The Letters of George Santayana

Book One, [1868]—1909

G. Santayana
Querida Susana

he recibido tu carta que era escrita en Londres Lo que han dicho tus tíos que yo soy guapo eso no es verdad. Dice papá que te ponga que tu si que eres guapa y Josefina tambien; pero yo digo que esas son guasas, pero lo que si es verdad es que te quiere mucho tu hermano y ahijado

Jorge

Mi querida Josefina. No te es olvide escribirme cuando llegues á Boston y estes desocupada.

Yo tambien te escribiré mientras pueda para que tengas siempre presenta á tu hermano que se acuerda mucho de ti y de tus cuentos

Jorge

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To John Galen Howard
21 August 1882 • Roxbury, Massachusetts  (MS: Berkeley)

Roxbury, Aug. 21st 1882.

My dear Howard.

I address myself to you again, not because there is anything which I can impart in the way of interesting information, but partly in order to thank you for your very kind letter which I received some time ago, and partly
to ask you to let me know what are your plans, so that if you return to Boston I may have the pleasure of seeing you. It appears from repeated consultation of the calendar that the summer is coming to an end, to say nothing of the chilly weather which has come to enforce the fact through the evidence of the senses. Hence it occurs to me that you may soon be returning to town.

I suppose you have been the happy recipient of a letter from Mr. Merrill similar to the one I have received from him. I doubt, however, that he has put into yours the amount of gush and eloquence and unction he has lavished on mine. At least I hope he has not had the impudence of addressing all the fellows by their first names, as he has done me. If he supposed I would be flattered by being treated with intimacy by him, he was greatly mistaken. If I did not deem it unwise to forfeit anyone’s good opinion merely for the pleasure of speaking out one’s mind plainly, I should have answered him and addressed him as “my dear Moses.”

I have kept busy this summer principally by reading. I have nearly concluded Dante’s Inferno. I thought to have read the whole Comedia this summer, but I find it takes quite long to read a page with my imperfect knowledge of Italian. First I read four or five lines in the original, then the same in a translation, and then reread the Italian to see that I take in the force of each word. Thus I proceed slowly till I get to the end of the Canto when I once more reread the whole. I find it for more beautiful even than I imagined. I have translated some parts for myself in verse like the original in structure, but like all translations it is very unlike the original in effect.

Hoping to hear from you, and also to see you before long, I remain

Sincerely yours,

George Santayana.
To Charles Eliot Norton
9 June [1885] • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Virginia)

Dear Mr. Norton.

Allow me to thank you for your kind note, in the name of the others who wish to study Dante, as well as in my own. We appreciate very much your kindness in being willing to undertake this additional work for us, and only hope it may not cause you serious inconvenience.

Very respectfully yours,

George Santayana.

19 Hollis.
June 9th.

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To Henry Ward Abbot
16 August 1886 • Göttingen, Germany (MS: Columbia)

Göttingen, Aug 16th 1886.
P. Adr. Fräulein Schlote.
16 D Obere Karßpûle.

Dear Abbot.

I had some hopes of getting a letter from you while I was yet in Spain, but I do not wonder at all at your not having written, for I know by experience what a bother letter writing often is. I am now comparatively comfortable and quiet, waiting for my landlady’s toothache to allow her to give me German lessons. My trunk and I arrived here without injury some five days ago. We had had rather a hard time on the way from Spain, getting shaken up a good deal and very dirty; but at Paris we managed to get put to rights again, and we started in very good trim for Cologne. I stopped there a day, admiring the cathedral and the yellow-haired barbarians. The women are ugly, but the men before they grow fat are lusty and fine looking after their species. I think, however, that you Americans are all the better for being a mixture of several nationalities, just as the English are in a great measure. These purer races seem to pay for the distinctness of the type which they preserve by missing some of the ordinary attributes of
humanity. For example, the Germans as far as I know have no capacity for being bored. Else I think the race would have become extinct long ago through self-torture.

I hope to hear that you remain in Europe for the present. As I have told you I think more than once, it would be a pity, from my point of view, if you should go into business in Boston and make up your mind not to live for anything but what most men live for, namely, their business and their family. Now I have no quarrel with this state of things as far as the world at large is concerned; I don’t want the community to spend its time meditating on poetry and religion. But there are always a few men whose main interest is in to note the aspects of things in an artistic or philosophical way. They are rather useless individuals, but as I happen to belong to the class, I think them much superior to the rest of mankind. Now it seems to me that you ought to belong to the brotherhood theoretical also. Perhaps you would not be willing to go the length I am going, and start out avowedly with no other purpose but that of living in order to observe life. In that case it would not be well for you to study art and insist on Bohemianizing as I suggested to you that you might do. But still, without going to that extreme, why couldn’t you keep as near as possible to the theoretical field? Why couldn’t you study law? That is what your brother-in-law Stimson has done, and you see how it has not at all interfered with his artistic work. But what I should be sorry to hear is that you are going to let your interest in painting and philosophy drop out gradually, just as a man drops his school friends and his classics. One is glad to come across them afterwards, but it is always a sort of surprise when one does. But the beauty of the thing is to be at home in the world of ideas and to remain subject to the fascination of studying the aspects of things. In one way a lawyer or political man has a better chance of doing this than a professor or artist, because in the case of the latter love of theory often degenerates into marriage. And when a man has the right of property of a thing it sinks for him into the world of practical business reality, while conceptions, whether artistic or philosophical, have no reality except in the world of imagination. So that the artist or professor is apt to be a ridiculous person—a sort of lunatic; for to treat an idea like a thing is like seeing ghosts—the result of mistaking a fact of imagination for a fact of experience. Therefore it may be quite as desirable, even from my point of view, that you should not study art; although if you feel that you can do something in that direction, why on earth don’t you try? But it astonishes me that you Bostonians resist so much anything that takes you out of your town, when that is precisely what
does you most good. I am wrestling with Herbert Lyman on this point and find it very hard to convince [across] him. But I take for granted that you perceive the necessity of having heard something besides the Unitarian insipidities. Although I have preached you so long a sermon, my real object in beginning to write was to get a letter from you in reply, so as to know what you propose to do and how you are enjoying the season. I myself have spent a moderately agreeable month in Avila, and expect to spend a couple more here struggling against the confusion of tongues. Then I go to Berlin, where Strong is already settled. Houghton is here now, rolling in luxury and waxing strong in pessimism. My room is also very comfortable, but the house is a tower of Babel, inhabited by about a dozen females of different nationalities, each more anxious to teach her own language than to learn that of the others.

Write soon and believe me

Very sincerely yours

George Santayana.
To Ward Thoron
16 August 1886 • Göttingen, Germany

9 Göttingen, Aug 16th 1886.

Dear Ward.

Affectionately yours
George Santayana

P.S. My further sentiments may be expressed in . . . . . . . .

A Psalm of Travel,
or what the soul of the young man said to
his grandmother.

I like to leave my house and home
And spew my insides in the sea,
With just one trunk on earth to roam,
That is the height of bliss for me;
To roam alone without my trunk—
That is the depth of misery.

I cannot part from what I prize
For all I prize is in my head;
My fancies are the fields and skies
I will not change till I am deed,
Unless indeed I lose my wits
Or (what is much the same thing,) wed.

That freedom cheats us with a word
Which sets up knaves and murders kings.
We are not free till we have stirred.
So cut your mother’s apron strings
And putting money in your purse
Fly off on the express train’s wings.

I’ll stay at home when I am lame
And coppers give when I have gold,
I’ll modest be when known to fame,
I will be chaste when I am old.
Then all the angels will rejoice
To bring a lost-sheep to the fold.
This is my only chance to taste
The sweet and bitter fruit of earth,
And in the struggle and the haste
I needn’t ask what all is worth.
It isn’t wasting very much
To waste the time ’twixt death and birth.

“Lie down as if to pleasant dreams
When you lie down among the dead”
So says a poet: but it seems
That it were better to have said:
As if to pleasant dreams arise
Before the time to dream is fled.

So let us dream of changing skies
Of rushing streams and windy weather:
Though we are bound by fortune’s ties
We’ll to the utmost stretch the tether,
And be it gay or be it sad,
We’ll dream our little dream together.

In the course of which, by the way, an occasional letter from you would be a pleasant incident.

Address. P.Adr. Fräulein Schlote

16 D Obere Karspüle
Göttingen.
Dear Abbot.

I must thank you at once for your letter. Of course I take an interest in you; what else should I take an interest in except in the doings and thoughts of people who have more or less my own point of view and my own interests, and especially of those among them whom I happen to have met and liked? As you say, we haven’t been great friends in college; but that has an easy explanation. At first I had no friends at all, and after a while, when I could have made many acquaintances, I found the damned worldliness and snobbishness prevalent at Harvard relegated me to a sort of limbo, the sphere of those who, though they might have committed no actual sin, had not been baptized in the only true Church. Of course such a limbo contained a good many souls; and among them I found some very good friends indeed, whom I by no means would change for others. At the same time, if college society were a little more simple and disinterested, I could have made friends not only in limbo, but also in heaven and hell. In hell I did make some friends, because that, of course, is always possible; but in heaven—unless Herbert Lyman be a cherub—I made no friends at all till the very last; for Ward Thoron must be counted among the fallen angels. You mustn’t think that I am a sorehead, or that I think any fellows intentionally turned me the cold shoulder, because I had little cash and wasn’t in a fashionable set: I know very well that I have a great many tricks that can make people dislike me, and that I lack all the qualities that go to make a popular fellow. I have never had any ambition to be a popular fellow: what I complain of is that a certain artificial state of things at Harvard makes it impossible for a man who is not a popular fellow to have those fellows for his friends who would have been his friends at school, and would be his friends in the world. So that the fact that there has been no “ease of fellowship” as you say, between us at college, is no reason whatever for my not taking an interest in you or for concluding that we really belong to different spheres. Certainly, after reading your letter, I am sure
that you are just the man with whom I should like to talk things over. You have, whatever you may say, the contemplative disease; and what, is, more, you are able to escape the conclusions which people agree to be the proper one’s to arrive at, although I fancy you feel a little wicked for doing so. For instance, what you say of your family, although the effort you make to say it perhaps leads you to exaggerate, shows that you can open your eyes to see look at those truths which it is considered wrong to see. It is wrong to see that right and truth may be subjective, imaginary things, or that one’s family may be very much in one’s way; yet you are willing to consider these heresies. But although your letter confirms my belief that you ought to go into the idea business rather than into any other, I see that you can’t do so now. Of course a man shouldn’t quarrel with ones his bread and butter, nor with his family even if he had his own bread and butter already. But if you go into business to please your mother or your grandfather, it is a great deal better than if you went into business to please yourself; you will in all probability not lose your taste for intellectual things, nor get very much absorbed in your employment. I myself would not hesitate to go into business if circumstances made it necessary for me to do so; nor would I think I was giselling my birthright for my mess of potage. For after all our birthright is our love of observing; and a man can study the world in one place as well as in another. If you have an ambition to write novels, you lose nothing by going to an office every morning, where the values of men can be learned as well as the values of cotton and sugar.

So, although I am awfully sorry you can’t be within reach of me this winter, I see no reason why you should regret your situation. Of course it is not ideal, since you are not, as free as one likes to be—not as free, perhaps, as I am; because my family, having nothing to bribe me with, are very willing that I should follow my inclinations, and even help me as much as they are able. But your mother was not mistaken when she thought me an ungrateful son: I am ungrateful; because the amount of space occupied in my mind by my family and my obligations to them is infinitesimal compared with the amount occupied by [illegible]my own ambitions. My father, who is very shrewd and cynical, and my mother who is determined and unselfish, & always ready to face fortune, both perceive this, and acquiesce in it. They know perfectly well that I like to be away from home, because I tell them so; but of course they also see that it is good for me. I am not the most comforting and loving of sons—but naturally they can’t blame me for existing or being more or less as I am.—But
although you are not as free as one likes to be, you probably will have leisure
even to read a little, and a good opportunity of seeing the world. Besides, as
either you or I can do as much as Stimson, whom I admire
very much; but we can help make that atmosphere in which Stimsoms bloom,
and perhaps even greater men. We can’t expect to be geniuses (and I believe
Stimson has the quality, in what degree we cannot yet tell) but we can be lovers
of the things of which geniuses are masters; we can be, like Norton, maggots
in the big men’s cheese. And for myself, being a supercilious and
Epicurean maggot, I like cheese better than Philistine potatoes.

In a week I leave Göttingen and go to Dresden, to be with Herbert Lyman.
We are to have a room together, and I expect to have a delightful time, with the
pictures and music, and the German books I expect to read. Herbert is a man
whom I think as much of as my theory of human nature allows me to think of
anyone. I am looking forward to being with him with real pleasure, but I am
afraid he is going home for the winter. I shall be reduced to such men as Strong
and Houghton, who to be sure, have a great deal to say that is interesting, but
who are not wholly satisfactory. Nevertheless, I hope to pass the winter pleas-
antly, occupied with some new aspects of the same old questions. I am not
insensible to the sincere compliment you pay me by giving me your confidence
to the extent you do; but for God’s sake, no compliments of any other kind.
I don’t know how much water there may be in my stream; but I am sure that
many a sluggish river has more. I have not had the chance to stagnate; I have
been shut in and forced down in one single direction, and much of my force
comes from my limitations. I have as much to admire in you or in anyone (for
I am not flattering) as you or anyone can have to admire in me. I am a slightly
different specimen—more or less curious—a little rare, perhaps, because an
imported article. But if you think it worth while to write to me, why, I shall
be very glad, very glad indeed, to write to you, and preach your patience out.
You may be able to be a little franker with me than with most people, because
being an antimoralist in sympathies as well as in theory, I will not think any
the worse of you for telling me what is psychologically (or, as in Ward’s case,
physiologically) true of you. I know before hand that at the bottom of things
spiritual is darkness, and at the bottom of things physical, filth; but I think it a
pleasant thing for a few
persons (and there have always been such) to say it to each other in a decent way. It will also be a great pleasure for me to hear through you about other fellows, and when the time comes, about the woman to be deeply and sincerely loved—by you.

Very sincerely yours
George Santayana

[across]
P.S. I have read this interminable letter over. Don’t think from its damned tone that I don’t see and value your handsome way of treating me. I hope you won’t be sorry you have trusted me in this matter. Yet I haven’t answered half the things in your letter, so you may hear from me again before long.

To William Morton Fullerton
9 September 1886 • Dresden, Germany

Dresden, Sept 9th 1886.

My dear Fullerton.

I was lounging on the soft and luxurious brown flowered damask sofa of one of the pleasant apartments on the first floor of a Dresden boarding house or “pension”, as people call such an abode in this eastern and more anciently civilized part of the earth—the seat of a riper and more aesthetically developed culture than that of even that noblest of American institutions, our beloved and but recently relinquished Alma Mater, dear old grassy, elm-shaded Harvard University—and I was suffering my summer noontide fancies to be dissipated into the thin and fleecy flakes of a disintegrating and dissolving mist of lazy and listlessly vagrant day-dream phantasy, when, by what happy and opportune inspiration of Providence I scarcely venture to conjecture, our common friend Lyman, with whom, by the way, I am now relishing the sweets of European existence, read me, with that unobtrusive and neverfailing thoughtfulness, and solicitude for others’ pleasure which characterizes him in so remarkable a degree, a delightfully easy and charmingly artistic composition of yours—a letter you addressed to him not long ago, whose beauties produced such a vivid and
lively impression upon me, and so irresistibly brought to my mind the recollection of those happy college days, which, to be sure, are not yet lost in the pink and purple glory of the western sky, and of such of them in particular as furnished me an opportunity of enjoying your graceful and abundant erudition, that I could not withstand the impulse to send you a word of greeting across the restless billows of the blue-green Atlantic Ocean, although I knew beforehand that the rustic vulgarity of my coarse and plebeian mental idiosyncrasies would render it hopeless and utterly impracticable for me to rival the elegance and refined, and copious, and Ciceronian flow of your composition, because I hoped that you would forgive the shortcomings of such poor imitation as I could pretend to produce in view of the always flattering evidence of the attempt; and furthermore that you might be interested to hear about the wanderings of two of your whilome friends and classmates, to whom your epistle had furnished so much instruction and entertainment, and who would willingly induce you to take up the pen once more and to commit to the invaluable and humanizing agency of ink and paper some of the stray thoughts of your less busily and productively occupied hours, for the delectation and exuberation of both, but especially of

Your sincerely admiring friend
George Santayana.

[across]
Address, Care of C. A. Strong, Schiffbauerdamm 311. Berlin.
To Henry Ward Abbot
6 October 1886 • Berlin, Germany

Berlin, Oct. 6th 1886.
Schiffbauerdamm 311

Dear Abbot,

I said, I believe, in my last letter that I would write before long again, because I had more to say in answer to all you told me than I could put into one letter. I have put off writing all this time partly because I thought I might possibly hear from you, and partly because I was afraid of making myself a nuisance. But I have felt like writing to you very many times. You asked why I take an interest in you, which after all it is natural I should take; but since that time I have been forced to wonder myself why I take so much interest in you. And as far as I can see the reason is this. I suspect you are going through a critical period, and I feel that you are dissatisfied with yourself. Why are you dissatisfied with yourself? Another man, I for instance, would be satisfied to be as you are. You are not dissatisfied with yourself because you can’t do what other people do and what is expected of a man, but because you imagine you can’t do something very excellent which you feel somehow drawn to do. Now I am interested in seeing if you are going to attempt this something excellent, or not; whether you are going to prefer to live on moodily, taking refuge more or less in dissipation, or whether you are going to start out in some direction where you see something you really value. It isn’t at all a question of what you can accomplish; it is only a question of what attitude you are going to take, what sort of things you are going attend to. Now you know that I am as willing that people should worship the devil as that they should worship God; I only ask in whose service will they live more smoothly, gracefully, and intelligently. It’s all prejudice and point of view to say that one sort of life is better than another, because it pursues different objects. All that an emancipated man asks is which objects attract him most, and what are the means of attaining those objects. To do right is to know what you want. Now when you are dissatisfied with yourself, it’s because you are after something you don’t want. What objects are you proposing to yourself? are they the objects you really value? If they are not, you are cheating yourself. I don’t mean that if you chose to pursue the objects you most value, you would attain them; of course not. Your experience will tell you that. Therefore a wise man won’t value anything much. But this wise indif-
ference, this safeguard against disappointment, would come too soon if it came before a man had started in the direction of his true satisfactions. Indifference is quite premature if it leads a man to misunderstand his own desires. In the first place there is always some small chance of success; but success in getting after much labor what you really don’t care for is the bitterest and most ridiculous failure. And in the second place, to have before one admired objects, and hopes of true satisfaction, is itself a very pleasant and ennobling thing. So if, as I suspect, you are wavering a little in regard to the direction you will start out in, I hope you will think this over; because, as I am not a moralist, nor a minister, nor an old man, nor anyone with a right to preach and [illegible]ive advice, I may possibly have struck the truth. I trust you will not be offended at my writing to you as I do. Gossip and jokes have I not, but that which I have I give you; don’t doubt that I am “with the greatest respect” your sincere friend

George Santayana

P.S. When you see Ward, please give him an affectionate scolding from me.

To Henry Ward Abbot
1 November 1886 • Berlin, Germany

Dear Abbot,

I will not delay in answering your letter of Oct. 20th which I got yesterday and with which I am vastly delighted—delighted with everything except with the news about Stimson. That is distressing. I knew nothing about his being sick or overworked, and I still hope your fears about his not living long are exaggerated. It would be a pitiful thing that he should die so young. Take warning, you say very properly; but warning not to do what? Not to work? Surely not, but rather not to trust in anything good. I see, however, that you are not inclined to trust in anything good, at least as far as human sentiments are concerned; for you say, with really excessive cynicism, “He has your sympathies I am sure, for he thought you” etc, as if you thought a man incapable of caring for another who doesn’t happen to care for him. That is not true. We can see what is fine and beautiful
in a man, and value it for itself. We can deplore the constant frustration of everything good in this world.

There is not much to describe in my way of eating, walking, and sleeping at Berlin. I am at a boarding house on the river, with a pleasant view and an unpleasant landlady. My food is far from appetizing, but as it seems to accomplish its purpose, we ought to pronounce it good. I go every morning to the University and hear lectures for three or four hours; in the afternoon I take a walk, read a little, and write letters. Finally I go to bed between two feather mattresses.

The lectures I have heard so far have given me a very favorable impression of the professors. There is a wholesome thoroughness and anti-Hegelianism about them. They all seem to be talking about the world we live in. I mean to hear something besides philosophy—some politics and anatomy, and Grimm’s lectures on modern art. I take a course in Kant given by a follower of Schopenhauer, named Deussen, and a course in Ethics by Paulsen, a moderated and humanized Kantian. I also hear a psychophysical course by a robust, somewhat brutal, and very suggestive man, Ebbinghaus.

The most remarkable thing at the University is the monotonous deformity of the students. A recitation room at Harvard is an assembly of the Olympian gods compared with a roomful of Berliners. I make it a practice to sit in the front row at lectures quite as much to avoid the sight of the students as to succeed in hearing the professor. I find the lectures pretty easy to understand.

There are many Americans here, but I see little of them. As you know, I believe, I am at the same house with Strong, to whom a second cousin has lately annexed himself—a vulgar Presbyterian minister from Rochester N.Y. Houghton is at a reassuring distance—more than a mile; that poor fellow, Boylston Beal, is about as far off. He has a diplomatic friend with whom he dines daily at the Kaiserhof, and the consciousness of expense and the imagination of swellness make him perfectly happy. Herbert Lyman was good enough to come to Berlin for a couple of days before going to London, on his way home. I was very glad to see him, but he is gone now.

You challenge me to defend the various contradictions you discover in my letters, on pain of not believing me a sound adviser. I might refuse the challenge, since I am not bound to explain contradictions away, because I do not pretend to think only on one hypothesis. I might also refuse on the ground that I am not a dogmatic right-and-wrong fulminator, and there-
fore can hardly pretend to be an adviser at all. My advice is all given in the spirit of the common phrase: That’s what I would do if I were you. And I think it is hardly worth while to go back and explain what I mean by this and that in letters written hastily and impetuously. Nevertheless I can easily make my general position more clear by a parable. Suppose a mustard seed asked advice of an oak how it should grow, and that the oak (being a fanatic) said: Young seed, unless you grow up into an oak and bear acorns you will be a worthless and immoral plant. God’s rain will not fall on you and his lightning will strike you,—or if (by the mercy of a long-suffering God) you should prosper for a time, do not deceive yourself. You may rest assured that in the end the devil will fell you and make a fire of you that will never burn down. But, dearly belovèd seed, if you do what is right and grow up into a good oak tree, you will never be cut down, but you will remain fresh and green forever and ever. And suppose further the mustard seed asked advice also of an elm, which said: My little seed, consider yourself and study your own nature, till you discover what kind of a seed you are. Then look for the ground where your species grows best, and plant yourself there. In this way you will have the best chance of growing up into a good and beautiful tree. But if you plant yourself in ground unfit for you, you may never spring up, or if you do, you will live with pain and difficulty, and be a shrunken and feeble plant. Yet if you should make a mistake, do not be too much troubled; for in the end all trees alike must perish, and the time will soon come when neither green boughs nor dry branches will be remembered.

Now if our mustard seed came from Boston and had always heard people call what they do right and what they don’t do wrong, it might reason with itself thus: “The oak is a righteous tree and is giving me moral advice: for he knows what it is right and, behold! he does it. But the elm is a hypocrite whose life contradicts his doctrine, for it is himself, itself, it is right to become anything else but an elm? Or if he thinks it right to be anything, why doesn’t he become anything, instead of being always just an elm.” Yet if our Boston mustard seed ever outgrows its native superstitions it will perceive that the oak was blind, and made a bigoted blunder, threatened imaginary evils and promised impossible goods. The elm on the other hand gave sound, disinterested counsel, founded on observation of the realities of life and sympathy for his fellow beings. What an absurdity to accuse the poor elm of contradiction because it said it was right to be anything, and at the same time dared to be something itself! What an
injustice to accuse it of hypocrisy because, although confined by nature to one place and one form, it was willing to respect interests it could not share and admire beauties it could not possess!

I should think this would be enough to show you what I mean; but in case the notion is too new for you I will express it in a more abstract form. I am here so much on my own ground and feel it so safe under me, that I delight in retracing going over it in every direction. To say that all standards of value are arbitrary is not to say that you have none—that you have given up the practice of estimating the relative worth of things. All you have done is to admit that this worth depends on a standard proper to you, and that the same things have a different value according to other standards. To perceive that your ideal is one of many which are actual, and of numberless ideals which are possible, is not equivalent to giving it up. The unemancipated are like the children who think the little angels talk English: but there is no contradiction in going on talking English when you discover that the little angels don’t. English doesn’t become less necessary when it becomes less heavenly. So I go on using my moral language—talking about good, bad, beautiful, ugly, right and wrong. I suppose you to understand my language: if you don’t, why, you are a foreigner, and I will respect you as such and wish I could understand you better. I take for granted that my good is your good: should your good happen to be my evil, why, I will say you worship the devil,—and admit your perfect right to do so, else I should be authorizing you to deny my right to worship God. You may say that what you worship is God also; and you will be right. For, to paraphrase Spinoza, we do not worship a being because he is God, but he is God because we worship him. So that if there is a power A in the world, which I worship, and an opposite power B, which you worship, so long as I live A will be God and B devil, and so long as you live A will be devil and B God. While we both live A and B will be each God and devil at once. One need not be a Manichaean to see that; it is enough to observe two Saints of hostile religions. For you mustn’t suppose I am inventing a merely possible example; didn’t the pagan gods actually figure as Christian devils? Devils and Gods aren’t persons so much as offices; and for the same potentate to be both at once, it is not necessary he should have a double nature; all that is needed is an old woman to pray to him and a young woman to pray to get rid of him.

But you didn’t quite understand what I meant by saying it would be better for you to go into business to please your family than to go in to please yourself. I had a malicious notion that in that case you would be less apt
to stick to it. We will let that go, however, and suppose I was singing the praises of dutifulness and unselfishness. Why on earth shouldn’t I? Do you suppose I have made up my mind not to praise anything? Far from it. I prefer my family to other people’s, because it is mine, and my verses to other people’s, because they are mine, and for the same reason I would prefer my country, if I had one, to other people’s. I by no means propose to become Brahma so soon: I like my humanity better. If it is contradictory and hypocritical to have tastes and prejudices, I must give up logic and sincerity. But it seems to me that when one sees the arbitrariness of all ideals, the à priori equality of all aims, one can stick to one’s own with all the better conscience. That is what I had in mind when I said that to do right is to know what you want: if you try to discover your own needs and aspirations, i.e. to specify the objects that can satisfy them, you will do better than if you start out on the Quixotic and hopeless search of the needs and aspirations you ought to have. In the case of needs, the absurdity of asking what they ought to be is glaring enough: it is no less real in the case of aspirations. The only obligation possible appears when your needs and aspirations are given and you ask what you ought to do to satisfy them. Then it ceases to be nonsense to talk of mistakes, successes, right and wrong conduct, wisdom, and folly. Only one thing has to be guarded against: the psychological error of supposing that a man’s needs and aspirations cannot have an object beyond his own body and soul. Nature can put needs and aspirations in us which tend to our own destruction. E.g. the sexual instinct, the ascetic aspirations, and such instincts as the insects and birds have, to make life possible for their offspring. All such instincts are in a real sense unselfish. But whether the selfish man is better than the unselfish man or worse, depends on whether you, who make the judgment, have the need and aspiration of finding unselfish men in the world. From all this you can easily see that in my opinion suicide may easily be justified: for instance if you take the absence of pain as your ideal you make it the duty of every man woman and child to commit suicide without delay—and murder, also, for the matter of that, in the case of any one asking too much time about it. For evidently, absence of pain can be secured only in the grave. But of course your thinking it right and proper has nothing to do with your ability to kill yourself. You may know that you will probably do no good in the world and that the stomach ache and the heart-ache are your most faithful friends, but it’s no use. There is the instinct of self preservation in the way [across] and also one’s interest in life. One would rather have a bad time than not see the show, just as a
The power of instinct and impulse is far greater than that of self interest. But the trouble with Joe Gardner was plainly that he cared too much for something, namely, for animal culae.

Your sincere friend,
George Santayana
To Herbert [Lyman]
9 November 1886 • Berlin, Germany

November 9, 1886

Dear Herbert,

While you sail across the ocean,
Wafted by duty and your own sweet will,
Into my head has come a little notion
To reach your hermitage on Beacon Hill.
Though lacking other means of locomotion,
I can bestride a Pegasean quill,
And when that hobby-horse begins to amble
O’er all the world it’s pretty sure to ramble.

I mean to gas a little now and then
About my life at German universities,
About the books I notice and the men,
And about all their comical perversities.
These frequently will lead my talk again
To life in general, and what a curse it is;
On which sad theme when weary of enlarging,
I’ll draw a little picture in the margin.
And I will write in dear Byronic rhyme,
Hoping the husk may hide the want of kernel,
And while my tent is pitched in this far clime,
I’ll send you my epistolary journal.
Perhaps it may in coming wintry time,
When we are stiffening in the frost eternal,
From the heart’s embers time’s cold ashes blow
And make the boyish flame a moment glow.

At Dresden we were taken in
By penniless Frau Sturm,
A woman uglier than sin
And than the Siegfried Wurm.

She gave us food that we could bite
But that we couldn’t chew,
And fed us morning, noon, and night
On variegated gou.

The head of madam’s eldest loon
Was like the O of Giotto,
Like shadows in the afternoon
Were the long legs of Otto.

I hate the silly nervous smirk
Of pallid, lean Lilie,
But feel some slight suspicion lurk
That Lieschen pleases me.

Young Alex was all skin and hair,
The dirty little shrimp;
The trousers that you used to wear
Now clothe that evil imp.

And now, perhaps, while thus we chide,
On their piano stuck,
We smile in effigy beside
That handsome English buck.

Frau Sturm was gifted with the gift of lungs
To celebrate the days of her prosperity,
And, though unskilful with the modern tongues,
She used her old one with extreme dexterity.
The story of her glories and her wrongs
She said would teach us German with celerity,
If we would wrestle with her till we fled
To wrestle with her German feather bed.

Pray heaven you may know enough
To learn on no such plan
For to teach any kind of stuff
Herr Richter is the man.

Herr Richter gives good music lessons,
He teaches French and Dutch,
Of English furnishes the essence,
And doesn’t charge too much.

Good stories and the court affairs
Are also in his line:
You’ll find him up three flights of stairs—
Herr! how your face will shine!

The portraits of himself and wife
Of golden frames can boast,
And you can’t tell, to save your life,
Which frame to pity most.

There we would sit and yawn and grin
Till five or thereabout,
When a small boy came marching in,
And we went strolling out.

We also went to see the mellow pictures
Of Virgins, Venuses, Christs, Saints, and satyrs.
And I must make a few religious strictures
On the old masters and their imitators
For painting chestnuts from the Holy Scriptures.
To vice rather than virtue, beauty caters,
And naked angels shouldn’t kick and tussle
Nor saints raise such a quantity of muscle.

Chastity shrinks from the Italian school
And Rubens is a danger to virginity
(Though baggy Venuses make passion cool
Till corsets reestablish their divinity.)
It’s wrong for cherubs to display a t____
Since they must sing soprano to infinity,
And reformed Magdalenes should wear some clothes
And read their Bibles in a modest pose.

I grant, in subjects drawn from heathen fable
A little freedom serves religion’s need,
And shows the world that morals are unstable
Unless well founded on a Christian creed.
To paint the orgies at the satyrs’ table
Or the nymphs dancing to the shepherd’s reed
Is proper—but too far have painters gone
In representing Leda and the Swan.

In truth the German is the school of virtue
And turns the youthful mind from immorality.
To gaze on kitchen furniture won’t hurt you
And painted robes are full of spirituality.
A martyr’s nakedness will not pervert you
When she has lost all signs of animality
And is so stark and ludicrously thin,
The more she shows, the less you want to sin.

Upon the whole, I doubt the advisability
Of sending girls abroad upon a tour
To run through the museums with agility
And eye antiques and pictures so impure,
Then chatter with idiotic volubility
About the culture which they thus procure,—
For nobody’s so often heard to cry Oh, Ah,
As Pinky Jones of Cattleboro’, I owe.

Besides, I have myself a great objection
To have a bonnet thrust before my eyes
When I have aimed my glass in the direction
Of a Madonna sitting in the skies.
With Italy’s old masters a collection
Of Vassar’s modern pupils hardly vies,
Because although their faces may be painted
Their souls can never possibly be sainted.

Of all the places for the female tourist
The ladies’ railway carriage is the best,
For while they’re there, your peace of mind is surest,
And till you reach a station, you may rest.
But of all spots, a gallery’s the poorest
In which to fall a victim to the pest;
They gabble, gape, laugh, question, pass, repass,
Now want your catalogue, now want your glass.

But they behave much better at the play
And being prettier than pure Teutonics,
They are quite welcome at a nice café
Combined with Bairisch and with philharmonics.
It’s entertaining there to watch the way
That Mars and Venus practice their platonics,
I mean, how the refulgent warrior twirls
His blonde moustache at stylish foreign girls.

In the foyer the same thing is occurring
Whenever Wagner’s operas are sung,
During the pauses in the ’cello’s purring
The fiddle’s wheazle and the brasses’ bung,
When you have clapped the Gudehus unerring,
The Rieser’s stomach and the Malten’s lung,
And make an upward move, to take an airing
And stretch your legs, and do a little staring.

December 22, 1886

Well, well (but this “well, well” is optimistic,
And is a sign of rank Philistinism,
“So, so” is rather more characteristic
Of this dull world, itself a vulgarism)
I will today continue my sophistic,
But promise to attempt no witticism,
For Thanksgiving and Christmas disagree
With a dyspeptic reprobate like me.

And just in this most uncongenial season,
My birthday—heaven help me!—chanced to come,
Thus giving me another weighty reason,
When all the world is merry, to be glum.
On a day meant to pray, and feast, and freeze in,
Into life’s pudding dropped this little plum,
Which, after three and twenty years of boiling,
Wonders what keeps the mess so long a-spoiling.

Some say it is a Cook who takes the trouble
To mix this witches’ caldron of a dish,
Oh! not for food, but just to see it bubble
With living toads and flies and flesh and fish.
When these fall out, the flames their pain redouble,
Except a few, whom by a special wish,
The Cook at last picks out: “Well done,” says he,
“Now for unending ages look at Me!”

And yet it is but proper to be thankful
Since the gods send us all the good we get,
Be it a drop of comfort or a tankful
Which for the thirsty human heart they set.
I think the blustering biped is a blank fool
Who says he doesn’t owe the gods a debt,
Because, although his life may be a curse,
Would not the loss of good things make it worse?

I like to say “the gods,” not “God,” because
I mean those powers congenial, tutelary,
From whom our human life its virtue draws,—
Jehovah, Phoebus, Bacchus, Jesus, Mary,—
And not that frightful universal cause
A theory inflicts on the unwary.
God is a monster, if God means the whole,
But the soul thanks the part that helps the soul.

    I’m thankful that, as matters go,
    I neither toil nor spin,
    But read the dear old wits, heigh ho!
    And like their death’s heads grin.

    That I need neither reap nor sow
    Nor gather into barn,
But live in Berlin town among my books, heigh ho!
And hear professors' yarns spin the learned yarn.

That I, the human heart to know,
Was born into the old
One, Roman, Catholic, heigh ho!
And Apostolic fold.

And that, to learn how fateful flow
Our thoughts and institutions,
I turned up in the age, heigh ho!
Of E- and re-volutions.

That then I spent four years or so
At great old Harvard College,
To see the worth might of life, heigh ho!
And worthlessness the impotence of knowledge.

And found there is no vice so low
But nature lurks therein,
Nor any love so high, heigh ho!
But has a taint of sin.

And felt the warm and warmer glow
Of brotherly communion,
And learned to smile at fate, heigh ho!
In friendship's blessed union.

Let this but last till death's wind blow
And till my bones are rotten,
Then let the world sail on, heigh ho!
And let me be forgotten.

So, then, I went to a Thanksgiving feast,
In which a ball was added to a dinner,
And so I mean, on Christmas day at least,
To go to mass, like any pious sinner.
By thirteen marks my wealth was thus decreased,
Nor do I hope of grace to be the winner;
Alas! after I've prayed, and drunk, and flirted,
I'm not in love, nor tipsy, nor converted.

May, 1887 [Written in part earlier.]
Alas, this verse is woefully belated
And Germany seems, oh, so far away!
Yet if what is forgot were not narrated
What would our memoir-writers have to say?
And we digest bread better if we’ve waited,
After it leaves the oven, for a day—
At least, so say my aunts, and there’s no question
That fresh-baked truth is bad for the digestion.

Else why should new convictions mean a colic
And old ones be a syrup to the soul,
Or prophets spend a youth so melancholic
With yearning bowels and with eyes that roll,
But in their later days begin to frolic
And find sin providential on the whole;
Or why have socialists delirious hair,
Or why do visions follow close on prayer?

Because,—unless you know a better reason,—
Truth-hunters often gulp their prey down raw,
Forgetting that the flesh they ought to season
And that the bones are fatal to the jaw
And that to drink God’s living blood is treason
Against the human stomach’s civil law,
And that, when all is spiced and boned and blooded,
The art of mastication must be studied.

Truly the love of wisdom means sobriety
Since truth, boiled down, is but a starving diet
Although of dressings there is such variety
That you like nothing else, if once you try it,
And are insured for life against satiety.
Philosophy—but who can justify it?
I’ll leave it, just as God left the creation
And Milton God, without justification.

I am the last who would deny the vanity
Of asking questions of the stars forever
Vain is the very knowledge that humanity
In seeking truth has made a vain endeavor
And vain the sad and sceptical urbanity
Which from these studies it is hard to sever—
And yet this vain urbanity and knowledge
Is just the thing for which we went to college.

That all is vanity is undeniable,
But joy is no less joy for being vain
And evils to which everything is liable
Are evils of which nothing should complain.
The facts are fixed, our mood alone is pliable
And call it dew or drizzle, rain is rain,
And by the proof that life is an inanity
We cannot change the fortunes of humanity.

The facts are fixed; and granting the fatality
That gives divine philosophy dominion,
I wish you would compare with impartiality
Her telescope with the poetic pinion
Or the balloon of faith’s conventionality,
And tell me truly which, in your opinion,
Is the most proper to delight our vision
With pleasant vistas into fields Elysian.

The poet’s flight is upward like the lark’s
His zenith always lies above his nest
And of the heavens’ wonders all he marks
Is what can still the longing of his breast.
When on the working world he disembarks
He brings no comfort from his dreamy quest,
For fancy must be rather energetic
To make a wife and critic seem poetic.

And whither the balloon of faith will take us
Turns on the weather and the winds that blow
Which sometimes lost amid the clouds forsake us
And sometimes headlong on the desert throw.
Besides the best balloon that faith can make us
Sooner or later to the ground must go,
As is made certain by the earthly perch
Of every once aeronautic Church.

But if upon your house’s upper story
Safe, ornamental, and at slight expense,
You build a little glass observatory
And mount therein a philosophic lens
And in the midnight quiet scan the glory
Of all that circles in the void immense,
You run no risks, you taste a noble pleasure,
And learn to run your round and keep your measure.

To mention midnight and an upper story
Reminds me of a certain German spree.
'Twas in a precinct half way up to glory
Where climbers find the opposite of glee,
In other words, the place was purgatory.
I went to a professor’s house to tea
Up five flights at the south end of the city,—
However, the professor’s wife was pretty.

Her office—German fashion—was to wait
Upon the men, and with an indescribable
Conglomerate of gou to pile each plate
(The wine, I’m glad to mention, was imbibable)
And to her seat just opposite her mate
She had to hurry back, whene’er contrivable,—
To eat, you think? Gott, nein! to—else I’m blest!—
Peel oranges and apples for the rest.

In this Arcadia of fifth-floor simplicity
I lingered for the space of four full hours
Afraid of sinning ’gainst polite rusticity
By being first to quit the festive bowers.
I counted twelve score minutes of felicity
Then sleep quite overcame my counting powers,
And, turning to some use my nodding head,
I bowed adieu, and hurried home to bed.

———

The newspapers have lately been compiling
A list of the best hundred books to read.
Methinks the times are little fit for piling
A hundred articles on any creed.
So many oracles give cause for smiling
When ten commandments are so hard to heed,
Yet let me say the Bible should be read
And Shakespere in addition, not instead.

On Homer and Lucretius nature lays
With all her strength the seal of her authority;
Cervantes and Molière for the world’s ways
Over all life’s observers take priority
And Goethe and poor Byron paint our days
And by their failings show our inferiority,
While in Spinoza and in Schopenhauer
Is found the picture of the ruling power.

That’s what my conscience says, for you must know
I have that article in my possession
And feel an inward satisfaction glow
Whene’er I see another man’s transgression.
Did genial Hot-Scotch down my plumbing flow
I couldn’t wear a happier expression
Than when all other feelings are subdued
By the sweet consciousness of being good.

Men cannot live without a conscience long
For nought so much the life within us smothers
As ignorance that other men are wrong.
You think your aims no better than another’s
And hardly have the courage to be strong
In fighting for the earth against your brothers,
Till conscience, showing you alone are right,
Gives you a holy eagerness for fight.

Before I had a conscience I would cry:
Infinite pity, all-pursuing sorrow,
Eternal laughter of the hollow sky!
We fight today, our children fight to-morrow
Victors and vanquished in the battle die!
Ye gods, the life you lend I will not borrow;
Put not your cruel strength in my right arm,
But leave me weak, that I do little harm!

But now I have a conscience I cry out:
O blessed chance to smite the evildoer,
To rule the godless nations round about
And for their false faith substitute my truer!
I’ll carry my election with a shout,
And I’ll supplant my mistress’ other wooer:
Gods of my fathers, all your blessings give
Since for your glory and my good I live.

Hail, Conscience! firm amid the wreck of creeds,
Bulwark of Saints, who human laws neglected,
Progressive too, since to fit growing needs
Thy oracles are readily corrected,—
By walking in thy ways a man succeeds,
By thee are all our interests protected,
And then the bliss of God thou givest us,
Who’s always good, no matter what he does!

May 30, 1887

Why is it sweet to hear these church bells ringing
As if for me they had a message still?
The old bells question not why they are swinging
But feel their ancient music’s iron thrill;
Without mistrust the tender blades are springing,
The birds at singing season sing their fill,
The morning sun is without reason there,
And why should my stirred bosom stifle prayer!

Though I lack faith to love, I have compassion
In sight of things so tragically fair
And feel the bitter wrong that God should fashion
An instrument for idle winds to tear
And wake tumultuous rhapsodies of passion
To die insulted in the vacant air,—
Or does God catch the sweet delirious notes
That thrill in little love-birds’ swelling throats?

Almost—almost I think I might believe it,
And trust the echoes of these ancient walls,
For to a heart too willing to receive it
The tender promise of the ages calls.
Count I faith’s loss a loss? Why not retrieve it,
Since fatal logic logically falls
And that proud reason from its base is hurled
That makes one vast unreason of the world?

Oh, if salvation were a trick of reason,
How easily would all the world be saved!
But roses bloom not in the winter season
Nor hope of heaven in a heart enslaved.

To break the bond with earth were easy treason
If it were God alone the bosom craved,
But we have chosen love and chosen rest
And with our wings’ plucked feathers built our nest.

And from a high-walled garden, rich in flowers,
Upon the driving clouds I like to look
That cast their pleasant shadow on my bowers
And feed the trickling fountain and the brook.

Nor should I tremble if the gusty showers
Fell on my blossoms, or if thunder shook
My fragrant arbors and their leafy gloom,
And with the things I love bestrewed my tomb.

But if I sickened of my hidden pleasure
And shuddered at the all-enclosing void,
If my heart pined for some excessive treasure
In whose fruition it were never cloyed,
Or, doting on existence over measure,
If I should hate the Maker who destroyed,
Then I should leave my garden to decay
Nor notice if my fountain ceased to play.

But putting idle thoughts of ease behind me
Forth I should wander to the windswept moor
And bid the mountains and the sea remind me
Of perfect goods that should like them endure,
And no false joy, no length of toil should blind me
To the exceeding wealth that made me poor
And more were my unbroken spirit blest
By heaven hoped for than by earth possessed.
Is there within the breast of the Eternal 
A sanctuary left for banished joy 
Where aureoled in golden splendor vernal 
The angel of my dream is still a boy, 
Saved from oblivion and the pit infernal, 
From love’s apostasy and shame’s annoy, 
Saved from his own tide’s ebbing, silent, fair, 
Benignant, holy, and forever there?

O bright ideal, lead the unsuspecting 
To pluck their berries among thorns and briers, 
And teach them the hard lesson of detecting 
What fate will yield of all the heart’s desires. 
But spare me now, and pardon my neglecting 
To cast my reason in thy quenchless fires. 
Ablaze with mad saints’ hearts: How wise a sin 
To smile at the vain torment they are in!

So let me bless the alms the minutes proffer 
And bask a happy beggar in the sun, 
And hold at churches’ gate my little coffer 
And snatch the dropping pennies, one by one. 
Within, the faithful may petitions offer 
And pardon crave for sins that they have done. 
But I am merry if I lose or win 
Nor deem possession of my nature sin.

Oh, it is very pleasant to be small, 
Making our step no longer than our tether, 
And without languishing for wings, to crawl 
And love the fragrance of our native heather. 
Oh peace, to scan our fate and say: that’s all! 
Oh happiness, to meet that fate together! 
Oh crowning joy, to die in fitting time, 
And seal the poem with a noble rhyme!

[Unsigned]
George Gordon Noel Byron, sixth baron Byron (1788–1824), was an English romantic poet. Handsome, athletic (despite a clubfoot), brilliant, and magnetic, Byron was himself the model for the 'Byronic heroes' of his verse narratives. He was Santayana's first and lasting literary hero. Santayana relished *Don Juan* (1819–24), Byron's epic satire, and many of Santayana's early verses were written in imitation of Byron's meter and manner. The detachment, humor, wit, and satiric character of Santayana's mature style owes much to this early influence.

Siegfried is the hero of the medieval epic, *Das Nibelungenlied*, upon which Wagner based his operatic tetrology, *Der Ring des Nibelungen*. Siegfried slays a dragon (Wurm) who is really a giant; a drop of the dragon's blood on Siegfried's tongue allows him to understand the birds.

Giotto di Bondone (c. 1266–1337) was a great Italian painter. When asked by the pope for a sample of his work, the artist sent only a perfect circle painted with a free movement of his arm from the elbow.

Diminutive form of the name.

Unidentified.

Peter Paul Rubens (1577–1640), foremost painter of the Flemish school, did many paintings for the Spanish and French courts, notably a series of twenty-four paintings of the life of Marie de' Medici (Louvre). He was one of the most popular and prolific artists of all time.

Mary Magdalene may have been the harlot whom Jesus rescued from her evil life. She is identified by the name of her home town, Magdala, famous for its immorality.

In Greek mythology, Leda was the mother by Zeus (who came to her in the shape of a swan) of two eggs, from one of which came Castor and Clytemnestra, and from the other Polydeuces and Helen. The subject of Leda and the Swan has been a favorite with artists, including Paul Veronese, Correggio, and Michelangelo.

Richard Wagner (1813–83) was a German composer, conductor, and author famous for his operas. Most of his work is based on Teutonic and Nordic myths. His greatest work is *Der Ring des Nibelungen* (1869, 1870, 1876). Gudehus, Rieser, and Malten were opera singers.

Phoebus is an epithet of Apollo, in his quality as the god of light. The name stands for the sun personified. Bacchus was, in the classic Greek view, a handsome young man and a powerful god (Dionysus). The fat, drunken Bacchus familiar from Renaissance paintings was a later concept. In the *Lusiad* (1572) of Camoëns, Bacchus is the guardian power of Islam and an evil demon of Zeus.

John Milton (1608—74) was an English poet and prose writer, most respected in English literature. *Paradise Lost* (1667) is among his prolific writings.

In Greek religion Elysian fields were the happy otherworld for heroes favored by the gods.

Arcadia, a region of ancient Greece in mid-Peloponnesus, was inhabited by a pastoral people.
To Henry Ward Abbot  
12 December 1886 • Berlin, Germany (MS: Columbia)

Berlin, Dec 12<sup>th</sup> 1886.  

Dear Abbot,

Thank you very much for your letter and the accompanying copy of the Sentimental Calendar. I have read the stories with great pleasure, and lent the book to Houghton. I think I like “In a Garret” best of all. “Mrs Knollys” and “the Bells of Avalon” are also very touching. The play is good, but I think Stimson is at his best in the pathetic. His pathos is true—not false, moralizing pathos like Dickens’—but the simple feeling of the pity of it all—of the helplessness and failure of our plans. You notice in “In a Garret” the ultimate lesson of experience and philosophy, namely Fate, or the feeling that the world isn’t run in our interest or with any reference to our needs—you notice this, I say, used as a motif. It is interesting to see how what made the best old tragedies also makes the best modern stories. I think Stimson has a wonderful faculty of idealizing—of giving the essence of a situation. Take as an example the description of the old lady’s world at the North-West End in “In a Garret” or the friendship of the two fellows in “Two Passions and a Cardinal Virtue.” But in Stimson’s fantastic writing there is for me something unaccountable and wilful. I don’t see the point, for instance, of all the incantations of the necromancer, although the story is interesting. This is probably owing to a defect in me, for I confess aimless fancy doesn’t appeal to me in any shape, from “Midsummer Night’s Dream” to “Alice in Wonderland”. Art, it seems to me, must be more real than nature, or it loses its raison d’être. By more real, I mean more primitive, simple, and clear. A passion, feeling, or character must be presented more according to its inner essence and tendency than it can appear in the world owing to disturbing accidents. A composition which is nothing but a mass of accidents is worse than the truth, uglier than the reality. Why should one take the trouble of producing such a thing? Nature does it all too frequently; but she seldom succeeds in bringing a single seed or tendency to full development without distorting it and crippling it by some foreign influence. That is why she leaves room for art.

I go almost daily to the Museum here where there is a beautiful collection of Greek marbles and also a lot of early German and Italian paintings. I cannot pass from those statues to those pictures without feeling that I am passing from art to caricature. And nothing could be plainer than that the
ancients conceived art as simplification—elimination of accidents, and expression of the soul as it would express itself in the most favorable possible environment. The Christians, on the contrary, in the service of religion, express the thwarting of the natural tendency of the soul, the crushing of spontaneous life by the pressure of overwhelming external power. This early Christian art is hideous—poor starved, crooked, cowed creatures, in which the attempt at humanity seems to be about given up. And it is interesting to trace the gradual recovery of the human type in the pictures of the renaissance. I notice the same thing in the streets. Among the Germans there are Mediaeval types and types almost classical. Among the peasants and mechanics one sees frequently the bandy legged, big headed, heavy nosed figures of the early paintings, and among the better class one sees the tall, stolid, robust, καλὸς καὶ μέγας type of the ancients. Of course the fine Germans are coarser and sleepier than the fine Greeks; but the resemblance is noticeable and shows, as it seems to me, how the soul, such as it was or is, succeeds in expressing itself under favorable circumstances. The English aristocracy and the American too, are further examples of the same thing.

Excuse my delivering a treatise after this fashion, but whereof the heart is full, the pen writeth. I am of course wrong and anti-Nortonian, but I hate sentimentalism and pre-Raphaelitism with all my soul. It is not true that deformity expresses the spirit—it only expresses the sad plight of the spirit that can’t express itself.

I am amused at the fun you poke at me, and at the advice Barrett Wendell gives me. I respect Scott for thinking me an ass, because it shows a certain robust healthiness of judgment. He doubtless sees the good and bad in me with tolerable impartiality, for Scott is a sensible fellow, and usually hits the mark in what he says. I do not pretend that he has much delicacy of judgment, but he is sound, and naturally values soundness above other things. Droppers, however, if I understand him, comes to the same conclusion in an other way. With him it isn’t a spontaneous judgment of one man meeting another; he is biased by his crude dogmas and vulgar standards. I submit that his tribunal has no jurisdiction in my case. But every unsophisticated man is competent to judge any other, as a man; that your table should think me a poor sort of creature is perfectly natural and perfectly right. As far as I am, a student, of course they have nothing to say in the matter. Ward’s case is less easily explained. And here let me once for all say that what I write about other people, I am perfectly willing they should see or hear. If not, I shouldn’t say it. If they are foolish
enough to get mad, it is they who are concerned. What I said about Ward’s being a fallen angel was perfectly harmless and true, although perhaps not clear. But the unjust way in which the fellows at college treat Ward is to be regretted. It is owing to the prodigious social intolerance and narrow-mindedness which prevails in those parts; because Ward, if one takes him for what he is, and not for what Boston infallibility decrees everyone should pretend to be, is a delightful fellow. He has more virtues, too, than people give him credit for. But Harvard society judges people on a utilitarian standard; on the use they are to Harvard society as swipes or circus riders.

I proposed not to bore you with any more of my metaphysics or ethics, but I will say a word by way of conclusion. If you want any more, go to Spinoza and Schopenhauer, where I get mine. I don’t think Royce’s argument against absolute relativity is a mere quibble. But it is not what he makes it, a proof of the existence of one absolute, either in truth or right conduct. Truly the assertion of anything implies the absolute truth of something—viz. of itself. Likewise when we desire something we imply the absolute value of something—viz. of the thing desired. Further, thinking means the taking of some idea for true, and acting the taking of some aim for choiceworthy. There is then an evident contradiction in saying that you take nothing for true or in acting and saying that you think nothing worth having. Because to take something to be true is but a definition of thinking, and to think something worth having is but a definition of desire (or the tendency to act.) But it doesn’t follow that what is taken for granted is always the same truth, or the same aim: on the contrary history and memory report that the standards in both cases are variable. Royce’s conclusion rests in fact on the idealistic dogma that knowledge of objects is but modification of the subject and therefore that truth cannot be a relation of similarity between the thought and the object, but must be a relation of congruity within a single thought (whatever such a thing may mean.) Put this together with the observation that a truth must always be assumed in thinking, and you get his conclusion that a single thought—the same and not the same as mine—is always assumed. All this mystification arises from the impossibility of being a thoroughgoing idealist, because just as all thought implies a truth, and all desire a value, so all consciousness of any kind implies the existence of something not itself outside of itself. If I started as Royce does with the doctrine that there is but one real thought and one real aim, I should of course believe that there was an absolute true and good; but Royce himself would grant that if there were many separate
thoughts and aims, there would be just as many separate absolute truths and goods. He too is an enemy of dogmatism, until he formulates his own dogma.

Your sincere friend George Santayana

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**To William James**

9 January 1887 • Berlin, Germany

(MS: Houghton)

Berlin, Jan 9\textsuperscript{th} 1887.

Dear Prof. James.

I was delighted to get your letter this morning, and hope you will forgive my not having written. The truth is I was ashamed to do so, because I have done those things which I ought not to have done, and I have not done those things which I ought to have done, and there is no science in me. But I have been having a good quiet time, picking up some German, and finding out which way the philosophical wind blows in these parts. On
the whole, I think this semester has done me good, although I have not carried out the plan about doing laboratory work. Strong, to whom I have handed your letter, has probably told you that we have taken Prof. Ebbinghaus’ psychology and Prof. Paulsen’s ethics. These with some public courses I hear go over the ground covered in the philosophical courses at Harvard; and they have served to get my notions in shape and to convince me that it is high time to turn to something less general.

We have been several times to see Prof. Gizycki, who has been very kind and hospitable, lent us books and invited us to tea. We have not yet taken any courses with him, but I like his method and point of view very much, and admire his penetration. Prof. Ebbinghaus has also asked me to dinner (Strong was away) and made it very pleasant for me. He has a very pretty wife and a fat baby one year old, and seems to entertain students a good deal. He asks me to give you his regards, and says he owes you a letter.

I find it pretty hard to make friends among the Germans, although they are good, simple-hearted people. The Americans are so much more lively that I always find myself going with them. There are a great many here, studying everything and nothing. I have been to some American dinners and Kneipes, but otherwise I have poked comfortably at home, reading Goethe, with whom I am in love. I find no difficulty in reading, and understanding lectures, but I am helpless when it comes to talk.

We still propose to take up physiology, but I am afraid as far as I am concerned I shall do little in that direction. I do not know how to work. I think, apart from the spelling book and the Greek grammar, I have never studied anything except for pleasure and with enthusiasm; and I find it terribly hard to peg at things that I don’t seem to grasp. I recognize that all this is an additional reason for trying to get a feeling for the severe, minute way of handling things, and I shall try to do something in that direction. But my vocation, toward the human, political problems. Even the metaphysical and ethical puzzles appear to me rather as obstacles to be cleared than as truths to be attained. I feel now as if I could pass beyond them into the real world. And as far as the world we live in—I mean the social world—is to be got at by study, it strikes me it is to be found in history and political economy (not counting literature.) It is in this direction that I am drawn. Of course, if one could study everything, it would be very nice to understand the physical world too: but isn’t it a fact that popular and second hand science, bad as it is, is less treacherous than popular Pol. Econ. and history? I can better afford to be misled about chemistry or
physiology than about free trade or the Reformation. That is why I am anxious to look into these subjects for myself.

Strong is looking well, and seems to feel up to things once more. He is very reticent about all personal matters, so that I know less about what has been troubling him than you probably do. I am afraid I am not a sympathetic fellow for him to be with. Houghton is now in this house, and we have very lively discussions on all sorts of things.

I am awfully sorry about your wakefulness. I hoped to see your book before long. Perhaps your having less to attend to this year is a good thing for it. Loeser writes me that the philosophical club is much less active now, which I suppose means that ’87 has few philosophers in it. I look back on our discussions there with great pleasure. Indeed, Cambridge stands in my mind for everything that cozy and homelike.

With best regards to Mrs. James, I am

Most sincerely yours
George Santayana.
Berlin, Jan 16th 1887.

Dear Abbot.

I can hardly tell you how much you amuse me. If you must guard against my influence, why do you answer my letters immediately? Then you talk about yourself as inspecting the universal joke of things from the point of view of the grave, and wondering what is the use of taking life in the unsophisticated and primitive way you attribute to me. At the same time you blame yourself for lack of energy, and give me your paternal blessing, trusting my illusions may not be shaken too rudely. But I should like to know how the path of least resistance has led you to the point of view of the grave, which according to my naive notion of things lies decidedly in the direction of the greatest resistance. What you call the point of view of the grave is what I should call the point of view of the easy chair. From that the universal joke is indeed very funny. But a man in his grave is not only apathetic, but also invulnerable. That is what you forget. Your dead man is not merely amused, he is also brave, and if his having nothing to gain makes him impartial his having nothing to lose makes him free. “Is it worth while after all?” you ask. What a simple-hearted question! Of course it isn’t worth while. Do you suppose when God made up his mind to create this world after his own image, he thought it was worth while? I wouldn’t make such an imputation on his intelligence. Do you suppose he existed there in his uncaused loneliness because it was worth while? Did Nothing ask God, before God existed, whether he thought it would be worth while to try life for a while? or did Nothing have to decide the question? Do you suppose the slow, painful, nasty, bloody process, by which things in this world grow, is worth having for the sake of this perfection of a moment? Did you come into this world because you thought it worth while? No more do you stay in it because you do. The idea of demanding that things should be worth doing is a human impertinence. That things are to be done is settled first: when things are all full grown, it comes into the foolish head of a little insect buzzing about among the flowers, to ask if things were worth having, and he settles the question according to the quantity of honey he finds. That is to say he decides whether it is worth while to live and buzz on the assumption that it is worth while to get honey—and the more convinced he is of
the unalterable worth of honey the more forward will he be to proclaim the worthlessness of life. When he stops buzzing and worshiping honey—when he takes the point of view of the grave—he will stop asking for the worth of things.

The point of view of the grave is not to be attained by you or me every time we happen not to want anything in particular. It is not gained except by renunciation. Pleasure must first cease to attract and pain to repel, and this, you will confess, is no easy matter. But meantime, I beg of you, let us remember that the joke of things is one at our expense. It is very funny, but it is exceedingly unpleasant.

You have decidedly the best of the argument about art, and yet I think I meant something by what I said. Greek statues say so much more to me than any other form of art, and the Greek view of life and nature appeals to me so strongly, that I am unjust to other forms. The hapless word essence—bastard in its birth, overburdened during its life, and dishonored in its grave—seems to have made my sayings still more objectionable. I will venture on another formula, and say that all art should be characterization, not accumulation. Ancient art characterized natural tendencies, while modern art characterizes situations. But selection and the elimination of what doesn’t help the characterization is as necessary in one case as in the other. I offer the humblest apologies for my rashness in regard to Stimson’s story—I never looked for the moral! I see now what it means, but the way of expressing it still strikes me as a little wild. As I told you before, I am not a competent critic of the fantastic, being, so to speak, ghost-and-faery-blind.

You say you are a hero-worshipper. I have always felt an unsatisfied longing to be one—but I could find no hero. Tell me what is necessary to bring a man into the category of heroes—of course I don’t mean what qualities in him, but what effects on the worshiper. I always have found a great difficulty in feeling the glow of admiration and the glow of loyalty towards the same persons. Admiration comes from qualities, and loyalty from obligations. What one admires are abstractions and sides of character, but one is loyal to the whole man, as to one who is knit into one’s own life. Perhaps I ought to confess that I worship one hero, although as a man out of history he oughtn’t to count. I mean Byron. Toward Byron, I do feel a combination of admiration and loyalty; I admire what he is in himself, and I am full of recognition for what he has been to me. For you must know, Byron is my first friend among the poets, and my favorite.
I don’t propose to return to the metaphysics of my last letter. Still, I must accept your challenge for a definition of the terms. By absolute I understand that which is self-existent—that which might exist if everything else disappeared. Now, I didn’t pretend to say that each man is an absolute being: I conceive that only the universe is an absolute being. But I meant that each man’s standard of truth and worth was absolute—i.e. that it could exist without the existence of the other standards. Of course, if the man is not absolute, his standard could not have existed unless the whole world related to the man had existed; and so the standard, as a psychological fact, is relative to everything else in the world. But as a standard, it is absolute. We could not have the metric system unless the whole world was what it is: but as a standard the meter is absolute, and does not derive its value from its relation to the yard.

As you say, before claiming to understand and much more to condemn a man, one must know what sense he gives to his words. His definitions are often harder to understand than all the rest of his system—as, e.g. in Spinoza. The book is here the definition of the meaning of the words. As a general thing I find it works pretty well to begin by accepting a man’s conclusions, and taking for granted they express the well-known facts, to work back from them to his premises. Thus one can often get at an author’s starting point, and be better prepared to judge his logic. For instance, you hear a man declare that all men do and must act in the pursuit of pleasure. Accept the conclusion and see to what a definition of pleasure it will lead. You will have to grant that the pursuit may take place before the pleasure has ever been experienced. The pleasure therefore is not an image, not a memory, but a result. You will also have to grant that the pleasure pursued is not always attained. Thus you will arrive at the moderately true description of the facts which consists in saying that men must act in the pursuit of something of which they may have no idea and which they may never attain. Whether this uncertain something is a sensation or an action will be of no consequence. The difference between the hedonists and the naturalists will thus be reduced to an original difference in their observations. If a man believes that men usually know what they are about, he will like the hedonists: if he thinks men usually don’t, he will like the naturalists. I like the naturalists.

Hartmann is thought very little of in these parts. He seems to belong to the dreaming rather than to the talking school of philosophers. I have hardly read him; what I have read has seemed to me rather futile. I think the talking philosophers alone are worth hearing: they come to you as one
man to another, on the basis of everyday facts and life. That is what makes Aristotle so much the safest and wisest of men. The dreaming philosophers should be read as one reads the confessions of converts and the plaints of lyric poets. It may be very beautiful and very profound, but it has only the interest of autobiography. To find out what may be known about the world common to us all, we must go to those who have thought it worth their while to talk about it.

Strong is back, and says he is all right. It is evident, however, that he is still rather restless and unsatisfied. Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum. By the way, do you ever read Lucretius? If you don’t, I should advise you to try him. He fills me with the greatest enthusiasm and delight. The arguments are often childish, but the energy, the flow, the magnificence and solidity are above everything. I am now reading St. Augustine’s De Civitate Dei, another splendid book. It is historico-lyrical, like the Bible, full of curious knowledge and broad lights thrown on the nature of the forces that made Christianity. It is not technical, except here and there, and so full of soul and divine madness that even the theology is never dull. And then the glory of the Latin, so majestic, so clear, so sonorous! I tell you our modern languages are mean and cramped in comparison.

Have you not seen Herbert Lyman? Tell me something about Ward, not what he says of me.

Your dangerous friend
George Santayana
To Henry Ward Abbot
5 February 1887 • Berlin, Germany (MS: Columbia)

Berlin, Feb. 5th 1887.

Dear Abbot.

I am afraid I can’t save you from solipsism by argument, but I don’t regret it much, since it is easy for you to save yourself from it by action. Philosophy, after all, is not the foundation of things, but a late and rather ineffective activity of reflecting men. It is not the business of philosophy to show that things exist. You must bring your bullion to the mint, then reason can put its stamp upon it and make it legal tender. But if you don’t bring your material, if you don’t give reason your rough and precious experience, you can get nothing from her but counterfeit bills—nostrums and formulas and revelations. Now a man’s stock of experience, his inalienable ideas, are given facts. His reason for holding on to them is that he can’t get rid of them. Why do we think at all, why do we talk about world, and ideas, and self, and memory, and will, except because we must? You say that you are will, and that your existence as such is given by immediate intuition. That is a rather complicated fact to be foundation of knowledge. If however it is a fact which you cannot doubt, it is a perfectly good foundation. Any fact you cannot doubt is—any inevitable idea is true. Now, if you imagine a being whose stock consists of this intuition of itself as will and of a world as ideas, I think you will be unable to make that being believe in other wills. That being would not rebel against solipsism; anything else would be impossible for it. It happens that we are not such beings; our inevitable ideas are not a self as will and as a reservoir of images. This notion is at best a possible one for us—possible together with innumerable other notions. If you find, however, that you can actually get rid of all other ideas and live merely on this stock, nothing can prevent
your trying the experiment. Be a solipsist. Say “My own existence as will and
the existence of a world of ideas in my mind—these I cannot doubt. But this
is all that I find it necessary to believe. With this faith I can do my business,
make love to my sweetheart, write to my friends, and sing in tune with the
spheres.” If you can do that, what possible objection is there to your solipsism?
Surely none coming from a sincere and disinterested philosophy. But can you
do it? That is the question. I suspect that your business and letterwriting, your
love and the music of the spheres, would fill your mind with other notions
besides those first inevitable ones, and make these other notions no less ine-
legible. They would increase your inalienable stock of ideas and make
your philosophy unsatisfactory, not because it had not accounted for the ideas
you brought originally, but because you had more ideas now which it would
need a different philosophy to account for. You must keep one thing always in
mind if you want to avoid hopeless entanglements: we do not act on the ideas
we previously have, but we acquire ideas as the consequence of action and
experience. If you habitually treat these visions of other men as if they were
your equals, you will therefore believe that they have will and intelligence like
yourself. Now, your own survival in the world depends on your social rela-
tions, so that solipsism is a practically impossible doctrine. It could not flourish
except among isolated beings, and man is gregarious.

So much for the practical difficulties of solipsism. Abstractly the theory
cannot be disproved—what theory can?—yet I think it is not without its arbi-
trariness. Not that it is more arbitrary than any other which does not express our
normal mental habits; all I mean is that it has no more reasonableness than any
other imagined, artificial system. For what do you mean by self? What do you
mean by existence in the mind? So long as you believe in a self-existent world of
objects in space, you know what you mean by the objects in the mind. You mean
those objects which are not self-existent in space. If, however, you abandon (or
think you abandon, for I think the argument proves you have not really done so)
the notion of objects self-existent in space, your phrase “objects in the mind”
loses its meaning, since there is no longer any contrast between two modes or
places of existence, one the mind and the other external space. Objects now do
not come into the mind, they merely come into existence. Ideas, if they have
no real objects, are real objects themselves. The quality of independence, unac-
countableness, imperiousness which belonged to the things now belongs to the
ideas. They are yours—they are in you—no more than the objective world was
before. This is what makes idealists invent a
universal consciousness in which the ideas eternally lie: if this world is to be an idea it has to be an independent, objective one. For see what the alternative is: There shall be only my own personal ideas—but how far do I reach? Did the world begin with the first sensation I had in my mother’s womb? Evidently my foetus is an idea in my mind quite as foreign to me as you are. Did the world begin with the first idea I can remember I had? But in that case the world has begun at different points, since sometimes I can remember an event which happened when I was four, but then I could remember what happened when I was one-three. Or shall the ideas in existence be only those I have at this moment? But this moment is nothing—it is a limit, it contains no ideas at all. Ideas are alive, they grow and change, they are not flashed ready made into the darkness. My ideas are therefore indeterminate in quantity and duration. As impossible as it is to say where one of them stops and another begins, so impossible is it to say where my consciousness becomes different from that of my mother, or wherein it is different from that of other men now. When in a crowd, in a contagion of excitement, we do not think in ourselves only but in other people at the same time. The bodies are separate but the consciousness is not. The result is that I have more ideas than I know; I can’t trace them downward to there depth and full content, nor outward to their limits. In what sense, then, are my ideas mine? Only as the left side of a street is to the left; I only can talk of myself because I think of you, of my ideas because I postulate yours. If I existed alone, I should have no self, as the theologians very well saw when to save the personality of God the made him three persons. That is about all I have thought about solipsism. You say, or hint, that you are resigned to being an egotist and egoist, but not to be a solipsist. The things are but two sides of the same; it is harder to deny the existence of other men in thinking than in willing, because in thinking we depend so much on words, and books, and education—all social things, while in willing we are more independent, at least we feel more independent, for in reality we are perhaps less so. The more fundamental part of us is where we have more in common, and where influences are more easily exercised. It is more easy to influence than to persuade.

Strong and I propose to go to England about the first of March, so that when you write again you had better address care of Brown, Shipley & Co. It is possible I may stay in England the rest of this year, but I cannot tell until I have seen the place. I naturally have to go with Strong, as our partnership is of mind and pocket; he is rather sick of this place because one is so isolated in it. Bad thing for a would be philosopher to complain
of isolation. Poor Strong! he is like a man up to his middle in cold water who hasn’t the courage to duck. The cold water is the antitheological stream.

Hoping all this is nothing but your idea
I am sincerely your friend    G.S.

To Henry Ward Abbot
17 February 1887 • Berlin, Germany  (MS: Columbia)

Berlin, Feb. 17th 1887.

Dear Abbot.

Here is your brilliant letter of the 2nd which I will answer at once as usual, and instead of metaphysics, as in my last, we shall indulge in a little psychology. I see that we are apt to miss the point of each others arguments, but I don’t mind that particularly so long as we catch each other’s ideas.

The first subject of psychological analysis will be myself. You say that I turn out to have opinions contrary to those which it would be natural for me to have (1) habitually (2) in disparaging the dreaming philosophers (3) in having already reached the third or positivistic stage of thought, according to Comte, when in reality I am far removed from being a positivist. (1) and (2) I will leave for you to explain. But in regard to my conversion to Positivism I will make a little confession and trust you will not refuse me absolution considering my sincere sorrow and firm purpose of amendment (Vide, Catholic Catechism) To be sure, I began as Comte says, with the theological stage. I found solutions satisfactory to myself for the supposed contradictions in the Trinity, the origin of evil, eternal punishment, and transsubstantiation. Having accomplished this little task, I began to take an interest in other things beside theology, because I had given up my original faint desire of being pious and holy. I then began metaphysics, but this second stage never took with me the shape of a belief in the authority of reason, i.e. of my own opinion. My own opinion usually satisfies me pretty well, but I hardly think it the necessary centre of universal
eternal truth. I have never believed in God, or the freedom of the will, or
immortality, or a universal consciousness, or an absolute right and wrong,
except in the Orthodox Catholic sense and for strictly devotional and ecclesiastical
reasons. Once give up your attachment to religion and to the Church, and
you give up the only reason for maintaining those dogmas. I have always seen
that; so that I may well say that I have really skipped the metaphysical stage in
the Comtian evolution. Spinoza was the man I believed in always, as the alternative
to Catholicism. And it is only in Spinoza’s manner that I am a positivist
at all. I believe in the real world, in the world of thought and extension, of
psychology and physics. God or substance with Spinoza equals reality; and this
reality, which may have countless forms, we find only in space and in (other
men’s) consciousness. I say in other men’s, because Spinoza was too sane to
care to discuss anything from the point of view of subjective idealism. When
one prints a book to convince other people, one oughtn’t to discuss in it whether
they exist. But this is all by the way, although some other day I will discuss
with you the question of Spinoza’s hedonism. If you care to know what I think
about it in general, you can find it in my paper on Spinoza in the Monthly, if
you still have that [illegible]around.

The second subject of psychological analysis will be you. Your soul is a very
good sensitive plate, but it has been underexposed, and the picture is blurred.
You feel quickly and finely, but you don’t grasp firmly, you let go and let slip
(a new case of laissez faire et passer.) You must try to think your thoughts
whole and think them through, also your desires. For example you tell me when
you remember yourself you envy a hero, when you forget yourself you worship
him. Think that through, and you have all any man needs in the way of moral
doctrine. You wish to be like the thing you worship—that is surely the height
of moral ambition. But you don’t hold on to this exalted ambition of yours; you
let it float through your imagination, to make you aesthetic and pessimistic,
but you don’t let it grow upon you enough to make you act. I admit that your
ideal moral ambition seems to me a bit high, and your practical ambition a bit
dormant. Why should a man envy what he worships? Envy and worship seem
hardly to belong to the same object. I will be exceedingly bold and attempt to
tell you what you really feel. You worship or rather love the courageous will
that rises up refreshed by blows—that is your complement. But you do not envy
that at all, because that is not an object of your own will, but a different kind of
will from yours which reveals itself to you as beauty and perfect action. What
you envy is something else, something which is an object of your
own desire, the living down the conflict between the real and the ideal, the sense of having found your place in nature, and of possessing that “continuous, supreme, and unending blessedness” which comes from making peace with the reality. Now if you will make this separation between what you worship and what you envy, you will straightway begin to pursue the enviable and to be satisfied without possession of the divine. That which we worship, that which we love with wonder and joy, is precisely that which is quite out of the sphere of our own attainments—the qualities of the opposite sex, of nature, and of the gods. You say that worship comes when we do not think of ourselves. That is true enough, yet the worship all the same arises from the relation of that divine thing to ourselves. A divine thing might be defined as that which enters into our life, but not as a competitor. A woman, for example, is despised in so far as she is a human individual competing with others for life, especially because her methods of competing are small and mean; but she is loved and even worshiped as the complement of man, as something filling out his life without sharing his qualities. Now when it comes to a hero, of course it is not so easy to separate the qualities in him which are beyond our sphere and those which are necessary to us in order to find our own place in the world. To make this separation is the whole problem of life. You know Goethe says that right living is founded on renunciation, that is, on seeing precisely what lies beyond our sphere and ceasing to desire that, except as an object of contemplation. At the same time all that lies on this side of that limit, is perceived to be attainable, to belong to us potentially. If we are without it, we shall rebel against this state of things, and with reasonable hope (since the thing is by us attainable) we shall begin to strive after it. When it is attained we shall have reached Spinoza’s blessedness, and shall say to our last moment of life, as Faust did “Linger still, thou art so fair.” But all this rapturous optimism, you must remember, comes after renunciation—after we desire nothing that we can’t get. Satisfaction is then evidently inevitable.

The third subject of psychological analysis would be Ward; but I wrote him a long letter yesterday in which I expatiated a good deal on that subject, so I will take Herbert instead now. True that he has broadened very much in the last years, but I have had no more to do with it than with the ripening of a sound apple on a sound tree. The only man in college whom I have really improved is Loeser, and that because (both in the good and bad sense) he was eminently capable of improvement. But Herbert has had more influence on me than I on him, because more than any other of
my friends he has the virtues which are outside of my sphere, and in which consequently I can take a pure, objective satisfaction. He is that uncommon creature, a man with all the ordinary virtues and none of the ordinary vices. His understanding, as you say, is good—good in quantity but especially good in quality, for he is open to truths without being puzzled by problems. A perplexed mind is an unhealthy mind, and the philosophy perplexed minds think out is always sick. To be at home with your own truth and at peace with it, is the right condition in which to sally forth in search of foreign truth. That is why my heart loathes and my reason despises all your sect-founders and sect-changers, and all your people who want to begin to make everything afresh. Not having any eyes for what is near and present, nor any love for it, they have no understanding for what is to come, which must necessarily come out of the present and be built upon it. But nothing appeals to me so much as the people who live quietly and unhesitatingly on their own resources—spiritual and social—without feeling called upon to abandon their natural possessions to run after all kinds of novelties and crudities. Now Herbert is an excellent example of a man with a right appreciation and attachment for his natural surroundings—with a wholesome willingness to live under the conditions in which he finds himself. As you may imagine, the type of character and life which is represented by Americans among men and Bostonians among Americans and the Lymans among Bostonians, is hardly my ideal. It is a self-checking, horrified, narrow-minded, sweet-saliva sort of existence, unbearable to a man and an animal. Yet see how gently, how considerately Herbert has grown out of it, without breaking with its forms, and without repudiating it in his heart for a moment. That seems admirable to me. The thing was good in its way, and wisdom consisted in not giving it up, except in the sense in which one gives up what takes a subordinate place in one’s life. It is this sort of action that prevents a man’s getting upset; and it has given Herbert his reliability, his sweetness, and his faculty of doing right naturally.

You ask for a long letter, so I will begin another sheet, and fill it with a little psychology of a more general sort. And first I will say that a certain lack of mutual understanding between you and me on the subject of the point of view of the grave and of the busy bee, seems to arise from the fact that I look at the things as psychological events, and you more as logical or moral necessities. Now I maintain that all logical and moral necessity is simply a psychological fact—to be accounted for by psychological laws. Whether the joke of things is funny at three score years and ten, is for me
a purely psychological question. As a matter of fact you will admit, I suppose,
that most old men, perhaps because they have had such a disagreeable time of
it, look back on their lives with a foolish satisfaction, and wouldn’t like to hear
about the veil of Maya having generously made fools of them, or about their
having stultified themselves with a wife and children, to say nothing of the
effects of beer, on to which subject they would consider all allusions imperti-
nent. They would on the contrary declare that they had seldom been deceived,
that they had done a great deal more for the world than people gave them credit
for, and that as to the joke of things, their own affairs were too momentous to
be funny, and their approaching loss anything but a joke. It seems to me there-
fore that the vanity of life is less visible from the point of view of the grave
in the sense of the end of an old man’s life, than even from the point of view
of the mortified or will-overcoming man which I took up in my other letter.
The old man’s attitude toward life is like his attitude toward his own children,
who represent life for him henceforth—namely, fatuous and fond. The saint’s
attitude is one of indifference to the prizes of life accompanied with readiness
to share its struggles and sorrows. The saint is precisely in the position of your
damned fool; he buzzes without expecting honey. And the reason is that if
you really give up desire, you give up preferences: peace and war, pain and
pleasure become the same. You may not understand this state of mind, but it is
approached by some people. And you cannot deny that in the absence of pref-
ferences it is just as wise or foolish to act as not to act. The saint does not feel
that he is wise and prudent in his willingness to act; he feels that the reason or
cause of his action is outside of him—that it is God that acts in him. He is in the
position of my busy bee, if in the recognized absence of honey or of desire for
it, it should know itself to be made to buzz by physical causes. He It would not
resist these physical causes, even if you said that they were making a damned
fool of it, because he it has given up all desire for honey, which wisdom also
is. If nothing is desirable or satisfactory in this world, why is wisdom better
than folly? Readiness to act under divine (i.e. physical) compulsion is a conse-
quence, not a contradiction, of the doctrine of vanity. I am not sure that you will
not call this also sophistry and Spencerian unknowables; know, however, that
it is what orthodox mystics and pessimists have always taught. Cf. Ecclesiastes,
Thomas à Kempis, Deutsche Theologie, St. John of the Cross, St. Theresa, etc.
The psychology of your dogmatic pessimism of your pessimism that says we ought not to live, is not hard to explain. Given a man full of naive desires; let him be so favorably situated that his naive desires are for the most part satisfied, and he begins a search for refined and unmixed pleasures. He thereupon becomes blasé, and sings with Solomon, when not overpowered by the demands of his eight or nine hundred concubines, that all is vanity. If, unlike Solomon, he is not also a wise man, he will reason with himself thus. “I wanted pleasures, continuous and unmixed—that is the only object I had in life, ergo, the only object which anyone not a damned fool can have. This object is unattainable. There is then no object to make life worth living: ergo, no one ought to live.” This last of course is on the supposition that we oughtn’t to do what isn’t worth doing—an undeniable maxim when it is question of a means to an end, but an impossible one when it is question of ultimate ends. For if our ultimate end must be worth choosing, it we must have a further standard by which we can measure its worth, that is, it must not be ultimate. Ultimate objects are facts needing no justification: if you try to justify them you are in the position of the Indian who made the earth rest on the elephant, or of the European who made it hang on God. The latter had the disadvantage, by the way, of not knowing about the tortoise. The confusion in all these cases arises from the attempt to apply to the whole what by its nature applies only to the part—rationality, worth, damned foolishness, weight, and causality, being all relations between parts, which the whole cannot have simply because it is not a part of something bigger, nor an object, a means, to any ulterior object.

I have hardly left myself room to say that I am going to England for six weeks or more, and that my address is Brown, Shipley & Co.

Your sincere friend

George Santayana
To William James
21 February 1887 • Berlin, Germany

Berlin, Feb 21st 1887.

Dear Professor James,

I am very much obliged to you for your articles on Habit and on the Perception of Space. I have read them with great interest—all the more because they go over some of the points you brought out in Phil. 2 and 9. I remember how much the idea of the nervous system as a sort of recording angel struck me at that time. It touches one of my pet questions, the sanction of Ethics, the supposed disappearance of which alarms Mr. Lilly and his school. I can’t help feeling that if people were more inclined to look for the sanction of morals in the facts, they would stop worrying about the future of morality.

The tone of the philosophers here is good-humoredly positivistic. Christianity and Hegelianism are mildly spoken of, and accounted for as historal movements. Some of the professors are transcendentalists, it is true, but hardly in the interests of theology. Dr. Deussen, for instance, is a thoroughgoing Schopenhauerians while Prof. Paulsen is a Spinozist, with
tendencies toward state socialism. Prof. Ebbinghaus calls himself a materialist \textit{im besseren Sinne}. But everybody (with the possible exception of Dr. Deussen, who will not hear of disbelief in the τὸ ὄντως ὂγ) is calm and benevolent, and thinks philosophy was made for man and not man for philosophy.

Strong and I intend to spend the coming vacation in England, where we find we can go very cheaply by way of Hamburg. My address will therefore be care of Brown, Shipley & Co, and anything sent to me for Strong will reach him. He is looking well and says he feels very much better. He has been working two hours a day over Lotze’s psychology and hearing lectures with me. He seems to be a little afraid of himself in view of the probability of his getting a chance to teach at Cornell next winter. I tell him he is well prepared enough and should thank his stars that he can begin to learn in a practical way by teaching. Still, considering what good friends we are, Strong tells me astonishingly little about himself, perhaps because he thinks I don’t understand how he feels about things, or perhaps because he is naturally reserved. But the fact is I have no idea what has been the matter with him this winter, except that evidently he has not been at ease.

I myself have done very little tangible work, although I have been reading all sorts of things, especially Goethe. I don’t think my time has been wholly wasted, as I have gathered a good many impressions besides a working knowledge of German—enough, that is, to read and understand, but not enough to talk connectedly. I ought to have got along much better with the language, but I have really had very little occasion to speak it, and the pronunciation is so abominably hard that I hardly trust myself with more than a syllable at a time. I enjoy hearing it, however, especially in the hearty, honest native way. On the whole I am very glad I came to Germany, although the superiority of the place from the student’s point of view is not so great as I had imagined. In health too, I am feeling well, better a great deal than last year when, as you may remember, I was a little under the weather. In Spain, too, during the summer my stomach became refractory, but this cooler and moister climate made everything all right again. For a while I had some trouble with the complicated cooking here in vogue—but custom can make one swallow any dish, even if it contains thirty nine articles.

In England I expect to have a very good time, as I have never been there for any length of time. In London, too, there are several members of our—i.e. the Sturgis—family, whom I shall enjoy meeting. Socially I have had a dull time here, as the Germans are rather impossible to get at, and
when gotten at not very entertaining, while the Americans are often far from pleasant. I have missed my college friends very much, although they have been very good in writing to me. In fact, I find myself with a rather formidable correspondance to carry on, with my family in Spain, and my family in America, and my friends at present scattered in the four quarters of the globe. The fellows that have just graduated seem for the most part to be very much exercised on the subject of themselves and their future, as is natural enough. What I enjoy most here is the Museum, where I go almost daily. The ancient statues are the most beautiful things I have ever seen.

Hoping you will find time to write to me again, I am

Most sincerely yours

George Santayana

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To Henry Ward Abbot
23 March 1887 • London, England (MS: Columbia)

London, March 23rd ’87.

Dear Harry,

I think it is better we should indulge in first names, if you have no objection, because we are really friends on personal and not on business grounds. Your last letter, like all the others, interests me exceedingly, although I confess your view of Catholicism and orthodoxy in general is pitiful. Allow me to tell you that you don’t know what you are talking
about. I say this simply because it is what I think, and not because I am angry or provoked, and I will let the matter rest, without attempting to explain to you why religion is fit for other people than besides, whores and servant girls. I am sure that you say this absurdity impulsively and that you wouldn’t maintain it in the face of history and daily experience. Yet I can’t let you tell me things of that sort without protesting against them as vigorously as possible. I like myself to ridicule religion. There is nothing in the world which seems to me to be, without absurdity of some sort in it, and I see no reason why we should not enjoy the ludicrous wherever we see it as much as we enjoy the beautiful. We are surely exercising a faculty on its appropriate object. But when you deny to religion the right to awaken any other feeling but that of scorn, you are, depriving yourself of some of your noblest faculties, by depriving them of their only object. And what is worse, you are insulting those better equipped mortals who possess the religious organ, which you call an excrescence because you don’t know how to use it. Pray try to look at the matter otherwise.

I have been two weeks in London now, and enjoyed myself very much. I like the place, and above all I like the people. They are handsome, gentle, manly, and courteous. There may be machinery all over this cathedral, but it is a cathedral still. This beautiful English temper is what has been gained by not breaking with the past, but by keeping up every institution until it absolutely refused to be kept up. I have found a boarding house at Notting Hill, N.W. from the Park, where I get good food cheap, and where there are a number of fellows, one of them exceedingly nice. He is a Scotchman from Dundee, who is in business here, and belongs to the Artillery Volunteers and is also fond of pictures. I talk with him of an evening over a cup of coffee by the dining room fire,—for theatres are dear. I have already seen the main sights, but as you know I care little for “places of interest” unless there is something beautiful or impressive about them. I like the Tower, and Westminster Abbey, but I don’t like the British Museum. Perhaps the best sight is London itself, which I always imagined I should like. It is more like an American than like a European city, and makes me feel safe and comfortable again. There was a certain isolation for me at Berlin, on account of the language and the barbarism of the inhabitants; here I stand on my own feet, and can go into things if I like. Most probably I shall stay here until the summer—in England, I mean. Strong is much inclined to go to Cambridge for a term, and I will go too.

March 25th You see by this interruption how differently I am situated here from the way I was at Berlin. There I could sit down to a letter and
not get up till it was finished even if it carried me into the small hours of the night. It was very pleasant to write to old friends in the quiet time, with the bedroom door securely locked against all the actual and present world. I hope in a week or two to be living again in the student fashion, and to have my days made out of whole cloth. Then I may undertake your cure, as you demand, although if you expect me to cure you of pessimism you have struck the wrong man. “Eat, drink, and die” is precisely my motto, only it has come to seem to me a very comforting one. Our demands, especially our emotional demands, are easily changed. That hope and belief we are deprived of are not necessary for us; we can substitute something else for them. Belief in God and in the monstrous importance of our own condition is rather a source of unhappiness and unhealthy strain than of consolation. The one consolation is the “vanitas”—the voice of judgment crying “All’s well” through the dark silence following the extinction of the world. All is finite, all is to end, all is bearable—that is our comfort. And while it lasts, we can enjoy what we find to enjoy, running our scales as merrily as possible between hunger and satiety. We are souls bereaved, to be sure, but we can be easily comforted. Off with the old love and on with the new, if you have any sap in you. If you haven’t, of course you will mope and whine, and lament the loss of your first and only love. As for me, I confess I am happier without religion of the optimistic sort—the belief in a Providence working for the best. Disbelief leaves one freer to love the good and hate the bad. One stands frankly on one’s own ground (as the English government does in its foreign policy, where it stands virtuously in defense of its own supposed interests) and judges all things boldly according as they help or thwart one’s desires. “That is a sensible man,” I say when I see one of this stamp, “and it is a pleasure to do business with him.”

But while I say that I get on better with this new love, that she cooks my dinner and darns my stockings better than yonder angel, why should I insult my old love and call her a whore fit only for sailors and drunken knaves? That is what you want me to do. The fact is Christianity is still a possible system, seeing that intelligent men are still able to believe it. If you or I are not able, what a piece of foolish arrogance it is in us to vituperate those fortunate mortels whose mental kalleidoscope still presents the old and beautiful pattern. And how vain it is to wish to disturb them, when we know that the least shock will destroy that vision, and that probably we may turn and turn forever without finding it again. The trouble with you, my dear fellow, is that you are still a dogmatist, and believe that nobody
has a right to have a picture different from yours. This seems to me the vainest of all superstitions. You look back at all the conceptions of the race; you see their causes, historical, physiological, and geographical; and yet—mirabile dictu!—you put your own conceptions outside your own system of the world. Your views are not caused, it would seem, by historical, physiological, or geographical conditions. They are absolute and eternal, and only servant girls and prostitutes can have others. Don’t you see that your own conceptions are precisely on a par with all the others, according to your own doctrine, and that their value cannot consist in anything but their necessity here and now and for you? You say: These and these causes produce conviction in men. And you should add: I am only a man, and the fact that the said causes have produced convictions in me also, is a confirmation of my doctrine. You will have convictions in your head, but you will have them as you have hair upon it, and it will be as absurd for you to quarrel with men for differing from you in belief as for having a flaxen or a woolly crop. You have no obligation to like theologians, any more than to marry niggers, but you must fight them in a pitched battle, pitting your resources against theirs, and the event will show—not who is right, for there is no “right” in our system—but who is to survive, and which view is to be held hereafter with conviction, until some change, historical, physiological, or geographical cause the advent of a new orthodoxy.

This, unless I am much mistaken, is the result of knowing a little geology, as you put it. So far from showing any absurdity or contradiction in Catholicism, it shows the absurdity and contradiction of abusing Catholicism as if it were not a perfectly normal and inevitable condition of mind, produced by causes similar to those which produced all beliefs—including our own—and therefore as fit to be held by men as any other system. And if you had abused some new fangled, impossible sect, whose capacity to produce illusion and govern life was very doubtful, one might excuse your contempt: but such a tone is foolish when it is question of Christianity, on which our civilization is mainly built, and whose destruction means almost the destruction of our world.

I have run on in this way, although I said at the beginning of this letter that I would leave the subject for the present. Still, no harm is done. I have very little to say about what has been going on. Boylston Beal has shown me one or two very interesting letters of yours. Royce’s novel will be curious reading—I don’t know at all what to expect. Of course it will be in the haec fabula docet style, but I have no idea how he will present the moral. I have been reading Fullerton’s letters to “My dear Evnard.” Highly amus-
The Letters of George Santayana

ing, and sometimes not half bad. Any news you can send me about the fellows is always welcome. Is there no chance of my seeing you over here? They tell me it is possible Ward may come—I do wish he would.

Sincerely yours
George Santayana

To Henry Ward Abbot
23 April 1887 • Oxford, England (MS: Columbia)

Oxford, April 23d ’87

Dear Harry.

I came here from London the day before yesterday, and am settled with Strong in a rather pleasant house. We have a sitting room downstairs and two clean bedrooms, and, according to the custom of the place, keep house for ourselves—the landlady cooks and we pay the market and grocer’s bills. The arrangement is cheap and convenient—I live on less than two pounds a week all told and much more comfortably than at Harvard. I shall stay four weeks at least, and then wend my way to Avila, via Paris, to await further developments.

I am going to go on reading German while I am here, and when I get home, where there are no books, I hope to do some writing. I have a number of chaotic notebooks and loose sheets, scribbled last winter in my Berlin hermitage, out of which I shall try to bring order. That is what I have before me for the present.

While at Oxford I hope to meet some more specimens of the English race, thanks to Lord Russell, who has been a godsend to me. I don’t tell you anything about my adventures with him because I have to maintain with you my reputation as a philosopher, and in this respect I have quite lost my reason. When I am safely in Spain again, and can treat the matter objectively, I will make a full confession of my fall—from grace and
self-control I mean and not into the Thames, although this also is mortifying enough. Herbert Lyman can tell you about it, if you care to know.

Your letter of to-day is very strong—on a higher plane altogether from your last one. I am not sure that I do know your weakness; I think it is your strength that I am discovering. You have the real truth on your side when you say that I go too far in my psychological treatment of belief. It is impossible to abandon the postulate of one eternal and objective truth—I fully admit that and should have said so in my argument. Truth is the form of our judging imagination just as space and time are forms of our perceptive imagination. It is as impossible to make a statement without postulating a real objective truth, as to conceive a figure without implying indefinite space. But it is precisely on account of this necessity of postulating truth, that I claim respect for such systems as Christianity—not mere courtesy, but the sincere recognition that it stands on the same footing as our own system. I protest against the solipsism of creeds. I demand that just as a sane man recognizes his neighbors as centres of reality for themselves just as much as he is a centre of reality for himself, and that he appears to them as a mere object with as good right as they are objects to his own consciousness; so I say should systems recognize that it appears as a psychological fact in other systems with as much justice as other systems appear as psychological facts to itself. I do not propose that we should give up the postulate of absolute truth (although I may sometimes seem to say so, owing to the difficulty of expressing oneself): I only propose that we should abandon the assertion, implied in any claim of the exclusive right of our own system to be considered true, that absolute truth is postulated once only—in one consciousness—instead of being postulated in many separate acts. This is not clear—I can’t make it clear. But my conception is that we must believe our beliefs to be absolutely true, just as we believe our feelings, to be perfectly real; but that this necessity no more excludes our admitting other beliefs as absolutely true for themselves—from their own point of view—than our belief in the reality and subjectivity of our feelings excludes our belief in the reality and subjectivity of other people’s. The advantage which you try to give beliefs founded on “reason and logic” is illusory, as it seems to me, because reason and logic are internal to systems, not external to them. You don’t get your convictions through reason and logic, but build reason and logic on your convictions. The coercive force of logic depends on the similarity of the structure of human minds, on which the necessity of logical axioms also depends. The sanction of logic is in psy-
ology, not vice versa. That reasons must be given is a fact, but there can be no reason why facts, why the world at all, should be given. As a matter of fact, I agree with you that Christianity is becoming untenable, because the firm and unshakable convictions in our minds are no longer Christian doctrines, but scientific ones. You may be able to argue a man out of his Orthodoxy because you may find in his own mind your own convictions latent, and by your fanning there you may make them consume and dissipate his orthodox beliefs. Hence the very just opposition of the Church to lay education—to the storing of the mind with convictions unassociated with her creed, so that the latter may subsequently be dropped out of the man’s thinking without serious disorganization of the his mind. It is for this reason that I believe in the strength of empirical philosophy as opposed to subjective systems. There are certain convictions which cannot be exiled from the mind, convictions about everyday practical matters, about history, and about the ordinary passions of men. A system starting from these universal convictions has a foothold in every mind, and can coerce that mind to accept at least some of its content. The same is not true of systems founded on extraordinary and exceptional experiences, because these simply may cease to exist, in which case the system loses its hold. This is what is happening to Christianity. So I should say that the criterion by which one system is judged to be more tenable than another is not logic but necessity—not the greater reasonableness of believing its facts but the greater impossibility of disbelieving them.

You are not appreciative enough, it seems to me, of the virtues of English people. This magnificent humanity of theirs is something which I honor more than amiability or freedom from prejudice. They treat one contemptuously perhaps, but haven’t they a cause? aren’t they cleaner, and richer, and more high bred than other people? I like a man to feel his worth, just as I like a man to feel his beauty, otherwise the splendor is taken out of both. But at the same time he should be humble, i.e. glad to recognize his shortcomings. Nothing is more exhilarating than to see the fit man come to the front in full consciousness of his divine right to lead; and nothing is more edifying than to see the unfit, conscious of their incapacity, look up to the leader with loyalty and gratitude. Such a thing reconciles one with the imperfection and weakness of man. The absurdity of conceit comes when a man is not willing to yield where others are able to conquer. The word conceit suggests the criticism of me you quote from Marcus Kimball. It’s quite true that I trust myself too much, especially in matters of opinion and judgment. But I really believe in myself less than
you think. If I were asked whether I would rather awake tomorrow morning as myself or as Marcus Kimball, for example, I should be willing to toss up for it—more than he would say, I fancy. I can’t help my philosophical passion. If I were not to generalize and preach I should have to stop thinking. If Charlie Minot knew me he would know how sincerely I agree with him about myself. I am certainly mediocre as a whole, and in the important human qualities—courage, serviceableness, and honesty—sadly deficient. I have of course my strong side—a strip of greatness, as it were—but I am altogether too poor a specimen of humanity for this to tell in the long run. Don’t bet anything on my turning out well. I don’t care enough about it myself to work for success. What I crave is not do great things but to see great things. And I hate my own arrogance and would worship the man who should knock it out of me. Says a Spanish song.

I am searching land & ocean
For the man that I might love,
And whenever my heart finds him
Then he will have found his slave.

Man or thing—it makes no difference—but heaven grant it be no woman. I should like very much to have you and Ward stay with me at my wife’s—even in the face of possible infidelities—but I shouldn’t enjoy staying at her house myself. Of course all girls aren’t foolish—some are charming and I am tender on two or three myself; but if I ever humbug a woman into marrying me, it will be a piece of selfishness on my part, depend upon it, and not a conquest on hers. I don’t say she wouldn’t manage me after all, but it would be by taking advantage of my sloth and weaknesses, not by my honorable surrender.

I have not yet got Royce’s novel which is doubtless at Brown Shipley & Co.’s. Books always get delayed, but I hope I shall get it soon. I am sorry it is not good. One couldn’t expect anything delicate and fine from Royce: the Mephistopheles become benevolent couldn’t be more than strong and significant. I shall read the book with interest anyway, and with me it is bound to be a least a succès d’estime.

Write again soon. You can’t imagine what comfort and pleasure I get from you.

Sincerely yours
George Santayana
To Ward Thoron

24 April 1887 • Oxford, England (MS: Virginia)

April 24th ’87

At last, dear Ward, I take a rhyming quill:
From its cleft point there springs an inky rill
Whose twisted stream, with intersecting flow,
Shall trace the ways my feet & fancies go.
They do not go together, for my feet
Wear the gray flagstones of an Oxford street
And wake the ivy-muffled echoes thrown
From great walls’ crumbling honeycomb of stone,
Or press the rich moist fields that sweep between
Long hedgerows budding into joyous green.
But what can Oxford’s halls or hedgerows be,
Or outraged lingering sanctities, to me?
Not of this one more, another springtime have I need
Nor of this cradle of a still-born creed,
But of bold spirit kindred to the powers
That reared these cloisters & that piled these towers.

Of some splendid, wide vision and determined will
With charm to captivate and strength to kill.
The world is rich, wide; it is not flesh and bone
And sun and moon, and thunderbolt alone.
It is imagination swift and high
Creating in a dream its earth & sky—
Why then gape idly at external laws
When we ourselves have faculty to cause?
Build rather on your nature, when you can,
And bid the human spirit rule the man,
Nay, not the man, but all the world as well,
Till man be god of heaven & of hell.
Come, mad ambition, come, divine conceit,
That bringest nature down at fancy’s feet,
Alone creative, capable alone
Of giving mind the sceptre, man the throne
Build us more pyramids & minsters still
On thine own regal cornerstone: I will!

[Unsigned]

To Henry Ward Abbot
30 April 1887 • Oxford, England  (MS: Columbia)

Oxford, April 30th ’87

Dear Harry.

I have read Royce’s book, which I received a few days ago. I am glad to have it, and read it with interest if hardly with pleasure. It is indeed linked dulness long drawn out. It is intolerably diffuse. When a man has something to say he begins by telling you what the situation is, what objects he has in view in speaking to you, and what he proposes to say. He then says it. When he is through he informs you, of, what he has said, and of his reasons for saying it, and concludes with a hopeful, re,view of the whole matter.

Apart from this and from the vileness of some of the words and phrases (e.g. “lonesome”, “I don’t just perceive why”) I like the style. The absence of cleverness is a praiseworthy self abnegation on the part of a clever man.
I honor his desire to see books solidly and honestly written, although I must deplore his attempt at writing one himself.

As you will doubtless have anticipated, I disapprove of the moral, at least of the doctrines involved in it. What business has anyone to call the rather weak affection a wife retains for her husband unworthy? Aren’t husbands & wives to love each other after they cease to think each other perfect? There is, too, a ludicrous inadequacy in the “crime” the unfortunate little fool committed, and to bring about such dreadful tragedies. Royce shows his inexperience. One must laugh at the notion of what’s her name’s chastity on the ground that her husband had once entangled with a girl foolish enough to go mad of disappointment. If at least he had seduced the creature, or made love to her after he was married, or been engaged to both at once—but as it was the hullabaloo is absurd. Nothing is really so immoral as an extravagant morality. Royce’s theories of love and marriage disgust me. They show what nonsense we talk when we lose lose, respect for experience, tradition, and authority.

I like the old Alonzo, Bertha Boscovitz, and the fight that closes the story. Royce might write a story of adventure, I should think, in which all the characters should be rough and vulgar. But he has no idea how a lady feels, much less how she expresses her feelings. I am curious to see how the papers treat the book.

I am being entertained with breakfasts and lunches here, thanks to my introductions from his lordship. I find it up hill work to talk to the English fellows, although they are remarkably at home in all sorts of things. They won’t say what they are thinking about, but keep always thinking about what they shall say. The result is that with my love of laying down the law, I do most of the talking and doubtless appear an intolerable damned fool. By the way, Catholicism is in high favor in these parts, and conversions are continual. All this, according to you, would be impossible if they had only taken N.H.4.

I have been meaning every time I write to ask you to send me your picture, which you never gave me. But as I usually work myself up to a fine frenzy in writing to you, I forget the thing.

Sincerely yours

G.S.
To William James

11 May 1887 • Oxford, England

(MS: Houghton)

Oxford,
May 11th 1887.

Dear Prof. James.

It’s some time since I got your kind letter, including a card for Mr. Hodgson, and a few days ago I received the second part of your essay on space perception, for which I am very much obliged. Mr. Hodgson has been very kind in asking me to all the meetings of the Aristotelian Society. I have been to three and found them truly interesting, not so much perhaps because the discussions were brilliant as because they gave me such a good chance to observe the state of the English mind. I find that the empiricists are decidedly on the offensive at present, and that the Hegelians are anxious to minimize their claims. Mr. Alexander read a most interesting paper on Hegel’s “Rechtsphilosophie” in which he maintained that Hegelianism rightly understood was and intended to be nothing but a description, a method of treating and classifying the facts of experience, and by no means an organon of discovery.

Here in Oxford I have not met many professors or fellows as yet, but I have seen a great many students who are far more intelligent and well-informed than we at Harvard. On coming to England I looked up our friend the young Earl Russell who has been overwhelmingly kind to me; it is through him that I have come to meet all these men. I find them charming, with a gentle seriousness and self-possession I have seen nowhere else. Russell himself is not here but is studying engineering and navigation, and getting a yacht ready for the summer cruise. He is exceedingly clever and versatile, and hardly to be blamed (being an Irish landlord) for being at present disgusted with politics.

Strong who has naturally come in for a share in my gaiety seems nevertheless to be bored in Oxford, and is going off to Paris to meet his friend Mc Donnal, taking Cambridge and London on the way. He has been working steadily on Mill’s logic, etc. in preparation for his next year’s work. I have no doubt that when he has a definite and inevitable task before him he will find it easy and pleasant; but he seems to lack the faculty of intellectual delight, so that study is hard for him if it has no definite purpose. This is rather an American trait, isn’t it? I’ve often noticed that my friends wanted to have an objective point, in their walks as well as
in their work, and I wondered how on that principle they reconciled themselves either with life or philosophy.

I myself have been reading a good deal, but I don’t find the lectures here interesting, with a few exceptions. The inferiority to Germany is very marked in this respect. I shall therefore leave Oxford somewhat before the end of the term, and go directly to Avila where I shall have complete seclusion and independence. I hope to put some unfinished papers I have lying about into some order while I am there. Avila is an excellent place for writing, being an impossible one for reading as I carry no books with me.

Hoping all is well at Harvard I am

Sincerely yours

George Santayana
tion it in your previous letter, which I have just reread to see if I could have been stupid enough not to answer at once on a matter so important to the life and reputation of the Monthly. As to dividing the surplus from last year among ourselves, I have always opposed the idea (except in joking, you understand) and would refuse to have anything to do with a division of spoils. I shall write to Baldwin this morning and tell him so. I am especially ashamed of this affair, because I am a friend and believer in Baldwin and never wished to admit that his erratic tendencies would lead to serious trouble.

You have made a great success of the Monthly this year, and improved it greatly. I hoped to see more of your own work in it, but I suppose you had enough with the management. Berenson writes good articles—not without faults, to be sure, but with splendid qualities. But I should discourage his verse. The extracts from Leahy’s Tragedy had good lines in them. Why doesn’t Sanford produce anything, or is his work poor? Yet your great success has been undoubtedly the graduate articles. They have been very interesting. Bôcher’s, however, was too short, and read like a note to longer paper.

Royce’s novel! Good heavens, what a failure! I’m so sorry for him, poor man; he knows so much about the universal consciousness that he has forgotten what individual consciousness is like, especially in women. And thus I have no patience with the false, inexperienced morality of the book, which shows private judgment (on the subject of what is seriously wrong and what is excusable) run wild. And the tedium of it.

I am having a delicious time in Oxford, such as no mortal has a right to expect in any part of this wretched earth. I am being dined lunched and breakfasted, and have met a lot of nice fellows, who are sweet, gentle, and good besides being learned and athletic—in fact, walking ideals. Of course the town is charming, and the fields emerald green. I feed, read, go to some lectures, walk, talk, and loaf. Perfectly happy for the time being, but looking forward to a stupid summer at Avila, where I propose to do some solid work, pleasure being out of the question. My future depends mainly on the Harvard-fellowship-dispensing-bureau. If they wisely decide to contribute to the patriotic work of keeping me alive, I shall probably be in Berlin again next winter.

You tell me nothing about your plans, or about the doings of other fellows. Loeser has written me some most interesting letters, but I have not heard from him for a long time now. What has become of Morton? And of the Lamb crowd generally? If you hear of any fellows I know coming
abroad next winter, pray let me know, for the sight of a Harvard man is balm to my soul. Lyman and I saw Michael at Dresden on September last. Beal writes me from Berlin that Ames and Peabody ’86 have just gone through there on their way round the world. I have heard from Carpenter, who seems pleased with Paris. Strong has just left me (being in a restless and fidgety mood—and of course you have heard he is to instruct in Phil. at Cornell next year, price $1000) and gone to Paris too, to see a friend of his McDonnald, a queer fish. Amused to hear that the three Billies (exclusive of the postman) have come to matrimonial or extramatrimonial grief—Allen, Barnes and Hearst. And poor Simms.

   Excuse my frivolity & believe me
       Sincerely yours
          George Santayana

[across]
Address, Brown, Shipley & Co till June 15—then Avila.
To Henry Ward Abbot
20 May 1887 • Oxford, England (MS: Columbia)

Oxford, May 20, 1887.

Dear Harry.

So glad to get your interesting letter today, as I am off again tomorrow and may not have a chance of writing for some time. I also have a letter from Ward at last, which I have just answered. I do not see any real cause for Herbert Lyman’s despairing tone about Ward. He isn’t ruined yet, on the contrary I should say he seems to be improving and that they have made excellent plans for him. He is to go into an office and study at the same time, as you doubtless know. And Washington is a good place for him, as people there won’t discourage him with their frowns and by ignoring the serious side in him on account of his flightiness. We shall see.

I wonder what Henry Grew told you about my father, (or was it about my mother, or her first husband, by any chance?) For surely nothing Quixotic has ever come to light about my father, at least to my knowledge. But he is an interesting man, and I shall be glad to tell you about him. It will help you, too, to understand where I get my genuine epicurianism and my faculty of living well on next to nothing a year. My father studied law at Valladolid, and on graduating went to Madrid, without a penny, for his father was dead and his mother and numerous brothers and sisters living, (and they were humble people at best, my grandfather having been a government employee) and made friends there of all sorts. He had a good hand and a fondness for books and for painting and had translated some of Seneca’s plays into Spanish verse, etc. so that he found protectors easily and was sent to Manila. There in addition to his government employment he practised law to some extent—but never succeeded, being inconceivably lazy and dilatory. He returned three times to Spain to recover his health which was ruined by the climate and way of life of Manila, finally, I believe in ’59, when he retired on a pension and a very small capital. He had been supporting most of his family in Spain, but they had died off to a great extent by that time. One of his brothers, his favorite one, was shot in the first Carlist war, and this is one of the sources of the bitter hatred my father has for the clergy and all their doings, a hatred which in his old age has become a mania.

And now it becomes necessary to say that my father had met my mother in her romantic days when she was a Virginia without a Paul in
one of the smaller Philippines, supporting herself by trading at the age of seventeen, and living entirely among the Indians. In fact it was the coming of my father and one or two other Spaniards to the island that drove my mother from it, as of course she couldn’t live alone where there were white men. I don’t know how much truth there may be in the story that there was a love episode at this time between them, but I believe the story is a later growth which has sprung up in the light of subsequent events. It surely was nothing but a flirtation, for I am glad to say that neither my father nor my mother have ever been in love either with each other or with anybody else. I know this not only on authority but also through intuition. And if what Henry Grew told you was the fable which some of the Sturgises have invented that my father romantically refused to get married for love of my mother and waited till she became a widow—the notion is deliciously absurd, since my father has no illusions on the subject of women—least of all about my mother—and lives comfortably enough without her after marriage. And then, to put on the finishing touch, the Sturgises ought to know that no one lives in Manila without a mistress, even if he isn’t a priest. Besides my father first knew my mother well after she was married to Mr. Sturgis, who was one of my father’s friends at Manila, and liked him for being more intellectual and rational than most of the Spaniards in the place. In fact he once made a 90 days voyage to Boston with my mother and Mr. Sturgis, at the latter’s suggestion that he might thus get to Spain quicker—which was the fact. And when long after Mr. Sturgis’s death my mother met him at Madrid again, the marriage that was arranged was surely not romantic. My mother was independent, anti-religious, and an old friend—thus no unpleasant complications were to be feared, and a home and interests for one’s old age might be formed. But they were married with the agreement that my mother was to return to America, where my father could never dream of living.

I see I have told you more about my father’s history than about himself. Well, he is now over seventy. His first and overmastering concern is his digestion—which is weak. His next is I dare say what becomes of me, and his almost exclusive subject of conversation is the ruin wrought by the Church. He is very anxious to live many years. He has read and thought a good deal, and writes admirably. His talk is also very interesting and even eloquent—full of cynicism and contempt for human nature together with a strange reverence for material success and prosperity. His philosophy is that of Voltaire minus the Deism, which he considers an insincerity on Voltaire’s part. My father believes a great deal in people’s insincerity
and ill will. I think he doesn’t give them enough credit for their stupidity and irrationality and utter helplessness physical and moral. Still in particular cases where we have disagreed I must confess he has turned out to be in the right, and that farfetched as his suspicions appeared to me, they were quite justified. It is a strange effect that my father’s character and opinions have on me. I never feel inclined to combat what he says although I would often say the opposite myself, for it is so well reasoned, so clearly logical, simple, and compact that all I can do is to listen in silence, while my imagination is filled with all the things he is leaving out, and my heart is going out to all the things he does not doesn’t value.—I respect him and yet I pity him.

For the second time in this letter you refer to what you call my “pluck”. Now I like to be flattered, and encourage anyone willing to do so, but I like to be flattered judiciously. In what does my “pluck” consist? Anyone would think I was working my way through dreadful trials in hopes of benefiting my fellow-man. The fact is I am living comfortably, travelling about Europe, going precisely where I like, reading when I want to, writing when I feel like it, making friends, both of old acquaintances and of new, with a fair prospect of keeping this up for a time, and with no aim or purpose at all except such as I choose to put before myself—and I am doing this at other people’s expense without incurring any uncomfortable obligations. How is the “pluck” then shown? It is true that I haven’t much to spend but I find what I have enough for all necessary things—among which the chief is dressing and living apparently like other people. Of course, I don’t live like other people really, because I leave out all the little expenses, but I do so from habit not with any conscious economy. My economy comes in when I plan what I shall do and how I shall do it—I forget all about economy in carrying out my plan. So that really I don’t find poverty at all a burden, but rather a stimulant. Besides I sponge systematically and on principle, not feeling my dignity compromised thereby anymore than if I were a monk or a soldier. For instance you mention what Loeser has done for me. Well, I think it was very good of him, and not only very good but very wise since he is no poorer in consequence and we had very good times together. I think you will believe me, even if other people don’t, when I say that I didn’t go to see him or keep up with him all through college because he treated me a great deal, any more than I keep up with him now from gratitude. I don’t feel any gratitude, or any other uncomfortable sensation. But I’m fond of the man, from having had a good time with him often, talking over things and going to the theatre; and
I am interested in him, and in what he has to say, for he is no fool. No more by the way is Russell, in fact a great deal less for Russell is the ablest man, all round, that I have ever met. You have no idea what a splendid creature he is, no more had I till I had seen a great deal of him. He isn’t good, that is he is completely selfish and rather cruel, although I fancy I made too much of his heartlessness at first. But then both practically and intellectually he is really brilliant. Leaving the practical side apart in which direction you may say I am easily dazzled, he is up on every subject from Greek tragedy to common law and from smutty stories to Buddhism. I know I am making a fool of myself in writing about him—it’s quite different from writing about one’s father about whom one doesn’t of course care—but I send a note of his so that you may judge for yourself and also have some idea of the men I am seeing here. Pass the note on to Herbert Lyman and let him keep it or send it back to me. I am going to-morrow to stay with Russell again, for he is laid up and wants company. It is Ward’s malady, so you see I have the requisite experience for nurse. Don’t tell this round, I beg of you, but I tell you because I am telling you everything to-day. I make an exception of Herbert, because I should have to tell him sooner or later, and he won’t chuckle over it as if it were a joke merely, which it isn’t.

I like Stimson’s fable exceedingly. It is perfectly true, but I think you are mistaken in treating it as a protest. It is merely a description. Why shouldn’t we acquiesce in the normal state of things, and if we prefer to be Poets be Poets bravely and with the consciousness that we are but the light topmost spray of the heaving sea?

As to Fullerton’s bosh, it isn’t worth writing about. He is an ass, but will doubtless succeed in the end, “owing to the prevalence of fools.”

Here is a long letter with no metaphysics! I am really becoming sane in this English atmosphere. Good bye.

George Santayana
To Henry Ward Abbot
27 May 1887 • Oxford, England (MS: Columbia)


Dear Harry,

A word today to tell you that you have put a very fanciful and astonishing meaning on my “fall from grace”. I didn’t discover it from your own enigmatical references to it, but this morning comes a letter from the good and outspoken Herbert which announces that I have been batting with Russell. If you choose to believe it, I am perfectly willing and shouldn’t mind your knowing it if it were true—for I shouldn’t be in the least ashamed of it. But it doesn’t happen to be true. If you reread my letter you will see that what I had in mind was what I had already written to Herbert Lyman about—namely my running after Russell in a senseless and absurd fashion. Now don’t put an ignoble and unworthy interpretation on this also, or I shall think that you are blind to everything that enters into my life. “My running after Russell” means “my thoughts running after him”; so, after believing that I have been bumming with him, don’t imagine that I have
been sniping him. He has taken me up because he has chosen to do so, and after his fashion has been overwhelmingly kind. But the trouble, from my point of view, what I call my “fall from grace and self-control” (I think I said self-control also) is simply this. Russell has a way of treating people which is insufferably insolent and insulting. Never for a moment did I imagine I could allow anyone to treat me in such a way. But I find that instead of caring for my own dignity and independence—instead of subordinating to, my interest in myself and to, my ways of doing things, all other interests and ways of doing things—instead of this old habit of mine, I find that I don’t care a rap for my interest in myself or my ways of doing things, but that I am quite willing to stand anything, however outrageous, that comes from a certain quarter. This is what has happened to me. I am a fool to say a word about it—especially when people think that I am talking about trifles. Is it actually possible that you believe me capable of making a fuss and feeling unhappy because I had been off on a bat? You insist on not believing what I say when I tell you that such things are of absolutely no importance or interest for me, except as they may effect health and get a man into trouble. When I write about gay things [across] I will write gaily—when I write in this serious fashion don’t imagine I am referring to “country matters”. Sincerely G.S.

P.S. I need hardly say that this letter as well as the last one are not intended for Droppers & Co. I returned last night from Russell’s, leaving him convalescent. You see he has a better judgment than you and Herbert about the objects for which I make expeditions.

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To Henry Ward Abbot
29 May 1887 • Oxford, England  (MS: Columbia)

Oxford, May 29th ’87.

Dear Harry,

I am afraid I sent you a rather ill-tempered note yesterday. It was natural that you should have understood me as you did, although I didn’t like
it because my present mood is so decidedly the contrary one to what you imagined.

I have your note of May 12th and like your new view of absolute truth. But are you sure that this solves the question we were discussing? What you now say is that there are many absolutely (or perfectly) true judgments. Our problem was rather whether the reality is not equally well represented by various conceptions. I incline to the opinion that our intelligence has essentially a relative and partial function in the world and that its acquaintance with things is therefore partial and relative. No thought we are even potentially capable of would exhaust the reality and take it all up within itself. Our conceptions are of course part of the reality, but there is an infinite plus. My notion differs from Spencer’s in this, that he makes an unknowable underlying matter and mind, so that the unknowable lies as it were within the known to explain it. This seems to me idle and vain. My unintelligible is simply the part of reality with which our intelligence is not fit to deal, for I believe that our intelligence is not at the centre of things, but is only at one point on their circumference. But if by knowledge be meant any mode of actual palpitating presence, however different from our own life, then I should maintain (inevitably enough) that all reality was knowable and known.

I inclose some verses, since you ask for them. There is nothing in them, however, which you have not heard a hundred times. Sincerely

G. S.

In England, splendid land of ilk and money,  
A pleasant torpor permeates the brain,  
The cool is luscious and the mist is sunny,  
And dreamy blood runs thick in every vein,  
While sentimental feelings which it’s funny  
One ever should have come to have again  
Melt the sick fancy to the sappy mood  
Of wishing to be loving, meek, and good.

Almost, almost I think I might believe it  
And trust the echoes of these ancient walls,  
For to a heart too willing to receive it  
The tender promise of the ages calls.
Count I faith’s loss a loss? Why not retrieve it,  
Since fatal logic logically falls,  
And that proud reason from its base is hurled  
That makes one vast unreason of the world?

Oh, if salvation were a trick of reason,  
How easily would all the world be saved!  
But roses bloom not in the winter season  
Nor hope of heaven in a heart enslaved.  
To break the bond with earth were easy treason  
If it were only God the bosom craved,  
But we have chosen love and chosen rest,  
And with our breast’s lost plucked feathers made our nest.

And from a high walled garden, rich in flowers,  
Upon the driving clouds I like to look  
That cast their pleasant shadow on my bowers  
And feed the trickling fountain and the brook.  
Nor should I tremble if the gusty showers  
Fell on my blossoms, or if thunder shook  
My fragrant arbors and their leafy gloom  
And with the things I love bestrewed my tomb.

Yet if I sickened of my secret pleasures  
And shuddered at the all-enclosing void,  
If my heart pined for some excessive treasure  
In whose fruition it were never cloyed,  
Or, doting on existence over measure,  
If I should hate the Maker who destroyed,  
Then I should leave my garden to decay  
Nor notice if my fountain ceased to play.

And putting idle thoughts of ease behind me  
Forth I should wander to the windswept moor,  
And bid the mountains and the sea remind me  
Of perfect good that should like them endure.  
And no false joy, no length of toil should blind me  
To the exceeding wealth that made me poor,  
And more were my unbroken spirit blest  
By heaven hoped for than by earth possessed.
Though I lack faith to love, I have compassion
In sight of things so tragically fair,
And feel the bitter wrong that God should fashion
An instrument for idle winds to tear,
And wake tumultuous rhapsodies of passion
To die insulted in the vacant air,—
Or does God catch the sweet delirious notes
That thrill in little love-birds’ swelling throats?

Is there within the breast of the eternal
A sanctuary left for banished joy,
Where aureoled in golden splendor vernal
The angel of my dream is still a boy,
Saved from oblivion and the pit infernal
And love’s apostasy and shame’s annoy,
Saved from his own tide’s ebbing, silent, fair,
Benignant, holy, and forever there?

O bright ideal, lead the unsuspecting
To pluck their berries among thorns and briers
And teach them the hard lesson of detecting
What fate will yeild of all the heart’s desires.
But spare me now, and pardon my neglecting
To cast my reason in thy quenchless fires
Ablaze with mad saints’ hearts: the wiser sinner
In the embers of his passion cooks his dinner.

So I will snatch the alms the minutes offer
And bask a happy beggar in the sun,
And fill at Churches’ gate my little coffer
And bless the dropping pennies, one by one.
Within, the faithful may petitions proffer,
And pardon crave for sins that they have done,
But I am merry if I lose or win,
Nor deem possession of my nature sin.

Oh, it is very pleasant to be small,
Making our step no longer than our tether,
And, without languishing for wings, to crawl
And love the fragrance of our native heather.
O peace, to scan our fate and say: That’s all!
O happiness, to meet that fate together!
O crowning joy, to die in fitting time,
And seal the poem with a noble rhyme!

To Henry Ward Abbot
18 June 1887 • London, England

London, June 18th 1887.

Dear Harry,

Have your excited letter of the 4th. You don’t tell me clearly what you think of my father, as far as you can judge from what I told you. I wish you would. You take me, I suspect, much too seriously. Nothing matters so very much, not even whether a man wastes his life, and is a humbug. But if the thing seems so momentous to you, why haven’t you the courage of your convictions, and why don’t you dare to break off from your present surroundings? Are you afraid of poverty? Fine reason for an idealist, who thinks greatness worth having! What is greatness?

Oh, it is sweet to wander with no hope
Along life’s labyrinthine, beaten way,
Without impatience at the steep’s delay
Nor sorrow at the swift descended slope!
Why this inane curiosity to grope
In the dim dust for gems’ unmeaning ray,
And fell ambition that compels to pray
For a stage broader than the heaven’s cope?
Farewell, my burden! no more will I bear
The foolish load of love and dead despair,
But trip the idle race with careless feet.
The crown of laurel let another wear,
It is my crown to mock the runner’s heat
With gentle wonder and with laughter sweet.

G. S.
To William Morton Fullerton
10 July 1887 • Ávila, Spain

To William Morton Fullerton
10 July 1887 • Ávila, Spain (MS: Texas)

Avila, July 10, 87.

Dear Fullerton—

Although I never received any answer to a letter I wrote you ever so long ago, I have read so many lately penned by you that I almost feel I owe you an acknowledgement. Truly I cannot pretend to possess Mr. Eonard’s wonderful erudition and eloquence, but I may say that I fully share his admiration for Mr. William Morton Fullerton’s genius, and I remember I had the privilege of being that celebrated critic’s classmate and even, his, humble partner in college journalism. I therefore have some hope that he will not pass this second letter of mine, by, unnoticed, especially as I am informed that he has some notion of coming to Europe and perhaps even to Berlin next winter. Is that so, dear Fully? You don’t know how glad I should be to see you there. As you probably know the faculty has done the first sensible act in its history, and voted to contribute to my support. The result is that I shall return to Germany next winter, and continue reading and hearing lectures. Fain would I dwell in England, best of earthly abodes. But duty—whose voice I listen to, in spite of a debauched conscience—compels me, by the tender inducement of $500 per annum, to relinquish that Capua of philosophers, and do battle on Teutonic ground. Lo! I have on my table (of which the famous advertizer critic also makes occasional mention) a copy of Kant, not sent to me, as is the case with the great man just referred to, by the author or publisher pining for a favorable notice, but alas! sent to me for the vile consideration of one and sixpence from Trübrur & Co of Ludgate Hill, London. E.C. This, together with Lucretius, Swinburne, Musset, Goethe, and Walt Whitman, make up my library. I am glad, by the way, you give Walt the protection of your powerful influence. How I like that think of his where he talks of the necessity of having “aplomb in the midst of irrational things!” Things are so irrational, dear Fullerton, and I know very well you inwardly think so too, only having gone in for success you can’t afford to say so or to think so explicitly. But it is jolly to have old Walt so frank and open, and so willing to live like an animal accidentally finding himself partly rational and rather emotional. “Aplomb in the midst of irrational things”—that’s my motto!
Don’t think of getting mad because I say that having gone in for success you can’t afford to say what you inwardly think. Who knows what he really thinks? What every intelligent fellow knows is what he can best defend and what on the whole it is easiest and most respectable to say. If he isn’t a fool he says that and damns what he may inwardly thinks, as even to himself undiscoverable.

I am at present here, like the prudent ant in the fable, laying up a store of tin for the winter. Weather warm, but not insufferable; rather more bearable in fact that Boston in summer. Nothing to do but read and write when the spirit moves. Queer old brokendown hidalgo here, yclept Don Pelayo like the founder of the Spanish monarchy, to which he is firmly attached. In fact his attachment to the throne and the card-table are heroic, and the ingratitude of both shocking and pitiful. This worthy gentleman was educated at the great University of Salamanca and feels the natural wonder of the wise man of that place to understand why the earth, instead of revolving about the sun, doesn’t fall down to the ground. He also wants to know if the Andes are visible from Boston. Besides learning much from this prodigy of wisdom, I listen to my father’s invectives against the clericals and Carlists and to some account of his experiences in the East Indies. Sic transit tempus.

Now if it is true that you are coming abroad, let me advise you on the strength of recent experience at Berlin, at Oxford, and at Cambridge, as well as on various accounts coming from Paris, to choose Berlin as the seat of your labors. The lectures there are incalculably the best, and although the students are not so charming as the English nor the city so gay as Paris, yet this sacrifice of pleasure is well compensated by the delight of sincerity, strength, soundness, and maturity characteristic of German scholarship. They have an independence there enjoyed nowhere else—not even at Harvard. Besides, I hope it would not be the opposite of an inducement that we are to be there—Houghton, Lyman, and myself, besides Beal and a lot of American you would soon get to know. Place also cheap. Do write.

Yours ever
George Santayana.

[across]
Address, Avila, Spain for 2 months
Alfred de Musset (1810–57) was a French poet, novelist, and dramatist. His early poetry probes introspectively into the ecstasies and despairs of love. His affair with George Sand [Amantine Lucile Aurore Dupin Baronne Dudevant] ended disastrously; his subsequent life and work were darker.

Walter Whitman (1819–92) was an American poet whose themes include love, death, nationalism, and democracy. His most famous work is *Leaves of Grass* (1855). Santayana was influenced by Whitman, calling him and Browning barbarians in his essay, “The Poetry of Barbarism.” Yet Santayana composed two poems subtitled “after Walt Whitman.” “Had I the Choice” and “You tides with ceaseless swell” were published in *Complete Poems*, 404–5 and 410–11.

Santayana quotes “Me Imperturbe” from *Leaves of Grass*.

A cleric, Don Pelayo was Santayana’s father’s only friend in Ávila. See *Persons*, 201–3.

Thus passes time.

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To William Morton Fullerton

31 August 1887 • Ávila, Spain

Avila, Aug 31, 87.

Dear Fullerton—

Thanks very much for your interesting letter, which I read in bed this morning, being at present convalescent from a little bilious attack that has recently turned me inside out. This biliousness of mine will give you optimist a chance to attribute any disagreeable and unsightly truth I may hereafter mention to the stock cause, viz, to indigestion. Men having generally turned their eyes to more profitable uses than seeing, when ever they discover anything it is supposed to be by means of that larger organ called the liver. Were we bilious people not here in rather large numbers, to enlighten the world, to what depths of superstition and infatuation would not you comfortable hypocrites have brought it!

I confess I am overwhelmed by the catalogue of *your collection* honors and glories. I tremble in addressing such a high and famous authority. I marvel at his having deigned to write me a sixteen-page letter. I am going to have it framed in four nickle frames (until the times turn golden) between two plates of glass, so that both sides may be legible. These four tablets I shall hand down to my nephews (for like the Pope I shall have only nephews) as the main part of their inheritance (indeed, they won’t get
(much else.) Meantime I shall treasure them in an ark, modelled on the ark of the covenant, and for this purpose I write by this mail to the British and Foreign Bible Society for a Bible, in order to inform myself on the subject of ark-architecture. Alas! my own Bible, that my mother gave me with tears in her eyes, begging me never to part with it, has disappeared in the most tragic and lamentable manner. Being often in Popish and other heathen countries, I naturally carried my Bible jealously in my breeches pocket, lest the Inquisition or some tribe of cannibals should confiscate it and desecrate it, incidentally wasting and eating me as a Christian and a brother. But sad and strange experience has convinced me that the reason why in these godless countries there are no Bibles is not because the Devil, therein supreme, prohibits them, lest men should believe and be saved. The reason why Bibles are not found is because there is an alarming scarcity of paper, none being to be found even in water-closets. Now, as I am unfortunately a great frequenter of these establishments, on account of biliousness, diarrhoea, indigestion, dyspepsia, and colic; and as at the same time, mindful of my dear and sainted mother’s last wishes, I always carry my Bible in my breeches’ pocket; I have found myself in a cruel dilemma. Godliness said “Treasure thy Bible, and on no account tear out the leaves thereof.” But cleanliness answered “Did not David eat the consecrated bread when he was ahungered, and did not the Lord justify David? Tear thou then out likewise the leaves of thy Bible, and wipe thine ass therewith for thy need is as pressing as Davids, nay more.” And when I considered that since I was in England I have given up the use of drawers, and that the British and Foreign Bible Society might not be willing to send me a clean pair of trousers, even if I told them in what sacred cause I had sacrificed theose I possessed,—when I considered those things I always decided in favor of cleanliness. I was careful, however,—I must say this in my own justification,—to begin by tearing out the Song of Solomon, and the passage about Loch’s daughters, and Ecclesiastes, and the pages descriptive of Sodom and Gomorrah, and such others as I thought godliness wouldn’t much care about. Still, as time went on, and my visits to water closets unprovided with paper continued, more and more of my Bible has disappeared, and now, I regret to say, only the upper half of the first page of the Gospel according to St. John remains. That is why I have to send to the British and Foreign Bible Society t for a new copy in which to learn how the ark was built. When it comes, I assure you your letter shall be worthily enshrined.
It is evident that you are now one of the most influential and courted of our literary men. This intimacy with the leading men of the time, which you seem to take so unassumingly and unconsciously, is something that would turn another fellow’s head. But I suppose you are so well up to all these great people in ability and influence, that you feel yourself in your native element among them. Nay, since in spite of this refulgent sunrise of yours (I wax poetic and fancy you are Apollo himself—by the way, you only mention your intellectual and professional successes, and keep a modest silence about your succès de beauté) in spite of all this glory, I say, you complain of intellectual loneliness, and hint, with an excess of flattery that confuses me, that I might have contributed to dispel it. Evidently your genius is so unapproachable and soaring in its conceptions and destiny that, even among the leading men of the day, you feel alone. I am aware that this is not what you said—you are too modest to perceive it—but it is the conclusion I am forced to draw. Your offhand mention of your first novel naturally excites my curiosity. When may we hope to see it? Of course, when you are planning a novel, you must have had some experience of the tender passion. If you are engaged, or expect to be so, of course I cannot ask for any confidences, but if your loves have been less serious, or if unfortunately they have been unhappy, why don’t you tell me something about them? You know I am very prudent and sympathetic (I think I can say that without arrogance) and although I haven’t the genius, etc. of your new friends, I can FEEL! Besides as I have always been an admirer of yours, and not of your intellect alone, I have some right to be treated with confidence. I therefore think you might tell me something, when you next find time to write to me, about the inner side of all this full life of yours. All these great friends of yours have daughters, and all of these daughters have eyes, and some of them, at least, hearts. Ergo, when a handsome and fascinating young man, with the most brilliant prospects, appears upon the scene as if by magic, and carries everything before him, it is not credible that these maidens should all prove insensible. Something must have happened.

I am sorry that you aren’t coming abroad this winter, for my own sake, but I see that you couldn’t do better for yourself than to remain where you are. Perhaps a little more quiet and time to think would be good for you, as you must be bewildered by such a rush of business. Thus it is necessary for you to read French and German and to be able to appreciate the fine points in those languages. I suppose you read them already, but to have seen the people and the ways of foreign countries seems essential to a good
comprehension of their spirit. That is why so few people, in reading the clas-
sics, understand the tone and temper of the ancient mind.

Houghton has treated me in an unaccountable way, not acknowledging two
letters and a book I sent him, (the latter at his request.) I have heard that he
was visible in May or June in the streets of Berlin in company with a German-
looking man and a woman of irresponsible appearance. I have not heard from
him since I left Berlin in March.

The day after to-morrow I start for Gibraltar, where I am to join my sister
who comes from America. We intend to take a little turn in Southern Spain and
then return here for a few weeks. I shall then leave for Germany. My plans are
not yet wholly formed, as I want to make some satisfactory arrangement with
Herbert Lyman, who says he is going to get off. I hope so.

Don Pelayo is woebegone. Still he has a new pair of boots, rather too long
for him, which serve also as feelers when he is about to run into a heap of
stones. For he is blind, or (as he says) near sighted. Talking of this Don reminds
me of something that I have learned with regret, viz, that you don’t care for
the Don, that is, Don Quixote. You must reform yourself in that respect, or
else expect a sermon or two from me at some future occasion. Today I write no
more, being still rather used up with too much bile. Do write again, else I will.

Yours ever

George Santayana

Address

B. S. & Co. London.
To William James

18 December 1887 • Berlin, Germany

(PS: Houghton)

Potsdamerstr. 123

III.

Berlin, Dec. 18. 87.

Dear Prof. James.

I have been here since the first of November, going much the same rounds as last year. I have discovered a Privatdocent, Dr. Simmel, whose lectures interest me very much. I am also taking Prof. Gizycki’s Übungen on Kant’s “Practical Reason.” He gives them at his own house on Monday evenings, and I find them interesting and Prof. Gizycki’s vigorous Utilitarianism exhilarating. I am taking some history with Prof. Bresslau, and hearing a pleasant ornamental course of Prof. Grimm’s on the XVIII century.

Being under obligations to do something and not to waste my time in occasional reading and theorizing, I have tried to become methodical. I read with notebook in hand, and have one volume destined to contain the pearls of ethical and another the nuts of metaphysical wisdom. If I am expected to send something to Harvard as evidence of work not seen, I will try to bring a paper together out of some of these jottings. I do not do it for my own satisfaction, because as a matter of fact I am far from satisfied with their results of my reading. I want more time and more experience to sift them and show me where my real sympathies carry me. For on one point I am satisfied with my conclusions, and that is that it is our sympathies that must guide our opinions. I believe you interpret, ed, something I wrote to you last year in the sense that I was disgusted with philosophy. There was certainly a change at that time in my attitude toward my studies but hardly a change in the studies themselves. In fact since I have been in Germany I have become optimistic about the
prospects in philosophy. If philosophy were the attempt to solve a given problem, I should see reason to be discouraged about its success; but it strikes me that it is rather an attempt to express a half-undiscovered reality, just as art is, and that two different renderings, if they are expressive, far from cancelling each other add to each other’s value. The great bane of philosophy is the theological animus which hurries a man toward final and intolerant truths as towards his salvation. Such truths may be necessary to men but philosophy can hardly furnish them. It can only interpret nature, in parts with accuracy, in parts only with a vague symbolism. I confess I do not see why we should be so vehemently curious about the absolute truth, which is not to be made or altered by our discovery of it. But philosophy seems to me to be its own reward, and its justification lies in the delight and dignity of the art itself.

Prof. Gizycki often speaks of you and of Mr. Salter. He is interested to know whether we may soon hope to see your book on the human mind. I hear nothing this year about Harvard affairs. Loeser, who used to keep me well informed, has not written for a long time, and I do not even know where he is. Strong writes me that he is busy and contented, and is expounding Sir W. Hamilton to classes of two and three. There are a great many Harvard men here this winter, Gates, Hildreth (85) Webster the mathematician, Carpenter, Beal, Bullard, Wateman, Von Klenze of my own class, and some ’87 men.

I expect to leave Berlin about the middle of March and go to some smaller University for the summer semester. My address at present is as above, but c/o Brown Shipley & Co London is always safer. I hope you will find time to drop me a line and tell me if I am expected to write something as holder of a fellowship. Wishing you and Mrs. James a very happy new year
I am sincerely

George Santayana
Sir William Hamilton (1788–1856) was a Scottish philosopher who argued that perception gives immediate, direct knowledge of objects. Yet this knowledge is not absolute but relative on account of three factors: the knowledge is purely phenomenal, the objects which we perceive are modified by the various senses, thinking of something is necessarily thinking of it under certain conditions. The objects of our knowledge are always conditioned and therefore relative.

Possibly Lewis Edwards Gates (d. 1924), who received his A.B. (1884) in philosophy; Henry Theodore Hildreth received his A.B. (1885) and Ph.D. (1895); Arthur Gordon Webster (1863–1923), class of 1885, was a physicist whose lectures on mathematical physics at Clark University were unsurpassed; George Rice Carpenter; Francis Bullard (1862–1913), a nephew of Charles Eliot Norton, became an intimate friend of Santayana (see Persons, 224–26); possibly Walter Bowen Waterman (d. 1927) (there was no Wateman in Santayana’s class); Camillo von Klenze (1865–1943), class of 1886, taught German literature at the University of Chicago, Brown University, and CUNY, and was honorary professor of American literature in Munich.

To William Morton Fullerton
28 December 1887 • Berlin, Germany


Dear Fullerton—

I am astonished at your wanting me to send you more stuff à la Rabelais; I certainly can do no such thing professionally and on demand, but only at the call of nature, as it were, or when the spirit (or bowels) may move. But as to your prohibition to be serious, I consider it an insult to a philosopher. I am always serious. It is a great mistake to suppose I am ever in fun. It is the thing that jokes, not I. If this world, seriously and solemnly described, makes people laugh, is it my fault? I am not to blame for the absurdities of nature.

You want my opinion on the axiom that “in a world of squat things a toad would be beautiful”. Well, there is a fraction of an idea in it. It is not the shape or quality of things in itself that makes them beautiful, but the relation of this quality to something else. But to what? Your axiom says, to the quality of the real world—“If things were squat” it says. Now that is wrong. If all things were squat the flatness of the world would be neither a beauty nor a fault. If the world were accidentally less flat than the creative impulse or formative idea would naturally have made it, then things squat would be beautiful indeed. See what I mean? There is a certain ideal
dwelling in each of us, which the growth of our minds and bodies under the most favorable circumstances would fulfil. But the circumstances are not favorable as a rule. Therefore the actual result differs from what it strives to be and naturally would be but for external obstacles. Hence ugliness and beauty, as well as all forms of good and bad The difference between beauty and good in the general and all-inclusive sense, is that beauty is the excellence or perfection of the expression of a thing: It is the adequate presentation of the ideal impulse, whereas virtue is its adequate existence. Therefore virtue is beautiful when represented, but beauty is not virtuous. For beauty being in the image or expression of things, these things need not exist to produce beauty, but only their image need exist—Verbum sat.

Now, having expatiated sufficiently in answer to your question, let me put one to you in turn. What is one to do with one’s amatory instincts? Now, for heaven’s sake, don’t be conventional and hypocritical in the answer you give yourself and me. If you are, you won’t take me in. I know that you don’t really believe that the ordinary talk on such subjects is satisfactory. Let me describe the real situation. A boy lives to his twelfth or fifteenth year, if he is properly brought up, in a state of mental innocence—I don’t say he should not know where he came from when he reached the this world, and on which track he travelled thither, nor that he should never have seen dogs stuck together; what I say is that, unless he has been corrupted, these things have no meaning and no attraction for him. But soon it is otherwise. He grows more and more uncomfortable, his imagination is more and more occupied with obscene things. Every scrap of medical or other knowledge he hears on this subject he remembers. Some day he tries experiments with some girl, or with some other boy. This is, I say, supposing he has not been corrupted intentionally and taken to whorehouses in his boyhood, as some are, or fallen a victim to pederastia, as is the lot of others. But in some way or other, sooner or later, the boy gets his first experience in the art of love. Now, I say, what is a man to do about it? It is no use saying that he should be an angel, because he isn’t. Even if he holds himself in, and only wet dreams violate his virginity, he is not an angel, because angels don’t have wet dreams. He must choose among the following

Amatory attitudes.
1. Wet dreams and the fidgets.
2. Masturbation.
3. Pederastia.
4. Whoring.
5. Seductions or a mistress.

I don’t put a mistress as a separate heading because it really comes under 4, 5, or 6, as the case may be. A man who takes his mistress from among prostitutes, shares her with others, and leaves her soon, is practically whoring. A man whose mistress is supposed to be respectable is practically seducing her. A man who lives openly with his mistress and moves in her sphere is practically married. Now I see fearful objections to every one of these six amatory attitudes. 1 and 6 have the merit of being virtuous, but it is their only one. 2 has nothing in its favor. The discussion is therefore confined to 3, 4, & 5. 4 has the disadvantage of ruining the health. 5 has the disadvantage of scenes and bad social complications—children, husbands at law, etc. One hardly wants to spend one’s youth acting modern French dramas. 3 has therefore been often preferred by impartial judges, like the ancients and orientals, yet our prejudices against it are so strong that it hardly comes under the possibilities for us. What shall we do? Oh matrimony, truly thou art an inevitable evil!

As you perceive, I do not consider sentimental love at all in my pros and cons. It is only a disturbing force, as far as the true amatory instincts are concerned. Of course it has the same origin, but just as insanity may spring from religion, so sentimental love may spring from the Sexual instinct. The latter, however, being intermittent, which religion is not, the insanity produced is temporary. Here is a serious letter for you: now answer it like a man and a Christian—in the better sense of the word, which is “a fellow such as I approve of.”

The world continues to wag away much as usual. Snow—Christmas over (thank God!) new year coming. Tell me about the suicides which I hear are prevalent at Harvard. I was sorry about Charlie Minots death. As you know, he was no particular friend of mine, being too swell for your humble servant, but he seemed to be a nice fellow and was better situated than most rascals are who have to live on.

I can’t imagine what you mean by the sarcasm in my last letter. True, I don’t remember all I said in it, by I know à priori that there could be no sarcasm in it. I am incapable of such a thing. Ever yours

G. Santayana.
To William James  
28 January 1888 • Berlin, Germany  
(MS: Houghton)

Potsdamerstr. 123th
Berlin, Jan. 28. 88.

Dear Prof. James—

I am much obliged for your letter, as well as for your article of the perception of time which I received soon after. I understand perfectly what you say about my not profiting as much as I should from the Walker Fellowship. I keep myself tolerably busy, to be sure, but I hardly work with the energy and single-mindedness which one associates with the idea of a man living on a scholarship. And what I shall write will certainly not smack so much of a professorship of philosophy as if it were on the normal jerk of the knee-pan. But then it is very doubtful that I should ever get a professorship of philosophy anyway, and I hardly care to sacrifice my tastes to that bare possibility. I mean to ask for the fellowship for one more year, but of course I shouldn’t expect to get it if there is a more thorough student who wants it. I am quite at ease about the duties that my supposed ability imposes on me, and by no means give myself up as a bad job. But you must understand perfectly how uncertain my future is, and my preparations cannot be very definite until I know what I am to prepare for. Philosophy itself is now-a-days a tolerably broad field.

Simmel is a young man of sallow and ascetic look who lectures on pessimism and on contemporary philosophy in its relation with the natural sciences. He knows his subject like a German, and likes to go into the fine points. I go in to some lectures of Ebbinghaus’s but am not taking anything with him regularly this term. Last year I took two courses with him, his psychology and his history of the same. I think him an excellent man, very clear and sound.
I had a short letter from Strong in answer to a very long one of mine, but have no recent news of him. I met his fiancée in London last Spring as well as her family. She is very amiable and rather pretty, and it seems to be a very nice thing all round.

Hoping to hear from you again I am

Very sincerely yours

G. Santayana

To William James
3 July 1888 • Ávila, Spain

Avila, July 3. 88.

Dear Prof. James.

I am glad to know that I have been reappointed to the Walker Fellowship, as that seems to show that I have not yet quite lost my reputation. I have left Germany, however, without any desire to go back there, nor do I think that I should learn or study much if I returned. I had thought of Paris as a possible resting place, but on the whole it seems to offer few advantages for me. I therefore intend to return to America. I have reached the stage where I must work by myself; but I have not enough motive force within me to accomplish anything without encouragement and stimulation from without. And it seems to me that I could employ the fellowship better at Harvard than anywhere else, since there I should have more people to talk with, and an atmosphere less favorable to apathy. Then the advantage of a library managed on rational principles is not to be despised. I hope you will write to me soon and tell me what you think of my plan. If you have any other to suggest that seems to you better, I hope you will do so. But I dare say you will agree with me that I could make as good use of
my time at Harvard as anywhere. Three terms of Berlin have fully convinced me that the German school, although it is well to have some acquaintance with it, is not one to which I can attach myself. After the first impression of novelty and freedom, I have become oppressed by the scholasticism of the thing and by the absurd pretension to be scientific. In fact, my whole experience, since I left college and even before, has been a series of disenchantments. First I lost my faith in the kind of philosophy that Prof. Palmer and Royce are interested in; and, then, when I came to Germany, I also lost my faith in psycho-physics, and all the other attempts to discover something very momentous. A German professor like Wundt seems to me a survival of the alchymist. What is the use of patience and ingenuity, when the fundamental aim and intention is hopeless and perverse? I might as well stick to Kant’s Critique of the Practical Reason, or take at once to dogmatic theology. Indeed, the whole thing has sometimes seemed to me so wrong and futile, that I have suspected that I had made a mistake in taking up philosophy at all, since all the professors of it seemed to be working along so merrily at problems that to me appeared essentially vain. But I have remembered that this very feeling of mine would make as good a ground for a philosophy as any other, if I only had the patience and audacity to work it out. This is what I hope to do in some measure next year. I have already written a good deal, but in a loose and disjointed manner. All needs rewriting.

I have come here to visit my father, and expect to remain until the middle of August, when I shall go to England, and thence to America. I have been well, seeing a good deel of Berenson & Carpenter at Berlin, as well as emperors’ funerals, and the rest of it. Hoping to hear from you, I am

Sincerely yours

G. Santayana

Address: Avila, Spain, until Aug 1st, then Brown Shipley & Co. London.

1 George Herbert Palmer (1842–1933) was an American philosopher and moralist. In 1870 he became a Greek instructor at Harvard, which resulted in his translation of Homer’s Odyssey (1884). He taught philosophy at Harvard (1872–1913) and published fifteen books. In The Nature of Goodness (1903) Palmer distinguished extrinsic from intrinsic goodness and maintained that the identifying mark of a human being is self-consciousness, the moral aim of life being self-realization expressed through continuous self-development. See Persons, 246–47.

2 Wilhelm Max Wundt (1832–1920) was a German physiologist, psychologist, and philosopher who founded the first experimental psychology laboratory at Leipzig in 1879. Besides Grundzüge der physiologischen Psychologie (1874), later translated by E. B. Titchener as Principles of Physiological Psychology (1904), Wundt published philosophical volumes.
To William James
7 August 1888 • Ávila, Spain

Avila, Aug 7, 88.

Dear Prof. James.

Many thanks for your letter, and for your expressions of interest. I have not seen anywhere that residents can’t hold the Walker Fellowship, but if such be the case or even if it be thought that non-residents have a better claim to it, of course I am quite ready to resign. The doubt you express about my “fulfilling the purposes, etc” was a reason in my mind for returning to Harvard. I fancy that if I were there I should run less danger of being considered an unprofitable servant. Being a foreigner and coming from a rather different intellectual and moral milieu, I have a lighter and less conscience-stricken way of taking things, which produces the impression of idleness and frivolity in the absence of ocular proof that after all I do as much work as other people. You interpret my disillusions in the matter of philosophy rather too seriously. There is nothing tragic about them. I was drawn to philosophy in the beginning by curiosity and a natural taste for ingenious thinking, and my attachment to philosophy remains as firm as ever, as I said in my previous letters. These things never came to me as a personal problem, as a question of what was necessary for salvation. I was simply interested in seeing what pictures of the world and of human nature men had succeeded in sketching: and on better acquaintance I see reason to think that they are conventional and hieroglyphic in the extreme. But the interest in these delineations is no more destroyed for me by not trusting their result or their method than the charm of a play is destroyed if it is not historical. Philosophy does not cease to be a field of human activity and as such to have its significance and worth, and I cannot see why one so inclined by temperament cannot make good use of his time in that study, as in the study of art or comparative religion. Renan has said that no one can be a good historian of religion who has not been a believer and who is not a sceptic: the same may be true of philosophy. I therefore do not think that my present attitude unfits me to study philosophy or to teach it, although I can easily imagine that others may not be of my opinion in this respect. I will therefore not throw up the fellowship on the ground that I have had a moral and mental collapse, a conversion to the devil, as it were, that unfits me, as insanity might, to hold any official position. I have had nothing of the sort. My notions about the possibilities of human...
thought and knowledge have gradually changed, and I have become convinced that most of our scheme of doctrine is built on false or arbitrary axioms. But this has been no personal crisis, no inward transformation. There may have been moments when I have tired of certain authors, or certain problems, and in this mood I may have said something liable to be misunderstood. But the good authors, the sharp and radical thinkers, are still my delight and even my chief amusement, and I can imagine no more congenial task than to talk them over with other students. I have known all along that there was little chance of my being trusted anywhere with a professorship of philosophy: but I have taken this opportunity of study for its own sake and for mine, thinking that I could always live by teaching one thing or another, while I have not enough to live on without work.

This is frankly the way I feel about the matter. If it seems to you that under the circumstances it would be better to give up the fellowship, I am ready to do so. At any rate I intend to return to America, as it is a better country than this to get a living in, and for the present I can live with my mother. I shall probably arrive about Sept 15, when I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you.

Yours ever

GSantayana

To William Cameron Forbes

Wednesday [c. 1888 or 1889] • Roxbury, Massachusetts (MS: Houghton)

26 Millmont St
Roxbury
Wednesday

Dear Cam.

I am sorry I haven’t been able to get out to-day. I was out, and didn’t get your note till this evening. Tomorrow and Friday I have to be with a friend of mine who is passing through Boston, and on Monday I have arranged to go to Manchester to spend the day. But on Tuesday you may expect to see me in the 3.55 train, and I will stay and spend the night, as
you kindly ask me to do. I hope you didn’t think me awfully impatient and grasping to write so soon again, but you see I was anxious not to miss a glimpse of you before other things got in the way. Once in Cambridge one is lost, and any place more than a mile from Boston Common becomes inaccessible. I am looking forward to having you train my aesthetic eye on the good points of horses and dogs—I promise to make wonderful progress with a single lesson.

Yours ever

GSantayana

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

[Before 1889?] • [Roxbury, Massachusetts?] (MS: Rockefeller)

Thursday

Dear Strong

Thank you for this. I am pleased with that the reviewer takes us seriously; but he seems to be exclusively occupied with one point.

I see Fuller now and then—unsatisfactory mind: always seems to be really thinking of something else, like a woman. Yesterday he had a young French professor in tow who said Einstein was an absolutist, and that his theory should have been called Théorie de l’Invariance!

Yours ever

G.S.
Jan • 29 • 89

Dear Strong.

You have brought upon yourself a letter of whose length I have no idea as yet; but you must not complain for if all evils are to be charged to their First Cause, this epistle is to be laid at your door. You have touched my most susceptible spring: still I am too much dulled and dried up by work—by work, I say,—to promise you any thing clever. But here goes.

You ask: Why should ideals be null in the sight of God simply because they all are involved in his nature? Just as, on pantheistic principles, error is involved in God’s nature, yet for him exists as error, and is contrasted with a known truth, why should not in the same way moral ideals exist for God as approximations to an absolute ideal, which he recognized as the standard of value? That is your question, as I understand it. Now I will begin by confessing that to my mind pantheism is nothing but the atheism of a religious man: it is religious emotion in a world without gods. Hence I should at once admit that if there is a God he may regard a moral standard as absolute, and that we, in so far as we recognize his authority, will acknowledge God’s standard as overruling ours. But for Spinoza there is in reality no God: there is no definite being whose moral or intellectual judgments we may look to as the fulfilment and ideal perfection of our own. The nature of things, for Spinoza, is indeterminate, or, rather, is nothing but the equal and uncaused reality of all existent things: hence ideals in his system have no greater authority than, that, they derive from their social and psychological necessity. But you seem to me to be wrong in saying that the ideals are “null”. They are perfectly valid as ideals, as directions of human aspiration; and their presence in us together with our allegiance to them is sanctioned by the nature of things. Thus Spinoza’s own ideal of contemplative, scientific, piety, is perfectly valid: only it has no transcendent authority, no authority over other ideals in other minds.

And this Spinozistic doctrine seems to me true not only for a world without God, as his was, but even for a world with a God in it. Here is where you will probably not agree with me: you will say that a divine
mind would essentially have authority in matters of truth and of right, as in all other matters. But I fail to understand how this authority can exist except by virtue either of a physical sanction or of an immanent agreement between God’s judgments and the tendency of our own. Take the case of truth. You say God would see the truth; do you mean that there is a certain constitution of things with which our ideas more or less agree, and with which God’s ideas agree perfectly? In that case God would see the truth because his ideas would be representations of the same reality, as our ideas stand for; God’s mind would be the ideal of our mind. And his authority would derive from the immanent tendency in our minds to agree with him. In other words, because he is what we wish to be, because he understands what we strive to understand, therefore he is as we ought to be and therefore his thoughts are the truth. Now take the other supposition, and consider that God’s thoughts are not representations of the same objects as ours, but that there is no external reality for his thoughts to agree with at all. Then God’s thoughts become that objective reality which our thoughts represent; and the question of their truth is impossible, not because they are undeniably true, for they are not representative, but because they are the facts which our thought seeks to represent. And here again the authority of the facts is explicable: it is founded on a physical sanction. Unless our thoughts do agree with the reality life becomes impossible for us: we go mad, and the conduct grounded on these thoughts involves our ruin. So that only those survive who agree with God. But that apart from this physical sanction the thoughts of such a God have any authority over ours, I cannot concede. As facts, as the nature of things with which our thoughts deal, of course these divine thoughts are the truth, the reality: but if as thoughts they should be utterly different from our representation of them, yet our representation was in so far parallel to them as to guide our conduct rightly: then for the life of me I can’t see why you should say that those divine thoughts were truer than my thoughts.

I have taken the more difficult subject on purpose: you can apply the same to the case of moral standards. Only in this case it is impossible to conceive an external object to which judgments should conform. Evidently the only possible criterion of a moral judgment is another moral judgment. And between them there can be only a physical judge: that is, only the actual impossibility of maintaining a moral ideal can do away with its authority. Authority is the essence of moral ideals: so long as they exist, they have authority; for this they do not derive but confer. Therefore a moral ideal is essentially and inevitably absolute: you can drop it, you can
make it disappear, but you cannot overrule it. This is the only interpretation of Kant’s categorical imperative that does not make a crying absurdity of it: which, however, was undoubtedly what Kant made of it himself.

So much for insistence on the arbitrariness of ideals, which you hastily call their nullity—as if my preferences for were null because I can’t pretend to enforce them in other men. But you will doubtless say that I have not answered your question: cannot God have a moral ideal? And I answer that in the affirmative. Undoubtedly if as much above our passions as the ends of space are beyond our thunderstorms there is a consciousness and an emotion, these will contain some judgment of value, some sense of what ought to be. And the various parts of this world may appear to God, if he thinks of this world at all, as having different degrees of hideousness and insignificance. He may have his preferences among us: but who can tell what personage is his favorite hero? And by what test shall we decide whether the standards of this exalted divinity are morally good? They may not be comparable to ours at all: perhaps what God values in us is some function of ours in the universe of which we have no conception and that has no relation to those pleasures and pains, to those volitions, that are our terrene standards of value. The fact that God may be a moral being does not at once signify that the objects of his moral life are the same as ours: and it is only on that supposition that his judgments would have any moral significance for us. Who would venture to say that infinite varieties of life, untold complications of interests and endeavors may not fill this infinite space? But what have such possibilities to do with our ethics? Nothing, absolutely nothing. The value of God as a moral authority lies in the identity of his judgment with our own: it lies in the belief that our moral judgments are shared by an immortal judge. Not the least particle of moral guidance can such a belief give us: only a certain moral intensity in maintaining ideals that have such super-human indorsement. The only thought that could give a moral ideal an absolute authority is that it was the only existent ideal: that every where where ideals existed at all they were parts and parcels of this. Then, in the absence of all competition, this ideal would be absolute indeed: for as I have said it is the nature of ideals to be absolute over those in whose minds they are present. If the same ideal were present in all minds, that ideal would be alone absolute. And this is perhaps what you are trying to believe: and you may believe it so long as you don’t pretend to know what that ideal is, so long as in some mystical and self contradictory way you hope that the various ideals at war in yourself and in others are really one and the same ideal. But if you are ever tempted to say, I know that single and absolute ideal: men that think they value something else are simply in illusion: I know their true interests better than they do
themselves:—the moment you say that, you become a fanatic, and are guilty of
impiety against all those ideal goods that are dear to men’s hearts. For in truth
their are many ideals, many absolute goods. The art of life is to realize as many
of those we cherish as possible, and the science of ethics is the to consider
how many of them are realisable together, and what are the conditions of the
realization of each.

I have nothing of sublimery interest to impart. We go on with Kant and
Lotze. I have been rather overpowered and Lotzified into an impossibility to
think: but I have gone to see a few people, even gone to a ball, and I feel better
for it. I expect to begin the final copy of my thesis in a few days: not that the
rough draught is finished, but that I don’t propose to make any complete rough
draught. (I suppose this should be draft; but I should prefer the other sort: I am
very thirsty and sleepy: so, good by.)

Ever sincerely yours
GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong
19 March 1889 • Roxbury, Massachusetts (MS: Rockefeller)

26 Millmont St
Roxbury.

March 19, 89.

Dear Strong:

Just a word to wish you all joy, and a pleasant voyage. I am very sorry I can’t
go to the wedding, it would have been something to remember with pleasure.

Pray thank Miss Rockefeller for me for her kind and ingenious little note. I
wonder how she found so much to say about such a little matter.

I hope to hear from you occasionally, and to get some notion of your mul-
tifarious studies.

With the very best wishes, I am
Ever yours
G. Santayana
July 26, 89.

Dear Harry.

I don’t wonder you didn’t like my last letter. But you mustn’t complain of rough handling in a serious tone, for that is what you indulge in yourself. I should never have written such a letter to anyone else. You, who are an analyser of character and motives after the manner of the novelists, may be able to answer a question that puzzles me: why do you manage to exasperate and at the same time to influence me more than anyone else?

I have been reading Tourgennef’s “Dimitri Roudine.” I suppose you know it. Novels when they interest me, as this did, oppress me extraordinarily. They are good not because they are beautiful, but because they make one uncomfortable. Life seems so cheerless, so unideal. The good men are so unpoetic, the poetic people are so insufferable and absurd. Doubtless it is so in real life. But why repeat real life?—we have enough of it and to spare. In books, above all in fiction and poetry, (which are the same thing; that’s one reason, why my verses are not poetry: they create nothing:) in books, I say, I like to find what I like to think of, not what I am in the habit of observing. I like to think of Achilles; were I a painter or sculptor I should describe him: but I don’t like to think of “Dimitri Rudine,” nor should I ever describe such a person.

I send you my last harpings on the old string.

Ever yours
GSantayana

Vale et Ave.

The pagan, when he felt his days were done,
Drew o’er his swimming eyes a seemly veil,
Saying, Farewell, fair splendour of the sun!
Hail, Tartarus, eternal darkness, Hail!

The dying Christian, through a mist of tears,
Strained his dim sight until he thought he saw
Heaven, the wage of all his straightened years,
The sanction manifest of awful law.
My soul was native to the Christian dream,
And in faith’s faery garden oped her eyes;
The floating angels did her playmates seem,
On banks of incense in the purple skies.

When night o’erwhelmed the glories of that day
And drove my soul from her enchanted life,
She to the house of exile took her way,
Wrapped in her mantle, and disdaining strife.

Till, from the portals she beheld the morn
Gilding the vineyards of an earthly veil,
And cried, Farewell, ye paling ghosts forlorn!
Hail, living fire, kind light of heaven, Hail!

    July 25, 89.
Dear Harry.

Your answer to my question is satisfactory and flattering (in a way I like). Mrs. Patterson also seems to be right; not that I expect or want you to be cleverer or more active, but that I expect you to be less commonplace in your tastes and more open to generous emotions. You are not a Philistine: why then do you have the hardness the narrowness and the dogmatism of Philistia in your feelings? It exasperates me because I have always believed you were not really so: that the best in you was the real, and the worst the affectation and accidental dye. You may not influence me in the way of changing my ideas: I am not your disciple or (as you once wrote) your protégé. But you do make me do things I should not do of my own free will, as e.g. show you my verses. When I am with you I almost adopt your notions about my supposed literary rôle: I almost catch your tone. But my real feeling and conviction are quite opposed to that: I know what I want to do, and what I amount to. You think you encourage me, and in one sense you do: but you encourage me to be something worse than what I really am: that is what you do not see, and it disgusts and repels me that you should not see it. You would be better pleased if I acted like Fullerton. You do not see that I am of another type.

I must quarrel with your criticism of neo-paganism. In my case it may be true that it is forced (although I do not feel it so myself). I may not be able to free myself entirely from the oppression of a false idealism. But the question is a broad one: my lingering superstitions or yours are personal accidents. I protest against the notion that what is really joyous and lovely in life is for ever vitiated to all men because a fictitious and fanatical system has had great influence in the world. Your position is hardly tenable. You admit, do you not, that paganism is rational and satisfactory for men who have not been Christians? So that for our children, if we brought them up without Christianity, paganism would be natural and rational. That is, paganism is the human and spontaneous attitude of an intelligent and cultivated man in the presence of the universe. So that your consistent pessimism is but the unnatural effect, reaction, after an unnatural excitement.
and strain. The Hebrew religion and its twin offspring, and more than all, the Hebraising sects of Christianity, represent a false moral interpretation of life, a weight of responsibility and a consciousness of importance, which human nature repudiates. The Jews had the incredible conceit of believing they had made a covenant with nature, by which the mastery of the earth and all the good things thereof were secured to them in return for fidelity to a certain social and religious organization. Freed from its religious and irrational nature this covenant might stand for something real. Nature does award her prizes in return for fidelity to certain ethical laws: only these laws are natural: they are variable according to circumstances, and discoverable only by experience and study of history. But a religion, as it developss, loses hold of the natural significance and justification of its first principles. The fiction grows, the truth dwindles. So with the Hebrew idea. From recognition of the conditions of worldly success it waxed into the assertion of an inscrutable inward law with transcendent and imaginary sanctions. The crushing weight of delirious exhaltation is still felt, especially in Protestant communities. Catholicism is rational in its morals: its superstitions are in the field of fancy and emotional speculation; in conduct it has remained rational, granting the reality of the conditions of life believed in. In fact I have never been well able to understand the moral superstition of conscience and duty. Only when reading, or seeing cases of insanity has it become clear to me. Alan Mason, for instance, has moral delirium, a fearful belief in right and wrong, without external sanctions, and of pathological origin. A touch of this insanity is what pervades society. And will you pretend to assert that life is not worth living if we are not mad? that only superstitious terrors give it value? that actual goods are worthless and fictitious and imaginary goods—in which is no enjoyment, no peace, and no loveliness,—are alone valuable? I confess, that seems to me pure madness. The world may have little in it that is good: granted. But that little is really and inalienably good. Its value cannot be destroyed because of the surrounding evil. But the greatest of all evils is surely that lunacy that convinces us that this little good is not good, and subverts natural standards in favor of unnatural and irrational standards. It is a form of insanity. And you know how the insane tinge sometimes all their experiences with a pathological horror or emptiness. That is just what you would have us do in the name of consistency. It seems to me that even supposing that our illusions are pleasant and consoling (which is not the case with moral illusions, although it may be with purely imaginative and speculative fictions) the lesson of life is to give them up quietly and settle down, a
sadder but a wiser man, on the new basis. And believe me, in respect to
paganism, the new basis is the best basis. It admits more noble emotion, more
justifiable ambition, more universal charity, than the old system. I cannot go
on for ever: but I should like to show how we deceive ourselves in thinking
that immortality, for instance, really added to our lives any value. An old man’s
enthusiasms, if he has any, are naturally for the world he leaves behind him not
for himself. Cf. Gladstone. F. Harrison may be a fool, but positivism, if truly
pagan, seems to me good. But Goethe is the real spokesman of neo-paganism.
I follow him.

Yours ever GSantayana

To Henry Ward Abbot
29 September 1889 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Columbia)

Dear Harry.

It is really very nice of you to ask me down again after my shabby treat-
ment of you since my last visit. I meant to have looked you up at the Tremont
House, but somehow I didn’t. Now I am really in a dreadful condition of
slavery. Bowen has resigned his place, and his course in the Cartesians and
Germans has been turned over to me of a sudden. I am expected to lecture every
day, and what with reading, getting up the lectures, hunting for books in the
library, and worrying over the slip-shod way in which after all the work is pre-
sented to the boys, I haven’t a spare moment. I have, however, the consolation
of feeling rich; I don’t know how much I am to get for this second course, but
I presume another $500,
so that with my habits I shall have plenty. As soon as you return come to see me; come at some meal-time, and I will take you to 16 Oxford St. where I am at a little table with Baker, Carpenter, and Fletcher. Also, if you write, tell me when your mother and sister are coming home, as I want to take the first chance I have of seeing them.

I can’t write much more. I am sorry you are so despondent. You ought to be out here, or in some equivalent place, where life is really very pleasant, and the inner man enjoys various gentle delights. This way you have of wandering about in search of nothing is what depresses you. Go to Rome with your mother, get into some studio there, and paint. Or do something pleasant, that is work but work that can be done for its own sake, and is therefore also play. You preach to me about lack of ambition and discouragement about myself. Why, I marvel at my own audacity and impudence in talking ex tempore out of my inner consciousness to a few (a very few, viz. 5 and 6 respectively) boys about a lot of things I only half know. But you are really discouraged, really under-estimate yourself. You ought to stand up for yourself. No one else will stand up for you if you don’t. And its as easy as lying. Convince yourself you are necessary in the world, and you will convince the world of your utility. You haven’t self-sufficiency enough. That is why you are despondent. Cheer up, and try to enjoy the beauty and vanity of life and be happy in the pleasantness of the present moment. And, while we are in good health, the present moment has its pleasantness, if you only will see it. The trouble is we look for those gifts from the Hours which they don’t bring us, and peevishly refuse those they lay at our feet. One brings a memory, and we ask it for a hope; another a pleasure, and we insist on a consolation. But there is time for all these things, as for sunny and rainy days in the year. Nothing is more foolish than not to enjoy the fair days when [across] they come, but insist they shall change places with the storms, which if we accept them, have also their beauty. But I must read Descartes life for my to-morrow’s lecture; so good by, and come to see me as soon as possible.

Ever yours

GS.
To Charles Augustus Strong
22 July 1890 • Ávila, Spain

Avila, July 22, 90.

Dear Strong—

It was a great pleasure to get your letter. I have seldom read anything more fair and admirable than your arguments and statements. You are only mistaken in thinking I differ from you on the matter. But before saying any more on that subject, let me tell you what I have been doing.

In the Spring of ’89, while I was writing my thesis for the doctor’s degree, James proposed that I should give Phil 5 for him the next year, while he finished and published his Principles of Psychology. I accepted at once, for I believe in taking thought for the morrow, but not for the day after. This seemed an obvious thing to do for the present, and might prove a useful beginning for my work When the time came and I had met my class of five students a few times, Bowen resigned. The President came to see me and asked me to take Phil 6 also. This increased my salary to $1000, and gave me one lecture a day for the year. I had only three men in 6. The work was not absorbing or fascinating, but it seemed to be fairly successful and I believe the impression I produced was not unfavorable on the whole. At any rate, I have been reappointed for next year, when I shall give Phil 5 again (reading Hobbes, beside Locke Berkeley & Hume) and a new course on Lotze’s Microcosmos, which will not be hard for me, and the psychology of the single introductory course in philosophy now offered. This course, Phil 1 in the new arrangement, consists of three parts. Until Xmas Palmer lectures on logic, then until Easter I follow in psychol-
ogy, and James winds up with metaphysics, or general problems. You see I shall be busy. As to my plans for the future, they are simply to take up and put up with what offers. I am content to go on with lectures at Harvard indefinitely, if they want me. If they don’t, something else will probably present itself. Harvard has many attractions and advantages, the main one being the great freedom you enjoy. Royce last year annoyed me a good deal. I took a course he gave in Hegel’s Phenomenologic which was appalling, and he seemed to be bent on converting me to absolute idealism nolens volens. But Royce, although sometimes such a bore, is a good and kind man, and very appreciative, and generous to me. With Palmer I get on well. We never discuss anything. I treat him as if he were a clergyman, and he is nice to me. With James I have much more sympathy, both personal and intellectual. I think he is beginning to understand that I am not a dreamer and obscurantist, and that, in spite of certain literary leanings, I am capable of facing questions of fact and evidence without repugnance or parti pris. Everett has also become a friend of mine. Peabody is the only member of the philosophical Committee that seems to think me dangerous and highly improper. The President looks upon me with favor, because as I am told, he thinks I may contribute to the college a little of that fresh air and blood of which it stands in so much need. It is really sad to see how mediocrity Germanised rules supreme there. For all these reasons I think my position at Harvard tolerably stable and honorable. I study to keep apart from the Germans. Royce is the only one I cannot avoid. I dined with Carpenter and Baker, of the English department, and with Fletcher, a graduate student of philosophy and a nice man. In the afternoon I walked with Boylston Beal or others of the unphilosophical, and I saw something of a number of undergraduates, men on the papers or family connections and friends. Altogether I had a good time, and enjoyed what I never had cared for before, the air and sunlight, food and drink, and the consciousness of life—rational and irrational—about me.

By the way, I saw your former chief Prof. Schurmann this winter. He came to sound the Cambridge philosophers on the subject of founding an American philosophical journal. I was glad to see that his project met with universal discouragement. Since that time, however, Royce has afflicted me with the subject again, and even asked me if I would be willing to undertake the editorship. I gave an evasive answer, for I should not particularly object, if the thing were perpetrated at all, to have some influence in selecting the kind of ignorance and presumption that should appear in it. A little less Hegelian drivle might thus be administered to the feeble
minded public. But I hope the plan may collapse. If anything is written in America worth publishing it can go into Mind, which certainly has room for it. I do not attach great weight to Schurmann’s objection to this plan, viz. that in two weeks a number of Mind is behind the times, and we must have a pure American truth, served hot every morning like the biscuits. Schurmann, indeed, appeared to me like a wise man of Philistia, rhetorical, vulgar, and self-asserting.

I have not left room for much discussion of Ethics. I admit all you say about the inherent lack of authority in a “demand”. All the stars laugh at a demand. I have no notion of making it sacred. And I also admit (and here I am glad to see we have been moving in the same direction) that it is by their consequences that the lawfulness of actions should be measured. There is no practical seriousness in a system that poopoos consequences, and strings phrases together, about self imposed, self evident principles. But I would have you observe, in excuse for my former insistence on demands as the basis of Ethics, that our judgments about good and bad consequences are inspired by instincts which may very properly be called our natural demands. The reason why I should not do a particular atrocity, e.g. maintain protection or Hegelianism, is the consequences. But why is poverty, the consequence of the one, or idiocy, the consequence of the other, an evil? Because of my natural demand, and that of my fellows, for wealth and for intelligence. And so it still seems to me, after heartily admitting all you say, that our actual and spontaneous demand for one kind of existence rather than another is the ultimate basis of all values.

I shall remain here until late in August. I sail from Liverpool on the Teutonii on Sept. 3. In London I saw Fullerton and Berenson. Fullerton is a great personage, and Editor of the London Times. Burke, whom you may remember, is married to a widow with two children, but younger than himself in spite of her varied experiences. Lord Russell is also married, and busy about engines and electric apparatus as usual. Johnson has left Oxford and is to live in London among artists, at 20 Fitzroy St. I give you the address in case you care to go to see him if you are soon to be in England. I hope before long our paths may cross again, or still better meet and run on together. My best regards to Mrs. Strong. I hope she is quite well by this [across] time. Let me know your plans and movements, and if possible your thoughts as well. Ever Yours G. Santayana
of his curricular reform was advocacy of the elective system and abolition of a required curriculum. Santayana saw Eliot's reform program as a movement away from traditional liberal education toward mere "preparation for professional life" and "service in the world of business." (Persons, 396)

Thomas Hobbes (1588–1670) was an English philosopher who set forth a mechanistic rationalistic materialism. His *Leviathan* (1651) made him the first of the great English political theorists. John Locke (1632–1704) founded British empiricism. His empiricism was expanded by Berkeley and Hume, and men of the Enlightenment regarded him as the prophet of reason. George Berkeley (1685–1753) was an Irish English philosopher credited with founding the philosophical doctrine of subjective idealism—the theory that all qualities are known only in the mind, that matter does not exist apart from its being perceived, and that the observing mind of God makes possible the continued apparent existence of material objects. David Hume (1711–76) was an influential Scottish philosopher whose works include *Treatise of Human Nature*, *An Enquiry Concerning the Principles of Morals*, and *An Enquiry Concerning the Human Understanding*. An empiricist influenced by Newton, Hume wanted to apply the experiential method to the principles of the human mind to develop a science of human nature. He thought only naturalism could avoid the skeptic's argument and was an enemy of religion.

Microcosmus: An Essay Concerning Man and his Relation to the World (1894).

Phenomenology of Mind (1807).

Whether willing or unwilling.

Preconceived opinion.

Charles Carroll Everett (1829–1900) was a theologian, author of *Science of Thought* (1869), and dean of the Harvard Divinity School (1878–1900).

Jacob Gould Schurman (1854–1942) was a professor of Christian ethics and mental philosophy at Cornell (1886). He became dean of Cornell's School of Philosophy (1890) and later president of Cornell (1892). He believed in objective idealism and emphasized the totality of human experience in its social, historical, and institutional aspects. In 1892 the first general scholarly philosophical journal in America, the *Philosophical Review*, began publication at Cornell under his editorship. He served as minister to Greece and Montenegro, minister to China, and ambassador to Germany.

Mind: A Quarterly Review of Psychology and Philosophy, originally published in London, later Edinburgh, now Oxford, was established in 1876 and is issued quarterly. Its editors have included George C. Robertson, G. F. Stout, G. E. Moore, and Gilbert Ryle.

Philistia was an ancient country in southwestern Palestine that was the land of the Philistines.


Mabel Edith Scott (d. 1909), Frank Russell's first wife. Russell's marriage to her on 6 Feb 1890 was ill-fated: the couple lived together for three months.

Lionel Pigot Johnson (1867–1902) was a Welsh poet and critic whom Santayana met at New College, Oxford. See *Persons*, 304–5.
Avila, Aug 10, 90.

Dear Strong—

I am very glad to hear you are to be at Worcester. I shall hope to see you often. It is true I am one of those who don’t wholly approve of Clark University, or rather who don’t approve of Clark but do approve of universities, and think it a pity there should be new foundations when the old are in such need of enlargement. Still, I understand Clark intends to be a sort of special school, and it will find its place I suppose. But I shall be glad to learn something about it by your experience.

You surprise me a little by your tone of discovery and enlightenment, because of the theory of the parallelism of body and mind. Of course the idea is admirable and the facts fit into it because it leaves room for them in the physical chain. Fictions also fit into it, because the whole psychical [illegible] sphere is there waiting to be filled by them. For facts, observable facts about which verifiable theories can be made, are all physical. Now you may argue that the cosmic order would be more beautiful and symmetrical if there were a chain of psychical facts, connected by psychical laws, running parallel to all the physical facts ultimately observable. But as far as my poor studies and observations go this argument a pulchriori is not supported by any evidence. The few physical psychical facts we know, or can assume to exist without violence to common sense and convention, don’t cover the physical order by any means. Take it nearest home. Our mental life is far from having an element corresponding in any way to every element of our bodily life. Consciousness is a local and occasional ebullition like the hiccough. What business have you, on the basis of some scattered phenomena (for such mental phenomena are, in comparison with physical) to invent an infinite universe of mind stretching over the whole of space and time and wherever matter is found? Why not be satisfied with confessing the ignorance we cannot avoid whether we confess it or not? The world we look out upon and live in is composed of matter in space; but by a process you know better than I, doubtless, how to describe,

we discover that this whole apparition, and with, the emotions that arise from it, is lodged and bound in one small part of the matter, in one spot of the space, which because of this singular quality is called my body. And a very natural analogy leads us to suppose the same mental life to lodge in
the other similar bodies of our universe. But this analogy by which alone you get any parallelism at all, cannot carry you very far. For there is no parallelism observed directly between my soul and body, but for, my mental life is a unique phenomenon, the one phenomenon, in fact; but the parallelism is between other supposed minds (and I assimilate mine to theirs out of courtesy) and bodies. In a word, you establish a parallelism not between facts of the same category, of the same plane of existence, but between objects and ejections, between facts and interpretations of facts, between hypostatizations of the first degree and hypostatizations of the second.

All this I say understanding you to mean a universal parallelism after the fashion of Spinoza. If you mean only that no energy is spent on thought, and that mind wherever it may appear, is an epiphenomenon, I sympathize with you; but I think a matter of the transformation of energy ought to be left for experiment to settle, and if no experiment can be made, opinions are idle. It might turn out, if we entered the brain and visited it, as Leibniz suggests, as we should a mill,—it might turn out that here and there a little energy dropped in or out; that some imponderable stream ran a wheel in one place, and that in another place a motion was checked without any apparent cause. We might then reasonably infer that these ejections of force into the physical world and out of it, corresponded to those transitory flashes of existence which alone are observed in the mental sphere. If we found no such breaks in the material universe, however, we ought, it seems to me, to be satisfied with adding our psychology in occasional footnotes to our physics, where by chance be had found it to belong. The mind would have to be treated as a parasite, if that can be called a parasite which consumes nothing of the substance on which it lives. I doubt that your “science” of psychophysics has got within sight of a solution of this question. If it has I beg to be informed, for although I have no preferences in the matter and am quite as willing that the world should have been made on the one plan as on the other, yet I am curious to know what preferences the gods may have shown. Possibly—or is this doubt too irrational for you—the gods don’t run the world on a plan at all, and our principles of intelligibility are not at all the principles of being. The alternative we are discussing may not be a dilemma for nature, but she may live on without laws or, what is the same thing, according to laws beyond our comprehension.

I don’t know whether all this is intelligible. I think I could make it so, if it were worth while, but I suppose you will supply my lacunae yourself eas-
ily enough. What I mean is this merely. Aren’t you in some danger of falling into the habit, so common among philosophers, of taking conceivability for proof? But when a theory is conceived and all logical and moral objections to it are cleared away or ridden over, your theory remains a mere idea one possibility out of the infinite possibilities of being. I ask for evidence that nature is really built so. Is there any?

You will say that you adopt your theory only as a good “way of learning the stuff of the universe.” Very well; but if you adopt it too exclusively you will make other ways of classifying things repugnant and impossible for you; you may miss whole aspects of nature which to others are visible. To my mind there is only one way of learning the stuff of the universe, and that is to reject none, no way of learning it. The universe is a sum of vistas: to talk of any one as adequate is like discussing from which mountain you can view the whole surface of the earth. The universe we deal with is human experience: beyond that, no mythology, nay, not even psycho-physics, can take us. And human experience includes many ways of viewing the world, it is, in fact, a vast succession of momentary ways of viewing it. And the object of our education is to instruct the mind in as many ways and as possible of absorbing experience. Why Greek studies, if not to prevent the loss by humanity of the memory of its happiest moment? Why philosophical studies, if not to increase our possibilities of comprehension, to increase our elasticity of mind? And it is a dream worthy only of the conceit and ignorance of a Hegel to imagine that we can reach one system into which all others will flow like tributary streams, carrying all their wisdom with them. No, unhappily. The human mind can grow in wisdom, let us hope it may long grow in wisdom. But its greater wisdom will be the usurper of its lesser, the destroyer of all that went before. An old man may be wiser than a young man, or as frequently happens infinitely more foolish. But change is change, in whatever direction, and the young man’s “way of learning the stuff of the universe” is necessarily different from the old man’s. And the irreparable changes are more evident still in history. The only way of making our conception and idea of things better than those that others have had is to cultivate our susceptibility, to make ourselves sensitive to the greatest variety of impressions and quick with the greatest number of generalizations and abbreviations of them. They are all good and no one is sufficient, simply because each excludes us from all the others.
Pardon this long letter. I hope we may soon talk these and others matters over. I expect to be about Cambridge on Sept. 15th. Then ofr thereafter I hope to see you there or in Boston.

Ever yours
GSantayana

To Alice Freeman Palmer
Sunday [1890–96] • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Chicago)

My dear Mrs Palmer
It would give me a great deal of pleasure to come to tea tomorrow and meet Miss Monroe, but I have an appointment in town—at the dentist’s—and hardly know when I shall get away. You will believe that if I don’t turn up, it will be very much against my inclination. With many thanks for your kindness
Yours sincerely
GSantayana

7 Stoughton
Sunday
Dear Strong

Many thanks for your interesting article, which has been forwarded to me here. As I have nothing of interest to say about myself or my doings—for I am here as usual on a visit to my father—I will plunge at once into some considerations a propos of your criticism.

Professor Case is wholly unknown to me, and apparently I have no great reason to regret the fact. What you say is so obvious that I need hardly say I agree with it. Only when you get to the bottom of page 6, and make some assertions of your own, do I find any trouble in reproducing your thoughts. “In perception” you say “we have the certitude of a world beyond ourselves.” “What matter is, we know not . . . . for we perceive only the simulacra of things.” “But what mind is, we know.” “Reality which appears to us under the form of a material world.” In this last phrase you seem to admit that phenomena are material in form: the matter of which we are ignorant can only be a supposed metaphysical substratum, not the parts of the material world. Our knowledge of mind is just of this nature: we don’t know the “essential nature” of mind, if you believe there is any essence apart from appearance. We know parts of the psychical world, just as we know parts of the material world: both are phenomena we behold. I wonder at your assuming so boldly that there is a hidden reality of which physical phenomena are the symbols. It is possible, of course; but that is no reason for thinking it true. In perception we have no certitude of a world beyond ourselves, if you mean by ourselves the seat of phenomena. We see an extended world, with our bodies in the middle of it. We have the conception and (while this conception is unchecked) the belief that this extruded world exists eternally and independently. But experience teaches us that our conception of it is dependent on our senses and brain; i.e. that a certain constellation of physical phenomena is the condition of psychical phenomena. But all these discoveries are well within the apparent world—the physical world. For the material world is not a metaphysical object behind phenomena. It is the phenomenon itself. And mind, which you say we know directly, is nothing but the leavings and surplusage of the phenomenal object, those images (imagination and memory) which won’t go to make a permanent and orderly conception of
nature, and are therefore relegated to the sphere of mere appearances—i.e. appearances that don’t count in life. The idea of mind is the counterpart of the idea of objective reality—this is a division which experience teaches us to make within the field of direct appearances. Our part is found to be valid for life and inter-communication—that is called the reality. Another part is found invalid and misleading—that is called the appearance, or the subjective world. But the stuff of both is exactly the same—sensations and conceptions—and in so far as they have a describable content at all, this content is spatial, so that all alike are ideas of matter. I should flatly deny that we know mind more directly than we know matter. What we have before us—what constitutes of our vision—is a mass of ideas, all essentially spatial and material in form (with emotional qualities, to be sure, which, being useless as information, are all afterwards relegated to the subjective sphere.) By sifting and combining these ideas we gain conceptions of independent permanent things; and by contrast to these independent permanent things, we call the fleeting and unclassified images appearances or mental facts. Of course, if you mean by mind not any definite sphere of reality—not the subject-matter of psychology—but the transcendental self—the seat of all these sensations, conceptions, and beliefs—in fact, the world itself as a phenomenon—of course all we know is mental, it is phenomenal, it is a vision and a dream. But this is an utterly futile and idle reflection. It leads no where. I have no surety or hint of anything except as it appears and suggests itself to me now. But the moment I focus my attention, and look about to see what sort of a world I am dreaming about, I find nothing but matter, matter, matter, and mind as its occasional product and accompaniment.

In brief: if you mean by mind the transcendental consciousness—my consciousness now as the source and seat of all reality and truth for me—you have no business to suppose anything whatever beyond it, physical or psychical. If you mean by mind a certain class of objects or phenomena—objects which life and convention regards as invalid and merely personal—then you are wrong in saying that we know mind more directly than matter, for it is only by making out the laws of matter that we fix the limits and differentiate the character of subjective facts.

You invoke the authority of Kant, and in the same breath bring out evidence about the nature of things in themselves. To my mind, Kant’s great achievement is to show that we must dream our dream, that it is absurd to try to talk of any thing but the objects our faculties discover to us; and that the only relations between mind and matter we can make out at all, are the
relations between various phenomena—between the empirical self and the objects in space and time. This relation, as you so clearly show, is being fast made out by experiment and study. It is a relation in which mind appears as the accompaniment of certain transformations of brain tissue; and that is all that is to be said about it.

You won’t blame me if on such a subject I haven’t been perfectly clear. I should be glad if what I say would call out some explanations from you, so that I might clarify my own thoughts on the matter.

I expect to be in Boston on Sept. 13. If you come at any time after that, don’t fail to look me up. I shall be in the same room at Cambridge

Yours ever
GSantayana

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To Henry Ward Abbot
15 February 1892 [postmark] • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Columbia)

7 Stoughton
Sunday

Dear Harry

I shall be very glad to come and dine with you on Thursday and meet Mr Silsbee. I once saw him for a moment at Mrs Don’s, but he probably doesn’t remember me.

I am very much pleased with what people have said of my verses lately, and I am making up my mind to try and publish more, finally following your advice of long ago. The reason is that having deteriorated and become worldly I want the world to think me a poet and philosopher; while I really had the temper of one I despised the world as it deserves. I also should like to have a reputation and a resource to back me in my academic life, which is resolutely unconventional, and which people may not always put up with. But I will never be a professor unless I can be one, as it were, per accidens. I would rather beg than be one essentially.—With many thanks, Yours ever G.S.
To Isabella Stewart Gardner
26 February 1892 • [Cambridge, Massachusetts] (MS: Unknown)

Impromptu
Three things are infinite: the Sea
Of griefs uncomforred unknown,
The laughter of the stars at me,
    And Music’s woof of peal and moan—

With thanks for an unforgettable evening from
G. Santayana

To Josiah Royce
6 March 1892 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Harvard)

7 Stoughton
March 6. 92.

Dear Prof. Royce

I have been waiting to thank you for your book, which I got long ago, until I had read enough in it to have some just sense of the value of the gift. I perceive now that it is much more than a mere record to your lectures, as we heard them; a thousand things that one overlooked or forgot in the hearing stand out in the printed page and stick in the memory. It is marvellous to me that you should have been able to write a book so full of enthusiasm and humanity in circumstances of such external pressure and distraction. I have read the appendices with special care, and feel much enlightened by them not only in regard to Hegel, but even in regard to Kant. Many things that are vaguely before one are not made really known until one comes upon the just and brief expression of them.
It must be a great satisfaction to you to have brought into the world so attractive and inspiring a book, and I am grateful to you for having sent me a copy of it.

Always faithfully yours
GSantayana

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To Isabella Stewart Gardner
29 March 1892 • [Cambridge, Massachusetts] (MS: Unknown)

To
I. S. G.
a Lenten Greeting.

Sonnet
They must find it sweet to pray
Who like you have understood
All the beauty of the good,
All the virtue of the gay.
By the thought that we are clay
Is proud grief itself subdued;
May the Spirit of the Rood
In all sorrow be your stay!
Spring your pleasures will renew,—
For the heart is merry after
Which to Heaven hath been true,—
And, more low for lenten calm,
Then the music of your laughter
Will have joy as of a psalm

G.S.

March • 29 • 1892
To Isabella Stewart Gardner  
[Spring 1892 or 1894] • Cambridge, Massachusetts  
(MS: Gardner)

Dear Mrs Gardner

Alas! I am not going to Venice at all, not even to Paris or Avila, but only to Mr. Davidson’s school of philosophy in the Adirondacks. Where else I may go, I hardly care, I am so disappointed at missing the many pleasures of being in Venice with you. But the obstacles are too great. I can’t get off on the 28th of May, on account of my work not being over; the next steamer is on June 18,—too late! And any other way of going is impossible on account of the expense—as I am this year particularly impecunious. It was a great comfort in the midst of all this, to get the tickets for the concerts and think you had remembered me so kindly upon going away. I will send them back to Johns before the last concert, as you [across] wished. The first, or rather last, concert was very nice indeed—some delightful Mozart—I felt a little confused when the orchestra looked up at me expecting to see something so much more interesting in that place. What a good place it is, too, to hear from! Conrad Slade went with me, and was also much obliged for that pleasure to you. Will you give my love to Howard Cushing when you see him, together with many regrets at not seeing him this summer.

Yours penitentially

GSantayana

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1. Thomas Davidson (1840–1900) was a Scottish-born American philosopher who came to Canada in 1866 and moved to the U.S. On an 1883 visit to London he founded the Fellowship of the New Life, out of which the Fabian Society developed. Later he established a summer school at his home in the Adirondacks (Hugo Münsterberg taught at this school the summer of 1894) as well as lecture classes for workers in New York City. He served as a tutor, traveled extensively in Europe, and wrote several books on philosophy and education.

2. Conrad Hensler Slade (b. 1871), the most Nordic of Santayana's American friends, was a member of the class of 1893 and a sculptor. He "was content to live in Paris among poor artists and working people, with none of the comforts or social pleasures among which he had been bred." At Harvard, Slade had rowed with the varsity crew. Described by Santayana as "very good-looking in the expressionless, statuesque manner" and of a solitary, independent nature, Slade was one of the models for Oliver Alden in *Puritan*. Slade's personality and adventures also contributed to Santayana's conception of the *Puritan* character Mario Van de Weyer. See *Persons*, 383–84.

3. Howard Gardiner Cushing (1869–1916) was a member of the Harvard class of 1891 and a painter. See *Persons*, 348–49.
To William Cameron Forbes
1 December 1892 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Houghton)

Dec • 1 • 92

Dear Cam

I am delighted to hear you are going to Spain, and I hope you will not fail to stop at Avila and take this note to my sister. You will find her house very near the Fonda del Ingles, to which you will go, I suppose, and any waiter will show you the way there or take the note. I shall be very glad to hear of your impressions of Spain and especially of Avila. I expect to go there myself in the summer, but probably not so early as to miss you when you come home.

Things are as usual. They have, however, raised my salary unasked to $1500, which makes me rich and happy for the time being, and consoles me for the approach of my twenty-ninth birthday. We have snow on the ground now, but not enough to last until Christmas.

I wish I were travelling about with you, and hope you will have as delightful a time as you ought to under the circumstances. Yours ever

GSantayana

To Mary Augusta Jordan
19 December [1892] • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Smith)

My dear Miss Jordan

Norman Hapgood has kindly told me that you were to be at Mrs. Minot’s this week, and that you had some project about my going to Smith College during the next term for a visit. Will you let me know if I shall find you in on Thursday or Friday afternoon, and at what time? Hoping I may have the pleasure of seeing you, I am
To Horatius Bonar Hastings
20 December [1892] • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Unknown)

Dec 20.

My dear Mr Hastings

I shall be perfectly satisfied if you hand in your thesis after the vacation. I have given extra time in several cases, for a less weighty reason than yours.

Yours truly

GSantayana

To Sara Norton
Friday [1893] • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Virginia)

My dear Miss Norton

I shall be delighted to come to dinner today at seven and to hear Prince Wolkonsky read his paper. With many thanks for your kind note and invitation

Yours very truly

GSantayana

7 Stoughton

Friday
To Hugo Münsterberg
Saturday [1893] • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Boston)

My dear Professor Münsterberg,

I am very glad to know that you are feeling well enough to return to the laboratory, and if I can be of any use upon Wednesday evening, I shall come with pleasure, and say a very few words. They will have to be very few indeed as my scanty knowledge of Mediaeval theories of the Will will not allow of more. In fact, I doubt that very much material exists for treatment. However, I will do what I can.

I wish I might have done something for you during your illness, following so close upon your bereavement, but both Professor Royce and Dr. Wesselhaft told me there was nothing to be done. But although I have done nothing to manifest it, I have indeed felt a great deal of sympathy for you and for Mrs Münsterberg in her sorrow and anxiety.

Believe me very truly yours

GSantayana

7 Stoughton
Saturday.
To Horatius Bonar Hastings
14 April 1893 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Santayana)

7 Stoughton
April 14 • 93

My dear Mr Hastings

Mr Henshaw showed me yesterday the very careful and full notes you took in Phil. 8. Might I borrow them long enough to have them copied? They will be very useful to me as they are much more full than the brief headings from which I lectured I am thinking of publishing a little book based on these discussions, so that your notes will be invaluable to me.

Yours very truly
GSantayana

To William Cameron Forbes
[Spring 1893] • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Houghton)

Dear Cam

I was delighted to get your letter and to know you had seen my sister and liked Avila of which I am very fond although it isn’t an exciting place, as you may imagine. My sister has also written about your visit. She says she was sorry not to be able to ask you to stay at her house, but she thought that as no one but herself spoke English the situation might be a little uncomfortable. You were, she says, a great success with the boys, who were delighted with your stamps. They pitied you very much for not speaking Spanish and being a heretic. However, they realized that it was more your misfortune than your fault. It is too bad you couldn’t have come when I was there; we might have made some expeditions into the country. I sail on June 10th in the Fulda for Gibraltar. Guy Lowell is going too, but will not land with me, as he meets his family in Italy. —This club is getting on very well; ’95 is a great class, and I can even come down in the afternoon with a loaf of cake under my arm and get three or four fellows to have some tea. There is much talk now about the novel topic of panelling.
the room, also about the novel one of the first ten. At this moment Julian, Austin Potter, and Hewitt Morgan are having lunch in the next room, Irving is looking at the Illustrated London News in Chalker Walker’s long chair, and I am writing at the table by the window. I now have my first breakfast (2 eggs and tea) in my room while I dress, and after my morning lecture come down here for a second breakfast or lunch, which I get at about twelve. Hoedke, our new man, is faithful, although a little slow and stupid, and too conversational. ’94 is a poor class. Lincoln Davis and Percy Turnure are the only good men here, besides Bob Blake. But ’95, as I said before, is splendid, although they have one goat among the sheep, which is not much considering that there was one Judas among the twelve apostles.—Ever since my expedition to Naushon I have been developing a great fondness for the country, and now I try to get out of town every Sunday. Last Sunday Boylston Beal and I with two sophomores drove to Concord, had dinner, saw the sights, and drove back in great form, with splendid weather to favour us. I am going again to Groton with Warwick Potter, and also to Amherst, for now I like to visit all sorts of colleges. Yale I think delightful, although it be heresy to say so, and Amherst is very pretty. Even Smith has its charms. I went to lecture there not long ago, and had a fine time. The girls were very attentive, and took me to dinner and supper with them. Twenty eight girls, two matrons, and one man is a novel dinner party, but very charming I assure you. Before long I shall have to return there, for it would never do to have the dear things forget me altogether. The Annex is now quite a matter of course for your humble servant; we get along very nicely together. The Annex maid is not very learned; she is rather foolish and very sensitive, on the whole not at all dangerous. You tell me nothing of your plans. Are you coming back soon, or has one any chance of seeing you in Europe this summer? I expect to reach England about the middle of August. Next year, at any rate, we must have some of our oldtime dinners. Your brother Edward is in the club now, as you know, and comes down a good deal. He reminds me of you in some ways, and I hope we shall be good friends before long. It will take him a little while to feel quite at home here, I suppose; the men don’t seem to be his most intimate friends, but it will not take them long to become so. Altogether the club is now very pleasant, and the bad luck of ’93 and ’94 is getting to be a thing of the past.

Yours as ever
GSantayana
Persons, 349–50) It was originated by Thoron, Lyman, and Beal of Santayana's class of 1886. Santayana had no money for dues as an undergraduate and did not become a member until he returned from Germany in the fall of 1888. About 1898 it became a final club, changing its name to the Delphic Club.

Susan had married Celedonio Sastre Serrano, a widower with six children.

Guy Lowell (1870–1927) received degrees from Harvard (1892), Massachusetts Institute of Technology (1894), and École des Beaux-Arts in Paris (1899). A successful American architect and confirmed classicist, his designs include the New York County Courthouse.

First ten refers to the method by which Harvard men from about 1880 to World War I were ranked socially and designated eligible for membership in clubs. "The whole membership from each class, either at the end of its sophomore or the beginning of its junior year, chose the first 'ten' from the next class; this 'first ten' chose the second, these two the third, and so on until the limit had been reached. Until 1904 the names were printed in the college and Boston papers in the exact order of their election, and the whole list served as an index of social rating." (Harvard, 423–24) See Santayana's "The Judgment of Paris or How the First-Ten Man Chooses a Club," Complete Poems, 492–96.

Julian Codman (1870–1932), son of Lucy Sturgis and Charles Codman, was Santayana's student and a member of the Harvard class of 1892. Later a corporate and real estate lawyer, he was a leader in efforts to repeal Prohibition. Austin Potter (Harvard, 1895) was the brother of Warwick and Robert Burnside Potter. James Hewitt Morgan (d. 1909) was a member of Harvard's class of 1894. Alexander Duer Irving (1873–1941), Harvard class of 1895, became an insurance broker. Chalker was probably Brooks Walker, a member of Harvard's class of 1895.

Hoedke is unidentified. Lincoln Davis (Harvard, A.B. 1894, M.D. 1898) taught anatomy and surgery at Harvard. Percy Rivington Turnure (Harvard, A.B. 1894) received the A.M. (1898) and M.D. (1898) from Columbia. Robert Parkman Blake died in 1914.

Warwick Potter (1870–93), a student and friend of Santayana, was a member of the Harvard class of 1893. Warwick's unexpected death had a profound effect on Santayana (see Persons, 423). The four sonnets "To W. P." are in Complete Poems, 125–27.

The Harvard Annex, organized by an association for Private Collegiate Instruction for Women (CIW), was located at 15 Appian Way. It opened in 1879 with courses taught by Harvard professors in their spare time. In 1894 the CIW received a state charter as Radcliffe College. (Harvard, 391–92) Students at the Harvard Annex were called Annex maids.

Edward Waldo Forbes, a member of the Harvard class of 1895, received an LL.D. from the University of Pittsburgh (1927), served as director of the Fogg Art Museum, and was a Fellow of the American Academy.
To Louisa Adams Beal
3 July 1893 • Ávila, Spain (MS: Houghton)

My dear Mrs Beal

I can’t resist the impulse to write you a few words to say how delighted I am with the news. You must feel very happy to see Boylston’s long wish realised, and to have so charming a girl become a member of the family. I only wish I were able to see you sooner, and hear all about this event, which is in one way a surprise, because I had no idea things had got so far already. I believed it would be ultimately, however. Boylston deserves to get the girl of his choice, even if she is the finest girl in Boston, and I was sure, if she had any sense, she would not refuse him. I am longing for my trip to come to an end, although it has been a very pleasant one, in order to get back to Boston and shake hands all round over this auspicious event.

Please give my regards to Mr Beal, who I am sure must feel a great satisfaction, too, and believe me

Yours very sincerely

GSantayana
Avila
July 3, ’93

To Boylston Adams Beal
4 July 1893 [postmark] • Ávila, Spain (MS: Houghton)

Dear Boylston

Nothing that could have happened would have given me the pleasure this news does. I got it yesterday in Madrid, through a letter of my sister’s, to whom Mrs. Grew had written. You must be very happy, dear old boy, I hoped this would happen, but didn’t expect it so soon. I believed it would be, because I could see that your love for her was real and that she was too clever and sensible a girl to despise the chance to be happy, or not to find out what an angel you are. This is perfectly fine and makes me feel so un-Laodicean that I should like to give three cheers for you both. I had not noticed anything amiss about you, except your early hours; of course for
the present we renounce you, but everything has its time, and you must not say hard things about bachelorhood and its joys, which have a tenderness of their own which, faute de mieux no doubt, I cling to still. You shall have a box all to yourself, as once before, and I shall have a beautiful long coat for the wedding. I want to write to Elsie, too, and have so many letters today that I stop here. God bless you. G. S.

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**To William Cameron Forbes**

6 July 1893 • Ávila, Spain (MS: Houghton)

Avila. July 6, 93.

Dear Cam

My sister has asked me to answer your letter for her, which she would have done long before this if she had not been full of things to attend to. Her husband has been laid up with a sprained ankle and to-day they go to the farm for the wheat harvest. I am going to spend a day there next week, and get a glimpse of agriculture as it is. I expect to leave Ávila about August 1st and go to the Pyrenees and Paris and reach London about the 15th I sail on September 3rd from Southampton. Write me if you are near London thru o Brown Shipley & Co.—My sister suggests the books on the list which I enclose. There doesn’t seem to be a great plenty of readable books in Spanish. People here read translations from the French. The Episodios nacionales are a lot of volumes; these mentioned in the list are perhaps the best. If you want an old but very amusing book, read the Lazarillo de Tormes. I suppose your Spanish studies are on account of the West Indies and Honduras. I had no idea you were at it.—Guy Lowell and I came together to Gibraltar, and both managed to keep pretty well: I didn’t miss a meal until the seventh day, which is a record for me. Guy is probably in Italy now; I have not heard from him since we separated at
Cordoba. The great piece of news is Boylston’s engagement to Elsie Grew, which of course you have heard. It was not entirely a surprise to me, although I didn’t expect it so soon. It is a splendid thing, and shows she is as sensible as she is charming.—I envy you at Cambridge. I was once there during the Eights’ week, and had a fine time. Here nothing interrupts the monotony of life, although this year I have the novelty of finding my sister in the midst of her queer new family. I am getting fond of them, and may have to adopt one of the boys. It is quicker than raising one, and cheaper.

Yours ever

GSantayana
seen. I am now with my sister, who lives here with her husband and children, and leave to-morrow evening for London. I hope I may see you in New York or Chicago.

Yours faithfully    GSantayana

To John Corbin
11 October 1893 • Cambridge, Massachusetts   (MS: Virginia)

My dear Mr Corbin

You were very good to remember my interest in my little book, and to take so much trouble to get it back to me. I shall go to 23 H. for it; I have just come from there, but Mr. Gillespie was out. I don’t want to wait till I find him before I thank you very sincerely for your kindness.

Please give my regards to Williams when you see him and believe me

Very truly yours

GSantayana

Oct. 11. 93

To William Cameron Forbes
9 December 1893 • Cambridge, Massachusetts   (MS: Houghton)

Dec • 9 • 93

DELTA PHI CLUB.

Dear Cam

Next Saturday, December 16, is my thirtieth birthday, and I wish all my friends to come and console me at a beer night here at ten o’clock. If you have no more attractive engagement, won’t you come early and dine with me at half past six at the Colonial Club? I have been hoping to see you
before this, but have been rather ill and full of engagements. I depend upon your coming, if not to dinner, at least afterwards, since nothing keeps up after twelve on Saturday night— Yours as ever

GSantayana

To Herbert S. Stone and Hannibal I. Kimball
11 December 1893 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Virginia)

Dec • 11 • 93

Messrs Stone & Kimball

Gentlemen.

I have looked over my manuscripts and think I shall be able to make a collection of suitable pieces that will fill at least sixty pages. There is a sequence of twenty sonnets, besides a few miscellaneous ones, and enough other stuff to fill up. The longest and, as I think, best poem is one which it may not be wise to print, as it is somewhat free in subject and expression. I am myself indifferent to criticism on that score, but I conceive that it might be objectionable from your point of view. There are also a few translations, if you think them worth printing. I will write out a copy for you to inspect during the Xmas vacation. As regards a title, I should suggest Sonnets and other verses. I dislike fancy or botanical titles for books of verse. The get up I should also wish to be simple and dignified. If all this meets with your approval you can go ahead and announce the book.

Yours truly

GSantayana
To William Cameron Forbes
16 December 1893 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Houghton)

Dec • 16 • 93

DELTA PHI CLUB.

Dear Cam

I am very sorry to hear that you are laid up, and I mean to come and see you during the vacation, when I suppose you will be up again. Dibblee has gone today. He has been called to California because his father is not well. I am afraid it is something serious, although it is not given out as such. I wish you could be here tonight. Most of the old stagers have promised to come, and it will be real “setting party”. Please thank your father for his kind note, and get well quickly. It must be a nuisance to be tied up, but I suppose it is the only way under the circumstances.

Yours ever
GSantayana

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To Norman Hapgood

16 December 1893 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Unknown)

Dear Norman:

My answer must be also without any news of importance and with no other object than to get the pleasant illusion of a little confab with you. Today is my thirtieth birthday and I feel tolerably happy. The past has had its pleasures and the future will not be without its consolations.

As you know I made my peace with nature long ago, and I continue to feel that my vocation is found in the protest of quietness against an agitation which has not made out its rationality. Thought ought to lighten the burden of existence, to keep us from vanities, and square our accounts with the universe. The turgid thought that prevails in our day and generation is itself an unregulated passion, an imposition of the unnecessary, and an aggression against our natural contentment. It becomes clearer to me every day that both in teaching and living our need is simplification, mea-
sure and docility to the facts. How can such a spirit fail to lead us in the direction both of truth and of the greatest possible happiness?

GSantayana

To William Cameron Forbes
Tuesday [c. 1894 or 1895] • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Houghton)

Tuesday

DELTA PHI CLUB.

Dear Cam

Will you dine with me on Friday of this week at the Delta Phi at seven o’clock? Guy Murchie will be here, and you must come and make him feel at home. Don’t dress; even the rest of us won’t. I expect to have only Julian, if he can come, and if not Hal Coolidge, so that it will be your ideal Naushon party of last December.

Yours ever

GSantayana

To Charles William Eliot
23 June 1894 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Harvard)

7 Stoughton
June 23 ‘94

My dear Mr Eliot

I wish to express to you my regret that my whim in going to New London should have led to such unhappy results. I cannot apologise without hypocrisy for my way of carrying on the Examinations, even if a more suspicious attitude could have prevented this abuse. But I lament that I should have undertaken an office which evidently demanded another kind of person. I should be sorry to think that this mistake had contributed to bring annoyance to you or disrepute to the college.

Yours very truly

GSantayana
To Guy Murchie
[1 August 1894] • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Murchie)

7 Stoughton
Wednesday

Dear Murchie

I meant to have said this morning when I saw you how much I appreciate your invitation. It was very sweet of you to ask us, and we are both very sorry not to accept. Russell blamed me this morning for not having brought you to lunch to-day; but there may be another person here, a friend of his, and I thought you would find it pleasanter another day. Come on Friday to breakfast at 9.15 if you can, and we shall see how the weather is and arrange some expedition. We both leave on Saturday, Lord Russell for California and I for Cotuit where I stay a fortnight so I shall hardly see you again until October

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Guy Murchie
20 November 1894 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Murchie)

Dear Murchie

Here is a bad consequence of our talk of the other night. However, being “the only begetter of this ensuing sonnet,” you should be presented with the child. Yours ever

GS

You thought: “The vapourous world on which I gaze
Why is it beautiful? Why in the dome
Of silent heaven do the planets roam
In patient reckoning of the hallowed days?
Why do the resinous pine woods, the bays
Grey ’twixt the islets, or the pregnant loam
With keen sweet voices speak to me of home?
’Tis God within them hearkens to my praise.”
To yours he may: to me the frozen sod
And barren stars are piteous, and no God
Called to me ever from the sullen sea.
Yet have I known him, in my soul apart
Worshiped him long, and found him in your heart.
What higher heaven should his dwelling be?

Θet November 20, 94.

To Guy Murchie
23 December [1894] • Cambridge, Massachusetts

Dear Guy

I was at the Bancroft’s last night and will give you an accurate description of all I saw. In the first place it was a smaller and more intimate gathering than I had expected, some forty or fifty people, and no supper, so that you had a pleasant feeling that every one had come from a genuine interest in the event. Captain Flack had arrived that morning, and complained of the discomfort of the night journey from New York (or New’york, as he called it.) His English is good but not very fluent. That fact as well as the trying situation may explain his seeming a little dull. I made a foolish attempt to amuse him. ‘They say’, said I, ‘that in America all men are born free and equal and all women superior to the men’.—a joke from last year’s Pudding play I think. He looked puzzled and said ‘Do they say that?’ He is a well built light haired man, of the type that looks very youthful at a distance but rather oldish near to, like Dean Briggs. He is of
medium height, with a nice ugly face and altogether a naval appearance.—Here is an incident not without interest. An old lady I was talking to pointed out Miss Bancroft introducing Winslow Clarke to the happy man. ‘How pathetic,’ she cried, ‘the old lover meeting the successful one.’ I knew nothing of such an affair but my dear gossip assured me it had been an old quasi-understanding among all the family friends. If it is true, it explains better why Clarke, whose friendship for me has been rather a memory of late, insisted on my going to supper with him and Jim Putnam, as in the old days. We sat up until half past one over chicken sandwiches devilled eggs, Camembert cheese, and beer, and talked of nothing but their college adventures, without a word about the present marriage.—The bride-to-be seemed very happy and gay, and looked better than at the Gray’s party. I told her that as I was something of a wanderer too, I hoped to meet her some day in an unexpected corner of the earth, and she was very gracious and friendly in talking about that possibility. Mrs Bancroft was beaming. Mr Bancroft was not, but sat in a chair and looked rather unhappy.

You must enjoy yourself and get thoroughly well during these holidays. It is very natural to be somewhat upset in one’s senior year. One begins to see the end of college days and the perplexities of the future make one reflect. One discovers the difficulty of fancying any career that shall be wholly satisfying, even in prospect. We have to learn to love the imperfect for the beautiful things it contains, and that takes discipline. The alternative is to mistake the imperfect for the perfect, which to my mind is a much sadder fate. But I am getting melancholy which is out of season. I meant to send you a copy of the Apocryphal [across] Gospels for Christmas, but the book had to be bound so that you will not get it until your return, when I hope to see you full of the p. j. of y.

Yours ever
G.S.
To Gertrude Stein
[1895 or 1896] • [Cambridge, Massachusetts?] (MS: Beinecke)

My dear Miss Stein

Friday evening is perfectly convenient, and you may expect me at 7.45 at Miss Yerxa’s.

If you don’t think the subject too vast I should like to talk about ‘Faith and Criticism’.

Yours very truly

GSantayana

To Charles Eliot Norton
28 February 1895 [postmark] • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Houghton)

My dear Mr Norton

I was very glad to see Mr Blaydes yesterday, and to talk over with him things English and American. As I asked him to tell you, I had a class here at half past seven, and could not accept your kind invitation to dinner. I am very much obliged to you for it, as well as for sending me our Cambridge visitor

Yours very truly

GSantayana

7 Stoughton

Thursday
To Macmillan and Co.

2 May 1895 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

Cambridge, Mass
May 2, 1895

Macmillan & Co

Gentlemen.

I beg to thank you for the copy of Marshall’s *Aesthetic Principles* which I have just received. It seems to be a very attractive and judicious little book and I have no doubt will be serviceable to classes studying the subject. My own class will not be held next year. The lectures which I have for three years given in the psychology of taste have now taken shape in a book, which is practically finished, and which I had thought of submitting to you, in hopes you might find it convenient to publish it, as I think no other house would give it so acceptable a form or secure for it so good a public. My book is rather longer, more systematic and, I think, more philosophical than Marshall’s: but it has the same general tendency of thought. I suspect, therefore, that you may not care to consider the publication of it; but if you do, I should be glad to send you the MS for inspection, which ^ will be ready in a few weeks.

Yours truly

GSantayana

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To Herbert S. Stone and Hannibal I. Kimball

4 June 1895 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

Cambridge
June 4, 95

Dear Stone & Kimball

Can you let me have two copies of the large edition of my verses? I have given the last I had away—to Fullerton, who has just been here—and
should like to make one or two other gifts of it before I leave for Europe on June 22.—I also wanted to ask you whether the second edition is a de facto one, and whether it would be possible to add a number of sonnets—as many again, almost—and some other pieces in any future printing of the book. I shall have a good deal ready in the autumn, and if you saw your way to a really second edition, enlarged and improved, I should be very glad. —Your removal to Chicago seems to have been auspicious, to judge from the prosperity of the Chap Book, which I receive with punctuality, and observe with interest. I wish you were still here, however, for my own convenience and pleasure. If you publish me from Chicago, however, I shall feel like a poet of the future.

Yours very truly

GSantayana

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**To William Cameron Forbes**

18 June 1895 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Santayana)

Cambridge
June • 18 • 95

Dear Cam,

Thank you very much for your copy of *Life and Death*. I like the verses more the more I read them and think about them, and I foresee that I shall end by writing an imitation of them in my own style, which, if ever done, I shall quickly send to you for your criticism. The change you made doesn't seem to me an improvement. It avoids the awkwardness of “well-coming”, but it is less natural and expressive. The final words seemed tagged on, to the lines. But I like the movement of the thing as a whole, and above all the noble, chivalrous sentiment of it, which is worthy of you, dear Cam, and just like yourself. I am afraid my tricked-out version will have little of it. Be good to yourself this summer, and let me find you really well when I return in September, when I hope I may come out to Milton again to see you, which is For the present my cry is Avila, Avila!

Yours ever  
GSantayana
To Macmillan and Co.
19 June 1895 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: New York)

Cambridge
June 19 • 95

Messrs Macmillan & Co

Gentlemen:

This morning I sent you by express the manuscript of my book on Aesthetics “The Sense of Beauty” about which I had already written to you, and received from you a very kind and welcome reply. I leave on Saturday for Spain, sailing from New York on the Werra. My address during the summer will be care of Brown Shipley & Co, London, but I shall be at Avila, in Spain, during July, and any communication sent to me there will reach me more directly. I shall of course be glad to hear from you as soon as possible. This book has been so long in preparation that I am eager to have the last uncertainties in regard to it over, and to feel that it is, as far as I am concerned, a thing of the past.

Yours very truly
Gsantayana
Dear Guy

I have taken my passage for the eleventh in the ‘Richmond Hill’ which takes thirteen days to get from London to New York. The fare, however, is only ten guineas, and they say the ship is comfortable and empty. I join Russell tomorrow at Woodstock. My address until I sail is 87 Jermyn Street, and I hope if you feel like it you will write me a line to tell me your plans, and how soon you graduate from Coignet University.

I have only a bad reason for writing tonight, which is the sonnet opposite. But you should forgive it, considering that it has (for us) a historical if not an aesthetic interest.

Your Chapman is not forgotten, but you must be patient; they are looking one up. Yours afflix

GS

Brévent

O dweller in the valley, lift thine eyes
To where, above the drift of cloud, the stone
Endures in silence, and to God alone
Upturns its furrowed visage, and is wise.
There yet is being, far from all that dies,
And beauty, where no mortal maketh moan,
Where larger spirits swim the liquid zone,
And other spaces stretch to other skies.
Only a little way above the plain
Is snow eternal; round the mountains’ knees
Hovers the fury of the wind and rain.
Look up, and teach thy noble heart to cease
From endless labour. There is perfect peace
Only a little way above thy pain.

The end of this sounds as if it had been inspired by Mrs Louise Chandler Moulton. But it is written. Let it go.
To Lawrence Smith Butler
[1895–96?] • [New York, New York] (MS: University Club)

49 West 44th Street

Dear Lawrence

It is truly provoking, but I have to go to an early dinner in Brooklyn—something academic—and much as I want to see and hear you, it will be impossible tomorrow afternoon. I am very sorry. You must manage to be at something that I am going to—perhaps the Blair Fairchilds’ on Friday evening, else I don’t see how I am to see you before I go, as all my regular dates are taken up. We must manage somehow, though, as it would be too absurd not to see you at all.

Yours ever

GSantayana

Santayana met Lawrence Smith Butler (1875–1954) during an Atlantic crossing in June 1895. After graduation from Harvard in 1898, Butler studied at the Beaux Arts. A nephew of Stanford White, he too became an architect. He cultivated his fine tenor voice, studying with Jean de Reszke in Paris. But, like poor Oliver Alden [of Puritan], he could only sing what he felt and, hence, failed to become an artist vocally. (See Persons, 381–82.)
To Lawrence Smith Butler  
Monday [1895–96?] • [New York, New York?]  

Dear Butler

I am very unlucky about seeing you. You won’t see me on Thursday, as I go to Rice’s wedding and then to a dinner. As I told you, my time is pretty much taken up until I leave, on Wednesday or Thursday of next week. Could you by chance dine with me on Wednesday of this week, after your race? You may have some other plan, but if not, come to the Empire, and I will promise to take good care of you if, after your long training, the fumes should go to your head. It is the only evening I have now. Let me know if you will come, and at what time. Any hour is convenient for me. I shall be in all day tomorrow, Tuesday, if you care to come in, but not in the evening. I am sorry you don’t come to lunch.

Yours ever

GSantayana

Monday night.

To Lawrence Smith Butler  
Thursday [1895–96] • Cambridge, Massachusetts  

7 S.

Thursday

Dear Butler

I was very much disappointed at not seeing you in New York. Won’t you come in for a while this evening after the concert and have a temperance drink?

Yours ever

GSantayana
To Macmillan and Co.
3 October 1895 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: New York)

7 Stoughton
Cambridge
Mass

Oct • 3 • 95

Gentlemen.

I received a few days ago your polite note about my MS, but the MS itself has not arrived. Would you be so kind as to see that it is sent me at once, as a further delay would be rather inconvenient for me

Yours very truly
GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong
10 November 1895 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Rockefeller)

Cambridge
Nov 10 ’95

Dear Strong

I am delighted you thought of sending me your article, not only because I shall enjoy reading it very much, but even more because it proves you have not forgotten an old friend in spite of such a long absence of communication between us. Are you again active at Chicago this winter? If so, do you see my Harvard friends there, and does the place continue to please you? I got such a favourable impression of it when I was there two years ago. This summer I have been in Europe again, in Spain for a while, and afterwards with Loeser in Italy and Switzerland, coming back finally by way of England and an economical cattle steamer. It was interesting, but not all I should have wished in the way of a change of life. This may come before long, however as there seems to be a crisis coming on in my relations with Harvard, and I hardly expect to remain here after this year. I shall not unless they make me an assistant professor. My plan is to go to London for a year, and see what will turn up after that. The
change of intellectual surroundings would do me a lot of good. Let me hear from you soon.

Yours ever
GSantayana

To Guy Murchie
1 December 1895 • Naushon, Massachusetts (MS: Murchie)

Sunday, 10 a.m.
Dec. 1 ’95
NAUSHON.

Dear Guy

I am all alone here this morning and must write you a word simply because it is so beautiful a place that I want to tell you about it before the enthusiasm of the moment has time to cool. Cam Forbes, Harold Coolidge, Bert Dibblee, and I have come down for a couple of days, and the other three went off this morning at four o’clock in the launch to shoot duck, leaving me to sleep the sleep of the lazy; the weather is crisp clear and bracing, the water in all directions sparkling and blue, the woods ankle-deep in dead leaves, the crows caw away, the deer peep now and then from behind the bushes, and the sheep nibble what green grass they can still find among the moss and stubble. Just now a number of very philosophical kine are gazing at me through the windows. It is a lovely island; the harbour, beyond which one sees Wood’s Hole, is like these those landscapes, all little hills and sheets of water, that the old masters like to put behind their Madonnas. I was here once before in winter and discovered how much more beautiful nature is then than in summer, at least to me. There is more variety of colour; all these browns, russets, yellows, and purples are blended in the subtlest and more most interesting ways; there is an expression of sincerity, as it were, about the naked landscape that appeals to me immensely. There is more truth in this than in the season when every thing is mascarading in green. The articulation of the branches is also plainer now, and they are seldom really bare. At the entrance of the avenue to this house there are two elms which may someday grow to be like those we admired, as you may remember, in front of
the Lawrence’s house at Groton. They are as yet not very big; but I wish I could paint them as they looked yesterday, with their perfectly [remainder missing]

To Guy Murchie
12 March 1896 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Murchie)

Cambridge
March, 12 ’96

Dear Guy

The pen was literally in my hand to begin a letter to you when it was stopped by the arrival of your note and the new thoughts it suggested. It is pleasant to know that you are so well, and to know it directly from yourself. How I wish I could ride with you over those snowy ridges, where I suppose I shouldn’t be much hurt if I was thrown a few times from the saddle. In time I should learn to stay on, if I had a sufficient incentive. When you come back (in a month or two n’est-ce pas?) we can go away for a day or two into the country. You would make me very happy if you made up your mind to come and stay with me here, but I understand that it may not suit your plans. My visit to you on that Monday night was mal à propos, and I felt it. You hadn’t said Briggs was to dine with you and I had come in hopes of having a good talk. You had done nothing to put me out, but it seemed necessary to get out as quickly as possible, as that was the second time that day that I had found myself stepping inopportune between you and your friends. I am sorry if I betrayed my chagrin. That is what you must mean by saying that I needn’t have gone away without even saying goodbye. Of course I said goodbye; not very elaborately, to be sure, since you used to dislike leavetakings, but you may remember that I told you to come to see me again if you remained longer about Boston, and that in any case we should meet in the other world. Wasn’t that saying goodbye with a vengeance?

I continue to hear about your courtship from all sorts of people. The general feeling is that you would be a lucky man, and that you are carrying on a determined campaign. Your friends, on the contrary, don’t seem to like the idea, because they want you to work out your own salvation,
and not make a lifelong choice before you know what you will be and what you
will want. My own feelings are mixed. The match presents all the conditions
which you know I desire for you; it seems ideal. Yet I have a lurking suspicion
that your own reasons and deliberate choice are passive in the matter; that you
are being overpowered with encouragement, and that possibly your senses are
driving you where your judgment would not go. And besides I think marriage
for you extremely risky. You have not the gift of being easily happy or of
making others so. You are inconsequential, and the more one loves you the
more one must suffer from such vacillations of your sympathy. And if you
married simply from boyish inclination, because your senses drew you on and
your heart was without defence, great unhappiness might come to you both in
the future. It is a revenge the devil sometimes takes upon the virtuous, that he
entraps them by the force of the very passion they have suppressed and think
themselves superior to. It is hard for a young man like you to distinguish the
charm of a particular woman from that of woman in general, to distinguish
affinity from proximity. Russell’s misfortunes all sprang from his inexperience
in this respect, so that the danger of it is very present to my mind. If you could
weather this storm, the very experience would strengthen you and enlighten
you for the future; and after a few years of life among men and women you
could go to the woman you would be proudest to call your own, and say, “I
love you with my whole soul and my whole mind; I have chosen you from all
the world.” That is a man’s love, which is a better and safer one thing than
a boy’s, and a kind you could offer, very likely, to this same girl when you
came back to her with your character formed and your resolution made. It is
the kind of love I should now feel for the woman of my choice, and the kind
I feel for you too, dear Guy, who are a great deal more to me than any of my
friends could be when I was a young fellow, and could not really know either
myself or other men. There is resolution in this sort of love, it is the expression
of character and not of chance. And I should wish you to come to it some day;
it is worth waiting for. You will forgive this long sermon, and forget it if your
mind is already made up. I have written all this because, if it happens to be in
the line of your own reflections, it might help you a little towards clearness. If
not, it will do no harm since you will pay no attention to it.

Of course you know that I sent Katharine Dexter a little book in payment
of our bet, and that she wrote me a very ingenious note of thanks, in which she
pretended to apologize for having deceived me. I hope she is not really sorry
for having been so frank with me about you, because I valued that frankness
very highly, as a tribute to my friendship for you. I hope
you will keep it up, and tell me any important news there may be as soon as possible, so that I may know what to hope for.

I have made a new and amusing friend in the person of Mr Robert Collier of New York, a graduate of the Jesuit college at Georgetown and a great sport. His father is a sport also, keeps horses and hounds, hunts, is an intimate of Mrs Ladenburg, and swims in money made by the publication of a series of dime novels and of I don’t know what religious paper. My friend is living with his mother at the Empire, and deceives her into thinking he is at Harvard College, while he only comes out to Cambridge to see a friend of his and lounge about, until it is time to go to dinner and to the Hollis Street Theatre where one of the troupe is his present flame. This pleasant youth has been at Oxford, knows something of the lighter contemporary literature, and is lavish with invitations. He came originally to ask me for advice about entering Harvard, which he means to do next year, and about the best way of getting into the best clubs. I asked him in turn if he knew the meaning of the word ‘swipe’; he said no, and wanted to hear the derivation of it. I told him decency wouldn’t allow me to explain it that, but I described the thing at length, and when he went away he thanked me for having given him these hints about the social standards of the College.

Another episode: I went to see Mrs Toy the other day and was taken short, having caught cold from a sharp wind that had just sprung up. I was obliged to leave, saying I wasn’t feeling well. But the law of compensation would have it that the next morning I should get a note from the lady, inviting me to come and nurse myself at her house, where she would make me very comfortable. See, even I have a Mr James to take pity on my infirmities and put me up when I am ill. Of course I declined the offer, but I may actually go to spend a few days there in May, while I move my things from Cambridge to Longwood, where my mother lives. Mrs Toy is a very good friend of mine: her attentions are of the kind that make one feel a little flattered, a little grateful, and a little annoyed. You know the kind I mean, don’t you?—the kind your friends are apt to impose upon you.

I don’t know whether this letter fulfils the requirements which Copeland has been telling us a good letter ought to satisfy; it should contain a picture, and, an incident, and be written in a style that unites correctness with ease. I am afraid I have forgotten those precepts, in my haste to tell you some of the many things I have had no chance to talk to you about, or at least to talk about enough. In the immediate future I expect to
lead a monotonous life and you will not hear from me. But write if you feel inclined, especially if anything is settled about your plans for the future.
   Yours ever
   GS

To Charles Scribner’s Sons
19 March 1896 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Princeton)

Cambridge Mass
   March 19 ’96

Messrs Charles Scribner’s Sons
   New York

Gentlemen
   At the request of Mr Lord I sent you some weeks ago a MS entitled “The Sense of Beauty.” If it is not now being read, would you be kind enough to send it back to me, as I had promised some time ago to read a portion of it before a club in Philadelphia on April 22, thinking that by that time I should have got it back again. When I have selected and copied the portions I wish to read, I can send the MS back to you, if you still care to retain it.
   Yours very truly
   GSantayana
To Herbert S. Stone and Hannibal I. Kimball
23 March 1896 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Temple)

Cambridge Mass
March 23 1896

Messrs Stone & Kimball
Chicago

Gentlemen

Here are the corrections I should like to have made in the proposed new edition of my Sonnets, and also thirty new ones which if you think proper could be added to the series that opens the book. I suggest leaving out the title on p. 3 because it seems to be trying to peep over the top of the page. As the new sonnets form another sequence, I think it would be well to leave a blank page between them and the old ones. Possibly subtitles, ‘First Series’, ‘Second Series’, could be put on page 1 and on the new page 23. But I should like the numbering of the sonnets to be continuous, as in the manuscript.

I think this addition will reinforce the volume, if in no other way, at least by treating a subject which the sentimental missed in it before. At the same time the new matter will not change the general character of the book, and will be a further justification of the title. Hoping soon to hear from you on this subject I remain

Yours truly
GSantayana

To William Cameron Forbes
[Spring 1896] • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Houghton)

Dear Cam

I sail in the Parisian from Montreal on June 27. I am dreadfully busy, but must see you some how before I leave. Can’t you come to the club din-
ner on Monday night? Boylston Beal and I are trying to get the old crowd together then for a last time.

Yours ever
GSantayana

Tuesday

To Charles Scribner’s Sons
5 May 1896 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Princeton)

Gentlemen.

I enclose a copy of the contract as you requested, with the sample page of the “Sense of Beauty.” The first arrangement, No 1, seems to me too decidedly the best, and the lighter numeral you suggest would, I should think, further improve it. I like the page and print very much.

In respect to the suggestions made by your reader, I should be glad to change the title of the first part, to avoid the repetition he has noticed. Instead of “Definition of Beauty” we might then have “The Nature of Beauty,” leaving “Definition of Beauty” for the last section in that Part. The main criticism he makes, however, is not one on which I could act, as he seems to me not to understand the generally accepted theory of which my treatment of the perception of beauty is only an example. The confusion of which he complains is nothing but the usual psychological point of view, which makes all qualities of objects projected sensations of ours, because it believes the latter former have no other origin or mode of existence. I could, perhaps, by adding a word of explanation or a comparison here and there to the text, make this point of view more explicit and clear; and I shall be glad to do so if you will send me back that part of the manuscript. My attempt to present the images of evil as a pure loss in art is one which I expect will not be generally regarded with favour; it is naturally, however, a thing which, as relatively original and essential to my view of the subject, cannot be given up without destroying the whole theory.

I expect to sail for England in about a month; my address there will be care of Brown Shipley & Co, London.
I send you this morning the proof I have so far received. I have tried to make more paragraphs. If this could be done in the rest of the book before printing I suppose it would save trouble.

I sail from Montreal on June 27th in the S.S. Parisian. Any proof sent me after the receipt of this had better, therefore, go to London, Care of Brown Shipley & Co. I will try to send it back as soon as possible, so that the delay may not be unnecessarily great. I am very sorry it has to occur at all.

The putting of the headings of sections on the right hand side of the page was, I suppose, an accident. It looks much better, I think, as it is in §1.

Yours very truly
GSantayana

Dear Guy

I can’t resist the impulse to write you a line from here, because I am thinking of you, wishing you were here, and wondering where in the world you are. If your father sold the mine in Newfoundland and you bought a farm in New Brunswick, why are you in Newfoundland and not chez toi, if, as they tell me now, you are in Newfoundland? I give it up: but of course
it doesn’t matter if in some way you are finding what will ultimate satisfy you. Let me know soon what is up, for now when I pass the sad shores of Newfoundland I shall never know whether to gaze upon them with moist eyes and wave a metaphorical handkerchief in that direction, or whether the Mecca lies rather behind my back. You see, in spite of theis then pursuit of vain knowledge, even the faithful need a little geography. We sail from here tomorrow, Sunday, morning. I like the place. The people are peuple. These are the long-sought peasants of America. I think it might be pleasant to live here: it would be like Europe, in the country. I have seen no one, however, that I know or that interests me since I left Boston: I have nothing to report as yet in the way of impressions, and this letter, in spite of the official look of the sheet, is not a regular communication, but a spontaneity by the way. But in Boston I saw a great many people during the last week—all I could in the intervals of moving and packing. Among others, I dined with Copeland at his invitation. We talked of Shakespeare and Stevenson, and he grew eloquent on the subject of Lincoln; but you were not even mentioned! At the Perkins wedding and on Class Day I saw many friends; on Tuesday I dined with Mrs Gordon Dexter and on Thursday with Mrs Wirt, so that on Wednesday Gordon Bell said I was ambi-dex trous. I have, by the way, new impressions of Katherine Dexter, and if you should ever hear me talk again about anything that has to do with her, you will, I hope, find me more intelligent. Mrs Gordon has been very nice to me; she sent me a farewell present—Renan’s Ma soeur Henriette. I also saw Fred Winslow, who came last Sunday to Cotuit to say goodbye. We parted at the water’s edge, most poetically—but there the poetry stopped, and so must this letter, for I am in measurable danger of beginning another sheet. Goodbye, then, until I write again, and God bless you.

Yours affly

GS
To Charles Scribner’s Sons
26 July 1896 • Oxford, England (MS: Princeton)

26 Banbury Road
Oxford
July 26, 1896.

Messrs Charles Scribner’s Sons
New York

Gentlemen.

I send you back today the corrected proof of my book pp 1–94, and galleys 64–127, which only reached me the day before yesterday. There are, as you may see, still some errors in the page proofs, and I think I should prefer to see the rest also. There needn’t be the same delay, as you will be able to send the rest by mail, which seems to be so very much quicker than the express. I am very glad to see the comments you make on the margin and hope you will be freer with them. I am conscious of my inexperience in writing, and value your suggestions very much. Of course, as you will see by these proofs, I am ready to stick by my phrases when I think them just upon reflection.

Why have the marginal titles been usually put on the right hand side? The left seems the natural place but of course the other will do if there is a practical reason for it, only there should be consistency throughout.

Do you think a preface or index, or both, desirable?

I shall probably remain at Oxford for some time, but care of Brown Shipley & Co, London, will still be the safer address.

Yours very truly
GSantayana
Dear Conrad,

It is a long time since I got your good letter and even longer since I read one of yours to Andersen. From them I know that you are getting on well. Walter Cabot not long ago gave me news of you to the same effect. Now that I have come to a place where, having a geographical sense, I am conscious of being much nearer you, I must write and let you know it, as well as that in the course of the winter I expect to make you a long visit. My plans are as follows: Until October 1st I remain here—with the interruption of possible visits to friends—reading in the Bodleian and writing hard. The “Marriage of Aphrodite” is nearly finished, and shall be submitted to you in due time. It seems to me less amusing than I had hoped, but not wholly bad, and capable of publication, with some expurgations for the sake of our Alma Mater. At the beginning of October I go, if I am admitted, which is not yet formally done, to King’s College Cambridge, for a term, possibly for more. My idea is to go on with my writing, but at the same time to see something of people, and if possible read a little Plato, and see what the aesthetic religious and philosophical atmosphere in England is now-a-days. I should stay at Oxford, except that there is no way of getting into a college here which doesn’t involve becoming an undergraduate again, which is impossible with my dignity and weight of years. But at King’s they promise to take me in as a sort of honorary fellow—dining with the Dons etc.—and so I may go there. King’s is a good college. I have a friend there, Wedd, whom I met in ’87, and the place has, you know, the loveliest and grandest chapel in the world, where before long—if it were not heretical and I didn’t have a moustache—you might see your good friend in his stall dressed in his surplice! In January, or (if I stay for a second term) in March, I expect to go to Paris, and there I should like nothing better than to live with you, if you can find room for me in or near your quarters, and I could spend my time lolling in your studio and adjuring you to idealize your models. Then I should like to go to Italy and if possible to Greece, returning to Paris, probably, on my way to America. I needn’t be back there before September ’97, when my courses begin again. But I am never going to live at Harvard again; I am to stay with my mother in Longwood for a year, and if I remain at Harvard after that,
I can either stay on in Longwood or take rooms in Boston. The idea of living in Cambridge without friends is intolerable to me, but in Boston I should have the ladies to console me and a more normal life for a man of my age than at the university.

This place is lovely, and I wish I could tell you how much delight I get from wandering about in it and around it. The solitude increases the charm; the place ought to be deserted. The sunlight here does wonders with the towers, especially St. Mary’s and Magdalen, the latter one of the most engaging and satisfying towers in the world. I wish I could paint it as it looks at about seven in the afternoon when one walks along the High; the trees on either side frame in the picture, while the level sunlight gilds the eight pinnacles and the beautiful balustrade into the mellowest of golden grays. The stone gets gradually more mossy and rough as the eye follows the lines downward, and more clean white and silvery as it traces them up to the four gilt weather-vanes, that sparkle as they turn together majestically in the sun. That is the jewel of Oxford; but every where there are charming lanes and vistas, monastic seclusions for an amateur religion. I go often to evening prayers at Christ Church, and the more I hear them the more I am impressed with the diplomacy of the prayerbook; the non-committal dignity of it is worthy of a conference of the powers.—And then the country about is full of a quiet charm. If you follow the towpath up the river you come to Witham, if you follow it down to Iffley, both lovely villages, the latter for its church the former for everything. You never saw such nests of neatness and foliage; flint walls overgrown with ivy, thatched cottages with climbing rosebushes, little children half way between Kate Greenaway and Sir Joshua Reynolds, and inns with very refreshing cider and bitters. And beyond the fields in both directions are low hills, which tempt you to a two-hours healthy walk almost every afternoon.—My luncheon is on the table and my pen is getting used up; but I have written enough to give you an idea of what I am about. I feel very free and happy and while my letter of credit holds out I am going to forget all about being—or rather not being—a professor. Write to me soon and tell me what you are at work on, and every thing else about yourself. My permanent address is care of Brown Shipley & Co London—

Yours ever

GSantayana
To Guy Murchie

13 August 1896 • Oxford, England (MS: Murchie)

P.S. You may send Fred Winslow this letter if you like. I shall hardly have time to write him separately.

Oxford
Aug. 13, 1896

Dear Guy

I have been waiting a long time before writing to you in hopes of knowing what I was going to do, but everything is yet unsettled, and I write now
so that you won’t think I am forgetting my promise. Let me give you a little account of my adventures hitherto.

The Parisian in which I sailed from Quebec was horribly overcrowded, and there was on board a thing called the Canadian Rifle Team. However, we arrived in Liverpool in eight days, and had seen some interesting bits of the St Laurence coast, and Belle Ilse, which had still a good deal of snow on it. Icebergs were there in plenty, but not large or very impressive. The shore of Ireland was of course a welcome sight, and really pretty, with patches of the liveliest green. We entered the harbour of Londonderry, and then skirted the cliffs they call the Giants’ Causeway. There is a strangely delightful and exciting sensation when one sails in a large ship very near the land, especially when it is rocky and precipitous, as this was, and overhangs your masts. From Liverpool I went straight to London, where I staid a few days, and then went with Russell to a place in the Hampshire downs, within sight of the sea, where he has bought a little cottage for his “cousin”. Her mother was there to give respectability to the party. We staid four days, which I spent very pleasantly wandering about alone a good deal —Russell was suffering from a complaint that made walking impossible, and besides, it was well to leave the cousins together, as they only see each other once a week—. I walked about alone, then, or rather among the most prodigious quantity of rabbits, along charming dells and windy downs, and got my first whiff of liberty and nature. From Telegraph House, so the little cottage is called, having been once a signal station, by which messages went from Portsmouth to London, I went to Windsor where I spent a week with my friend Howard Sturgis. The house was filled with people, a most entertaining and bewildering lot of them. There was a Mrs Sheridan, daughter of the American historian Motley, and at times also her husband, a descendant of the playwright, but he was usually absent, attending to his stables and kitchen gardens at home. Although of such literary ancestry these charming people are free from literature themselves. The husband spends his leisure—when not occupied as I said just now—in telling stories to make the married women laugh, and the unmarried ones listen. The wife meantime tells you with a sigh and a smile how sorry she is for the provincial millionaire who is about to marry her daughter. These lovers were also in the house, he a dapper nice little man of thirty nine with forty thousand pounds a year, she a lazy big society belle of some two and twenty, without the rudiments of anything but a colossal selfishness. There turned up at various times for a day or two, Story (Emma Eames’ husband) a young Harcourt (son of Sir William) various relations of our
host, whom I was glad to meet, and finally many people for single meals, including four Eton boys, and Tom Motley, father and son, whom you may have known at Harvard. The Eton boys were very nice, as were two masters who came another day to luncheon and the School itself, which I walked to repeatedly. One of these boys, the nicest perhaps, was Waldorf Astor, who reminded me of my friend Joe Hunt in his beardless days. I also thought of you, because it seems to me that you were made to bring up such fine boys as these in the way they should go. If you only had had a little Anglican Churchiness about you, you would have drifted into that sort of thing very easily. But the clerical element seems necessary—it gives a little touch of the highest propriety with the least possible constraint. The more I see of the Church of England the more I admire it, not, you conceive, philosophically or as a thing possible for myself, but as a masterpiece of social diplomacy, by which everything passes off with a vague dignity, a sense of spiritual elevation is attained, and no harm is done. A real religion, on the other hand, raises the imagination to a higher power, but makes it inapt, and an encumbrance to a man in the business of this world.

From Windsor I came up here, where I have been living very pleasantly and methodically. I read in the Bodleian, which is an ideal place for that, and write a good deal. My rooms are small but comfortable, my food plain but excellent, my landlady efficient but invisible. For the afternoon I have three favourite walks, each I fancy of about seven miles. One is to Sandford and Iffley, one to Marston, and one to Wytham. When it rains or I feel less energetic I wander about the town and drop in for evening prayers at Christ Church. Now the boy-choir is broken up for the long vacation only the tenors and basses remain, and the anthem is usually in Latin. That gives the singing a monastic sound, and if I succeed in abstracting my attention from a few details in the foreground—such as the bicyclists and American tourists with their Baedekers for breviaries—I can fancy myself in Oxford as it was meant to be. To complete the impression the choir does not pronounce Latin in the English but in the to me natural continental way. I remember these words, for instance: Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo sit gloria; and another day: Beati mortui morientes in Domino. Hearing that, I couldn’t help thinking of my friends Sanborn and Warwick Potter who cared for these things too, and who would have been glad, I think, to be here with me to listen.—I should remain in Oxford indefinitely were it not that, being in a University town, every one says I ought to be in a college. I couldn’t, however, join any col-
lege here except as an undergraduate, which is beneath my dignity and experience of life. At Cambridge on the other hand, as you know, the situation is different, and it is not unlikely that I may go to King's for next term. I have been corresponding with Wedd about it, but nothing is yet definitely arranged.

I see few people here, the Dyers sometimes, and while the summer term was still going some Balliol people. Corbin, whom you perhaps remember as a poet-athlete in 92, was there, and introduced me to some dons and undergraduates—no one particularly interesting. I like this seclusion: I seldom even read the papers, so that when I do I am startled at the references to things I know nothing of. What, for instance, has Cleveland been proclaiming about Cuba? Something outrageous, probably. Don’t forget, dear Guy, that I know nothing about you either. Yours aff\textsuperscript{iv}

G.S.
To Hannibal Ingalls Kimball

20 August 1896 • Oxford, England (MS: Columbia)

My dear Mr Kimball

Two copies of the new edition of my Sonnets reached me here a few days ago. Everything seems right about it; I like the cover very much better than that of the first edition. There is one misprint on page 51 last line “worshipped.” I can’t think how that escaped all our eyes.

You wrote me some time ago that the account I had received contained some mistake, but I have never received the corrected version. If I have any assets which are now payable conveniently I should be glad of it, as I am this year travelling without any income, and every little helps an empty stomach.

Would you be likely to wish to print another small volume containing two long dramatic poems called “The Hermit’s Christmas” and “The Marriage of Aphrodite”? The first is a sort of religious legend, the second a comedy, not wholly without savour, perhaps, but somewhat risqué in theme and occasionally in treatment. Expurgations, however, might make it pass muster on that score. I ask you because it is possible I may submit the pieces to some publisher here, and if you cared for the American rights, I should be glad to make that a condition of the agreement with him. Of course you can’t give an answer without seeing the MS, but you might possibly have a preconception one way or the other which might guide me. Yours very truly

GSantayana
Address care of
Messrs Brown Shipley & Co
London.

(over)

Will you kindly have copies of the new edition of the Sonnets sent to the following addresses, with my compliments, and charge them to my account?
A. C. Coolidge Esq
   Ware Hall Cambridge.
Mrs C H Toy
   7 Lowell St Cambridge.

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**To Charles Scribner’s Sons**
29 September 1896 • Maidenhead, England (MS: Princeton)

Maidenhead
Sept. 29 ’96

Messrs Charles Scribner’s Sons
New York

Dear Sirs:

I am glad you are going on with the publication of the *Sense of Beauty* without waiting for the last proofs, as there seems to be no error in them. I enclose a list of people to whom I should like you to send copies with my compliments, charging them to my account according to what may be your usual practice. I suppose you will yourselves know what papers the book had best be sent to; the following, I should say, should be among them: in America. The Nation, the American Philosophical Review (Cornell) The American Journal of Psychology, The Harvard Graduate’s Magazine. In England: Mind, the Saturday Review the Spectator, the Academy. In France the Revue Critique, Revue Philosophique, Revue de philosophie critique. In Germany: Vierteljahreschrift für wissenschaftliche Philosophie, Litterarisches Centralblatt. I can think of no other important ones at present, but will send you the names if they occur to me.
Yours very truly  
GSantayana

/o Brown Shipley & Co  
London.

Please send copies of the Sense of Beauty with the author’s compliments to the following:

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<td>Amberley Cottage, Maidenhead,</td>
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<td>/o Baring Bros. &amp; Co London</td>
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<td>/o Theodor Veit, Stuttgart,</td>
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<td>Freiburg, Germany</td>
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<td>/o London Times,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Conrad Slade, Esq.</td>
<td>/o Périer Mercet &amp; cie, Paris,</td>
<td>France</td>
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1 Sarah Wyman Whitman (b. 1845) was married to Henry Whitman, a Boston wool merchant and banker. She was well known in Boston for church work and as an interior decorator.

2 Carlotta Russell Lowell.

3 Berenson changed his name from Bernhard to Bernard.

4 Unidentified.

5 Joseph “Joe” Trumbull Stickney (1874–1904), Harvard class of 1895, studied for seven years at the Sorbonne and was the first American to receive its Doctorat des Lettres. He wrote Dramatic Verses (1902) and taught Greek at Harvard (1903–4).
To Boylston Adams Beal
10 October 1896 • Cambridge, England (MS: Houghton)

Oct. 10, ’96

Dear Boylston.

Your good letter reached me two days ago at Elvington, Julian Sturgis’s place near Dover where I was spending a few drenching days. Many thanks for the news, of which the best part is what relates to your own plans. I am delighted that you are coming abroad to have such a gay winter, and that I may hope to meet you and Elsie in Italy in the Spring. The engagements you announce are indeed suitable. It is the marriage of bread with butter. None of the persons in question achieves the pungency of cheese. You speak of Guy Lowell. Could you send me his address and that of Bob Potter, in Paris? I continually forget them, and now I want to send them my book, which I believe is on the point of appearing, if it has not already done so, and later I shall want to go and find them myself. I am only sorry Howard Cushing and I seem to be playing hide and seek. How is Austin, and Duer Irving, and Phil Dalton, and Palmer Welsh, and my other ΔΦ friends? I should write them also a circular letter if I thought they would be interested in it.

Since my last, which you have seen, my movements have been few, but not without interest to me. I left Oxford early in September, after seeing both Frederic and Edwin Morgan there, and went to Haslemere to visit young Bertrand Russell at his father-in-law’s, Mr Pearsall Smith’s. This is a family of Philadelphia Quakers long settled, or unsettled, in England. When the old lady, who delivers temperance lectures and now has Armenia on the brain, goes off to Evangelize something, the old man at home takes the opportunity to dis-evangelize himself, and declare he is not a Quaker at all, but a Buddhist. For, he says, the suffering in the world is appalling, and the best thing we can hope for is extinction and peace. He has accordingly removed himself as far as possible from earth already by building a hen-coop, covered with glass, up in a tree, where he squats, and, I believe, spends the night. He directed me to the place through the woods, and I had the curiosity to climb up to it, not without imminent danger of transmigration. There are wires stretched all around a circular
ladder, by way of balusters in which one is sure to get caught. Perhaps they
symbolize the Veil of Maya. However that may be, the family is not uninter-
esting, and Bertrand Russell himself is very clever and nice. He is writing a
book on the history of the fourth dimension, or, as he calls it, the “Foundations
of Geometry”. Everything now-a-days turns out to be founded on its latest
development. This I suppose is what is called final causes, or ends that are
beginnings, or putting the cart before the horse. Sally Fairchild was also, to
my surprise, at Haslemere, and I have met her several times since. She is
staying now with Ellen Terry. She seems to be a great success with the virtu-
ous intellects over here, who take her seriously.—From Haslemere I went to
Maidenhead, to the wicked Earl’s, where I stayed some four weeks. It was a
very happy time. I was much alone, as Russell is busy and often goes to the
city; I read a good deal, wrote a little, and took long walks, as I believe I told
you I did at Oxford. I made friends with Tubby the Dog, who was my constant
companions on these peripatetic occasions. Among other things, I read George
Merideth, The Egoist and Evan Harrington, and like them. The style is not
good in the former book, nor the plot, but the characters are well drawn: the
latter reminds one in places of Thackeray and true wit. Russell’s affairs have
been getting more and more perplexed. The Scotts, beaten at every point, have
finally exploded, and sent out 350 copies of a circular, full of most filthy and
ridiculous details, printed out, charging Russell with b— I mean, abusing all
his servants ten years ago. Two of them have actually been bribed to sign the
papers, and one to have a summons for an assault, committed at Winchester
ten nine years ago, issued against Russell. This summons came as a surprise,
and everything had to be prepared for the defence in a great hurry. It turned
out, however, that at the time selected, June 18, 1887, both Burke and I were
with Russell at Winchester, and he was staying at the College with Mr & Mrs
Richardson. With the testimony of other servants, that have remained faithful,
it would have been possible to prove an alibi, and expose the malice of the
accusation. The Scotts either got wind of this, or their counsel refused to act for
them, for when yesterday we had all gone to Winchester, to the trial, and the
Rev. Mr. Dickens, Vicar of St John’s had come in his trap for us and driven us
to the court, which was packed, and we,—a dozen of us a least,—had crowded
it still more, the representative of the prosecution got up and said that to save
the time of several gentlemen in the court, he would announce that the ease
action against Lord Russell had had to be abandoned, for it had been found that
the spot where the offence was alleged to have been
committed lay outside the limits of Winchester, and therefore beyond the jurisdiction of that court. Matthews, Russell’s counsel thereupon got up melodramatically and with fearful grimaces and pregnant inflections of the voice, said he would make no comment, etc, but he was not surprised, not in the least surprised, etc, that the prosecution had dropped the case like a hot potatoe. Meantime Russell’s solicitor had got hold of the publishers of the libels, who are willing to swear that Lady Scott paid them and instructed them, and have produced the list of 350 names, peers, judges, relations, and academic people, in Lady Scott’s own hand, on her own scented note-paper, to whom the libels were sent. This connects Lady Scott with the publication, and a warrant for her arrest has by this time, I suppose, been issued. We now hope to get her at least two years’ hard labour.

After this bloodless victory at Winchester I came straight to Cambridge, to the rooms I had previously engaged. They seem pretty comfortable, the study particularly being cheerful, with running windows on two sides looking up and down the main street, in the very midst of things, so that I may not feel out of it. I have just got formal notice of my admission to King’s with the standing of M.A. Wedd, my mentor, took me yesterday to dine in hall, which was of course very grand. with the old plate and the—not many—old portraits. One of Sir Horace Walpole—the only “great” man the college has produced—has the place of honour, and he looks very smart indeed in his dim and gigantic canvass, with his wig, and his superflous drapery, floating about him in the breeze. Oscar Browning was there, and talked absurd nonsense over his port, making everybody laugh, although at his own expense. The other people at the High Table, where I am now to dine when I dine in hall, may be divided into two classes; the parsons, shy, with shining red faces, and mellifluous voices, very awkward and very athletic creatures, and the Bohemians, comparatively dingy, hairy, and intelligent, no less fond of the good things of this world, only fond of a greater number of them. Of this type my friend Wedd—who has, so to speak, Wedded me to King’s,—is the best example. He is a little man, with a shock of hair like a lap-dog, with no eyes, to speak of, a bushy moustache, a great laugh, and a self-effacing manner: a short man, not over-neat. He takes his liquour like a Trojan, and is writing a book on the trade routes of the Greeks and Romans, a vast work to occupy his life-time. Another youngish Don, a little less Bohemian, seemed rather interesting, but they haven’t all turned up yet, and I will speak of them when I have got to know them better.
This afternoon I took my first walk in Cambridge, along the tow-path, to watch the fours row. There is great activity, and the way these fellows tug at their oars seems rather unscientific to a Harvard eye, but alas! not for that reason ineffective. The afternoon was lovely and the Cam, although ugly compared with the Isis, was not without its charm. The blazers worn here certainly deserve the name, cherry, light vermillion, orange, and lemon yellow, not to speak of all sorts of blue. There is to be a football match next Saturday, when I hope to be initiated into the technicalities of an undeveloped Rugby game. The Chapel I have not yet visited: I am waiting until I get my cap and gown, to which I had no right until this evening, if I have it yet, not having matriculated. When I have them I will go often, as that must be one of the greatest treats of life at King’s.

A dull letter, I am afraid, but it would not be better for being longer. So, farewell.

Yours ever       GSantayana
To James Edwin Creighton

15 October [1896] • Cambridge, England (MS: Cornell)

Oct 15

Dear Mr Creighton

I am ashamed to have kept Willmann’s book so long, but the truth is, more pressing tasks and travelling have made me forget his existence for months at a time. I haven’t yet read half the book, which is rather dull, and if you could wait yet a little longer, I should be very much obliged, as I am only just settling here, and life is a series of interruptions. How long, by the way, would you like the review to be? The work, I fancy, is not a
very important one, but the subject and the views are not uninteresting, and might suggest a good deal. Would you like something of an independent article, or merely a notice?

Yours very truly
GSantayana

My permanent address is
C/o Brown Shipley & Co
London.

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To Josiah Royce
17 October 1896 • Cambridge, England (MS: Harvard)

Oct. 17 ’96

Dear Professor Royce

You may have wondered at not hearing from me before this, and I should indeed have written if I could have given any clear account of myself earlier. Professor Palmer has probably told you that he saw me at Oxford. I spent most of the summer there with great joy, reading in the Bodleian, writing off a couple of articles I had on hand—on Cervantes and on the absence of religion in Shakespeare—and taking long walks. The Dyers and a few stragglers at Balliol were the only people I saw often, as the place was of course deserted for the long vacation. I should very gladly have stayed on; but there seemed to be no possibility of joining any college with a proper status, and to live there without official relations is not a desirable thing. With great regret, therefore, I decided to come here, where an old acquaintance, Wedd, a classical man, has managed to get me into King’s with the MA standing, so that I dine at high table, and meet the Dons daily on a friendly footing. People are much more hospitable and openhearted here, and there is more bustle and intellectual eagerness, so
that I have much to comfort and congratulate myself with, in spite of the absence of a certain Oxonian distinction. My work is now definitely arranged, under Dr Jackson’s advice. I am to hear his lectures on the Philebus, and those of Archer-Hind on the Phaedo, and to have an hour a week privately with Jackson on the Parmenides. I have been reading a little Plato in the summer, and want to concentrate my attention on him for a while. Other things can follow later, if there is time for them. My stay here is indefinite as yet, and will be longer or shorter according to developments. I rather think I may stay two terms, that is, until the middle of March, and then go off to Paris and Italy, in search of old friends and new impressions.

I should be very glad to hear from you and to know how Harvard prospers, and especially the Department. My young friends write to me occasionally about College matters of a terrestrial and foot-ball plane, but I don’t know what currents blow in the upper ether. Hoping they are all propitious to you, I am always sincerely yours

GSantayana

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To Charles Scribner’s Sons
22 October 1896 • Cambridge, England  
(MS: Princeton)

King’s College
Cambridge

Oct 22. 96

Dear Sirs:

I have your letter of the 13th but the two copies of the Sense of Beauty have not yet reached my hands. Thank you for despatching the 22 copies
to my friends. I should be glad if you would send a copy also, on the same terms, to the European periodicals I mentioned, including the English weekly’s, unless your plan of placing an edition in London is to be immediately realized. The sale of the book, as you say, may not be affected by these papers so much, but its reputation depends very largely on them, and that, of course, is what I am concerned about. You can use the four remaining copies assigned to me for this purpose, and charge the rest to my account.

As I am spending the winter in England it is not unlikely that I may occasionally wish to get another copy to give to a friend, or that enquiries may be made to me about the place where the book may be ordered from. Is there any bookshop in London where some copies may be found? I should think a half dozen copies might be easily sold in this town, if put in the window of a bookshop—Macmillan’s, for instance—as my friends here would perhaps be curious to see it. Some might also be sent to Oxford, where I have acquaintances.

This is, I daresay, what you mean by “placing an edition”.

I am not sure that I mentioned the four English papers besides *Mind*—the Academy, Athenaeum, Spectator, and Saturday Review.

Yours very truly

GSantayana.

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**To William Cameron Forbes**

1 November 1896 • Cambridge, England (MS: Houghton)

C/o Brown Shipley & Co

London

King’s College

Cambridge.

Nov. 1 ’96

Dear Cam

Your delightful letter took me back to you very vividly and pleasantly, and made me wish I could see you, although you will understand that as far as your expeditions on the Merlin are concerned I much prefer the description to the reality. What you say about Phil Rhinelander interests me particularly. [go on on the other sheet. The two were stuck together as I wrote.] I tried to see him at Oxford this summer, but he was away
most of the time, and when he did return I didn’t know of it. I hope to see several of our old friends in Paris before long, but I shall miss Howard Cushing. My life here is very pleasant. My rooms are cheerful and well-situated, although my landlady’s aesthetic sense is not what I could wish, and her worsted roses under glass bells—now happily banished—are not what my eyes most love to feast upon. However, life is well-arranged. I dine in Hall at the High Table with the Dons, of whom I see a great deal also at other times. They are for the most part very quiet, cultivated, odd, youngish men. Most people here are shy, but very friendly and unaffected, easier to get on with than Oxford people if perhaps less interesting. As you might guess, I go often to watch the football “matches”. The game as played in England is very pretty, especially the passing while on the run, by which the long gains are usually made. There is no interference—the men run far apart, for the sake of the passing—and, strangest of all, the ball belongs to neither side after a down but is thrown into the middle of a double turtleback formation, and kicked (“heeled”) about until one side or the other succeeds in making it slip out where its backs can pick it up and pass it for a run or kick. The art of tackling is almost unknown but men are hurt all the same. Our game is much more glorious and exciting, but this is very good in its way, and is hard, varied exercise. Every man has frequent chances to kick, and team work tells in the heeling and passing. It’s too bad you didn’t take a more responsible position in coaching this year. You probably have been called on by this time to do more than you expected when you wrote. My own exertions are all directed to Plato at present. I hear two lectures a week and have one hour in private with Jackson of Trinity, who is excellent, most stimulating and enlightening. It’s hard stuff—Parmenides and Philebus—but very interesting to me on account of the deep logical and metaphysical questions involved. My Greek, too, is coming back in a rather reassuring manner, and I hope to be less ignorant in several ways than I was when the year began. I shall probably stay here till March, then go abroad.

Write again, and tell me something about Edward, unless he is willing to write to me himself, which I should be very glad of.

Yours ever          GSantayana.
Many thanks for both your notes. When I got the first I never expected a second, as it is the part of prudence to thank an author for his book before reading it, so as to avoid the necessity of lying about it afterwards. That you should have written both before and after is very gratifying, as it seems to mean that you liked the book better than you expected, and at any rate well enough to say something nice about it when this was no longer necessary. I am delighted that you found most of the book intelligible and interesting, and that you agreed with most of it. That is all I can now say for it myself, as there are already several things I should like to see put otherwise in it.

My life here is very pleasant and interesting, and perhaps a little luxurious. I try to chasten myself, however, with some tough Greek—the Parmenides and Philebus of Plato, which I am reading carefully—and with long walks among the clouds, which in this country come down to the surface of the land and especially of the water. The afternoons are very lovely, and the river with its many boats, blazers, bicycyles, and coaches on horseback is a gay and pretty sight. My friends at King’s have the flavour of their Port, sweet, mellow, and with lots of body, and it will be hard not to get so fond of them as to miss them when I go. My plan is now to go to Paris for Christmas, when we have five weeks’ holiday, and return here for the Lent term after which will come a little trip to Italy and in August, probably, America again.

Haven’t the Russells turned up? I should have been glad to have you meet, they are such nice people. He is mathematical and she humanitarian, but both are human at the same time.

You may tell Bob Barlow that my idea of writing about morals is not abandoned, and that in fact some paragraphs are already set down, but it will take a long time yet to work out the scheme properly. It is a soberer subject than the “Sense of Beauty” and has to be constructed as solidly and compactly as possible, which means hard work. I also await the criticisms.
of the learned on my first flourish, in case they should contain useful hints. Remember me to Aunt Sarah and your mother and believe me
Always sincerely yours
GSantayana

My address is Brown Shipley & Co
London.

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To Henry Ward Abbot
19 November 1896 • Cambridge, England

Dear Harry

Many thanks for your good letter, which has only the defect of showing that you are not very happy, and continue to discourage yourself without definite reasons. The world is full of sad and unaccountable things, of which the most hopeless, perhaps, is that unfit persons like ourselves have been brought into it under circumstances that make real satisfaction impossible for us. However, when once the main thing is renounced, there are a variety of compensations and incidental pleasures to be found; and what makes me feel a little out of sympathy with your state of mind is that while you say you are without illusions you refuse your intelligence its entertainment and your will its hard earned peace. How can you say that the world is robbed of its moral beauty because that is not true which, if true, would make “love repine and reason chafe”? As for me, I quite agree that it is perdition to be safe when one ought to die for the truth; but I seek to give this last phrase a meaning, and not to make it simply an ebullition of irrational feeling, an Emersonian equivalent for “damn.” To die for the truth can only mean to die in the pursuit of a safe basis for living.

I did not stay at Oxford because there was no way of entering any good College there except as an undergraduate. Here I have M A standing, dine
with the Dons, and read Plato with Jackson of Trinity, a very jolly old man. I
go to Paris for the Christmas holidays and to Italy after the Lent term. In the
Summer I expect to be still in Italy, possibly to go to Spain, and to be back in
Boston in August or early September.
  Give my best regards to your mother and believe me
  Yours as ever
  GSantayana

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**To Charles Scribner’s Sons**
21 December 1896 • Paris, France

Paris Dec. 21. ’96

Messrs Scribner’s Sons
New York

Dear Sirs

I received in due time the two copies of the “Sense of Beauty” which you
originally sent me, and later your letter, announcing the sale of sheets to A & C
Black. I am much pleased with this and also with several notices of the book
that have reached me.

Of the four copies which you say you are still keeping for me will you kindly
have one sent to each of the following addresses:

Guy Lowell, Esq. 3 rue Soufflot
R B Potter, Esq. 3 rue St. Simon

Paris

The appearance and binding of the book seem to me very good and appro-
priate, and although, printed out and published, the writing seems hardly my
own any more, it is perhaps no worse than that of most other people.

Yours very truly
GSantayana

C/o Brown Shipley & Co
London.
To Susan Sturgis de Sastre
14 January 1897 • Cambridge, England

King’s College
Jan. 14, 1897

Dear Susie

Your good letter and the Calendar find me this morning with nothing to do, and I am going to take the opportunity of writing you a long letter and giving you an account of myself up to date. Let me say first, however, that I am very, very sorry about Celedonio’s eyes, both for his sake and yours. Even if in the end the operation is successful, as no doubt it will be, there is the long anxiety, discomfort and expense to think of, and I see that the affair will involve a great deal of care and sorrow to the whole family. As to Eduardo’s smallpox, that would alarm me more if I didn’t know from experience how lightly such a thing is thought of in Spain. I infer that no one else in the family has caught it, and that he himself is quite well again.

My life here is as quiet as possible without any excitements or notable variations. The people are much to my mind, being refined, simple, and serious, but theirs is a slow fire and it takes a long time to get warm at it. Sometimes it seems as if the time for going away would come before I had really got into the ways of the place. I have made several valuable acquaintances, especially that of a man named Dickinson, a tutor at King’s, who is the type of everything I like and respect in the way of intelligence and feeling. I walk with him sometimes, and also with other young men, and we ask one another to lunch and breakfast, as is the custom in these parts. Dinner, as you know, is in Hall, and we go afterwards to a smoking room, where the papers are, to have coffee and perhaps a game of whist or chess; not that I play myself, as I prefer to do nothing when there is nothing to do. Perhaps what I shall carry away from this prolonged visit to England more than anything else will be a love for the fields and the country air: it was one of the dreadful lacks in our education that we had nothing of that, and I feel it now as a permanent incapacity and disadvantage; the last six weeks of Paris and London have made me feel the change, for already I miss the country, and feel the oppression of pavements and walls, and the need of space and silence. Oxford last summer was a paradise in that
respect, and I shall never forget my long solitary walks about that lovely region. The river here in the boating season is also beautiful, with its willows and broad fields, and the crowds of students, in their bright blazers, and in every sort of athletic costume, moving about, on, the water and the banks. It is a very simple, youthful life every one leads here, and Harvard in comparison seems constrained and corrupt. It is also more interesting, I must confess, and this Cambridge to say the truth is very dull. I should have stayed at Oxford if it had been possible to enter any college there except as an undergraduate (which I could not become again with dignity at this late day.) Here they are beginning to admit graduates to advanced standing (I eat and live with the Dons, and am not subject to ordinary regulations) and therefore I had to come here or remain at Oxford unattached to the University, which would not have served my purpose. However, you mustn’t think I am not satisfied with my experiment. I am: only more exciting and interesting surroundings could be imagined than these.

For the holidays I went to Paris and stayed most of the time (four weeks) with Guy Lowell and Joe Hunt. You may remember Guy Lowell as the man I went to Spain with some years ago; he is a son of the late Mr. Edward Lowell, whom I believe you know. Joe Hunt is a son of the architect (now also dead). Both are studying architecture, and live in an apartment near the Panthéon. Above them are seven other American students, and all dine together in a very jolly way. They made me a temporary member of the concern (I paid for my share of the food, but was Guy Lowell’s guest as to lodging.) It was very interesting to hear so much about the technique of architecture; you remember how you, being once interested in it for a feminine reason, passed the taste on to me who have retained it ever since. I also learned a great deal about the ways of the Quartier Latin, went much to the theatre, and learned to know and love Paris as I had never done before. But after all what I valued most in that very pleasant month was seeing so many old friends—their names would mean little to you, but they were young men I had had about me at Harvard at various times, and grown more or less fond of—and especially Bob Potter and his wife. This is the eldest of the three brothers of whom you have heard me speak, of whom the second, Warwick, died to the great sorrow of so many of us. It was delightful to me to see him again and find our old sympathies quite spontaneously revived. His wife, too, far from being a barrier between us, is the essence of sympathy, intelligence, and devotion. I am even on affectionate terms with the baby, the new Warwick; and altogether we have got on so well that it is arranged we shall
go to Italy en famille in April. Mrs Potter is to remain in Florence with the child and nurse, while Bob and I go on to Rome, stopping on the way at the more important places. We shall then return to Florence and Venice, and I expect to remain in Italy for some time after the Potters return to Paris, which will be about June 1st. I can’t tell yet whether I can arrange to go to Avila. We can discuss that later. The idea of Greece is definitely abandoned: I have neither time, money, nor energy for it, especially as Loeser, the person with whom I should have gone, has also given up the project. And to travel alone to a new country where I don’t know the language or any of the inhabitants, even if that country is Greece, is now-a-days a prospect that does not tempt me. That is one reason why the idea of travelling with the Potters makes me so happy. I was going to Italy anyhow, but the possibility of being often alone in hotels or lodging-houses, without my books or a companionable fire, and with no one to discuss things with, seemed a little cheerless. I should have had to pick up travelling companions on the way, but that, you know, is a thing more easily done when one is not yet thirty three, and is less particular about other people and more amiable in oneself. I still expect to stay at Florence with Loeser and at Fiesole (close by) with Berenson, both art critics and old acquaintances of mine. Doubtless many other people will turn up, among them Boylston and Elsie Beal who will be on their way back from Egypt and Greece.—In Paris I saw Susie Minturn and her daughter Gertrude, at the house of her other daughter Edith Stokes, whose husband is studying architecture at the Beaux-Arts.

I came back to London to do a very singular thing—to give evidence in a cause célèbre. My unfortunate friend Russell has been pursued by his wife with two great lawsuits already, which she has lost, of course, and as well as her reputation. But exasperated by this, Lady Scott, the mother-in-law, got up a most abominable libel on her daughter’s husband, had it printed in a disreputable hole, and circulated it anonymously in all the clubs and other places where Russell could have friends. He had no choice but to have her arrested, as well as her accomplices, and as the publication of the libel was proved against them beyond doubt, they took the impudent course of asserting that all it contained was true. Then it became necessary to disprove the various stories the libel contained, and as one of them was put at a time—June 1887,—when I was with Russell at Winchester, my evidence as to what there occurred became useful. There were many complications in the case—as the death of one of the prisoners—and at last,
after all had been done that was possible to ruin Russell’s reputation—Lady Scott and her people threw up their case, and pleaded guilty. They were sentenced to eight months imprisonment, a year being the maximum the law allows in such a case. The matter thus ends, but it has been a most scandalous and disgusting affair, and even with the certainty of ultimate success, Russell and his friends have had to go through dreadful moments. It is not pleasant to hear one of one’s best friends accused in public with the utmost art and deliberation, of all that is most shocking and dishonourable, and not to know how many people all over the world will hear only that accusation—never the disproof of it—and believe it. But the judge did his best to put things right in the end, and to vindicate Russell, who has shown a most admirable courage and patience through it all. But I shouldn’t wonder if when Lady Scott comes out of prison she didn’t do something even more desperate. His house was burned to the ground, not long ago, and there was for a moment some fear it might have been done at her instigation. That however seems not to have been the case, but anything of the sort, even an attempt on Russell’s life, would not be surprising from such wicked and vindictive women. I never heard of such characters in life or in fiction.

I will send you a French book or two at once; not that I am a particularly good person to get novels, as I don’t read them myself, and seldom remember the names of those I promise to read on my friend’s recommendation.

Love to all, and a happy new year from your affectionate brother

GSantayana
To Hannibal Ingalls Kimball
31 January 1897 • Cambridge, England

King’s College
Cambridge
Jan • 31 • ’97

My dear Mr Kimball

May I ask you to send me two more copies of my Sonnets?

A poet, at least of my calibre, doesn’t expect to make money out of his verses. But I confess I am puzzled and annoyed at the vicissitudes of my account with you. First I had a balance of $82; that was a mistake, and the true balance was $16; now a third account shows that I owe $5. Will you kindly explain this, and let me know what system we are going on in future. I agree, as I wrote before, to whatever seems to you likely to be most satisfactory all round, but I should like to know what that is.

Yours very truly
GSantayana

Address
/o Brown Shipley & Co
London.
To Charles Scribner’s Sons
1 February 1897 • Cambridge, England (MS: Princeton)

2 Free School Lane
Cambridge
England

Feb 1, 1897

Dear Sirs.

Will you kindly send me the two copies of “the Sense of Beauty” which I understand you are still reserving for me? I meant to get some copies of the English edition to give to my friends here on my departure, but they have bound the book in such a frivolous and gaudy cover that I blush to present it to anyone in that dress. I now see from what awful possibilities your own care and good taste have preserved me.

Yours very truly
GSantayana

Messrs Charles Scribner’s Sons
New York

To Josiah Royce
23 April 1897 • Florence, Italy (MS: Harvard)

Florence
April 23 1897

Dear Professor Royce

I was very glad this morning to get your letter and to hear what the arrangements are for next year. The change from Phil I to Phil II is a gain for me, and gives me a more interesting and less exhausting task. The change of hour, however, in my morning course is very inconvenient, as I am never very fit in the early morning, and next winter, when I expect not to be living in Cambridge, it will involve getting up at an absurd hour. I don’t see the justice of the argument that eleven o’clock is filled up. Who fills it up, and why shouldn’t I be one of these, when that is the hour I have lectured at for seven years? I am sorry you have allowed yourself to be brow-beaten by the official sophistry, but I suppose there is no help for it now. As to Radcliffe, I think I can give the History of Philosophy half-
course, if it comes in the second half year, but not the other. Repetition is not what it seems in a philosophical course, and I shall have enough to do with my new work, for which I am imperfectly prepared.

I am going back to King’s for the Long Vacation to go on with my Plato. Italy is very delightful and I am with old friends, which makes even the dull places in the tourist’s existence bearable. Loeser and Berenson are also here, and I see them sometimes.

It is very nice that Münsterberg has decided to come back; it relieves the rest of all anxiety about the laboratory. Otherwise, I foresee that Cambridge will be the same as ever.

Hoping to hear from you again I remain

Yours very sincerely

GSantayana

To Guy Murchie
17 July 1897 • Cambridge, England (MS: Murchie)

King’s College
Cambridge

July 17, 1897

Dear Guy

Your letter deserves an immediate answer, but can hardly have an adequate one, as I should have to cover a whole year of history and several of plans if I was to attempt to make up for such a long silence. You know already what I have been doing, although it is not true that I have been in Greece or Spain, but only in Italy for the months of May and April. The rest of the time I have spent here, with the avowed object of reading Plato, which I have done more in earnest, perhaps, than I myself expected. If you look at the elective pamphlet for next year you will see that I am offering a course mainly in him. My teacher has been Dr Henry Jackson of Trinity, a splendid old man, who knows the text of Plato better, perhaps, than he knows Plato’s mind, but who is a very inspiring and jolly guide to one’s own reading. I have heard him lecture twice a week, and he has been good enough to give me an hour besides to myself, and I have read with him several of the hardest and most crucial of the dialogues. Besides this I have seen some, not many, people, and written some, not good, verses.
My pedestrian companion has been usually Morgan, who is at Trinity—Frederic Morgan, you know,—sometimes Wedd (whom you may remember) and the highly sympathetic and melancholy Dickinson of King’s. The undergraduates here have little other charm than the great one of youth and innocence. There is a quietness and solidity about them that will make their Harvard cousins seem rather loud and rather cheap when I get back to them, but the great civic and manly virtue that prevails here gives people a sort of neutrality and dulness which will make me leave them without much regret. The place has not succeeded in making me love it—not that it has tried—as Oxford did long ago, with a passion that increases with every view of her sacred and profane charms. I was there for a week in March and for four weeks in June, often amused by the people I met and always very happy when alone. In spite of the deep differences between you and me, here is something we have in common—the greater facility of being happy alone. Is it because we don’t care enough for our fellows or because they care for them too much? I know what most people would say, at least in respect to me, but I will give a much truer answer to the question, namely, that we are happier alone because our love of people is too great for their deserts and too little for our satisfaction. Nature deceives with more art, and never fetters the imagination so much as to bring about a disillusion afterwards. And then all her changes are due to our own inconstancy alone—which is the best sort of change—whereas people grow old and wicked as a matter of objective fact. These reflections, however, are parenthetical, and what I really meant to say was that at Oxford I saw George Griswold and F. Huidescoper, and many of their friends, and in another direction the Delphic Dyer and his robust family, now increased by the addition of one daughter, consequent upon a fat inheritance from a father-in-law. So immediately do well regulated households illustrate the laws of Malthus.

I am now at work on an exposition and defence of Plato’s bad treatment of poets, whom, as you may know, he banished from his republic as trivial and demoralizing persons. There were solid reasons for that judgment even then—what would he have said of an age that believes in the moral dignity of a Wagner and a Browning? At the same time—and the vulgar logician might see an inconsistency here—I am giving the finishing touches to my own Lucifer—now a prodigious tragedy in five fat acts, with melodramatic situations and lyrical episodes all designed to effect the purgation of souls by pity of the author and dread of having to peruse his complete works. That, as Aristotle says, is the true function of tragedy.
I wish you all joy in your summer solitudes. When you return to Cambridge you may find me wandering homelessly about the streets and the Colonial Club, where I dare say you also now dine. In that case we shall have many a chance of exchanging our impressions of the past two years. I am not to have a room in Cambridge, but to live in Longwood with my mother. There are several reasons for this: that three days in the week will thus be quite clear of interruptions and temptations; that it will be an economy; that it will mark more clearly the merely temporary status which I have, while they don’t make up their minds about promoting me; and that it will make it easier for me than it was last year to give up Harvard altogether, if such is the final issue of things. I have had two Harvard lives already; this, if it lasts or not, must be a wholly different one. If they make me an assistant professor and I decide to stay indefinitely it will be time to look for a domicile, for I believe on the whole it would be better to live in Cambridge and do one’s share in maintaining or establishing the academic traditions of the place. I sail on September 2nd in the “Gallia” for Boston, and hope soon after my arrival to have the pleasure of seeing you. But I should prefer that it might be here, where there is space and quiet, and the most exquisite verdure. If you could only turn up for a paddle in the river or a cup of tea in this room, which being Wedd’s, overlooks the Backs, I should quite feel what I half feel already, that I am in a kind of dream.

If you write to Fred Winslow will you ask him to send me a line with his address? He sent me a little book with the promise of a letter many months ago. I answered to what I believed was his address in Newberry Street, to which I had sent other things before, but perhaps I got the number wrong.

Yours ever

GSantayana
To Hugo Münsterberg
16 September 1897 • Brookline, Massachusetts  (MS: Boston)

75 Monmouth Street
Brookline

Sept. 16, ’97

Dear Professor Münsterberg

Your charming little volume had by some oversight not been sent on to me, and I found it here only the other day on my arrival. I didn’t know you also yielded sometimes to poetical temptation, and I have read your poems through with great delight. It seems to me—although I fear my judgment of German verse isn’t worth much—that they breathe the spirit of the lovable and inspired Germany of pre-prussian days, and are truly ideal. What you have to say about America also hits me, especially that description of Yankee freedom—freedom to walk on the track! But you are too favourable to the ladies; they are so shrill. Thank you very much for sending me the book.

I am not living in Cambridge this year, but here at my mother’s. Nevertheless I hope to have frequent opportunities of seeing you and Mrs Münsterberg. It is a great satisfaction to every one in these parts that you have decided to remain for good

Yours very truly
GSantayana

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre
18 October 1897 • Longwood, Massachusetts  (MS: Virginia)

Longwood
October •18 •1897

Dear Susie.

It occurs to me that you will be interested in hearing something about Edgar Scott, Maisie’s fiancé. He is a Philadelphian, very rich, and twenty seven or twenty eight years old. Although his health is in some respects not good he is a big and robust man, or at least was when I saw him some years ago. He was in the class of ’93 at Harvard, but did not graduate, as the climate of Cambridge was not good for his weak lungs—this was the
explanation I heard at the time from Warwick Potter, who was a good and ever-faithful friend of his. The gossips have given out others, but they may be regarded as false. He then went to Florida, and a year or two later bought a big steam yacht, the “Sagamore” in which he went around the world. It was on board this boat that Warwick died of cholera in October 1893. Edgar Scott and Bob Potter came back to America with the body, and Maisie, I remember, came alone from Philadelphia to New York to the funeral. As Warwick was no special friend of hers, it was clear that her interest in Edgar Scott and his experiences was what brought her there at that time. I don’t know what he has been doing since, but the present administration has appointed him second secretary of the American embassy in Paris, where he now is. He is coming back in December if he can get leave of absence so soon, if not in February, when the wedding will take place, and they will go back to Paris immediately. The advantages of this match from a worldly point of view are great, and there seems to be an old affection also in the matter. The draw-backs are that Edgar Scott has not, it is thought, a good constitution, but has suffered some say from the lungs some from Bright’s disease—just Uncle Robert’s and Aunt Susie’s maladies—and that there is drunkenness in his family, and a certain amount of wild oats in his own past. But the family seem to be pleased, and from what old Mrs Potter and Austin, her son, tell me of Edgar Scott, I have no doubt that he is as worthy of a good girl’s affection, and as capable of making her happy, as nine tenths of our gilded youth.

I find things here quite as usual and everybody well. Living at home has great advantages, insuring quiet and freedom from interruptions for my reading and writing. At the same time, when I go to Cambridge, which is nearly every day, I have a chance to see a lot of different people and to propound philosophy ex-cathedra. As to serious discussion of anything really interesting, that is impossible in this country, as there is here no cultivated public, only a few individuals with pronounced personalities, like Professors Norton and James, who don’t lend themselves to easy conversation. I have to wait for my next visit to Europe, which I hope may be next summer, when I may come also to see you. People have been asking me about as usual, and I have been in Cotuit with the Codman’s, at Beverley with Boylston & Elsie Beal, at Nahant with Robert and Ellen, whose children are nice, and go next Sunday to Manchester to the John Sturgises, where two of their English cousins, Margorie Sturgis (Harry’s eldest daughter) and Mildred Seymour are staying. Grafton and Howard Cushing will also be there, so we shall have a very distinguished house-party
Cam Forbes, whom you may remember at Avila, has just lost his father—a loss more than usually painful in his case as there was the greatest sympathy and intimacy between father and son. He is coaching the football team this year and I see him often in Cambridge.—Julia Robins is here, but very poor and very unhappy, thinking of escaping again to Europe and, I suspect, of marrying some foreigner and joining the Catholic Church at last. How things come round in this world!—Give my love to Celedonio and the family

Your ever affe\textsuperscript{e} brother

George
You may remember that two years ago I spoke to the members of my department of my unwillingness to continue at Harvard unless there was some prospect of my promotion. I afterwards suggested taking a year away and returning for this other year with my former standing, in order that the Corporation’s plans for the Philosophical Department, which I understood were not yet fully decided upon, might be arranged in the interval. I should naturally be glad to hear as soon as possible what the decision in regard to myself is likely to be, so that if I am not to remain here I may make other arrangements.

Yours very truly

GSantayana

To Charles William Eliot
4 December 1897 • Brookline, Massachusetts (MS: Harvard)

75 Monmouth Street
Brookline
December 4, 1897.

Dear Mr Eliot

I am much obliged for your letter and the explanation it contains. I had no idea that the increase in my salary in 1895–6 was due to the fact that I offered a course in Ethics, numbered Phil. 15, which in a sense was a substitute for Professor Palmer’s Phil 4, omitted that year. That course did not add to my hours of work, as it took the place of the one in Aesthetics which I had previously given; but it is true that the greater dignity of the subject, and the fact that it attracted a somewhat larger number of students, may be said to have increased my responsibilities. However, as I received no intimation that my salary was raised on that account, I supposed that the increase had followed in the normal course of events, and naturally expected to receive the same sum this year.

Phil. 20 f. was taken in October last by two graduates, Mr Montague and Mr Sheldon, but it was discontinued after a few weeks. They are both anxious to prepare for the examination for the doctor’s degree, and it seemed to them and to me that under the circumstances they could devote their time more to the purpose by taking other subjects than Scholastic philosophy.

Thanking you again for your letter, I am
To [Sara or Grace] Norton
10 January [1898 or 1907–1908] • Brookline, MA (MS: Houghton)

75 Monmouth Street
Brookline

Dear Miss Norton

Your kind note arrived when I was absent in New York else I should have answered it more promptly. I am very sorry that my answer, besides being belated, cannot be an acceptance, but I have an engagement for this evening which it is impossible for me to break.

With many thanks for your kind invitation

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

Jan. 10.

To Charles William Eliot
1 February 1898 • Brookline, Massachusetts (MS: Harvard)

75 Monmouth Street
Brookline
Feb 1 1898

Dear Mr Eliot

Thank you very much for your letter informing me of my appointment as assistant professor. It is very gratifying to me that the University should have confidence enough in me to take this step, and I shall endeavour to do my best to justify its expectations.

Yours very truly

GSantayana
To William Roscoe Thayer  
2 March 1898 • Cambridge, Massachusetts  
(MS: Houghton)

52 Brattle Street  
March 2 1898

Dear Mr Thayer

Would my review of Berenson be signed? If so, I am a little afraid of undertaking it, as he is an old friend of mine and not very tolerant of any diversity of opinion, however qualified with appreciation of what is brilliant and useful in his way of putting things. But if the contribution can be anonymous and I may have the Summer to write it in, I should be glad to have it entrusted to me, as I have the greatest interest in Berenson’s books, and read them with considerable pleasure.

Yours very truly

GSantayana

To Charles Scribner’s Sons  
17 March 1898 • Brookline, Massachusetts  
(MS: Princeton)

75 Monmouth Street  
Brookline Mass  
March 17, 1898.

Charles Scribner’s Sons  
New York

Dear Sirs

I beg to thank you for your favour of the 9th including a statement of the sale of the “Sense of Beauty,” and a cheque for $36.90. I enclose in return a list of the errata I have noticed, which are more, I am sorry to say, than those pointed out by our friend at Bowdoin.

Yours very truly

GSantayana
To William Roscoe Thayer
7 July 1898 • [Windsor, England]  (MS: Houghton)

Address: Care of Brown Shipley & Co
London

July 7, '98

Dear Mr Thayer

Your note has just reached me here. I am sorry the article is not yet in your hands. It is begun, and I will send it on within a week.

If it is in time for your next number and you decide to print it I suppose I must trouble you to look at the proofs. If it has missed this issue, perhaps you will forward them to me, or let me see them later in Cambridge

Yours truly  GSantayana

To William Roscoe Thayer
14 July [1898] • Windsor, England  (MS: Kentucky)

Address
C/o Brown Shipley & Co
London

QUEEN'S ACRE,
WINDSOR.

July 14.

Dear Mr Thayer

Here is my review grown to such a length that perhaps it had better appear as a signed article. I think Berenson will find the pill sufficiently sugared, and anyhow I think it will do him good, if indeed he comes by it at all which is doubtful.

I hope I have not inconvenienced you by the delay.

Yours truly

GSantayana
Nov. 8, 1898
Messrs Charles Scribner’s Sons
New York

Dear Sirs:

I have a number of articles and essays, some in print and some in manuscript, which might, I should think, be put together in a volume. Although the subjects are various there is a certain unity of method and tendency in them all. They might be called “Studies in Poetry and Religion.” The papers are on the Homeric hymns, the absence of religion in Shakespeare, Platonism in some Italian poets, Emerson, the poetry of barbarism (a study mainly of Browning and Whitman), the nature of poetry, and some other similar topics.

I write to ask you if there is any probability of your wishing to undertake the publication and, if so, at what time it would be best to have the MS in your hands. There is some work of revision to be done, which I could hasten, if it were necessary, so as to bring out the volume at a favourable season.

I am glad to see that the “Sense of Beauty” has continued to have a small sale, and I hope it has paid expenses. The reviews I have seen have been flattering, although all somewhat unsatisfactory to me on account of their silence on what I regard as the essence of the book—namely, its philosophical position.

Yours very truly
GSantayana
To Charles Scribner’s Sons  
9 February 1899 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Princeton)

Feb. 9, 1899

Dear Sirs.

You are very good not to forget my promised “Studies in poetry and religion.” The MS would be already in your hands but that, in looking over the pieces to arrange them for publication, I have become convinced that several of them have to be rewritten, as there are repetitions and incongruities in them as they now stand. I don’t like to print what I have still a reasonable hope of improving materially, so I will ask you to give me a little more time—until the autumn, perhaps,—so that I may turn these papers into a more consecutive and consistent whole. The subject is really one throughout, and I want the effect also to be simple and clear.

My college work keeps me so busy now that I may not be able to do much before June, although a week or two of steady application would, I think, be enough for the revision and rearrangement which are necessary.

Yours very truly

GSantayana

To Charles Carroll Everett  
11 February 1899 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Redwood)

Feb 11 ’99.

Dear Dr Everett

I shall be very glad to write an article about Professor Campbell’s book for the New World. You don’t say when you would like to have it, so I hope the date is not too near, as I haven’t read the book and should like to have time to digest it properly. Thank you very much for wishing to trust it to me.
To Macmillan and Co.
25 February 1899 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: New York)

52 Brattle Street
Cambridge Mass

Feb. 25, ’99

The Macmillan Company
New York

Dear Sirs,

It is true that I am at work on a book on a subject which is largely ethical, but the task is a great one and will not be finished, I am afraid, for some years. Scribner’s Sons, as you may know, have published my “Sense of Beauty” and should in courtesy have the first option in the case of my other books, but if when the one you refer to is finished they should not care to undertake it, I should be glad to submit it to you.

Yours very truly
GSantayana

To Hugo Münsterberg
[Spring 1899] • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Boston)

Dear Münsterberg

A word to say good bye—I am sorry it is not in person—and to thank you for the very generous and friendly appreciation of my poetic venture. Lucifer has been so long in my thoughts that it is a relief to see him petrified in print, and to be free to turn to other projects. If there is anything in the book to give you pleasure the fact is a great satisfaction to me. There is nothing that does one more good than to be able to believe that the more inward and finer part of one’s thinkings have not gone wholly astray.
Wishing you a happy and fruitful Summer

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Boylston Adams Beal

7 August 1899 • Oxford, England

Oxford
August 7 —99

Dear Boylston

It is just a month ago that you wrote me your good letter and I am ashamed not to have sent you my congratulations and thanks before this. But the fact was you didn’t give me the first pleasure of hearing the news, as I had heard it at Howard Sturgis’s a few days before, so that I was not carried away by that impulse which would otherwise have made me answer at once. But you may be sure I was most glad to hear that all was well and that a young lady had appeared about whom it is natural to have such pleasant anticipations.

I have been leading my usual summer life here—in fact, I am afraid this Oxford pilgrimage is becoming a dangerously fixed habit—and have been adding, to, and amending my essays on poetry and religion which, as you may know, I hope to bring out in the autumn. The task has proved much more troublesome than I had expected, but it is almost done now. I leave tomorrow for London and Paris; after a week with the Potters at Sainte Marguerite I go on to Avila for a fortnight, and then return to sail from Cherbourg on September 13th. I have got some rather decorative Arundel prints here which you must come to see when I have them put up. I have also been buying books—not my habit, as you know—to help me in my proposed translation of Aristotle’s Metaphysics—a French version, a German version and lots of commentaries.

My old acquaintance Fletcher of Christchurch (not the rowing man but the livery stable keeper) is still here, and I have been playing whist in his rooms a good deal in the evening. He had a theatrical brother of his, with him, and a Scotchman named M’Greggor, whose only conversation was to say “Thank you”. We made up an odd party, especially as none of us knew anything of the game. However, it was congenial in an animal sort of way, with candles and whisky and water.—Americans I have not seen much of, only Mrs Toy and two young women who were here with her, and two Harvard undergraduates who have come for me to show them Oxford—Montgomery Sears, Jr, and
Bayard Cutting. The latter is now Mr Choate’s private secretary, as Joe Choate has been promoted to third secretary of legation and Spencer Eddy has been transferred to Paris and—I presume—perfect happiness. In London I also saw Frederic Morgan who has been three years at the English Cambridge and was then on the point of leaving for his ancestral acres at Aurora, New York. He carried with him a whole tailor’s and haberdasher’s establishment and a junk shop of old furniture and things. They tell a story about him here which deserves a wider circulation. History was the subject of his “special research”. Having failed to pass the examinations at the end of his second year and having been thrown over by the best coaches as a man who wouldn’t work seriously, he saw the examinations of the third year coming on, and went to bury himself in the country to cram for them. But, alas! a few days before they were on, he reappeared among his astonished friends with his right arm in a sling. He had fallen from his bicycle and wouldn’t be able to write his papers at all or to get a degree! What a calamity! But they say he was caught merrily putting on his collar with both hands, and there is no doubt he recovered very soon after the examinations were over. His English friends are also much amused at what they call his American accent—he has that—but the worst of it, they say, is his way of pronouncing A. You know how they say assk and cann’t in his regions: he was bound to change all that, and so sent everybody into fits of laughter by talking about the grahndeur and mahgnificence of the lahndscape!

I shall not fail to give my sister your kind messages. She will be much interested in hearing of the new arrival. Yours ever

GSantayana
To William Cameron Forbes

[Autumn 1899–June 1904] • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Houghton)

60 Brattle Street
Cambridge

Dear Cam

I didn’t answer your mysterious note of a week ago because I was expecting some further information about what you want me to do. As I have heard nothing more I write to say that I have no engagements for the end of next week and should be very glad to do in your agreeable company anything not contrary to law and morals, and not in the nature of giving lectures, writing poems, correcting blue-books, or reading theses for the degree of doctor of philosophy—all things of which I am weary almost unto death.

So, if what you have in mind is sufficiently frivolous and not too athletic, you may count on me.

Yours ever

GSantayana
To Charles Augustus Strong

[Autumn 1899–June 1904] • Cambridge, MA (MS: Georgetown)

60 Brattle St
Cambridge

Dear Strong

Do you remember that you asked me to come to Lakewood again in the Spring? If you are still of the same mind you may count on me for a short visit during the holidays which for me last from the 13th to the 19th of April. For the last part of the week I have engagements in New York and Philadelphia, but nothing would give me more pleasure than to spend Monday or Tuesday or both with you and, I hope, Mrs Strong.

Let me know if this is convenient, but be perfectly frank if there is any obstacle whatever, as I might perhaps see you in town or else in June, when I expect to be in New York again.

I have been reading more Fichte and Hegel, but my inner self rebels increasingly against their empty pertinacity and shocking habit of covering a paradox with a truism, and making you believe the absurd under the guise of the self-evident. So I shall be kindly disposed to the things-in-themselves.

I have had a polite invitation to your academic festival, but on the 19th must be in Philadelphia, so cannot join you.

With best regards to Mrs Strong Yours always

GSantayana

1 Rockefeller estate in New Jersey.
2 Johann Gottlieb Fichte (1762–1814), a German philosopher and political thinker, was an important influence in the development of German Romanticism. His philosophy was focused on the ethical. He developed the Kantian distinction of noumena and phenomena in his Grundlage der gesammten Wissenschaftslehre (Foundation of the complete theory of knowledge, 1794). He held that the essence of the universe is mind and that it posits the material world through a process called productive imagination.
Oct. 26. 1899

Messrs Charles Scribner’s Sons
New York

Gentlemen.

I am sending you today by express the MS of ten essays under the title “Interpretations of poetry and religion.” You may remember that last winter I spoke to you of them and you kindly asked to see them when they were ready. The labour of fitting and patching them together has been longer than I expected, but here they are at last.

If you decide to publish the book, I wish you would tell me whether you think it well to add an appendix with the text of the rather numerous and important passages, for the most part verse, which I have translated and quoted in the essays. I should prefer to have such an appendix, as poetical translations can never be close or adequate, nor can what merits they may have be appreciated unless the original is at hand for comparison. But perhaps the expense and annoyance of printing so much in foreign languages—there is Greek, Italian, and a little French and Spanish—would be greater than the advantage gained.

“The dissolution of Paganism” (under the form of a review of Campbell’s Religion in Greek literature) and the “Absence of religion in Shakespeare” have appeared in the “New World”. The others have not been published, although the “Platonic love in some Italian poets” (although blushing under another name) was privately printed by a ladies’ club in Buffalo, to which it was originally read! I am not sure whether the “New World” has any copyright, but I think not.

Yours very truly
GSantayana
To Mary Augusta Jordan
30 October 1899 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

60 Brattle Street
Cambridge

No October 30, 1899

Dear Miss Jordan

Words of encouragement are always pleasant and stimulating to those who make expeditions into comparatively solitary regions. Thank you very much for yours.

If John Burroughs expresses the reaction of his so innocent mind on the subject of Lucifer, perhaps you will let me hear of it.

Yours gratefully
GSantayana

To Charles Scribner’s Sons
15 November 1899 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

60 Brattle Street
Cambridge Mass

Messrs Charles Scribner’s Sons
New York

Nov. 15. 1899.

Gentlemen:

I thank you very much for the generous terms, in every sense of the words, in which you undertake to publish the “Interpretations of Poetry and Religion”. It seems to me also that this book will arouse more interest—doubtless more adverse criticism too—than did the other; but that, if it comes, will not do you or me any harm.

I shall await with interest the proofs as you get them ready, and I will try to read them more carefully than I did the those of the “Sense of Beauty”, into which a few errors crept in one way or another. I hope the
disordered state of the MS—the result of various revisions—will not make trouble with the printers.

Believe me, with renewed thanks for your friendly appreciations,

Yours very sincerely

GSantayana

To Charles Scribner’s Sons
11 December 1899 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

(MS: Princeton)

60 Brattle Street
Cambridge
Dec. 11. 1899.

Messrs Charles Scribner’s Sons
New York

Dear Sirs:

I have at this moment no photograph of myself to send you. None has been taken for years and I confess I have some aversion to such things in general and particularly to their use as advertisements. But I am well aware of the reasons there are for conforming to custom in such matters, and I will try to get some reproduction made of a drawing a very clever young painter, Mr Andreas Andersen, made of me a few years ago, and send it to you. It is rather odd and now a trifle youthful, but I fancy those traits will not stand in the way of what is wanted.

I enclose the contract, and the corrected proof will follow.

Yours very truly

GSantayana
To [Sara or Grace] Norton
22 December 1899 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Houghton)

60 Brattle Street
Dec. 22. ’99

Dear Miss Norton

I am very sorry that I have another engagement for Sunday evening. It would have been a privilege—I don’t say to help you entertain your strangers—but to be entertained so Christianly in their company.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Josiah Royce
30 December 1899 • New York, New York (MS: Harvard)

New York
December 30 ’99

Dear Royce

Your letter reached me as I was about to start on a little trip for the holidays (including a glimpse of the Psychological Association meeting at New Haven) and I have not had an opportunity to answer before as I wished to answer, because I have to thank you at the same time for the pleasure I have had in reading your new book. It seems to me to make your doctrine more approachable for those of us to whom it is not a native conviction, and the supplementary essay gives it more definition, I should say, than any of your previous works had done. Perhaps my own mind has been better prepared by dealing so much of late with Plato, and has been moving more than it once did in lines parallel to those of your philosophy. There are some questions I should like some day to ask you: I don’t see, for instance, how the third and fourth conceptions escape a kind of realism in that they still seem to make one part of the system of things representative of other parts and of the whole, not included in the given part, and seen to be related to it only by a third person—the philosopher himself. For the existence of the completion of my life is no datum of my life itself, although the demand for that completion may be such a datum.
Of course I shall be glad to keep Phil. 4 A going until you return. How would it do for me talk to them about the ethics of political and religious parties in the nineteenth century, as an introduction to Contemporary controversies? I mean, merely to classify such tendencies as the clerical, (Catholic and Puritan,) Rousseau and the French revolution, Romanticism, and Utilitarianism,—Multum in parvo,—but what else is to be expected of a philosopher?

I hope you will find James stronger. Remember me to him, and believe me, with best wishes for the New Year,

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

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**To William Morrow**

[1900] • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Fales)

60 Brattle Street

Dear Mr Morrow

I find it will be impossible for me to be at the dinner tomorrow. I am very sorry, as I was looking forward to the occasion with much pleasure

Yours truly

GSantayana

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**To Moncure Robinson**

January 1900 • [Cambridge, Massachusetts] (MS: Unknown)

Letter to M. R.
Dear kindly host,

The task in haste imposed—
To write in verse and in blank verse at that
Miltonic, massive, monumental, mouthed,
Explains this bread-and-butter letter’s lateness. For
Accustomed as I am to tinkling rhymes
And toying with a facile muse, I lacked
Due inspiration and apprenticeship
For noblest melodies; by which alone
The height and breadth of your great friendliness
Might equalled be, or the truth paralleled
Of my unfeignèd thanks. For which high theme
The inspiration of some stateliest muse,—
Some Louisa Cushing of Parnassus Street—
Had first to be invoked; but she, alack,
In love with her affianced jack-an-apes
Grudgingly listened to my suit and granted
But few and halting phrases to my pen.
I left you, and the moving corridor
That threads its iron path on thundering wheels,
A noisy, dusty, hissing centi-
pede,
Received me and my chattels,
in one hand
I held the long and much-
stamped evidence
Of having paid, ere venturing
to mount,
My fare to Charon to trans-
port me thence;
In the other hand the New
York Herald’s yet
Close-folded, undeciphered
oracles.
When one named Stewart
of the Clan-o’-Forbes
Greeted me; but with dim
lack-lustre eye
And mouth far more in-
clined to ope to yawn
Than to be reason’s discreet
instrument.
He had sat late that night
And deeply drunk
More than was good. Yet
had we chops together
Abstemious, tough, and cheap.
There, too, appeared
One Warren Sturgis and his
frowsy bride,
Grotonians, whom with
damned heresies
And signs papistical and
Tory sneers
I rudely shocked, and left to
plume themselves,
Sweet cooing doves and Evan-
gelical.
But chiefly Stimson of the
grey-green eye
And grisly Van Dyk beard beguiled an hour
With harmless gossip and the bookman’s shop.
Thus we reached Boston, carpeted with snow
And whistling-cold. And from that moment on
The daily indistinguishable round
Of daily motions so hath swayed my soul
That I remember nought. That I have talked
I fear; that I have ate, I well believe,
And trust that I have slept; but in what sort
You can as probably divine as I.

Above the revolution of this scene
And flight of moments, floats the pleasant sense
Of days in Gotham, lately spent with you;
Of your one sister, charming when first known
And when more known more charming; of the other
Too little seen, alas, in those quick days;
Of the keen frost, the long straight avenue,
Between its beetling cliffs, glazed honeycombs
Of perpendicular stone; the genial fire,
The midnight drink, the shivering
morning bath,
The Wilsons’ box, my hat, on
Wilson’s head
Removed, forgotten, missed
and found again;
And Calvé in her spangled
robe of black
With pink and yellow roses—
all these things
And many slighter thoughts,
unnamable
In this proud metre’s high-laced
eloquence,
Yet sizzle in my pot, the
while I sit
Beside my hearth, and poke
its vestal fires.
With this adieu, till
Spring consent to blow
Or some auspicious moment
bring you here,
Then shall we meet again
and plan anew
How houses should be
garnished. For the nonce
Farewell, and may all
blessings follow you.

G.S.

January, 1900
To Charles Scribner’s Sons
20 February 1900 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Princeton)

Messrs Charles Scribner’s Sons

Dear Sirs:

Thank you very much for the six copies of *Poetry and Religion* which came a day or two ago. The appearance of the book seems most satisfactory. Let us hope the sale will be no less so.

The persons to whom I asked you to send copies in my name seem not yet to have received them. As I sent you the list some time ago, I mention the fact, in case it has been mislaid or escaped your notice. Otherwise there is, of course, no particular haste about the matter.

Very truly yours

GSantayana

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To Elizabeth Ellery Sedgwick Child
5 April [1900–1905] • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Houghton)

Mr Santayana

regrets that he is not able, on account of a previous engagement, to accept

Mrs Child’s

kind invitation for the evening of Wednesday April 9th

60 Brattle Street

April 5th

[Unsigned]
Dear James

Palmer has just sent me your delightful letter by which I see with joy that you are full of life again in this season of resurrection. May the revival be perennial for you and full of fruits! You must have thought me very unfeeling not to write and make personal inquiries during all these months; it has not been for lack of concern but merely from perplexity in finding the right moment and the right words, as well as from the knowledge of how little my platonic sympathies would count in the midst of the affection of your many friends. But I am as glad as any of them can be at the change for the better, and full of confidence that you underestimate the amount of energy that you will find again in yourself ere long.

I see that you have discovered me in the *Poetry & Religion* more than in my verses or the *Sense of Beauty* although I fancy there is no less of me in those other books. But there is more to come, and although I daresay you won’t like the *Life of Reason* much better than you like my attitude hitherto, I think you will find that, apart from temperament, I am nearer to you than you now believe. What you say, for instance, about the value of the good lying in its existence, and about the continuity of the world of values with that of fact, is not different from what I should admit. Ideals would be irrelevant if they were not natural entelechies, if they were not called for by something that exists and if consequently their realization would not be a present and actual good. And the point in insisting that all the eggs at breakfast are rotten is nothing at all except the consequent possibility and endeavour to find good eggs for the morrow. The only thing I object to and absolutely abhor is the assertion that all the eggs indiscriminately are good because the hen has laid them.

You tax me several times with impertinence and superior airs. I wonder if you realize the years of suppressed irritation which I have past in the midst of an unintelligible sanctimonious and often disingenuous Protestantism, which is thoroughly alien and repulsive to me, and the need I have of joining hands with something far away from it and far above it. My Catholic sympathies didn’t justify me in speaking out because I felt them to be merely sympathies and not to have a rational and human back-
ing; but the study of Plato and Aristotle has given me confidence and, backed by such an authority as they and all who have accepted them represent, I have the right to be sincere, to be absolutely objective and unapologetic, because it is not I that speak but human reason that speaks in me. Truly the Babel in which we live has nothing in it so respectable as to put on the defensive the highest traditions of the human mind. No doubt, as you say, Latinity is moribund, as Greece itself was when it transmitted to the rest of the world the seeds of its own rationalism; and for that reason there is the more need of transplanting and propagating straight thinking among the peoples who hope to be masters of the world in the immediate future. Otherwise they will be its physical masters only, and the Muses will fly over them to alight among some future race that may understand the gods better.

If I get to Europe this summer I shall hope to see you, but it is doubtful: I may stay here or go to Japan—a wholly new sphere for me where a friend who has gone before is tempting me to follow him. I shouldn’t like Japan very much, but I should like to have seen it.—Of things here you have better reporters than I, so I say no more. May Schott be auspicious and all things physical and metaphysical go on well and rapidly.

Always sincerely yours
GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong
16 April [1900] • Brookline, Massachusetts (MS: Rockefeller)

75 Monmouth St
Brookline
April 16

Dear Strong

I am awfully sorry that I can’t get off either for lunch or dinner today, and I am afraid I shall miss you this time altogether. It would be a great pleasure to see you, and I have a letter of James’s (addressed to Palmer) with some rich things about my new book which it would amuse you to see, besides no end of Jamesonianisms on other subjects. (The extra syl-
labels may not be right, but the subject deserves them!) He says my philosophy is “the perfection of rottenness”, that he never read anything so “imperturbably impudent,” etc, etc.

I wish our vacations didn’t coincide, for it is then that I have most engagements for whole days and can be least depended on for casual visits. Next time give me a longer warning and I will keep a big place for a talk on things in themselves and things in general.

Yours sincerely

G Santayana

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To Charles Augustus Strong

19 April 1900 • Brookline, Massachusetts

Brookline, April 19, 1900.

Dear Strong

I am delighted beyond measure that my little book should please you. Thank you very much for all you say. It encourages me very much, coming from a person of your solid judgment and religious nature and education. If you find my book good, it can’t be rotten. But I must attempt to answer your criticism, so as to set myself right both with you and with my own conscience. When I said that religion should give up its pretension to be dealing with matters of fact, I meant, as you doubtless felt yourself, that the religious machinery (gods, hell, heaven, grace, sacraments etc) was not in the plane of fact but in the plane of symbols. But symbols are symbols of fact; and in a sense poetry deals with matters of fact, and the better and more poetical the poetry the more real and fundamental the facts with which it deals. It is not artificial in the sense of being arbitrary. It is a representation of reality, according to the requirements of a part of reality, the human imagination. And yet there is a plain sense in which it is right and obvious to say that poetry does not deal with (I should have said, perhaps, does not contain, does not constitute) matters of fact. Apollo is not a fact in the same plane as the sun: yet the religion of Apollo “deals with” the fact “sun”. Otherwise the religion of Apollo would be impossible; it would have no basis and no subject-matter. So that all I mean by relegating religion to the sphere of poetry is to distinguish, as we should all do in poetry,
between the reality represented and the fiction by which that representation is made. Painting does not deal with flesh and hair, but with pigments; yet by its manipulation of those pigments it represents, and, if you like, deals with, hair and flesh. Possibly the whole ambiguity might be removed by saying deals in, instead of deals with. But my book was not meant to be a creed, even for skeptics, and its definitions are not meant to have theological precision. They are “thrown at” ideas.

As to the “creed for skeptics” which you have in petto, it is my own and I subscribe to it beforehand. Only it seems to me a philosophy, not a religion. The religious element in it is hardly, I should say, a survival; it is rather an incipient reconstitution of a poetic object, in response to the religious faculty that survives, as it always should, the destruction of its outgrown embodiments. Your “Universe”, even if said not to be a person or essentially moral, is an imaginative entity, a poetic interpretation or symbol of the sundry forces known to science and life. For notice: every real object of attention every law of nature or habit of society which can constitute a rule (I should say rather a condition) of our conduct, is only an element in that dramatic character which you call the Universe, and whose intractable nobility and substantial lovableness you go on to describe. It is pure poetry to regard the parts of the Universe as its Expressions. Yet only by so regarding them, by forgetting that it is the idea “Universe” that is secondary and merely expressive of discursive experiences of your own, can you concentrate your cosmic emotions (and even your moral feeling, as you propose to do) on a single object called Deus sine Natura. This synthesis no doubt corresponds to an objective system of forces, to a real dynamic continuity outside: but you have no right (except poetically and loosely, braving the unthinkable inconsistencies involved) to give that external system a moral physiognomy. Only its parts have moral characteristics, when they touch favourably or unfavourably the unfolding of human interests (or such non-human interests as appeal to our sympathy.) You can’t sum up the moral values of the parts of the Universe and say the result is the moral value of the Universe itself. For these moral values cancel one another and disappear into merely physical energies when you trace them back to their source. The good and evil in the world are not the world’s merits and demerits, because by the time you have traced them back to the general laws from which good and evil alike flow, the laws have forfeited those moral characteristics. I disagree, then, with what you say about the credit for what is fair and good being due rather to the Universe than to us. It is as if you said vision belonged rather to the
Universe than to the animals in it, because of course the Universe gave the animals eyes, and not they to themselves. The Universe deserves no credit for our virtues until it acquires them—until it becomes ourselves. When the sympathy with moral ends begins to be a principle of action, moral values arise; there are none in the mere conditions of goodness, and the rain and the corn and sunshine are not moral objects. To regard them as such is really to make them gods; it is mythology; and to my mind your awe-inspiring, amiable, sympathetic and admonishing Universe is a mythological object. I value it as such; as such it is a religious idea, and a true one; but it is not a matter of fact. But by all means be a poet and write your creed. I will subscribe to it [across] with all my heart, for our new conception of reality requires just such an interpretation of it, in terms of its relation to our Gemüth

Yours G. S.

To William Bond Wheelwright
12 May 1900 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Unknown)

60 Brattle Street

Dear Mr Wheelwright

I am truly sorry that I can’t accept your kind invitation for next Wednesday. I have a previous engagement which I mustn’t break. It would have been a great pleasure to dine with you all and to hear some of those witty things which Lampy finds too good for the vulgar, and doesn’t say in print.

With many thanks

Your sincerely

GSantayana
May 12 1900

To Nathaniel Wedd
17 May 1900 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: King’s)

Cambridge U.S.A
May 17 1900

Dear Wedd

After some hesitation I have decided to go to England as usual this summer and expect to be in London about July first. Won’t you let me know if you are at King’s (as you said last year you might be) or elsewhere within reach of London. My address is C/o Brown Shipley & Co, Founders Court E.C.
Yours ever

GSantayana

To William Roscoe Thayer
29 May 1900 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Houghton)

60 Brattle Street
Cambridge
May 29, 1900.

Dear Mr Thayer

I must write a word of thanks for your very kind and flattering letter, and, having taken pen in hand for that purpose, I am tempted to add a word suggested by your criticism. You say you find in “Poetry and Religion” no definite statement of a creed. The reason is that I have none, if by a creed we are to understand settled convictions upon matters of which we can have no real knowledge. But my philosophic attitude, if I may call it so, is definite enough, and I should think would have appeared clearly on almost every page. My feeling is that we know and can know nothing but our experience—our experience as it comes. All inferences about its conditions, causes, or ultimate results is pure speculation in the air. This mass of theory, a product of our intelligence or imagination, has, however, different degrees of value. Sometimes it is in the air after the
manner of a bridge, touching the earth at both ends, so that our thought can pass over it from experience to experience. Such verified or practically sanctioned theory is science. Another part of our speculation only touches experience at one end, the point of its origin: it is in the air after the fashion of a captive balloon. In that case it is called metaphysics or theology, and is essentially a kind of poetry. While it is still relevant to experience, still a natural expression of the reflective imagination, it is good poetry, good religion, something morally significant although literally mythical, since we can never pass through it to any further experience or verify it in practice. But if our balloon gets loose altogether, if our poetry and religion cease to connect with life even in their origin and are not the interpretation or symbol of any thing real, then our fictions become absolutely vapid and without value of any sort. So I distinguish four stages of being—if I may call them so—1st actual experience, which is the only known or knowable “reality”, 2nd science, which is valid and verifiable theory, 3rd good poetry and good religion, which contain ideas (like the idea of a “person”), unverifiable but significant and relevant to the experience which has suggested them and which they represent in symbolic forms, and 4th bad poetry and bad religion, which is are neither useful in life nor truly expressive of it.

After this I need hardly say that I neither wish people to kiss the Pope’s toe nor to be liberals, if liberalism in philosophy is to mean the tendency to believe that, unverifiable hypotheses, if they are meagre and abstract enough, may be passed off for matters of fact. I want my metaphysics and religion to be good poetry, not bad and inadequate poetry. As I am not eager to smuggle it into the dark corners and fine interstices of reality (like our transcendental friends) I am glad to have it as full and interesting as possible, a real counterpart and idealization of life. Therefore I prefer Catholic ideas to Protestant, and Pagan ideas to Catholic: or, if you like, I would only accept Christianity as a form of Paganism. For in Paganism I see the only religion that tried to do justice to all life, and at the same time retained the consciousness that it was a kind of poetry.

I didn’t mean to write such a long letter—but you have the stimulus of your own to blame for this prolixity. Yours very truly
GSantayana
To Nathaniel Wedd  
[July 1900?] • London, England  
108 Jermyn Street  
S.W.  

Dear Wedd  

I am so glad you are to be in town on the 11th. I expect to be here then. Look me up in the morning or let me know where to meet you. As doubtless you come to attend to something and may be busy at other times, I hope you will at least lunch and dine with me, when we can talk of Dionysius and more modern matters.  

Yours ever  

GSantayana

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To D. Appleton and Co.  
2 October 1900 • Cambridge, Massachusetts  
60 Brattle Street  
Cambridge  
Mass.  

Oct. 2. 1900  

Messrs D Appleton & Co  
New York  

Gentlemen,  

Is it still possible to get copies of No. 87 of the Journal of Speculative Philosophy, the issue for September 1892? If so, I should be glad if you would send me two copies. Perhaps you could also tell me, what would interest me very much, whether Mr Davidson carried out the plan which he speaks of in that number of the Journal, of translating the whole of Aristotle’s Metaphysics. I ask because I have a project of that kind myself, and I should like to take advantage of his labours if they were at all considerable.
To William Torrey Harris
9 October 1900 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

Cambridge. Mass
60 Brattle Street
October 9, 1900

Mr William T Harris
Washington.

Dear Sir.

Thank you very much for the two numbers of the Journal of Speculative Philosophy which you have forwarded, for which I enclose a cheque.

My translation of the Metaphysics is only just begun and I hardly dare to think when it may be finished. But I hope the day may come. A readable and trustworthy English version is certainly much needed.

Yours truly
GSantayana

To William Torrey Harris
[19 October 1900] • Cambridge, Massachusetts

60 Brattle Street
Cambridge Mass

Dr WT Harris
Washington.

Dear Sir:

You are very kind to wish to make me a present of these two numbers of the Journal of Speculative Philosophy, and I thank you for them most
sincerely. When I reach the twelfth book I expect to find Mr Davidson’s version of great assistance. It will already be useful to my classes, whom I cannot expect to read Aristotle in the original.

The work of translation is going forward slowly. I find it very interesting and stimulating; if my enthusiasm holds I shall finish it within a year or two.

With renewed thanks
Yours very truly
GSantayana

To William Bond Wheelwright
3 November 1900 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Unknown)

60 Brattle Street
Nov. 43, 1900

Dear Wheelwright

Won’t you and Camprubi come to dine with me tomorrow, Wednesday, at the Colonial Club at 6.30? I have been asked to give my verses of the other night to the Monthly, but you may have them for the Lampoon if on second thoughts you don’t think them too long and heavy. I never remember to have seen so long a piece in the Lampoon, and I hardly see how you can get it in. However, you shall be judge. I hope to have the MS back on Wednesday.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana
To Anna Boynton Thompson
9 November 1900 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Radcliffe)

60 Brattle Street
Cambridge
Nov. 9th 1900

Dear Miss Thompson

Professor Palmer tells me that you have some thoughts of reading Aristotle’s Metaphysics with us. I should be most happy to have you join us, the technical conditions being fulfilled, as I understand, if you are a member of Radcliffe. We meet on Tuesday afternoon at two o’clock in my rooms, and the class consists only of Mr. Fuller, and Mr. Doroty of the Episcopal Theological School. We have been translating privately, and bringing in a written version of a chapter or two a piece to each meeting. My plan is, the versions and their meaning having been discussed in common, to write out later a clean copy, and publish it. I should be very glad indeed of your cooperation in this work.

Yours truly
GSantayana

To Anna Boynton Thompson
12 November 1900 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Radcliffe)

60 Brattle Street
Cambridge
Nov. 12, 1900

Dear Miss Thompson

The sort of work which you would wish to do would be of the greatest use in our undertaking, the more as it would supply the deficiencies of the rest of us. My purpose being largely practical—the desire to publish a useful translation—I cannot myself stop to investigate every point for its own
sake. But the study of commentators and of such sources as there are would often throw light upon the text, even if it should at other times envelope it in darkness. If you wish to do the work, I should of course be most happy to profit by it, although I can hardly see in what sense you would be working “under my direction.” You would be rather contributing notes and auxiliary matter to the study which we should be engaged in.

I will therefore leave it for you to do as you like, and will gladly read the translations you may send me. You can undertake the study of the Metaphysics or any part of it, and come to compare your results with ours whenever you like. That would not involve, I should think, attendance at the Seminary in a formal manner, although it would give us material assistance to have you join us when you had the time. Or you could occasionally meet me alone, as you suggest, and talk over any point that interested you particularly. Your method of working is so thorough, that it would be you rather than I that would be the instructor on those occasions.

I find Bonitz’ Latin commentary and his German translation the most useful to control my version by: although I think a freer and fuller rendering is often better in English than his literal translation. We have got now to the middle of Book III or B; but there is no objection to your beginning where you like.

Yours truly

GSantayana

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To Charles Scribner’s Sons
3 December 1900 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Princeton)

60 Brattle Street
Cambridge Mass
Dec. 3, 1900

Messrs Charles Scribner’s Sons
New York

Gentlemen:

I don’t remember ever seeing a book of verse among your publications, but nevertheless it occurs to me to ask you whether you would care to look at a set of poems of very various sorts which I am getting together. Stone
and Kimball—or Herbert S Stone, as the firm is now called—published my sonnets and *Lucifer*, and would very likely take the new volume also. But Chicago is a long way off and not a place from which it seems natural for my books to come, and my relations with you in respect to the *Sense of Beauty* and the *Interpretations* have been, for me, so entirely satisfactory, that I don’t like to take steps towards any further publication without asking you whether you would be inclined to undertake it.

Yours very truly
GSantayana

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*To Charles Scribner’s Sons*

10 February 1901 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Princeton)

60 Brattle Street
Cambridge Mass
February 10, 1901

Messrs Charles Scribner’s Sons
New York

Gentlemen:

I sent you yesterday by express the verses of which I formerly wrote to you and which you encouraged me to submit to you. I have been retouching many of the pieces, which are juvenile, and hesitating about including others; in fact the whole group which is placed last, under the title, of *Convivial and occasional verses* gives me some qualms, although I have lopped off heads and tails unmercifully in the effort to make them discrete and presentable. Perhaps it would have been better to leave them unmutilated and unpublished; but I had a feeling that if printed here they might relieve the excessive idealism and religiosity of the first part of the little book, and keep people from rushing to the conclusion (to which some of my critics seem to have come) that the author is himself the *Hermit*, the *Lucifer*, or the innocent Platonist they read about. I suppose if those states of feeling did not appeal to me at all it would be unlikely that I should dwell on them so much; but at the same time that pure idealism by no means represents either my way of life or my speculative opinions; and I should be glad to give my little public some hint of that fact. Not that I
wish them to form another or better idea of my personality, for that is just what I dislike; what I wish is to be taken as an artist, not as a man writing his confessions. So that a few perfectly sincere frivolities (of which I have a considerable stock) may serve to dérouter the sentimentally impertinent reader.

I say this to explain my idea in preparing such a medley as what I am sending you. If you think any of the pieces, or the whole last group, had better be left out, pray say so with entire frankness. I should sacrifice them without a pang, all the more as they would thereby be restored to their personal and far more pungent context; for of course most of these dinner-verses were originally full of personalities. I would rather not print anything for which an apology is necessary even in the form of a date given to show how young and clever the author was when he committed his indiscretions or perpetrated his crudities. If a thing is not worth saying now it is not worth saying at all: although a poet may well say a thousand things he does not wholly believe.

Yours very truly
GSantayana

To James Edwin Creighton
16 April 1901 • New York, New York (MS: Cornell)

New York
April 16 1901

Dear Sir

Your letter should have been answered before but had to follow me here from Cambridge. I shall be glad to write the notice of Martin’s Saint Augustin which you ask for, if you are willing to wait until Aug 1st for it.

Yours very truly
G Santayana
To Harry Morgan Ayres

[Spring 1901 or 1902?] • [Cambridge, Massachusetts?] (MS postcard: Lango)

Final grade in Philosophy 10: —

B

G.S.

To Alice Freeman Palmer

[June 1901?] • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Wellesley)

60 Brattle Street

Dear Mrs Palmer

It will give me great pleasure to celebrate so auspicious an occasion with you on Wednesday the 19th. I don’t say that I will come to congratulate Mr Palmer, for we are all to be congratulated on his long and fruitful labour.

With many thanks and pleasant expectations

Yours sincerely        GSantayana
To Charles Scribner’s Sons
12 June 1901 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Princeton)

60 Brattle Street
Cambridge
June 12 1901

Messrs Charles Scribner’s Sons
New York

Gentlemen.

I send you at last the enclosed agreement which I had mislaid. I hope this long delay has not put you to any inconvenience.

As to the title, I have a wholly new suggestion to make. The Phi Beta Kappa has asked me to read them some verses at their annual meeting in Cambridge, on the day after the Harvard Commencement, and I am at work on a piece to be called “Spain in America”, in Spenser’s measure, the idea being to moralise on the career of Spain in the New World, her exits and entrances, and what can remain over of definitive good and ill. As the subject has some interest and the poem may be of considerable length (I shall not read it all!) it has occurred to me that it might be put in the front of the new volume, which might then be called “Spain in America and other poems”. Perhaps that might attract more general attention and have, at the same time, a certain personal propriety even in respect to the other things in the book.

I believe it is customary not to announce the subject of Phi Beta Kappa poems beforehand, so I beg you to consider this note confidential—until June 27th.

I sail for Europe from New York on June 29th and if my M.S. is then at your office, perhaps you would let me have it for a few minutes, as I wish to make some substitutions in one or two of the pieces, preferably before they go to the printer.

My address during the summer—after June 29th—will be C/o Brown Shipley & Co 123A Pall Mall, London. In sending me the proof, it is unnecessary to inclose the M.S. as I never look at it, partly because I know the verses pretty well, and partly because the fresh impression made by the printed page helps me to see little faults and make the necessary changes. The mere proof can be easily sent by mail, and I will return it immediately.
so as not to make the delay any longer than it must be of necessity under the circumstances.

Yours very truly

GSantayana

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**To William Roscoe Thayer**

[20 June 1901] • Cambridge, Massachusetts  
(MS: Houghton)

60 Brattle Street

Dear Mr Thayer

My ΦΒΚ poem is probably coming out in the autumn in a new volume of verses which Scribner is publishing for me. I don’t know whether they will like or dislike the idea of having the piece appear simultaneously in the Graduates’ Magazine, but I will inquire and let you know. For my part I should be delighted, although I am not sure that you will not think it sins both in length and by obscurity. However, I don’t expect to read it all, so that the audience will have only one cross to bear—

Yours very truly

GSantayana

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**To Charles Scribner’s Sons**

20 June 1901 • Cambridge, Massachusetts  
(MS: Princeton)

60 Brattle Street

Cambridge

June 20, ‘01

Messrs Charles Scribner’s Sons

New York

Gentlemen:

Mr Thayer of the Harvard Graduates’ Magazine asks me if he may publish my Φ.B.K. poem in September. I have not given him a definitive
answer, wishing first to refer the matter to you. You may remember that I was thinking of using the title, “Spain in America”, for our new volume, and if that is to be done, I am not sure that it would be advisable to reprint the leading poem elsewhere. Or would it be rather a sort of advertisement for the book?

Yours very truly
GSantayana

To William Roscoe Thayer
25 June 1901 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Houghton)

60 Brattle Street
June. 25. 1901

Dear Mr Thayer

Scribner seems to be disinclined to have the whole of my effusion published elsewhere, and I think myself that it would be long and unnecessary in the pages of the Magazine. Considerable extracts, however, will go to the daily press, and those of course would be at your disposal, if they helped you to fill a vacant page. But between the bits in the papers and the portentous whole in the book, I should think there was hardly room for an abridged version in your review. However, that is for you to decide.

I am sorry not to lend myself more unreservedly to your flattering idea, but you see how the matter stands.

Yours very truly
GSantayana
To Charles Scribner’s Sons
[c. 25 June 1901] • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Princeton)

60 Brattle Street
Cambridge Mass

Charles Scribner’s Sons.
New York

Gentlemen:

I was glad to get your letter of the other day and to know the view you took of the poems as a whole and of the occasional pieces in particular. The royalty of 10% you suggest is all I should have expected if I had thought of the matter at all. Of course my interest in publishing verses consists entirely in the desire to see them in my friends’ hands and to be rid of that feeling of prolonged pregnancy which comes from having old things in MS when new things are in one’s mind asking for their turn to be hatched. I only hope you will not suffer any loss by venturing to undertake their publication.

What you say about the title is very true, although it had not struck me before. I will try to think of a better one, at least for the volume. Several suggest themselves to my mind, in view of what you say about a certain doctrinal and spiritualistic tendency in the two first poems: but I dislike too poetical and pretentious a title as would be “The lessons of love”, “The penances of love” or anything of that kind. “Christian Episodes” would perhaps be better, and would have the advantage of indicating the “objective” way in which I look, and should like the reader to look, at those little studies. But as the publication is not to be until the autumn, there is time for happier thoughts, as well as for some changes and corrections which begin to occur to me—most of them, however, slight enough to be made in the proof.

Yours very truly
GSantayana

1 Scribner’s editor, William Crary Brownell, rejected “Spain in America” as the title of Santayana’s book of verse. He feared that public sentiment generated by the Spanish-American War (1898) might prejudice the book’s success.
To Charles Scribner’s Sons
26 June 1901 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Princeton)

60 Brattle Street
Cambridge Mass
June 26 1901

Messrs Charles Scribners Sons
New York

Gentlemen.

I see that you put your trust decidedly in metaphysics, and I am heartily glad
to concur in that preference. We will then put “Spain in America” at the end
of the volume, among the occasional verses, and this is all the more fitting as
now that the piece is finished I perceive that it is shorter more artificial and less
grand than I had imagined it in its nebulous state.

I will follow your suggestion about the other matter also and only offer Mr
Thayer the extracts which will also be given to the daily press, which usually
gives a good deal of space to such poems. It will only be a part of what I shall
read and a smaller part of what I have written.

A satisfactory title for those metaphysical love scenes has not yet occurred
to me. Can you suggest something, or at least point to some good example,s?

Yours very truly
GSantayana

To William Crary Brownell
29 June 1901 [postmark] • New York, New York (MS postcard: Princeton)

Poems
New Poems
Christian Episodes and other poems.
The Hermit’s Christmas and other poems
Dramatic and other poems.
Scenes and Elegies and other poems.
A Hermit of Carmel and other poems.
A Hermit of Mount Carmel and other poems.
A meeting in Ἀ[Mt.]? Carmel and other poems.

G.S.
Dear Susie

I have been in England a week or ten days, waiting to make definite plans for the summer before writing to you. They are hardly made yet, but on the point which most concerns you, whether I shall get as far as Avila or not in my wanderings, I may say that I don’t think it likely. I must absolutely do some solid work, and unless I get fagged and bored, so that work becomes impossible, I mean to stay here and keep at it all summer, with the exception of some short visit to Howard Sturgis or some other friend near London. It is possible, however, that I may go in August to Paris, and in that case I should like very much to run on to see you, even if it were only for a short time. In fine, it is possible that I may turn up about the middle of August, but certainly not earlier. Of course you will hear from me long before, so that you must not let the possibility of my coming interfere with any plans about baños or anything else which you may have in mind.

I am sadly ignorant of all that has been going on at your house all this time, except that I gather that Antonia and Felisa were in Alicante during the winter, and that Antonia’s health was improved by the trip. How about Rafael’s commission? Has he got it? What are the other boys about? I understand you and Celedonio are in good health and that the house is finished and satisfactory. I am very glad of it.

I staid in America unusually late this year and had a horrid time. The heat was unspeakable, and after my lectures were over I was bored and restless, longing to get away. What kept me was a function at the Phi Beta Kappa, where they had asked me to read some verses, and as that is locally regarded as an honour, I was obliged to accept and stay. But it will never happen again, so that in future years I may hope to have a longer vacation and more time for a visit to you.
Things at home are quite unchanged, as you may judge from the letters they write you. So are all my private affairs.

My return passage is taken from Southampton for September 18th so that I have half of that month to count on, in compensation for this decapitated July.

Give my love to Celedonio and the boys and write a line to you affectionate brother George


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To Charles Scribner’s Sons
19 July 1901 • Oxford, England (MS: Princeton)

Oxford July 19 1901

Messrs Charles Scribner’s Sons
New York

Gentlemen

Mr. R. Brimley Johnson, a publisher about whom I know nothing, wrote me a few days ago asking me if I had any book in preparation which he might publish. I answered him that I had nothing of the kind he meant (like the Interpretations) but that you were about to issue a volume of my verses, about an English edition of which you might or might not have any arrangements in view. I have now got the inclosed reply, and send it on to you, in case you have nothing better to consider. I should think it would do no harm to send Brimley Johnson a proof of the new book and let him if he liked issue some copies in England. Or you might send me a duplicate proof to forward to him from here, when you despatch one to me. I suggest this, of course, only under the supposition that no plan for an English issue is already afoot.

I sent you before sailing a postal-card with a lot of possible titles for the new volume, some of which I hope seemed suitable.

Yours very truly
GSantayana
To James Edwin Creighton  
21 July 1901 • Oxford, England  

Oxford, July 21, 1901

Dear Sir,

I am afraid this article on Saint Augustine is not the review I promised you, but the book proved too meagre and the subject too suggestive for me to carry out the original intention. Of course you will not feel in the least bound to print this, which both in manner and in length may not seem suitable for your Review. Pray feel entirely free in the matter, and do not hesitate to reject the article altogether or to print the first pages only in the form of a notice. Should you decide to do the latter, however, I trust I may get the whole M.S. back, as it may be useful to me in other connections.

My address for the summer is C/o Brown Shipley & Co London. I shall be back at Harvard about September 25th.

With apologies for the irregularity of this review, I remain

[Unsigned]

To William Archer  

5 Grove Street
Oxford

July 24

Dear Sir,

You will not get my photograph from Pach—I am sorry you have taken the trouble to write to him. The many photographers I find in Oxford do not tempt me much more than he; but although I dislike the idea of hav-
ing my face associated with my verses, I am writing to a friend in Paris, who has the photograph of a drawing made in '96 by Andreas Andersen which I am asking him to send you. It is a clever drawing, and as it represents a past and somewhat fantastic aspect of my humble personality, I object to it less than to a glaring photo. Moreover, it corresponds exactly to the date of the later sonnets.

If I am in town for more than a few hours I shall not fail to let you know. Thank you very much.

Yours faithfully
GSantayana

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**To Susan Sturgis de Sastre**

13 August 1901 • Oxford, England (MS: Virginia)

Oxford, Aug. 13, 1901

Dear Susie

I have given up all idea of going even to Paris this year, and expect to remain here until I sail. It is a disappointment not to see you, but on the whole it seems best to put off that trip for another year, as I am in the midst of steady work and well and happy in this place. It has rained more or less lately so that the air is fresh and the country like an emerald. I drive about a good deal with some friends of mine, one of whom is a horse-dealer and the other (his brother) an actor. The horse-dealer runs a coach and four to Blenheim twice a week and sometimes takes me when he is driving himself. You may think this very low company for a philosopher to keep, but you would be quite mistaken. He is a gentleman and in fact a great swell who has taken to keeping horses as the most congenial possible business. England is full of singular people of that sort. I have also been seeing something of Anglican monks who have a toy monastery here where they work in the garden with an expression of self-conscious beatitude on their
faces. These contrasted types (I was introduced to the monks by the actor) keep me amused when I need a little change from my books and papers, so that I am having a good vacation and at the same time doing considerable work. England is not, as you naughtily say, the best possible world but it is the best actual country, and a great rest after America.

What you say about Rafael makes me very sorry for the poor chap; he must be feeling rather sore. Farming is a good thing, but I am afraid there is not enough at Zorita for so many candidates as you have at home. You must tell us in your letters how the new projects for a carrera turn out.

Give my love to the family and tell them I hope to see them all next year.
Your affectionate brother George

---

**To Charles Scribner’s Sons**

28 August 1901 • Oxford, England (MS: Princeton)

Oxford Aug 28 1901

Gentlemen

I am sorry if the “out” in the Hermit was due to my carelessness. Apparently a page or two dropped out of the MS before I numbered the sheets. I have no copy here, but send you a substitute which is perhaps no worse than the original passage. I could only remember a few lines.

I shall be here until Sept. 18<sup>th</sup> when I sail for New York. After the 26<sup>th</sup> I shall be back in Cambridge.

Yours truly
GSantayana.

P.S. It is all right about Black. I only sent you Johnson’s letter that you might take note of it if you had no other arrangement in view.
Dear Susie

Many thanks for your nice letter and the news you give me about yourself and the family. If you have been having other guests it was perhaps as well that I did not break in upon you also. I had another temptation to travel, this time to Greece and Constantinople, and back by Buda-Pesth and Vienna. Three young men who were going suggested that I should join them, but the hope of accomplishing something here and the fear of spending more than Robert would approve of kept me quiet. Robert is no doubt right about the possibility of getting a higher rate of interest for money in America. I should not be unwilling to sell the house in Avila if anything could be got for it worth mentioning. I believe I wrote you this before, but I hardly expect that anyone would care to buy the house as an investment, while the people who would live in it would never have money to invest. I am not sorry to keep the house, as I may go and live in it myself some day, except that I am afraid it gives you a lot of trouble which it hardly repays. If you see a chance to sell it for what seems a fair price, do so by all means.

I see you look on M'Kinley's end as a judgment of heaven. There were other people probably far more guilty in respect to the war, which I am afraid could not have been avoided in the end, given Spanish inefficiency and the sentimental and acquisitive instincts of the American public. The worst of this accident is that Rooseveldt is not a safe person; but responsibility may sober him and he may be able to resist the machine better than a mere bell-wether like M'Kinley.

I sail from Southampton in three days in the Kronprinz Wilhelm, and after one night in New York at the Potters' (with whom I travelled once in Italy) except to be at home again, about the 26th. With love to all your affe brother, George
To Anna Boynton Thompson
1 October 1901 • Cambridge, Massachusetts  (MS: Radcliffe)

60 Brattle Street
Cambridge
October 1.

Dear Miss Thompson

I am very sorry that my slowness in answering your letter should have made you think I had taken offence at any thing said or not said in it. The delay was only due to this; that I don’t yet know what form the seminary will take, or whether it will be given at all, and I was waiting in hopes of giving you in a few days a definitive answer.

Mr. Fuller, the only other person who has applied, and who translated several books of the Metaphysics last year, is also in somewhat uncertain health, but writes me that he will be in Cambridge again this week and will be ready to make some arrangement for work. I understand he wishes to take Books XI and XII. From what you wrote me last year I gathered that you would wish to begin at the beginning. You might do so for your private work, but I suppose at the meetings we should have to go on where we left off, at Book IV, I think. When I have seen Mr. Fuller I shall be able to make a more definite proposal.

Do you think of becoming a member of Radcliffe or would the Seminary be merely a private conversation between us three? This is not a point that in the least matters to me, but I ask you so as to be able to answer the question if it should be put to me in future.

I hope your health will give you no more trouble and that we may have the advantage of your cooperation.  Yours sincerely

GSantayana
To Charles Scribner’s Sons
26 October 1901 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Princeton)

60 Brattle St    Cambridge
October 26 1901

Messrs Charles Scribner’s Sons
New York

Gentlemen:
I have not seen the proofs of the title page or table of contents for “A Hermit of Carmel”, which I trust is not a sign that the book is not soon coming out.
I enclose a list of persons to whom I should like copies to be sent, to be charged as usual to my account.
May I have also three copies each of the Sense of Beauty and the Interpretations to be sent to me here?—There are some misprints in both books. Is it worth while or possible to correct them at this late date? And there are already many changes I should like to make in the Hermit, such is the inconsistency of the poetic flame!

Yours very truly
GSantayana

To Anna Boynton Thompson
28 October 1901 [postmark] • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Radcliffe)

60 Brattle St.

Dear Miss Thompson
Mr Fuller writes me that his father is dying and consequently we shall have to give up our meeting tomorrow. I will send you word if Mr Fuller is not able to come the following week, as he is so important a member of our trio that I am not sure you would find it worth while to come in his absence. If you do not hear from me we shall meet as usual next week.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana
Scribners,
153 Fifth Avenue, Newyork.
Mistake seems of no consequence go on with publication
G. Santayna.

Gentlemen.
I answered your letter by telegraph yesterday before I had received the copy of The Hermit which you were sending on. I found it this morning. The disagreement between the title page and the cover seems to me a very small matter, and I am surprised you should take it so seriously. Perhaps a matter of title is more important in business than it seems to my impractical head. On the other hand I can’t say I like the cover in itself, and I should be glad if the accident of a wrong article would lead you to have the rest of the edition bound more simply. The “fancy” lettering seems to me in doubtful taste—why have any at all?—and the croziered rose-window seems to hint at some occult meaning which escapes me. Does it symbolise my “mysticism”? In a word, I should have greatly preferred a perfectly simple and straightforward exterior (like the title-page, which seems to me admirable.)

I am much obliged for the six copies which you kindly promise and should be glad to get them here. In fact I shall have to ask for more, as my friends expect to get them gratis and with autograph dedications. Could you send me ten unbound copies, as well as the six you offer me? And if so will you kindly countermand the sending of the presentation copies ordered the other day, except the those in the following enclosed list, which is to be substituted for the one I sent you?
The general appearance of the book, in spite of what I say above, pleases me very much, and the inside has a very attractive look. As to the outside, may I suggest another change, in case the lettering is changed. It would seem enough to have my surname only on the back. There is no one else of the name, while the polyglot effect of both surname and cognomen might be avoided.

Yours very truly

GSantayana

Please send copies of “A Hermit of Carmel” with the Author’s Compliments, to

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<td>J. T. Stickney, Esq.</td>
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To Anna Boynton Thompson  
31 October 1901 • Cambridge, Massachusetts  

October 31, 1901

Dear Miss Thompson

I am exceedingly sorry you came the other day to find me gone. My note ought to have arrived in time; had I had the least suspicion that it might not I should have telegraphed. But I am even more sorry that this incident should precipitate a decision on your part not to come any more. The journey must be fatiguing, I quite understand that. And the profit you can get by our discussions is perhaps a very small addition to what you would gather for yourself from the text and commentaries. But I myself find the friction of minds—even the comparison of ignorances—so much more profitable than “grubbing” alone, that I should regret for myself your deserting us altogether. Of course I shall be glad to read over my your translation and notes; and if you are not in haste to have them returned I hope to use them in a revision of our last year’s translation—which was too loose—which I have begun and which I hope will serve as the final rendering for publication.

Let us leave the matter in this form: you will send me the translation as you make it, and you will come to the meetings whenever you feel disposed, not regarding them as appointments hanging over you in all weathers, but merely as possibilities of making yourself useful.

Mr Fuller, whom I have not yet seen, expects to be here next week, but the movements of his family are always more or less uncertain and I don’t know what plans they may make under these new circumstances—

Yours very truly

GSantayana
To Charles Scribner’s Sons
4 November 1901 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Princeton)

60 Brattle Street
Cambridge
Nov. 4, 1901

Gentlemen:

I enclose a list of such misprints or unfortunate expressions as I have noted in my books. Most of them are trivial and if any considerable trouble or expense is involved in correcting the plates, I should not trouble about them. Those about which I feel some concern are those on pp. 58, 59 of “Poetry and Religion” and on pp. 74, & 129 in the “Hermit”, especially this last page, where I am afraid an echo of Shelley’s Bridal Song made me write something which in this place is ridiculous. Yours very truly

GSantayana

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Corrections for “A Hermit of Carmel”

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To Lawrence Smith Butler

28 November 1901 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: University Club)

60 Brattle Street
Nov. 28, 1901.

Dear Lawrence

Many thanks for your nice letter. It was a great pleasure to hear from you, although, to be sure, I knew you were safe at home, far from the
wicked orgies of the Quartier latin. We miss you very much in Boston. Aren’t you ever coming to visit your old friends? You should come and gather the chorus of praise which we are raising about the big room at the Union. It is the only noble room in the college and will give many people here their first notion of what good architecture means in practice. Façades and towers and details are one thing, but a beautiful place to live in, noble in colour and proportions, is something new in these parts and, it seems to me, invaluable. The Union seems to be a great success socially and gastronomically—although the ubiquity of ice water is a trifle chilling. The place is much used and the dining room (where I often go to eat) is crowded. Architecturally only the large room is of much consequence, but the rest seems serviceable and inoffensive. As to the gates, we have been suddenly blessed with too large a family of them; they look as if they had been all hatched in a hurry and had not yet got any feathers and hardly knew what they had come into the world for. But when the trees grow and hang about them again and the crude colour is toned down, I think they will seem all right and fall into a natural place in the landscape. The terrace in front of Palmer’s house puzzles me a little, but I suppose some great pavilion is to back it up some day. I like to imagine it there, flanked with a few poplars standing high against the sky. However, this being Thanksgiving we ought to be grateful for what we have received up to date, without relying too much on favours to come.

I expect to be in New York at Christmas and will surely look you up. I am going out of town for a part of the time, to my friend Professor Strong’s, but I will write to you when I know my exact plans, so as not to miss seeing you.—I hope [across] your father will soon be well again. This long illness must have been a great anxiety to you all.

Yours affectionately     G.S.
Gentlemen.

I no longer have the Spectator’s review of my Sonnets and of Lucifer but I have looked it up in the College library and copied the principal passages, which I enclose. They could be fairly quoted in an advertisement since the rest of the notice does not qualify them. The comparison to Lucretius etc is highly absurd, but it may serve your turn, the public not knowing my little friend Haynes to be the author.

If you are in want of favourable notices for the announcements you may wish to make, you might use William Archer’s article, which appeared last winter in the London Daily Mail and which is to reappear in his book on “Poets of the Younger Generation”. I don’t know whether the book is yet out, nor have I the article.

Yours very truly
GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong
20 December 1901 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Rockefeller)

60 Brattle Street
Dec. 20, 1901

Dear Strong.

Do you still want me to come and make you a visit during the Christmas holidays? If so, will you let me know what days would be most convenient? I am thinking of going to New York on the 26th and should like to make other engagements for the days when I am not to be with you. As I only get to N. Y. once or twice a year there is always a lot for me to do. Yours ever
GSantayana
Dec. 20. 1901

Dear Miss Thompson,

Thank you very much for your monograph on Fichte. I spent the greater part of yesterday over it, and learned at least one thing very important and satisfactory to my own mind, viz. that Fichte surely did not mean his transcendental machinery to preexist, but that it was an ideal construction residing only in the thought that conceives it. This interpretation, to which I was already inclined on account of a constitutional aversion to believing that great men teach absurdities, relieves Fichte of the charge of having constructed a new mythology to take the place of the old, a mythology which surely would not have had the pictorial value of the traditional one. If, however, he was only making explicit the ideal terms and movements of thought, without, as you say, pretending to describe its creation, he becomes at once a friend, a person whose discoveries are as welcome as his candour is engaging. I see that I shall gain much light and encouragement from your presentation and from the interesting selections you have appended. What I have read of Fichte—which is little more than the \textit{Wissenschaftslehre}—has not yet made me get over a certain feeling of strangeness and elusiveness, as if I were listening to the confessions of a refracted sun-beam rather than of a two-legged man. But I am going to reread and to read on, and with your assistance hope to become more intelligent and sympathetic.

I wrote to Mr Dyer the day before yesterday and sent him your address so that if he chose he might answer to you directly.

With many thanks for your book

Yours sincerely

GSantayana
Dear Lawrence

It was only last night that I heard you had lost your father, else I should have written before, because you know that my thoughts would turn to you at such a moment. I hope to see you soon—I go to New York on Xmas day and will look you up at once—but as one is not always inclined or able to say at odd times what is most in one’s heart, I will write you a word now. This is an irreparable loss for you but not a bitter one, because it is in the order of nature that we should survive our parents and your father has lived to see you all grown up and to leave his memory and influence always with you. That ought to be a consolation for you. This world is so ordered that we must, in a material sense, lose everything we have and love, one thing after another, until we ourselves close our eyes upon the whole. It is hard for the natural man to bear this thought, but experience forces it upon him if he has the capacity of really learning anything. We should not set our hearts, then, on a material possession of anything, but our happiness should be made to lie in this, that whatever we possess for a time should reveal the ideal good to us and make us better in ourselves. Your family life has been so ideally happy and united (at least so it impresses your friends) that it must be doubly sad to suffer this cruel change; but you cannot lose that past happiness altogether, because it was of the sort that brings happiness in memory and prepares one for meeting all the other events of life, sad and gay, in a right spirit, with a sense of what is truly good. The truly unfortunate are those persons—and how many of our friends are in this case!—who have never known anything worth living for, any noble and natural characters, any true happiness, or any beautiful thoughts and things. But those who have known such things and grown like them can never be truly unhappy because they carry the sweetness and truth within themselves which alone make a happiness that is worth having. Your nature and surroundings have opened this spiritual world to you more than to most people—that is why I have always cared for you so much—and that is a gift all the more to be grateful for in that it cannot be taken away.

60 Brattle Street
Dec 21 1901
Yours ever
GSantayana

To William Cameron Forbes
[1902–June 1904] • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Houghton)

60 Brattle Street

Dear Cam

Will you dine with me on Wednesday Feb. 12th at seven o’clock at the Harvard Union, where I am trying to get together a few of the old crowd? I hope very much you will not fail us.

Yours ever
GSantayana

I need not warn you not to dress.

To Charles Scribner’s Sons
10 February 1902 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Princeton)

60 Brattle Street
Cambridge Mass
Feb. 10, 1902

Gentlemen:

I have just received the enclosed letter from Stone & Co, who published my Sonnets. I should be glad if you cared to take on the book, in which case we could make any arrangement which seemed to you fair about the payment for the plates. There is this complication: the book of Sonnets contains the first act of Lucifer, afterwards republished entire by Stone in a separate volume. It would be better to get the rights to Lucifer simultaneously and then the two could be published in one volume, or the fragment of Lucifer omitted from the volume of Sonnets. I should not be sorry to let Lucifer disappear for a while; some day I may feel like revising it thoroughly and reproducing it in connection with a set of historical and philosophical plays which I have been long at work on, but which I think it would need a wider reputation than I have at present to float in the literary market. They are things which may be liked if they are read, but which it would be extremely hard to get anyone to read spontaneously.
What answer would you suggest that I should make to Stone & Co?

Yours very truly

GSantayana

To Charles Scribner’s Sons
22 February 1902 • Cambridge, Massachusetts  (MS: Princeton)

Messrs Charles Scribner’s Sons
New York

Gentlemen,

I have this morning had the pleasure of receiving your letter, chiefly concerning Stone’s proposition, and gladly take note of your suggestions. As you will readily understand, I can have no object in buying the plates myself, even at a moderate price. The matter, therefore, may be allowed to rest.

As to a translations of Don Quixote, I am not the person to make recommendations, as I do not read them. But from casual examination I have always imagined that Shelton’s was the best. Its inaccuracies make little practical difference, while it has verve and an Elizabethan vocabulary. I could not possibly, with my present work, undertake to edit your edition, if that is what you propose; but if you merely desired an essay on Don Quixote to serve as an introduction, I might write one, although a paper of mine on much the same subject exists in that strange work “The World’s Best Literature” under the head of Cervantes. But if I reread Don Quixote—I have not read it for many years—very likely new impressions and ideas might suggest themselves which could be put down for the occasion. I should think, however, that an edition by a scholar—I am not one in Spanish literature or philology—would be a more honourable a production than a mere reprint with a casual preface.
To Isabella Stewart Gardner
7 April [1902?] • Brookline, Massachusetts (MS: Gardner)

75 Monmouth Street
Brookline
April 7

Dear Mrs Gardner

It was a delightful surprise to see your handwriting last night, when I got home and found your kind note and interesting present. It is very good of you to remember me. I haven’t been very well for the last year, and busier every day, and more of a hermit, so that your message seems to bring me up again into the land of the living, and I hope soon to have got enough of my fleshly substance back to become visible in the polite world. Talking of hermits, it occurs to me that you may not have seen another collection of verses of mine with that title—my poetical wastepaper-basket and closing of accounts with the Muses. I send you a copy in case anything in it—perhaps the translation from Théophile Gautier—may interest you. I am proud to see that you have placed my other verses on your honourable list. I wish they were more worthy but I was only a poet by youth, not by genius.

Believe me, with [across] many thanks, Always sincerely yours
GSantayana
To Charles Scribner’s Sons  
21 April 1902 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Princeton)

60 Brattle Street  
Cambridge Mass  
April 21 1902

Messrs Charles Scribner’s Sons  
New York

Gentlemen:

The list of corrections I sent you some time ago for the “Sense of Beauty” was copied from my original notes; I had forgotten that most of them had been made already. There remain, then, to my knowledge only those which I add on the inside page here.

I am glad that the small but continued sale of the books warrants a reprint.

Yours very truly  
GSantayana

To Charles William Eliot  
29 May 1902 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Harvard)

60 Brattle Street  
May 29. 1902

Dear Mr Eliot

Professor Münsterberg told me some time ago that you had approved of assigning $50 to an assistant in Philosophy 10. Dr Rand has been reading the theses for me. I find that the Bursar has no orders in the matter and he refers me to you for an endorsement.

I hope I am not giving you unnecessary trouble, but I do not know what the usual procedure is in such a case.
Benjamin Rand (1856–1934) received his A.B. from Harvard in 1879. He was a philosophy instructor there from 1897 to 1902; beginning in 1906 he served as librarian of the Philosophical Library.

To Charles Francis Mason
1 June 1902 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Harvard)

60 Brattle Street
June 1 1902

To the Bursar of Harvard College

Dear Sir:

Will you please pay to Dr. Benjamin Rand, the fifty dollars which, I understand, have been assigned for an assistant in Philosophy 10 for this year.

Yours truly

GSantayana

Charles Francis Mason (A.B., Harvard, 1882) was Bursar from 1888 to 1922.

To Benjamin Rand
3 July 1902 • Ávila, Spain (MS: Harvard)

Avila, July 3, 1902

Dear Dr. Rand

I have received word from the President’s secretary about your money, and he says that if you will send in a bill to the Bursar approved by me the President will also approve it, and then the Bursar can pay it. If you have not already done so, you might send in such a bill, with the order I formerly sent you which will do, I expect, as an endorsement.

I enclose a paper that explains itself. With best wishes

Sincerely yours

GSantayana
To Charles Scribner’s Sons
1 December 1902 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Amherst)

Gentlemen:

Your letter about Don Quixote has remained so long unanswered because I wanted to think the matter over and see if in some way it could be arranged. But I am afraid I shall have to excuse myself again from taking part in your project. It would be an interesting piece of work, but my own plans are so many, and some of them so well advanced towards realization, that it would be foolish to complicate the situation still further and postpone the real accomplishment of anything. I have been at work since 1896 on a philosophical book to be called The Life of Reason: I wish to finish this soon—if possible within a year. That would be a great load off my back; and if by that time your arrangements for Don Quixote have not been made and you should still want me to help you, it is possible that I might fall into temptation—although even then it is doubtful whether I should not better to attend to things nearer my own vocations. When I remember that in a few weeks I shall be thirty-nine years of age and have as yet done nothing but play with the foils, I begin to fear that I may never have a bout with the real enemy. So that, however regretfully, I must decline your alluring suggestions and stick to business.

Yours faithfully

GSantayana
To Hugo Münsterberg  
6 February 1903 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Boston)

Dear Münsterberg  

It is too bad that you should have come five times to Brattle Street: why not send me a line and I should have come to you? However, all is well. I will read a part of the old drama—a new part—with pleasure on Thursday the 26th, although I fear the end, without the beginning, will not be very interesting. And I shall enjoy at least the other parts of the symposium.  

Thank you very much for your article with the table showing your classification of the sciences. I have read the former and studied the latter with great interest. I follow you almost everywhere, although in places I find some difficulty with the terms. Sometimes an alternative phrase has occurred to me, and I should like to show you my version, to learn whether it changes your thought or not. By the way, I have never written to you about your big and great book; the questions and comments that arise in my mind are too diffused, too incidental, to be summed up in a letter, but I hope some day to write a long review and to submit it to you before it is published, to make sure that I have misinterpreted nothing.

Yours sincerely  

GSantayana  

Feb.6.1903

To Sally Fairchild  
23 February 1903 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Houghton)

Cambridge  

Feb 23 1903

Dear Miss Fairchild  

Don’t trouble to return Russell’s Sermons which I am sending you this morning. It occurred to me that they might amuse you to when you remembered the author, and they are also not uninteresting as a document of the times.

I have not yet got over the pleasure of having seen you.
To Horace Meyer Kallen
20 March 1903 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: American)

60 Brattle Street
March 20 1903

Dear Mr Kallen

Thank you very much indeed for the Japanese prints. I like them both, but especially the flowers, and I am going to try making them into a lamp-shade, so that they may please the eye both by night and by day.

It was very kind of you to think of sending them to me and I greatly appreciate your friendly intention as well as the gift itself.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To John Henry Wright
6 April 1903 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Ohio)

60 Brattle St
April 6 1903

Dear Mr Wright

F. S. Darrow is an intelligent, painstaking student, who puts down what he hears quite accurately and has at the same time a good deal of spontaneity and “temperament.” I have no doubt he would not disgrace
the Norton Fellowship, although I should not have thought of him for such a place. I mean that he lacks a certain plasticity and literary sensitiveness which might be expected to lead to Greek Studies.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

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**To Susan Sturgis de Sastre**

13 August 1903 • Oxford, England (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

CHRIST-CHURCH COLLEGE. OXFORD.

Torre de la catedral.
En esta torre está la escalera que se vé en otra fotografía.
Exterior del Hall ó refectorio que tambien se vé en otra targeta.

August 13 1903.

Dear Susie.

I am leaving Oxford tomorrow for a few days to stay with Russell near Portsmouth. Here are some more views of this place—you see how picturesque it is. There are some twenty colleges, not all so grand as Christ-Church, of course, but each complete with its chapel, hall, and gardens. Love to all the family.

Yours aff[ó] George
To The Mayflower Club
26 October 1903 [postmark] • Cambridge, MA (MS postcard: Houghton)

60 Brattle St.
Cambridge

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, inclosing fifty cents in stamps to pay for the messenger for Miss Lowell.

GSantayana

To Harry Norman Gardiner
20 November 1903 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Smith)

60 Brattle Street
Cambridge Mass
Nov. 20, 1903

Dear Professor Gardiner

Yes, I think I can promise to read a short paper at Princeton on December 29th or 30th on the ‘Place of Aesthetics’. I have a suggestion to make which may excite discussion.

Thank you very much for your renewed offer about the Philosophical Association. My only doubt is whether I could often attend the meetings. I have only been once to the Psychological Association. However, we can speak of this when we meet.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana
To Horace Meyer Kallen

5 December 1903 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: American)

Dear Kallen

I see it has taken me more than a month to answer your letter, which I was really very glad to get. What you tell me is amusing, and makes me think that perhaps you are inwardly enjoying the horrors of Princeton. Of course Princeton is very far away—but we may ask, as the Westerner said on a similar occasion “Far away from where?”—and of course it is intensely provincial, as I hear President Harper of the University of Chicago says New York and the whole East is, and notably Boston. Why isn’t it very nice to have class spirit and respect for professors? And why isn’t it interesting to see puritanism and industrialism trying to express themselves in one philosophy? You shouldn’t mind the ugly symbols in which these things are expressed; now-a-days we have no taste in symbols. We have to ignore them as we should the style of a telegram or the drawl of a preacher, and try to attend only to the thing signified, the force embodied. Doesn’t Princeton embody a force? Isn’t it a better place than Harvard, for instance, in which to study America? And America is something worth a lot of trouble to understand. If I thought I could quite succeed, I think I could be brought to sit for half an hour in President Wilson’s pink parlor, and to breathe a pretty strong scent of religiosity even for a whole year. You remember what Socrates said to his son about Xanthippe’s bad temper? “If people used equally bad language at one another on the stage, would that disturb you? Then why should bad language, uttered without malice, disturb you in the real world?” The religious people merely use a bad language; what they mean, if they only knew what it was, would be all right.

I may be idealizing Princeton out of sheer ignorance, but I am going to see at least the outside of it very soon. They have asked me to read a paper to the Philosophical Association there on December 29 or 30. Will you be there then? I very much hope you may, and that you will show me the architectural and other wonders of the place.

My book is unfinished and will not be out until something like a year from now. I mean to stay in this country next summer until it goes to the
printer. Internally, it is getting on well; being enriched and better ordered. Hoping to see you soon,

Yours sincerely

g.s.

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**To Frederick James Eugene Woodbridge**

16 December 1903 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Columbia)

60 Brattle Street
Cambridge Mass
Dec. 16. 1903

Dear Professor Woodbridge

I regret very much having missed your visit; the fact is my rooms here are hardly where I live, so that I am seldom in. I hope you did not make more than one attempt to find me.

The difficulty in writing a review of Schiller’s book, which obliges me to say no to your flattering request, is not the lack of time. Schiller is a personal friend of mine, to whom I owe many kindnesses. His book on the other hand is one which I thoroughly dislike, not on grounds of abstract opinion so much as on account of a general confusion and irresponsibility which I find there. It would be impossible for me to write anything about it that I could print, or to print anything that I could honestly write.

Please forgive my incapacity to help you. It is not laziness.

Yours very truly

gSantayana
To Jessie Belle Rittenhouse
19 February 1904 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Rollins)

60 Brattle Street
Cambridge
Feb. 19, 1904

Dear Miss Rittenhouse

I will not conceal the fact that I feel some repugnance at having my photograph and quite uninteresting handwriting appear to attract attention to my modest verses. I am not an American and hardly a poet; may I not be eliminated from your gallery? I am sure I should not be missed.

My sonnets are out of print; my other volumes of verse you may be able to get by writing to Stone of Chicago and to Scribners, the respective publishers.

If you insist on including me in your survey, and can find my verses somewhere to base your remarks upon, I should of course not be able to deny you the same photograph which Archer obtained—and maltreated. But I pray you to reconsider your intention and to relegate me to the camp of the wingless philosophers, where I belong.

Yours truly
GSantayana

To Jessie Belle Rittenhouse
2 March 1904 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Rollins)

60 Brattle Street
March 2 1904

Dear Miss Rittenhouse,

I enclose a photograph (after a drawing by the late Andreas Andersen, made in 19896) and two stanzas from my translation of l’Art. Publication is self-alienation and I have no moral right to impede any plans you may have to operate on the corpus vile of my poor Muse.

Yours truly
GSantayana

From l’Art by Théophile Gautier.

… All things return to dust
Save beauties fashioned well.
    The bust
Outlasts the citadel … . . .

Chisel and carve and file,
Till thy vague dream imprint
    Its smile
On the unyielding flint.

GSantayana
To Frederick James Eugene Woodbridge
7 March 1904 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Columbia)

60 Brattle Street
Cambridge Mass
March 7. 1904.

Dear Professor Woodbridge

I shall be glad to review Sneath’s books. I have read his “Mind of Tennyson” and have the book, so you need not send it if you can find any other use for it.

But I should be glad to see the “Philosophy of Poetry”.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana


To Hugo Münsterberg
2 May 1904 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Boston)

60 Brattle Street
May 2 1904

Dear Münsterberg

Perhaps I had better mention that I have seen a copy of the correspondence in question. Not suspecting what was up or that Miller had anything to do with it I happened to meet him in the Yard and asked him if he knew what the meeting was about. He then said he would like me to read the correspondence that had passed between you, and he left a copy of it in my room later, which I have read and returned to him.

Naturally I am exceedingly sorry that such asperities should have embittered Miller’s last year with us, and that you, too, should have found yourself involved in such a disagreeable controversy.

Where there is not a deep identity in traditions and character it is always better, I have found, to avoid intricate relations and to maintain a perfect independence of action. Otherwise there is sure to spring up some
misunderstanding and perhaps some grave offence. Miller is sensitive, he feels isolated and weak, and he is jealous of his freedom. He must have suffered very much and something ought to be forgiven him.

I am glad to think that this affair may now be considered closed.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana
sets. The remaining parts are on Society, Religion, Art, and Science respectively, and might well be independent books. A system runs through them all, but there is no formal continuity; or only such as might well exist between three plays in a trilogy. The page might well be like that in the "Sense of Beauty" (better than in the Interpretations) or even smaller and more closely set: I don’t think large print really attractive: I hate a sprawling page. A compact page with a rather generous margin would be my ideal; and in this margin might be the running summary I have provided. This might also be, instead, if you thought it better, at the upper corner of each page, or in an indentation (as in the Sense of Beauty). But in whatever form it appears it is a very important feature, because it is meant not merely to help the eye and carry along the thought over the details, but often to be a commentary as well as a summary and throw a side light on the subject.

The binding might be in more than one form: I should be glad to have the book as cheap as possible so that students might buy it. Why are hardly any books sold in paper covers in this country? Boards surely are a respectable garment, and seem to suggest that the body is more than the raiment. I confess, however, that I don’t know what difference in price would be involved in different sorts of binding, and I should be much interested if you would tell me.

Proof would have to be sent to me abroad; but there is no need of sending the MS with it, and the delay, once the operation has begun, is insignificant.

I shall probably not sail until the middle of July and shall be once or twice in New York in the interval, when I could easily call upon you.

Yours very truly

GSantayana
To Isabella Stewart Gardner  
[June or July 1904?] • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Gardner)

60 Brattle Street

Dear Mrs Gardner

Do you remember that you told me to come to Green Hill for a Sunday? I have not forgotten it, and if this Sunday or next will do I should be delighted, as they are the last I spend in these parts before sailing.

I have been off during the last two Sundays according to semi-engagements of long standing, else I should not have taken so long to remind you of your delightful commands.

My work is all done—thank Heaven—so that I have nothing to do but amuse myself for a while. By the way, if you have made arrangements for these Sundays already, I might perhaps come on some week-day. Yours sincerely

GSantayana

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To Charles Scribner’s Sons  
19 June 1904 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Princeton)

Cambridge Mass  
June 19, 1904

Messrs Charles Scribner’s Sons  
New York

Gentlemen:

I am much pleased that you find the Life of Reason so promising that you will publish it on the ordinary terms; I had supposed that would hardly be possible, because it will take years, I expect, for the edition to be sold out. However, you are the best judges in such a matter, and I gladly accept your proposition to give me the ten per cent. royalty. I had no desire to intervene in the publication, and much prefer that you should undertake it yourselves, seeing you are disposed to do so.

As to publishing serially, that is of no consequence to me, and any arrangement you think best will suit me. Indeed, in one way, I find the sug-
gestion very convenient, as the revision I am now at work on is taking longer than I expected—the book had grown up in seven years, so that it was full of repetitions and inconsistencies—and I need not send you all the MS at once. The next three books—Reason in Society, Religion, and Art—I will entrust to you before I go abroad; they will be ready, and safer in your keeping, and you can go on with the printing at such intervals as you think suitable. The last book—Reason in Science—I can send to you later, and as it is in many ways the most important it will perhaps do no harm to meditate a little longer on it before giving it a final shape.

I have tried to make the books nearly equal in length, but the attempt has been a failure: the matter could not be pressed, and I hardly wished to expand it. Book II, IV, and V, will be shorter than I, and III (Religion) a little longer. At least, I think so, although I am not good at counting words.

I think you have already my address for next year ¸ Brown Shipley & Co, 123 Pall Mall, London. This that will be my address after July 15.

Yours very truly

GSantayana

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To Jerome Davis Greene
20 June 1904 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Houghton)

60 Brattle St
June 20 1904

Mr Jerome D Greene
Cambridge

Dear Sir:

Will you kindly make my excuses to the President and tell him I am exceedingly sorry not to be able to help in welcoming the Filipinos. I leave this afternoon for Oberlin, where I am to give an address on Wednesday morning.

Yours very truly

GSantayana
To Charles Scribner’s Sons
18 July 1904 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS postcard: Princeton)

Cambridge Mass
July 18, 1904

I am sending you Books II and III and half of Book IV of the “Life of Reason”.

The other half of Book IV will be ready shortly and I will send it to you from England.

GSantayana


To Celedonio Sastre Serrano
25 July 1904 • Plymouth, England (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

NORDDEUTSCHER LLOYD
BREMEN.

Plymouth
25 de julio

Llegamos esta mañana con toda felicidad después de un viaje de seis días desde Nueva York. Escribiré desde Londres.

Jorge
To Susan Sturgis de Sastre
[August 1904] • Ostende, Belgium (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

L’ESTACADE, ENTRÉE DU PORT OSTENDE
Many thanks for your letter. I am on my way to Holland with two friends Saturday. G.

To Celedonio Sastre Serrano
20 August 1904 • [Cologne, Germany?] (MS: Sastre Martín)

Colonia, 20 de Agosto de 1904.
Sr. D. Celedonio Sastre Serrano
Avila.

Querido Celedonio: en vista de que el plazo en que se debe llenar la hoja para el registro fiscal de edificios y solares termina en pocos días, y que yo no puedo llegar á Avila á tiempo para llenarla en persona; te agradecería muchísimo que la llenaras y firmaras en mi nombre, en todo lo que corresponde á mi casa sita en la Plaza de Santa Ana en esa ciudad.

Tu hermano que te quiere
Jorge Ruiz de Santayana

To Celedonio Sastre Serrano
27 August 1904 • Heidelberg, Germany (MS: Sastre Martín)

Heidelberg, Baden.
27 de Agosto de 1904
Querido Celedonio: en este momento recibo tu carta que ha dado varios rodeos antes de llegar á mis manos. Te agradezco mucho el interés que manifiestas en el asunto de la casa, que efectivamente se tasó muy alta, considerando la renta que puede producir. Si hubiese recibido la hoja declarativa á tiempo, yo la hubiera firmado con gusto, más por evitar la molestia que has tenido en firmarla tu en mi nombre que por el beneficio que pueda resultar. Comprendo que por la forma desees tener autorización previa de mi parte para ello, aunque ya sabes que la tienes para todo lo que te parezca conveniente. Por eso la incluyo, aunque no sé si está bien redactada.

En pocos días espero llegar á Paris, desde donde volveré á escribir anunciando mi salida en dirección de España. Aquí ha llovido sin cesar durante cuatro días, pero sin embargo lo hemos pasado bien, visitando el castillo y la población y algunos puntos muy pintorescos de la montaña que está cubierta de bosques.

Me alegraría que me pusierais dos letras á Paris, al Hôtel du Quai Voltaire, diciéndome si se os ofrece alguna cosa por esas partes.

Tu hermano que te quiere
Jorge
To Charles Scribner's Sons
9 September 1904 • Paris, France (MS: Princeton)

Paris, Sept. 9. 1904

Messrs Charles Scribners' Sons
New York

Gentlemen:

The proof of the first volume of the Life of Reason (the first part having been delayed) reached me some days ago, and I am sorry not to have been able to despatch it before today. I have revised the whole and am sending it to you all together.

The only thing I might add is in answer to your question about page headings. If these are needed, I should have “The Life of Reason”, on the left hand page throughout, and on the right the chapter-title, or an abbreviation of it, as for instance in Chapter XII, sometimes “Flux in human nature” and sometimes “Constancy in human nature”.

The print in which the occasional quotations of verse are printed seems to me much too heavy. The lines look like advertisements.

I have restored the u’s in “honour” etc, partly because I prefer them and partly because, if this book appears also in England, the other spelling would shock people too much. They will receive shocks enough from the substance without adding others in the manner.

I should certainly like to see the page-proof, if sending it does not involve too great a delay.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

1

The recto running head was published as ‘Flux and Constancy’.

To Lawrence Smith Butler
17 September 1904 • Ávila, Spain (MS: University Club)

Novaliches, 6.

Address: Avila, Spain
Sept. 17, 1904

Dear Lawrence

It was a great disappointment not to see you in Paris. I asked for you several times, but the concierge had no news. When you arrive please drop me a line and tell me if there is any chance of your wishing to come to Spain while I am here. Come if you possibly can. I could meet you at Burgos and we could take a turn to the North-west and South, including Portugal, and you could return by Madrid while I went out by way of Gibraltar. Or we could make any other place trip, that suited our respective plans. Mine are vague, except that I must get to Sicily, Egypt, and Greece during the year.

I expect to be here about a fortnight; after that it will be safer to address C/o Brown Shipley & Co, London.

Yours affly
GSantayana

To Charles Scribner’s Sons
24 September 1904 • Ávila, Spain

Avila, Sept. 24th 1904

Messrs Charles Scribner’s Sons
New York

Gentlemen:

In case you do not find it convenient to send me the page-proof of the Life of Reason, vol. I, I want to recommend the title-page to your special care. There is an error in it, I think: my impression is that in the motto from Aristotle I wrote ἡ γὰρ τοῦ νοῦ ἐνέργεια ζωή, whereas it should be ἡ γὰρ νοῦ (without τοῦ), as in the title-pages to the other volumes.

I presume you have received the MS to Books II, III, and the first part of IV. Doubtless you acknowledged the receipt of them at the time, but the person in America who has charge of forwarding my letters probably didn’t think that receipt material, and didn’t send it on. I should like to be sure, however, that the M.S. arrived safely. I am employing what moments I can snatch from idleness to copy the rest of the M.S.

Yours very truly
GSantayana
Messrs Charles Scribner’s Sons
New York

Gentlemen:

The page proof of Book I of the Life of Reason I sent you from here some time ago; the galley-proof of Book II follows today, and I enclose the pages needed to supply a lost passage, and also another addition which it seemed well to make.

I can well understand that the delay in sending me page-proof so far away is annoying, and if you think it safe, I am willing you should not do so. The page headings could in most cases be the exact title of the chapter. In chapter III called Industry, Government, and War, perhaps the title “Government” would serve the purpose. Nevertheless, I should much rather see the page-proof, as that of volume I certainly needed further revision.

It occurs to me that you may intend to present me with some copies, as you have generously done on former occasions. As at present, however, I am on the wing, one copy is all that I should be able to take with me. If you will send me that, I shall be much obliged; and also if you will send copies to the addresses in the enclosed list.

I return a signed copy of the agreement and remain

Yours very truly
GSantayana

P.S. Covers like that of the Sense of Beauty would be good, unless some other dark colour fades less. On the back there will hardly be room for everything. You might leave out, for one thing, my Christian name; and besides “The Life of Reason” it might suffice to have either “Common
Sense” or “Book I.” I think it would be better, for the sale especially, if the titles of the Books—“Society”, “Religion”, “Art”, etc, appeared on the back, together with a numeral to indicate the volume. If it is not too crowded, I should like the following lettering,

SANTAYANA

THE LIFE
OF REASON

I

REASON IN
COMMON
SENSE

SCRIBNERS

To Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson
22 November 1904 • Florence, Italy (MS: King’s) (MS: King’s)

Nov. 22. 1904

I TATTI,
SETTIGNANO,
FLORENCE.

Dear Dickinson

I have been spending a few days here, at the Berensons’, and leave today for Rome, where I shall be perhaps a fortnight at the Hôtel de Russie—with Loeser, who goes with me there. Are you by chance coming to Italy for Christmas and is there any likelihood that you should go to Greece in the Spring? I hope to be there then and should so much like to come across you in these regions, more congenial to the inner man than those in which we last met.
If Wedd is planning any such excursions, please ask him to let me know of it. My address is C/o Brown Shipley & Co, London.

Yours ever
GSantayana

P.S. I have been reading Moore’s *Principia Ethica* which I had not seen until I reached this house. I should more heartily agree with his logic if it were backed by some sense of the conditions in which it operates, some knowledge of human nature. His points only become cogent only when the speaker forgets himself and makes his assertions irresponsibly forthright and categorical. So taken—as ready-made accidental judgments—they may well be what Moore says they are in respect to their form. Their substance, however, needs to be transformed by experience and culture. How little wisdom these metaphysicians have, and how punctiform and scholastic their vision of things is apt to become when they live in colleges or dwell in an atmosphere of technical controversy. In its rather insignificant sphere, however, I agree with Moore’s doctrine. Good is a unique predicate, quite distinct in meaning from pleasant, etc; but its application is intelligible, and what things are good can be decided only by asking what things make a difference to somebody. The inanimate “beautiful” universe Moore speaks of can be good only because it meets a given sense for harmony.
Nov. 22. 1904

I TATTI,
SETTIGNANO,
FLORENCE.

Messrs Charles Scribner’s Sons
New York

Gentlemen:

Please add to the list of addresses to which I have asked you to send copies of *The Life of Reason* the three following:

D\(^f\) Frederick Winslow  
29 Commonwealth Ave  
Boston Mass

D\(^f\) D. S. Miller  
University of Pennsylvania  

D\(^f\) R. B. Perry  
Harvard College, Cambridge Mass

Yours very truly
GSantayana

Susan Sturgis de Sastre

23 November [1904] • Rome, Italy  
(RMS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

Romá—S. Pietro Veduto Dal Pincio

Nov. 23.

Thanks for your letter. Loeser came on with me here last night. We are en pension at the Hôtel de Russie for a fortnight.

[Unsigned]
1868–1909     1:277

To Mary Whitall Smith Berenson
25 November 1904 • Rome, Italy (MS: I Tatti)

Hôtel de Russie
Rome, November 25, 1904.

The Loeserisms of Loeser the Son of Loeser (may prayer and peace be upon him!).

Know, O Lady among all ladies, that Allah, the compassionate, the bountiful, had written our safe arrival at this City of the Devil, the seat of two quarrelling kings, enemies to each other and to all the faithful. One is a dwarf, with an angry beard on his upper lip, who with difficulty was persuaded to abandon the impure condition of a bachelor, and now entertains his wife by reading to her books on the base and uncivil art of gunnery. How different from the generous husbands of Islam! The other king is an old man, living shut up in his palace, plotting with his grand vizier, Merridelvallah, how to circumvent his enemies and recover his lost territories; but the curse of God is upon him, and having vowed himself and his thousands of eunuchs and ten thousands of slave-girls to a hideous celibacy, he spends his days and nights adoring painted idols; and not being satisfied with those belonging to his own unholy religion, he has collected and preserved in his courts all the abominations worshipped of old by the heathen, even to the least remaining fragment of their false gods; which may Allah grind quickly into dust!

Having arrived at the city gates and we alighted from our litters, and Loeser lifted up his voice and said that we wished to walk to our kahn. I enquired of him if he knew the way, and what might be the distance, for I saw that it had rained mightily and that the mud and the pools of water were deep. And he answered, By my Michael Angelos but I do, and it is scarce seven parasangs. Thereupon we proceeded on foot, going into the bye-lanes to view by the darkness the bungling and ponderous ornaments with which the unbelievers decorate the outside of their houses, as of their souls, leaving no joy within. And we wandered long and far, not seeing aught for the darkness save the glimmer of lamps, reflected from every wet stone, so that the stars which had deserted the heavens seemed to have come down to be trampled under foot and to pave this city. And Loeser spoke again, saying that the Kahn was the famous resort Russian Grand
Dukes and was unknown to Americans; but on arrival I heard the accent, from a thousand noses, which I have long heard beyond the sea, and I could not refrain from reciting the following verses:

The waves of the sea are many but their voice is but as one voice.

Men traverse them from West to East to find what they have left behind them. O my!

On the following day Loeser set out to visit the Souk and examine the Rome of the Quattrocento; but when we opened our eyes, behold, we had gone to see the statue of Garibaldi upon the Janiculum.

Turning homewards wearily he declared that he would show me the fashionable tea-rooms where all the houris of paradise were assembled: and the rooms were indeed pink, but the waiting-maid was the only living thing within them.

In a slum we passed a cobbler’s shop where Loeser had once bought a pair of shoe-strings, and he lifted up his voice and said: This is the famous shop where every body buys shoe-strings. Amen.

As the houris of paradise had absented themselves from the tea-shop, Loeser said we should like to go the next day to the famous bar of the Grand Hôtel, where all the great diplomats, literateurs, artists, and scholars of the four nations were gathered together. When we reached the door, it was locked, and I trembled to think what secret conclave might be convened within, hatching great affairs. But Loeser undismayed knocked once, and twice; and at the third knocking an old man in a white cap and apron opened the door. There was paper on the walls, and when we had sat down and been silent for an hour the old man brought us some cold black coffee. Presently a step was heard sounding through the empty corridor and a young man appeared, dressed as the stable-boys of unbelievers dress when they walk abroad on their private business, casting aside the robe of office; and Loeser stretched forth his hand and cried Tommy! Tommy, he said, was the famous bar-tender of the Grand Hôtel. And he inquired of Tommy where were all the diplomats and sages and poets; and Tommy said they were met, now at the Cosmopolis, or, as the vulgar call it, the barber’s shop.

All that.

But what further adventures Allah may have written for us I forbear to prophesy with rashness, and, seeing that the hour for luncheon has arrived, discreetly, as is my wont, I am silent.
To William James
29 November 1904 • Rome, Italy

Rome, Nov. 29, 1904

Dear Mr James

Thank you very much for your two articles which have reached me here and filled an evening with very refreshing home-thoughts after the merciless biograph of mere phenomena which one gets in travelling. I am here with my old class-mate Loeser, whom you will remember, and who wishes me to send you his love. He has an eighteenth century statuette of Locke with he wishes to present to you, but neither he nor I are quite clear about the possibility of sending it free through the custom house. I tell you of it so that you may mentally give him credit for his good intentions in case the object itself should never reach you.

Since I left America I have had glimpses of England, Belgium, Holland, Germany, and France, beside six weeks with my sister in Avila and almost a month in Florence with the advantage of being near Loeser and Berenson. I am profoundly out of humour with “aesthetics”, yet I have
been feeling the new douche of it which these friends of mine have drenched me with as a rather invigorating change; one gets so dry in America with no food for the senses, especially if one is obliged to pump up theory every day. From here I mean to go on to Naples and Sicily, Egypt and Greece—all new ground for me; and I hope to return in the autumn a new man, with a fresh supply of "pure experience" and a budding crop of new ideas.

Your articles—apart from their intrinsic importance—have interested me particularly on account of a certain harmony which there is between what you make for and what I have fallen into myself. Doubtless you have from of old let seeds fall into my mind which have sprouted there into what I feel to be quite native convictions; and it comes to me now as a rather surprising happiness that I can invoke your authority in support of a great deal that I feared might seem rash in my opinions. It is the general attitude which Bergson also encourages, although of course it may be turned in various ways and expressed in various vocabularies. What I don’t quite understand in your way of stating the matter is whether the conceptual world has only its immediate status. Of course every conception, taken existentially, is a part of the flux, which as you say is largely chaotic in its immediacy; but things and truths have also a systematic and more or less static dimension. For instance, if a candle which was nine inches long when left burning in an empty room is found to be six inches long on the observer's return, was it ever really eight inches in length? Of course the eight-inch candle will have drawn a potential sort of being from the philosopher’s views, themselves immediate experiences of his; the conception that the candle passed through that phase will be an absolute item in the universal inventory. But the question seems to me to be whether the eight-inch candle has only that imputed being; or rather whether imputed being is not what we mean by reality and the immediate flux itself by appearance. The forthright intellect seems to be the life of the mind, and what it rests in seems to be alone important, true, or efficacious. The eight-inch candle is something to be believed in, because in the material world which the intellect has discovered it is a needful element that counts and rewards our confidence in its reality. The materials which experience is composed of must therefore be credited with an existence which makes them material elements and gives them a mechanical order, since they exist permanently, potentially, and beyond our range.

If this is what is implied in your views—and I conceive that it is—the result seems to be quite different from panpsychism and far more rational-
istic. According to panpsychism the eight-inch candle exists only by virtue of its inconceivable psychic substance, that mass of irrelevant experience of which a candle at best is but a remote symbol or effect. The real eight-inch candle is not eight inches long and is no candle at all. It is perhaps a conclave of politic worms electing an infallible pope to maintain that the universe is nothing but a musical composition. According to your view—if I understand it—and to mine, on the contrary, the material qualities of the candle themselves subsist, and it is a cylindrical white body that is really eight inches long at an assignable instant. The world of science, for us, then, would not be a mere fiction, but a real efficacious order discovered in the chaos of immediate experience, a system, consisting bodily of the given elements, but of course involving many more, and the longer subsistence of them. Am I right?

Please wish the various members of the department a happy new year in my name and believe me

Very sincerely yours

GSantayana

Address:
C/o Brown Shipley & Co
London

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To Benjamin Apthorp Gould Fuller
3 December 1904 • Rome, Italy

Dear Fuller

Your letter comes to remind me that a place I have often heard of called Harvard College actually exists: it seems from here a rather improbable myth; and quite an unnecessary complication in the world, that has a complete history already. I am glad that you take to your native country so
well; I wonder why in a land where so much is potential the potential has not been allowed any place in philosophy, whereas an Aristotle, who lived in a finished world, made so much of the potential in his speculation. This is a sign, I suppose, that speculation is seldom a genuine expression of life, but rather a parasitic tradition expressing what is effete in the contemporary world.

Have you read Moore’s principia ethica? The book seems to contain a grain of accuracy in a bushel of inexperience.

James has sent me two of his new articles from the Columbia Journal. The one (or more) in Mind I have not yet seen. Dickinson writes to me from Cambridge. “I love W. James as a man. But what a singularly bad thinker he is!”

James’ new statements do not seem to me to be bad insight, whatever may be thought of the logic of them. They point to materialism, which I believe may be destined before long to have a great re habilitation. The material world is a fiction; but every other world is a nightmare.

Please wish Mrs Burnett a merry Christmas. I am delighted that you have kept my rooms, as your brother’s youthful energies might have been too much for it them. By the way, will you do me a favour, and in an idle moment cut off judiciously a bit of the red silk over my bed and send it to Charles Loeser, 11 via Lamberttesca, Florence? Loeser has promised to get me some more stuff of the same shade, to make a bed coverlet of, so that my dreams may be as genteel and sumptuous as possible.

I am enjoying myself hugely and reading a good deal more than usual. Friends of mine turn up at regular intervals, and the sun shines, and humanity smiles about me almost without hypocrisy. I feel at home.

Yours sincerely G.S.
Address: C/o Brown Shipley & Co
London.

Messrs Charles Scribner’s Sons
New York:

Gentlemen:

Today I have sent you the second proof of vol. II, of the “Life of Reason”, with the title page to vol. I, with in which I see nothing to change except perhaps the date. As you do not inclose the title page or table of contents for vol. II, I am not sure whether you mean to bring it out at once. If so, please note that, owing to some pages being lost and a passage inserted, the M.S. table of contents for vol. II, does not exactly correspond to the marginal summary as it now stands. It should be made to do so.

I am much obliged to you for sending me the page-proof. There were certain words in it which I am glad to have had a chance to revise, beside a few—very few—printer’s errors still remaining.

I am going to Sicily and Egypt this winter, so that if you mean to go on with vol. III at all soon, you had better count on a certain further delay in getting the proofs back from me.

Yours very truly
GSantayana

Please send copies of the Life of Reason, with the author’s compliments, to the following:

Professor C. A. Strong, Lakewood, New Jersey.

" Norton, Shady Hill
" James, 95 Irving St
" Royce 105 " "
" Münsterberg 7 Ware St
" & Mrs. Toy 7 Lowell St Cambridge, Mass.
" Palmer 11 Quincy St

Harvard Union Library Quincy St
Signet Society Dunster St
Delta Phi Club 9 Linden St
A. G. Fuller, Esq 60 Brattle St
To Mary Whitall Smith Berenson

8 December 1904 • Rome, Italy (MS: Indiana)

Rome, Dec. 8, 1904.

Dear Mrs Berenson

I must thank you at last for sending me my washing which arrived safely I don’t know how long ago. I was putting off writing 4 until I had accumulated a fresh lot of Loeserisms, but they have been flowing slowly of late, except that he has been threatening to leave me for the last week and now Mrs Baldwin has arrived nobody knows what will happen.

I have put off going to Sicily until the spring and expect to sail for Port Said from Naples on December 28.
Settignano and all that belongs to it remain a bright spot in my memory.
Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Charles Scribner’s Sons
8 December 1904 • Rome, Italy (MS: Princeton)

GRAND HÔTEL DE RUSSIE
ET DES ILES BRITANNIQUES
H. SILENZI
ROME

ROME, LE 8 décembre 1904

Messrs Charles Scribner’s Sons
New York

Gentlemen:

Please add to the list of names of persons to whom the “Life of Reason” is to be sent (with my compliments) that of
W. Bayard Cutting Esq
Nordhoff, California

Yours very truly
GSantayana

To Mary Whitall Smith Berenson
10 December 1904 • Rome, Italy (MS: I Tatti)

Rome, Dec. 10, 1904

The Wisdom of Loeser-ben-Loeser, Light of the Five Nations, and other delectable fictions.

Know, Thou Mistress of all the Arts, that once upon a time there lived in a far country a poor philosopher, who had wasted his youth without the delights of love and without receiving courteous entertainment from princes or hearing the pleasant voices of poets. But it came to pass that the fame of Loeser-ben-Loeser reached his ears and he said in his heart: Go
to: I will take ship and sail to that land of ancient poets and princes where Loeser-ben-Loeser abides, and he shall instruct my soul.

So the philosopher sold all his possessions and, putting a thousand dinars of gold in his pouch, travelled by land and sea to the city of Loeser-ben-Loeser, where, as no man knew his name, he was called l’Amico di Carlo.

And when Loeser-ben-Loeser saw him approach, he welcomed him and taking him by the hand led to the divan beside him; and he bade Giuseppe, his grand-vizier, command the female slaves to make ready the banquet and to summon the Lady Chamier, whose hat was like the full moon, to discourse before them.

And when the feast was ended Loeser-ben-Loeser said: Know that there is in this city an old woman who lives in a tower: go and seek after her and when you have found her she will open the door unto you and lead you to her uppermost chamber. And there she will spread a small hard couch for you and set before you a small jug of cold water. And this she will not abstain from doing daily while you tarry with her; for that shall be your lodging. And when you depart hence, you will reward her with a cast-off robe of honour and thirty shekels of paper; and then her children shall wash their faces and her large white cat shall wear a string of pearls around its neck. And all things came to pass even as Loeser-ben-Loeser had said, so that l’Amico di Carlo marvelled greatly at his foresight and wisdom.

But when now l’Amico was about to depart Loeser-ben-Loeser said: I may not suffer you to go hence unattended. So he ordered his grand vizier to make ready a caravan, with bales of precious stuffs, morning shirts and evening shirts, and precious turbans, and abundance of shoes, and trousers in boxes of cedar, and bottles of divers unguents, and phials of perfume, and many gems of price. And having prudently provided all these things for his own use, he set forth in company with his friend, to do him honour; and when he was come to the City of Rome, the slaves and maid-servants at the kahn perceived that he was a wise man, having a knitted forehead and ten camels-loads of baggage.

And when they had rested from their journey and spent fourteen days in continuous eating and drinking, and in seeing the sights of that city, Loeser-ben-Loeser bethought him to return to his own house: but there was a great feast in that city, to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of a new title bestowed on a female deity, and many strangers gathered there to enjoy the occasion; and among these was a lady of four times fourteen years of age, beautiful as the moon in its last quarter; and she sent her
eunuch to Loeser-ben-Loeser, who, after thrice kissing the earth between his hands, said: The lady Baldonina is here, and bids you follow me and feast with her this day. And Loeser-ben-Loeser hearing these words was marvellously delighted; and he arose straightway and followed the eunuch, leaving the ten camel-loads of luggage in the porter’s hands. And he returned not until evening was fallen, when l’Amico beheld him approach with a quick step, and his with his robe of water-proof open and flying behind him: and he said: Behold the lady Baldonina and her daughter, like two full moons, are coming this night to sup with us at this kahn. Therefore wash your face and put on your robe of honour, while I hasten to command a special banqueting chamber to be made ready, with all manner of viands and sweetmeats and sherbets, together with copious cooled bottles of the strong drink of the Franks. And the philosopher went quickly to his bath, but was not yet out of the barber’s hands, not having donned his robe of honour—nor any other—when Loeser-ben-Loeser reappeared in greater haste than before. Behold the Lady Baldonina’s eunuch was even now here; and he says that the Lady Baldonina’s daughter is marvellous distempered and has locked herself in her own Chamber. And they come not to feast with us this night. But I commanded the eunuch to kiss the ground between the Lady Baldonina’s feet and to say: Loeser-ben-Loeser and his companion come this night in a golden palanquin to bear the Lady Baldonina about the city, that she may view the illuminations and delight them with her beauty and the shafts of her keen wit, either of which would extinguish all the lights which the unbelievers can kindle before their idols. So make haste that we snatch a morsel—for the feast is countermanded, all but one cooled bottle of the strong drink of the Franks, to give us courage.

Hearing these words L’Amico was not wholly displeased; for having risen that morning before the sun, to miss no part of the festivities, he was remarkably hungry and thirsty, and not averse to being borne in a golden palanquin, rather than to walk longer upon his feet.

But Loeser-ben-Loeser was thinking of the Lady Baldonina, and relished not his soup: and of the fish he said it was noisome to leave the carcass upon a salver before one, and had it carried away, though perhaps l’Amico would liked a second help. And when a filet of beef appeared with peas and potatoes, Loeser-ben-Loeser was about to spirit it away, waving to the slave to remove it: but l’Amico hastened to protest that even beef and peas and potatoes might on occasion be excellent; and then Loeser-ben-Loeser himself took three slices. But he said that
to do so was not good: for it was not the strong drink of the Franks that went to one’s head, but the solid food one had with it. Wherein the science of Loeser-ben-Loeser doth well appear, and remaineth a guide to all succeeding bibulous men. And a letter from the chief architect that was building Loeser-ben-Loeser’s summer palace having at that moment arrived, in which it was expressly declared that the walls, without being rebuilt, would not support the quattrocento arches designed for the stairs, he who is the light of the five nations said that the vegetable then before him was most indigestible, and informed the attendant that he and his friend had no appetite for the roast and salad.

They therefore went at once into the street, where, as no golden palanquin was in attendance, Loeser-ben-Loeser said they would proceed in a more ordinary conveyance to the Lady’s door, and there take one of the golden palanquins that would be in waiting. And as only one vehicle with one horse, with knees bent almost in the attitude of prayer, was then visible, they took this, and reached the kahn where the Lady was lodged. She bade them welcome, and disappeared to don the veils that, to vulgar eyes, were to conceal her charms, and to our other eyes her wrinkles. They waited some brief hours, lost in meditation; and when she reappeared she was leading by the hand her younger daughter, like a crescent moon, but large enough to fill a place in a golden palanquin. And Loeser-ben-Loeser said: We shall now be conveyed to the top of the Piazza stairs; and thence we will proceed on foot to view the celebrations. And the Lady Baldonina murmured that she had on satin slippers, and that it had rained all day. But Loeser-ben-Loeser had superior wisdom. He had with incredible foresight refused to dismiss the slave that had brought him and his friend thither: for seeing that no golden palanquins were to be seen anywhere, he foresaw that even that humble conveyance would please the Lady, who would, he knew, have satin slippers on her feet—a benediction to all true believers. So he and his friend, the lady and her daughter, compressed themselves as best they could, and, clinging to one another, reached their destination.

Here Loeser-ben-Loeser magnanimously released the one-horse slave, giving him honourable payment; and though, owing to the lateness of the hour, the illuminations were for the most part extinguished, they all proceeded to pace the public streets and squares. But when Loeser, vaunting the charms of popular life, said they should walk the whole length of the Corso, the lady Baldonina, consenting as it seemed, nevertheless of her own motion cried “Cocher”, arresting a passing cab. And the four again placed themselves, like four roses in one bowl, within that merchantable
conveyance, the Lady prudently admonishing her daughter and saying “Prends le bras de M. Loeser pour ne pas tomber.”

But Loeser-ben-Loeser directing the hired slave cried in a loud voice—go to the Piazza di Spagna. And the slave answered: I kiss the earth before my master, but we are at this moment in no other place. Knowest thou not, said the wise man, wroth not without cause, that Spain and Venice are the same thing, and that when I say one I necessarily mean the other!

But when they had reached their destination, as there was nothing in particular to do there, they directed the slave to return to the Lady’s kahn. This time Loeser-ben-Loeser—may his prudence never forsake him—did not forget to dismiss the varlet; for he bade the porter pay him three lire. And when, having bidden the ladies farewell, he was departing on foot to his own hostel, l’Amico suggested that the three lire had not been restored to the porter, who would subtract them, doubtless, from the lady’s treasury. That, cried the wise one, he would do in any case. So let it be. Thus the Lady Baldonina profited (without knowing it) by not having a golden palanquin on that day.

[Unsigned]
To Celedonio Sastre Serrano
1 January 1905 • Port Said, Egypt (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

Esta mañana hemos llegado á Puerto Said sin novedad. La travesía desde Nápoles ha durado tres días. Salgo en este momento para el Cairo. Jorge

To James Hazen Hyde
5 January 1905 • Cairo, Egypt (MS: Unknown)

C/o Brown Shipley & Co.,
London.

Cairo, Jan. 5th 1905.

Dear Hyde:—

When I got your telegram, forwarded to me by post to Naples, I hardly knew what your proposal involved and although naturally much flattered at receiving it, I thought it well to wait for your letter, which would give me more particulars.

This has just reached me. If the lectures had been only eight, like those given at Cambridge, it struck me at once that I might find a suitable and interesting subject—Philosophy in America. Now that I know the formidable nature of the business it is harder for me to find a subject. Nevertheless, it is too glorious and congenial an opportunity to miss, and I accept your proposal gladly, trusting as I think it over that the right subject and method of treatment may occur to me. As you can imagine, I labor under a personal disadvantage in this matter in that I am not an American, and yet shall be expected to represent, in a sense, American ways of seeing things. It will of course be impossible for me to disguise a certain external or foreign quality in my treatment of things Anglo-Saxon, and this foreigness, while it may make what I say more easily intelligible to French people, will doubtless prevent me from arousing any such warm interest as I understand Wendell has aroused. In other words, you must
not expect me to be a popular success: but I will try to appeal to that unenthusiastic faculty, the intellect, of which the French have so much, and I may perhaps interest a smaller number of people more deeply.

“Philosophy” and “Aesthetics”, which you suggest, are subjects much too large and universal. What would you think of “English Poetry”, or, to borrow a title of President Eliot’s “English Contributions to Civilisation”, in which I should of course include the American, and should be thinking largely of moral habits and characteristic types of English thought, ending, perhaps, with a lecture on William James!

“Contemporary Philosophy in England and America” might be a better way of announcing the same general topic.

It is a very fine impulse in you that prompts these innovations, and a somewhat cosmopolitan person like me may perhaps appreciate even more than others the need there is of better mutual understanding among men, now that religion and distance may be said to no longer divide them. How glad I would be if someone would explain these Arabs to me, but nobody can, least of all they themselves.

You may then count on me for your project, and believe me,

Sincerely yours,

GSantayana

To Benjamin Apthorp Gould Fuller
11 January [1905] • Luxor, Egypt

(To: Benjamin Apthorp Gould Fuller)

ANGLO-AMERICAN NILE STEAMER & HOTEL COMPANY, CHIEF OFFICE, SHARIA BOULAC, CAIRO, (GRAND CONTINENTAL HOTEL BUILDINGS) January 11th 1904 near Luxor on the Nile

Dear Fuller

There is a plan afoot which, if it is realised, will keep me in Europe for still another year. In that case, you may keep my rooms if you want them;
if you don’t, may I ask you to let me know, so that I may write to the landlord’s agent giving them up.

I am, at this moment, going up the Nile with an impossible party of tourists, conscious of being no less grotesque myself than the rest of them. So many labour-saving-machines have left us no time for anything, else I should like to travel long in the East and yield for a time to its fascinations. People here seem to realise something of Faust’s dream, to be young in body and old in spirit. What an amusing place the world would be to such a creature. We sometimes speak of regretting lost illusions. What a silly idea! We may well regret lost powers, but the loss of illusions is an unmixed benefit. It leaves you free face to face with the facts and authorises you to profit by every real opportunity. The trouble is that, the Life of Reason being so largely in abeyance, people do not ordinarily lose their illusions till they have lost their passions, and then the real world, when they see it for the first time as it is, seems to them stale, not because it is real but because they are played out.

I may perhaps go to Jerusalem and Damascus before returning to Europe. The donkey is losing its terrors for me and I now generally ride at the head of the party. Think what a party it must be!   Yours

GSantayana

To Celedonio Sastre Serrano
13 January [1905] • Luxor, Egypt  (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

LOUXOR—COLONNADES DU GRAND TEMPLE

13 de enero. Seguimos nuestro viaje sin novedad. Jorge
To Susan Sturgis de Sastre
25 January [1905] • Cairo, Egypt (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

CAIRE.
Jan. 25th Got back here today from Upper Egypt and am installed at Morgan’s in safety.
[Unsigned]

To Charles Scribner’s Sons
25 January 1905 • Cairo, Egypt (MS: Princeton)

Jan. 25. 1905
KASR-EL-DOUBARAH
CAIRO

Messrs Charles Scribner’s Sons
New York

Gentlemen:
Your letter of the 6th has just reached me here. I am rather sorry that the publication of the “Life of Reason” has been put off so long, although I quite understand that the trouble came from my being so far away. As to the independent title of each volume, that is not of any consequence from my point of view. Apart from the common heading “The Life of Reason” which I understand you have retained, the volumes will be kept together well enough by their individual titles, which are obviously meant to go together—“Reason in Common Sense”, “in Society” etc. Merely leaving out the number of the volume or of the book will make no difference in the continuity of the work, especially as in the three later books I am still able to put in a phrase or two pointing to the next one in order. This reference forward happens to exist already in the first two books. That each book may be read apart from the others, as you say, was part of my original plan and I am glad you are taking steps to bring this result about.

Yours very truly
GSantayana
To Susan Sturgis de Sastre
4 February [1905] • Tel Aviv-Yafo, Israel (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

JAFFA THE SEA-SHORE
Feb. 4th First glimpse of Asia.
My visit to Egypt has been a great success and I am in high spirits for what is coming.

[Unsigned]

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre
10 February [1905] • Jerusalem, Israel (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

FRONT OF THE HOLY-SEPULCHRE.
Feb. 10th I have been delayed here by heavy rains which make the roads almost impassable. However I hope to start

INTERIOR OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE WITH ORNAMENTS. JERUSALEM
Feb. 10 (Continued).
in a few days for Damascus by carriage with a dragoman that Cook has furnished me, a nice old man. Jerusalem reminds me of Avila. G.S.

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre
17 February [1905] • Jerusalem, Israel (MS: Virginia)

Jerusalem, February 17, 1904

Dear Susie
The rains during the first week I spent here were so heavy that it was impossible to do the usual sight-seeing, and they have left the roads in such a state that it seemed imprudent to start on a long driving-tour such as I had planned. The other day when several of us went to Jericho and the Dead Sea two of our carriages got stuck in deep mud, and the horses had to be taken out while we waded to terra firma and help was brought to pull out the carriages. Such incidents, which do no harm in a short excursion when the town is hard by, might be serious in the wilds, when no halting
place for the night might be within reach after a delay of several hours. I am therefore starting tomorrow morning for Damascus by way of Jaffa and Beyrout, a journey wholly by rail and steamboat. From Damascus I return to Beyrout and sail thence again for Athens via Smyrna. I expect to reach Greece about March 1st and you may address me there for a month or two directly, to the Hôtel Grande Brétagne, Athènes; if I don’t like that place and go elsewhere I will let you know by the swift picture-post-card.

The impression which the Holy Land makes on the traveller must depend more even than in other places on his point of view and his expectations. There are no ruins of architectural importance. Every thing has been rebuilt at various periods, and now the town is a conglomorate of all sorts of buildings, chiefly shabby and modern. The shrines, at the Holy Sepulchre (which contains the supposed site of Calvary as well) and at Bethlehem, etc, are generally caves, hung with many small lamps, and enclosed in a more or less imposing church. These churches are cut up into sections belonging to the various confessions, the Greeks usually having the lion’s share. To make Jerusalem satisfactory as a place of pilgrimage one would have to possess unlimited faith in the traditions identifying the various spots, and even then I am not sure that much is gained for devotional purposes by knowing that the cross was planted here or there. The Catholic convents and hospices are numerous here and in good order; the Dominicans have a pretty bran-new church and college and the Franciscans and Carmelites also have various establishments. There is a very large religious hostelry, where French brothers receive pilgrims at eight francs a day; it is well built in white stone with two elaborate chapels and other signs of prosperity. The older part of the town is inhabited by the Moslems and Jews, the latter very numerous and divided into Spanish and German Jews; the Spanish section still speaks a corrupt Castillian. The Moslems are themselves of various nations: Araabic is the language of the country, but Turkish is that of the government, and the Beduins, Turks, Syrians, and negroes are strangely jumbled together. A shepherd I met in a country walk spoke to me in English and two other peasants in Italian. French, not very pure, is spoken by all the educated natives and most shop-keepers. Costumes are no less mixed. The country people still look Biblical, and from their flowing white robes and bare feet you pass by insensible degrees to complete European dress, modified only by the Fez or tarbush which most natives still wear. Apart from this museum of humanity what has interested and pleased me most has been the landscape. It is arid and hilly, the slopes being often quite covered with loose stones and ledges of
rock peeping through the surface; but there are also many olive-trees, and the deep gorges and dry beds of torrents make the scene most wild and varied. I had no idea how easily one can dominate the whole country; from the Mount of Olives, for instance, you not only can see the Dead Sea but you can see quite across it, as if it were a pond at your feet, while the mountains of Moab on its eastern shore rise high up before you, like a wall of stone that you might touch with a long stick. From hills only a little higher you can at the same time see the Mediterranean; so that the ancient Jews could from a single mountain-top view the whole land of promise. What an influence this intimate familiarity with their country must have had on their intense patriotism. With most nations their country is only an idea, but for the Jews it was a sensible and tangible place, like one’s own house and garden.

The site of the Temple is still magnificent and a very pretty round a mosque occupies the place where the altar for burnt-offerings stood in antiquity, just before the door of the Temple. The rest of the enormous platform once occupied by the temples of Solomon and Herod is now bare; only a few stone kiosques and arches, and a few trees rise above the immense pavement. Around stand several modern minarets and an old Christian basilica, somewhat “restored” and turned into another mosque. Those who are not Moslems are only permitted to visit these places on stated days and accompanied by a cavass or gend’arme from the consulate: Jews are never allowed to come in at all: this is because the Moslems also hold the Temple of Solomon sacred. They venerate some Christian shrines as well, for instance, the supposed site of the ascension, in which they believe; but they are indifferent to all that relates to the passion because the Koran says that Christ was never really crucified, but that a man resembling him was executed in his place, while he was translated like Elijah into heaven and will not die until the end of the world; after which he will rise again, and at the last judgment will stand on the Mount of Olives while Mohammed stands on the hill of the Temple; a rope will be stretched between and those souls that are able to pass over it will be saved, while those who fall in the transit will be lost. This last is not in the Koran, but is a popular conception.

I am perfectly well and feel well pleased with my journey so far, which is not so very expensive—about seven dollars a day since I came to the Orient, all included. I have been talking Spanish a great deal here with the South Americans [across] that fill this hotel. They are for the most part from
Buenos Aires and bubble over with self-satisfaction in their country. Love to all from G.S.

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**To Susan Sturgis de Sastre**

20 February [1905] • Baalbek, Lebanon (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

BAALBEK, VUE GÉNÉRALE DE L’ACROPOLE

Feb. 20. Came here today from Beyrout over the Lebanon which is covered with snow. Fine Roman ruins

[Unsigned]

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**To Susan Sturgis de Sastre**

25 February 1905 [postmark] • Beirut, Lebanon (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

DAMAS, ET LE BARADA

SOUVENIR DE LA SYRIE

Beirut.

Feb. 25.

I sail today for Smyrna where I change ship for Athens. Damascus (which you see here) is very interesting on account of the people and the costumes, but I could find no good photographs of the streets. All well.

[Unsigned]

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**To [Susan Sturgis de Sastre]**

27 February [1905] • Vathi, Samos, Greece (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

PORT DE VATHY, CAPITALE DE SAMOS

Feb. 27. 1904

Vathi, Samos

Our steamer, a French one, has stopped here for the day after a good voyage of thirty six hours from Beirut and I have landed to take a walk and a look about the town, which is very picturesque and Italian-like. On the
voyage we have been all the time in sight of mountains, often covered with snow. The coast of Syria under Mount Lebanon (where Beirut is) and that of Asia Minor along the Mediterranean are very high and magnificent and only need a little admixture of trees to make them perfect. This town (Vathi) is the first Greek place I have seen—for it is an autonomous Greek principality under nominal Turkish suzerainty, and the people speak Greek. There is nothing but the language and landscape, however, and an occasional head, to remind one of antiquity. Tomorrow Smyrna. Love to all.

[Unsigned]

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To Wallace de Groot Cecil Rice
3 March 1905 • Athens, Greece (MS: Newberry)

Hôtel Minerva
Athens, March 3, ’05

Dear Sir

No letters have reached me for three weeks while I was making a tour in Syria, and that is the reason I have not answered you before. Of course it will be only an honour and a pleasure to me that you should use my “Ode” for your athletic symposium. Thank you, too, for the “Flying Sands” which don’t take long enough in running—if I may mix sand-metaphors like the blameless Longfellow. You seem to me to combine a great many things which go to make a poet’s soul—affectionate familiarity with nature, sincere reflection, and metrical sense. Perhaps, however, the age we live in is too cold a winter for even the best of us to do more than chirp a little, lest the tradition should be altogether lost, until the Spring sets somebody really singing.

My publishers have the copyright, as you doubtless know, and are reported to be somewhat chary of permissions to reprint; in this case, however, they can have—generous souls!—no pecuniary interest in the matter; and you may appeal to my wish, if need be.
Wallace de Groot Cecil Rice (1859–1939), Harvard class of 1883, was admitted to the bar but gave up law for a career as a literary and dramatic critic, writing for newspapers and magazines. His books include *Under the Stars* (1898) (with Barrett Eastman) and *The Flying Sands* (1898).


Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807–82).

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**To Susan Sturgis de Sastre**

3 March [1905] • Athens, Greece (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

ATHENES VUE DE LYCABETTE

March 3rd

I have arrived here safely and established myself at the Hôtel Minerva for 10 francs a day. Athens is very pleasing.

[Unsigned]

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**To William James**

4 March 1905 • Athens, Greece (MS: Houghton)

Athens, Hôtel Minerva

March 4, 1905.

Dear Mr. James

Thank you very much for your amusing letter. Why didn’t the Messiah come this year and leave me the more congenial task of being a Paul to him and reducing his doctrine to dead dogmas and metaphysical Hellenisms? It is not too late, and if you are so well (which I am happy to hear) why shouldn’t you stay in France for next year and leave it for me to follow, if need be, on the year after-next, or even later? My book, in spite of its five volumes, is not good to turn into lectures: it is too concise! My
idea is rather to review my contemporaries, which I neglect in the book alto-
gether, and to take for a subject “Contemporary philosophy in England and
America.” Hyde says you may wish to take that subject, or something like it,
yourself, and if so, I could of course easily find a new title. I suspect, however,
that you would be looking forward in your treatment, while I should be looking
back—at least as far as Jonathan Edwards and the statuette Lock. See that
even with the same theme we might make too sufficiently different symphonies
to delight the Parisian ear with.

I have just arrived here from Palestine and Damascus, where I have received
the usual impressions; I am staying here for two months, so that I look for the
pleasure of doing a little peripatetic philosophy, under your distinguished guid-
ance, on its native heath—a heath being all there is left to philosophise over.

I hope you will like Spain and find it worth the inconveniences it will put
you to. Yours sincerely

GSantayana
To Charles Scribner’s Sons
30 March 1905 • Athens, Greece

(299x584)

To Charles Scribner’s Sons
30 March 1905 • Athens, Greece

(MS: Princeton)

C/o Brown Shipley & Co
123 Pall Mall
London

Athens
March 30, 1905

Messrs Charles Scribner’s Sons
New York

Gentlemen:

From various persons who have written to acknowledge the receipt of “The Life of Reason” I know that the first two volumes are safely out. They have not reached me, however, and I should naturally be glad to see them. Please send me a copy, if you have not done so already. You may remember that I asked you to send me only one; perhaps that is the reason I haven’t got any. There is another copy which I fear, on account of a mistake of mine, may have gone wrong. It should have been addressed to Mr. & Mrs R. Burnside Potter, 160 Fifth Ave. New York. I am afraid I put down 60, so that the books may have come back to you. The Potters now live in 73rd Street, I think, but as they have moved there since I left America I don’t know the number. The other address, of course, is Mr Potter’s office.

If you mean to get out a further volume or two this year or even next year, I am sorry to say that you will continue to have the annoyance of sending the proof abroad. It is arranged that I shall be in Paris next winter, to give the Hyde lectures which Mr. Wendell has inaugurated this season, and which you have doubtless heard of. Paris, however, is a good deal nearer than Egypt, and the circumstances may have this advantage for the sale of my book, that my name will probably be in the American papers more than it would have been for more glorious but less notorious achievements.

Your notice of “The Life of Reason” in the “Book Buyer” seems to me splendid—most flattering, naturally, but at the same time, even if it be not becoming in me to say so, essentially just. At least the critic has quite understood my intentions.

Yours very truly

GSantayana
To Charles Scribner’s Sons

15 April 1905 • Athens, Greece (MS: Princeton)

Athens April 15, 1905

Messrs Charles Scribner’s Sons
New York.

Gentlemen:

I have your note of March 24th in which you tell me you sent me one copy of “The Life of Reason”, for which I beg to thank you although it has not yet reached my hands.

I have sent you today, in two packages, the M.S. of the rest of “Reason in Art”, which I hope will arrive safely. “Reason in Science” is not quite copied out, as I have been making a general revision of that volume, but it will doubtless be ready by the time your printers have finished the other parts. If there should be any special hurry about it, I could at any moment send you the earlier chapters, which are ready. As I have no great confidence in South-European post-offices (knowing the perfidious character of the Spanish one) I prefer to wait till I get to England—about June 1st—if there is no urgency in the matter.

Yours very truly
GSantayana

c/o Brown Shipley & Co
London.

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

[Spring 1905] • Corinth, Greece (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

Easter Monday

I have climbed this mountain this morning—an hour and a half up and one hour down. There is a small church and a fiesta on the top. A great many peasants in their best.

[Unsigned]
To [Susan Sturgis de Sastre]
29 April [1905] • Nauplia, Greece (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

PANORAMA DE NAUPLIE

Nauplia, 29 of April. Yesterday I came here to begin a little tour of inspection in Greece, before leaving it for Constantinople. This town is beautifully situated, as you may judge by this card, and last night presented a very curious spectacle. It was the Greek Good Friday. After a long chanted office in the church, a procession started through the town, every one carrying a lighted candle. The chief object carried was a sort of cenotaph made of flowers with candles stuck all over it. It represents the tomb of your Lord. This town has Venetian balconies everywhere, and they were filled with people also holding candles and in many places calcium lights as well. There was a guard of soldiers with reversed arms and a military band playing funeral airs. The sight was most striking, especially as rockets and fire-crackers were going off in every direction! The Greeks seem to take Holy Week very gaily; in church absolutely nobody seemed to be praying or doing anything but attending a public function. Yet every one seemed perfectly happy and much interested in what was going on. There was a sort of adoration of the cross, only instead of a crucifix people kissed an embroidered cloth—as images in bulk are not allowed in the Greek Church. The day after tomorrow I go to Delphi.

[Unsigned]

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre
19 May [1905] • Constantinople, Turkey (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

ROUMELI HISAR, BOSPHORE, CONSTANTINOPLE.

19 de mayo. Hoy salgo para Buda-Pesth, y espero llegar á Lóndres en diez días. Sigo entusiasmado con este país.

[Unsigned]
NÜRNBERG, DER SCHÖNE BRUNNEN NACH SEINER WIEDERHERSTELLUNG.

Today, May 27th I am here in the heart of Germany. The place is undoubtedly quaint and mediaeval but oh, so insipid! I leave tomorrow morning for London—25 hours.

[Unsigned]

To Charles Eliot Norton
5 June 1905 • London, England (MS: Houghton)

Dear Mr Norton

No letter which I have received about my book has given me more satisfaction than yours. As you have never divided justice from kindness, it is hard not to believe that your approval is justified, even when expressed in such flattering and partial terms. I hoped that you would like the general intent and moral ideal that underlies all I say, although probably many arguments and tenets which I have ventured to propound may seem to you precarious and needlessly metaphysical. I am compelled, however, to use the tools of my trade and cannot altogether escape the controversial traditions in which I have been trained, much as I should have preferred, if Nature had consented, to be a purer humanist. Nevertheless, some may be led in this way out of the fog and shown how the speculative instinct may be tamed and turned to moral uses in supporting and refining practical understanding.

With many thanks for your very kind letter I am Sincerely yours
GSantayana
To Charles Augustus Strong
20 June 1905 • Richmond, England

C/o Brown Shipley & Co
London

Richmond

June 20 1905

Dear Strong

Let me hasten to thank you for your letter and your article and to tell you what they fill my mind with before it all evaporates and I am quite empty again—for the older and more set one gets the sooner do new ideas run off and leave nothing but the old ones standing. How fresh and receptive you are, by the way, and how you prance about manfully in the contemporary arena! You make me feel like a senile hermit in comparison, revolving his own dogmas in a melancholy soliloquy. I wish I had read Moore’s article, without which it is hard to see your article with the right focus. I have read—nay, studied—his Principia Ethica, however, and perhaps with that clue, and the one furnished by Russell’s Philosophy of Mathematics, I may guess at his position, which I agree with.

The detail of your reasoning, and your psychological analysis, seems to me right. I think, without exception, but there is an underlying assumption of yours which I reject, and thence comes whatever divergence there may be between us. (I speak of your article, not of your criticism of my book.) You say that immediate existence consists of feelings. What is denoted by “feeling”? Is it mere existence? Is it a characteristic or locus different from anything given in the immediate facts themselves? Obviously it must be, according to you, since the facts themselves, as they exist, have no psychological nature. Their qualities are all their own, and material; their locus is only their own medium, and “objective”. To call them feelings either means nothing—for they are ex hypothesi existences—or it means something illegitimate; viz. that they belong to personal lives, being observations made by Strong & Co. You seem to me both to admit and to forget that the latter proposition is secondary, and impossible until the equally intellectual proposition has been accepted that the environment of
Strong and Co. is material, independent, permanent, and causal in respect to their experiences. Data cannot be said to be feelings until what they stand for is known to be things. Toothache would not be a feeling if there were no teeth. It would be a devil. In other words, facts do not belong to psychology before they belong to physics, but only after; and psychology is really a part of physics, as I have so often said to you before. Psychology transfers the immediate to a conceived medium, the life of some individual, some body’s mind. Physics transfers the immediate, with many supplements, to another conceived medium, the permanent and mechanical system of nature. You have no right, in calling the primary existences feelings, to assume that they belong a priori to the psychic stream. The flux is the flux of things, and men are a part of them. You say yourself that the relation of subject and object exists only for thought. That seems to me to give your whole case away, for if calling primitive facts feelings means anything it must mean that they exist for a subject, that they are some body’s feelings. In that case the fallacy of calling them primary is obvious, since to be feelings it is requisite that they be not things, i.e. that the qualities proper to inherent in them be not their real qualities, but that they contain mere pictures of those qualities; as the feeling of a white ship is not a white ship, since it cannot float in water or be seen at a distance or have any other of the natural dynamic relations of white ships. In fine, it seems to me that while your insight and intention is right, you are handicapped by a perverse psychological Berkeleyan phraseology, and the assumption that what exists is prima facie mental, which I should say was the opposite of the truth.

As to your comments on my book, I am naturally pleased and flattered that you should like it, and that you should not say it is unintelligible, as many people—philosophers—have said. Naturally I am not convinced by your criticisms, which seem to me near-sighted. And it saddens, though it no longer surprises, me to hear that I am a phenomenalist. James informed me that I was a disciple of Schiller, which was even worse. Imagine how salutary for one’s vanity, when one thought one was reconciling Plato and Democritus, purging Aristotle and humanising Spinoza, to be brought suddenly down to hard contemporary fact and know that one was the companion of loudest clown in the sophistical circus! But I am chastened enough, I hope, not to mind, and to believe that these optical illusions will cancel one another in time, and leave a fair average image of one’s intent in the mind of anyone who may read one at a greater distance. I hope the public, if it notices me at all, will not misunderstand me so much as the...
philosophers do. The latter, catching the whiff of any stock doctrine in one’s pages, at once attribute the whole stock doctrine so suggested to their minds to the unhappy author. Because I point out continually the empirical ground and origin of our beliefs, you say I am a phenomenolist; but it is not I that made valid physical knowledge arise by observation and be tested by experiment. So I say constantly that religion is imaginative and symbolic; but that is not a dogmatic piece of scepticism. It is a conviction gained by living in the world, coming to close quarters with more than a single sect, and reading, with my eyes open, Homer the Bible and the Summa Theologiae. —But enough of egotism. I mustn’t fill any more sheets, and there is hardly room in this one to thank you for your invitation to your Château, [across] which I hope to accept later in the Summer. With best regards to Mrs Strong and a great desire for more discussion with you, I remain Yours ever G. S.

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**To Charles William Eliot**

23 June 1905 • Richmond, England (MS: Harvard)

C/o Brown Shipley & Co
London.

Richmond
June 23 1905

Dear Mr Eliot

You are no doubt perfectly well informed of the arrangements which Mr. J. H. Hyde has been making with me about lectures to be given by me in Paris next winter, but as I have had no official communication with you, perhaps it is as well that I should formally ask for your authorisation, and that of the Corporation, for the plan proposed.
My lectures, arranged like those of Mr. Wendell, are to be on “Contemporary philosophy in England and America.” Mr. Hyde offers to pay half my ordinary salary, and gives me to understand that my leave of absence on half-pay will be continued for the year 1905–1906, by the College. I should be glad to know that this arrangement is definitely approved.

My holiday and travels have passed very pleasantly. I got as far as Assouan in Egypt, and Damascus and Constantinople in the other direction, and spent two months in Athens. The proofs and correction of my new book kept me busy at recurring intervals. I am now thinking of my next year’s task, for which I have to do a great deal of reading. I shall probably go before long to my sister’s in Spain, and remain there until it is time to go to Paris.

From Professor James, who was with me for a time in Greece, and by letters from other friends, I hear good news concerning Harvard finances, and about the establishment of our department in Emerson Hall.

Believe me, with sincere regard,

Yours very truly

GSantayana

To Robert Calverley Trevelyan
25 June 1905 • Richmond, England

Richmond
June 25 1905

Dear Mr Trevelyan

I have just finished reading the “Birth of Parsival” and must not let the moment pass without writing a line to thank you for the pleasure it has given me to read it, as well as for your kindness in sending me the book and its predecessors. You must have thought it strange and rude of me not to have acknowledged them before, but you will forgive me if I am able to make clear the somewhat mixed instinct that kept me silent so long. Your poems seem to me the best, the most pleasing, that are being written in these days, and it has not been for want of compliments (which would have been sincere) to pay you that I have said nothing. The truth is that I have fallen out of love with poetry and feel a kind of incompetence in speaking of it, as one might in the case of a sweetheart that had jilted
one. I seem to see in what I read the author’s intention rather than his achieve-
ment. I have written enough verse, and dreamt of enough poetry, to know how
agreeably the images, the music, the dramatic effects of a work smile upon
us in the planning. It is easy to recognise these imaginative joys behind other
people’s work as well: and there is little poetry that, to a sympathetic and pliant
reader, is not full of beauties. But beyond these dreamful and, if I may say so,
pathological merits, the question seems to me to confront us: What has this
composition accomplished? Is it viable? Is it a stone in any habitable and home-
like edifice in which the human imagination can come and dwell? Are we, by
our retrospective literary fables, doing more than indulge a sort of school-boy’s
day-dream, dealing with nothing real, with nothing that can beautify or colour
pertinently the lives we must lead? Is not our whole imaginative labour one hol-
low anachronism, encouraged by a mere coterie of dilettanti, and made possible
by a pathetic incapacity to face our own world and feel the true eloquence and
passion of our lives?—I do not say all this in order to dissuade you—heaven
forbid!—from writing more, but only to excuse myself for having so little to
say at all relevant to your performance. My appreciation is choked by these
scruples. I am out of tune with the singers!

Yours sincerely      GSantayana

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To Susan Sturgis de Sastre
28 June [1905] • Box Hill, England (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

BURFORD BRIDGE HOTEL.

Boxhill, near Dorking, Surrey.

June 28.

Dear Susie.

I send you this batch of cards so that you may have an idea of the pretty
place I have come to. I moved yesterday from Richmond, where I had been
discovered by two friends and also somewhat disturbed by the noise in the
town, really a suburb of London. This place is only 23 miles from the capital,
yet very rural. The hotel (see the back of this card) is quite in
the country, at the foot of a high hill, and beside a little river. I have persuaded
the landlady to give me an old card-table to write on, on which I can stretch my
elbows and spread my papers. I think I may stay here two or three weeks. The
people are quiet, though too numerous, and the omnipresent motor-car drops
its crowds in for tea on pleasant afternoons. However it is much more secluded
than Richmond.

Deep Dene (see next card) is a house

The Deepdene, Dorking

belonging to one of the old duchesses of Marlborough (there are two beside
the young one) and the fine garden is open to the public until four o’clock,
when I suppose the great have their afternoon tea. There are one or two other
big houses with parks in the immediate neighbourhood, and a nice town of one
street, like so many in England.

My plans are somewhat changed and I am thinking of coming to make you
a visit in October. My lectures don’t begin, I find, until November 15. After
sending off

Boxhill. The Zigzags.

the manuscript of my last volume (which I am still copying out) I may go to
Hamburg to stay with my friend Westenholz at a new country-house he has
built himself. From there I should go to Paris and make Strong (a fellow-profes-
sor of philosophy) another visit. He has a château—a modest one, he says—at
Compiègne, and four empty spare rooms, and wants to convert me to his mat-
ter-is-mind philosophy.

I have begun reading English books for my lectures. They are rather
absurdly simple, after Greek and German metaphysics.

Love to all from your loving brother

G. S.
To Charles Scribner’s Sons
28 June 1905 • Box Hill, England

C/o Brown Shipley & Co
London
Boxhill, Surrey
June 28 1905

Dear Sirs:
Will you please send a copy of “The Sense of Beauty” a copy of “Interpretations of Poetry & Religion”, and copies of the volumes of “The Life of Reason” now out to the address below, and add it to the list of addresses to which the forthcoming volumes of the L. of R. are to be sent, with the author’s compliments?

Yours very truly
GSantayana

Monsieur C. Cestre
7 rue Le Nôtre
Dijon, France.

To Charles Scribner’s Sons
1 July 1905 • [Box Hill, England]

C/o Brown Shipley & Co
London.
July 1, 1905

Messrs Charles Scribner’s Sons
New York.

Dear Sirs:
I forgot in my message of the other day to include the “Hermit of Carmel” among my books, to be sent to M. C. Cestre, 7 rue Le Nôtre, Dijon, France.
I see by the proofs of “Reason in Art”—despatched today—that you intend to bring out this volume, and I presume “Religion” as well, in September. Will it be contrary to your plan to postpone the fifth volume until a later date? I find myself horribly entangled in a recasting of it which I have undertaken, partly under the influence of certain comments on vol. I which prove to me that my intention in the book, and my metaphysical views, are not clearly expressed there. I am trying to make clearness doubly clear in volume 5; but the process is extremely difficult and I should be glad not to be hurried. The first part is ready, however, if you want it; and the whole could be got ready in a few weeks.

Yours very truly
GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong
20 July 1905 • Box Hill, England (MS: Rockefeller)

Address
C/o Brown Shipley & Co
123 Pall Mall
London

Box Hill, Surrey
July 20, 1905

Dear Strong,

Thank you for your post-card. I count indeed on paying you a visit, but should like to leave it for as late a date as is consonant with your plans. When do you leave for America? My idea is to go first to Hamburg to see a friend who, like you, is living in the country in a place he assures me is most suitable for work. From there I should go to Paris, when I could immediately come to you. After you left, I meant to go to Spain, leaving only an interval sufficient for finding my winter quarters and leaving most of my belongings there. As Spain is not attractive before October, I should like to leave my visit to you, say, for the middle of September, if you were still at Compiègne; but I will come earlier if your villegiatures comes sooner to an end.

In my fifth volume, which I am now revising, I have added a note about your philosophy (not mentioning you). Lest there be any misrepresentation I copy it here and beg you to point out anything that is wrong. Of
course you must not ask me to leave out the joke; but apart from that I will change anything. The text has been saying that the philosophy of mind is in hopeless confusion since “it is not settled whether mind means the form of matter, as with the Platonists, or the effect of it, as with the materialists, or the seat and false, knowledge of it, as with the transcendentalists, or perhaps after all, as with the pan-psychists, means exactly matter itself.” Here follows the note: “The monads of Leibniz could justly be called minds, because they had a dramatic destiny and the most complex experience imaginable was the state of but one monad, not an aggregate view or effect of a multitude in fusion. But the recent improvements on that system take the latter turn. Mind-stuff or the material of mind is supposed to be contained in large quantities within any known feeling. Mind-stuff, we are given to understand, is diffused in a medium corresponding to apparent space (what else would a real space be?), it forms quantitative aggregates, its transformations or aggregations are mechanically governed, it endures when personal consciousness perishes, it is the substance of bodies, and, when duly organised, the potentiality of thought. One might go far for a better description of matter. That any material must be material might have been taken for an axiom; but our idealists, in their eagerness to show that “Gefühl ist Alles”, have thought to do honour to the spirit by forgetting that it is an expression and wishing to make it a stuff.

There is a further circumstance showing that mind-stuff is but a bashful name for matter. Mind-stuff, like matter, can be only an element in any actual being. To make a thing or a thought out of mind-stuff you have to rely on the system into which that material has fallen. The substantial ingredients, from which an actual being borrows its intensive quality, do not contain its individuating form. This form depends on ideal relations subsisting between the ingredients, relations which are not feelings but can be rendered only by propositions.”

To this note is reduced the chapter I had written about “Natural philosophy in quest of substance”: for I find that to keep volume five within limits I must reject everything not strictly falling under its title “Reason in Science”. A chapter on “Transcendentalism” which I love like the apple of my eye is also sacrificed: so that when I have had a good rest and am back in Cambridge I may begin to rival you other prolific article-writers out of the slaughtered innocents born to bloom in the L. of R.

I have found a (somewhat vulgar) retreat here among the hills between Surrey and Sussex, and am making rapid progress with my work. As a relaxation I am reading Mill’s Logic. What bad logic—but what good feel-
ing and good scholarship and pure wisdom! He is a sort of steadier and four-footed James.

President Eliot writes me that they have collected $2,400,000 for increasing our Harvard salaries. It [across] sounds magnificent, but I believe it doesn’t amount to $500 a piece. Yours ever G.S.

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**

26 July 1905 • Box Hill, England

address: C/o Brown Shipley & Co
London.

Box Hill, Surrey
July 26 1905

Dear Strong,

Please excuse this sheet of fool’s cap: I have no frivolous note-paper at hand and the contents are going to justify the pomposity—and perhaps the name—of the medium.

I had no notion that in submitting my innocent foot-note to your previous censorship I was asking you to aid me in any attack upon your doctrine. Perhaps, if you would only allow me my language, your doctrine would be almost my own. What I wanted was, not to misrepresent you. Now, my prudence seems to have its reward, for apparently I did misrepresent you in supposing that you made human thought “a view or result of much mind-stuff in fusion.” Your correction, if I understand it, brings up a point quite new to me. Mind-stuff contains relations between its own parts; and adding these relations together you get a sort of continuum given within mind-stuff, although the total landscape is only represented, and not within mind-stuff anywhere in an absolute sense. The partners hold hands, so to speak, but no one contains the whole minuet. Is this your idea? If so, it seems to me you are jumping from the frying-pan into the fire. For the “extensity” of sensations, or their essential lapse, is a character of their object; and this is a material character. If the extensity of a sensation can be predicated of mind-stuff itself, then mind-stuff is extended! You would not maintain that, I suppose; yet how can you avoid it? Your inclusion of relations within mind-stuff either lifts mind-stuff into mind, its
object acquiring the relations observed and it itself being lifted to a transcendental sphere and made an act of apperception or (as my book will call it) an intent; or else this inclusion reduces it more obviously than ever to matter.

“Isn’t this what Bergson, whom I am surprised to hear you invoke, when his dichotomy of Matière et Mémoire is all on my side) tries to do, making the immediate material, and the reflective possession or representation of it spiritual and eternal—which is more than I can agree to. However, with many thanks for this information, I hasten to correct my foot-note and will make it read: “a certain bulk of sentiency containing and in flux, illustrating spatial and temporal relations, as well as, and not merely, representing them.” Is this better? There will be time to make further corrections, if I have gone wrong. I will also correct the phrase about “doing honour to feeling spirit,” and substitute “thinking to give spirit a more congenial basis by making it its own stuff, thereby forgetting that spirit is an expression and, being expressive and spiritual, must have a different status from that of its basis or subject-matter.” The style suffers: but I, too, am ready to make any sacrifice of personality on the altar of truth. I may, however, think of a better wording than that above.

Where I can’t accept your criticism is in respect to the word matter. Why should Berkeley’s ignorance of Aristotle be allowed to infect more generations? Matter is in a way approached from without, since it is potential and inferred, as every substance must be, including mind-stuff, or as truth is. But it means the surd in things, the existential strain that makes them be here and now, in this quantity and with this degree of imperfection. I have a previous note on the use of this word, too long to quote. You will see it when the book appears, for on this subject I know what I am talking about and speak quite deliberately.

I am glad you will remain at Compiègne through September. I will write from Hamburg when I know the date of my departure and shall very probably be able to come before September 15.

Yours ever G. S.
To William James

27 July 1905 • Box Hill, England

Box Hill, Surrey
July 27 1905

Dear Mr. James

I have just re-read, or read for the first time in some cases, the series of articles you have been good enough to send me. They have given me new light on many points—most important of all on the relation of “Humanism” to “Truth.”

It is perfectly clear that opinions are not all equally good on pragmatic principles, since some fulfil their pledges with advancing experience while others do not. I am inclined to think that you would meet with less misapprehension and hostility on this score if you gave out, in dogmatic form, how you conceive “the final system of reality” (which you assume on page 3 of the article on “Experience of Activity”) to be made up. I imagine you would say, it is a historical system, its substance being feelings which may or may not be appropriated by persons. It would remain to work out a physics of these feelings, and to show how proposition might be essentially true or false descriptions of this historical flux.

I have got a clearer notion, I think, than I had when we talked in Athens, of what makes my way of seeing things puzzling to you—a mystery, you called it. You expect me to look at everything as I look on the things I don’t believe in—religious myths, e.g.—which can have, of course, a symbolic or pragmatic truth. My nature, on the other hand, compels me to believe in something in quite a different sense, and this something is, in my view, double—material nature with its animation on the one hand, and logical or mathematical forms on the other. These are discovered by us, starting from sensation, and, in the first case, are tested by pragmatic standards. But we look to them in order to understand the origin of our experience (or its standard in signification) and I, for one, heartily accept them in that rôle. So I embrace materialism on pragmatic grounds—and on transcendental grounds also. The prohibition to believe which, in some expressions of it, pragmatism seems to impose, as if every opinion had to be symbolic and had to be superseded, is what I object to. It is too Hegelian. History, at least, must have a definite constitution, apart from the pragmatic value of knowing it.

With renewed thanks, Yours sincerely GSantayana
To Charles Augustus Strong  
14 August 1905 • Volksdorf, Germany (MS: Rockefeller)

Volksdorf, bei Hamburg  
Aug 14, 1905

Dear Strong.

Your last letter has given me much to ruminate over—at first I couldn’t understand all your points but I think that I do now. When you say that “extensity” is not extension, and that it belongs to sensation and not to the object felt, I recognise a Jamesianism; but it seems to me that if we distinguish the fact of feeling from the content of it, the former being a psychic event and the latter a material element, “extensity” is altogether absent from the first; a landscape has extensity, but my seeing the landscape has none. The difference between a landscape and infinite geometrical space, I understand; the latter being constructed; but the extensity of something which is a psychic fact and not the object represented or discovered there, is beyond me. Are you not running about in a circle trying to escape from natural things and forced nevertheless to find behind your back what you are removing from before your eyes? Of course I use “mind” for what is distinguishably psychic, non-extended, imponderable, neither north, east, south, or west of any other mental fact. But the extensity of James’s belly-ache is decidedly under his waistcoat, and is in truth nothing at all but the projection or overlaying of one vague physical object, in which pain is felt, into the region covered by another physical object, better defined, in which pride, perhaps, is taken. But to say that the pain, apart from the idea or object called the belly, is extended seems to me as capricious and silly as to say that the pride I take in my waistcoat is an extended, rounded, and many-buttoned pride. I agree with you that sensation and emotion are the subject-matter of psychology, quite as much as reflection or thought; but sensation, to be distinguished from what is felt, has to lose its material properties and cease to be extended, coloured, heavy, measurable, lockable in chests, or preservable through time. In a word the occasions of knowledge are mental but the objects of knowledge are not.

I hope you don’t mind my having sent so many books ahead. I think I shall be in Paris by September 1st and I could come to you at any time after that.

Yours ever

GSantayana
Aug 21 1905

Messrs Charles Scribner’s Sons.

Gentlemen:

On the back is the revised list of addresses to which I should like copies of vols. III & IV of “The Life of Reason” to be sent when they appear. You may disregard the old list altogether, and any additions or corrections that I may have to make can be attached to this list.

I understand that you twice sent me copies of vols I & II, but I received neither consignment. My banker in London assures me that he has never seen them. Perhaps if you will let me know when vols. III & IV are to appear I could send you my direct address for the moment, so that there may be less likelihood of losing the books on the way.

The other consignments you made of the first two volumes all seem to have reached their destination, as I have had acknowledgements in every case but two (now omitted from the list).

If you think it better, I could ask Constable to send the three sets addressed to England, but I should a little prefer that the American copies should be sent, so as to make the volumes uniform. I have not seen the English copy.

Yours very truly

GSantayana

Address

C/o Brown Shipley & Co
London.

" James Irving Street— " " "
" Royce " " " "
" Palmer— Quincy " " "
" Münsterberg—Ware " " " 
To Charles Augustus Strong

[29 August 1905] • Volksdorf, Germany (MS: Rockefeller)

Volksdorf, Tuesday

Dear Strong

The intricacies of your last letter have discouraged me and made me put off answering it until I am afraid it is getting almost too late to warn you of my approach. I expect to leave Hamburg on Friday, sleep that night at Cologne and start again at 10 a.m on Saturday, reaching Compiègne, I hope, some time in the late afternoon. If anything should upset this plan I will telegraph. I had no idea Compiègne was so far from Paris when I suggested going to Paris first. As it is, your idea of leaving Paris until later seemed far better. And I hope you will feel like “doing” some cathedrals with me near Compiègne. I see it is thick with them thereabouts. Au revoir, then, on Saturday. Yours,

G.S.

[across] P.S. I should also warn you that I have gray hair and a sort of French beard, lest you should set your dogues upon me when I approach the drawbridge of your castel.
To Susan Sturgis de Sastre
3 September [1905] • Compiègne, France (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

Compiegne — le Château des avenues, façade principale
Sept 3rd Yesterday I arrived here, where I am in this house, once occupied by Queen Isabella. All well except Mrs. Strong.

[Unsigned]

To Charles Scribner’s Sons
9 September 1905 • Compiègne, France (MS: Princeton)

Messrs Charles Scribner’s Sons
New York

Gentlemen:

If the presentation copies of vols. III, & IV of “The Life of Reason” have not yet been sent out, will you kindly alter the two following addresses?

D. D. S. Miller—312 South 10th Street, Philadelphia.
Professor C. A. Strong,
C/o Morgan Harges & Co
31 Boulevard Haussmann, Paris

And will you kindly add to the list the following:

Howard Sturgis Esq
Queen’s Acre
Windsor, England.

Yours very truly
GSantayana.

Address
To Susan Sturgis de Sastre
14 September [1905] • Compiègne, France (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

BEAUVAIS.—LA CATHEDRALE.

Compiègne.

September 14. Yesterday Mrs. Strong’s doctor who was returning to Paris, took us here in his automobile. I am staying a week longer.

[Unsigned]

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre
26 September 1905 [postmark] • Paris, France (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

I have got both your letters and will attend to your rubber-bag, etc. It looks as if nothing would interrupt my journey and arrival on the 2nd unless I should find an irresistible bull-fight going on at Burgos or Valladolid, in which case I will telegraph or write. Strong came here today and went on to Aix-les-Bain for the waters.

COMPIÈGNE.—LA PLACE DE L'HÔTEL-DE-VILLE


[Unsigned]
To Charles Scribner’s Sons
26 September 1905 • Paris, France (MS: Princeton)

Hôtel Foyot— Paris
Sept 26 1905

Messrs Charles Scribner’s Sons
New York.

Gentlemen—

Volumes I and II of “The L. of R” reached me safely at last a few days ago, and I have also received your two subsequent notes. I will endeavour to reform about the photograph, but as I leave tomorrow for six weeks in Spain there may still be a short delay before I submit to the operation. I will try having it done in Avila, but the result may not be satisfactory.

Thank you for the books and the previous account. It was quite right to send the cheque to my (half-)brother, Mr Sturgis, in Boston.

If you get this before vols III and IV are sent abroad you might address my copy here, Hôtel Foyot, Paris, to avoid the apparent dangers of Brown Shipley & Co—who assure me the loss of the other volumes was not their fault—and the dangers, which I had always supposed more real, of the Spanish post-office. They will keep the books here until my return.

Yours very truly
GSantayana

P.S. I am sending you Chapters IX and X of volume V. to be added to your accumulating M.S. There is one more chapter which is not quite ready, but you will receive it, I hope, in a week or two, so that you can safely begin the printing of volume V. if it is for any reason expedient to do so.

To Charles Augustus Strong
3 October [1905] • Ávila, Spain (MS: Rockefeller)

Novaliches 6,
Avila

October 3rd

Dear Strong

Your telegram reached me just as I was leaving Paris and until I arrived here (yesterday) I have not had a peaceful hour in which to write to you.
By this time you are doubtless at Compiègne again and, I hope, feeling the
good effects of Aix-les-Bains.

In the train—endless hours of it—I have been reading Ribot on the English
psychologists and sometimes finding things that reminded me of our debates
about psychologism, the immediate, and all the rest of it. I am afraid I was
not very sympathetic, nor clear, in my objections to your doctrines. The fact is
I have grown rather impatient of minute philosophising. It seems idle, unless
the points discussed are really scientific and I could be decided by evidence, in
which case discussion is premature. But a new way of stating my general objec-
tion to a world behind the scenes has occurred to me: I don’t know whether it
will makes things much clearer, but here it goes.

Suppose the “Being of the brain” were really mind-stuff, and the observed
body a figment of imagination, as your theory demands. To every situation in
the material world a certain group of psychic existences would correspond—or
a certain mass of them, if they are inwardly “continuous” in some way I can’t
understand. Now, what would justify the assertion that the body was a phenom-
emon of that mass of mind-stuff, rather than of any other, or of none at all? What
meaning is there in saying that we perceive mind-stuff as body? We perceive
body; what relevance has the underlying mind-stuff to that object?

The alternative which I prefer is to say that the question merely is whether
that body is animated or not; if it is animated, you may well say that the psy-
chic existence emanating from it is the reality of it to itself: it is, rather, the
appearance of it to itself. The pertinence of these animating feelings to the body
is given in them—since they represent the body pictorially and are interested
in its pictured fortunes. The relevance of this pictured body to the body per-
ceived by a third person is the ideal identity of the situation in which that body
finds itself in both pictures. A and B agree, for instance, in that A was born
on Monday and B on Tuesday: and this agreement—when carried out so as to
define determinate facts in the world known to both, and to determine them
similarly—constitutes the relation, wholly ideal, which makes my propositions
about the world relevant to your propositions about it.

But I can’t see how mind-stuff discoursing about nothing, and I discoursing
about bodies (which you assert for a reason I don’t understand to be perceptions
of that mindstuff) have anything to do with each other.

In a word, two worlds are a world too much.
I am sending you my politic discourse to them at Oberlin. It may amuse you. Let me know how you are getting on at Cannes.

Yours ever G.S.

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To Benjamin Apthorp Gould Fuller

5 October 1905 • Ávila, Spain (MS: Houghton)

Avila, October 5 1905

Dear Fuller

I write—breaking my habitual silence, to which I hope you have got used and indifferent—to ask you to do me several favours. One is to look at my copy of “Interpretations of Poetry and Religion,” and see if there are errata marked on the fly-leaf at the back, and if there are, to send the book to Charles Scribner’s Sons, 153–157 Fifth Ave, N.Y. They have asked me for any corrections in view of a new edition.

Favour no. 2. Will you be an angel and send me to the Hôtel Foyot, rue Tournon, Paris, the following books, if you can conveniently pick them out of the heap—I don’t know if they still sit on the shelves or have been compelled to yield to your own aids to wisdom.

- Spencer’s First Principles.
- Green’s Prolegomena.
- Ward’s Naturalism & Agnosticism.

They are books for which I have a qualified admiration and I don’t think it necessary to possess two copies of each. But I need them for reference in preparing my winter’s lectures. In payment for your trouble and the postage I will send you a Christmas present when I reach Paris. It shall be Bergson’s books, if you haven’t got them; if not, something else which you must select.

A letter which I got from you long ago gave me a very cheerful impression in respect to your state of mind and to things in general at Harvard. I trust that happiness is still unclouded, and that fat salaries and intelligent students are beginning to prevail—by students I mean candidates for the Ph.D. for the blameless tribe of moderate geniuses known as undergraduates no doubt ebbs and flows as sweetly as ever. Your letter also contained
an interpretation of the Life of Reason which seemed original; what my own is may be a little clearer in the two volumes which I hope you have lately received; and it will be made quite unequivocal in the last volume, to appear in the Spring. Some people say I am a pragmatist and some say I am not. On the whole, I agree with the latter, as pragmatism seems to involve a confusion between the test and the meaning of truth. I have been reading Mill, and the psychologism of his theory repels me so much that I am sure I can’t belong to any school which feels at home in it. Mill is a sort of ponderous and sober James. His temper and learning are admirable; his heart is in the right place; and his love of the good is honest. But his logic is a minus quantity, and the survival of dogma, psychological and theological, makes his conclusions pathetically personal and altogether unstable.

With best wishes

Yours ever

GSantayana

C/o Brown Shipley & Co
London
Avila, Oct 5 1905

Messrs Charles Scribner’s Sons
New York

Gentlemen:

I have your note of Sept. 21st in which you ask for corrections for a new issue of my “Interpretations”. There are doubtless some verbal ones that I should be glad to make, but unfortunately my copy, in which they may be marked, is in America. I will ask Mr. A. G. Fuller, who is living in my Cambridge rooms, to send you the volume, if he finds there are errata indicated in the fly-leaf, as I expect there are. You might return the volume to him at 60 Brattle St, Cambridge, Mass.

As to the two slips in the new volumes, one is certainly a bad one, and Chinese or “blameless Chinese” should certainly stand for Liliputians, though the theory of the universe may not be appreciably improved by the change. As to calling the retina a part of the skin, the license was perhaps intentional—I don’t remember the passage now—as my point was that sight was only a highly specialized sort of touch, and that one part of the sensitive surface in our bodies may assume the function of another part under stress of necessity. However, I shall note the passage when I have leisure to re-read the volume and mark the errata in it. I suppose the corrections cannot be made now.

It is gratifying that a new issue of the “Interpretations” should be required. Perhaps the comparative failure of that book—at least in America, for I hear that in England it is not procurable—may be somewhat remedied by reflected notoriety, coming from my big book.

Yours very truly

GSantayana

Address:
C/o Brown Shipley & Co
123 Pall Mall
London
To Charles Scribner’s Sons

11 October 1905 • Ávila, Spain

Avila, Oct. 11. 1905

Messrs Charles Scribner’s Sons
New York

Gentlemen:

Yesterday I sent you the last chapter of “Reason in Science” completing the MS of the “Life of Reason”. I hope the various parts sent before have arrived and that the last volume is complete.

Inclosed is a photograph of me made here, which I sent in compliance with your request.

Yours very truly

GSantayana

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

16 November 1905 [postmark] • Paris, France

PARIS.—VUE PANORAMIQUE DU PONT ALEXANDRE III, VERS LES INVALIDES

I am sending you the Paris “Woman’s Home Journal” and a German paper I got to see what they said about Alfonso. The Marquesa has written.

[Unsigned]
To William James
5 December 1905 • Paris, France

Hôtel Foyot, Paris
December 5 1905

Dear Mr. James,

I am very grateful for your letter: I feel how generous it is, and how like you. I may say something about my book—in reply—if there is room at the end, but first let me answer your questions about the Sorbonne lectures.

As you may imagine my experience has been, so far, wholly unlike Wendell’s. He seems to have grasped with avidity every opportunity to see things and to know people, and seems to have lectured as if he was borne on a bubbling wave of international enthusiasm. I have come, thinking only of my subject, seeing only my personal friends, having only official relations with officials, and keeping away as much as possible from the American colony. Naturally I have enjoyed a great quiet, and am not spending very little nervous energy on my work. The lectures themselves I find delightful to give—immensely easy. The Amphithéâtre Richelieu—which holds 800—is about half full. The acoustics are admirable and it is not too hot. The audience—fully half ladies, mostly Americans—is sympathetic. One feels that not everything is fully understood; those that have ears, let them hear, has to be one’s motto. But every one is attentive, and I find improvisation easy in that milieu.

Of course, even if you wished to take things as I am taking them, it would be impossible. You are too famous; every one here speaks of no one in America but you; you would have enormous audiences and a host of invitations, all of which you would find it impracticable to refuse. Nevertheless, I don’t see why you shouldn’t refuse the American (the most persistent) set of them; and the French people, if I may trust my impression and experience so far, are perfectly willing to let one alone. Pierre Janet has asked me to dinner—three weeks ahead—but none of the other Frenchmen I have met has even called on me, or suggested that I should call on him. Of course, I repeat, it would be otherwise with you: but my experience will show you that, in the abstract, people here have no Hyde-Wendell idea of the momentousness of this affair. In all frankness—since you ask me to tell you everything—no one—no one, American or French—mentions Wendell here without an ambiguous smile. He evidently made a damned—Wendell of himself. The Hyde foundation has been a success;
audiences have been found; the idea of lectures in English is fashionable and politically opportune. But it is an incident lost amid a thousand others, a thing of importance to half a dozen persons. Paris could live without it, and if a man likes the undertaking, as I do, from the purely personal, academic, scholarly point of view, he ought to attempt it. It is a delightful and a moderate task. The freedom of speaking in a foreign language among foreigners—I mean the intellectual room—is exhilarating. You can say what is really true. You needn’t remember that you are in Cambridge, or are addressing the youth entrusted to your paternal charge. I have never felt so grown up as I do at the Sorbonne; after our atmosphere, this is liberty. I am sure that—apart from the first lecture when the ice had to be broken—I am lecturing better than I ever did before; and the audience is appreciative and lets itself be carried along.

All this may not help you very much to make up your mind about coming next year or not. It is hard for me to imagine exactly what points would be decisive to your mind. I can see no reason, however, why a winter here (except for the dark, chill climate and constant drizzle) shouldn’t be as profitable and pleasant as one in Cambridge. Two lectures a week on a subject of which your mind was already full, wouldn’t be a great strain; and if you hardened your heart a little against the impertinent homage of the public, I don’t see why you shouldn’t find this a good opportunity for writing down your thoughts.

I have spent, as you may have heard, some weeks with Strong at Compiègne. We had many, rather unsatisfactory, discussions about idealism and mind-stuff. He tells me you are a convert to his theory: is this serious? I should think the same empirical reserve or abstention which makes you rebel against my materialistic Platonism would make you rebel against his reversible universe, perfectly concave and perfectly convex, matter lined throughout with mind. It is a scholastic artifice, n’est-ce pas? It is not science, nor nature, nor moral truth. Strong himself, let me add, seemed to me more heroic and admirable than ever and I enjoyed renewing our old friendship. I have left no room for more [across] but if there is anything you wish I had touched on that I have left out, pray ask. Yours sincerely   G. S.
To William James
6 December 1905 • Paris, France  (MS: Houghton)

Hôtel Foyot
Paris, Dec 6. 1905

Dear Mr James—

I forgot yesterday to answer one of your questions, which I remember may be of importance to you. The lectures are at five o’clock in the afternoon on Tuesdays and Saturdays. I have no doubt they would change the hour for you if you wished. To everything they say “comme vous voudrez,” and things here, as in England, seem to go by prerogative. You could also give as many or as few lectures as you chose—the Great Hyde consenting.

Another omission. Blood’s poem, after about six readings, has become intelligible to me, and I like the thought very much, also the diction, but the composition is deplorable. Why can’t people begin and end, and give one some indication of what they are talking about? As to the Tychism of it, it seems to me a good surface philosophy, a good expression of consciousness and the look of the flux. Of course what must be, if it must be, would never be known beforehand; and the machinery that may actually support our feelings doesn’t deprive them of their dramatic novelty and interest, any more than the printed dénouement of a novel, extant in the last chapter, takes away from the dreamful excitement of perusing it and of wondering what will come next.

Now that I am launched I will say a word about some of the criticisms in your letter. You are very generous; I feel that you want to give me credit for everything good that can possibly be found in my book. But you don’t yet see my philosophy nor my temper from the inside; your praise, like your blame touches only the periphery, accidental aspects presented to this or that preconceived and disparate interest. The style is good, the tone is supercilious, here is a shrewd passage, etc, etc. And you say I am less hospitable than Emerson. Of course. Emerson might pipe his wood-notes and chirp at the universe most blandly his genius might be tender and profound and Hamlet-like, and that is all beyond my range and contrary to my purpose. I am a Latin, and nothing seems serious to me except politics, except the sort of men that your ideas will involve and the sort of happiness they will be capable of. The rest is exquisite moonshine. Religion in particular was found out more than too hundred years ago, and it seems
to me intolerable that we should still be condemned to ignore the fact and to
give the parsons and the “idealists” a monopoly of indignation and of con-
temptuous dogmatism. It is they, not we, that are the pest; and while I wish to
be just and to understand people’s feelings, wherever they are at all signifi-
cant, I am deliberately minded to be contemptuous toward what seems to me
contemptible, and not to have any share in the conspiracy of mock respect by
which intellectual ignominy and moral stagnation are kept up in our society.
What did Emerson know or care about the passionate insanities and political
disasters which religion, for instance, has so often been another name for? He
could give that name to his last personal intuition, and ignore what it stands for
and what it expresses in the world. It is the latter that absorbs me; and I care
too much about mortal happiness to be interested in the charming vegetation of
cancer-microbes in the system—except with the idea of suppressing it.

A more technical point. You say “activity” can be spiritual only. Is your
activity, or sense of activity, not rather an ἐνέργεια than a δύναμις? Of
course I should be the first to agree that activity, in the sense of actuality and
conscious stress, belongs only to this consciousness or even to the rational
and reflective energy of thought. But efficiency, in the sense of actual, regular,
predictable contiguity with other specific events, belongs only to δύναμις, to
the potential (= the potent.) In a dream there is the sense of activity, their
there is commotion and actualization, ἐνέργεια: but there is no δύναμις, no material
efficacy, save through the underlying metabolism in the brain; the story in the
dream stops short; its purposes evaporate. This may be contrary to common
sense, meaning ordinary ways of expressing oneself; but it seems to me quite
of a piece with common sense of a progressive sort, with science. It might be
contrary to common sense to say that the sun is larger than the earth, but not
to common sense applied to the full situation. So this doctrine seems to me
reasonable in its method and result, though as yet paradoxical in its language.

I have read practically no reviews of my book so that I don’t know if any
one has felt in it something which, I am sure, is there. I mean the tears. “Sunt
lachrimae rerum, ac mentem mortalia tangunt.” Not that I care to moan over
the gods of Greece, turned into the law of gravity, or over the stained-glass of
cathedrals broken to let in the sunlight and the air. It is not the past that seems
to me affecting, entrancing, or pitiful to lose. It is the ideal. It is that vision of
perfection that we just catch, or for a moment embody in some work of art, or in
some idealised reality: it is the concomitant inspiration of life, always various,
always beautiful, hardly ever
expressible in its fulness. And it is my adoration of this real and familiar good, this love often embraced but always elusive, that makes me detest the Absolutes and the dragooned myths by which people try to cancel the passing ideal, or to denaturalise it. That is an inhumanity, an impiety, that I can’t bear. And much of the irritation which I may betray and which, I assure you is much greater than I let it seem, comes of affection. It comes of exasperation at seeing the only things that are beautiful or worth having treated as if they were of no account.

I seldom write to anyone so frankly as I have here. But I know you are human, and tolerant to anything, however alien, that smells of blood.

[across]

Always sincerely yours     GSantayana

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**To Susan Sturgis de Sastre**

6 December 1905 [postmark] • Paris, France (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

PARIS.—L’ÉGLISE SAINT-SULPICE.

Dec. 6. Thanks for your letter. The lectures are going on well, and my too faithful friend has left for Naples. I have others here, and too many invitations. G.S.

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**To Susan Sturgis de Sastre**

7 December 1905 [postmark] • Paris, France (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

PARIS.—LE PONT DES ARTS ET L’INSTITUT.

Dec 7. If I left Ribot’s book, “La psychologie anglaise contemporaine” in Avila, could you send it to me here? I meant to have brought it along, but apparently forgot it.—This is a foot-bridge over the Seine by which I
usually cross. The Louvre is on this side of it.—I went to an American dinner party last night and was bored to death. A French lunch tomorrow, etc.

J

To George Herbert Palmer
13 December 1905 • Paris, France (MS: Boston)

Paris, Dec. 13, 1905

Dear Mr Palmer

As the chief part of your recent letter (being about my book) didn’t seem to require an answer, I have been forgetting that what you said about your own book did; but I believe I had already written to you about it, saying I should be much obliged if you would keep the volumes, as you suggest, until my return, as here I have not only a sufficient load materially, but also too many occupations and distractions to leave me a quiet hour for poesy and piety of George Herbert’s somewhat remote sort. It must have been a rare pleasure and consolation to you to do this labour of love and to recover familiarly the habits and thoughts of so congenial and refined a spirit.

My lectures here are going on pleasantly and well before a moderate audience composed in a large part of American ladies.

On another sheet (taking time by the fore-lock) I send you my proposal for courses next year, which I suppose will soon have to be determined upon. Now that Perry is a professor and the author of a book *ad hoc*, it seems to me that he ought to go on with Phil 1,b, which he will carry on much better than I should or ever did. However, I am ready, of course, if it must be, to take my share of that heavy and (as it seems to me) unnecessary burden. Could I be relieved of it, there are several half-courses or seminars that I might offer instead—beside the problematical Aristotle I mention.

With best regards
To Susan Sturgis de Sastre
13 December 1905 [postmark] • Paris, France (MS postcard: Sanchez)

PARIS.—EGLISE SAINT-ETIENNE-DU-MONT.

Dec. 13.

Thank you very much for the psychology-book which arrived today. For two days we have had brisk, almost clear weather, but this morning it is wet again. This church (near here) shows how un-Parisian Paris can be.

[Unsigned]

To Celedonio Sastre Serrano
25 January 1906 • Paris, France (MS: Sastre)

Paris, 25 de enero, 1906

Querido Celedonio: tuve mucho gusto en recibir á su tiempo tu carta del 27 de diciembre—parece imposible que se haya pasado un mes entero desde esa fecha. Por ella, y por otra anterior de Susana, comprendo que no hay fundado motivo para que no venga Rafael á Paris. Para mi será una verdadera satisfacción, tanto por el gusto que tendré en verle, cómo por la ocasion que su presencia me ofrecerá de ver lo que no he visto en Paris, ó de volver á ver lo que mas me ha gustado. Estando solo, tiene uno menos humor, sobre todo para las expediciones un poco largas, cómo la de Versalles ó la de Fontainebleau, puntos que aún no he visitado.

Mis conferencias siguen su curso sin contratiempo de ningun género. El público ha disminuido algo, cómo era de esperar, pero todavía acuden unas doscientas personas, en gran parte señoras americanas. Pienso terminar las conferencias en Paris el día 17 de febrero, marzo, y enseguida empezar mi viaje redondo por las provincias; no se ha decidido todavía
en que forma he de hacer ese viaje, pero desea Hyde (el fundador de las conferencias, que está actualmente en París) que vaya por lo menos á nueve universidades. En ese caso debo despachar dos ó tres de ellas antes de la pascua de resurrección, para que me quede tiempo después de las vacaciones para las restantes.

De salud sigo bien. El tiempo ha cambiado en estos últimos días. Por fin hemos visto el sól; pero en cambio hace bastante frío.

Cariñosos recuerdos á todos de tu hermano Jorge

To Benjamin Apthorp Gould Fuller
29 January 1906 • Paris, France

Hôtel Foyot. Paris
Jan. 29, 1906

Your criticism, my dear Fuller, of my third volume has this defect, which I want to point out to you while the sense of it is still hot within me. You make an insincere objection. Of course there might be any number of finite gods making for righteousness, as there certainly are some natural and human forces making for it. But do you believe there are? In remote parts of nature we may well conjecture that some good is pursued and perhaps attained by beings inconceivable to us. But are these the gods of that living religion which you think I ignore? Of course the gods of actual reli-
igion are very confused and impossible monsters; but their essential functions, when discriminated and made articulate, seem to me to be reducible to the two I have insisted upon in my book. These are the rational values, the eternal sources and sanctions of what is sane in religious madness. The madness itself, in its psychological or dramatic texture, cannot be included in the life of reason, though of course it may be referred to in a description of that honourable fraction of our existence; nor do I think that I have left this madness altogether uncharacterised.—As to my injustice to the Neo-Platonists—of whom Plotinus is of course the best and the most Hellenic—I am more inclined to plead guilty, because I know little at first hand about them, and you, in the full blush of your recent erudition, might easily refute me with quotations selected ad hoc. I know that Plotinus, as against even Gnostic Christians, stood for what he called natural and political goods; but nature and society were by that time transfused with a mystical solvent which rendered his official allegiance to them, I imagine, largely deceptive. And his followers made this illusion more transparent and quite let the ascetic cat out of the bag.

You may have all of my furniture that pleases you. You will do me a favour by getting these impedimenta out of my way and out of my mind. [across] Here all goes well. Hyde has arrived and is very nice to me. The Frenchmen are dulcet and disappointing, but I am having altogether a delightful time. Yours ever G. S.
To Charles Scribner’s Sons
29 January 1906 • Paris, France’

Hôtel Foyot
rue de Tournon
Paris

Jan. 29, 1906

Messrs Charles Scribner’s Sons
New York.

Gentlemen:

As I presume the fifth volume of “The Life of Reason” will be out soon, I send you a list of persons to whom I wish you would have it sent. If you still have the list I sent you for vols III & IV, you can follow that wherever the present one does not give a new or an added address.

I shall be in Paris, at this hôtel, until March 17th After that I go on a tour of provincial universities and my safest address will be Brown Shipley & Co. London

Yours very truly
GSantayana

Prof. Norton Shady Hill
" Palmer Quincy St
" James Irving St
" Royce " Cambridge
" Münsterberg Ware St Mass
" Perry Appian Way
" & Mrs Toy 7 Lowell St
A. G. Fuller, Esq. 60 Brattle St
Francis Bullard, Esq. 3 Commonwealth Ave. Boston Mass
Mrs. J. B. de Santayana 75 Monmouth St Brookline, Mass.
G. L. Dickinson Esq, King’s College Cambridge England
King’s College Library. Cambridge
Bernard Berenson Esq, I Tatti, Settignano Florence, Italy
Professor C. A. Strong. Hôtel du Parc, Cannes France
Delta Phi Club, Linden St.
Harvard Union, Quincy St Cambridge, Mass
To Susan Sturgis de Sastre
11 February 1906 [postmark] • Paris, France (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

PARIS—PANORAMA DU JARDIN DES TUILERIES
Feb. 11. Thanks for your letter. I have heard nothing from Rafael directly, but he will be welcome on any day. If he hasn’t yet started when this arrives, you might tell him, in case by any accident I shouldn’t meet him at the Station, to take a cab and come to the Foyot and ask for me. As I don’t know when he is to arrive, I might easily have an engagement at that moment, say for dinner, if he took the later train. G. S.

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre
1 March 1906 [postmark] • Paris, France (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

PARIS—LE SACRÉ-CŒUR DE MONTMARTRE
March 1. This morning I get yours of the 27th We are well. Rafael yesterday bought a suit for fifty seven francs. There were some slight alterations to make, so that he is going this afternoon again to try it on & to pay for it. Last night we went to an “emotional” play—Le maître des Forges—at which everybody cried and blew his nose. Rafael seems to have enjoyed it hugely.—The expense of having him here is turning out to be less than I expected, as we dine a good deal in the Duval establishments which I never went to when alone. Rafael finds all the waitresses very pretty (whatever their age) in their white caps. I am having my portrait painted by Miss Swan, who lives with Mildred Minturn. It was her idea; if it is a success I will have photographs made, for the benefit of the family— GS
To Susan Sturgis de Sastre
1 April 1906 [postmark] • Lyon, France (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

NANCY.—HÔTEL DE VILLE (XVIII SIÈCLE)
Lyon. April 1. Am stopping here over Sunday on the way to Montpellier. My lecture at Nancy was crowded but hardly anybody understood English! I have had no news of Rafael’s journey. I hope all went well. G.S.

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre
3 April [1906] • Montpellier, France (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

1905 MONTPELLIER—LA CATHÉDRALE & LA FACULTÉ DE MÉDECINE
April 3.—It is delightful here in Montpellier. I think constantly of Avila & Greece. It is Spring at last. GS.

To Charles Scribner’s Sons
4 April [1906] • Montpellier, France (MS: Princeton)

GRAND CAFÉ AMÉRICAIN
MADAME FLOUTIER
PROPRIÉTAIRE
9, RUE MAGUELONE
MONTPELLIER

MONTPELLIER, LE 4 avril

[Pray excuse a traveller’s stationer[torn]]

Messrs Charles Scribner’s Sons
New York

Gentlemen:
Some time ago I received your letter about the general success of “The Life of Reason” and it gave me great satisfaction. The copies of vol. 5. had previously reached me safely. My brother has also forwarded your half-yearly account, for which I beg to thank you as well.

Please have “Reason in Science” sent to the two following addresses, if they were not included in the list already used: Howard Sturgis, Esq.
Queen’s Acre, Windsor, England and Monsieur C. Cestre, 26 rue de St Pothin, Dijon, France.

It is naturally most gratifying to me that my long book should receive so much recognition and should have such a respectable company of buyers. I have not read many reviews, as I find little profit in doing so as a rule; but two sent me by their authors Mr. Bliss Carman’s in the Saturday literary supplement to the N. Y. Tribune, and Professor Dewey’s in “Science” are very flattering indeed, and could furnish excellent sentences to quote in an advertising sheet. Doubtless you have taken note of them already.

An adequate philosophical criticism is not to be expected at once; the whole book has only just been put before the public, and the last volume is perhaps the most important from a theoretical point of view. Professor Dewey’s notice covers the first two volumes only; so the desultory references in Dickinson’s article in the “Independent Review.” Dickinson might write a review of the whole; I will ask him to do so. He does not agree with me, being too sentimental and (as I think) half-hearted to do so, for that; but he is very keen and competent, and the divergence would give his appreciations a greater air of impartiality and more authority. He is a great friend of mine, however, as the inner circle might as well know.

Yours very truly
GSantayana

C/o Brown Shipley & Co.
London.

\[^{1}\] William Bliss Carman (1861–1929), Canadian-born member of the Harvard class of 1888, was a prolific poet whose books include *Low Tide on Grandpre: A Book of Lyrics* (1893), three books with Richard Hovey, and more than twenty volumes of poetry. Carman’s review of *Reason* was in the *New York Times Saturday Review of Books* (27 Jan 1906): 45–46.

\[^{2}\] John Dewey (1859–1952) was an American philosopher and educator long associated with Columbia University. His philosophy (instrumentalism) is related to pragmatism. In education he argued for learning by experience, motivated by the student’s need. His review of *Common Sense* and *Society* was published in *Science* (9 Feb 1906): 223–25.

\[^{3}\] Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson comments on *Common Sense* and *Society* in “The Newest Philosophy” 6 (1905): 177–90.
To Hugo Münsterberg
11 April 1906 • Cannes, France (MS: Boston)

HÔTEL DU PARC
CANNES, A. M.

April 11, 1906.

Dear Münsterberg,

I have come here to spend a part of my easter holiday with my friend Strong. My provincial lectures, of which I have given those at Nancy, and at Montpellier, has been very pleasant so far for myself, but as an audience who really understands English is not easy to find, I have been reduced rather to a phonetic machine, with the function of emitting interesting if unintelligible sounds. The audiences nevertheless have been large and religiously attentive, while the rectors and other professors have shown me every possible courtesy.

I enclose a letter from Cattell which explains itself up to a certain point, although I suppose they would not have made me an offer which they could not have expected me to accept, unless they had something else in the background. I have answered, accordingly, refusing for the moment, but paving the way for any future offer which (as I have reason to think) they may have up their sleeve. Very likely you are better informed about the situation at Columbia than I am, or even than Strong is, and might give me some useful advice.

Yours most sincerely
GSantayana

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To Susan Sturgis de Sastre
11 April 1906 [postmark] • Cannes, France (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

CANNES.—BOULEVARD DE LA CROISETTE

April 11. Today I get your letter and Celedonio’s. I have also received one from Rafael, some time ago. Cannes is almost tropical and I am living in luxury (with Strong) but in an atmosphere of invalids. I am
going to Avignon in about a week—on my way to Toulouse, where I am due to lecture on May 1st. GS.

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre
24 April 1906 [postmark] • Nîmes, France (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

NÎMES.—LE PONT DU GARD.
April 25. I have come here from Avignon this afternoon and am having tea in the open air very pleasantly. It is the best Roman aqueduct I have yet seen. G.S.

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre
25 April 1906 [postmark] • Orange, France (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

ORANGE.—LE THÉÂTRE ROMAIN
Orange, April 25. Yesterday, when I sent you two cards, I made a mistake in the date. It was Tuesday the 24th. Today I have come here to see this Roman theatre and a Roman triumphal arch, very interesting technically. It is nice & cool.

[Unsigned]

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre
29 April 1906 • Toulouse, France (MS: Virginia)

GRAND HÔTEL & HÔTEL TIVOLLIER
TOULOUSE
RUE DE METZ
TOLOUSE, LE 29 AVRIL 1906

Dear Susie:
I got your letter yesterday afternoon when I was leaving Carcassonne. It is raining this morning, so I take the opportunity to answer at once.

I don't know what newspaper-cuttings about my book they have been sending you. I have repeatedly begged them not to send me any, and they have finally stopped doing so; the reviews I have seen—one or two
excepted—are quite incompetent and often written by people who have not
even read a page of the book through. It is not worth paying any attention to
what they say.—As to my teaching Strong “Catholic metaphysics”, you must
understand that my own philosophy—no es muy Católica; it is independent
of religion altogether, and looks at religion merely as at a historic and human
fact—more or less appealing or beneficent, as the case may be. You have seen
all you probably care to see of this attitude in my “Interpretations of poetry and
religion”. The attitude of my new book is exactly the same; but of course it
deals with many other subjects as well as with religion.

2\textsuperscript{nd} Why should you be worried at Rafael’s going to “Mauriscot”? If he is to
be long at Cartago isn’t it much better that he should be normally settled there,
with a domestic circle of his own, and smaller Rafaelitos to think about? He
told me something about the affair: that you haven’t seen the girl is nothing
against her; you may see only too much of her some day. If you knew her and
didn’t like her, it might be something to complain of, although it would have to
be put up with all the same.

3\textsuperscript{rd} Mr. Rockefeller is not a lunatic; he is, I understand, a little timid, and
doubtless has detectives to protect him against “cranks” that might loiter about
his house. But he is comparatively well, and has a new wig to make him beau-
tiful; and he is coming to spend seven weeks at Compiegne this Summer with
the Strongs. Mrs. Rockefeller comes with him; they are going to travel under
an assumed name, to protect themselves from begging letters and indiscrete
curiosity. Strong tells me that he has written an essay on the duties of rich men,
which he is going to read some Sunday afternoon to his father-in-law. It points
out that very large fortunes are truly “trusts”; and that instead of being left to
individuals of one’s family they should be made into public funds, administered
by some trustees of distinction, for the benefit of the community at large.—It is
easy to give this generous advice when one is a philosopher, [across] and one’s
only daughter is sure, in any case, of being well provided for. Strong himself
is growing much more luxurious; I think the old man has given him a million
dollars, and it is beginning to tell. Strong refers to it by saying that he “has some
money in the bank”—à propos of having his book well printed. I send you a
letter of his, so that you may judge of him for yourself. It is a terrible life he
leads, as his wife is like a child, hopelessly ill, yet apparently not going to die
for the present.

Love to Celedonio and the family from George
To Charles Augustus Strong
29 April 1906 • Toulouse, France (MS: Rockefeller)

GRAND HÔTEL & HÔTEL TIVOLLIER
TOULOUSE
RUE DE METZ

TOULOUSE, LE 29 AVRIL 1906

Dear Strong

I, too, under the influence of your effusion, received last night on my arrival here, have been composing verses in my dreams. Here is all I can now remember:

This philosophic waste of ink
Comes of not saying what you think,
Forgetting what a fool might know,
And proving (sic) what isn’t so.

As to the soul fortified by having lived before the days of James, Dewey and Schiller, I thought it was Clough.

It fortified the soul of Clough
That Truth, though bid, was safe enough:
But how it tickles James & Co
That, what seems true, is always so!

What is this foolishness but a clear consequence of the damnable sensualism of Berkeley, in which we have all been brought up? I have no prejudice against Berkeley, but he is a damnable engine of Satan. The three things to which my inspired oracle attributes the waste of ink are conspicuous and fundamental in his philosophy. He doesn’t say what he thinks when he declares that an idea can be like nothing but an idea, for he thinks—being capable of thinking—that an idea may be like a thing. He forgets what a fool might know that the image of a man may have only one
leg, one arm, and one ear, while the real man has two of each. And he proves that every perception, idea, is caused by the desire to have it,—having it already or not having it yet, take your choice of absurdities!

If I felt that you were washed quite clean of this sophistry, I should have more confidence in your “mind-stuff.”

I am glad you had a nice time, and only a slight indigestion, at Marseille. At Carcassonne and Avignon I also had a good time, and no indigestion at all, in spite of the doubtful food. The cold has set me up. I didn’t go to Vaucluse to poetise about Laura because it was raining rather too much to shed tears in comfort over spiritual tragedies. I went straight to Carcassonne instead, but only after seeing Orange and the Pont du Gard. Great pragmatists, those Romans, because They believe in intelligence and geometry.

Yours ever

G.S.

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To Susan Sturgis de Sastre
5 May 1906 [postmark] • Toulouse, France (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

TOULOUSE—NEF DE L’ÉGLISE ST- SERNIR
May 5. Today I leave for Pau, on my way to Bordeaux. Last night I dined at the rector’s here, and had a good time. There was an African explorer, who talked well. Much rain.

[Unsigned]
To Frederick James Eugene Woodbridge
5 May 1906 • Toulouse, France

C/o Brown Shipley & Co
123 Pall Mall
London.

Toulouse, May 5, 1906

Dear Mr Woodbridge

I send you the inclosed communication to be published, if you think fit, among the “Discussions” in your Journal. If it would take too long to send me a proof, may I ask you to look it over? I am afraid the printer’s reader might make me say things more foolish than I mean, as for instance, by transforming “beatifying” in § 2 into “beautifying”.

I was very much flattered by Professor Dewey’s review of my first two volumes, and, in general, also by Moore’s: but his desire to make a “pragmatist” of me has nettled me a little: hence this effusion.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To [Susan Sturgis de Sastre]
8 May [1906] • Pau, France

Pau.—vuE SUR la chaîn E dES PyRénéEES.
Pau, May 8th

I have found this place just what I wanted—delightfully warm and sunny, not too crowded, the gardens in full flower, snow mountains in sight, and nothing to do but stroll and scribble. These three days I have spent mostly in the parks, sitting on some bench, and either reading the papers or writing in my note-book things suggested by my recent discussions with Strong. It has been very nice and restful. Pau is a much more wonderful place than I remembered it to be—most luxuriant and grand at
At the same time with your long letter of April 23, I get one from Cattell (who seems to have been in communication with you on the subject) proposing that I should go to New York for two days in the week, giving four hours of lectures, and receiving $1500. Your proposal is less definite, but I infer that what you would suggest is that I should give all my eight hours at Harvard in the other four days. Such an arrangement, I need hardly say, is out of the question. I am accordingly writing to Cattell that I could accept his offer only if my work at Harvard were greatly reduced, (by “greatly reduced” I mean reduced to one course) but that as this does not seem to be contemplated by you, who speak, I presume, “by authority”, I am obliged to decline.

When I wrote to you before I supposed you would have heard that they had a new professorship at Columbia in Kulturgeschichte, and that my name had been mentioned for it; but I understand it has since been filled by one of their own professors of history. This is what I meant by something which, I had reason to think, might be in the background.

No acceptable proposal being before me, then, I see no use in discussing what I might do if there was one. I am much obliged for your account of my position at Harvard, moral and material. There is nothing in it, however, altogether new to me, except the fact that it has only just been decided that I shall some day be a professor. I had supposed that point decided when, thanks largely to your friendly efforts, my appointment as assistant professor was made. After ten years of this, I supposed a full professorship followed as a matter of course; and while it is usual, no doubt, to grant the promotion somewhat earlier, even if millions have not been just subscribed for “increase of salaries and promotions,” I rather expected that, in my case, reasons would be found for postponing action to the last possible moment. But I never doubted that the promotion would
come; and as I don’t need the money, I was willing enough to wait—not, I confess, without a certain amusement.

Thank you for arranging my courses as I wished and for the news of James. My tour is going on pleasantly and audiences come, though not always to get more than a phonetic exercise. The rectors and deans, as a rule, are charming.

Yours very sincerely
GSantayana

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre
11 May 1906 • Arcachon, France (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

ARCACHON.—VUE DAN LES DUNES.

May. 11, 1906.

I have come here for a few days of quiet between lectures.

[Unsigned]

To Hugo Münsterberg
16 May 1906 • Bordeaux, France (MS: Boston)

Bordeaux, May 16, 1906

Dear Münsterberg

Your second letter, which reached me last night, does not change the aspect of affairs. The arrangement you propose—with assistants relieving me of my work on Fridays—does not attract me, and we will therefore stick to my work as arranged and give up all thoughts of Columbia.

I should be sorry if this little affair—ending in smoke—had caused you unnecessary trouble and inconvenience. At least it may have made us all a little more conscious of our sentiments toward one another—which may prove useful on occasion.

I have been spending four days in the pine woods of Arcachon, very much enjoying the silence.

People here are very hospitable, so that my time is rather taken up.
To Susan Sturgis de Sastre
18 May 1906 [postmark] • La Rochelle, France  (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

LA ROCHELLE.—L’HÔTEL-DE-VILLE.—LA COUR.

La Rochelle, May 18. I have come here on the way to Caen, after rather a weary time at Bordeaux—three nights out to dinner speaking French. By the way, if I left my pass-port (in a red pocket-book in my desk) you might send it to me someday. It is always well to have it in case of registered letters. Tomorrow I go on to Angers.

[Unsigned]

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre
22 May 1906 [postmark] • Caen, France  (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

CAEN—L’ABSIDÉ DE L’ABBAYE-AUX-HOMMES

Caen, May 22.

Dingy old town with fine Gothic churches. Rain and cold. I go back to Paris the day after tomorrow. G.S.

To Mr. Helder
28 May 1906 • Paris, France  (MS: Virginia)

Paris, May 28 1906

Dear M^2 Helder

Your question about “Strong defences” for individual immortality puzzles me a good deal—I can think of none.

As to my personal opinion on the subject, you will find it expressed at length in the last two chapters of volume III of my book on “The Life of Reason”—the volume (which can be got separately) on “Reason in Religion”. But you will get little comfort out of it.
To Charles Augustus Strong
28 May 1906 [postmark] • Paris, France (MS: Georgetown)

Quai Voltaire, May 28

Dear Strong

The shades of two rectors have intervened between me and the vision of a week in Paris and I leave tomorrow morning for Lille, whence I go directly to Dijon. You will not find me here when you come. I am very sorry.

Thank you for the errata. How shocking some of them are!

Yours ever
G.S.

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre
5 June 1906 • Dijon, France (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

DIJON.—ECLUSE DE LARREY.

Canal de Bourgoque. 5 de junio, 1906.

[Unsigned]

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre
10 June 1906 [postmark] • Morez, France (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

MOREZ (JURA).—VUE GÉNÉRALE, PRISE DU BECHET.

10 de junio. SHe pasado aquí la noche. J
To Susan Sturgis de Sastre
12 June 1906 [postmark] • Col de la Faucille, France (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

COL DE LA FAUCILLE—ALT. 1323 M.

June 12. I am going down this afternoon from here (after spending two nights at the Inn you see above) to Geneva, on my way to Lyons. Nice weather.

[Unsigned]

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre
19 June 1906 [postmark] • Grenoble, France (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

GRENOBLE—QUAI XAVIER-JOUVIN ET LE SÈ-NEYARD

Grenoble, June 19th I came to this charming place yesterday from Lyons. Lyons was hot, and I was pursued by official people, so that I couldn’t call my soul my own. Here they don’t know I have arrived, and I am happy! It is all swift rivers high hills and nice gardens by the water. G.S.

To Charles William Eliot
23 June 1906 • Grenoble, France (MS: Harvard)

Grenoble, June 23, 1906

Dear M' Eliot

The series of lectures which I have been giving in France, ended here yesterday. The year has been a delightful one for me personally,—except that my health has not been quite so good as usual; together with the previous twelvemonth of travel, it has given me a very refreshing change of scenes and of companionships. Even in respect to my philosophic interests, I have found a great deal that is new to me, and interesting, in the movement of French speculation, which is very active at present and is carried on in a most critical and open-minded spirit, as well as with a solid foundation in scholarship.

My impressions about the value of the Hyde lectureship are rather too complex to be expressed in a letter; I have accordingly written the accompanying memorandum. It represents my sincere opinion upon this under-
taking, when reflected on in cold blood. It might give a wrong impression, however, of my personal satisfaction at the reception I have met with both from officials and from the public. The post I have held is a delightful one; the question is whether the general advantages of maintaining such a lectureship are not largely factitious.

Mr Hyde has seen this memorandum and, I believe, has kept a copy of it.

With sincere regards

Yours very truly

GSantayana

Address:
C/o Brown Shipley & Co
123 Pall Mall
London.

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To Susan Sturgis de Sastre
28 June 1906 [postmark] • Paris, France (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

PARIS—NOTRE DAME

Paris, June 28. The friends I was to join, now my lectures are over, have given out on account of bad health. I have come here in despair, but find Paris charming in spite of the heat. I may stay here two or three weeks at the Hôtel du Quai Voltaire.

[Unsigned]

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To Susan Sturgis de Sastre
9 July [1906] • Évian, France (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

ÉVIAN-LES-BAINS
RETOUR DE PÊCHE

Evian, Savoie. July 9. We have come here across the lake from Glion for an excursion. I expect to start for Avila on Friday, going by Lyon-Toulouse-Bayonne and arriving on Monday at 11:30 a.m.—It has rained a great deal since I got here.

[Unsigned]
Compiègne
August 7, 1906

Dear Mr. Eliot.

I had already heard that Coolidge was coming to France next winter, but I am glad to learn that Professor James still thinks of undertaking the lectures during the following year. I should certainly advise Coolidge not to go to nine provincial universities, as I did; it would be better, in my opinion, to go only to Lyons and Bordeaux, where he might well give several lectures to audiences that would appreciate them.

I have received no invitation to take a permanent place at Columbia; what was offered was a position for one year, as substitute for Professors Fullerton and Strong. This position I could have accepted only if I had leave of absence from Harvard, which it would be unreasonable to ask for after having obtained it for two years in succession. It is true that a rumour reached me at the same time that a permanent and well-endowed professorship at Columbia might possibly be offered to me; but the place was filled, I believe, by the promotion of one of their own professors. Thus nothing remained for me to consider seriously in the matter.

After this long holiday I am looking forward with pleasure to taking up my regular work.

Yours very sincerely

GSantayana
To Susan Sturgis de Sastre
20 August 1906 • Windsor, England (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

THE LONG WALK, WINDSOR.
Windsor, Aug. 20—This is my favourite walk here.—I weathered the Channel the other day although it was rather rough. Howard looks very well. Five Seymours are at the house. They are nice.

[Unsigned]

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre
24 August 1906 • Brighton, England (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

BRIGHTON, OLD STEINE GARDENS.
August 24—I am at the hotel you see at the right edge of this card.—Brighton is nice and lazy and the weather good. GS

To Reginald Chauncey Robbins
15 September 1906 • Brookline, Massachusetts (MS: Houghton)

75 Monmouth Street
Brookline
15–9—1906

Dear Robbins

On getting back to this country I find your “Poems of Personality” with your kind note of Dec. 8. The other books had reached me in due season in various parts of the world, but without your address, so that I believe I have never thanked you for them. The “Love Poems” I read through, many parts more than once, and found them full of experience; and, what is perhaps less germane to poetry but very appealing to me, full of learning and of historical imagination. I look forward with great pleasure to this new volume.

You are, in your poetry, one of those volcanic minds that overwhelm me a little with the rumblings, smoke, and precipitancy of their effusions. It is not always easy for me to translate such hints and indirections, and such unexplained fervours, into the plain prose that is all I can understand.
Nevertheless, I feel the presence in your poetry of something that inspires respect—experience, depth, heroism, readiness to face reality, whatever it may turn out to be. It is largely fed, and greatly pregnant. If it lacks articulation, after the manner that I am in the habit of looking to, that is perhaps because it has a great future, because it announces ways of feeling and acting which are only now dawning on the world.

I am very much flattered by your desire that I should not be altogether a stranger to your view of life.

With many thanks for all three volumes I am

Sincerely yours

GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong
[Mid-November 1906] • [Unknown] (MS: Georgetown)

Dear Strong

I am here until midnight and if you care to see me I will come at any time that suits you. You have my sincerest sympathy. G.S.

To Charles Scribner’s Sons
21 November 1906 • Brookline, Massachusetts (MS: Princeton)

Messrs Charles Scribner’s Sons

Gentlemen:

Please have a copy of vols. III and IV (Religion and Art) of “The Life of Reason” sent to

Mrs R. Burnside Potter
The New Weston
33 East 49th St
New York,
and charged to me.

You asked some time ago for a list of errata in “The Life of Reason”. I have one that I can send—unhappily a rather long one—but if the possible reprint is not to be made soon, it might be better to keep it a while longer, as new errors are pointed out to me from time to time by various people, and I suppose the correction ought to be as thorough as possible.

I don’t mean to make any changes in the text, except of clerical errors, on the principle of Musset “lorsqu’on change sans cesse au passé pourquoi rien changer”? When I am converted I will make my recantation in a new book and not spoil the old one.

Yours very truly
G.Santayana

To Charles Augustus Strong
5 December 1906 • Brookline, Massachusetts (MS: Rockefeller)

December 5 1906
75 Monmouth Street
Brookline

Dear Strong

Thank you very much for your note and for the “Temps”, which I spent the whole morning yesterday in reading. It took me back to the interesting politics of France, which I hear nothing of in these parts, although of course they take the “Temps” and the “Times” at the library, and I might read it all up if I had the persistency required. Brisson makes out a good case for his immediate measures and shows a fair spirit. Perhaps the fundamental question at issue, however, would need a wider historical and political treatment. The Republicans seem to be vying with the Socialists at present to see who can do more to keep the Catholic “culte” going. Is that their ultimate ideal?

James asked me the other day to go and hear his lecture on “Pragmatism and Truth”, which he said would go over the heads of most
of his audience, and he wished to have a few intelligent people to talk to. So flattered, of course I went; but I was disappointed. He made some concessions: logical truth is eternal, and prior to the discovery of it, he says: naturally he doesn’t dwell much on that point. Furthermore it appears that even material truth may belong to unimportant ideas; but who would care for such truth? So that the distinction seems to be accepted, though not made explicitly, between truth simple and pragmatic value or practical importance in ideas. After these concessions, James went on to repeat the old confusions and to protest against the want of imagination of those who take “Pragmatism” at its word. This lecture will not do what James says it is meant to do: it will not clear the air.

Did I ever thank you for the duds which I left at Compiègne and which you [across] were good enough to send on? It was hardly worth the trouble, but I am much obliged, and have one more shirt to my back. Yours ever

G.S.

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**To Charlotte Edith Taussig**

29 December 1906 • Brookline, Massachusetts (MS: Unknown)

75 Monmouth Street

Brookline, Mass.

Dec. 29, 1906

MISS Charlotte E. Taussig

Dear Madam

My regular engagements, I am sorry to say, will not allow me to have the pleasure of addressing your club this winter. I am able to give but few lectures away from Cambridge, and those only in this corner of the country.

With high appreciation of the compliment your invitation involves, I remain

Yours very truly

GSantayana
To Isabella Stewart Gardner  
Tuesday [c. 1907 or 1908] • Brookline, Massachusetts  
75 Monmouth St  
Brookline  
Tuesday  
Dear Mrs Gardner  
I am so sorry that you have chosen next Sunday, as I have promised—it is the only engagement I have!—to go and spend the weekend at Sherborn with young Fuller, my philosophical colleague, and a metaphysical house-party.  
It is very good of you to ask me, and I shall soon find my way to Green Hill to thank you again in person.  
Yours sincerely  
GSantayana  

To Charles Augustus Strong  
2 January 1907 • Brookline, Massachusetts  
75 Monmouth St  
Brookline Mass  
Jan 2 1907  
Dear Strong,  
Are you established at the Buckingham? If so, will you kindly ask if they can let me have a room for Monday night, Jan 7th; it will be the first of my trips, which will be five in number a week apart: after Jan. 28th I mean to stay in New York for the whole week, until my following lecture.  
I hope you are beginning your work auspiciously and that you and Margaret will have a happy new year.  
Don’t take the trouble to answer; I will turn up at six o’clock on Monday afternoon in any case, and hope to see you then.  
Yours ever  
GSantayana
To Hugo Münsterberg
13 January [c. 1907 or 1908] • Brookline, Massachusetts  (MS: Unknown)

75 Monmouth Street,
Brookline
Jan. 13

Dear Professor: Thank you very much for your kind letter, and the invitation for next Tuesday, at seven o’clock, which it will give me great pleasure to avail myself of.

I am sorry you should have taken the trouble to hunt for this house. Much as I should like to see you, I don’t expect any of my friends to come so far. Don’t think it necessary to stand on such formalities as returning visits. Thanking you again, I remain,

Yours very sincerely
GSantayana

P.S. I have not thanked you for “Also Sprach Zarathustra”, which arrived safely, and which I have read with pleasure. The title is also good, although I don’t see that there is anything very new at bottom, or very philosophical, in the new ethics. Has it, for instance, any standard of value by which we can convince ourselves that the Uebermensch is a better being than ourselves? I should like some day to hear your own opinion of this ideal.

To Miss Levy
2 February 1907 • New York, New York  (MS: Barnes)

THE BUCKINGHAM
FIFTH AVE & 50TH ST.
NEW YORK.

February 2 1907

Dear Miss Levy

I am very sorry that you have made so many arrangements for February 12, but I feel even less able than when I wrote the other day to undertake any more speaking on that day. These trips to New York have
proved very fatiguing, and I am not myself; never shall I undertake such a peregrination again. Of course, not being able to address your club, it would be an imposition for me to come to dinner, and I must beg you to excuse me from both engagements, which were made under a misunderstanding.

Perhaps you might get some other speaker to take my place, so as not to need to countermand your notices.

I owe you most humble apologies for having encouraged you to go so far, but I really had no idea of what was being done, and it all seems to have been transacted by magic and without my knowledge.

Yours very truly
GSantayana

To Charles William Eliot
16 February 1907 • Brookline, Massachusetts (MS: Harvard)

75 Monmouth Street
Brookline
Feb. 16, 1907

COLONIAL CLUB.

Dear Mr Eliot

At a meeting of the Philosophical Division held this afternoon a question came up about a proposed course of mine which it was agreed should be submitted to you for decision.

Some time ago Professor Schofield asked me if I would offer some course in his department. I answered “Yes”, and suggested one on “Three philosophical poets—Lucretius Dante, and Goethe”—a half-course in which the conception of the world and the moral sentiment of the three should be described and compared. Professor Schofield accepted this idea. Now the Philosophical Department seems to be of opinion that this half-course should be given under their auspices, and not in the department of comparative literature. They add that if a part of my work is to lie in another department, a part of my salary too should be regarded as coming from that quarter, and a corresponding sum should be set free for the uses of the philosophical division.
To me it is a matter of indifference in which part of the pamphlet my proposed course figures, except that it is meant for the student of literature rather than for the technical philosopher, and that the requirement of a previous course in philosophy (usually made in offering our philosophical courses) would be out of place in this instance. Should I withdraw my offer made to Professor Schofield and should the proposed course be announced under the head of philosophy?

At our meeting this afternoon it was voted, as Professor Perry will doubtless report to you, that the Corporation be asked to appoint a well-known professor to fill Professor James’s place. I concur heartily in this desire, but if such an appointment were made “over my head” and previous to my own promotion, I should not regard my position as satisfactory.

Yours sincerely \ GSantayana

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**To Charles Scribner’s Sons**

18 February 1907 • Brookline, Massachusetts

75 Monmouth Street
Brookline, Mass
Feb. 18, 1907.

Messrs Charles Scribner’s Sons
New York

Gentlemen:

Mr. Alexander Jessup has asked me to beg you for permission to reprint my translation of Alfred de Musset’s *Souvenir* in an English version of the French poet’s works which he is to issue. I assume that you can have no objection to his doing so. It might even serve as an advertisement to the defunct volume in which it originally appeared.

I am awaiting your semi-annual report with interest, to see if a second edition of the Life of Reason is likely to be demanded. I am reserving the list of emendations—all slight, but numerous—which ought to be made, and, if you think well of the idea, I should like to write a short preface to the
new edition, describing more explicitly the character of the work and of my reserved philosophic creed—not expressed there because not required by my conception of the book. Critics, and the sophisticated part of the public, seem to have been misled by these omissions, beginning by the friendly, and I dare-say useful, advertisement prepared by yourselves in which my philosophy is called a kind of “Pragmatism”. Mr. Dickinson also put me in the same class, so that the fault evidently lay in my not stating explicitly enough that this book—long as it is—represents, to my mind, but a very casual and human aspect of the universe.

I have lost Mr Jessup’s address, which you doubtless know, so that if you would signify your decision about the Souvenir directly to him, I should be much obliged.

Yours very truly
GSantayana
To Charles William Eliot
21 February 1907 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Harvard)

February 21, 1907

COLONIAL CLUB.

Dear Mr Eliot

As the Philosophical Department wished my proposed course to figure in their list, while I had agreed with Schofield that it should be a course in Comparative Literature, it occurred to me that the point had better be submitted to you, as the most competent and impartial authority in such a matter. I quite understood that you did not mean to impose your decision as absolutely final, but it becomes so in virtue of the fact that we were appealing to you as a sort of umpire. Personally I had a feeling that in the Department of Comparative Literature the course would be in a freer and less pretentious atmosphere, and might attract a new type of men to philosophy; but there are advantages in the other arrangement, and I am quite satisfied to abide by your suggestion, especially as it coincides with the views of my colleagues in the Philosophical Department.

I am much obliged to you for the kind interest you have taken in the matter.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

To Mr. Overton
1907 • [Cambridge, Massachusetts?] (MS: Unknown)

1907

To Mr. Overton,

The parcel containing Mr. Young’s copies of my books have arrived … will send the packages back as soon as I have written something in each volume—an operation which will be entertaining but which with my slow wits may take some time. Some of the books are printed on a paper which
causes ink to spread … in these cases I suppose it will be better for me to write on a separate sheet of paper and paste it in. I can’t understand why Scribner’s has no copies of “Interpretations of Poetry and Religion” as I received their semi-annual statement showing that they had many bound volumes on hand. It may be a reprint but identical with the first edition, even the printing errors not being corrected. If Mr. Young doesn’t mind a soiled copy I should be glad to send you mine. The same applies to my “Sense of Beauty,” which is not on your list, the current reprint of which contains clinical corrections. If you wish to have my works complete you should add “Lucifer, a Theological Tragedy” printed by Herbert S. Stone & Co. Chicago, 1899. The copyright is now by Duffield N.Y. As to the “Life of Reason,” all the volumes are of the first edition which is not yet exhausted. The volumes were published seriatim, which accounts for the change in date. Thank you for the interesting copy of “The Throne.”

Yours truly,
G. Santayana

To Horace Meyer Kallen
[Spring 1907?] • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: American)

Dear Kallen

I am very much ashamed—but I clean forgot that you were to lunch with me yesterday and stayed stupidly at the Colonial Club, where I was reading the Times.

If this doesn’t reach you in time for lunch today (Tuesday), won’t you come tomorrow at 12.30 to the Union?

With many apologies
G Santayana
To Harold Witter Bynner  
[17 May 1907] • Cambridge, Massachusetts  

Dear Bynner  
I shall be here on Monday at 12.30 and hope very much you will turn up.  
Your note reached me this morning too late to answer for today.  
Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

To Harold Witter Bynner  
[20 May 1907?] • Cambridge, Massachusetts  

Dear Bynner  
Will you forgive me for not appearing today? I have been called away by a family occasion—a bothersome piece of business—and have to be in town when I should like to be here.  
Let me know when you are in Cambridge again—  
With many apologies  
Yours sincerely  
GSantayana
To Charles Augustus Strong
28 May 1907 • [Cambridge, Massachusetts?] (MS: Rockefeller)

C/o Brown Shipley & Co
123 Pall Mall
May 28 1907

Dear Strong

Thank you very much for your letter which I was delighted to get. The winter—in spite of its climatic and other horrors—has passed quickly, so quickly that I am surprised to find myself at the end of it without having written to you. I am sailing on June 13 for Hamburg and after a week spent there I expect to make my way towards Avila. Would you be likely to be in Paris at the end of August or early in September? If so it might be better for me not to attempt to reach you at Glion in July, as that détour would delay very much my arrival at Avila; nevertheless, if you are not to move from there before September, I may be able to manage it by coming down through Germany and then cutting across by Lyons to Bordeaux, where I could connect with the fast train to the South.

It is very nice to have progressed so far with your book. A synopsis is more than a composition—it is an Idea! It will be most interesting and profitable for me to read it over and discuss it with its distinguished author.

I am longing to get away—as you were when in New York—being still bothered by my cold and conscious of having lectured ill and accomplished nothing all this winter. But I have pleasanter prospects for next year and hope to pick up a little during the holidays. Yours ever

G.S.

To Horace Meyer Kallen
6 June 1907 [postmark] • Brookline, MA (MS postcard: American)

Sorry to hear you are laid up. I will come to Cambridge tomorrow or Saturday, and I will bring you my notebook, with marks, etc. in Phil 10,
and talk over the exam. paper. If you are declared well and dismissed before I arrive, please leave word where I may find you.

G. S.

75 Monmouth St
Brookline, June 6.

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**To Horace Meyer Kallen**
11 June 1907 • Brookline, Massachusetts

75 Monmouth St
Brookline
June 11 1907

Dear Kallen

Here is something by way of compensation for your work in Phil. 10. In the old days when B. Rand used to read blue-books for me I used to give him fifty cents for each, but it would be an insult to put you in the same class, even if wages hadn’t gone up in the interval. However, if there is any fraction over the regulation scale, pray spend it in Germany on cakes and ale—I mean on Bier and Pfannkuchen—which I thought excellent thought-food in my day.

I hope you have really got out of the infirmary and will not allow the cares of this world and the next to keep you any longer awake o’nights.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

C/o Brown Shipley & C°
123 Pall Mall, S.W.

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**To Charles Augustus Strong**
23 June 1907 • Hamburg, Germany

Hamburg, June 23 1907.

Dear Strong

Your letter was awaiting me here when I arrived yesterday after a pretty good voyage. I think it will be better for both of us that I should go to
Glion; it will be much more suitable for philosophical discussions, and I think pleasanter. If my calculations are right I shall be able to get there about the fifth of July; but I will send you word during my journey, which is probably to be through Berlin, Weimar, Frankfort, and Bâle, of the progress I make and of the exact time of my arrival.

Perhaps early in September, or late in August, when I pass through Paris on my way to England, you might join me there for another interview; Glion sounds most attractive, and I am looking forward to the scene and the good company there, but I sha’n’t be able to stay more than just a week, as otherwise my trip to Spain would be too much delayed.

I shall be most interested in what you are planning for Margaret, and I hope talking the matter over with me may help you to decide just what is best for her, although I don’t see what a crusty old bachelor can be expected to supply in the way of wisdom about the education of young ladies.

The title of Bergson’s new book, which I hear for the first time, seems to be, like the substance of it, just yours reversed. I have no doubt it is most ingenious and contains good thinking in his private categories; but since I saw Bergson I have no serious interest in his productions. He is a disguised Jew, and might as well be a learned Jesuit, for all the genuine humanism or free philosophy that is to come out of him. He will speak the language of the liberal world when he thinks it may conduce to de-liberalising it, but that is all. So his science will be studious and ingenious, and he may call attention to real speculative problems and mere residual possibilities—like indeterminism—but it will be fundamentally perverse, scholastic, and retrograde.

We had a truly “liberal” mind with us in Cambridge for a while this winter—Gilbert Murray of Oxford—who lectured with great éclat about early Greek poetry and culture—Homer and what preceded. It was both in substance and in manner very much to my mind, although he takes, on the technical Homeric question, a radical view which I had not before been inclined to, and on which I am yet much in doubt. But the feeling for moral progress, for the cleansing and rationalizing of human society, was very fine and clear in him, so much clearer than in our canting professional moralists. But being English, or rather Scotch, he has to have some private isms, and is a Vegetarian, a Teetotaller, a Pro-Boer, a Woman’s Suffragist, etc, etc.

I am being called to go out—I am staying at the old Baroness’s until this afternoon when we go to Westenholz’s cottage at Volksdorf—so that I have to cease philosophising for the moment.
I bring my three volumes of Dante—did I ever thank you for the last?—which I am reading and rereading with pleasure, but with an increasing sense of the vast amount of subsidiary knowledge which is required for a thorough understanding of the allusions, and often of the intention of a passage. The total upshot, however, which is what concerns me at present, is tolerably plain.

Yours ever
G.S.

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre
2 July 1907 • Weimar, Germany (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

WEIMAR        RESIDENZ-SCHLOSS.
2 de julio, 1907 Palacio del Gran-Duque.
[Unsigned]

To Charles Augustus Strong
17 July 1907 • Ávila, Spain (MS: Rockefeller)

Address, Novaliches, 6
Avila, July 17, 1907

Dear Strong
I got here without mishap on Monday morning and found my sister and her family flourishing. It is pleasantly warm—not more—and there are some clouds. As it hasn’t rained since May, the natives are not sorry to see them and hope—despairingly—that there may be a shower.
James’s book has not arrived yet, so that my reading in that direction is interrupted, but I found Calvin’s Institutes awaiting me here—in a German translation which sounds like a pious, warm, hearty sermon of the seventeenth century—and I have devoted these two mornings to it—reading in bed, where I have my chocolate, in a manner that I fear is incongruous, voluptuous, and inspired of Satan. I am learning something nevertheless, and am delighted that the idea of reading Jonathan Edwards and Calvin came into my head, as it is opening a new world to me, at least, a much clearer and more genuine vista into a vague old world I had always heard about. “Righteousness”—almost the opposite of rational “justice”—will always be a clearer concept for me henceforth.

Your psychology of cognition has been a good deal in my mind, and some other day I may write you my second thoughts about it. I am afraid I was a very stubborn and unsympathetic listener to your exposition, but the reason is not that I have any dislike for your ultimate views but only that your dichotomies do not coincide with the lines of cleavage I seem to see in things, and so confuse me and constantly slip again out of my mind.

Let me hear something about your journey and first impressions of the Engadine. I hope you will like it as well as Glion and the Lake, of which I have a much pleasanter memory myself. In passing by Pau, I remembered you [across] and felt quite confident that the place would please you. It is most verdant and lovely.

Yours ever G.S.
To Harold Witter Bynner  
29 September 1907 • Brookline, Massachusetts  
(MS: Houghton)

75 Monmouth St
Brookline
Sept. 29, 1907

Dear Mr. Bynner

I found your volume only the day before yesterday when I got back from Europe, and was waiting to thank you until I had had time to read a little in it. A glimpse has convinced me that I shall find it interesting—you seem to have allowed the humorous and the enthusiastic to relieve one another in your Ode, where otherwise the great danger would have been to sound hollow. And I am looking forward with pleasure also to the other poems.

If you come to Cambridge, don’t forget to look me up.

With many thanks for having remembered me,

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

1 Young Harvard, and Other Poems (New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co., 1907).

2 “Ode to Harvard” includes these lines about Santayana: “The Spanish poet-philosopher whose eye would so beguile / That you’d see no more his meaning, but the flaring altar-oil / That was burning as for worshippers inside.”

To William Roscoe Thayer  
7 October 1907 • Brookline, Massachusetts  
(MS: Houghton)

75 Monmouth Street
Brookline
October 7, 1907

Dear Mr. Thayer

I am a little ashamed not to accede at once to your request, but I have been living for some time so far from things of local and present interest that I really can’t think of anything to write about for your magazine. Perhaps it is that I am pumped dry and that nine lectures a week contrive to keep me so. All summer I have been trying to write an article about
Professor James’s last philosophy, but I can’t find the right tone nor disentangle my ideas.

It is very pleasant to know that you have been interested in the “Life of Reason”. Let me deprecate, however, your calling it a system of the universe. It is only a review of human experience, and even that is too large a title. Had I been sure of living until sixty and of being wiser then, I should have left the review of human experience until I had fairly gathered at least the experience of one life. But speculation has to anticipate, and when we allow ourselves that license it is hard to control the extent to which we shall indulge in it.

Please tell Professor Norton that I have no system of the universe—only glimpses of the history of man.

Yours very truly

GSantayana
Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Harry Morgan Ayres
21 October 1907 • Brookline, Massachusetts (MS: Dykeman)

75 Monmouth Street
Brookline
Oct 21 1907

COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE

Dear Sir

It will give me great pleasure to speak to the Modern Language Conference on Monday evening, February tenth, and I thank you for giving me a date so long ahead, and not asking at once for an exact subject. When the time approaches, it will be possible to think up something that may be of interest to the Conference and to its classifical guests and I should be glad if you would suggest any subject that may have occurred to you. If left to myself I might perhaps tend a little too much to trespass on metaphysics.

Yours very truly
GSantayana
To Charles Scribner’s Sons
13 November 1907 • Brookline, Massachusetts (MS: Princeton)

75 Monmouth Street
Brookline. Mass
Nov. 13, 1907.

Messrs Charles Scribner’s Sons

Gentlemen:

When I suggested writing a preface for the “Life of Reason”, I thought a new edition was likely to be issued, in which a few verbal corrections might also be made. As the copies to be bound now are still a part of the first edition, the new preface seems less called for. I am also somewhat in doubt whether any short paper could help much towards straightening matters out. Perhaps an independent small volume would attract more attention and prove more satisfactory. I am meditating one, but can hardly say yet whether it will ever be written, or when. If, however, you yourselves think a preface added now would be of advantage, I could easily write one. Yours very truly
GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong
16 December 1907 • Brookline, Massachusetts (MS: Rockefeller)

December 16 1907
75 Monmouth St
Brookline

Dear Strong

You will find me here at any time you come and very glad to see you, too. I have been too busy with Dante to think of anything else, but now he is finished, and I am hoping for a little more time for other things. I sha’n’t go to Ithaca, however; I wish you joy of your discussion, but it will not be
about Truth, but about the various dynamic consequences of having various kinds of false ideas.

So you are dégoûté de New York? I don’t know how serious that is, for I have been dégoûté de Cambridge for the last ten years and it looks as if I might be here for ten years more. However, I suppose under the circumstances you will go abroad again for the Summer. It looks as if I might go too, after all, as my brother seems to be giving up the idea of going himself. In that case, we might meet again in Paris, or thereabouts. Or you might come and try Oxford for a while, where I should probably spend a part of the holidays.

Give my compliments to Margaret and to Miss Laurenson. I suppose Margaret will have a nice Christmas with her cousins and her aunts. Children have such “full lives” nowadays that one doesn’t have to think of amusing them but if anything of providing an occasional rest-cure for their little nerves.

I shall look for you about New Years—

Yours ever G.S.

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To Charles Augustus Strong

[Before March 1908] • [Brookline, Massachusetts] (MS: Rockefeller)

75 Monmouth St
Brookline

Dear Strong

I will call for you at the Parker House tomorrow, Wednesday, at about two o’clock, so that we may have the whole afternoon before us. If the weather is good and you are not tired, we can take a walk until the sun goes down, and then you can read me your paper on Pragmatic Truth or Wooden Iron.

I am sorry that, when you come to Boston, I cannot be more hospitable, but my mother is not able to see anyone, and her house is too small for us to have separate compartments. And I am even without a club—except at Cambridge—but on Thursday, at least, you must dine with me at a restaurant. We will try to imagine we are in Paris. Au revoir. G.S.
To William James
Thursday [c. 1908] • Brookline, Massachusetts (MS: Houghton)

75 Monmouth Street
Brookline

Dear Mr James

I find your note here when it is too late to profit by it. I am very sorry, not so much for not gratifying Mr Gordon’s morbid desire to look upon the Devil, as for not giving him a chance to make the sign of the cross over me (or whatever is the Old South equivalent) and perhaps drive the Father of Lies out of me into some dumb and non-literary animal where he wouldn’t do so much harm.

I will come in some afternoon soon—I have no rooms in Cambridge now—in hopes of seeing you and Mrs James—and also perhaps your son “Billy” with whom I dined very pleasantly in Paris not long ago.

With many thanks and regrets
Yours sincerely
GSantayana

Thursday

To William James
7 January 1908 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Houghton)

Jan • 7 • 1908

COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE

Dear Mr James

Thank you very much for these documents.

Aren’t you and Strong talking at cross purposes? And isn’t the doctrine of your little paper quite different from the usual pragmatism—that opinions are true if they work satisfactorily? I don’t think I shall publish anything at present on this subject. It is too kaleidoscopic for me, and I shouldn’t know what I was talking about.

Yours sincerely
GSantayana
Jan. 10, 1908

COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE

Dear Kallen.

Your two letters have arrived almost together, and have given me a great deal of pleasure. You seem to be very active in mind and in body. Your thesis will shape itself as everything does in this world—and is as likely to be better as to be worse than what you may have originally projected. Only one thing—besides your hints of uncertain health—is a bad sign: you idealise us, which means that you have not learned to idealise them. Perhaps, when you are here again, the tables will be turned. I notice that Fuller, who was rather irritated and sore when he left Oxford, now thinks of that place with some kindness. Of course, you have been there too short a time, and under too great intellectual pressure, for the same associations to have been formed. London and Toynbee Hall will make you ultra-socialistic. As I am a socialist myself, I have no objection to that in theory; but in practice—let me warn you—I don’t like other socialists, and in the case of Molière’s Misanthrope whose opinions were blamed by himself, so soon as he heard them from other people. But that, while it may raise a laugh at his expense or at mine, is really a proof of honesty on our part: for in socialism, as in logic, the intent is all. And a man may be a socialist, like Plato, for the love of aristocracy and to spread a greater pedestal for the perfect man, or he may be a socialist out of pity and vicarious ambition for the common man. In the ideal, at least, we should begin by cleansing the inside of the cup.

Your functionless Rector rather interests me, and your young friend with the Orthodox Aunt has a good chance to learn what life is. Does she want him to take orders? I don’t know, talking of orders, whether you have heard that Miller has become a high-Church divine. He means, however, to go on teaching philosophy (having failed in the practice of it) and meantime to exert his influence to liberalise the Church. Under the circumstances it is safe to bet on the Church.

James is inconceivably active explaining his Protean Pragmatism—which, as it gains in clearness, seems to lose its radical quality. With best wishes
To Horace Meyer Kallen

5 February 1908 • Cambridge, Massachusetts

February 5, 1908

Dear Kallen

Thank you for your long and amusing letter. I am glad to know you have all the explosive forms of socialism behind you. In what I said—not very seriously—I may have forgotten how much experience you have for your years, or for anybody’s years. It will be interesting to hear from you, when you come back, what the Babel of tendencies is amongst the reformers of the day.

You shouldn’t have shocked the Aristotelian Society with good doctrine couched in bad language. Next time you tell the story say “blooming” or “bally”—every one will understand what the original was, and be delighted, but the sense of propriety will not be wounded by an unveiled oath. The figleaf is more useful in language than in sculpture—for language forces itself on the attention whereas the eye may pretend not to perceive every part of what is presented to it.

Your experience with Moore is like my experience with Bergson: I thought him a great man, one of those whom we admire without feeling called upon to agree or disagree, since they seem to be above controversy, like the poets. But when I saw Bergson, and felt what his inspiration was, that he was a little cowed advocate of irrational prejudices and stubborn misunderstandings, feigning and acting the part of an impartial, subtle, liberal thinker—then all the charm vanished even from his written words, and I hear the cracked voice of the sectary and the whine of the reactionary in every syllable. Moore is doubtless much more offensive, because he is
arrogant and brutal, whereas Bergson is suavity itself. I don’t know what the
general effect of Moore’s system is: how does he attach existence to Being?
But I like the clearness with which he holds to the intent of thought and avoids
those psychological sophisms to which we all, brought up under the blight of
idealism, remain so prone. For that lesson I am willing to forgive him all his
narrowness and general incapacity. I have no doubt he is a most disagreeable
and unfair person. But he is one from whom we can learn something, which
is more than can be said of most contemporary writers. Russell is far better
known to me, both personally and as a writer, and I feel as if I agreed with him
pretty thoroughly, in spite of all differences in temperament and in knowledge.
At least, disagreements with Russell don’t trouble me, because I feel them to be
due to additional insights, now on his part now on mine: while disagreements
with a haphazard person like James are more annoying, because they come
from focussing things differently, from being schief. You may be quite right
in thinking that I agree almost entirely with what James means: but I often
hate what he says. If he gave up subjectivism, indeterminism, and ghosts there
would be little in “pragmatism”, as it would then stand, that I could object to.
Of course, pragmatism in a wider sense involves an ethical system, because we
can’t determine what is useful or satisfactory without, to some extent, articulat-
ing our ideals. That is something which James doesn’t include in philosophy.
Dewey is far better in that respect, and I notice he even begins to talk about
the ideal object and the intent of ideas! What a change from those “Logical
Studies” in which there is nothing but social physiology!

My brother has decided to remain in this country next summer, so that I am
going to Europe as usual—very likely to spend a part of the Summer at Oxford.
Have you discovered any good landlady with remote, cell-like lodgings? My
haunt at 5 Grove Street has its charms, but I shouldn’t mind something more
country-like and cheerful for a change.

My health is better; only rheumatism left in one knee. But I am not very fit
for lecturing: I am stale and confused, and [across] seem to be remembering
rather than thinking when I talk. It is a horrid feeling. Yours sincerely

G.S.
To George Herbert Palmer

8 February 1908 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Wellesley)

February 8, 1908

COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE

Dear Professor Palmer

Thank you for letting me know how far you got in Phil. A. I shall keep it in mind, as a large proportion of the men in Phil. B. will doubtless come from your course. My plan, however, had been to begin at once with Descartes, and I think I shall stick to that plan. It makes a simple and radical beginning, and strikes at once the key-notes of naturalism and subjectivism which are to sound all through the symphony. There will be occasions—as in discussing Leibniz’s Theodicy, for instance—where I may nevertheless feel the need of going back and saying something about Neo Platonic and Mediaeval systems. I have found, however, that our students do not take readily to those forms of speculation. They seem unreal to them and it is only with great pains and with partial success that they can be made to feel the vitality and grandeur which was in them. I have just had an occasion to notice this again in Phil. b, when I spoke about Dante. The assistants in Phil. B, whom I consulted the other day, also advised me not to attempt any elaborate introduction, but to plunge in at once into the particular systems. It gives them something positive to take hold off from the start.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

1 Leibniz’s philosophical book Essais de Théodicée sur la bonté de Dieu, la liberté de l’homme et l’origine du mal was published in 1710.
75 Monmouth Street
Brookline Mass
March 4 1908

Dear Conrad,

A great weight is lifted off my mind. My brother has decided to remain in America this summer, a decision which leaves me free to do what I like, and you know what that must be. My passage is taken for June 18 eastward and September 10 westward, in the Hamburg-American Kaiserin and Deutschland respectively. First I go to England; but before July is far advanced I hope to be in Paris. If you are going to some idyllic place and would not think me an intruder, I might join you for a month or so. We might read—I am deep in history now, Gibbon, Curtius, etc.—and sketch. Perhaps you might give me a few lessons in drawing, or you might paint my portrait and immortalize us both. About September first it is not impossible that I may go to Heidelberg—it is the only place in Germany that tempts me back—to an international philosophic congress that is to meet there. I should see in the flesh a lot of ugly old men whose names I have seen in print all my life; and then I might go to Hamburg to make my friends there a few days’ visit before sailing for my Peru—that is what Cambridge is getting to be to my mercenary mind.

When you get this send me a card with your surest address—I am never sure what it is—and I will forward you the first volume of the Arabian Nights, which I have read twice, once at sea and once on cold winter nights, and which has made both wildernesses turn for the moment into enchanted oases. And it is so funny! Only at times my Hellenic political conscience rebels against this irresponsible, unintellectual way of feeling life—all changes and surfaces and prodigies. Send me the second volume that I may have read it when I see you, and be ready to buy the next.

Yours affly,

GSantayana

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1 Edward Gibbon (1737–94) was an English historian who wrote *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, 1776–83, as well as his autobiography. Ernst Robert Curtius (1814–96) was a Greek scholar famous for his excavations at Olympia (1875–80). He was a professor at Göttingen and Berlin.

2 Baron Albert von Westenholz and his sister, Mathilde.

March 4, 1908

Dear Strong

Münsterberg has been talking to me about the international congress at Heidelberg next Summer and has almost persuaded me to go to it. Do you expect to be there? I suppose so, as you are a leading member, according to the document I have just received. I forget whether I have already told you that, my brother having decided not to go to Europe this year, my liberty of action has been restored to me, and I have taken my passage for June 18 eastward and September 10 westward—both in Hamburg-American ships. My idea now is to spend only two or three weeks in England, cross in July to Paris, and, if I go to Heidelberg, sail direct from Hamburg, which will enable me to make my friends there a visit of three or four days.

Our colleague Perry has had appendicitis and, as the operation had been unaccountably delayed, has been in a dangerous condition. The last news is favourable, however, and he is declared to be well out of danger.

Has Rome, I wonder, lost none of its last year’s charms? I envy you very much; although in this half of the year, being less busy, I am having a good time reading. I have begun Gibbon—of whom I had read long ago only, I think, the volume on Christianity—and am enjoying the book immensely. I am also deep in Greek history. Grote, whom I tried first, is too indigeste and unideal; now I am giving Curtius a trial. When I finish Gibbon, I mean to take up Burckhardt’s Renaissance.

When is the first installment of your book going to reach me?

Yours ever         G.S.

[across] Love to Margaret: I hope she and Miss Lawrenson are well and happy.
To Isabella Stewart Gardner
[Late May or early June 1908] • Cambridge, MA (MS: Gardner)

Thursday

COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE

Dear Mrs Gardner

I am so sorry, but I have promised to spend Sunday the 7th with some friends in the country, and must miss the pleasure of lunching with you on that day. But I hope to find you some afternoon before I leave for Europe, which is not for a fortnight yet.

It is a surprise to me that my old lecture has appeared, but it is all the more of a satisfaction if it at all interests you. I was afraid it had turned out somewhat abstruse and pretentious. It was “made to order” which is not a good method—at least with me.

Thank you very much for writing.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana

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To Charles Augustus Strong
2 June 1908 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Rockefeller)

June 2nd 1908

COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE

Dear Strong

I am very sorry your health has not been satisfactory and that your book has progressed so slowly. The article, which I have read carefully, seems to put things in the same way as did your verbal explanations, and
I am still a little bewildered by your epistemological trinity. I understand Plotinus’ trinity better, I think, which I have been read- about a little of late. You know, I suppose, where I diverge from you in the analysis of cognition. Your “subject” seems to me to stand for two things—the bodily organs and the mental state. The mental state, however, includes what you call “content”, and also includes what I call “intent”. It is a transitive energy employed on definable terms (the “content”) and projecting these terms (if you like) into an object; but this projection is merely the positing or seeing of the content in its own medium (in space, if it be an image of spatial qualities, in musical regions, if it be a sensation of sound) without any consciousness of the sensation as such or of the act of projecting it.

What you call “content,” however, is not merely a sensation (a part of the psychological “subject”) but also a quality of what you call the “object”. If you don’t admit this, it is clear that the true and independent object will be unknowable. The object we have any occasion believe in is an object describable by the “content” of our experience. As Aristotle says (I have quoted this to you often) the sensibility of the organ and the sensible character of the object are one and the same in act; it is only in there potentiality, or in their conditions, as we might say, that they are double. Now these conditions are themselves existences, and actual in their respective ways. But neither the subjective condition of cognition—the brain—nor the objective condition—the other parts of nature, distant from the brain or anterior to its present state, as in memory—are necessarily like the act in which they come together. What they are in their potentiality may be representable, not in the “content” elicited by their common act, but in what is _another “content,”_ actualized in another cognition altogether. Your crucial case of introspection or memory of sensation as such (most memory is of things, not of “contents”) is one in which it might seem that “content” and “object” almost coincided in character, and knowledge was consequently literally true. But I suspect what makes cognition, even in this case, is just the difference between the present and the past state, the memory of the toothache and the toothache in its pulsing ignorance. So that perhaps it is always the secondary qualities of objects that appear in the “content”; the primary qualities (which of course appear in the content of some cognition, else they could not be known) are always, perhaps, read between the lines of the “content” by trained minds only, who can conceive the object as it is, or was, and not as subjective sense or subjective, legendary memory happens to picture it for the moment. In other words, the object is like the content, not of the moment in which the object is first
given, but of the moment in which it is critically recast and intelligently imagined.

This, of course, plays nicely into the hands of your theory, since mind-stuff is just such an ulterior, critical conception of what the real object must be. My objection to your revision of sensuous beliefs about what reality, does not rest on the amount of transformation which you demand in vulgar notions. I am not a materialist for love of the vulgar, but from distrust of them. Transform sensuous conceptions of things as much as you please, and I shall applaud and, if possible, follow you. But don’t transform vulgar reality into a reality without coherence, a substance incapable of bringing any order out of chaos. Don’t revert to the most vulgar, most sub-human, most chaotic sort of appearance and say—“This is the reality I pine for, this is my true world!” I suspect that would be no world and no reality at all, but only the thinnest and flimsiest miasma of sentiency, remaining altogether incapable of breeding anything, much less the better instances and the occasions of its own self. Reality is, I believe, more like our best than like our worst ideas.

My plans are unchanged, and I shall hope to see you in Paris about July 15. It will hardly be possible for me to get to Glion, so we must make the most of the café de la Régence.

My affectionate regards to Margaret whom I hope to see tall and rosy.

Yours ever

GSantayana

Address
C/o Brown Shipley
London.
To Charles Augustus Strong
5 July 1908 • Windsor, England (MS: Rockefeller)

July 5, 1908
QUEEN’S ACRE,
WINDSOR.

Dear Strong

Just a line to say I expect to be at the Quai Voltaire on Saturday evening, July 11th and hope you will turn up then or soon after, as I am off at once to Brittany to see the Potters from whence I shall make for Spain without returning to Paris—that is, until late in August.

Are you going to the Heidelberg congress? I am in doubt, and your plans would influence mine in this matter.

I have spent a day with Bertie Russell. Moore also turned up. He is a most agreeable surprise, not ugly or ferocious, as I had expected, but young, silent, and nice-looking. Both Russell and he seem to be favourably disposed towards your system.

Yours ever
G.S.

To Bertrand Arthur William Russell
6 July 1908 • Windsor, England (MS: McMaster)

July 6, 1908
QUEEN’S ACRE,
WINDSOR.

Dear Russell

Here is your article with James’s comments, both of which are entertaining, but I can’t help thinking that “pragmatism” still requires a fair historical elucidation. It seems to be a mixture of old saws and half-born intuitions, the most fundamental of them being, perhaps, despair concerning attainable truth, or agnosticism.

It was a real pleasure to see Moore who is so different from what I expected, so young, shy, and nice-looking, instead of ugly, old, and aggressive, as for some reason I had imagined him.

Kind regards to Mrs Russell.
Yours sincerely
GSantayana

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre
11 [July?] 1908 [postmark] • Cherbourg, France (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

CHERBOURG.—LA PLACE DIVETTE.

Viernes, 4 de la tarde.

En este momento nos embarcamos.

[Unsigned]

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre
18 July 1908 • Concarneau, France (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

CONCARNEAU—L’ “ATLANTIC HÔTEL” ET LE VIVIER, VUS DE LA MER

July 18th
If you have anything to tell me, write to the Hôtel de France, Nantes, where I shall be next Sunday, the 26th. Here, in Brittany, I shall get no letters, as I have had everything sent to Avila.—This is across a bay from the Potter’s villa, where I go this morning by boat.

[Unsigned]

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre
25 July 1908 [postmark] • Quimper, France (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

VUES PRINCIPALES DU RÉSEAU D’ORLÉANS
STATUE DU ROI RENÉ (ANGERS)

Quimper. Friday.

I am still hoping to reach Avila on Tuesday the 28th at half past eleven by the Sud-Express. You may expect me unless you hear to the contrary
To Charles Augustus Strong

[August 1908?] • Avignon, France (MS postcard: Georgetown)

LE PONT DU GARD

I arrived safely last night, though the journey was rather tedious.—It is delightfully cool here this morning—I hope you are having a good rest and not writing too many slips, which might involve making a few of them.—I am carrying away a delightful souvenir of Cannes, in spite of not having been quite well there. You must attribute my bad humour at certain moments to biliousness and not to aversion to mind-stuff, which is an excellent thing when rightly used—that is, when turned into mind. Elsewhere it seems to be that paradoxical thing—“luminous” mud.

This place is very shabby. G. S.

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

18 September 1908 • New York, New York (MS: Virginia)

Friday Sept. 18, 1908

HOTEL MANHATTAN
HAWK & WETHERBEE
MADISON AVE. & 42nd ST.
NEW YORK.

Dear Susie

We have had a very bad passage, after the first day, with rough seas and rain, yet I was only seasick on the second day, with a little discomfort again at the end on account of the violent motion. I spent most of the time with a Mexican named Manuel Sanchez Carmona, who says he is descended from the conquerors and is very pro-Spanish and an enthusiastic admirer of Don Alfonso, by whom he was received and who, he says, vale mucho mas than D. Porfirio Diaz, the president of Mexico, although the latter is, he agrees, a great man. He has drawn such a pleasant picture of the City of Mexico for me that he has given me some desire to visit it. One might even spend a summer there very agreeably, it seems.

I am taking the ten o’clock train this morning for Boston.
The enclosed will give you some notion of the last day or two at sea, and of the delay in landing which made me miss the five o’clock train yesterday and stay here overnight, as there was no comfortable berth in the midnight train, and I needed a rest. The storm was very amusing in its way, on account of people tumbling and things smashing; almost every one was up and well, as it was towards the end of the voyage and the ship rolled, not pitched, which is a less insidious motion.

Love to Celedonio and the rest of the family.

In Paris I saw a lot of my friend Slade, the painter-sculptor; otherwise amused myself alone.

Your affe\textsuperscript{e} brother

G.S.
day, and not comfortable on various other occasions. A Mexican whom I came upon at the very moment of leaving Paris, talked to me all the way to New York, it seemed almost without interruption, as we sat together at table and in the smoking room; but this too-muchness had its good side, because he taught me a good deal about his country, and left me with some inclination, such as I had never felt before, to visit that part of Spanish America.

My Summer otherwise was quite as usual. I found my sister pretty well, and everything normal in her household,—except one maid, who suddenly went stark mad.

With best wishes for you and Margaret for the season

Yours as ever

GSantayana

To Edward Joseph Harrington O’Brien

[September 1908–January 1912] • Cambridge, MA (MS: Denson)

Dear Mr. O’Brien:

We are besieged at this moment by soi-disant philosophers from all over the country, and I shall not be my own master until Saturday. If you could come to tea then or on Sunday, at about four o’clock, I should be delighted to see you.

Perhaps you would explain to me then some of the things you refer to in your letter, which I don’t quite understand. The tempests of the Olympians to not reach my catacomb.

Yours very truly

GSantayana
To William Roscoe Thayer
10 October 1908 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Houghton)

3 Prescott Hall
Cambridge
Oct. 10, 1908

Dear Mr. Thayer

There is a drawing of me done by the late Andreas Andersen (who married Miss Olivia Cushing) some ten or twelve years ago, when I used to write verses. It is very clever and penetrating, and if you wish me to figure as a poet, I should think you would prefer this drawing to a photograph of my present self.

However, if you would rather have me as I look now, I will get one of our Cambridge photographers to let me sit for him, as the likeness taken last year for the Senior class album is really too vile.

There is another possibility. A Mrs Rieber of California did two oil sketches of me last winter, and said she was going to have one of them photographed. Perhaps I might get that for you, if you liked.

What poetry has Woodberry written? Who else, besides him and Moody, are you counting as Harvard poets? Do you exclude Bliss Carman, McCullough, Witter Bynner, Arthur Ficke, and Hermann Hagedorn?

Yours sincerely
GSantayana

P.S. You see I have taken rooms again in Cambridge.
**To William Roscoe Thayer**

6 November [1908] • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Houghton)

3 Prescott Hall
Cambridge
Nov. 6th

Dear Mr Thayer

It will give me great pleasure to lunch with you on Thursday the 19th and to meet Signor Ferrero. You are very good to wish to include me in so distinguished a party.

With many thanks
Yours very truly
GSantayana

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**To Francis Bullard**

7 November 1908 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Virginia)

3 Prescott Hall
Cambridge
November 7, 1908

Dear Frank

I hope you are having a good rest and enjoying the country in this fine wintry weather.

Your theory about that copy of my verses is interesting and ingenious, and I don’t think it improbable. On the stop spot I have composed the following decima, which shall be written in the book whenever you like.

What frail sympathy long past
Linked a lost name to my name
On this page? What parting came,
That no pang of it should last?
The leaf torn, the volume cast
To the hawkers of the town
Tell the tale; till bending down
You redeemed the rumpled sheaf,
You who from man’s dust and grief
Know to pluck his starry crown.

Now that the inscription is done, it may perhaps be safe to suggest a less sentimental hypothesis: namely, that some high-souled female gave my book on some occasion to a less soulful relation, who, tearing out the inscription, and not thinking the verses good enough to pass on the next Christmas to a different aunt, sold them for waste paper.

I heard James’s first lecture in his new course yesterday. It has good passages describing the state of mind of sundry classes of persons, but no coherence and, so far, no thought.

To-morrow, and on later occasions, I expect to see Berenson who is here, and who always stimulates and amuses me.

I have a rather cheerful little room here; come and see it and me when you get back.

Yours affectionately
G.S.

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To Isabella Stewart Gardner
[15 November 1908] • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Gardner)

3 Prescott Hall
Cambridge
Sunday

Dear Mrs Gardner

Thank you very much for wishing to include me in so charming a little party. I will come with great pleasure.

You say “a week from tomorrow, Sunday Nov. 22nd”, and I shall understand it is the twenty second, unless I hear to the contrary. Don’t trouble to write yourself again, as I am to see the Berensons tomorrow, and they will tell me which date it is.
You may observe that I have quitted my hermitage in Longwood for a new cell in Cambridge, but although a monk may have to change his cowl now and then, it is harder for him to change his solitary habits.

Thank you again for your kind invitation.

Yours sincerely

G Santayana

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To Horace Meyer Kallen

10 December 1908 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: American)

Dear Kallen,

Perhaps when you get this you will already have left Oxford, unless you are staying there during the holiday’s to work on your thesis. The excitements of term-time will probably have left you little freedom of mind to plod contentedly at an appointed task—and yet those are our happiest days. Jours de travail, [illegible] says Musset, seuls jours où j’ai vécu. —I am a little sorry, though not surprised, that your impressions of Oxford are so censorious. It is getting to seem as if no one liked Oxford except me—and I don’t. You talk as if you had expected to find free, learning and philosophy there. You forget that it is a Christian place, founded by pious Queens and Bishops to save their own souls and those of other people. The quality of the salvation required has changed somewhat in five hundred years, but the tradition has not been broken, and the place is still scholastic on principle. They assume that they have long since possessed the Truth and the Way. Now, that may be an illusion; but what makes Oxford the best, if not the only, place in which an ideal of education can be acquired, is that, if we don’t possess the Truth and the Way, we need to possess them. Until we do, and become ourselves what Oxford thinks it is, we can have no peace, no balance, no tradition, and no culture. It is inevitable, I know, and it is right, to be impatient at a premature or too narrow harmony: but how much more horrible is the disease we suffer from in America where the very idea of harmony and discipline are lost, and every ideal is discredited a priori!
I have heard from Roberts. He is at 7 King Edward Street, and complains of nothing. There is no need of looking him up unless you feel inclined.

Thank you very much for your interest in my health. I am much touched that you should think of it. My cold and the weather have been having their common vicissitudes, but I am not worse. Dante has kept me too busy to attend to anything else, or to amuse myself. In the Spring I hope for a many-sided rejuvenation.

Barrett Wendell never comes across me without talking much about you: he thinks a great deal of your letters. Write to me also when you can.

Yours G.S.

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To Mary Williams Winslow
25 December 1908 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Houghton)

3 Prescott Hall
Cambridge
Dec. 25, 1908

Dear Mrs Winslow

Thank you very much for the most amusing book I have read for a long time—I devoured it all last night, and laughed aloud at the fat lady who had to lift food above the horizon. But I can’t help thinking the author would be funnier if he were less satirical and more good-natured. What is the use of judging the simple-minded rich by the complicated and obsolete standards of chivalry?

I suppose I ought to address my thanks to Fred also, but I can’t help feeling it is you that did it, for though the hand is the hand of Esau the ribbon is the ribbon of Jacob.

I was sorry not to see you the last time I came and that the young lady upstairs seemed to be finding the world inexplicable in some particular. Time will bring the “higher optimism”.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana
To Unidentified Recipient
[c. 1909 or 1910] • [Cambridge, Massachusetts] (MS: Houghton)

Even in those days, when subjects and ideas gave out, we had learned to appeal to the eternal idyl: a man and a girl for the picture, and for the words, anything. Memorial Hall soup and the puddles in the Yard gave a family likeness to every number, so that the reader, however startled by the novelties of the issue, could always reassure himself that Lampy was the same old Lampy still. May he long prosper, and amid his new glories keep something of his careless and unworldly youth, when he took “Vanitas” for a motto.

G. Santayana

To Isabella Stewart Gardner
13 January 1909 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Gardner)

3 Prescott Hall
Cambridge
Jan 13 1909

Dear Mrs Gardner

Mrs Berenson tells me that you are thinking of going to my lecture on the 28th. It will be so nice to see you there, and I shall feel less lost before a strange audience, and less foolish for saying things that perhaps no one would understand—at least, as I meant them.

I am having two tickets sent you from New York, in case there is anyone with you who wants to come too.

I caught a sidelong glimpse of you at the tennis court last Saturday. The Coolidges have added a charming feature to Cambridge, I think, by building this court. It is just the sort of thing we need to give us a little more distinction.
Yours sincerely  
GSantayana

To Isabella Stewart Gardner  
19 January 1909 • Cambridge, Massachusetts  
3 Prescott Hall  
Cambridge  
Jan. 19, 1909

Dear Mrs Gardner  
I am so sorry that I sha’n’t have the pleasure of seeing you in my audience at the Plaza. Of course the evening is an impossible time for lectures at this season. I didn’t know myself, when I talked to the Berensons about it, that the hour would be 8.30, else I should have warned everybody.

I sincerely wish I might be at the opera with you, instead of discoursing to the lecture-goers. But such is fate.

Yours sincerely  
GSantayana.

Thank you for the tickets.

To Charles Augustus Strong  
10 February 1909 • Cambridge, Massachusetts  
3 Prescott Hall  
Cambridge  
Feb 10 1909

Dear Strong  
A tragic despatch in the papers (which a friend cut out and sent to me yesterday) informs me that you are in this country, or such fragments of you as are not “chewed up”. I hope the thing has been exaggerated and that it has not proved very painful. I suppose mad Brazilians are not like mad dogs.
It happens that I am going to New York on the 19th to stay until the 22nd. Let me know where you are, so that I may look you up. I expect to be at the Manhattan Hotel to sleep, and at the Knickerbocker Club for odd moments during the day and for meals when I am alone. It will be very nice to see you, and hear about your travels and the state of your book. And last, but not least, it will be nice to see Margaret once more.

Yours ever
GSantayana

To Charles Augustus Strong
[February 1909] • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Rockefeller)

3 Prescott Hall
COLONIAL CLUB
Cambridge
CAMBRIDGE

Dear Strong

I had just written to you when I got your letter. I am glad your condition is not so sad as the papers gave one to understand. As to the School, I know nothing, but Mrs James and the other ladies here will tell you all you need to know. I am sorry that I can’t come to see you on Sunday, but perhaps you will lunch with me on Monday (Margaret, too, if she is with you—we have a ladies’ room here!) I should be very glad. Otherwise, I could look you up in the afternoon. The evenings are all filled up next week, I am sorry to say, and I leave on Friday, as I told you in my former note, for New York.

I should have said that the reason I can’t come on Sunday is that I am to be in Worcester, talking to an Art Society. J’ai failli preaching a sermon at Mr Garver’s Church that morning. He ask me to do so!

It will be very nice to see you again.

Yours
G.S.
To Robert Underwood Johnson
14 March 1909 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Academy)

3 Prescott Hall
Cambridge
Mass

March 14, ’09

Dear Sir

Your communication of February 9th has only just reached me, owing to negligence in forwarding it from my old address. I need hardly say that I feel it a great honour to have been elected a member of the Institute. Perhaps I ought to add that I am not an American citizen, and that I am not sure whether, in strictness, that fact should not be an obstacle to my figuring in the lists of the Institute.

Yours very truly
GSantayana

Mr R U Johnson

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre
18 March 1909 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Virginia)

March 18, 1909

Dear Susie

It is several months since I last wrote to you, but as I know you get regular news of the family from Robert and Josephine, I don’t make a point of sending my bulletin as well. Nothing much has happened, except that Robert seems to be really going to Europe, and that, during the last week or ten days, Mother has been ailing a little, although she is now better, and
about in the same condition as before her cold, or whatever it was—for I saw no particular evidences of anything definite. We had a “trained nurse” for three or four days. It was much better for Mother, as her little meals were prepared nicely, given to her with a certain authority, so that she took them, as well as her medicines, and she slept with her window open, which of course helped to prevent her feeling ill and faint in the morning, which is one of the chief troubles she had. But now that she is more or less herself again, and comes down to the dining room as usual, they have sent the nurse away, and we shall return to the old routine. For Josephine, the nurse was evidently a nuisance at first. Josephine was more nervous and anxious than ever, and hardly could sleep. But after two or three days, she seemed to me to be calming down, and if the nurse (or somebody like her) had stayed, I think Josephine would have learned to put off her responsibility for a while now and then, and to sleep and take an outing with more peace of mind. Robert and I have told her so: but she persists in being vague and conditional in all she says about taking a nurse or maid, and it will have to be postponed until mother has another ill turn. Poor Josephine is naturally looking thinner and yellower than ever, and is pretty nervous; although, luckily, she is not at all unhappy or sad. On the contrary, Mother’s mental weakness seems to strike her as something humorous and appealing, like the first notions of a young child; and she doesn’t seem to be troubled about the future. What keeps her on the qui vive is whether Mother has sneezed, or worked longer than usual at her knitting, or breathed hard in her sleep, as if complaining. The great fundamental situation doesn’t seem to weigh on Josephine at all. Is this merely that she is too much taken up with details to consider things in the gross, or is it that she is resigned to the ultimate issue, and pleased to give herself up to pious little cares in the meantime? Mother is now distinctly more feeble, both in mind and body, than she was when I arrived in the autumn. But she is without pain and almost without discomfort: and I see no reason why she shouldn’t remain in this condition for an indefinite time, perhaps for years. It is for Josephine that the situation seems to me grave; how can she stand months and months of continually watchfulness, night and day, with no distractions, hardly any fresh air, no appetite, and very little sound sleep? I hope she will soon convince herself that a nurse is needed, just as one would be needed for a baby, and that she will learn to throw off a part of her cares. What may contribute to this is that Mother is really quite indifferent to who is with her, and if her little wants were being attended to, she would
never notice whether Josephine had been away for five hours or for five minutes.

As to myself, I am much more settled and comfortable than I was when I last wrote. My rooms are satisfactory: pupils and other friends come to see me very often—I have tea ready for them every day from four to half-past five—and, best of all, I have been to New York twice and had a real change which amused and refreshed me remarkably. An old friend—Moncure Robinson—got me rooms, a whole apartment, at Sherry’s, the very fashionable hotel at which he lives. I went out to lunch, dinner, and supper after the opera, every day, and on Sunday, even to breakfast. I saw a lot of very gay people. Their conversation is amusing and very *risqué*, but their manners are simple and excellent, and, for a change, I thought them delightful. One of the ladies I saw most was Mrs Ralph Ellis, a sister of Ward Thoron’s wife. The most interesting, however, was Mrs John Jacob Astor, who is a very Parisian sort of beauty, about forty, with grey hair, but a girlish figure, and a superficial interest in things intellectual, covering a *fond* of sadness and of physical dissatisfaction. Her marriage was mercenary and has proved unhappy, and her boy, now about sixteen, tried to set fire to his school, and seems to promise nothing good for the future. This lady is one of the very few whom I look forward to seeing again when the occasion presents itself, and of keeping as a permanent link with the world. Of course she knows that she has made an impression on me, and she likes the idea. She has asked me to dinner since I came back, but I am not young and foolish enough to travel a day and a night for the pleasure of sitting for one hour next to any woman, no matter how charming.

My other friend Mrs Bob Potter has been for a day in Boston. Her mother died suddenly and she came to America to arrange her affairs. I hear that she has inherited $300,000; it is probably much less, but it will help the Potters to live more as they like. They are now in Athens, and I expect, as Bob has given up his business in New York, that they will be in Europe most of the time in future. This is very nice for me, because it will help me to see them when I leave this country myself; and of course, in leaving it, I am far from wishing never to see my American friends again. It is only their *country* that I am longing to lose sight of. As a matter of fact, I have made my best American friends abroad, like Boylston Beal and the Potters, and I shall be able to see them as often, and to much greater advantage there than in Boston or New York. This is also true of my new flame, Mrs Astor.
Is there any “modernist” movement or party in Spain? I have been reading Loisy, Tyrrell, Paul Sabatier (who is a Protestant, but a great friend of the “Modernists”) as well as the Pope’s Encyclical “Pascendi” and other documents. As I expect to be here this summer, I have agreed to give two lectures on the religious situation in Catholic countries before the parsons that come to the summer school here, and I am anxious to get any general information that I can. What I read at Avila in the “Lectura Dominical”, though little, is going to be a help. Of course, I know what the theoretic position of the Church and of her enemies is; but what these ignorant parsons want to hear is what are the tendencies of popular feeling. Are there any socialistic Catholics like Murri in Spain? If you have any pamphlets or books that deal with this subject I should be much obliged if you would send them to me. Quite apart from my lectures, which will have to be very superficial, the subject interests me in itself. I believe I have always been a “modernist”; only it never crossed my mind that such an attitude was compatible with being a practical Catholic, much less a priest. How can they be so blind?—Love to Celedonio and the family, with a great deal for yourself from George
April 19, 1909.

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre

19 April 1909 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Virginia)

Dear Susie

Thank you for your letter.—Mother, as you know, is getting on nicely, and we now have a nurse, Sarah Quinn, permanently established in the house. She is elderly, Irish, and Catholic, so that she eats in the kitchen and gets on with the other servants. She also prepares and serves Mother’s food, does her room, sits there when Josephine is away, and makes herself as useful as she can, although Josephine doesn’t give her a chance to take charge as much as she would like, and as would be advisable for Josephine’s sake. They tell me that Mother is apt to be drowsy and somewhat restless in the morning, but in the afternoon, when I usually see her, she is placid and cheerful, busy with knitting or playing with cards, or folding papers and things. The only thing that is a little troublesome is that she thinks very often that she is not at home, and wants to go out to find her family—her father and mother, I think she means. But, with a little coaxing, she forgets this notion, and settles down again, quite happy in her arm-chair.

You must have been sorry, and perhaps alarmed, to hear that Robert has given up his trip. It is a case of tender feeling on his part. There is no reason to think that Mother will not be as she is now at the end of the Summer; but as she seems to like to see Robert, he feels that he had better stay. It is a natural sentiment, and I confess I thought it a little queer, considering Robert’s character, that he should have planned to go away now. Of course, Mother forgets that he has come to see her as soon as he is gone, so that it makes no steady difference to her; but she seems to recognise him when he comes—that is, she is glad to see him, although she doesn’t conceive that he is her son. Sometimes I think she imagines he is uncle Robert; but Josephine thinks I am wrong in this.

What you and Celedonio say about Mrs Astor has made me laugh a great deal. Do you suppose Jack Astor, after his wife has been amusing herself in every capital of Europe for twenty years, surrounded by all sorts of dandies, lady-killers, and roués, would suddenly develope homicidal jealousy of a bald, gray, near-sighted, and rheumatic professor of philoso-
phy? Besides, the lady is not said to have actual lovers, and, if she had had them, might be expected to renounce them out of respect to her gray hairs. As to her husband, I didn’t see him in New York; they never go about together, and are supposed to be practically separated, although nominally they live in the same house. I dare say he has another ménage also.

My rheumatism is much better; only a little weakness in the right knee left. I take phosphate of sodium every morning, which is supposed to be like Carlsbad water, and it agrees with me very well, regulating the bowels as well as helping the rheumatism.

Since Robert is to stay, there is no reason why I shouldn’t go: so that I have taken passages from N.Y. to Liverpool for July 14, and from Liverpool to N.Y. for September 18, in the big new Cunarders, where I find there are also single cabins to be had. I am sorry not to go to Avila, but the holiday is short, and I am thinking of spending it again chiefly at Oxford, where I have the Bodleian library to consult, and Bertrand Russell, the Earl’s brother, to talk philosophy with. I am sailing so late on account of my lectures on "Modernism", which are to be on July 8 and 9. You ask me what “Modernism” is precisely. It is not anything precise; but as a general tendency, it consists in accepting all the rationalistic views, current or possible in matters of history and science, and then saying that, in a different sense, the dogmas of the Church may still be true. For instance, all miracles, including the Incarnation and Resurrection, are denied to be historical facts; but they remain, in some symbolic sense, theological truths. That is, they are normal ways in which religious imagination has expressed itself; and people ought to go on, in their devotions, using those expressions, just as they go on using a language or a style of dress that has naturally established itself. The Modernists say they are not Protestants, in that they wish to keep the whole doctrine and organisation of the Church, and to develop it further, rather than to lop off parts of it. But they are free-thinkers, since they regard that whole doctrine and organisation as simply a human growth, symbolic only, and changeable. They also say (but this is a plain inconsistency) that there is a peculiar providence or Holy Spirit guiding the Catholic Church in its development, such as does not guide the Mahomedans or the Buddhists. This, however, is rejected by Paul Sabatier, a Protestant friend and defender of the Modernists.—Theologically considered, Modernism is untenable, like every theory of double truths; but I don’t know how far it may express the filtering in of rationalism into the seminaries and among the clergy.—Thank you for the Lectura Dominical of which one number has arrived so
far. I didn’t mean you to send it, as even if it mentions the subject, it will give a very one-sided view of it. But I am always glad to read [across] a little lively Spanish, and to get some hint of what is going on. Love to all from George

To Charles Augustus Strong
18 July 1909 • At sea

C/o Brown Shipley & Co
123 Pall Mall

July 18
1909.
At Sea

CUNARD R.M.S. “MAURETANIA”.

Dear Strong

You may be surprised to see that, at this late date, I am on my way to England. My brother changed his plans, and as my mother is pretty well, I decided after all to take my usual outing. However, I hardly expect to leave England, so that I am afraid I sha’n’t see you unless by some fortunate chance you have finally run off your beaten track and ventured across the Channel. Why don’t you come for a change? It has often seemed to me that you might like England very much if you only went there a little oftener.

Please give my best regards to Margaret—I suppose she is such a young lady that I ought’n’t to send her my “love”, unless it is the uncle-like sort of love which I am now in the habit of dispensing to young people.—Let me have a word from you—

Yours GSantayana
August 7th 1909.

M•R
TELEGRAPH HOUSE,
CHICHESTER.

Dear Susie

Your letter of the 3rd has just reached me here, where I came on Wednesday, the 4th. The house has been rebuilt since I was last here and now has a tower with an extensive view, including the Ilse of Wight in the far distance. We are on the crest of high domelike hills, called Downs, and out of sight of all habitations. There isn’t much quiet, however; for there are seven dogs, one cat, and three automobiles, a pumping-engine for water, another for electric light, and a general restlessness in the household. Russell is absorbed in business (he is now president of the Humber Motor-Car Company) and in politics, while his wife is given over to woman-suffrage, dogs, and gardening. I send you her portrait (published for political purposes) which she has just presented me, and I write on her note-paper, so that you will get a good impression of her personality. You may remember she is Irish, and has two other husbands living. Russell’s other wife, by the way, and her mother Lady Scott, have both died this year.

Reports about the troubles at Barcelona have been sensational here at first, and now are more credible. I will send you the Weekly Times on Monday, when I return to London, and any daily paper which seems interesting. The situation at Melilla is what will cause, I am afraid, more trouble in the end, as it will be hard to circumscribe the operations, or to find a trustworthy and permanent authority in the country with which to make peace.

Josephine has not sent me even a post-card since I left, and I am without news, except what you give me. Was young Josephine decidedly ill, or do you refer only to her “car-sickness”? I am sorry Celedonio is not quite rid of his annoyance in the eye; perhaps if his general condition is improved by the waters of Calzadilla the irritation in the eye will also disappear—As to the London especialist for hernia, of course if he were a real specialist he would not advertise, nor would he live in E.C., that is, in the East City, or oldest business portion of London, where no one resides, all
the houses being offices. I hope the interest Luis takes in this is not due to his suffering any bad turn at present.

At Howard’s I heard little about the family and saw only Mildred Seymour, who has been ill but is now recovered. Her mother seems to be happy in her new marriage, and the children are partly reconciled to her Falle—as her husband’s name is. On the other hand Harry and his wife seem to have disagreed and to live more or less [across] apart. Her father (the novelist Merideth) died recently, and I suppose left her some money. —Teddy Seymour is controller to the Duchess of Albany’s household, & his wife lady in waiting. —I think that is all I have heard by way of news.

Your affection brother George

To Susan Sturgis de Sastre
10 August 1909 • London, England (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

TOWER BRIDGE, LONDON.


Last night I got your letter with one from Josephine inclosed. Thank you very much. I also got a card from Josephine direct, dated the 28th of July. They were well.—It is very warm here, and I expect to leave for Oxford in a day or two, as soon as I can despatch with the tailor.
To Charles Augustus Strong
10 August 1909 • London, England

Address: c/o Brown Shipley & Co
123 Pall Mall S.W.
109 Jermyn St. S.W.
August 10 1909

Dear Strong

Of course I don’t know whether Mrs Sidgwick is now in Cambridge (where I presume she lives) or on a holiday. At Oxford they have a University Extension Session now running, which is what is making me hesitate about going there at once, although I expect I shall do so on Friday or Saturday of this week. When there, I shall look for lodgings for myself, and if I see or hear of anything that might suit you, I will make a note of it.

As to recommendations for a School for Margaret, I should think the best way would be to write to Mrs. Sidgwick, or to any other person you wish to consult. It is much easier than seeing them personally and for this purpose, I should think, more satisfactory.

Bertrand Russell and his wife (Mrs Russell, you may remember was a person I thought would know what you had in mind for Margaret) are now on the Continent. Their address is Bagley Wood, Oxford, and I believe they will be back there before the end of this month.

I am most interested in your change of plan. My own feeling about life in England has changed a little in these last years—I find it somewhat less attractive than I did—but this is due, I think, to no change in the place but only to a greater restlessness or vacancy in my own mind, which makes a more amusing environment more pleasant. In a word—England is a place where one is easily bored; so that one must bring one’s resources and habits with one. In this boring quality, I include the people, much as I admire them zoologically and in themselves: but they don’t amuse me.

However, I still think England would suit you in many ways, and, on the whole, you would fine more people who would discuss philosophy with you than anywhere else.
Yours ever
G.S.

To Charles Augustus Strong
13 August 1909 • London, England (MS: Rockefeller)

109 Jermyn Street S.W.
Friday, Aug. 13, 1909

Dear Strong

You will get a letter or telegram from me on Monday morning, telling you where I have engaged rooms for you in Oxford, and my own address there. (I haven’t engaged rooms at a hotel for myself, and hope to take lodgings at once, and to be established when you arrive.) Please telegraph back the train you will come by, and I will meet you at the Station. The best trains are as follows:

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The two last have a restaurant car, so that you may dine in the train, if you think that a pleasure.

If I have luck in Oxford this afternoon, and settle everything, I will write at once, so that you may know of more definite arrangements the moment you reach London.

I shouldn’t wonder if you found it inconvenient to start for Oxford on Monday. The heat in London has been great, but it may have moderated by that time, and you and Margaret may like to take a look about before you leave town.
If you want to go to the theatre, or rather to some show, let me recommend the Hippodrome (to which you can take Margaret) where there is a thrilling American piece, and some other good turns. Mrs Preedy & the Countess at the Criterion (not before nine o’clock) is rather amusing, but slightly risqué.— On Sunday, Hampton Court is the only resource. The most comfortable & quickest way of getting there is to take a “taxi”. Bargain with the driver for the whole trip.

G.S.

**To Charles Augustus Strong**


Friday evening
THE EASTGATE HOTEL,
OXFORD.

Dear Strong,

I have engaged three rooms for you at the Randolph Hôtel, which you probably remember, for Monday. You might have had them also in this little place, but so diminutive, and so queer, that I thought it best to go to the big American sort of place. I have not seen the rooms, but asked that two at least should be adjoining, as I suppose there is a lady in some capacity travelling with you.—This is badly expressed, but you know what I mean—Margaret’s governess or nurse.

After much wandering I have taken lodgings for myself at 16 Turl Street, or The Turl, as it is usually called. All the most attractive quarters are infested with extensionist women, but they go in ten days and then, if I am not pleased with my place, I can find something more satisfactory.

I hope your journey has been comfortable in spite of the heat. Today we have had a shower here, and it is much cooler.

Telegraph to me to 16 Turl-Street by which train you will come on Monday.

Yours ever

G.S.
To Charles Augustus Strong
2 September 1909 • Oxford, England (MS: Rockefeller)

16 Turl Street    Oxford
September 2, 1909

Dear Strong

Thank you very much indeed for “Orphans”, which I am delighted to have. It was very kind of you to send it, and it will now accompany me on my walks, to keep me company at tea, or at any moment when the grass is dry enough to sit on and the sun warm enough to allow one to stop.

Two or three further persons whom I have questioned have spoken well of St Felix; I think you have probably done the best thing possible in choosing it. At Windsor, where I spent last Sunday, Howard Sturgis and his sister, who is the mother of two nice girls, also recommended highly two smaller schools, with thirty or forty girls only, which you may think it worth while to make a note of, in case any difficulty should present itself at the larger place and you should wish to make a change. They are Miss Weiser’s, Northlands, Englefield Green, Surrey, and Miss Browning’s, The Beehive, Bexhill-on-Sea, very near Hastings.

Yesterday I went to lunch at Bagley Wood and saw both Russell and Moore. The conversation, however, didn’t get very technical, as there were other people present, including four ladies. We (I chiefly) talked a little about Bergson of whom Russell apparently has read nothing and Moore only half a book—The Évolution créatrice, and whom both equally dislike. Moore is writing an article on the definition of the term “mental” and Russell’s second volume is ready for the press. He says it is the most elementary book ever written on mathematics. Both say that Perry & C’’s denial of psychic existence is unintelligible and unintelligent. They laugh at the notion that this is an application of their own philosophy. I felt some relief, after the unsatisfactory issue of our late discussions at the “Randolph”, to know that the original “new realists” admit the idealistic view of psychology or, if you prefer, of autobiography. In your book you yourself often spoke of mental facts and mental processes. Would you reject those conceptions now? Bon voyage

Yours ever        G.S.

[across] I gathered yesterday that they are pronounced idealists of Leibniz’ type. Moore said “The monad is what the atom really is.”
To Susan Sturgis de Sastre
14 September 1909 • Oxford, England (MS postcard: Sanchez Sastre)

TOM TOWER, CHRISTCHURCH.

Oxford, Sept. 14, 1909
I am sending you three volumes of “Jean Cristophe” by Rolland, a book which has made some stir. There are four other volumes out (which I haven’t read) and more to come. Don’t read “L’adolescent”, it is commonplace and coarse, but begin with “La Révolte.” “La Foire” is a cruel picture of Paris.

[Unsigned]

To Wendell T. Bush
14 November 1909 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Columbia)

3 Prescott Hall
Nov. 14, 1909

Dear Mr. Bush
Perhaps it would be better that some one else should review the translation of Croce, as I read and reviewed the book when it first came out, and hardly can notice it again without rereading it, which I hardly care to do. It seems to be having a vogue which is unusual for a purely scholastic aesthetic; but his is polemical, and that gives it some spice.

I am writing my lectures on Lucretius, etc, and looking forward with pleasure to the delivery of them. Yours sincerely
To William Roscoe Thayer
22 December 1909 • Cambridge, Massachusetts (MS: Houghton)

3 Prescott Hall
Dec. 22, 1909

Dear Mr Thayer

I am sorry to have missed the pleasure of seeing you and of to have given you the trouble to write.

I went to the Boston Latin School throughout my school days, remembering even old Mr. Gardner, the head master.

I have not been naturalised in this country, but still travel with a Spanish passport.

I don’t know what points you wish to notice, but I should think more important for my “poetry” than my school before College was my school after—Berlin, with a term at Oxford and—much later—a year at Cambridge.

Yours sincerely

GSantayana