician in Colorado Springs; either Clarence Edsall, a stock broker, or his brother, Thomas H. Edsall, an attorney; and Mary Goodale Montgomery Slocum, wife of William Frederick Slocum (1851-1934), professor of philosophy at and president of Colorado College.

To Frederic William Henry Myers

Cambridge Jan 1. 95 (1896)

My dear Myers,

Here is a happy New Year to you with my presidential address for a gift. Valeat quantum. The end could have been expanded, but probably this is enough to set the S.P.R. against a lofty culturalhistorisch background; and where we have to do so much champing of the jaws on minute details of cases, that seems to me a good point in a president's address.

In the first half it has just come over me that what I say of one line of fact being "strengthened in flank" by another, is an "uprush" from my subconscious memory of words of Gurney's—but that does no harm.

You must be ready for another pecuniary disbursement, I fear, ere long!
Well, our countries will soon be soaked in each other’s gore. You will be disembowelling me, and Hodgson cleaving Lodge’s skull. It will be a war of extermination when it comes, for neither side can tell when it is beaten, and the last man will bury the penultimate one, and then die himself. The French will then occupy England and the Spaniards America. Both will unite against the Germans, and no one can forecast the end.—But seriously, all true patriots here have had a hell of a time. It has been a most instructive thing for the dispassionate student of history to see how near the surface in all of us the old fighting instinct lies, and how slight an appeal will wake it up. Once really waked, there is no retreat, so the whole wisdom of governors should be to avoid the direct appeals. This your European governments know; but we in our bottomless innocence and ignorance over here know nothing, and Cleveland in my opinion by his explicit allusion to war has committed the biggest political crime I have ever seen here. The secession of the southern states had more excuse. There was absolutely no need of it. A commission solemnly appointed to pronounce justice in the Venezuela case would if its decision were adverse to your country, have doubtless aroused the liberal party in England to espouse the policy of arbitrating, and would have covered us with dignity, if no threat of war had been uttered—But as it is, who can see the way out?

Every one goes about now saying war is not to be. But with these volcanic forces, who can tell? I suppose that the offices of Germany or Italy might in any case, however, save us from what would be the worst disaster to civilization that our time could bring forth.

The astounding thing is the latent anglophobia now revealed. It is most of it directly traceable to the diabolic machinations of the party of protection for the past twenty years. They have lived by every sort of infamous sophistication, and hatred of England has been one of their most continuous notes.

I hope you’ll read my address—unless indeed Gladstone will consent!!

Ever thine—I hate to think of “embruising” my hands in (or with?) your blood.

Proceedings XXIX just in—hurrah for your 200-odd pp.!!

I have been ultra non-committal as to our evidence—thinking it to be good presidential policy—but I may have overdone the impartiality business.

To Rosina Hubley Emmet

Cambr. Jan 5. 95 [1896]

Dear Rosina,

I suspected what side you’d be on in this great contest—and am sorry that Radcliffe and its history courses didn’t give you a somewhat broader view. The fighting temper into which the President’s message has thrown a graceful and delicate girl like you is the best argument against it. Since every Nation without exception can and does fight whenever the fighting nerve is touched, and since the only merit is not the fact of fighting but the cause you fight for, it behoves rulers not to touch the fighting nerve till the cause is important and the moment unprompteable. The European rulers know this. Ours, in their bottomless greenness and ignorance of the world know nothing. The result is the spectacle our country presents, of which your letter, Rosina does not appeal to me an edifying item.—But if I go on, you’ll fight me as well as England, and probably lick us both single handed, so Ill stop.

I haven’t read Meredith’s last, nor indeed anything. I am working really hard this winter, and have to manoeuvre for every quarter of an hour. Last winter seems to me like pure idleness. Did you know what an arrant little swindler and liar poor Middleton had developed into, making the Marean’s believe him rich, etc etc? He has had to leave College, engagement broke etc. I never supposed him anything but harmless.

Be harmless yourself, Rosina, again, and believe me affectionately yours

W.J.

1WJ, “Address of the President before the Society for Psychical Research,” PSPR 12 (June 1896): 2–10; reprinted in EPR. The address was read by Myers on 31 January 1896. Gladstone was an honorary member of the society.

2Myers was publishing a series of papers on “The Subliminal Consciousness.” WJ is referring to part eight, “The Subliminal Self,” PSPR 11 (December 1895): 334–593.

1Probably George Meredith, The Amazing Marriage (1895). WJ read it later; see Correspondence, 3:65.

2The Mareans were not identified.
To William Mackintire Salter

Feb. 10 [1896]

Dear Mack,

I got home safely, and am in the Strudel to day. I send you the $10 so kindly lent, with 50 cents more to pay for the Venezuela pamphlets, the reading of which I confess disappointed me, as one of your disciples in ethical reform, first that you should have let off Olney altogether, and second that you should consider a Monroe doctrine of this new sort a wholesome national idol. In the abstract it is very pretty no doubt, though rather comical in its limitations, but in the concrete it seems to me to need cold water pumped on it more than any living thing, and especially by men in your position who should naturally be in the minority. Can any serious man pretend that the “doctrine” has in the mind of one American out of a 1000 an ethical significance or that it would occur to any one to apply it between Chile & Peru? Its only popular significance is that it claims as an ideal what Mr. Olney says is already a fact, the position of having our fiat recognized as law on this continent. We are pleased at challenging the big powers of Europe by this attitude, and apart from that exciting sensation there isn’t one of us in 10,000 who has any use for such a doctrine. Of course such ideals are world moving forces, and when once consolidated, can no longer be reasoned with. They are religious dogmas, great nations must have them and have to work them out, for weal or woe. But if there ever was a nation whose history put it in a position to escape such dogmas it is ours, and when now the dogma is im wederen only, and a few weeks of acts and precedents are to decide whether it shall be part and parcel of our permanent national soul, I should think that the duty of an ethical society ought to be to work on the loosening rather than on the hardening side.

How you can suppose that a war with England will be better for us that an unjust decision of that boundary passes my comprehension. Now that is the only question involved in “backing up” the president, or attacking him. The whole significance of the message is the threat it contains, and the endorsement of Olney’s rubbish and rhodomontade which it implies. If the country doesn’t repudiate them now, the country is by every principle of self-respect bound to make war should England decline to obey our threat. Those who don’t believe in war for such a purpose have the simple duty, in Congress and in the press, of protesting against this extraordinary “doctrine” now. You take the thing abstractly, it seems to me, and not concretely enough. In various ages and epochs various types of mind become cocks of the walk. (E.g. the intellect of the Inquisitors.) The wise ruler and the wise country don’t give the lower types their chance. The type that Cleveland has inflamed with the sense of its national authority is one of the lowest possible. Henceforward we have got to spend a good part of our patriotic energy in neutralizing the power of such minds as that which wrote the enclosed snipping which I made in the cars yesterday after reading your address. I must say that when in concreto you are enthroning such a virtin in the nation’s destinies, (for they outnumber you 10,000 to one as backers of the new policy and see nothing in it but the glorious insult to England) I think your view is entirely too abstract. But apart from that, it is the worst sort of criminality to play with defiance to war. Had England had our spirit war would be inevitable, in the event of commission’s adverse ruling and it is hard to say whether victory or defeat would be the greater calamity for us. I believe victory would. But England will save us from it. She is proving herself far more civilized than anyone had a right to expect; for I confess the supposition that she would back down at our peremptory command was not a probable one. All the more ought Cleveland to have played for the liberal sentiment there, and not by his abominable threat and Olney’s incredible insults made it extremely hard for that to come forward.—But I didn’t mean to write a single line about this now, and in my hurry scurry do the job most ill. Had I waited for time I might have said better things. My main complaint once more is that you are abstract and leave out the true historical perspective.

Yours always
W.J.

A15: mh bms am 1092.9 (3975)

1William Mackintire Salter, The Venezuela Question (1896).

2A slip for ‘than’.

To Henry William Rankin

Cambridge, Feb. 11, 96

Dear Mr. Rankin

If my soul is lost it won’t be your fault, you keep strewing my path so with guides to salvation, and all with so little response on my part. It seems to me that you are an ideal type of man, a scholar in the full sense of the word and devoted to ideal interests exclusively, and yet living in a country town. Europe is full of such, but I fear we have not many.

My irresponsiveness is due to over business exclusively. I have had to give my lectures in Brooklyn with hardly a bit of new reading, and
You are very conscientious and honorable about that money. Only a part of it came from myself. I accept the $10 and shall immediately send it to an excessively starving philosopher whom I am helping in New York. But as for the balance this is what you must do. If your talents ever make you rich, and I hope they will, return the full amount of all your help here, to the “Loan Fund” of the University in care of the Treasurer, to be lent to future Japanese students. This will be as useful 50 years hence as ever; and if you don't get rich, why think no more about the matter anyhow—it was a gift!

I am sending you my Essays in Popular Philosophy, which have had a good success.²

Sincerely yours, and with kind regards to the lady, [Wm. James]

The James family is extremely well. I am going to lecture in California in September, and next year in Edinburgh, Scotland.

TC: MH bms am 1092.1

¹Nobuta Kishimoto (formerly Nobuta Tuki) (b. 1865), a graduate and divinity student at Harvard in 1890–94. Only the present letter is known.
²The Will to Believe.

To François Pillon

Cambridge, June 15, 1898

My dear Pillon,

I have received your pleasant letter and the Année,¹ vol. 8., and shall immediately proceed to read the latter, having finished reading my examinations yesterday, and being now free to enjoy the vacation, but excessively tired. I grieve to learn of poor Mrs. Pillon's continued ill-health. How much patience both of you require. I think of you also as spending most of the summer in Paris, when the country contains so many more elements that are good for body and soul.

How much has happened since I last heard from you. To say nothing of the Zola trial, we now have the Cuban war! A curious episode of history, showing how nations ideals can be changed in the twinkling of an eye, by a succession of outward events partly accidental. It is quite possible that without the explosion of the Maine we should still be at peace; though, since the basis of the whole American attitude is the persuasion on the part of the people that the cruelty and misuse of Spain in Cuba call for her expulsion (so that in that sense our war is just what a war of “the powers” against Turkey for the Armenian atrocities would have been) it is hardly possible that peace could have been maintained indefinitely longer, unless Spain had gone out, a consummation hardly to be expected by peaceful means. The actual declaration of war by Congress however was a case of “psychologie des foules,” a genuine hysterical stampede at the last moment, which shows how unfortunate that provision of our written constitution is which takes the power of declaring war from the executive and places it in Congress. Our executive has behaved very well. The European nations of the Continent cannot believe that our pretence of humanity, and our disclaimer of all ideas of conquest is sincere. It has been absolutely sincere! The self-conscious feeling of our people has been entirely based in a sense of philanthropic duty, without which not a step would have been taken. And when in its ultimatum to Spain Congress denied any project of conquest on Cuba it genuinely meant every word it said. But here comes the psychologic factor: Once the excitement of action set loose, the taxes levied, the victories achieved, etc. the old human instincts will get into play with all their old strength, and the ambition and sense of mastery which our Nation has will set up new demands. We shall never take Cuba; I imagine that to be very certain—unless indeed after years of unsuccessful police duty there, for that is what we have made ourselves responsible for. But Porto Rico, and even the Philippines—are not so sure. We had supposed ourselves (with all our crudity and barbarity in certain ways) a better nation morally than the rest, safe at home, and without the old savage ambitions, destined to exert great international influence by throwing in our “moral weight” etc. Dreams! Human Nature is everywhere the same; and at the least temptation all the old military passions rise, and sweep everything before them. It will be interesting to see how it will end.—But enough of this!—It all shows by what short steps progress is made, and it confirms the “criticist” views of the philosophy of history. I am going to a great popular meeting in Boston to-day where a lot of my friends are to protest against the new “Imperialism”.²—In August I go for two months to California to do some lecturing. As I have never crossed the continent or seen the Pacific Ocean or those beautiful parages, I am very glad of the opportunity. The year after next (i.e.) one year from now begins a new year of absence from my college duties. I may spend it in Europe again. In any case I shall hope to see you, for I am appointed to give the “Gifford lectures” at Edinburgh during, 1899–1901—two courses of 10 each on the philosophy of Religion. A great honour.—I have also received the honour of an election as “Correspondant” of the Acad. d. Sciences morales et politiques. Have I your influence to thank for this?
To William Mackintire Salter

Cambr. Nov. 18. 98

Dear Mack,

I send you in a wrapper an address of Eliot's which, tho' old, I read only yesterday, and which is in the line of things you now have to treat.

I read your lecture on the Philippines etc. with admiration of the manner, but with no conviction of the wisdom of the matter of it. The situation is made difficult, it seems to me, simply by the passion of empire which has been aroused in our own people; and if we really wished not to take the Philippines, a way out could perfectly well be found by diplomacy, consistent with the cessation of the rebellion there. Philanthropic empire, educative for freedom, is in concreto and now, just empire. It means the killing of Aguinaldo and all who may resist us. It means the presumption to force our ideals on people to whom they are not native. It means definitive entrance with army and navy, into the old system of international hates, and jealousies, from which providence and our situation have spared us hitherto, and from which, if we would stay out, we might be, through arbitrations and influences, able to help the other countries in their efforts to emerge. It means almost certainly unparalleled material disaster for us, in some shape, ere long. It means indefinite postponement of the hope that our already too barbarian and heterogeneous population may be at last welded together into a people with well knit & consistent ideals. It means interruption to every element of progress that we can distinctly see at work now in our midst.

Against all this there is nothing to urge it seems to me, but the vague hope that where motion and action are, success is always among the possibilities. Of course that feeling is sacred, but in the concrete fact of us now, what does it consist in? In absolutely nothing but the uplift of mere excitement—empire and war being the great excitements of peoples, in the face of which all ordinary prudent talk (such as individuals would carry on their affairs with) is deemed base, if not reasonable. These excitements and ambitions are of course the forces that make nations great (when they do not ruin them) and it may be that war is to be the only force that can hammer us into decency, as it is the great force that has hammered the European states. Only it seems to me that men like you who stand rather for reflection are in a rather odd rôle when they fan the flames of such excitements by lending such high-sounding words to decorate the business withal.

But you are relatively young, and I old; and the thing is not to be argued but lived out. It shows that there is no danger of mankind, however civilized, ever growing emasculated with senility. We have seen Benthamism succeeded by the glittering national-principles of the second empire; and they by those old fashioned animal ambitions for mastery and mere success which seem now to be sweeping away the world, and us at its wake. This is the real and concrete spring of action, it seems to me, that is exciting us; and raising and educating inferior races is mere hollow pretext and unreality. Pray don't reply to this, dear Mack. I'm glad you've got so much jingoist juvenility in you, and I trust that with your other young barbarians all at play with the destinies of our country, you may succeed some day so far as to be able to point a moral with reminiscences of our incredibly blind Massachussets twaddle away back in the XIXth century about dangers etc. For evidently it is your side that will carry the day.

Affectionately, W.J.

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1Salter noted: (This evidently refers to my "A New Nation & a New Duty"—for with changes in the situation I changed my attitude from one of commendation to one of condemnation of the Government. WMS.) William Mackintire Salter, A New Nation and a New Duty (1898), a lecture before the Society for Ethical Culture, Chicago, given on 23 October 1898.

2The second French empire, proclaimed in 1852, was known for progress and economic growth.

From George Holmes Howison

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA BERKELEY Nov. 18. 1898

Dear James,

I have wanted to reply to your kind letters, & most kind sending of your "Human Immortality," long ago; but, what with illness, & having to keep out doors every possible minute, & to keep up my end of the University work at least passably, I am here at this remote distance from their receipt, just beginning my acknowledgments.
To William Mackenzie Salter

Jan. 5, 1899

I have found this clipping out to send to you for several days, and inclining to write along with it a new year's letter. But there is no time to stop, so I send it. I am afraid that I have been bare to send you an answer to your letter of the 8th, but I have been too busy and have not found time to do so. You have doubtless already seen the account of the suppression of the Philippines with American ideals and their mission of freedom. You may depend on it that it is a fine illusion, and one that is very likely to be found out by our troops. I hope they will not be afraid of it. It is a pity that the inhabitants of the Philippines should have been so foolish as to believe in it. But they seem to be in for a long fight. Adams' plan of, and one that will not fail in the end.

Love to you both.

Yours truly,

[Signature]

[Address]

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To Harry Norman Gardiner

59 Irving St., Cambridge, Jan. 8, 1899

Dear Gardiner,

I don't know whether you have seen the two letters of this column. I have seen them, and have no other copies.

I have gathered the material for publication, and simply to satisfy my own curiosity. I have tried to read Sidgwick's criticism, and mine are absolutely and as it were mutually exclusive. I have tried to read the 'Economic History of Japan' by the Anti-Suffragist League, see EC2, 15.

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stroke. Renouvier sends me five enormous volumes published by him in one year.² Hegel awaits me . . . . I began too late.

I have found your long letters interesting enough. What a real scholar you are! and what a believer! Why are there not more of your type? Stillness, harmony, sincerity have fled the world, and instead we have "live" churches, big hideous national destinies, political parties, newspapers, trade combines. Principles, sincerity, honesty, delicacy all overwhelmed. It is time to organize an opposition. The resounding idol of mere empty "bigness" and "success" is killing every genuine quality and ideal. Was there ever such a national infamy as this Filipino business which we are enacting? And the loathsome greasy cant of McKinley & Co. which we swallow with it as its sauce!

Truly yours

Wm James

February 15, 1899.

From Theodore Roosevelt

Prof. William James,
95 Irving St.,
Cambridge, Mass.

My Dear Mr. James—

I have your letter. I should be always be only too glad to hear from you, no matter how you address me, but I am personally quite unable to see why any man who has ever called me anything else before should now call me "Governor."¹

I do not know anything about the pathological institute, and have heard of no attacks upon Dr. Van Gieson.² Will you let me know to whom, in this State, I should write to find out?

Very sincerely yours,

TC: DLC

¹ Roosevelt was elected governor of New York in 1898.
² In his letter to Sidis of 31 January 1899 (calendarized), WJ reported enjoying a visit from Van Gieson, who told WJ about difficulties at the Pathological Institute. Van Gieson was kept from knowing about them because of "his weakness." WJ offered to do anything he could to help and explained that he knew Nicholas Murray Butler and Theodore Roosevelt.

From Dickinson Sergeant Miller


Dear James

I don’t as yet think of any passage (if you are still interested in that point and have not come upon what you wished) that combines ‘atheism’ in the common acceptance with praise of a purposeless or lawless life. I find the two apart. There is a superb expression of atheism in the Prelude to Swinburne’s Songs before Sunrise—verses about Man:

'Save his own soul’s light overhead,
None leads him & none ever led,’ etc.
'Save his own soul he hath no star
And sinks, except his own soul guide
Helless, in middle turn of tide.’¹¹

For an attack on restraining principle—the passage in Pater to which I referred is in the Conclusion to his ‘Renaissance’ (perhaps only in 1st ed.), last paragraph but one.² But it does not quite reach what you want. Still it may serve you here or there. — There is a page in Wilde’s Intentions (128 in my ed.) that may help. It is one-fourth jest
scription!"—Somehow I imagined you to have been intimate with the Childs.

So pray devote my five dollars to some of your own innumerable charities, pardon my tactless zeal, consider ourselves square again as we were after the lecture on immortality negotiation, and believe me always faithfully yours,

Wm. James.

The address is:
William Lindsay,
10 Felton Hall,
Cambridge. 2

TC: MH BMS AM 1098.1

1 Dating is conjectural, based on the reference to “lecture on immortality” and the supposition that WJ was raising money to support the family of Francis James Child. For several years after 1899 WJ was not in Cambridge on 3 April.

2 Since only a copy of the letter is known, it is not clear whether the address is part of the letter. Lindsay was not identified.

To Henry Stephen MacKintosh

95 Irving St, April 9, 1899.

Dear Mackintosh,

Thanks for your clipping, which is true enough and clever—even tho I wrote it not myself!

As for the other matter, I disbelieve in any publication of abstract principles. I suppose the tactics are to pound McKinley in some way, since he is responsible, and personality seems to be the soul of controversy. The meeting in Boston the other night, noble as was the audience seems to me to have fallen pathetically flat, and I can see no possible good to come from a public meeting in Cambridge. 1 The extermination has got to go on till the country grows sick of our side of it—it will never grow sick of it from the natives side; and all sorts of little expressions of discontent in the way of editorials, letters to papers, paragraphs, pamphlets, caricatures, poems, etc., are the only auxiliaries I can think of. It is after all a sound sociological instinct, though horribly misapplied here, that makes men reluctant to attack in the rear a government of their own engaged in war.

Meanwhile the stars and stripes are nothing but a lying rag.

Of course I applauded your letter.

Truly yours | Wm James

To Pauline Goldmark

95 Irving St, April 14, '99.

My dear Pauline,

Pray find it possible to come? We have only seen our way clear now to having you. If I don't see you now I shall never see you again, for I spend this summer in Cambridge, and next summer in Europe—and after that who knows where any of us shall be? More when we meet from your sincere friend,

W.J.

To Pauline Goldmark

c/o Edmund Tweedy, Esq., Newport, R.I., April 18, '99.

Alas, my dear Pauline, what a letter from you is this that Mrs. J. sends me from home this morning? I did make bold to hope that you might come. Is there no one to take your place on the consumers' league? Or can't you come after the 1st of May? Mrs. Brandeis—that charming being, whom I recently saw at Mrs. Evans's—told me of your summer plan, but said you were to leave early in May. Is the date such as to make a visit quite impossible? I should so "admire" to see you playing the part of a member of our family. What a winter of estrangement it has been! with no lectures given or heard, no puppies offered and ignored or contemptuously rejected by telegraph, no snatches at conversation in the midst of crowds, no baskings on the lawn at Bryn Mawr, no nothing at all in short; and yet all sorts of real things to talk about, accumulating on my side of the fence. You may say, "Why, since you have a week of holiday, don't you run down here, and come and see me and talk them
might read the Essay on a Certain Blindness, which is really the perception on which my whole individualistic philosophy is based.

W.J.

Address: Mrs Evans | 12 Otis Place | Boston
Postmark: BOSTON MASS. APR 25 1899

To David Starr Jordan

Cambridge, April 30, 99

Dear President Jordan,

I have already written to you about Lovejoy; but perhaps you wish now to inquire more particularly about his fitness in "Philosophy" as distinguished from Ethics.

The fields run together so in these philosophic branches that one can develop in any direction from the common central problems etc. I don't see, if you wish a young man who has not been tried yet as a teacher, who could be more promising than Lovejoy. We should try him here without hesitation, if we needed a new instructor.

Truly yours | Wm. James

ALS: CSL

1. In his letter to Jordan of 20 April 1899 (calendared) WJ recommended Lovejoy (at Lovejoy's request) for the new instructorship in ethics, which Lovejoy had heard Stanford was to establish.

To Henry Sidgwick

Cambridge, April 30. '99

My dear Sidgwick

Our hope of you had, I confess, been infinitesimal, but you know what Gurney wrote in *Tertium Quid* about the difference between a life with an infinitesimal hopeful possibility in it, and a life with no possibility at all. Our philosophical department has passed from its state of comparative peacock and rainbow iridescence of outlook; and now stays at the dull, dead, black, sickening, inalterable void!—But perchance, with your book finished, you may come the following year. I fancy that it will be possible yet, to invite you. Your colleague Cunningham is having a great success here as a lecturer, and also socially. I am delighted to hear of the aforesaid "Elements"—I didn't know that your philosophic writing was tending to just that shape.²

My own plans are still inchoate. I have hardly begun, even to do any reading, on my Gilford lectures and with my ultra slow habits both of reading and writing am becoming apprehensive lest I should "get left." I had meant to spend the summer here at home trying to finish my first course by November. But I may conclude to take the vacation which I always need, badly; and give my first course in February. In neither case, I fear, shall I spend much time in the British isles—only the requisite weeks at Edinburgh, and a fortnight perhaps with my brother at Rye. But of course we shall run down to Cambridge & see you and the other friends.

Regrettfully yours | Wm James

ALS: MH bms am 1092.9 (3764)

1. Edmund Gurney, *Tertium Quid* (1887); for WJ's review of the book and possible references see *BKR*, 4:12-14.


To Thomas Davidson

95 Irving St. May 2. 99

Dear T.D.,

How are you, after the perils of the winter? But this letter is more one of business than of friendship, so I waste no more time in affectionate Rousseau-like "dalliance" with you but proceed to the point.

Could Glenmore accommodate me and Alice or rather Alice and me for a week early in June? The Willey House circular appears this year with the precious addition: "Applications from Hebrews cannot be considered."

I propose to return the boycott, but should like to make sure of a bed elsewhere first.

I hope all goes well.

Yours lovingly, | Wm James
With July to spend some weeks at Nauheim, near Frankfurt, taking the baths, and then to go to England, where I must settle down and write some Gifford lectures which I have to give at Edinburgh probably in January.

My address will be Care of Brown, Shipley & Co., London, and I hope that your graphomania tendencies will not diminish, for though I can't pretend to compete with you in the way of answering, your letters are among the best things I can possibly receive.

Believe me, dear Lutoslawski, with best wishes,

Affectionately yours,

Wm. James

To François Pillon

Monsieur F. Pillon,
15 Rue Campagne Lëre.
Paris, France.

My dear Friend Pillon:

It is many, many months since you have heard from me, although I heard from you duly in the middle of the winter, and was glad that on the whole, the news was good. The last lecture of my academic year was given by me yesterday; and my mind, tired of metaphysics, immediately turns in the direction of friendship. There is a prospect that before very long I may see you face to face. Six years have passed since I was in Europe, and the seventh gives the privilege of the Sabbatical rest, which this time, again, I have had granted me. Mrs. James and I will sail for Hamburg on the 15th. of July, and very possibly spend most of the following year in Europe. But I cannot be a "flaneur" as I was before: I must spend the time in composing twenty lectures which I have to deliver at Edinburgh on the subject entitled "Natural Religion"; but which (as I shall interpret it) gives an opportunity for a certain amount of psychology and a certain amount of metaphysics. But my writing powers being as slow as they are, I shall have to settle down in one place, and not stir from it until the requisite number of pages have been written out.

I have unfortunately discovered a slight cardiac defect which will make it desirable for me to take the "Cure" at Nauheim near Frankfort.
for six weeks, and then I shall go as straight as may be to my brother's in England, near whom I expect to settle. I shall almost certainly be able to pass through Paris on my way thither in September, and, of course, shall hope to see you and Madame Pillon, and introduce my wife.

My reading is lamentably in arrears, especially in regard to your Idealism articles in "L'Année Philosophique". I am keeping them until my mind gets into some general connection with that subject; but altogether the whole relationship of my mind to literature fills me with despair. I literally don't see how it is possible for a man to read as extensively as you, and yet definitely enough to give a reasoned account.

I don't know whether you have followed with any interest our American public affairs. The bungling manner in which we have interfered in the Fillipine Islands is too horrible for anything. The Cuban War began with disinterested motives, and has remained disinterested as far as the Cubans are concerned, but our nation has degenerated into the vulgarest piracy in respect to the philippine Islands. The War Demon, once let loose, is entirely uncontrollable. The worst of it is that people believe in war; they really want war; the world without war would be too flat. The fighting instinct is one of the two or three deepest instincts in human nature.

How well France seems to be coming out with the Dreyfus Case! Say what one will against the French Republic, surely it is the only kind of government that in this century in France could have stood this strain and have seen justice done. All the other conceivable alternatives would have had to execute the Army's bidding.

But, I will not gossip any more, my dear Pillon, hoping to see you so soon. May everything go well with you both, and with ourselves, until that pleasant day arrives.

Believe me with warmest regards both to yourself and Madame Pillon,

Affectionately yours, [Wm. James]

[WF's hand] My address after July 8th. will be care of Brown, Shipley, & Co., (Bankers) London.

TLS: MT BMS AM 1092-9 (3500)

1 Pillon was publishing a series of articles, "L'Évolution de l'idéalisme au XVIIIe siècle." One installment appears in L'Année Philosophique, 9th year (1899): 85-143.
The Correspondence of William James

VOLUME 9

July 1899–1901

Edited by
Ignas K. Skrupskelis and Elizabeth M. Berkeley

with the assistance of
Wilma Bradbeer

University Press of Virginia
Charlottesville and London
To William Mackintire Salter

Nauheim, Sept. 11, 99

Dear Mackintire,

The incredible has happened, & Dreyfuss without one may say a single particle of positive evidence that he was guilty has been condemned again. The French republic, which seemed about to turn the most dangerous corner in her career and enter on the line of political health, laying down the finest set of political precedents in her history to serve as standards for future imitation and habit, has slipped hellward and all the forces of hell in the country will proceed to fresh excesses of insolence. But I don’t believe the game is lost. “Les intellectuels,” thanks to the republic, are now aggressively militant as they were before, and will grow stronger and stronger; so we may hope. I have sent you the Figaros daily; but of course the reports are too long for you to have read through. The most grotesque thing about the whole trial is the pretension of awful holiness, of semi-divinity in the diplomatic documents and waste paper basket scraps from the embassies—a farce kept up to the very end—these same documents being, so far as they were anything (and most of them were nothing) mere records of treason, lying, theft, bribery, corruption, and every crime on the part of the diplomatic agents. Either the German and Italian governments will now publish or not publish all the details of their transactions—give the exact documents meant by the borderclaw and the exact names of the French traitors. If they do not, there will be only two possible explanations: either Dreyfuss’s guilt; or the pride of their own sacro-sanct etiquette. As it is scarcely conceivable that Dreyfuss can have been guilty, their silence will be due to the latter cause.* And they and Esterhazy will then be exactly on a par morally, actively conspiring to have an innocent man bear the burden of their own sins. By their carelessness with the documents they got Dreyfuss accused, and now they abandon him, for the sake of their own divine etiquette. The breath of the nostrils of all these big institutions is crime—that is the long and short of it. We must thank God for America; and hold fast to every advantage of our position. Talk about our corruption! It is a mere fly-speck of superficiality compared with the rooted and permanent forces of corruption that exist in the European states. The only serious permanent force of corruption in America is party spirit. All the other forces are shifting like the clouds, and have no partnerships with any permanently organized ideal. Millionaires & syndicates have their immediate cash to pay, but they have no intrenched prestige to work with, like the Church sentiment, the army sentiment, the aristocracy and royalty sentiment, which here can be brought to bear in favor of every kind of individual & collective crime—appealing not only to the immediate pocket of the persons to be corrupted, but to the ideals of their imagination as well. When I saw how quickly the German Ambassador made a catspaw of poor Münsterberg last winter, using him to write articles of the most “reptilian press” description, as part of his own general duty of flattering the McKinley administration, and preventing too much English influence 1 (The Filipinos meanwhile might be damned—they could make no difference in the whole strength of the corrupting force over higher natures of which these European institutions dispose, and to which there is nothing in our country to correspond. To be “in” with the great divine diplomatic machine, to be approved by the emperor, to have one’s social future altered—who knows by what silly ambitions poor M.’s heart was partly moved? And how improvised and simple and coarse and harmless are all our American bribes—I mean the bribes in comparison! My dear Mack, we “intellectuals” in America must all work to keep our precious birthright of individualism, and freedom from these institutions. Every great institution is perforce a means of corruption—whatever good it may also do. Only in the free personal relation is full ideality to be found.—I have omitted all this out upon you in the hope that it may wake a responsive echo. One must do something to work off the effect of the Dreyfuss sentence.

I rejoice immensely in the purchase of the 2 pieces of land, and pine for the day when I can get back to see them. 2 If all the same to you I wish that you would buy Burke’s in your name, & mother-in-law Forrest’s in her name. But let this be exactly as each of you severally prefers.—We leave here in a couple of days I imagine. I am better; but I can’t tell how much better for a few weeks yet. I hope that you will smite the ungodly next winter. What a glorious gathering together of the forces for the great fight there will be. It seems to me as if the proper tactics were to pound McKinley—put the whole responsibility on him. It is he who by his purely drifting “non-entanglement” policy converted a splendid opportunity into the present necessity of a conquest of extermination. It is he who has warped us from our continuous national habit, which if we repudiate him, it will not be impossible to resume.

Affectionately thine, Mary’s, Tweedy’s Dinah’s, Augustas and everyone’s, W.J.

P.S. Damn it, America doesn’t know the meaning of the word corrup-
vided a special program for instruction, housing, and food, even arranging for Roman Catholic services in Spanish. About $70,000 was donated by the public. Classes began on 5 July 1900 and lasted six weeks.

According to the Annual Report of the President of Harvard College for 1899–1900, William Lane received some seventy journals kept during March. These were to be placed in a chest and not opened for sixty years.

To Ferdinand Canning Scott Schiller

Carqueiranne, March 15, 1900.

Dear Sirs,

Your jolly letters in return for my post-cards and 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 exult over your ghost-house, & hope and trust it can be pub’d in extenso in the Proc. How is this? Why on evolutionary principles may not all these phenomena be residua of the chaos out of which our official universe extricated itself in such solidly organized shape? Parts imperfectly connected with rest, yet connected enough still to hang on and break in occasionally, & not entirely disappear like the earlier portions of the disorder which are so discontinuous as to be absolutely beyond reach?

W.J.

To Carl Stumpf

Carqueiranne, France, March 16, 1900.

I came near sending letters of “bravo” to both you and Mr. Cockran after your Chicago speeches last summer, but I did n’t; but now comes the Nation with a brief account of your Philadelphia address, which stirs my heart to overflowing. Thank God that you exist in this crisis! We shall of course be beaten; but your warning that we shall never abandon the fight, no matter how many generations of agitators it takes, is the right kind of talk for McKinley and the people to hear. The instincts of adventure and of mastery, and the pride of not receding, are of course in the way of every honest solution, but in the long run the higher conscience prevails even over these passionate forces. You can go to your grave with the sense of having been, with these speeches of yours, a pivot round which the future is bound to turn. What a rôle our country was born with—what a silver spoon in its mouth, and how it has chucked it away! I think the Administration talk, Dewey’s talk, about never having committed ourselves in any way to Aguinaldo—he has, forsooth, no writing in our hand, can call no witness to any promise—is the most incredible, unbelievable, piece of sneak-thief turpitude that any nation ever practised. “Yankee trick,” indeed—after this that old sarcastic designation should be embroidered on “Old Glory” and introduced into the Constitution as our chief claim—to conceal.

The Republican party is fattened to kill. Were I at home I should vote for Bryan with both hands. There might in the next following election be a chance for the organizing of a new party. But what a rotten political machinery we have, which makes it possible for two such men as Cleveland and Reid to be now sulking in their tents!

Bless you, Carl Schurz!

Your admiring fellow-citizen.


1The Nation 70 (1 March 1900): 158–59 reports a speech given by Carl Schurz at a conference of anti-imperialist organizations in Philadelphia. Titled “For the Republic of Washington and Lincoln,” the speech was given on 22 February 1900, Washington’s birthday.

To Carl Schurz

Carqueiranne, May 16, 1900.

My dear Friend,

It is a long time since I have given you any account of myself, and in the meantime I have received your address on the Entwickelungs Ge- denke and an invitation from Prof(?) Awuers to be present at the festival of the Academy. As that takes place in a few days, I feel a certain enlivening of the Berlin department of my soul, and it seems natural to write a little to you. First, as regards my own condition, I have good news to report. We left England the 10th. of January, and came straight down to Costebelle near Hyères. After a week at a hotel we got a cook and chambermaid and took possession of Charles Richet’s empty Chateau, where we have been very comfortable ever
returning makes me shudder. The elements are too unlike the native ones. The palms are upas trees—the sunshine is a gaudy lie—the poison of being an invalid’s paradise is over all; and the moral life on this side of the Alps, with fog and cold and a genuine vernal process, makes me already better by its contact. I write this with fingers stiff with cold.—Well, I have to be brief in my autographic communications, so I will say but little more. I hope that the winter has proved kind to your entire family, and that you are all going early to Keene Valley again. Dulcisimum mundi nomen! My wife is here, our daughter at school at Harrow, and the boys doing finely at home, Harry having gone on to edit “the Forester” in Washington for a year.—Do you really love the school teaching? Do write me another line when you get there, if not before. Thank your dear sister Pauline for her letter of January 22nd., to which I will erelong reply. I hope she has come through her work with flying colours. I wish I knew what Adler was up to on McK-ism and the rest. Has he not published anything that might be sent? Love to him, and to you all, from yours affectionately,

Wm James

Address always: c/o Brown, Shipley, & Co, London, S.W.

1Reference is to Pauline Goldmark.

To Granville Stanley Hall

Nauheim, May 14, 1900.

Dear Hall,

I have just read with the profoundest pleasure your letter to the American-Irish banquet, quoted in part in the Springfield Republican. You are not only a patriot but a political philosopher indeed. What makes me sickest in our whole barbaric imperialism is our Turkish superstition about the holiness of our peculiar type of civilization. It is worthy of the followers of the Mah’d. As if anything could be of value anywhere that had no native historic roots. We have destroyed in Luzon the one sacred thing in the world, the spontaneous budding of a national life; we are destroying their souls even more than their bodies, and we think that the violent imposition of our own entirely desperate ideals will be an act of charity! Oh the big idiots that we are! You are the first person, criticizing our action, whom I have heard utter this radical truth on the matter. The whole hideous business simply shows the profundity of the war and adventure-instincts in man! My dearest
ings of the Ornithological Society (is that the way to spell it?) to help Mz. Brewster in entertaining those who have come from a distance.

Again Goodbye—Yours ever FRM.

ALS: MH bms AM 1092 (597)

1The Boston Herald.
2See letter from Morse of 19 December 1900.
3The dinner was at the home of Henry Lee Higginson. The New York Times, 1 October 1900, reported that Sixto Lopez, Aguinaldo's “trusted” emissary, landed in New York City where he was met by Fiske Warren. In answer to questions by reporters, Lopez said that he was traveling on his own initiative to arrange for the publication of a book on Filipino aspirations and to acquaint Americans with those aspirations. He also said that he had some contact with anti-imperialists. Fiske Warren (1862–1938), a businessman, was an active anti-imperialist. According to the Times, Warren and Lopez departed for Boston after a short stay in New York.
4Alice Bacon Lothrop, wife of William Sturgis Hooper Lothrop, who was a son of Thornton Kirkland Lothrop (see Correspondence, 2:140n).
5Sarah Whitman was president of the Boston Society of the Archaeological Institute of America. She was still the president in 1903–4.

To William Dean Howells

Hotel Hassler, Piazza Trinità dei Monti, Rome, Nov 16 1900

My dear Howells,

Over and over again this year I have been wondering how & where it was with you and yours, and wishing to send you a word of affectionate greeting, but after reading your article on Cambridge people in the 70s in a recent Harper's monthly, the cup runneth over.¹ It is exquisitely felt & done, and the photographs bring back the dead. Nothing could be better than your characterization of my lamented Sire, and what you write of Boyesen, whom I barely saw, makes me wish now that I had known him better.² You haven't laid it on thick enough on Child, though: That man's entity is my strongest reason for believing in an immortal soul. The whole article shows your inimitable way of apprehending, feeling and reproducing the realities you meet with, earnest and tender, yet also playful and free.

I have missed your voice during the past year in the chorus condemning the philippine war of conquest. It can't be that you are on that side. But one of the oddest and most estranging incidents of the year has been that one ends by being confident of no one in advance—twin brothers in education with every past impulse in common having gone under so upon that question. To me it means simply the death of the old american soul.
I am becoming more and more an individualist and anarchist and believer in small systems of things exclusively. Small things can be venomous & innocent. The moment a thing gets great—a great success—its path is fatally strewn with falsity and crime. I think that "les intellectuels" of every country ought to band themselves into a league for the purpose of fighting the wave of savagery that is pouring over the world.

I was much interested in your son's getting so high a place in the competition for the Hearst University plan.¹ I broke down a year and a half ago with heart & aorta and a year ago with nerves. Am better but not yet round the corner which separates an invalid life from an inferior healthy one—hope to get there before the winter elapses. Rome is most enjoyable—with its great shabby unpretendingness, but two years is too long to stay away! This is no sort of a letter dear old Howells, but it may serve the purpose of letting you know that I still live and love you—in which my wife joins and in which I join also to your wife. Don't answer except by post-card, c/o Brown, Shipley & Co.—I know the value of your words!

Ever affectionately yours, Wm James

To Margaret N

Darling Peg,

¹ letter from Putnam, but am tures at which I nervous prostr to a new tr It is almost too g continue to ble

To Frances Rollins Morse

Hotel Hassler, Rome, Nov. 17, 1900

A thousand thanks for the Educational Review with Jo Lee's article which Alice read aloud two nights ago, the evening it arrived.¹ It is the work of a mind that takes things in a big broad way, and it answers M. accordingly, though he might easily have made some more small points. M's article, though clever was sovereignly unjust. His big book on Psychology, just out in German, is a marvel of cleverness too, but utterly fails to convince me as to its main theses, so far as I have yet been able to read it.² De Hjalmarg Hjorth Boyesen (1848–1895), Norwegian-born author, active in the United States.

¹In September 1900 John Mead Howells learned that the design submitted by his firm for the University of California had come in second in a competition announced by philanthropist Phoebe Apperson Hearst (1869–1936); see Correspondence, 8:430. The design won a substantial monetary prize.

To James Sully

Rome, March 3, 1901.

Dear Sully:

Your letter of Feb. 8th arrived duly and gave me much pleasure quâ epistolary manifestation of sympathy, but less quâ revelation of depression on your own part. I have been so floundering up and down, now above and now below the line of bad nervous prostration, that I have written no letters for three weeks past, hoping thereby the better to accomplish certain other writing, but the other writing had to be stopped so letters and post-cards may begin. I see you take the war still very much to heart, and I myself think that the blundering way in which the Colonial Office drove the Dutchmen into it, with no conception whatever of the psychological situation, is only outdone by our still more anti-psychological blundering in the Philippines. Both countries have lost their moral prestige—we far more completely than you, because for our conduct there is literally no excuse to be made except absolute stupidity, whilst you can make out a very fair case, as such cases go. But we can, and undoubtedly shall, draw back, whereas that for an Empire like yours seems politically impossible. Empire anyhow is half crime by necessity of Nature, and to see a country like the United States, lucky enough to be born outside of it and its fatal traditions and inheritances, perversely rushing to wallow in the mire of it, shows how strong these ancient race instincts be. And that is my consolation! We are no worse than the best of men have ever been. We are simply not superhuman; and the loud reaction against the brutal business, in both countries, shows how the theory of the matter has really advanced during the last century.

Yes! H. Sidgwick is a sad loss, with all his remaining philosophic wisdom unwritten. I feel greatly F. W. H. Myers's loss also. He suffered terribly with suffocation, but bore it stunningly well. He died in this very hotel, where he had been not more than a fortnight. I don't know how tolerant (or intolerant) you are towards his pursuits and speculations. I regard them as fragmentary and conjectural,—of course; but as most laborious and praiseworthy; and knowing how much psychologists as a rule have counted him out from their profession, I have thought it my duty to write a little tribute to his service to psychology to be read on March 8th, at a memorial meeting of the S.P.R. in his honour. It will appear, whether read or not, in the Proceedings, and I hope may not appear to you exaggerated. I seriously believe that the general problem of the subliminal, as Myers propounds it, promises to be one of the great problems, possibly even the greatest problem, of psychology.