

BERTRAND RUSSELL'S LETTERS TO
HELEN THOMAS FLEXNER
AND
LUCY MARTIN DONNELLY

Edited By

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Abstract

This dissertation consists of a scholarly edition of Bertrand Russell's letters to Helen Thomas Flexner and Lucy Martin Donnelly. Although Russell's reputation as a writer of voluminous letters is well-known, to date there are no collected editions of his personal correspondence. As an editorial project this thesis is very much concerned with the problematic and often controversial methods of editorial procedure. Another major concern is the assessment of a set of letters that span nearly half a century of riveting social upheaval.

Russell's letters to Helen Flexner and Lucy Donnelly convey the personal and public sides of his life. The correspondence with them provides biographical information for the reader who is unfamiliar with Russell's life and thought as well as for the specialist. The letters, however, represent more than just an account of one man's life. As historical documents they recount major world events such as the Great War and discuss significant issues such as political elections and women's suffrage. Thus, in its scope, this thesis embraces various disciplines that reflect the multifarious aspects of Russell's activities and writings.

Undoubtedly, the editor's role in the preparation and transformation of private documents to public ones is a crucial part of any editorial undertaking. The strategies employed in this edition involve techniques of selecting and presenting annotative material in the most comprehensive manner. The purpose of such notes is to provide the reader with a sense of the historical, sociological and literary themes in Russell's correspondence.

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It is understood that quotation from the material in this thesis is for the purpose of this thesis only and that it may not be transferred to any other writing for publication, unless by agreement of the Permissions Committee of the Bertrand Russell Archives, McMaster University.

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Introduction

Bertrand Russell was a prolific letter-writer. His autobiography, which includes a series of letters that close each chapter of the book, reveals not only his penchant for letter-writing but also the extent to which the act of writing letters was an integral part of his life. Estimates indicate that he wrote one letter for every 30 hours of his life. (Feinberg, ed. Preface to The Archives of Bertrand Russell) Indeed, his life's history is preserved in an abundance of words offered to the reader in the form of letters. His attitude towards writing letters reveals a deep conviction that it was a task he found at once beneficial and stimulating:

I should like above all things to
devote myself for a while to literature;
but the stimulus of letter-writing
inspires me with better things to say
than I find when I deliberately try to
write. (To Helen Flexner--11 November 1902)

This reference to literature and letter-writing raises some intriguing questions about Russell's habits as a writer of letters. He asserts that his literary aspirations are assuaged by the process of writing letters. Although he is not acknowledged as a major figure in terms of his fictional writing, it is worthwhile to consider Russell as

one of the most prominent letter-writers of the 20th century.

That he took letter-writing seriously is evident in the following description in which he comments on the general decline of letter-writing in the twentieth century:

Undoubtedly the art of letter writing has been lost in the twentieth century through the development of the telephone and, to a lesser extent, the greater ease of travel. In my youth it was imperative to master the art of letter writing if one was to make one's way in the world. (Dear Bertrand Russell...A Selection of his Correspondence with the General Public 1950-68 20)

As an adult Russell certainly mastered the art of letter-writing as he made his way in the world. The types of letters that he wrote are as eclectic as the man himself. His correspondence certainly reflects the various areas of interest in which he immersed himself during his lifetime. The voluminous letters to Lady Ottoline Morrell, for instance, present various depictions of himself as mathematician, social commentator, educator and politician. While these letters are multifarious in their subject matter and include an invaluable amount of information regarding his private life, the letters that he wrote to Philip Jourdain, by contrast, are strictly concerned with intricate mathematical equations and explanations.

(i) The Present Correspondence

Russell's first letter to Helen Flexner was written on the last day of 1900. His correspondence with her continued for the next 29 years. The holographs,

amounting to 57, are deposited in Philadelphia at the American Philosophical Society (except for one dated 21 February 1912, which is in the Bertrand Russell Archives at McMaster University in Hamilton). His 107 letters to Lucy Donnelly begin in 1902 and continue until 1948 and are in the Bertrand Russell Archives (except for one, the Friday undated letter, which is in Philadelphia at the American Philosophical Society). Of the total 164 letters 27 (all to Lucy Donnelly) are published, sometimes appearing as excerpts only, in Russell's autobiography. The remainder 146 are unpublished. The letters span the first half of the 20th century and as such provide the reader with a flux of cultural and political events of the time. The two sets of correspondence trace a nearly complete record of Russell's life from Edwardian optimism to despair about the Great War. Personalities such as H.G. Wells, Sidney and Beatrice Webb, H.H. Asquith, Joseph Conrad, and Bernard Berenson inhabit and enhance the correspondence. The suffrage movement and two World Wars inform some of the vicissitudes that provide the letters with an historical rhythm.

(ii) Bertrand Russell, Helen Flexner and Lucy Donnelly

In a holograph note appended to his first letter to Helen Russell writes, "The following letter <dated 31 December 1900> was the first step towards two important friendships". Much the same sentiment is conveyed in Helen Flexner's comment that, "We are all so connected up

together." The "connection" that would bind them together had its origin in early November 1894 (Flexner 291), when Russell first met Helen and Lucy. He was in Paris serving a three month appointment as an honorary attaché. His grandmother, the Dowager Countess Russell, had arranged the position through Lord Dufferin who was the British Ambassador. Russell had met and fallen in love with an American Quaker, Alys Pearsall Smith, Helen Flexner's cousin, but because his family members were dissatisfied with the engagement to her, a three month trial separation, in the form of the position in Paris, was agreed upon to discover if an absence would abate his "infatuation" (Russell, Autobiography 86). While Russell was working in Paris, Helen wrote to congratulate him on his engagement to Alys as well as to enquire about lodgings for herself and Lucy. Although there is no documentation regarding Russell's first impression of Lucy Donnelly, he found Helen "being deaf and diffident...a little hard to draw out"; yet he perceived "possibilities latent in her, of humour and shrewd observation and taste..." (To Alys Pearsall Smith, 28 November 1894) Helen thought that Russell and Alys were "a strange combination" and she admitted that her assessment of Russell as conceited, opinionated and quick to generalize was an injudicious evaluation. (qtd. in Flexner, An American Saga 292)

Although the two women are mentioned in Clark's

biography of Russell, the most comprehensive discussion about them appears in James Thomas Flexner's An American Saga. There are few references to the lives of Helen Flexner or Lucy Donnelly in material dealing with Russell as a central figure, but whenever the two ladies are mentioned emphasis is placed on the letters he wrote to them. The women who are the recipients of his letters, however, deserve consideration because it is they who have, in part, shaped and influenced the letters that he wrote to them.

From the beginning to the end, the story of Lucy Donnelly's life revolves almost completely around academia. She was born in Ithaca, New York, in 1870 to Henry D. Donnelly, a patent lawyer and Abby Ann (Martin) Donnelly, who, as a school teacher, influenced Lucy's aspirations in the field of education. While she was still a child, the family moved to Brooklyn where part of her formative years, from 1886 until 1889, were spent at Adelphi Academy. Continuing her education, she later attended Bryn Mawr College where, after completing her degree, she fashioned for herself a career as an instructor of English Literature. She had a life-long connection with Bryn Mawr College.

In a brief biographical description, Edith Finch (Russell's fourth and last wife) draws a comparison between Lucy and her father:

Like her father, Lucy was a reticent studious person, yet also liberal, affectionate, and sympathetic; both were exigently conscientious and self-critical. Their tastes were similar, but where he was a Unitarian, she became an agnostic. (Finch, Entry in Notable American Women 1607-1950 499)

Considering such personality traits it is not surprising that her professional life evolved in a successful manner. After being a lecturer in English Literature for five years, beginning in 1903, she was appointed Assistant Professor of English in 1908 and in 1911 Professor, a position she maintained until her retirement in 1936. As a result of her travels to China in 1916, she was instrumental in implementing a fund for Chinese scholarships. Her published work amounts to only about half a dozen articles ranging from a quaint piece entitled "In Praise of Older Women" to brief descriptions based on her travels to Japan and Singapore. Her research interest in 18th century women writers led her to work on a biographical study of Catharine Macaulay. Descriptions of Lucy are well documented in accounts of her career as an instructor at Bryn Mawr College. Such prominent members of the British intelligentsia as Gilbert Murray, I.A. Richards and A.N. Whitehead refer to the charm of her personality and the way in which she infused an appreciation of the beauty of literature in her teaching. While such comments provide a partial description of her, a more comprehensive picture of the woman behind the accolades is to be found in

her letters to Russell.

Often, a personal reference in her letters would serve as a catalyst for discussion about contemporary issues.

One of the favoured topics was women's equality:

My father is theoretically liberal minded about women but he will not be opposed in his own house. One must either agree with him or sit silent: flatter him or tactfully avoid unpleasant subjects as my mother does. It seems that women should make their way in the world in order to prevent mens <sic> becoming so irrational and unlovely in old age. I know a number like my father. (21 June 1908)

Her attitude towards women's rights not only fuelled lively correspondence with Russell concerning the course the suffrage movement was taking in Britain and America; it also influenced her professional career by inspiring discussion about the "young women" she was teaching. In 1907 she complains to Russell that, "the girls of today are hopelessly conventional and immensely much more in the hands of their parents, in the grip of the parental point of view then <sic> they were ten or twenty years back. I long for the old revolting daughters." (17 June 1907) Surprisingly, four years later, she laments again, "I feel very strongly, personally, about the lack of independence in the work and am always fighting against the attitude of the good little girl doing her lessons...They won't rebel and no one of them, I believe, ever make a paradox." (26 May 1911) Although she did not participate in political activity for the rights of women, Lucy did incorporate an

attitude for women's equality and independence in her work as an instructor.

In her letters to Russell she refers to her professional work as a "paper life". She further elaborates on her career choice in a short article in which she writes about the "blue-stockings" role that she has adopted:

A strange passion for a lady! To forswear gardens and parlors for mere grassy quads and academic porticoes; to exchange silks for the never-changing fashion of a scholar's rusty serge, and trinkets for goose-quills and inkpots; to prefer the bookish scent of libraries to roses, and her evenings to the solitary meditation recommended the student; this in a word is the discipline to which the Lady Collegiate vows herself. (Donnelly, "The Heart of a Blue-Stocking" 537)

As a dedicated "Lady Collegiate" herself, at least from what she writes to Russell, she often celebrated the scholastic commitment that she made. To her mind the path she chose complemented her personality. In fact, one of the most striking features of her correspondence with Russell is the expression of the utter pleasure she experiences dwelling in her "paper" world:

For me the world of books is more delightful--and more real to me than the world of people--I get at everything; even nature through books. (9 November 1902)

She also confesses to Russell that she longs to "do some work that will be a little useful". (23 February 1904) In one of her letters to Russell, Helen focuses on just this

aspect of Lucy's character. She observes:

To a temperament like Lucy's success is necessary for happiness, I believe, though--such is life's irony!--it probably cannot make happiness for anyone. (11 August 1908)

As for her happiness there is much evidence in her letters to Russell to suggest that she in fact experienced severe pangs of depression and loneliness. As Helen's comment indicates, Lucy's unhappiness may partially have resulted from her desire to succeed. Often the fits of melancholy she experienced occurred during reflections about her sense of worthlessness. Her attempts to alleviate such thoughts prove futile to her:

Then I try another way, meditating on the cosmos and my own utter--insignificance in the whole. I try to lose myself in it but the pain goes on--on on in all its egotism. Is one never to be free in all time from oneself? (23 February 1904)

~~Many~~ of her personal problems involve her relationship with Helen. Her feelings of insecurity become apparent in her numerous queries about Helen's devotion to her. The crux of the issue appears to have been Helen's obligation to her family life, and, as Lucy mentions, "her real disregard of me." (23 February 1910) Russell's assessment of the situation to Helen is expressed rather clearly and in a straightforward manner:

The fundamental misfortune of Lucy's life is that there is no one to whom she comes first--no one to whose happiness she has a right to devote herself. This is no one's fault, but also it

is in no one's power to cure. (20 March 1907)

On the professional level her frustrations with the college emerge in a dispute regarding a decision to make the Ph.D. mandatory for all instructors. As Russell's letter to Helen of 4 October 1907 explains, the dilemma jeopardized her career. However, she did "stand up for her rights", as Russell had advised, and in due course the problem was resolved. Thus, Lucy's life consists of scholarship, teaching, writing on the one hand and suffering, depression, frustration on the other. Russell was undoubtedly drawn to this sort of combination as was Helen Flexner.

Helen was only a year younger than Lucy and her background, in contrast to Lucy's, was embedded in the Quaker tradition. As James Thomas Flexner's biography shows, the Whitall and Thomas families were staunch Quakers. Helen's father, James Carey Thomas, was a physician and her mother, Mary Whitall Thomas, provided the matriarchal strength so characteristic of the "Whitall Women". Helen's propensity towards writing was given expression in her autobiographical work, A Quaker Childhood. The preface describes her major aims in the book which concern her perceptions of the people and situations in her early life. She writes that, "The truth I have endeavoured to present is the truth of my own

impressions, feelings and judgments during the 17 years from 1871 to 1888." One such impression describes how as a young girl she imaginatively envisioned evil in the "person of Satan":

All the faces that threatened my safety and my virtue were embodied for me in the person of Satan. Sometimes I caught a glimpse of him, shining eyes peeping from a shadow, outline of a dark form lurking; more often he was a presence felt but not seen. (3)

This religious vein, however influential in her youth waned, at times, with the passing years:

"Be ye perfect even as your father in heaven is perfect" was in my childhood always on my mother's lips. And now I frequently find myself repeating with Anatole France "Il ne faut pas oublier que les hommes sont des mauvais singes." (Helen to Russell --15 February 1920)

The capacity for and delight in such philosophical speculations was second nature to Helen. Thus, it is not surprising that obtaining an education should be an important part of her plans. It was expected that she would attend the family college, Bryn Mawr, where her elder sister, M. Carey Thomas presided as Dean. The course of Helen's education, however, was frequently interrupted due to serious ear infections that plagued her throughout her life. During the summer of 1902 she attempted to revive interest in her studies by working towards a doctoral degree. Her efforts proved futile, however, and in the autumn she taught once again at Bryn Mawr College, but

without the enthusiasm of previous years:

Bryn Mawr has been worse than ever this autumn, and all the complications & anxieties it plunges one into have seemed more meaningless, I feel a desire, indeed, a desire to deal faithfully with my students, to give them, if I can, the fruit of some of my own experience, thus, perhaps, making less terrible for them the consequences of their fatal ignorance and pride. There is something infinitely appealing in the young; and as I look down into the bright faces they turn up to me, I could weep over them passionate tears to think on what they do not yet know and must learn; of what they must themselves suffer and of the suffering they must cause in the world.
(To Russell--4 October 1902)

While her disappointment as an educator continued, her increasing interest in creative writing prompted the following remark:

Sometimes I feel I may have in the end to put my own experience of life into words, and I may have to tell the world for its better information what the spiritual experience of a woman such as I am can be in this age. (To Russell--4 October 1902)

Unlike Lucy, who found her niche in the educational field, Helen chose family life as her priority. In 1903 she married Dr. Simon Flexner, who became the first director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. Lucy felt that Helen's marital commitment would destroy their friendship. After all, the women shared a ten year relationship founded on strong emotional and intellectual bonds.

A shared fascination with language and literature formed an integral part of their friendship. In this

regard James Thomas Flexner makes an apt remark in An American Saga when he observes:

Both Lucy and Helen had resolved to make their contribution to the demonstration of female potentiality by becoming distinguished writers of literary prose. (296)

Organizing a course in descriptive and narrative writing during 1896 was just one of the ways in which they shared their enthusiasm for literature. Together they nurtured an intense and intimate friendship. When they were apart for even a short time they resorted to correspondence in order to communicate their thoughts and feelings to each other.

~~When~~ they cannot be together, Lucy laments:

Dearest, I wish your were here: sometimes the days are interminable, & I long to sun away with you to one of Shelley's green isles & never come back to the world. (To Helen--20 March 1900)

Theirs was indeed a romantic friendship; perhaps more so on Lucy's part. According to Lillian Faderman's analysis of relationships between women in the late 19th & early 20th century, many women who "lived by their brains" chose to share their successes and failures with other females.

(204-5) Women who sought female companionship, she claims, really had no choice since,

It would have been impossible for them to form unions with men who would demand what 19th century husbands were taught they might reasonably expect from their wives, and the unceasing responsibility of child care would have diverted time and energy from the pursuits to which they wanted to dedicate their lives. (204-5)

Helen sought a balance between marriage and independence in her struggle to compose a literary work and simultaneously maintain a household. It is understandable that Lucy would feel at odds with her friend's commitment to family life. Lucy fulminates, repeatedly, her feelings of abandonment, Helen questions her dependence and Russell orchestrates matters as a go-between: he serves as the diplomat and confidant for both women.

Russell's reputation as a charismatic lady's man is already well documented; his liaisons with women such as Lady Ottoline Morrell and Lady Constance Malleson is well known. His four marriages were, more often than not, accompanied with extra-marital affairs. By his own admission, he could not be with the same woman for more than seven years.

(Autobiography--rough draft version in the Russell Archives)
 He also claimed that he could only seriously love a woman who was courageous. (Autobiography 249). Moreover, he consistently "chose to have strong-willed women about him, whether in a conjugal relationship, an affair or a friendship." (The Collected Papers of Bertrand Russell 12: 37) He often used letters as a way of strengthening the bond between himself and a woman regardless of the type of relationship they had formed. But, as would be expected, the women with whom he had torrid love affairs received by far the largest amount of

letters. Lady Ottoline Morrell was the recipient of some 1,000 letters between March of 1911 and her death in 1938 and, likewise, the correspondence with Lady Constance Malleson is extensive. For Russell writing letters was certainly the most reliable method of keeping the network between himself and his female friends alive with messages of affection, controversial discussion, future plans and advice.

Russell formed many friendships with women which were strictly platonic yet tinged with sexuality. His relationship with Mildred Minturn Scott is an example of this. She was a student of Lucy's who spent a great deal of time overseas and who, in Lucy's eyes, embodied "the very ideal of youth." (To Mildred Minturn Scott--2 October 1906) Russell's correspondence with Mildred Minturn Scott has the characteristics of a student-teacher relationship; the student very much infatuated with the teacher. In her letters to him she often recalls the times they spent together and invariably mentions his effect on her: "then I thought sadly what a lot of influence you had had over my thinking ever since that first walk we took together in the mud at Bryn Mawr sixteen years ago..." (11 March 1913) Another letter, written by Russell, provides insight into the nature of their relationship and places certain restrictions on it:

Some of the things I meant to say after your visit to Cambridge seem to me after all necessary to say. First I cannot be certain of continuing anything that goes beyond the strict limits of friendship, and secondly, I cannot promise to tell you of relations I may have with other women. As this is so it seems on reflection that friendship is the most that is possible.
(28 December 1913)

By contrast, the friendship he formed with Mary Sheepshanks was without romantic possibilities. The connection with Mary Sheepshanks illustrates how adept he was in providing comfort for women who were under emotional stress. Mary Sheepshanks was a neighbour of Crompton and Theodore Davies. As a suffragist her life was devoted to questions on women's equality as well as social and political issues. She fell hopelessly in love with Theodore Llewelyn Davies and was devastated when, in July 1905, he drowned near Kirkby, Lonsdale. According to her biographer, Mary Sheepshanks preferred to keep her emotional life private yet wrote some very revealing letters to Russell. (Spinsters of the Parish 137) The trust she placed in him is evident in such exclamations as "You are the only person to whom I have told everything..." (To Russell--6 November 1905) Furthermore, after Theodore's death she could not bear to hear about him from anyone else but Russell.

In many ways, Russell's correspondence has the flavour of a "safe-seduction" because his relationship to Lucy and

Helen was simultaneously intimate and distant. He was, by his own admission, more attracted to Helen than to Lucy. In fact his romantic interest in Helen, just briefly mentioned in his autobiography, leaves the reader with the impression that his relationship with her was a passing infatuation. His feelings for her surface in the obvious change in mood which occurs in the letters he wrote before and after her marriage to Simon Flexner. One letter, dated February 1903, reveals some underlying feelings of disappointment with the marriage announcement. Interestingly, though, he maintains a gentlemanly, kind and caring attitude in the letters to her. The tension that existed between them is evident in one of her letters when she writes of "risk" factors, which he has mentioned in a previous letter concerning the possibility of a meeting between them. The ineffable quality inherent in the writing of letters begins her comment:

...it is very hard to put down on paper one's feeling about complicated human relations. I do not want to take risks, as you say, and if risks really are involved in our seeing each other again while I am in Europe, then by all means let us not see each other. (24 April 1912)

She continues, though, and asserts that they have in all probability exaggerated the risks. A glimpse of the intensity of the feelings between them emerges in a letter written by Helen as late as 1914. Again, the possibility of a meeting between them instigates the discussion. She

eloquently begins:

...as between any two people, especially when they have seen each other so little as we have for many years, unanswered questions remain, and must remain. There is the unfathomable mystery of personality, which only a special emotion ever inspires as even to try seriously to solve. But narrowing down the inquiry I seem to make out that what is "poignant"--to repeat my foolish work--is just an old idiotic jealousy of mine, a fear that you are drawn to me by perhaps a mere contrast of colour--the red and brown that signals out little Jimmie--and not any more essential qualities. (May 1914)

Although her comment leaves room for speculation, especially concerning the "unanswered questions", the passage clearly illustrates that, at least at one point, her interest in Russell went beyond mere friendship.

That they supported each other's ambitions and accomplishments is illustrated in their letters. Helen commends his endeavours when she informs him that, "The power to awaken people intellectually is perhaps the greatest power there is." She shared her ambitions for creative writing with Russell and, in December 1908, sent him a novel that she had started to work on two years earlier. Russell's letter to her of 28 December 1908 outlines his criticisms of it with specific comments on the story's characterization, themes, plot, descriptions and diction. The letters clearly illustrate Russell's intense interest in Helen's artistic endeavours:

I hope your writing is going on well.
You promised some time back to let me

see a MS of yours; I hope you are not forgetting your promise. I am extremely curious to see what sort of thing you write. (23 May 1907)

His persistent curiosity and consistent reminders, "How goes your writing? And when am I to see some of it?" (9 June 1907) attest to the fascination that he had for her. By reading "what sort of thing" she writes he would gain insights into what sort of person she really was and thus satisfy his curiosity about her. After all, in one of his last letters to her when he informs her about a debate he is to have with John Cowper Powys, he states:

There are chapters in the subject <Love> which, when I write my autobiography, will have to be dedicated to you: you taught me all I know of unrequited love. (28 November 1929)

The lessons on "unrequited love" he claims she taught him probably originated around the turn of the century when he first propositioned her with a kiss. Furthermore, in his holograph note he writes, "I fell more or less in love with Helen..." According to Flexner's biographical study, there appears to have been some type of romantic crisis in Russell's relationship with Helen during March of 1900 when she was in England for a short visit. Drawing upon his mother's private velum-bound notebooks, Flexner shows how enthralled Helen was with Russell whom she envisioned as "an inventor of something, the creator of a philosophical system, the discoverer of an unknown planet." (324) The

emotional tension between them during this period corresponds with Russell's remark in his autobiography in which he isolates 1900 as the time when he was most fond of her. (134)

The inter-personal aspects of Russell's relationship with Lucy are, at least on his part, founded solely on affectionate friendship. For her part, she was infatuated with him as is revealed by several sources. In a draft of a biographical sketch of Lucy, Edith Finch writes that Lucy fell in love with Russell and that she was only one among the many women who solicited Russell's attention but whom he refused. In fact, he found her "less vivid" and "less interesting" than her friend, Helen. Undoubtedly, though, he enjoyed her company as a captivated listener and responded to her abilities as a letter-writer. Both in conversation and in correspondence Russell saw her as a more-than-adequate companion. As early as 1903, her feelings towards him are revealed in the letters she wrote to Helen while she visited the Russells at Cheyne Walk. The delight she experienced in being with him is obvious in the following exclamation:

Bertie's the most brilliant living mind & I can well believe he may be. Heavens, at what a pace does he not carry one on--the strain is often terrible as it is exciting. And the high rarified atmosphere in which he lives & into which he takes you makes you find other air heavy & unvivifying. (3 November 1903)

In April of 1914 evidence suggests that there was a crisis

in the relationship. At this time they were both in Fountainebleau, France, and spent much of their time walking in the forest there. In correspondence with him, after their sojourn in France, she decides that he has been responsible for giving her all the things that she most values in life and even asserts that she is "desperate" over him. (Lucy Donnelly to Russell--3 May 1914) Finally, though, as if in opposition to such bold statements she concludes that,

Afterall life is not ended with your departure.
Sometime I shall talk to you again & meantime
there is the post... (24 April 1914)

As she claims, it is indeed with "the post" that their friendship thrived.

(iii) Historical, Biographical and Literary Significance of the Correspondence

A major consideration concerning the letters is that Helen and Lucy are American. In Bertrand Russell's America the editors devote a chapter to excerpts from Russell's letters to Lucy Donnelly claiming that these letters "offer some fascinating comment on and reference to America". (1: 28) Russell's letters are indeed trans-Atlantic and are reminiscent of Henry James' treatment of the subject in his fiction. One of the major themes that permeates Russell's letters to Flexner and Donnelly is his desire to compare Britain and America. This preoccupation comes as no surprise, and yet while it is a predictable and relevant

topic for discussion, the process of assessing American and British attitudes results in some rather astute observations. Russell chooses art as a means by which to compare the cultural state of America with that of Britain and Europe. His juxtaposition of the two countries is particularly interesting in relation to his discussion of the qualities necessary for writing:

Artists must have strong passions, but they deceive themselves in fancying it good to indulge their desires. The whole doctrine, too, that writing comes from technique, is quite mistaken; writing is the outlet to feelings which arm all but overmastering, & are yet mastered. Two things are to be cultivated: loftiness of feeling, & control of feeling & everything else by the will. Neither of these are understood in America as in the old countries... (To Lucy Donnelly--23 May 1902)

As if continuing this argument about the importance of the past in the production of great literature he writes, two months later:

I believe those whose childhood has been spent in America can scarcely conceive the hold which the Past has on us of the Old world: the continuity of life, the weight of tradition, the great eternal procession of youth & age & death, seem to be lost in the bustling approach of the future which dominates American life. (6 July 1902)

The difference between the "Old" world, with its respect for and preservation of the past, and the "New" world's obsession with the future, is one reason why, Russell explains to Lucy Donnelly: "great literature is not produced by your compatriots". His comments suggest that

America exists as a callow youth fond of intellectual game-playing, full of hopes about the future but doomed to failure. The United States, he feels, has yet to mature.

A more detailed account of his attitude towards America begins to appear in 1911 when Lucy Donnelly and other members of the Bryn Mawr faculty organized an examination based on one given at Trinity College, Cambridge. "The Culture Papers", as they are referred to in the letters and in an article by Lucy Donnelly, were intended to test a student's knowledge of "general culture" at the completion of their scholastic training. The papers were then sent to Russell for his assessment. The aim was to obtain an outsider's comments and, as it turned out, they received a "British" view of American education. His criticisms (see letter dated 8 May 1911) suggest that American students fail to have original, independent thoughts. Instead, they strive to "repeat the correct opinion." He does, however, admit that "They can express what they know, and their knowledge covers a wide range."

However, Russell did not just limit himself to comments about the educational system. His "British" letters are flavoured with opinions about American traits, habits and styles. He notes that,

the scale of emotion in America seems to me more frivolous, more superficial, more pusillanimous, than in Europe; there is a triviality of feeling which makes real people very rare. I find in

England, that most women of 50 + upwards have gone through the experience of many years' voluntary endurance of torture, which has given a depth & a richness to their natures that your easy-going pleasure-loving women cannot imagine.
(1 September 1902)

While such comments may seem flippant and general, Russell's future association with America would evolve into a complex love-hate relationship. His various trips to America consistently involved public debates, lecture tours or temporary academic appointments as a visiting professor at Harvard, Chicago and California. As he expresses his opinion of America and Americans in the letters, it is worth noting that his delight in analyzing the two cultures would re-emerge and become the topic of discussion for a number of books and articles. More importantly, however, his opinions about America are more often than not negative and critical. But his acknowledgement of that nation's eminence as a world power is clearly expressed as early as 1916 when he wrote to Lucy that "America has become very important". In 1944, he takes this further as he writes in, "Can Americans and Britons be Friends?":

The English, after being dominant for 200 years, have got to learn to take second place, and to do it as gracefully as possible. The arrogance which formerly was theirs is now rapidly crossing the Atlantic along with sea power. Oddly enough it takes the same moralistic form. The English used to boast of being more virtuous than Continental nations; now the Americans boast of being more virtuous than Europeans. (Bertrand Russell's America 1: 333)

In her essay, "Modern Letters", Virginia Woolf makes the following remark concerning the art of letter-writing:

...there should be laid down once and for all the principles of letter-writing. But since Aristotle never got so far and since the art has always been an anonymous and hand-to-mouth practice, whose chief adepts would have been scandalized had they been convicted of design or intention, it will be more convenient to leave those principles obscure. (259-60)

There are no principles of letter-writing with which to evaluate Russell's letters yet certain features of his letter-writing habits are apparent in his correspondence with Flexner and Donnelly. In one of Flexner's early letters to Russell she informs him that, "for a mathematician you are far too literary." (10 December 1901) Many critics have praised the quality of Russell's literary style yet his letter-writing style has gone virtually unexamined. His prose has been commended for its simple and clear style; these are, in fact, just the qualities that Russell valued in written expression. The exemplary clarity of Russell's prose is evident in his numerous books and essays. His fascination with written communication prompted him to experiment with non-technical writing. During 1902-3 he wrote what many consider to be his most famous essay, "The Free-Man's Worship". Associated with this period is his unfinished work, "The Pilgrimage of Life", which exists only in a series of

incomplete drafts. (Collected Papers 12: 62, 66) At this time, the letters to Helen Flexner contain very strong reverberations of both works. Thus, as critics have pointed out, Russell often employs letters as a vehicle for practicing his literary skills. Another period of intense interest in non-technical work occurred during 1911-13. "Prisons", which exists only in fragmentary drafts, and his autobiographical novella, "The Perplexities of John Forstice", were both written under the influence of Lady Ottoline Morrell. (Collected Papers, 12: 102, 128) However, unlike his previous endeavours in non-technical writing, there is no obvious echoe of them in his letters and he only mentions "Forstice" in passing, to Lucy Donnelly. Interestingly, though, he also fails to mention Lady Ottoline Morrell in his correspondence to them. His other creative endeavours occurred much later in his life. When he was in his eighties (perhaps, in part, being motivated by the Nobel Prize for Literature awarded to him in 1950) he wrote several short stories published as Satan in the Suburbs (1953) and Nightmares of Eminent Persons (1954).

Undoubtedly, the style of Russell's letters is influenced by his formal essay-writing skills as well as his interest in creative writing. The genre of letter-writing certainly provides him with a favourable

medium in which to exercise his literary techniques. In this respect his summary of what "good" style entails relates well to his letter-writing practices:

A style is not good unless it is an intimate and almost involuntary expression of the personality of the writer, and then only if the writer's personality is worth expressing. (Portraits From Memory and Other Essays 212)

Generally, his comments about women's suffrage are descriptive. He is especially fond of depicting the meetings that he attends. The character sketches he provides are terse and the description of events often humorous as in the following:

Our Committee is a very amusing collection of people. Walter McLaren, our chairman, is amiable & sensible. Mrs Fawcett you know all about. Lady Frances Balfour...is a forcible elderly woman, accustomed to domineering, & an adept at bullying M.P.s --amusing, hard, aristocratic, a Unionist Free Trader. Mrs Broadly Reid, of the Chelsea Women's Liberal, you doubtless know. Then there is a young lady from Birmingham, a Miss Morris, pretty in a common sort of way, very self-possessed, & very proud of coming from such a centre of light & leading. Then there is Mrs Philip Snowden...young & very shy, very pretty, obviously feeling out of it in such a collection of bourgeoisies...Then there is Lady Strachey, the mother of Lytton Strachey--I forget whether you met her. (8 March 1907)

After his brief outline of the "characters" in this mini-drama, Russell continues:

Yesterday we were discussing a proposal that women should refuse to pay taxes, on the principle "No taxation without representation", when the Anglo-Indian in Lady Strachey became rampant, & she asked how we should like it if the Hindoos

were to adopt our battle-cry. It was funny to see the great gulf that suddenly yawned between her & Mrs Snowden.

Other examples of this type of "vignette" writing occur throughout the correspondence. His short account of a confrontation with his student, Wittgenstein, is probably the most effective. (To Lucy Donnelly--19 October 1913) When Helen Flexner suggested that he keep a record of the people he met, his reply focused on the disadvantages of such a project: "If one knows people well, any remark is indiscreet; if one knows them little, one's observations are of no value." (24 August 1905) However objectionable these factors might have been for a formal record of descriptions, Russell frequently lapses into the descriptive mode of characterization in his letters.

As early as 1897 Helen Flexner, reflecting on her observations of Russell, shares her thoughts in a letter to Mildred Minturn:

And how hard he does work, nothing is allowed to interfere with his quiet morning hours, and the hours between tea time & dinner. But for the rest of the day he is ready for conversation, exercise, games, anything, but principally conversation. Paradoxes by the score he utters, all constructed on the simplest plans, he assures you. One rule is this, just turn any platitude topsy-turvy, & then you have a witticism. "God is the greatest creation of man", for instance. (23 July 1897)

His conversational practices may also be applied to his letter-writing habits. One of the characteristics of his

letters is the use of terse witticisms. For instance, to Helen Flexner he writes: "Fundamentally, what is odd is that the universe does not attach as much importance to oneself & one's friends as oneself does." (28 September 1905) The following example is worth mentioning not only because it falls into the same category but also for its content, especially if applied to letter-writing: "Memory selects what fits in with the emotion of the moment, so that what were really the thoughts of a moment, dead almost before they were born, appear as the realizations of things always present but unacknowledged." (To Lucy Donnelly--19 September 1904) Russell admitted to being interested in aphorisms. His intended collection of aphorisms were to be entitled "Satan's joys". Included in his compilation of "bitter truths" were to be aphorisms such as, "Giving causes affection, receiving causes tedium; the reward of service is unrequited love...Passions are smirched by indulgence & killed by restraint: the loss in either case is inevitable". (To Lucy Donnelly--13 April 1903)

Russell's letters to Flexner and Donnelly provide a wide and varied scope of information about his thought and action. The letters contain various discussions about the state of British politics as well as social upheavals such as the women's suffrage movement. In his Autobiography, Russell remarks that during 1902-10 he reserved the winters

for political questions. (155) According to the well known description in his autobiography, he experienced "a sort of mystic illumination" (149) in 1901 which lasted five minutes but which was to change his personal as well as political orientation:

Having been an Imperialist, I became during those five minutes a pro-Boer and a Pacifist. Having for years cared only for exactness and analysis, I found myself filled with semi-mystical feelings about beauty, with a desire almost as profound as that of the Buddha to find some philosophy which should make human life endurable. (149)

His political outlook is inevitably entwined with this incident. While parallels may be drawn between Russell's conversion and his pacifism, the highlights of his political interest between 1904 and 1914 include movements such as Free Trade and Women's Suffrage. That these two issues were influenced by his 1901 conversion is speculative. However, evidence is cited in Portraits from Memory in which Russell identifies his liberal heritage as a significant factor that shaped some of his political attitudes:

I grew up as an ardent believer in optimistic liberalism. I both hoped and expected to see throughout the world a gradual spread of parliamentary democracy, personal liberty and freedom for the countries that were at that time subject to European powers, including Britain. I hoped that everybody would in time see the wisdom of Cobden's arguments for Free Trade, and that nationalism might gradually fade into a universal humanism. My parents, as disciples of John Stuart Mill, objected

to the subjection of women, and I
 whole-heartedly followed them in this respect.
 (Chapter IV "Hopes: Realized and Disappointed" 44)

Russell's seriousness about politics is evident in a letter that Lucy wrote to Helen in which she describes his interest in politics:

Bertie is full of nothing but politics now and in a great perplexity whether he ought not to go into them. Of course politics are in his blood, his work will not go at the moment so that he wastes his time, and he longs for something more human too than his work can give him. It is cold and isolating. His patriotism is nothing less than passionate. He told me, indeed, that it was to him as though someone were seducing a woman he was in love with. (1 November 1903)

Throughout his life Russell inwardly struggled with the classical double bind, namely the desire to balance a life of contemplation with one of action. As a result, at about the turn of the century, he attempted to combine the contemplative nature of his scholarly work with activity in the form of political pursuits. The tariff question of May 1903 provided political challenges and debate for those who were concerned about the nation's budget and economic prospects.

While Lucy Donnelly was visiting the Russells during the fall and winter of 1903, her letters to Helen describe the many long talks that she had with Russell, and also indicate the extent to which he had immersed himself in politics. She tells Helen that she is familiar with all of

his arguments about Free Trade (17 November 1903) and mentions that Russell spends hours talking to her about the subject. In early December, she writes "I have not seen Bertie since Saturday. He has forgotten me for Free Trade." (8 December 1903) His writings and public talks on Free Trade reveal his commitment to voicing his opinions on political matters. Russell's belief was that Free Trade, as opposed to tariffs, was synonymous with favorable relations between social classes, economic growth and peaceful associations with other countries. (Collected Papers 12: 181) Joseph Chamberlain was attempting to promote import duties and provide preferential treatment for the colonies all for the benefit of England. While the ideological reason for Russell's defence of Free Trade was rooted in his liberal background, and based on emotional and moral grounds, he also expressed the importance of understanding the purely rational grounds for his opinions. He expresses this in a letter to Gilbert Murray:

I believe that if voters could be given elementary instruction in the theory of exports and imports, not 20% would be protectionists. (19 January 1904)

Despite the frustrations, Russell must have experienced satisfaction, or at the very least enjoyed the contrast offered by political activity as opposed to strictly academic work, since he continued to be involved in politics and, in February of 1907, was elected to the

executive of the National Union of Women's Suffrage. While he was "getting a little finger into practical politics" (4 February 1907), he was also continuing work on Principia Mathematica in collaboration with Alfred North Whitehead. Perhaps the highlight of Russell's political career was the Wimbledon campaign in which he stood in a by-election as a supporter of votes for women. In fact, he was the first to run for parliament as an advocate of the NUWSS's tenets. He informs Helen in May 1907 that he has moments of "aimless depression when nothing with [himself] seems interesting" but he continues and deduces that the cure for such "general weariness & irritation" was the "bustle and excitement" of Wimbledon. Russell was not completely serious about his foray into politics as is clearly stated in a letter to Ivy Pretious, the secretary of the Free Trade Union, in which he explains that he does not desire to pursue a political career because "it is a howling joke, and amuses [him] about as much as it annoys [him]." (1 May 1907) More importantly, he tells her that he will be running as a supporter of Women's Suffrage because it would further the cause or, as he phrases it, "as a means of propaganda" and it would also enable him to propound his "usual opinions". The election campaign did have moments of hilarity as well as annoyance which indeed are described by Russell in a letter to Helen dated 9 June 1907.

Russell's political career, as he had anticipated, was short-lived. He was defeated by Henry Chaplin, but this did not deter him from continuing to write about women's suffrage. Lucy and Helen were both ardent feminists and thus Russell's description of the women's suffrage meetings (71, 89) he attended interested them partly as a comparison with the progress and state of equality for women in America.

Russell's papers on Women's suffrage include, "On the Democratic Ideal" and "The Status of Women" both written about 1906. (The Collected Papers of Bertrand Russell 12: 246, 257) These articles reiterate the theme of the importance of equality for women in all facets of life. A historical, social and political perspective is used in order to prove that "The argument in favour of equality between men and women is merely an application of the general argument in favour of liberty". (258) His writings on women's suffrage include public statements about contemporary events such as the second reading of Henry York Stanger's bill which advocated women's enfranchisement, "Liberalism and Women's Suffrage" (1908), "Should Suffragists Welcome the People's Suffrage Federation?" (1909) and a pamphlet, "Anti-Suffragist Anxieties" (1911). A further expression of his commitment to women's suffrage appears in his letters to Flexner and

Donnelly. Unlike his public statements, though, the letters contain some brief and sporadic comments on his work for The National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies and later The People's Suffrage Society.

In a letter to Flexner, Russell outlines his perplexed feelings about suffrage. The predicament involves transforming the abstract commitment to women's suffrage into practical law and the problem of enfranchising working women, married women, or both. An integral part of Russell's involvement with political rights for women is his shift in allegiance from the NUWSS to the PSF organized by Margaret Llewellyn Davies. ~~His~~ reasons for supporting adult suffrage for every man and woman, instead of remaining with the NUWSS who favoured suffrage for women on the same basis as that for men, are conveyed in a letter to Lucy:

The last straw which led me to join the People's Suffrage Federation was that the popularity of the Budget made it not unlikely that the Liberals would return to power at the General Election. The Liberals won't look at the Limited Bill, & can't carry Adult Suffrage till the country is willing to have it. Therefore it becomes imperative to create a demand for Adult Suffrage. Even if the Liberals do not come back, the chief objection to the Limited Bill is that it would lead to Adult Suffrage; it is therefore necessary, even to the passage of the Limited Bill, that people should not greatly dread Adult Suffrage... And Adult Suffrage is what I really believe in. It is not women as women that I want enfranchised, but women as human beings. And even poor women are human

beings. (17 November 1909)

Russell's opinion illustrates his adoption and practical application of political strategies, especially his keen insight into the interaction between political parties, voters and the process of transforming a bill into law. Clearly, as the quotation from his letter to Lucy reveals, his reason for supporting the PSF was carefully thought out and reflects his belief that voters should not support any candidate who advocates suffrage but, instead, should consider larger political principles. The Liberals favoured suffrage; however, as Russell writes in "Should Suffragists Welcome the People's Suffrage Society?" the Conservatives displayed no desire to promote women's suffrage. In supporting the PSF as a member of their executive he was essentially balancing his political beliefs by not making suffrage the only priority. After the Lloyd George Budget was rejected in November of 1909 (when he resigned from the NUWSS) it was evident that the nation's government was being challenged with a power struggle between the House of Commons and the House of Lords. His future political involvements would continue to be characterized by an ability to articulate the reasons for his beliefs in a clear manner and by the shrewdness to consider political issues carefully. He employed just these qualities in his work as a promoter of peace during

the First World War.

As Russell's autobiography indicates, the events of the Great War proved to be a vital period in his life. The war seems to have "rejuvenated" him and made him "think afresh on a number of fundamental questions." The letters are of particular importance during this time because of the immediacy of his reactions to a world crisis. They are personal documents that provide a personal indication of how angry and preoccupied he was with the course of the war. Indeed, in August of 1914 he notes, "It is difficult to write about private matters--they seem of no importance." (22 August 1914)

Russell's letters to his American friends begin to wane after the Great War. As the years pass by there is a distinct change in mood as his friendship with them slowly dwindles. Appropriately enough, though, in the last few letters to them he refers to his autobiography and their place in it. He asks Lucy Donnelly for the letters he wrote to her as an aid in helping him with his autobiography (17 March 1948) and he tells Helen Flexner that he will always associate her with unrequited love. (28 November 1929) The correspondence with them is significant and eloquent in its preservation as well as presentation of a truly unique life history.

(iv) Editorial Procedures

The aim of the present edition of correspondence is to present, as closely as possible, Russell's letters as they appear in their original form. Editorial methods have been kept as simple as possible and alterations have been kept to a minimum. The important task of the transcription of Russell's letters was eased because of the relative clarity of Russell's handwriting. The few spelling errors and the odd missing word in the originals have been silently corrected. Russell's deletions--for example, to Lucy Donnelly he deletes "inhabited" and replaces it with "occupies", (13 April 1903)--have not been recorded because of their minimal interest or effect on the meaning he wishes to convey.

Ampersands and abbreviations have been retained as well as the letter-head formats on Russell's stationery. However, in cases where he deletes the letter-head, whatever is written in his handwriting is reproduced. Explanatory notes for any obscure abbreviations are provided in the annotation.

Fortunately, Russell was extremely diligent with dating his letters, and as a result, there are no major problems concerning the dates of the correspondence. A number of Russell's letters to Lucy Donnelly have mainly complete typescripts. The 27 letters that appear in the

autobiography have complementary typescripts. Marginal notes, most often in Russell's handwriting, appear on the typescript and also on the original letters. These notes are printed at the end of the letters, despite where they are on the typescript or holograph. An abbreviation, t.s. or m.s., indicates where the information was written.

There is a special problem with Russell's letters to Lucy Donnelly dated 27 February 1912 and 26 March 1912 because Russell's third wife, Patricia Spence, wrote various comments on these two letters. Her comments are reproduced in the annotations.

Chronology

- 1871 Helen Thomas Flexner born in Baltimore, Maryland on August 14.
- 1872 Bertrand Russell born at Ravenscraft, South Wales, Trelleck on May 18.
- 1872 Lucy Martin Donnelly born in Ithaca, New York on September 18.
- 1876 Russell moves to his grandparents' home, Pembroke Lodge in Richmond Hill and remains there for the next fourteen years.
- 1885 Helen is a student at the Bryn Mawr School in Baltimore.
- 1886-89 Lucy attends Adelphi Academy in Brooklyn, New York.
- 1889 Russell lives with his Uncle Rollo in Hindhead.
- 1889 Helen and Lucy enrol at Bryn Mawr College in the English Literature program.
- 1890 Russell enters Trinity College, Cambridge to study mathematics.
- 1893 Helen and Lucy graduate from Bryn Mawr College.
- 1894 Lucy attends Oxford University to read Greek. She intends to take a Ph.D. in Comparative Philology but instead enrolls in courses at the Sorbonne. In July Helen joins Lucy in Europe.
- In November Helen and Lucy meet Russell, in Paris.
- On December 13 Russell marries Alys Pearsall

Smith, Helen's cousin.

- 1896 Lucy is a reader in English at Bryn Mawr College.
- Russell and his wife travel to America. He delivers lectures at Bryn Mawr and the Johns Hopkins University.
- 1897 Helen and Lucy travel to England and visit the Russells.
- 1900 In late February Helen sails for England and visits the Russells in Cambridge.
- On December 31 Russell writes his first letter to Helen.
- 1902 Russell writes to Lucy on May 23 and begins a lengthy correspondence with her.
- 1903 Russell's Principles of Mathematics is published.
- Helen marries Dr. Simon Flexner on September 17.
- Lucy is appointed Lecturer in the English Department at Bryn Mawr College.
- 1903-4 Lucy visits the Russells in the autumn and winter.
- 1904 During the spring Helen and Simon visit Russell.
- 1905 Helen's son, William Welch Flexner, is born.
- 1906 During the summer Lucy visits Russell.
- 1907 Russell, as a National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies' (NUWSS) supporter is a candidate in the Wimbledon by-election.

- 1908 Helen's second son, James Carey Thomas Flexner, is born.
- Lucy is appointed Assistant Professor at Bryn Mawr College.
- 1908-9 Lucy visits Russell in the autumn and winter.
- 1910-13 Russell works on Principia Mathematica in collaboration with A.N. Whitehead.
- 1911 Lucy appointed Professor of English at Bryn Mawr College.
- Russell begins his affair with Lady Ottoline Morrell.
- 1912 Russell meets with Helen and Simon in Cambridge.
- Russell's Problems of Philosophy is published.
- 1913 Russell meets Joseph Conrad for the first time.
- 1914 August war declared.
- From March to mid-June Russell tours America as a lecturer. He delivers "Our Knowledge of the External World" given as the Lowell Lecturer in Boston.
- 1916 Lucy travels to Japan and China.
- 1918 Russell's Mysticism and Logic is published.
- 1920 Russell visits Russia.
- 1921 Russell marries Dora Black. In November John Conrad is born.

- 1922 Lucy travels to India, Ceylon, Java, Angkor and Singapore.
- 1923 Russell's daughter, Katharine Jane, is born.
- 1924 Russell tours America as a lecturer.
- 1927 Russell and his wife, Dora, start an experimental school at Telegraph House, near Petersfield.
- 1929 Russell's last letter to Helen.
- 1929-30 Lucy travels to Egypt, Greece and the Middle East.
- 1931 Lecture tour for Russell in America.
- 1936 Lucy retires.
Russell marries Patricia Helen Spence.
- 1937 Russell's son, Conrad Sebastian Robert, is born.
- 1938-9 Russell is visiting professor at the University of Chicago.
- 1940 Helen's A Quaker Childhood is published.
Russell delivers the William James Lectures at Harvard.
- 1941-3 Russell at the Barnes Foundation lecturing on the History of Philosophy.
- 1944 Russell returns to England.
- 1946 Helen's husband dies.

1948 Russell's last letter to Lucy.
 Lucy dies in Canada at Pointe-su-Pic,
 Quebec.

Note--The entries of Russell's works do not include the entire corpus.

[The following note by Bertrand Russell, written on 15 August 1951, provides a brief description of his relationship to Helen Thomas Flexner and Lucy Martin Donnelly. The original holograph note is included with his letters to Helen Flexner. By giving an overview of his involvement with the two women the passage not only rouses curiosity but it aptly sets the scene for the letters that follow.]

The following letter was the first step towards two important friendships. The writer was the youngest of Alys's cousins the Thomases, of whom the oldest was Carey, first Dean & then President of Bryn Mawr. Helen was very unlike her formidable sister. She was gentle, deaf, rather timid, with very lovely red hair. She & her companion Lucy Donnelly had a passionate friendship -- at least on Lucy's part it was passionate. They were both preparing themselves to teach English literature at Bryn Mawr. Lucy was a less vivid & less interesting person than Helen, & I did not get to know her well until after Helen's marriage, which plunged her into a despair from which I tried to rescue her by offering the consolations of philosophy. But Helen at once attracted me by her hair & her gentleness. In subsequent years they often spent the summers at Friday's Hill. I fell more or less in love with Helen, but she kept our relations rigidly correct. For many years I kept up a frequent correspondence with both of them.

PART I

Friday's Hill,
Haslemere.

Dec. 31. 1900

My dear Helen

I am glad to hear that my Leibniz reached you safely, & I could wish that, like the game of Spellicans, it afforded amusement at the same time that it conveyed instruction. But I consider your government very benighted to charge duty on a work so admirably calculated to improve its citizens. You may tell it, if you meet it, that no amount of protection will enable America to produce its philosophy at home.

I have been meaning to write to you for a long time, but I have been so hard at work writing philosophy that I have had no leisure of mind for other forms of composition. I was very sorry to hear that your operation has been more troublesome than was expected: you must have found the whole thing disagreeable & a great waste of time. It is very exciting that you have actually sent in your story: I shall be very anxious to hear whether the Irish Faust gets successfully born. You will be amused to hear that I have undertaken, for filthy lucre, to write a popular article on recent advances in mathematics for the International Monthly, an American (but) most contemptible periodical. It will probably appear in April or May. I think of

beginning with the remark "In this capricious world, nothing is more capricious than posthumous fame", from which I shall go on to point out that all recent advances are due to Zeus, who was pre-Socratic. That ought to irritate your up-to-date compatriots!--I have had only two reviews of my Leibniz: one said that Leibniz was in touch with modern thought, the other that he was not. I hardly know which remark to think the more inane. How I hate allusions to this age! Thank goodness a new age will begin in six hours.

I have been endeavouring to think of a good resolution to make, but my conscience is in such a thoroughly comfortable state that I have hitherto failed. In October I invented a new subject, which turned out to be all mathematics, for the first time treated in its essence. Since then I have written 200,000 words, & I think they are all better than any I had written before. So I have no good resolutions to make, unless I could resolve that you should come over next summer. It will be very sad if you are unable to do so. I never pass Green Hill without wishing you were there: & I often make the same wish without passing Green Hill.

I hope you & Lucy are not overworking & that she is recovering from the effects of our brilliant conversation! Please assure her, from me, that Russians talk languages well, that human nature is the same all the world over, &

how small the world is. It may have a soothing effect.

Grace is here, & is a charming visitor: & in spite of my child-hating properties, I find her children also very agreeable. Mrs. Berenson (if you know who that is) is now safely married, both by church & state. The religious marriage has greatly amused me. With all possible good wishes,

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell

Friday's Hill,
Haslemere.

July 3. 1901

My dear Helen

Alys got your letter, & thanks you for it, but as she is rather busy, I am writing instead of her. The enclosure is the beginning of an autobiography, which I have been amusing myself by dictating to Alys. Make any remarks or criticisms you feel inclined to, & please send it on, as soon as you have read it, to Mrs. Whitehead.

It was a great pleasure to see you the other day, but it is tantalizing to think of you & Lucy being so near as Brighton & not to see you again. I hope that the stern doctors you describe will produce a wholesome effect, & that Lucy too will profit. Brighton is certainly mediocre but I fear you will find it no pleasanter than medicines usually are.

Alys sends word that we have never seen *The Naked Truth* [do not blush: it is Mildred Derby's book], but that it sounds awful--a sentiment with which, judging by the title, I agree.

The Webbs' visit is nearly over. They are people who really regard themselves as means, & in no sense as ends, i.e. all their morality is utilitarian & none of it aesthetic. This is admirable, but excites reflections.

They have no desire for perfection whatever: Mrs. Webb says that if she is above the average she is doing well enough. Her morality is as slovenly as her table manners--but equally efficient!

I suppose Lucy is by now installed at Brighton. I hope the effort of getting there has not tired her too much, & that she will really improve during her stay there.

Alys sends her love.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell

Friday's Hill,
Haslemere.

December 30. 1901

My dear Helen

It was a great pleasure to hear from you, but I cannot tell you how sorry I am to hear that your recovery is so slow. It is terrible to be out off from all activity of mind & body, especially when, as in your case, the instinct for activity remains. I suppose that everything is being done to make you better, but you must be growing fearfully depressed & impatient. I do not know of any consolation to offer--except hope, which is an insult when offered by people who do not share the trouble. Since I wrote to you this time last year, the greater part of my thoughts has been occupied almost continuously with the subject of illness; Mrs. Whitehead's condition has remained a cause of anxiety. The mood in which I wrote to you last was very transient; the next day I went back to Cambridge in frost & fog, & found no cause of happiness awaiting me. Some sorrows can only be met by patience, & the reflection that life is both short & unimportant. This is a consolation not open to the Christians, & it is one which gives us a real advantage over them.

The world of mathematics, which you condemn, is really a beautiful world; it has nothing to do with life & death &

human sordidness, but is eternal, cold, & passionless. To me, pure mathematics is one of the highest forms of art; it has a sublimity quite special to itself, & an immense dignity derived from the fact that its world is exempt from change & time. I am quite serious in this. The only difficulty is that none but mathematicians can enter this enchanted region, & they hardly ever have a sense of beauty. And mathematics is the only thing we know of that is capable of perfection; in thinking about it we become Gods. This alone is enough to put it on a pinnacle above all other studies. If you will contrast the dignity of (say) Samson Agonistes with Shelley's "I fall upon the grass, I die, I faint, I fail" etc, you can conceive of mathematics as standing to Milton as Milton does to Shelley. I have come to feel a certain shame in thinking of transient things, & to regard a year spent, as this year has been, in human sympathy, as something weak & slightly contemptible. But the life of pure reason remains a remote aspiration, which (fortunately, you probably think) I do not find myself attaining.

Alys & I, finding ourselves rather tired by term's labours, went to the South of France for three weeks. We saw Avignon, Arles, & Nimes, & moralized duly about the Popes & the Romans, the flight of time & the fall of empires. We have been home a few days, & I am working hard to get my lectures in order for next term. But I doubt

whether anybody will come, now that they know what to expect! We have been reading the Grammont Memoirs, the most amusing, delightful, & improper book that I have ever read. Do get it at once, unless you know it already. It tells all the details of all the intrigues in Charles the Second's court. Scandal is like things of beauty, its loveliness increases; I much prefer it two centuries old.

We have been hearing from Grace about Miss Garrett & the Xmas dinner--the whole business is delicious. I wonder whether the dinner disagreed with the family as much as they did with each other--I hope not!

I am sorry this letter is not more amusing. The wind is howling, & it has been raining for 10 days; the house is empty, as Alys has gone to town, so that everything inclines to melancholy. But melancholy is on the whole a pleasant mood: "cheerly, cheerly, she loves me dearly, & ah! she is so constant & so kind".

I hope the New Year will bring you luck, & that your next letter will give better news.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

Friday's Hill,
Haslemere.

31st March 1902.

My dear Helen

I have been waiting to answer your letter until the Holy Ghost seemed propitious--in my more religious world, he replaces the heathen muses. Your letter tells of a rather depressing life, & I do not know quite what cheerful thought to send across the fussy Atlantic. The American devotion to pedantry is very unfortunate. They have not realized that the ultimate aim of every dignified study is emotion. Indeed, it is one of their characteristics that they never inquire concerning ends, but pursue means so completely as to insure non-attainment of the end. And so with Classics: by studying philosophy, they make quite certain that no one will enjoy his Homer or his tragedians. And this is what they (poor lost souls!) consider their proof of intellectual superiority. Peace be with them!

I wish I had a course to give on English literature. I would make the very wall of respectable Bryn Mawr shiver. Your theory of how to produce literature (like Logan's) seems to me mistaken. It is a far more difficult business than that. All great literature requires the rare & all but impossible combination of fiery emotion with an intellect capable of viewing it impersonally. Where the latter fails, you get mere Byron; where the former, mere

preciosity. It is, I am quite sure, a mistake to suppose that without an intensity of feeling which would wholly crush an ordinary mortal it is possible to produce Shakespeare, Milton, or Carlyle. But when the feeling has been got, it is necessary to have the strength of a giant, so as to turn it into literature instead of mere lamentation. Indeed, it is necessary to feel, with all the strength of a passionate nature, entirely impersonal things--as, to behold desert a beggar born, & needy nothing trimmed in jollity, etc. etc. This is why great literature is rare; & the intellectual emotion you speak of should be added on to the other, not substituted in its place. Fire comes from the one, dignity from the other.

Your letter about the Bryn Mawr fire to Alys arrived. You make a mistake, in my opinion, about Hodder. He is a man incapable of sustained, continuous effort; & women fill so large a part of his thoughts that his attitude towards them can never be overlooked. The first 30 pp. or so of his novel are admirable--the rest seemed to me twaddle. He has good raw material in his Specious Present, but he is too dissipated to make much out of it. But please do not communicate these views to him. For my part, I consider him now a man to be avoided.--Do write & propound the questions that you say go round & round in your head.

I commend to your attention the fact that all the

greatest literature is concerned in some way with the inevitable: faith or destiny, the flight of time, death, the magic enchantment that gives beauty to the eternally motionless & unchangeable past--these are the true themes of great poetry. These things, being inevitable, are the true Gods of the world of nature; & it is only by making them into Art that we become greater than they are, & can triumph over "Death & chance & thee, O Time!" Thus the sense of divinity, which Art should give, is given most absolutely by the intellectual victory over the omnipotence of Destiny. I commend these ideas to the fluffy-haired freshmen: but I don't know how pedantry can affix a date to them, & without a date they are, I suppose, inadmissible.

The spring is here; but I find its frivolity offensive: the earth is too youthful, too ready to forget the storms & snows of winter. The autumn to me has far more beauty, far more dignity. For my part, I am not Wordsworthian; my feeling towards nature is more cloistered & medieval--she is the seductress, the preacher of pleasure & ease. But I know I have been born seven centuries after my time. May America despise me for it!

Write soon about your health & general progress. Alys sends love.

Yours aff^{ly}.

Bertrand Russell.

14 Barton Street
May 5. 1902

My dear Helen

Being about to suffer agonies at the dentist's, I am in a good position to lecture on endurance & self-sacrifice; so I choose this moment to answer your letter. Your paeon on Columbia, to tell you the truth, left me cold; & I believe you wrote it from duty, not from inspiration.

I am interested to find that self-sacrifice puzzles you. When once the sternness & the evil of life has been realized & inwardly admitted, self-sacrifice, tho' it remains terrible, ceases to be puzzling. It is in no way an error to suppose it necessary: only the weak go through life without it. And you must not imagine that it brings after it any compensation, of however exalted a kind: even virtue, in some circumstances, must be lost by one supreme act of suicidal virtue. Force is not more to this purpose than renunciation: the old, old phrases have all of them a terrible meaning, only that Hell is the reward of the good, not the punishment of the wicked, & is a place which can be entered voluntarily & also voluntarily abandoned. But it is not self-sacrifice for its own sake that is good: only most of the virtues that give beauty or dignity or sublimity to a character are impossible without it, &, worst of all, when we realize that others have equal claims

with ourselves, we almost always find that personal renunciation will increase the total sum of good. But asceticism, which represents pleasure as bad in itself, & wanton pain as good, is wholly bad, & nearly allied to cruelty. There are no books on the subject of morals, because moralists have almost all been either Christian or wicked. The best thing I know is the Everlasting No in Sartor Resartus. The great secret of virtue, & of whatever still leaves pardonable, is to abandon all internal demand for happiness, to realize that happiness is only for the frivolous, & that life, to those who have eyes to see, is filled with tragedy & compassed round with spectres. And then courage! There is my gospel for you. There are no intellectual problems in morals: any child, with honesty, can see the truth. All the tangles are caused by people's obstinate determination to prove the truth of obvious falsehoods, because the opposite is so cruel.

Alys has had a nervous break-down: for a long time she got gradually worse, & now she is in a rest-cure, & appears to be getting much better. It has been a great anxiety; but all who do public speaking for philanthropy come to it sooner or later.

I am still working at the same book that has occupied me for the last four years, & at last it is nearing completion. It is a terrible incubus to me, & I have begun to despair of finishing it. I feel about my work just as

Carlyle did--vide Froude. I am writing on any, every, a, some, all, the nature of inference, the essence of truth, & other light subjects. Except when I am fit, I cannot understand my own writings.

I should be glad if you would not speak of the moral notions here propounded except to Lucy, to whom please remember me. They are rather intimate to me, & not quite for the public, at least at present. I hope you are neither of you overworking, & that you continue to enjoy the spring & its frivolity.

Yours aff^{ly}.

Bertrand Russell.

June 10. 1902.

Dear Helen--Thanks for your letter, & for your compliments. As for the "splendid stoicism of my sentiments", you will feel less enthusiasm when you have put them in practice for a time. What one believes to the point of action soon loses its halo.

You say that Lucy regards me as a "great romantic". This is a rare opportunity for combining egotism with one of the great themes, so I shall treat you to an Essay, to which I shall expect a refutation in the shape of quotations from the best authorities.

Romanticism, it seems to me, is the creed of passion, the belief that the good consists in overmastering emotion, of whatever kind, the stronger the better. Hence, it is bad to dwell specially upon the strongest emotions--love, hatred, rage, jealousy--with one exception: No romanticist praises fear, tho' this is certainly as strong as any emotion can be. The reason is that the romanticist loves emotion as an assertion of personality, of individual force, while fear expresses the exact antithesis to this, the slavery of the individual to the world. The world, in the view of romanticism, is primarily material for the development of the individual--thus Kant is the parent of the romantic movement, & Nietzsche is its child. Its antithesis is not classicism, but Buddhism, quietism, the

doctrine of virtue. This is, of course, more akin to romanticism than classicism is; but that is the nature of antitheses.

The worship of passion has, I confess, a great instinctive attraction for me, but to my reason it is utterly abhorrent. As well might one hold--as I sometimes think Wagner does--that the purpose of music is to make as much noise as possible. It is not the quantity but the quality of emotions that is important; & those that love the finest quality are often, like the best effects in literature, delicate & fugitive & evanescent, while hatred, rage, & jealousy are utterly to be eschewed. "To burn always with a hard, gem-like flame" is not the purpose of life, in spite of the modern Athenians, who find the vices of antiquity more congenial than its virtues. There are the classes of emotions, those that are beautiful, those that are hideous, & those that are beautiful to the possessor & hideous to every one else. The true Byronic creed glorifies the third class, & in this it is utterly mistaken.

But the fundamental error of romanticism lies in the fact, which it shares with Christianity, that it places the end of each man's life within himself--personal holiness, or personal excellence of some kind, is what is to be achieved. Leaving quite aside the whole daily mechanism of life, which must absorb most people's activity, this

theory misconceives radically the purposes which should be aimed at by those who are free to choose their ends. And it is here, I think, that classicism is infinitely more in the right. There are great impersonal things--beauty & truth--which quite surpass in grandeur the attainment of those who struggle after fine feelings. Mathematics, as a form of art, is the very quintessential type of the classical spirit, cold, inhuman, & sublime. But the reflection that such beauty is cold, & inhuman is already romanticism--it gives a shiver of feeling in which Self has its share. The true classical spirit loses itself in devotion to beauty, & forgets its relation to man. Human or inhuman, beauty is a source of simple & direct joy, & is not contrasted with the lot of man, but rejoiced in for its own sake. For my part, I can rarely attain to this point, & the emotion, when attained appears to have a certain thinness as compared with the great reflections on human destiny. But I believe this to result solely from too great interest in Self & its circumstances, & to be wholly of the nature of a weakness.

So Lucy's remark, however true of my instincts, is not true of my reason; but as it is instinct that usually talks & writes, the voice of reason is comparatively feeble.

I am sorry to hear you have been having a horrid time. Your "theoretic life", in which you forget Lucy's existence, amuses me; but I don't wonder she finds it the

very reverse of amusing.

I saw Alys on Saturday for the first time; she is still secluded from every one she knows well, but I was allowed the inside of a day with her. I found her less well than I had hoped, & I am still very much worried about her. But I hope Switzerland may set her up.--

Affectionately yours

Bertrand Russell.

Friday's Hill,
Haslemere.

June 27. 1902

My dear Helen

Many thanks for your letter. Your description of rain & sea & tide brings up most vividly a scene full of the infinite, uniform sadness of the world; it is an excellent description. Here, the insolent sun shines day after day, with the blatant air that comes of conscious performance of duty; the east wind blows, making all the outlines hard & the hills colourless; nature is cheerful & unsympathetic, merely disturbing to the worship in the inner sanctuary of one's mind.--About moral ideas, I admit problems when one comes to philosophize about duties; where I do not admit them, is in the actual decision of particular duties. Often I have doubted, very often I have decided wrongly; but always in the doubt or the wrong decision there lurked an element of dishonesty, of listening to the whispered sophistries of desire. Cultivate honesty, & conscience will soon grow up to it; no happiness results, but exaltation, inspiration, the sense of fellowship with the heroic spirits of all ages, & finally a strange, almost mystical serenity, when desire is dead, & Destiny can no longer affect us with promises of good or threats of evil.--Of course self-sacrifice is

difficult & very real; it occurs whenever oneself as end has to be sacrificed to oneself as means, i.e. to the ends which oneself as means may hope to achieve. And it is no use pretending that the sacrifice may not be real & ultimate: the best conduct is very seldom that which would make one the best person. But it is true that the end gained by others ought to be greater than that sacrificed by oneself: our admiration, where this is not so, is a mere overflow due to the general rarity of unnecessary abnegation. As to the function of reason, in directing conduct I think it should be very limited: only in the rare cases where opposing duties seem nearly balanced can it be allowed to intrude, & even then it ought to be so full of emotion as to be scarcely recognizable as reason. But the emotion must be moral emotion, not desire; & there is a great practical difficulty.

Have you read Maeterlinck's *Le Temple Enseveli*? A great deal of very admirable morality, expressed in very exquisite prose, is to be found in that book.

I took ten days' holiday after finishing my book. Now I am in full working trim again, doing seven hours a day normally. I have learnt that virtue requires thoughts directed almost wholly to the future, not the past; so I scarcely remember the book I have finished, but think entirely of what is to be done next.

Alys comes home tomorrow for two days. Then she goes

to Switzerland for three weeks with Mrs. Webb. After that, there is real hope that this separation may be at an end.

I am looking forward greatly to hearing from Lucy by the next post, as you lead me to expect.

Yours aff^{ly}.

Bertrand Russell.

Little Buckland, N^r Broadway, Wors. 2nd Aug. 1902.

My dear Helen--Your letter from New Hampshire gives a wonderful description of your woods & sunsets, making me long for the free breath of American scenery again. In some ways, it has, at least in my memory, a golden quality I have not found anywhere else: Whitman has put it into literature, but his pedantic countrymen only observe that he breaks the laws of prosody.--You are right about self-knowledge; to many people, it is only a source of weakness. Whether you are one of them or not, I do not presume to judge. Don't exert yourself to write on high themes when you do not feel so inclined: I shall always be glad to hear of your doings & feelings & friends. I disagree totally about the moral fine gentleman & fine lady: alas, the world seldom permits the finer flower of virtue to flourish in those who expose themselves, as they should, to the storms of life, but that must not blind one to the very real loss involved. This is a painful theme, but experience & observation are to my mind conclusive against the notion that the best life produces the best person. I should also say that Repentance is a necessary stage, & that presupposes Sin, & thence is incompatible with a faultless life. But here I trench on the mysteries of Religion!

As for emotion & reason as guides, I have too intimate

an acquaintance with reason, I know too well its importance & its base subserviency to desire, to have any respect left for it. "Il y a beaucoup d'amour dans la sagesse; il n'y en a point dans la raison", Maeterlinck says somewhere.

I wish I could deliver an inaugural lecture on Literature to your class. I should begin: "Ladies, the themes of literature are few, but they are all beyond your comprehension". People who confound literature with painting sometimes permit themselves to say the subject does not matter: this remark is quite absurd, indeed there is no valid distinction of subject & treatment. What is to be expressed is always emotion; & from this point of view rhythm, for example, belongs essentially to the thing expressed. Thus the theme is all in all for literature. Berenson says that literature is the most inexpressive of the arts: this is a very profound remark to my mind. Essentially, literature deals only with the relations of man to the inevitable & irresistible, which you may call God or Devil as you choose. This theme has above all two forms: Death & Time; there are others, for example in Milton's Satan, but these two are the chief. And Time is either the Past or the transitoriness of what is present.* To humanize the irresistible was formerly the province of Religion; now it must be left to Literature. And it is to be done no longer, as before, by fashioning God in our own image, but by so enlarging our souls that we can absorb &

enfold the whole great Universe, & conquer Nature by thoughts greater than her greatest works. A good example is Maeterlinck on the Past in *Le Temple Enseveli*, where we are made to feel the Past a product of ourselves, which we can alter & beautify as we will--one of the most profoundly true things I have ever read. In all Tragedy, tho' the personages may be crushed, we ourselves, by the emotions aroused, seem to rise above their sorrows: we become Gods whom Fate dare not touch. And by infusing beauty from our own storehouse into the monstrous deeds of Nature, we achieve a victory greater in proportion as the facts are more terrible. If you take the greatest things in prose or verse, & apply this standard, you will find that all of them possess the quality I speak of. It is a quality which life too may contain, but only for those who have a certain religious solemnity, who feel to the full the greatness & the terror of the outer world, & yet are not crushed by it.--This would be my lecture to the young ladies; but I fear they would understand but little of my meaning.

My new opus is only Vol. II of the Principles of Mathematics; the work I have to do for it is nearly finished. This neighbourhood is soothing & delightful, & Alys is getting daily better, which is a great happiness to see. Our address after Sep. 15 is 14 Cheyne Walk Chelsea S.W.--Remember me to Lucy, & give my love to Anglo-Saxon.

Yrs aff^{ly}.

Bertrand Russell.

* Methinks it is the morrow, day by day
That crows us, & the coming thing away
Greater than things today or yesterday.

Euripides [Gilbert Murray].

Cambridge. Sept. 16. 1902

My dear Helen--I will answer your apologies as to paper by using similar sheets myself: they have a great convenience. You would be surprised if you knew how much comfort it gives me to think that my letters are in any way a source of strength to you. To be a help to individual people, even in a slight degree, is so difficult for a student, & has to be so often avoided on account of more austere duties, that it is like a spring of fresh water in the desert to find an opportunity of private usefulness. And I find that, in writing to you, I clear up my own ideas, & express them better than I should do without that stimulus. Yes, your life is not an easy one; but it is, if one can learn to view it so, a proud privilege to have difficult duties put in one's way, & one does well to feel that duties too are a possession--alas, there are but few other possessions that may not at any moment crumble like the Campanile. Let us resign into the hands of God the outward circumstances of our lives, reserving only to ourselves the inner freedom of those who have foregone whatever external Fate can destroy. When this has been done thoroughly, it brings with it a great economy of vigour, since all the fret & weariness of desire is ended once for all.--Yes, I can easily believe that deafness gives intimacy; for it is in the face, & especially in the

eyes, that the soul appears, more than in any word that is or even could be actually spoken. But I do not know what to say as to the truth of Maeterlinck's views. I feel all that he says, & yet--I cannot tell you what instinct there is in me against him, but I am persuaded there is a weakness of some sort in his doctrines; when I have thought it out fully, I will tell you, if I can, what it is that I feel to be wrong. There are, however, undoubtedly, moments of almost mystic intimacy. Have you read the correspondence of Emerson & Carlyle? They met once, for a day, at Craigenputtock, & again in London, very many years later, for a brief space; & in opinion & ways of thought they differed very widely; yet Carlyle felt, from first to last, that Emerson was his one & only comrade in the great hubbub of fools, the one human soul to whom he could speak, & from whom he could get an answer. The whole thing is strangely pathetic, & illustrates how little material is required to make a great friendship. Everything in life must be pruned until the bare essentials alone remain. Do you know the would-be comic story of the Frenchman who undertook an epic, & re-wrote & polished until nothing was left but the one word "Bonjour"? As a biography, it would have been adequate to describe a fortunate life. We wander through the lonely world, crossing now & then the path of some other solitary wayfarer, with whom we can interchange but one moments greeting before our paths diverge again, to

meet only in the silent Temple of Death.--But such reflections are unprofitable while there is work to be done. It is good to think of the future, of the objects to be achieved, & not of one's own existence in this absurd planet. I am learning to keep my mind always full of plans of work, of vivid impersonal interests, & of thoughts from which some real good may result. By dint of courage, happiness of a sort is always attainable; & life is short when one thinks of the monument to be erected while there is yet time.

Have you read "Tristan et Iseult", a translation into semi-modern French by Bedier? It is exquisite, tender, beautiful as the dew of an autumn morning; but strangely free from religion or philosophy or thought of any kind. These people lived & did these things; but they do not typify human existence, there is no mysticism, all is clear & simple & straightforward. I fancy the definite solution of all mysteries offered by theology destroyed men's sense of religion, & prevented that brooding on the sorrows & failures of life that characterizes later literature. Let us admit that the sense of exile from which we suffer has its uses in quickening our interest in the invisible home of the soul.

I am here for a little while doing proofs with Whitehead: Alys has already gone into Cheyne Walk, & I join her on Saturday. She is not yet well, tho' she seems to be

getting better as fast as was to be expected. Work is a cruel taskmaster, but this winter I hope to shake it off for a while more or less.--BB's paradox about literature is of course only half true; but it has a real point.--I will try to find out about a dictionary. I imagine the Oxford Dictionary is all right as far as it goes, but you probably want something smaller.--Love to Lucy. If either of you write, address 14 Cheyne Walk Chelsea S.W.--Your description of American Nature is excellent.

Yrs aff^{ly}.

Bertrand Russell

14 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, S.W. Oct. 14. 1902.

My dear Helen--Many thanks for your letter. It is a comfort to me that you should write frankly to me of your sorrows, & I like to think that I may be useful to you in the way of encouragement; for I know that I have not always been so. You must not think that I prefer it when you write upon more irrelevant topics; indeed the very opposite is the truth: troubles & difficulties & the need of strenuous effort have made me feel more at home in a sombre than in a gay world, & the more serious sides of life almost alone interest me now. You may reckon upon my keeping absolutely private anything you may wish not to have repeated; & if the expression to me of the experience which you feel that you will some day have to give to the world would be any comfort, I beg that you will not feel restrained by any scruples.--I know very well the feeling towards the young which you express, & also the complete death of private desires. It is well to learn the art of filling one's life with desires that have no reference to Self: they are more useful, less liable to lead to tragedy, & in their own nature more full of dignity & beauty. The large charity which is born of suffering is especially to be prized; & there ought to go with it an insight into people's possibilities of good, that we may inspire them to nobility by the faith that they are capable of it. We are all like lost children, crying in the night for home &

love; let us be gentle with those who have not strength to bear their solitude, & let us regard our strength not with pride, but with the feeling of a sacred duty to those still more unfortunate ones who have it not. The great gift that comes through sorrow nobly borne is wisdom, & from wisdom comes at last serenity, the peace which passeth all understanding. This peace, if we live rightly, will not be refused us at the last.

I am ashamed to say I have never read Marcus Aurelius, but I am sure I should agree with you. Spinoza is a person of whom people foolishly say similar things. People seem not to know how much baffled emotion is required for austerity, how it is always the narrow door by which hunted men escape the clutches of despair. Austerity is not needed by those who do not have to struggle with all but overwhelming passions: it is the reply of the strong to the outward victory of Fate.

This place is singularly beautiful. Alone at night in my study at the top of the house, I see far below me the busy world hurrying east & west, & I feel infinitely remote from their little hopes & fears. But beyond, borne on the flowing tide of the river, the sea gulls utter their melancholy cry, full of the infinite sadness of the sea; above, Orion & the Pleiades shine undisturbed. They are my true comrades, they speak a language that I understand, & with them I find a home: rest & peace are with the calm

strength of Nature.

Alys was not at all well until about a week ago, but now she is very much better, & I earnestly hope the improvement may last. In spite of her illness, I try to do a little work, & still more to keep alive my interests: I have been reading a good deal lately. But it is difficult, & the tax on one's energies is very great. However, if she remains better, all will be well.--My Aunt Agatha has given up Pembroke Lodge. I paid her a last visit there, & it was inexpressibly sad to see the last of the old garden which I have loved almost more than if it had been a human being, to think of profane hands making it new & smart, destroying the beautiful memories of the Past which live in every part of it, & thinking nothing of all the joys & sorrows which seemed its inalienable property.

Write again whenever you can find time. Love to Lucy, tho' she owes me a letter; but I know she is too busy to write.

Yours aff^{ly}.

Bertrand Russell.

14 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, S.W. Nov. 11. 1902.

My dear Helen: I found your letter on returning this evening from dining with the Webbs, where I had been expriencing for the thousandth time the hopelessness of trying to make a Utilitarian understand the value of a life devoted to Art & truth. Mrs. Webb has manufactured to herself a religion which she believes tho' she knows it to be false; & she refuses to see that such conduct is base & cowardly. O truth, truth! What a passion of austere love it inspires in its cloistered priests! Unfaithfulness to that worship is to me the unpardonable sin: for truth I have that strange devotion one has to those things or persons to whom one sacrifices without any reserve, the all-knowing affection that has survived very terrible tests & risen from the graves of its weaker comrades.--I must urge you again, & very strongly, to let me hear what you have to say of yourself, quite frankly, as soon as you have leisure--say at Xmas. I wish to know, but you need not imagine that I have formed a wonderful anticipation which will be disappointed. Not only out of interest in you, but also for the sake of my own wisdom, I beg you to write fully.--By the way, I hope you remember that my letters are only for you & Lucy: it is a comfort to me to let out my depression & discouragement, & to speak of what consolations the wreck of religion has left me; but the

condition of my writing frankly is that you do not repeat things e.g. to Grace, as it is part of my business to be always cheerful. Depression has been the chief thing in Aly's illness, black, utter depression; & at times I have almost envied her part rather than mine. She saw a specialist the other day, & since then she has been better, but God knows how long it will last.--I sympathize with your feelings of impatience: I used to be utterly possessed by them. But I have learnt at last the old stoic secret: hope nothing, fear nothing, desire nothing, forget joy & sorrow; & now impatience hardly ever comes to me. It is a strange, sad secret, only to be learnt by those who have fearlessly passed through the fires of Hell; but when learnt, it makes us free men, whom Fate can break if it will, but cannot bend. I should like to write a new Inferno, into which men go living: they are lashed by the ghosts of dead hopes urging them back to the City of the World, & by Duty urging them forward, whither they know not. Those who go forward emerge at last into a broad wintry open landscape, where a frosty sun faintly illumines trees white with rime, & in the enchantment of the still air all eager desires, all bitter regrets, are forever dead. I imagine the souls in Hell singing a paean to every new comrade: "Welcome, welcome, welcome to the land of torture; welcome to the home of love, welcome to the palace of truth, welcome to the battle-field of courage, welcome,

proud spirit, that art worthy to enter our great company of heroic sorrow"; & so on. Such is my Hell; does it attract you? I should like above all things to devote myself for a while to literature; but the stimulus of letter-writing inspires me with better things to say than I find when I deliberately try to write. If you keep my letters, I shall ask some day to look them over, in case I should find anything serviceable or suggestive in them.--No, I do not outmatch the bear; I go to bed usually about one. In London, one cannot get the sense of liberty from the load of humanity until late at night, so it is impossible for me to go early from my study. I am doing hardly any technical work now, & the relief is so great that I have a boundless store of energy to spare from sleep. Life is too short for sleep, when once the passion of great achievement has laid hold on one.--Yes, Spinoza is hard: I strongly advise reading Pollock's book about him first; you will then find it easier to discover his best. I am glad to think you have got into the study of primitive religions: anthropology has given me a new view of the world. Moloch embodies man's piteous endeavours to placate the resistless forces of nature: surely, he thinks, the cruelty of human sacrifice must suffice to appease their lust of blood. But they crush him none the less, with the same smiling indifference. Man is not a citizen of the world of nature, but an alien among hostile powers; & until he abandons his

outward life voluntarily to their tyranny, the inner life of the mind has no liberty, no dignity of haughty self-assertion. Such is the rationale of human sacrifice to my mind; & now I find a ghostly pleasure, in groves, on great planes, & on old hills from which the vastness of the world is visible, in thinking of our sad ancestors, generation after generation, hoping to find the secret key to unlock the hearts of the gods, sacrificing their dearest to omnipotent injustice. Their view of life, after all, was truer than that of our sleek optimists.

Love to Lucy. It is nearly 1.30, which is late even for me, so I must stop.

Yrs. aff^{ly}.

Bertrand Russell.

14, CHEYNE WALK,
CHELSEA, S.W.

Dec. 14. 1902.

Dear Helen

This must be only a short letter in answer to yours, as London has succeeded in filling up my time to far too great an extent. I am very glad indeed that you have decided to let me see your inner biography, & I hope you will get it done this vacation. Above all, be really frank, otherwise the result will not be genuinely a document. You need not imagine that I shall generalize about women from your case--I know too many women to make any general statements about the whole sex. I think all of us who are honest & expose ourselves to any close contact with real things, must have found all our ready-made theories of life shattered, as you say yours have been. It is only the edifice that we build upon the ruins that has any value.

Yes, it is difficult to be quite impersonal towards one's own experience, & tho' desirable, it must not be carried to the point of making one cold & unsympathetic. Indeed, in a certain degree, the converse is desirable, to feel the experience of others as tho' it were one's own. In any case, throw your sense of humour overboard by all means. There is far too much of it in the world--for my part, I found it a veritable emancipation when I learnt to

put away humour.

Yes, heaven & hell are very near together, both preferable to common day. But hardly any one can manage to stay long in either.

Alys still has ups & downs, but is on the whole a great deal better. She seldom sees Dr. Boyle now, & the man whom she saw as consultant seemed excellent.

We go to Florence to the Berensons in a week; it will be agreeable, after London, to see the sun again & know the difference between day & night.

This is a dull letter, but London is in my soul, & I have nothing interesting to say. I shall count eagerly upon your Confessions. Love to Lucy.

Yours aff^{ly}.

Bertrand Russell.

14, CHEYNE WALK,
CHELSEA, S.W.

Feb. 7. 1903.

My dear Helen

Your news is indeed delightful, & I congratulate both you & Mr. Flexner very warmly. I have heard of him before, & I admire very much indeed the pursuit of Science in the spirit in which he pursues it. And I am very glad indeed that you are going to marry. You will have now the one great experience that is happy, the only one whose happiness has the intensity that otherwise is only found in pain. And marriage, tho' in the long run it usually brings many sorrows & difficulties to women, yet gives them a human life, a life full of ties & duties, which, after all, constitute the only serious reason for existing. And it takes away the feeling that the brief years are slipping by without our ever penetrating the inner sanctuary of the Temple of Life.

Will you pardon me if I give you a word of moralizing? What I wish to say will, you will find, stand the test of experience. It is, that whoever marries a student must learn to feel, not merely with the lips, or even with the mind, but with the instincts, that the advancement of knowledge is infinitely the most important thing in the joint life. At first, no doubt, it seems easy to feel this; but the utter absorption in work which a student must

feel from time to time, the oblivion of everything except work, is rather trying, & jealousy of work is not always easy to avoid. There is, in the world at large, too much care for individual happiness where it conflicts with great impersonal ends; & this attitude is very antagonistic to lasting achievement.

I had been wondering at not hearing from you, but now it is explained. Do not, please, be amazed by my serious words; my mood, now-a-days, is always serious, & the gay letter that I should have written remains in the ink-pot. But I am most sincerely glad of your news.

My book is nearly out; when it appears, I shall feel as one does when one leaves the dentist. I do not think the book good, but it will be done, & that is enough. It is an odd world, & I am hardly used to it yet. I have been reading Darwin's life; if you have not read it, do: it is the scientific life. I envy the men of science their absolute certainty as to what they have achieved--I have tasted it in Mathematics, but in philosophy it is impossible.

I have written to Lucy. I hope you will not stop writing to me; & I also hope very much that we shall see you & Mr Flexner when you come to Europe. With the warmest good wishes,

Yours aff^{ly}.

Bertrand Russell.

14, CHEYNE WALK,
CHELSEA, S.W.

March 19. 1903

My dear Helen

Many thanks for your nice letter. I was half afraid my letter to you might have seemed a trifle impertinent. It is not so difficult to realize the value of work as to allow for the obliviousness of everything else which it occasionally involves; & I was very much relieved to find that my remarks had not annoyed you. I can well understand how all your time must be filled up, & perhaps I can feel for you a little! But it is not pity that your present position calls for, & I dwell with pleasure on the thought of your happiness.--I hope you will continue to write to me as often & as intimately as you can; the more personal your letters are, the better pleased I shall be. And it is a comfort to me to write to you.

I have been a prey to weariness & depression for some time past. Alys's illness, which is now (I trust) quite cured, was a great strain, & the removal of it leaves one without the usual & familiar motive for exertion. Fatigue makes all one's usual aims seem unimportant, & the only thing I really wish for is to lie in the sun & sleep. But my mind insists upon working just as much when it is tired as when it is fresh. I am going a walking-tour in Devonshire with George Trevelyan, which I hope will turn me

into a healthy animal.

Do get & read Bolton King's Life of Mazzini (Dent): it is one of those Lives of Saints that one needs to supply the void of religion. But it is a depressing book: for by dint of plots & conspiracies Mazzini lost his veracity & his judgment, & was punished for his devotion by becoming in the end an obstruction. Also Italian unity, when it came, was bitterly remote from his dreams.--I have been reading Nietzsche's Zarathustra: it is well-written & contains some clever aphorisms, as "He who loveth his God chasteneth Him". But it is fundamentally shallow. Like all creeds that make our own greatness the essence of virtue, it forgets that we live in a society, & that the excellence of others should be as much our aim as our own. No refinement of Self can ever replace the ultimate necessity of altruism; & whoever has not submitted to the yoke of the world has not crossed the threshold of the moral life. But forgive this prosing.

I am at a loose end in regard to work. My book is finished, & I want not to plunge at once into another of the same sort. Consequently I have thought of imitating my brother, & writing Lay Sermons. But I don't know that that comes to much. Have you read Jeremy Taylor's Holy Dying? His prose is divine at its best; but alas, his matter is often tedious & commonplace. Give my regards to Lucy. I look forward to hearing from her, & when I do I will write

to her again. I am profoundly glad my letter was a comfort to her.

Yrs aff^{ly}.

Bertrand Russell.

May 13. 1903.
Churt, Farnham

My dear Helen

Like you in your last letter, I am writing now because I am too exhausted for work; so you must pardon dullness. All that you write about yourself is most interesting to me. It is one of the most extraordinary experiences in life to find oneself seized by one of the great emotions that unite one with the life of nature; & when the emotion is the one that has come to you, the experience is full of joy, which is not so in other cases. You need not feel guilty towards Lucy. Women's friendships always have the possibility in them of being interfered with by marriage; but marriage is too desirable a thing to be foregone because of the pain it may involve. And besides, suffering which is not complicated by anybody's wrong-doing is by no means one of the greatest of evils; it is even a thing which one would rather not have been without. Still, it is hateful to be the cause of pain.

As to repaying confidence with confidence, surely I do so already: I write no franker letters than those I write to you. There is a comfort in saying out what one feels, without stopping to ask oneself if this feeling is foolish; & if one only mentions one's very sage & dignified thoughts, the effect is a person quite unlike the real one.

My book is out at last. It seems to me a foolish book,

& I am ashamed to think that I have spent the best part of six years upon it. Now that it is done, I can allow myself to believe that it was not worth doing--an odd luxury! But the effort of keeping up one's belief in the value of anything except human happiness is to me very great; & tho' it is painful to think my whole life a mistake, it is less trouble than to think the opposite.--In spite of these thoughts, I have to work at the second volume, which has been filling all my time & energy of late; when once that is done, perhaps I may be able to shake off the burden for a while.

As for the lay sermons, I have hitherto written only two; doubtless they will be published in time. If I see you before that happens, I will give them to you in MS; if not, I will send you them with pleasure when the time comes. At present, I am so weary that everything seems to me futile; & in that mood I cannot write. But I suppose some day I shall begin to think some things less bad than others again.

Give my regards to Lucy, & write again when you can find time. Alys keeps better, & is full of activities again.

Yours aff^{ly}.

Bertrand Russell.

IVY LODGE,
TILFORD,
FARNHAM.

Oct. 18. 1904

My dear Helen

It was with the greatest pleasure that I heard you had a boy. This is about the greatest event that can ever happen to you, & the one that must make the greatest difference to your life & to the habitual contents of your mind. I think the practice of congratulating people on the birth of children is quite just, as those who have children are on the whole more fortunate than those who have none--children are hardly a source of happiness; but they are one of the great fundamental experiences, without which it is impossible to be quite fully a member of the human family; &, what is perhaps more important, they are a link with life, a pledge to the future, which prevents people from sinking in their later years into utter solitude & indifference. There is no healthy life except in the future; & to those who have no children, it is unavoidable that the past should gradually overburden the future. For all these reasons, I consider that you are much to be congratulated.

I have heard nothing so far beyond the bare fact; I do not know how you are, or how the baby is. I hope all has gone well, & I shall look forward to hearing soon.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

TELEGRAMS,

LOWER COPSE,
BAGLEY WOOD,
OXFORD.

May 16. '05

My dear Helen

I am very sorry indeed that my letter at the time of Welch's birth should have seemed a "polite attention"--I must have expressed myself very badly, probably because the things it is most natural to say on such occasions seem so hackneyed. I have wished very much to hear from you, & if I had not heard of your not being well, I should have wondered at not hearing. So please let the "psychological snows" melt again. I of course have heard of you from time to time through Lucy, but it was nice to get a letter from you again. And I hope it means that your health is better, for I have been very sorry to hear of your lack of strength.

It is a pity Simon has to work so hard; but it is a universal rule: people all work too much or too little (except oneself, of course, oneself exactly hits the mean, whoever one is). Your tyrannous nurse sounds a most proper example of her kind: you will find, no doubt, all through Welch's education, a series of dragons to stand between her & her parents--no doubt a part you must have sometimes yourself wished to play towards students at Bryn Mawr.--But

seriously I can well believe that the responsibility seems terrible when one first has a child to think of; & it is a terrible responsibility. The only consolation is that it must be assumed by most people, & that oneself is sure to be better than the average. But that doesn't take one very far. And I should think the relation of parent to child requires more self-command & self-repression than any other. I think all the serious things of life make one feel the lack of religion a very great deprivation; I am not one of those who think it can ever be other than a very serious loss.

How awful that the people you have to see should be so boring: I am most unjustly lucky in that respect--almost all the people I see are interesting or at least agreeable.

This house is charming--much nicer than any since the Millhanger. It is pretty itself, & its surroundings are charming. Alys is well, & I am working like a horse. But I don't make much progress, & I feel very dry & old & stupid. The second Vol. of my Principles of Mathematics, which is what I am busy with, will take a good many years more, & when it is done no one will read it. But the work itself is nice when it goes well.

I fear I am not likely to come to America until I have become an elderly big-wig, whom intelligent young people recognize as a humbug. I should like to come immensely;

but I don't see how I can spare the time.

What you write about Lucy is very good indeed. Certainly she is wonderful: I admire her courage, her self-forgetfulness, & her power of doing her duty, enormously. I am most truly glad that her work at Bryn Mawr is successful as it deserves to be.

Please give nice messages to Simon from me. I got the other day--was it from him?--a medical journal of which the Table of Contents greatly pleases me. I have derived much comfort in odd moments from meditating on Naphtha-Quinone-Sodium-Monosulphonate.

I wish one could be young again, but I am grown old & tired. I am drying up into a crusted old pedant, full of pomposity & self-importance. The spring returns & the nightingale sings, but I merely note them without feeling. So you see mathematics is having its revenge.

Do write again when you have leisure & can manage it without tiring yourself, & let me hear about yourself, & about Simon & about Welch.

Yrs ever

B. Russell.

LOWER COPSE,
BAGLEY WOOD,
OXFORD.

Aug. 24. 1905

My dear Helen

Thank you for your letter of July 25. It was a relief to me, & I am very glad my letter to which it was an answer was "welcome & delightful". I should have written to you sooner if your letter had reached me at any ordinary time. But the calamity of Theodore Davies's death has absorbed all my time & thought since it happened, & I am only today returned from a journey in France with Crompton Davies. I am still not up to writing a proper letter, so you must pardon a disjointed & scrappy sort of answer to yours.

Your suggestion that I ought to write down descriptions of the people I meet is flattering, but it is open to several objections. If one knows people well, any remark is indiscreet; if one knows them little, one's observations are of no value. Then again there are only 24 hours of the day, & of these I find that 25 are already occupied. So I am afraid my journal will only be begun in a better world.

I am very glad indeed that your health has been returning; & your account of Simon's friends interests me very much. I have never read the book about Buddhism you speak of, tho' I have no doubt it would interest me. My

brother was once a Buddhist; my cousin St. George Fox Pitt has been one many years; I once drew Rhys Davids (a Pali scholar) on the subject, & subsequently looked through his book on it; that gives me a feeling of familiarity with Buddhism, which I fear more knowledge might destroy. But all you write about it sounds fascinating.

As for reading, I am reading nothing--I never find time except for books whose object is to put me to sleep. This is shocking, & I hope to amend it; but so it is at present.

I wrote a letter to Lucy some time ago which I addressed to Bryn Mawr; I hope she got it. Please give my love to Simon & pardon this very inadequate letter. I was up all last night, travelling, & not sleeping more than a few moments; & my days to come are full of arrears of work accumulated during the last 4 weeks. Write again when you can.

Yrs aff

B. Russell.

TELEGRAMS,

LOWER COPSE,
BAGLEY WOOD,
OXFORD.

Sp. 28. 1905

My dear Helen

Thank you very much for your letter of Sp. 8, which I was glad to get. I can well imagine how the strangeness of life has been impressed upon you by Welch's birth & Miss Ritchie's death. For my part, I have at last grown acclimatized to the planet, & it has ceased to seem to me strange. I find, on looking into what used to seem strangenesses, that they all seemed so because one couldn't divest oneself of the notion that there must be some purpose in things. If one learns to agree with the Devil in St. Antoine, that "il n'y a pas de but", one seems no longer to find anything strange. Fundamentally, what is odd is that the universe does not attach as much importance to oneself & one's friends as oneself does. Have you ever watched a cow in a field running away from an express train, & wondered what its reflections were? At first it thinks the train is coming to kill it; then, finding itself still alive, it wonders what object can have been important enough to make the train go so fast. Then it decides that the train came as a warning, to lead the cow to repentance; & that if it doesn't repent, the next train will run it over. So it repents, & leads the other cows to repent.

But one of them, after all, gets run over; & then our cow concludes that life is a mystery.

I am sorry your summer has not been as restful as could be wished. For my part, I have come to the conclusion that one cannot get a real holiday by taking exercise the whole day long, & going to bed very soon after dinner. I even think it is almost essential to be alone, so as to have no responsibilities at all. But I think a week of this regime sufficient to set one up for months.

Ray is staying with us: she goes to Newnham next week, where she is going to do mathematics, to her mother's disgust & my joy. Her mother was always too polite to let me know how ill she thought of mathematics, & I only found it out over Ray's decision. For my part, I do not consider it an essential part of a decent human being to have the reasoning faculty untrained & undeveloped. But on this point opinions differ.

Please remember me to Simon & give my love to Lucy. I hope Welch flourishes now. I was sorry to hear that filial piety had induced the paternal disease; but I hope by now a sufficient tribute has been paid. We were very glad of the photo you sent to Alys, which is very nice.

Yrs aff

B. Russell.

BAGLEY WOOD,
OXFORD.

March 15. 1906.

My dear Helen

Many thanks for your nice letter; I had been wondering when I should hear from you, but I was not surprised, as I heard you had not been well, & had had worries with servants etc. I am much amused by your account of the Bengal tiger. Think of Welch being already so sophisticated as to enjoy sham terrors! What a product of civilization & security! The younger generation come on fast--I expect he has already seen through as many delusions as we had when we were twenty, & by the time he is 10 will settle down to cultivate his garden like Candide. The younger generation already give me an occasional frisson, just such as I used to give my elders: their frankness & fearlessness & intolerance of sentiment & humbug leave me panting in the rear. I am glad it is so; but for them I should have thought I had achieved what in them takes my breath away. But as regards Welch, tho' no doubt he already possesses all wisdom, he is no doubt still "provokingly close", like the baby Shelley interrogated on Magdalen Bridge.

I am very glad to hear you have begun on a novel which will take years: it will be a companion & a solace & a sedative to worries. There is nothing like a book for

giving continuity. It is a pity Simon is overworked, & I hope he will be careful. But everybody who works at all is overworked, except me. I was surprised & pleased by what you report of my reputation at Harvard--I know I was read by Royce & a young man named Huntington, but I did not know any one else read me. I can't help thinking the report must have made the most of things. It is funny & pleasant how, after one has published a book, one's reputation gradually grows without needing any fresh publications for a long time.--My work all last year went extraordinarily well, & I expect for the next four or five years to have a very pleasant time of it, until the book which Whitehead & I are doing jointly is finished. That will be a monument of industry which few books will surpass, tho' I say it as I shouldn't; unfortunately it will require almost equal industry in the reader, so we do not expect a public of more than half a dozen.

It is disappointing that you & Simon cannot come to England this summer, but we are looking forward to seeing Lucy. What you tell me about her is very interesting.

Give my respect to Welch, & my kind regards to Simon. Write again when you can; I shall be interested in everything concerning yourself & your affairs & your reflections.

Yours aff^{ly}.

Bertrand Russell.

BAGLEY WOOD,
OXFORD.

Oct. 19. 1906

My dear Helen

Your letter, which reached me this morning, was a great pleasure to me. I am very much relieved that Lucy has so successfully conveyed my message, & that a vexatious misunderstanding is cleared up. Yes, as time goes on one values one's friendships more & more; those that have lasted long have improved, & new ones become increasingly difficult to make. I am grateful for what you say about not discussing letters, & you may rely upon me in that respect.

I am interested to hear that you have formulated opinions upon Life. I quite agree one has a right to them at 35, but I shan't believe much in my own opinion till I have managed to keep a set of them at least a year, which I have hitherto failed to do. The devotion to ideals is a pleasant topic. The people you have in mind seem to be devoted, not to ideals, but to a picture of themselves as idealists. This, like other forms of egoism, is certainly to be condemned by the casuist. There is no moral health in people unless their lives are given to objects outside themselves, & this is something quite different from "high standards", "ideals", "devotion to virtue" & all the rest of the buncombe. All these things are, as you say, merely

means to self-congratulation. But it would be surely a mistake to infer that people ought to be terre-à-terre. If they are fond of other people, & also devoted (genuinely) to impersonal ends of some kind, virtue results of itself; if not, the best they can hope for is very second-rate. Broadly speaking, all decent people are too busy to have time for "ideals".

I am glad to hear about Grace. It is entirely a pleasure to have the chance of being useful to Val, he is such a very loveable boy, & rewards one so fully for any trouble one may take over him.--I am much amused at Welch's intellectual interest in what things are "for babies" & what "for mothers". See how already others use the poor boy's mental activity to defeat his wishes. It is a mistake to think, if you wish to get your own way. If I had a chance I would warn him that thinking is a practice which it is impossible to renounce too soon.

Please thank Simon for his letter to me, which I received a few days ago, & tell him that his biological tables would be just as unintelligible to me as my symbols are to him.

I am very glad to hear that Lucy has come back so well & in such good spirits. She owes me a letter, as you may tell her with my love if you write. Mildred Minturn's engagement is very satisfactory from her point of view, I should say; I am curious to see what sort of wife she will

make.

Work fills my days just now so completely that I have few ideas on anything else. I am at last reaping the harvest of many years of rather hopeless efforts to see through difficulties which stood in my way, so work just now is delightful.--Do write again when you have time, & tell me about your work & about Welch & everything.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

14, BARTON STREET,
WESTMINSTER.

Dec. 4. 1906

My dear Helen

Many thanks for your interesting letter. I am glad you manage to get work done in spite of difficulties. Don't you think when you get something finished you could send it me? I should be very glad of the chance of seeing your work, & would return it quickly. I dare say you are right that mathematics is less comfortable than literature. But I observe that people who have any kind of artistic pursuit suffer horribly from the comments of ignorant fools; & that, at least, mathematicians are spared.--I don't think you are likely to get much out of Alys for Women's Suffrage, because just now there is a boon in it over here, & she is devoting an immense amount of energy to it, speaking a great deal. When she is away, I work almost all day, 10 or 11 hours, only stopping for meals & for an hour's toddle in the afternoon. Sat. to Monday we always have visitors, & my work stops; so I hope I keep human. Just now I have come to London to read a paper on Truth, & am staying a few days to see friends.

I don't read much now-a-days, as I have very little spare time. I read Walton's Lives, which made me feel vicariously respectable & pious. Now I am reading Haydon's autobiography, a curious book, suggesting many reflections &

moral problems. Occasionally I read a new novel; Galsworthy's "Man of Property" rather pleased me.

I have been much amused to hear the gossip about Mildred's marriage. I gather the Minturns say that he is much more devoted than she is; the Scotts of course say the opposite, from which one may infer a just equality. I am very glad she is married; I think it will make her happier, tho' probably less interesting.

It will be a pity if Lucy has to overwork again--I hope she will take as much care of herself as circumstances allow. Please write again when you can, & remember me to Simon. Welch must be at a very interesting age now; I wish I could make his acquaintance.

Yrs affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

BAGLEY WOOD,
OXFORD.

Jan. 18. 1907

My dear Helen

Many thanks for your letter, & for the very interesting things you tell me about your work. I am glad you have made yourself a promise to persevere--nothing is accomplished without a period of disgust at oneself. I shall look forward keenly to your MS, which I count on your sending me. Certainly you ought to make one like your heroine if she has all the virtues you describe. By the way I am grateful for the information that none of you were very attractive in your youth--it has the greatest merit information can have, namely that I should never have known it if you hadn't told me. I am alarmed about the "Man of Property", because it seemed to me almost wholly devoid of what is called literary merit--just a piece of real life, which is interesting if that is what one wants.--Mildred is a fool to keep Arthur with her mother, & if I saw her I should tell her so. She has always hitherto allowed her mother to ruin her life, & I suppose she will continue as before. It seemed to me the great merit of her marrying an Englishman that she wouldn't be able to sacrifice him to her family, as one knew she would if she could. But if people are bent on folly they find a way to it somehow. In any case Mildred has too little respect for other people's

liberty to make a success of marriage with any man who has not a very strong will.* I give you full permission to repeat as much of this as you can without getting your head bitten off.

My paper on Truth was purely technical, & would not interest you. Beyond occasional reviews, I have written nothing untechnical for a long time. I have been still working hard, even Christmas day & boxing day. Val, who has spent his holiday here, is a real friend--I miss him now that he is gone. He is serious & thoughtful, & has a very fine moral sense; at the same time he has good observation of people, & plenty of fun.

Now it is getting late, & I must go to bed. Don't imagine, from my strictures, that I don't like Mildred; I like her very much. Please give my love to Simon & my respects to Welch.

Yrs affectionately

Bertrand Russell

* Is it true he keeps an alligator in the bath-room? As good as snakes in the refrigerator.

BAGLEY WOOD,
OXFORD.

March 20. 1907

My dear Helen

I have been thinking over your letter a great deal, & if I had not been unusually occupied I should have answered it sooner. Personally I do not see any likelihood of Lucy's being happier away from Bryn Mawr. To take first the practical aspect of things: she has to earn her living, & it would probably be hard to do so in any way less disagreeable than teaching at Bryn Mawr. If she got a post in New York, which I suppose is what you would like, she would be more entangled with her family. But coming to other considerations, I am not at all sure that life would not be positively harder for her if she could not separate her routine times wholly from you. This may seem to you an odd view, but when life is hard it is easier to set one's teeth & go at it, with occasional intervals, than to have one's duties interspersed with moments of painful & unsatisfying happiness. You very naturally wish her to get personal peace. But I think you ought to face what I believe to be the truth, namely that it is quite impossible she should get it. Otherwise you risk driving her out of the least bad thing possible into something much worse. There is a danger of imagining cures to other people's ills, not for their happiness, but for one's own. And if

they are unselfish, they may fall in with one's plans, & so ease one's sympathetic pains by increasing their own sufferings. The fundamental misfortune of Lucy's life is that there is no one to whom she comes first--no one to whose happiness she has a right to devote herself. This is no one's fault, but also it is in no one's power to cure.--But if you have any definite thing to suggest, I dare say it might be some slight improvement. Only beware of acting to relieve your own pain rather than hers: it is so easy to mistake the two, because they are so intertwined.

I am interested to hear that Mildred & Scott have gone to the Bermudas. The tug of war in a new marriage always affords some amusement to the cynic, & I am wondering which will win in the end.

I wish you could think of something that would make Lucy happier. I can't, but perhaps you will be more fortunate. Only I feel as if you already do the very utmost that is possible for you, for I know you are as good to her as it is possible to be.

I am very much hoping to see something of your work before long. Please give my love to Simon, & to Welch the respects of an Old Fogey who has seen better days.

Yrs aff

Bertrand Russell.

Kirkby Lonsdale
23. May. 1907

My dear Helen

Your letter would have been answered much sooner but for the brief excursion into the world of action which compelled me for the moment to postpone everything else.

What you say about Lucy is much more likely to be true than what I thought because you know her & her conditions so much better than I do. So you must not give much weight to my opinion, which is not really a well-informed one. I agree strongly that Lucy ought to struggle for the best possible conditions at Bryn Mawr; for the rest, I should naturally give weight to your judgment.

You complain of my not having written about myself. It was not from lack of friendliness, but from having nothing to say on so dull a topic. I am subject now-a-days to fits of aimless depression, when nothing connected with myself seems at all interesting, & when my only resource is to forget my own existence as much as possible. It was in the middle of such a fit that I last wrote to you; & if there was any asperity in my tone, it was not personal to you, but an unintended effect of general weariness & irritation. The fit lasted until I stood for Wimbledon, when the bustle & excitement cured it. The whole thing was quite sudden & unpremeditated; & altho' on the whole it was disagreeable, it did me good, & much of it was great fun. Now I am

taking 10 days' holiday, previous to settling down to work again. Alys, tired as she was, had to go to Paris on a philanthropic errand. I am afraid by now she must be nearly dead; but luckily she has no serious work ahead of her for some time to come.

I hope your writing is going on well. You promised some time back to let me see a MS of yours; I hope you are not forgetting your promise. I am extremely curious to see what sort of thing you write. But perhaps you fear the dangers & delays involved in sending anything so precious as a MS on such a long journey.

Excuse this dull letter. For the moment, my mind is too quiescent to bring forth anything. Please remember me warmly to Simon. I enjoyed very much making the acquaintance of his brother a few weeks ago.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell

BAGLEY WOOD,
OXFORD.

June 9. 1907

My dear Helen

Many thanks for your kind letter about my brief excursion into politics. It was a funny time--partly horrid, partly amusing. The first meeting was the worst--a huge hall absolutely packed, about half violently hostile, & come only to make a row, whistling, cat-calling, getting up free fights, pretending to have fits, & getting carried out--everything imaginable to make speaking inaudible. The papers averred that rats were let loose, & the myth grew--I never saw them, & no one I asked did, until at last I found a man who said two had been let loose at the very end, & he had seen one dead. I was nervous before the meeting, being quite unaccustomed to speaking; but of course the opposition roused one's fighting instincts, & I shouted at them for about half an hour in a mainly futile struggle to get heard. Then Alys tried, & after listening a moment they started again. After a number of others had failed, it came to the turn of my cousin St. George Fox Pitt, the Buddhist, who was Liberal Candidate there at the General Election. He is a fatuous person, & advanced with a smile, as much as to say "I'll show how it's done". He began "Now I want to tell you a story". Loud derisive yells. "It's a story about Mr. Chaplin". More yells. And in a few moments he had to sit down. But he remained as

self-satisfied as before. At our next meeting they tried pepper, & hit Alys with an egg as we were going away. But after that they were quite well-behaved. St. George, as you may remember, is the person who wanted to marry Sally Fairchild, & failed because he wouldn't back her up in a row she had with his mother.

I don't quite understand why you say Women's Suffrage involves the perfectibility of the human race. I hope not, as I don't believe this last.

The Murrays are back. They both loved America, & cannot speak too highly of the kind way they were received. They both spoke particularly warmly of you & Simon, in spite of the discussion on vivisection! I am glad Lucy had them to dinner--they enjoyed it, & it must have been a pleasure to her. I hope she is not too utterly worn out with her College work, & will get rested this summer.

I am back at work, trying to forget public affairs. Miss Reilly from Bryn Mawr has just come here from Cambridge, & I am looking forward to talking shop with her during the next fortnight. This place is full of beauty at this time of year--when are you coming over to see it? How goes your writing? And when am I to see some of it? Please remember me to Simon, & give him my best wishes for his success in all his undertakings.

Yrs aff.

Bertrand Russell.

BAGLEY WOOD,
OXFORD.

July 20. 1907

My dear Helen

Your letter of June 5 has remained shamefully long unanswered--when I wrote last to Lucy I meant to write to you by the same post, but fate willed otherwise. I am very glad my letter of May 23 gave you pleasure. You must realize that my feelings are always friendly, but when I am busy & tired I choose the shortest way of saying what seems essential, & that sometimes gives a wholly fictitious air of unfriendliness, which you must allow for. I am not writing from Bagley Wood, but from a place in the New Forest, where I am having tea in the course of a bicycling tour. The next 6 weeks I shall do no work; the prospect is pleasant. When I come home at the end of that time, I mean to begin writing out my book in its final form; I hope within 2 years it will be ready to print. Half will be written by Whitehead & half by me. I hope I shall manage to see Simon; I am only at home 3 or 4 days more till September. I would have arranged matters if I had known when he was coming, but I didn't know.

I quite see your objections to sending me your story before it is published. I hope it will prosper, & soon be visible.

Women's Suffrage here is in a queer state, but happily

it stops during August. I am much interested to see that an out & out Socialist, who is too hot even for the Labour Party, & is an "enthusiastic suffragist" (in his own words), has just been elected at a by-election over the heads of a Liberal & a Tory. I am told he is engaged to Christabel Pankhurst, but I don't know if that is true. Her view is that until women have the vote they ought to "refuse to become mothers". I don't know the young man's view on this interesting question.

I can understand your having no patience with Carey over the Ph.D.s & so on. I probably should get equally vexed. I think when people are vexing one should remember that they have no free will, which one may as well forget when they are agreeable.

Excuse a dull letter--my brain is in that lethargic condition that belongs to the beginning of a holiday. I have forgotten your country address, but I suppose you have letters forwarded. Love to Lucy. I wish I could have come over to visit you. Perhaps some day--when my book is out!

Yrs aff

Bertrand Russell.

BAGLEY WOOD,
OXFORD.

Oct. 4. 1907

My dear Helen

I was very glad to hear from you, & especially to get such an interesting letter. It must be very disagreeable indeed for Lucy at Bryn Mawr. She wrote to me about her difficulties there; I think she would do well to stand up for her rights. I said nothing about your having written. What possibilities are there for her away from Bryn Mawr? For clearly she would have to have a post somewhere.

I am interested by you saying you can face old age but not death. I feel exactly the opposite. To be alive with diminished faculties & after losing most of one's friends seems to me horrible; but not to be alive at all has never seemed to me so very undesirable--at times I desire it, at times not, but I never greatly fear it.

I can never think of Florence Dyke & her husband without amusement at the thought of how I was the cause of their engagement becoming known: do you remember the spectacle from our hotel in New York?

If I were you, I wouldn't worry over being analytical about people. I think it is good to be just in one's estimate & charitable in one's feeling; but to be charitable in one's estimate seems to me a kind of

untruthfulness. And for my part I get a great deal of interest & pleasure out of analyzing people.

I wish I knew about Simon's adventure in Germany. Please thank him for his message--it was a very great pleasure seeing him.--Yes, I have read Kipps & thought it excellent. Do you read Conrad? I am sure you do, because Lucy does. "The Heart of Darkness", which I read the other day, impressed me greatly.

My work is going on very well, & I am thoroughly enjoying it. I can't wholly retire from the world, as I still have my Woman Suffrage Committee & Newnham Council, not to mention friends to see. But a comparative retirement is necessary & useful--For the moment, I am distracted by a paper on William James's last book, which I have to read to some Oxford undergraduates. It is a charming book, but to my thinking pragmatism is hopeless stuff. I notice that the consolations of religion, which it is proud of preserving, amount to this: That with its definition of truth, the proposition "God exists" may be true even if God does not exist. I think the Pope is very right to condemn this presentation of the Christian Faith, tho' I don't think he is politic. He ought to encourage every form of muddle-headedness, just as his priesthood encourages drink, if he were only thinking of the interests of his Church. Love to Simon.

Yours aff.
Bertrand Russell.

BAGLEY WOOD,
OXFORD.

Feb. 3. 1908

My dear Helen

I am delighted to hear that you have a little boy, & that (at least when Lucy wrote to Alys) you & he were prospering. I hope everything continues to go as well as can possibly be imagined, & that he will prove a great added happiness in your life.

I had been going to write in answer to your last letter, when this great & good news intervened. It is a severe misfortune for Lucy to have to put up with such a dog's life both at Bryn Mawr & with her people. I do hope she will find some better mode of living, tho' I have difficulty in imagining what it is to be.

I lead now-a-days a kind of double life, between Mathematics & Suffrage. The Suffrage work is full of interest, & makes rapid strides. I should not be much surprised if we got it within the next 6 years, tho' 10 years is what I think most likely. The other day we went to Asquith on a deputation--I had to speak, which greatly alarmed me. His wife & daughter, who as you know are smart & frivolous, had come to see the fun & inspect the oddities. He made Mrs Fawcett personally undertake that none of her women would create a disturbance. Seeing Miss Asquith, & not knowing who she was, Mrs Fawcett said she

couldn't be responsible for that lady! The night before last we had Zangwill & Miss Sterling to address a huge meeting in Oxford. We took the largest hall in the place, which holds 2000; it was packed, & ever so many had to be turned away. An M.P. on our platform remarked wistfully that no other cause would draw such an audience. Zangwill was very witty, but I consider Miss Sterling (the Hon. Sec. of the National Union) more convincing. However, Zangwill draws an audience.

Now I am on my way to Cambridge, where I shall be immersed in Mathematics. I enjoy the transitions--they make life fuller & more interesting.

This morning I received a work of Simon's on meningitis, which is impressive & looks very interesting. Please give him my best thanks for it.

With warmest good wishes,

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

Glastonbury
July 30. 1908

My dear Helen

Here I am in the Isle of Avalon, having come today on my bicycle from Stonehenge. (I am on my way to Endcliffe, Saunton, near Braunton, N. Devon, which is my address till Aug. 29.) I came right over Salisbury Plain, which is always beautiful, but was rather spoilt by soldiers & volunteers, who camp out on it at this time of year. You must imagine me now in that state of complete physical well-being that comes of a long day's exercise, a bath, dinner, & a pipe. This state is supposed to produce mellow wisdom; for my part, however, I believe that, owing to the inherent optimism of mankind, it is only under the influence of depression that we see things as they are. At present I am seeing them as they are not.

Everything you tell me about yourself & Simon & the children & their nurses interests me. I agree with Simon, that he ought to finish his Pathology, tho' I sympathize strongly with your objections.--I admire your state of mind about your own writing; I believe all good writing is done by people who can't help themselves, not by people who write from a sense of duty. I have quite ceased to ask myself if my work is worth doing, because I know I should do it all the same if I thought it worthless.--You speak of life seeming to you irrational & mad. I don't think it is

unimportant, & becomes irrational & mad when people think it important. I used to wonder whether I would die with a sense of due achievement if my work in life had been to make pink frills for hams. Now I feel that that is just as good an occupation as another, & that to do it well is to live worthily. It is conceit that makes one feel it necessary to be important. All that is really necessary is that the final outcome of one's activities should be above zero & not below it.

I have had hardly any time for reading lately, as I have been working 10 hours a day, except the days when I have Suffrage Committees in London; & then I use the train journeys to write necessary letters. The big book that Whitehead & I are writing together will probably be ready for the Press in about a year. Then I shall have 2 years of comparative leisure while it is printing. Glorious thought! After that, I think of acquiring some knowledge of the subjects I have been writing on. I find writing a big book makes it impossible to know one's subject.

We are much looking forward to seeing Lucy in Sept. I wish there was a chance of seeing you. Please give my love to Lucy & best wishes to Simon.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

BAGLEY WOOD,
OXFORD.

Oct. 5. 1908

My dear Helen

Ever since I got your letter of August 11th I have meant to write to you, but after I had put it off a little while I began to think I would wait for Lucy's arrival, & for all that she would have to tell me of you. So you mustn't suppose I have been so dilatory as I seemed. And I have been well rewarded by all that Lucy has had to tell me of you & Simon & the boys & your days at Chocorua. She was kind enough to give me some of your letters to read, which made me feel as if I were with you, or could at least imagine your present life more than before. It is strange how our lives change--it is not pleasant to have no acquaintance with what is important to one's friends. Sometimes I feel so old, so old--the present seems mere play-acting, & all the reality is in the past--"es machen mir meine Gespenster Sogar einen Tagesbesuch". I find that memories affect me far more strongly than present facts. But there is not much good in sentimentalizing, & mostly I am too busy.

It has been delightful having Lucy here, & she has seemed happier & altogether better than when she was last in England. Now she is settled in her cottage at Iffley, or rather Grace's cottage, & I hope she will find it a

congenial place for work, if Miss Fullerton will let her. I went over with them this afternoon, & when we arrived Logan came bringing pictures of Horace Walpole & C.B. Fry. Having advised Miss Fullerton to take Walpole as a model, he had to advise Lucy to live by the example of C.B. Fry. So if she changes, you will know the reason!

Our life goes on in its usual way. We are both much busier than we used to be--Alys with Suffrage & Temperance & School for Mothers & Bedford College, I with Suffrage & my book. The book will I hope go to Press next year, in which case it ought to appear in 1911. In 1912 there will be a mathematical Congress at Cambridge at which I must be present; after that--in the summer of 1912--I hope seriously to come to America, if I can get enough lecturing in the autumn to pay my expenses. Four years, at our present age, does not seem like eternity. By that time, William will be putting the grown-ups to shame by the subtlety of his psychology. Probably he will regard Henry James as terribly obvious. You & I will be like the old people in Thackeray, whose histories are recorded in an earlier novel. Life is long & art is short, as they say.

Speaking of art, I hope you are making progress with your novel. I take the greatest interest in it, & I often wonder what it is like. I can well believe that you find it frightfully hard to get time for it, & with a work of imagination I should suppose it almost indispensable to be

able to live in it.--Write again when you can find time:
don't be guided by my example in delaying, but by my
precept in writing soon.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

TELEGRAPH HOUSE,
CHICHESTER.

Dec. 28. '08

My dear Helen

I have read your novel with great interest, & I am very grateful to you for letting me see it. I have read it twice, & I found that it improved with re-reading, which is a good sign. The situation of Mr & Mrs Ford is interesting; she, of course, is a double-dyed villain to my mind, tho' probably you would not agree. I gather from Lucy that Logan doubted the possibility of Mr. Ford, but he strikes me as a perfectly possible person. I could not, however, be as kindly towards him as you do. I remember you wishing sometime ago to say that you were afraid you had chosen to make Aurca less attractive than a heroine should be, so it seems to me that she is still rather lacking in charm. The place where she seems to me most living is when she goes out to dinner after her explanation with Hampton (XII). On the other hand Mary Hampton is thoroughly alive.

There seems to me some aspects in which you could without much trouble improve it. In the first place, there seems to me too much discussion, often of things which are exactly as one would expect. In the second place you have sometimes put in incidents which, tho' all right in

themselves, do not, as far as I can see, help in the development of the story; & although you may no doubt reply that this is the practice of all great novelists, they do not seem to me, in this respect, worthy of imitation. In the third place, you have sometimes given a narrative of conversation where the actual conversations would have been better. In these respects it would not be difficult to change, & I think the result would be to give the whole more life & a swifter movement. At present the development seems to me somewhat too slow.

I have noted a few trivial points on a separate sheet.

I very much hope you will find time & energy to go over it again. One cannot hope to produce the best one is capable of in a first attempt, & I have no doubt that perfectly feasible changes would considerably improve your story. I am very curious as to how it goes on--whether Aurca gets to know Mrs Hampton--& changes her view of the situation, or what happens.

I owe you also an answer to your letter of Nov. 25, which I was too busy to answer at once. I am sorry you have missed, as you say, the sense of my sympathetic knowledge; it is very difficult to keep in touch by letter. This has made me all the more glad to see what you have written--it has given me a sense of being in your society, & having a glimpse of your thoughts. I think I can realize what your work means to you, & I should like you to have

success in it.

You will have heard all our doings from Lucy, whose neighbourhood is a great pleasure. She has been working pretty steadily, but so far as I can see she has not been overdoing it. I have myself, however, been so overwhelmed with work & business that I have not done as much as I could have wished in the way of finding out how she is getting on. I am a far busier person than in the days when you used to know me, & I get at times too much oppressed by responsibilities & duties to have much spare energy for other things.

At the moment, Alys & I are taking a fortnight's Xmas holiday, of which we are devoting half to family duties. We are here with my brother & his wife: the other guests are a Russian theosophist lady (who bores me to extinction), & my cousins Sir Walter & Lady Grove. Lady Grove is a prominent Liberal & Suffragist, a beauty who, having attained the age of 45, is reduced to paint & sitting with her back to the light. Her energy, eloquence & vanity are almost unsurpassable. We quarrel about vivisection, vaccination & God; we agree about pronunciation & Suffrage: both agreements & disagreements are vehement on both sides. She has written books on etiquette & on Suffrage; I have read neither, & have offended her by refusing to read them in spite of her bringing them down & putting them in my way. I will not

minister to such inordinate egoism.

My book grows, but the end is not yet in sight. It will be bulkier than I had ever supposed possible.

I have not discussed your book with Logan, as I wished to form my own impression, but I heard more or less from Lucy what he thought.

Write again as soon as possible. It is always a pleasure to me, & I try to imagine you with William & Jimmie, to whom I send me respectful compliments, as well as best wishes to Simon & love to you.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

- I. 16-17 description of dinner-table unnecessary.
- II. 8. Isn't it too unkind to foist
Mrs Browning on Mrs Ford?
- III. 8ff. seems to me good.
- IV. Beginning. Family discussion rather long. W^d. be
better as talk than as narrative.
End of IV good.
- V. 5. Man's & woman's world. Seems to me rather too
Hodderish. It may be true of America, I don't know,
but it wd. not be true of England. Nor does it seem
to me any more true to speak of the man's point of
view than of the woman's. There is too much
diversity.
- VI. Beginning rather too long.
- X. Do American conventions permit such conduct without
social damnation?
- XI. end. The cab is rather a bathos.
- XII. 4 ff. Aurca's state of mind is good.
- XIV 8 "go around" is an Americanism for "go round".
- XV. 7 ff. The explanation of the men's point of view
is unnecessarily long, seeing that they are not
unfamiliar types.
- XVI. 7. You have put "impassive" in place of "passive".
- XVIII. 2 "written her" is American for "written to her".
Chap. XVIII seems to me excellent.
- XIX. 13. "stop off" is pure American.
- XX. Isn't Arabi By too irrelevant?

BAGLEY WOOD,
OXFORD.

Feb. 16. '09

My dear Helen

Ever since your last letter came I have been meaning to write to you but have been too full of business. It was a great pleasure to get your letter, & I am very glad you were not vexed by what I had to say about your novel. I shall be interested to hear whether you re-write it, or what you do with it.

I am now on the way back to Oxford from the annual meeting between the Suffragists & the M.P.s favourable to Suffrage. This time our meeting was very stormy because of a point of difference which would not arise in America. The present Suffrage, if extended to women, would not give the vote to the wives of working men, & would therefore tend to reinforce the propertied vote, which is mainly conservative. Our friends in the house, being mostly Liberals, wish to bring in a Bill which will enfranchise women in the same proportion (roughly) as men. Suffragists feel that such a measure would be unpopular, because it would give the majority to women; they feel therefore that its introduction would put the cause back. Hence arise dissensions, because the M.P.s propose to enfranchise too many women. It is a tangled situation, & I don't see my way through it.

You are very ingenious about Lady Grove, but I am not persuaded that I fell into a trap.

Lucy seems very happy & well as far as I can judge. Logan follows her work, I believe, but I only know in general that she is writing on Heywood, of whom I never read a line. My work prospers; just now I am writing on Pragmatism for the Edinburgh, but before long I shall be back at my book. This is an inadequate letter, but the train is arriving, & I must stop if I am to catch tomorrow's mail. Best Wishes to Simon & love to yourself. Write again soon.

Yrs aff

Bertrand Russell

BAGLEY WOOD,
OXFORD.

July 30. '09

My dear Helen

Thanks for your nice letter of June 26. You make a mistake in apologizing for its being egotistical; a letter ought to be egotistical, because otherwise it tells one nothing.--It was a great pleasure having Lucy here, & we were very sorry when she went, especially as her going was at a time when she was in such trouble about her people. I hope matters there will turn out better than seemed likely from letters.

I am just off for my summer holiday. I go to the Tyrol this evening, & expect to do a month's walking in the Dolomites. I suppose it will be pleasant, but just now I am so absorbed in finishing the big book that a holiday seems merely a regrettable necessity. I should like to stick to the job till it is done.

Lucy let me see your introduction to the Colorado Suffrage report. I thought it admirably composed, & was delighted at the way in which you unmarshalled the important facts.

I am interested in all you tell me of your daily life & the children. I am surprised at your desire not to see people; as for me I have always been sociable, & I grow more & more so. It is always interesting to me to explore

new people, & the old friends one likes for other reasons. I find that poetry & music & nature & all the other joys of life wear less well than people.

My work goes well, & very soon I hope to send our book to the press. As it contains '9 years' work of 2 people, it will be a great event when it goes to press. I am at the moment tired out, & have not an idea in my head, so you must pardon this very dull letter: I hope the Dolomites will make my mind work again. Love to Simon.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

BAGLEY WOOD,
OXFORD.

Oct. 27. '09

My dear Helen

I was very sorry indeed to learn through a letter of Lucy's to Alys that William has had trouble with his ear. It must have been a grave anxiety to you, but I hope & trust it has proved to be not serious. You & Simon have my very warm sympathy.--It is strange to reflect how much of your life is filled with two human beings whom I have never seen--it makes the time when I knew you seem very remote--almost as if it belonged to a previous existence.--I came across a book by a certain Miss Stein whom I once knew slightly, & seeing on the cover an advertisement of a recommendation by you, I was induced to look inside. I thought your printed praise read like the best you had been able to squeeze out of yourself for the sake of a friend, & although the book has a kind of merit, it did not interest me much, & I did not finish it.

Whitehead & I took our book to the Press last week, so far as it is yet completed, i.e. the first 4500 pages of MS. There will be about 1000 pages more, which we are finishing while the rest gets printed. It has been a serious undertaking, embodying an aggregate of about 20 years work, considering how long we have both been at it. I imagine no human being will ever read it through, & those

who read bits will never know the pitfalls we are avoiding, or the trouble we have taken to make it easier to read than to write. If we spent half the time at it, it would have looked as if it has cost twice the labour. I am very weary, but I see no near prospect of rest, or even of a state of mind in which I could rest if outward circumstances permitted. I am possessed of devils who scourge me on to activities, useful, useless, & even pernicious.

I wonder whether your suffragists are as trying as ours. Ours have the bigotry of a small religious sect, & the suspiciousness of Parisians in the war of 1870. Our general politics grow daily more exciting--the Budget seems to me the best thing that has happened in my time. The Tories are going to make their appeal to the country on drink. Parsons & brewers are their chief assests. Politically, the Church is as intimately bound up with publicans & sinners as even its Founder could desire. This is an aspect of the Imitation of Christ on which Thomas à Kempis is silent.

Lucy seems to have been admirable with her people. The situation is very difficult, & must demand all her tact & judgment.

I hope this letter will reach you, but I don't know your present address. I have a hope of coming to America in the autumn of 1912, if I can get enough lecturing to pay

expenses. My book will then be out, & I should be glad to expound it at Harvard or elsewhere. If it really comes off, it will give me the chance of seeing you, which is not the least of the attractions of the scheme.

Please remember me to Simon. I shall be anxious for news of William.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

BAGLEY WOOD,
OXFORD.

Dec. 13. '09

My dear Helen

Your nice letter gave me very great pleasure, & I have been meaning to write every day since I got it. You say, however, that I am a sinner in supposing you capable of abandoning your devotion to Lucy. I don't know why you say this, unless because, as a general question, I do not agree with you & Shelley that "to divide is not to take away", & I doubt if Mary Shelley would have agreed. An outward separation, with keen separate interests, does in time make some inward separation even in the most faithful; but I don't think that comes to more than you admit.

I only dimly remember attacking Creighton's view that a person is the sum of his relations. I don't know why I objected then, but I should object now that it leaves out the impersonal things--love of truth or beauty or freedom or what not--which are the source of all that is best in our relations, & the motive powers in all lives that count.

We are all here immersed in politics. A crisis is upon us such as we have not had since 1832, & it looks as if the nation would do right. I find excitement & hope keep me perfectly happy; I have chucked my work till after the General Election, & am throwing myself into politics, speaking & canvassing. I have just been, for the last time

till after the election, talking as a pure suffragist, to Ray's "League of Young Suffragists"; now I am just going off to canvass in North London slums for Dickinson, who brought in a Suffrage Bill in 1907, & now belongs to the People's Suffrage Federation. Tomorrow I have to go to Cambridge to make some arrangements with the Press about my book, which I have almost forgotten about in the excitement of politics; but in the evening I shall be canvassing again. After Xmas I shall be working for Philip Morrell, whose constituency is in our neighbourhood. Alys is on strike because she is dissatisfied with the Gov^t about suffrage, so she will only do Suffrage work in the election. I think it well some people should take this line, but I cannot take it myself in such a tremendous crisis. Land Values, Free Trade, Home Rule are all first-rate issues which I care about greatly, but they are all overshadowed by the House of Lords & the constitutional question.

I am very glad indeed that your boy's ears are healed. I was present in the House of Lords at the end, when they rejected the Budget. It was a great moment.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

BAGLEY WOOD,
OXFORD.

Feb. 10. 1910

My dear Helen

It was nice of you to write to me when you were so tired, & I was very glad to get your letter. I am sorry William has again had trouble with his ear, but I hope it has not been serious. I was grateful for the news of Lucy's affairs, which I had not then heard, tho' it has come since in a letter to Alys.

Our elections, tho' they have not gone as well as I hoped, have gone a great deal better than the Tories expected. The Gov^t apparently foresaw the result almost exactly. Now we are all wondering whether Asquith can put through his anti-Lords Bill or not. Probably we shan't know till the summer. Thus the agony is prolonged. Everybody is saying there will be another election quite soon, but I do not myself think that likely. However, the situation is extraordinarily complicated, & prediction is impossible. The elections in country places were won by the squire, the parson, & the publician, who respectively employed intimidation, bribery & liquor. There was great heat, riots in some places, violent passions everywhere. One old gentleman, I think a retired Colonel, whom I canvassed on behalf of Philip Morrell, took me by the

shoulders & shoved me out (tho' I was going as fast as I could), saying "Do you think I'd vote for a scoundrel like that? I'll set the dogs on you." An Old Age Pensioner, a free trader & a Liberal generally, told me he was going to vote Tory because he gathered that if the Liberals were returned there would be a German invasion within a fortnight. Country labourers are kept ignorant by the elaborate tyranny of the landlords. Nevertheless we have a majority of 124, & I hope it will prove sufficient.

I am now back at work. Besides a certain amount that remains to be done on the big book, I have to write a lecture on the Deity to be delivered publicly at Cambridge to undergrads, saying why I don't believe in him. It is a serious prospect, but as I was asked to do so, I feel it a duty. I think the Deity does a lot of harm now-a-days, & it is necessary that those who can should speak out about him.

I have lost all interest in the big book, now that it no longer exacts serious efforts; I find it quite hard to bring myself to do the little that remains. My mind always dwells instinctively on the future, & the big book seems now to belong to the past. I am much tempted to take up politics seriously, but for the next few months, at least, I must stick to the book. The proofs will certainly last till 1913, so I shall not be able to come to America in 1912 as I had hoped.

Alys was very busy with Suffrage work all through the election time, standing at polling booths getting signatures to the petition for Women's Suffrage, which has proved a very successful & educative piece of work. There is, however, no chance (practically) that this Parl^t will have time for Suffrage; other questions, for the moment, have crowded it out.

Let me hear from you again as soon as you can find time to write. It is always a pleasure to get your letters.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

THE ATHENAEUM,
PALL MALL. S.W.

May 25. 1910

My dear Helen

Your letter would have been answered sooner if I had not wished to wait till I had something definite to tell you as to my plans. But I have now waited so long that it seems not worth waiting any longer. It is very doubtful whether, after all, I shall take to politics. I came very near standing for Bedford, & addressed the Liberal Executive there with that object. But they disliked suffrage & agnosticism, & chose some one else. Now it seems likely there won't be an election till next year, & the whole situation is changed. Also I find the expense of politics would be greater than I supposed; so for one reason & another I am rather off with the idea of standing, tho' nothing is settled yet.

If I don't stand, my plan of coming to America as soon as my book is out holds, provided I can lecture on it there. I hope all 3 volumes will be out by the spring of 1913. I too feel there is much to say when we meet, but I do not expect & I do not intend that we should "merely look at each other & pass on". That is a sad anticipation, & I feel sure it will not turn out to be true. I wish you could come to England, but I suppose that is out of the

question. I think you will find when we meet that the years will not have created a barrier, tho' I can imagine some unnatural shyness at first.

I wonder whether the Dana you mention was a man of that name whom my people used to know, & whom I remember at Pembroke Lodge when I was a child. He would be now about 60. Yes, you should take people's prejudices humourously. Only one's best friends are worth getting vexed over. I am sorry you are feeling discouraged over your personal affairs. I do not know at this distance of time & place what to say to encourage you. Perhaps you would do well to put away your writing for a bit, until you take it up again from impulse, without the feeling of a task. The best of the work required for writing is done sub-consciously while one is thinking of other things; people who write often cause themselves much unnecessary pain by trying to write faster than the natural workings of their minds allow, as tho' a tree should try to put forth leaves more than once a year.--I do wish I could see your boys, & I should dearly like to talk to William. What do you think will be the bent of his mind?

I hope Lucy will manage to get abroad this summer, both because I should like to see her, & because I think she must badly need a holiday.

Your letter did not reach me in what you call my "London rush", tho' I should have had time to read it if it

had. We had already got back to Oxford when it arrived. I am now busy with proofs & with odds & ends of my book that are not quite finished. Write again soon--remember it is always a pleasure to me to hear from you.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

Casa Biondetti, Canal Grande, Venice
Aug. 20. '10

My dear Helen

Thank you very much for your letter, which I was very glad to have. But I am sorry you tore up the egotistical letter--Egotistical letters are always the most interesting to get, & I think I can be trusted to read such a letter with sympathy. So if the mood returns, I hope you will yield to it. I have been walking with my friend Sanger in Carinthia & Styria & the N.E. of Italy, & now we are luxuriating in Venice, where it is hot & delicious. The summer is the best time in Venice, because then it is warm enough on the water at night, & many pictures in churches can be seen which at other times are in the dark. In a week I shall be back in Bagley Wood, & then I hope to find Lucy, whom I look forward to seeing. You, I suppose, will see something of Val, who will give you news of us.

I think you are right about energy being the greatest gift a kind fairy can bestow. Just now, the heat is such that I have none at all. That & intelligence are the first things I should ask for more of if a fairy gave me the chance. Your life makes peculiar demands for energy, because of having entirely diverse things to run concurrently. I don't wonder you find it hard to write.

It really would be a very great pleasure to see you & Simon in Cambridge. I hope you will manage to stay there

some time, & not merely come flying down from London between lectures. I shall certainly not get to America till 1913, if then, so your visit in 1912 is the nearest prospect of a meeting. Tell Simon I should be overjoyed to do anything for him in Cambridge, & remember to make as long a visit as possible. I am sorry for Simon, having to spend so much time & thought on other things than his laboratory. In that sort of respect I have always been unusually fortunate.

William's metaphysical queries delight me. I gather you have a hard time keeping up with him. Do what one will, children insist on endowing one with a sort of official omniscience, which is not easy to live up to. I shall be glad to hear more about him.

It has been a pleasure to me to find Karin really intelligent at metaphysics. I tried my hand on Ray & Val without much success, but Karin is a most satisfactory pupil. I do not, however, suppose she will stick to philosophy after leaving college. She is remarkably quick & intelligent, but the depth of her interest is doubtful.

Write again as soon as you can. This letter is affected by the heat, so you must excuse its dullness. Please remember me warmly to Simon.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell

TRINITY COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE.

Nov. 15. 1910

My dear Helen

I was very glad indeed to get your letter, indeed the oftener you write the better pleased I shall be. You asked me to make allowances, but I saw no need. You will have to subject me to severer tests in order to discover whether I have improved in that respect. Speaking seriously, I do believe I have grown far less ready to condemn, & far more ready to realize other people's feelings & points of view. I believe it was only once that you had reason to complain of my uncharitableness, & then I was in a very abnormal frame of mind. So I would ask you to be less sceptical as regards my improvement in charity, tho' this has gone, as it usually does, with deterioration in other ways.

I am glad you speak of the "certain prospect" of our meeting; does that mean that you feel fairly sure you will come with Simon when he comes? It is over ten years since you stayed with us in Downing; how well I remember it! I shall enjoy showing you Cambridge again. I do not know yet where our house will be, but my rooms will probably be the ones I am in now, in the Cloisters, which perhaps you remember. I have all my work-books here, & intend always to do my work in College. Then Alys can have as many drawing-room meetings as she likes without my being

disturbed. At Oxford it was always rather upsetting when she had 50 or 60 ladies to tea. I enjoy living in College very much--for a long time I have been starved for talk on things connected with my work, & here I get my fill of it. Also it is pleasant to live in a society which values the sort of work I do. Gratified vanity is always a great part of one's pleasure in other people's company. I find teaching extraordinarily pleasant; I have about a dozen people to deal with, most of them very able, & I enjoy the chance of telling them what I feel sure it is important they should know. So altogether I am finding life more agreeable than I have done for many years.

My little book of collected essays, which I told the publishers to send to you, has, I hope, reached you. The first volume of the big book that Whitehead & I have been engaged on for the last 10 years is going to appear in a few weeks, & the second & third vols. will appear as fast as they can be printed. This will be a great event in my life. Doing the book has been a continuous dead heave, involving constantly the maximum effort of which one was capable. Now I intend to take life easily for some time. But I still have a few bits of the end of the book to write; also I have to do a paper for the Aristotelian Society, & a shop-assistants' guide to philosophy in 50,000 words of one syllable. Moreover the Xmas vacation, which would be the natural time for doing such things, will probably be taken up with electioneering--canvassing all

day, & speaking at night. So I can't begin taking things easy just yet.

You invite me to rejoice in Carey's faults. I have been doing my best since I got your letter, but some practice is still required to make me perfect.

I am very glad indeed to hear that Lucy is so well. I hope she will not get run down again this winter. It was a great pleasure seeing her.

What you tell me about Simon's work is very interesting. Please thank him from me for "The Contribution of Experimental to Human Poliomyelitis", which I am glad to have, tho' I can't pretend I have read it. But such gruesome visions of children's illness as you tell me of are a severe price to pay for one's husband's eminence.

I remember writing a paeon to you on the last day of last century, very nearly 10 years ago, when I had just finished the most successful bout of work I have ever had, & got the ideas I have been working out ever since. My mood now is similar. I wish you were here--you really would find me quite pleasant, I believe, & not at all inclined to be offensively critical. Write again soon, & tell me of all that interests & concerns you. I always like to hear it, even if I have no comment to make when I answer your letters. Goodbye.

Ever yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

BAGLEY WOOD,
OXFORD.

Jan. 8. 1911

My dear Helen

It was good of you to write to me at such a time of stress & sorrow, & very good of you to send me your photograph. You say it is not much like you, but it is very much like what I remember you as being, & I am very glad to have it.

I gather Simon is going on well; it must have been a great anxiety, & I do hope everything is satisfactory now. Christian Herter's death is very sad, & must have been a great grief to you. It is a most painful thing when people die before their work is done. I have been reading lately the unpublished poems of a boy who died of measles at the age of 18. They are to my mind better than any other recent poetry I have read, & much better than Shelley or Keats could do at his age--& now he is dead, when a little more care would have saved him.

The first vol. of Whithead's & my big book is out, the second is half printed, & the third ought to be printed by the end of the year. Then I shall be a comparatively free man. I am quite indifferent as to its reception: the writing of it has cost too much labour to leave any leisure for thoughts as to what other people will think of it. But I should much like to hear your criticisms on my essays.

You wish me a pleasant holiday. My "holiday" has been pleasant enough, but except 4 days duty-visit to my brother, & 2 days recovering from electioneering, it has all been spent on my big book, for which I don't get much time during term now that I have to lecture.

I have been reading a delightful book about the Dow Empress of China. China is so exactly like England: it is the only other country where government appointments are given for power of writing verses in a dead language, & where a man's later career depends entirely on good form, & to no extent upon knowledge of his job. It makes the whole thing quite borne-like. And the Boxers are almost indistinguishable from our Protectionists.

It is late now & I must stop. Let me hear again soon--your letters are always a great pleasure to me, & I want to know what is happening to you & what you are thinking & feeling. Please remember me to Simon & give him my best wishes.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

TRINITY COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE.

Feb. 17. 1911

My dear Helen

Your description of the romantic west wind in your last letter was very vivid--it brought all the hurrying clouds & smiling leaves before me. As for me, I have been enjoying the exact opposite, the first day of spring, warm & sunny, with snowdrops & aconites & the first shimmer of the willows. The beginning of spring is disquieting--I feel like the old hunchman in the fairy tale when the iron bands round his heart burst because the frog has been turned back into the Prince his master.

It is not from any nobility of soul that I have grown indifferent to the reception of Whitehead's & my book--it is from having been forced to think about the subject so long that it has grown disgusting to me. But I enjoy having you think otherwise. As for what you say about free will, you may be right, but I feel the question more difficult than most determinists would admit, & it is not at all clear to me that we have got to the bottom of it yet. I have an obscure feeling that there is a muddle somewhere. I don't think self-sacrifice is the essence of morality, tho' it is a frequent incident of it. Intrinsic goods I take to be primarily good relations with other people; but these have to be informed by love of impersonal

goods, such as are got by the contemplation of beauty, truth etc. Morality then consists in trying to produce intrinsic goods, with complete impartiality as between oneself & others. And now to God the Father...

I am very busy getting up a society for Adult Suffrage here, to be affiliated to the People's Suffrage Federation. The general state of politics here is most agreeable, & I am enjoying the discomfiture of the Tories over the reciprocity treaty. The Tories altogether are in a sad state, & it looks as if we should secure a splendid harvest of Liberal measures. It is some reward for hard work by all of us. Fifteen years ago, intelligent people were largely Tories; now a large majority of the best people by any intellectual test are Liberals, & sufficiently keen to do the humble work at election times.

Your account of Lucy is very satisfactory. I still enjoy my lecturing & seeing people after the solitude of Bagley Wood, where I saw hardly anyone. Let me hear from you again soon. Love to Simon, who I hope is well now.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

TRINITY COLLEGE
CAMBRIDGE.

24. July 1911

My dear Helen

Very many thanks for your interesting letter. I don't remember what I said about free will. My view is (a) that determinism is not proved (b) that it is very much more probable than the contrary (c) that I feel convinced there is some way of making the whole puzzle clear, & that no one has yet got to the bottom of it. It seems to me that the notions of "dependence", "determination" etc. are not so clear as most people think, & perhaps, when made clear, do not warrent some of the uses they are put to. I do not believe in a soul which has an origin & destiny separate from the body.

Yes, Manichaeism is very attractive. But like Xtianity it views the world too much under moral categories. Good & evil are alike human: the outer world is neither. I agree with you in feeling fury at the idea of a God of love who created such a world as this. But I think the intellectually essential error, the anthropomorphizing of the outer world, is committed by Manichaeism also.

I find that religion & the religious attitude to life occupy a very great deal of my thoughts. I am glad to hear your view of life has simplified. I find year by year I

grow simpler--I think all the important truths are simple. I should immensely like to hear more of your "spiritual adventure". You are certainly right in counting upon my sympathy. There is nothing simulated in it, nor should I ever simulate a interest I did not feel.

Thank you very much for your kind words about Alys & me. There has been much pain, spread over a long time. Now one knows one's thoughts resolutely to the future. For my part, I find so much work that I wish to do that I have no difficulty in avoiding vain regrets over what is inevitable.

I have been interrupted, or would have written more. Now I must stop as I am very busy--pupils, a popular book or philosophy to write, proofs, etc. Please remember me to Simon & give my love to Lucy.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

Trin. Coll. Cambridge. 21 Feb. '12.

My dear Helen

There was nothing impudent, believe me, in the truth contained in your letter. I understand easily & inwardly how you came not to write to me about your plans. But while you are abroad, you must try to consider your own concerns & pick up your own life again. Yes, deficient vitality must be a terrible thing. It is not what I suffer from, but I can realize what it must be. You ought not to have "dreaded bothering" me. It is such a long time since we have met that no doubt we must have both changed greatly, but one must have courage--if friendship was based on the essential in each, it will be found still able to live in the present. I don't for a moment believe we shall find each other uninteresting. But I think it may take you a few moments to adjust yourself to Europe: in America people wear mental garments as conventional as their physical ones, in Europe we are more mentally nude, & it takes time to get accustomed to the difference. I am sure our way is more natural to you, but habit must have grown up in these years.

You will find me much less angular & difficult than when we last met. I have a feeling that I know you much better than I did--partly from letters, partly from a mere increase in sympathetic imagination which I suppose comes naturally with years & life. I am determined to give more

than loyalty to an old friendship, tho' that would in any case be great. Also I am anxious to get to know your boys, & to cultivate the friendship with Simon which I felt beginning before.

Will you please let me know your address in London, & what time you can see me, as soon as possible? I could not come Monday, as I have a Committee meeting here in the afternoon, but Tuesday I could manage ten or dinner, not earlier, & Wed. I could manage any time. Thursday & Friday are impossible for me to leave here: Thursday I lecture, have a man to dinner, & am at home to young men in the evening (this every Thursday); Friday I have a big meeting for Adult Suffrage in the Guildhall, 2 MPs & a lady, a first-class affair, & I must be on the spot all day in case of crisis. Sat. I have a lecture 11-12, but am otherwise free. Why don't you & Simon come here for that week-end? It would give me the very greatest pleasure.

Would you mind telegraphing when you would like me to come, as I have much business, & some difficulty in keeping times free. It is tiresome to say, but I suppose you realize that it would be awkward if I met Alys or Logan.

It is sad that Lucy won't be able to get away. I wonder where you will go for the summer. Do you like the Dolomites? I was there walking 2 1/2 years ago, & thought the region very beautiful. It is not good for German honour: the native language in most parts is Italian, & the

German is very bad where it is spoken.

Mary Worthington's death was a terrible tragedy. It seemed such an irony, just as she was entering in life. Poor Grace! I do feel for her most deeply.

Don't forget that I am very anxious to see you. It will be a very real & deep pleasure.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell

TRINITY COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE.

April 12. 1912

My dear Helen

Your letter from Athens reached me yesterday. I am very sorry indeed that you let the moment go by without putting down all your thoughts & questions. I should have liked to know them & answer them to the best of my ability. Yes, it does seem a waste of joy not to meet again while you are in Europe. But I wish you had expanded that more. There is a risk in meeting; are you still young enough to be willing to run the risk & take the consequences? Prudence is an unamiable quality, but it is hard not to acquire some as years go by.

I had a pleasant time walking; then I went to Devonshire & Cornwall motoring with my brother. Now I am in London a few days; tomorrow I go to my Aunt Agatha on Hindhead, & next week I go back to Cambridge. The defeat of the Conciliation Bill was mainly caused by the militants. I expect they had put off Suffrage for 20 years.

Let me know anything you hear about Lucy's plans--whether she is coming over, & so on. I am hoping to see a fair amount of her in London if she comes.

I envy you seeing all those beautiful & historic places. Greece must be heavenly. I am glad you have good

news of the boys. I am doing nothing--seeing people & so on. I am very tired, more consciously tired than when I was still busy; so forgive a dull letter. I should be grateful if you would write fully & not repress all your intended questions.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

TRINITY COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE.

29 Sept. 1913

My dear Helen

I am very much ashamed of having left your letter so long unanswered--at first I was travelling abroad, then I thought I would wait for Dr. Loeb's book which you kindly promised, but now I will wait no longer. Thank you very much for the photograph of the boys, which is charming. I look forward very much to seeing you & Simon in New York. I think I shall only be able to get there for week-ends, but you will be my chief attraction there! That however will not prevent my enjoying meeting Mrs Rockefeller.

I am very glad you have finished yr. story--it is indeed good news. I envy you having achieved middle age--alas, it is not for me--I shall pass at a bound from infancy to decrepitude.

I expect to reach America about March 10, & be there about 3 months. Preparing for my lectures there involves a lot of work, as they will have to be quite different from any lectures I give here. But the work is interesting, & worth doing on its own account. Also I have started a vast piece of work on the foundations of physics, having said all I had to say about pure mathematics. It will take me 10 years I should think.

Do let me hear from you again soon. It is always a

pleasure to have your news. Remember me to Simon please.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

Trin. Coll. 5 Jan '14

My dear Helen

Very many thanks for Dr. Loeb's book, which I mean to read, & which I am sure will interest me. Thanks also for your kind letter. I shall love to run down from Boston for week-ends with you--have you got a spare room? I somehow fancied you hadn't. There will be at least one occasion when I shall be coming to speak at Columbia--apart from other possibilities.

I am very sorry your boys have been ill. It must be a great strain & anxiety. I am also sorry your story is not spicy enough for the editors. Throw in a few demi-mondaines & some risky conversation. The best beginning I know for a story is: "'Hell & Damnation' said the Duchess, who had hitherto taken no part in the conversation." That wd. grip the Century.

My evenings for science men have been a great success so far. Unfortunately this year I shall have to break off in the middle, on account of your country. I have begun making them write papers, after reading my own to them till they had got hold of the sort of stuff. They are very quick, & would soon be accomplished philosophers.

My chief event lately has been making friends with Conrad. I have very quickly come to know him well, & I find him extraordinarily lovable. His exterior is that of

a Polish country gentleman, formal, & speaking English badly; but one soon works through that, first to the sailor, & then to the human being--sensitive, courageous, romantic, passionately & with difficulty sane.

I sail on March 6 or 7. Do write again before that. My love to Simon. By the way, what does he think of Hans Driesch?

Yrs aff^{ly}.

Bertrand Russell

COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE

Saturday 14 March 1914

My dear Helen

I can't tell you what a pleasure it was to me seeing you yesterday--more even than I had known it would be. There are so many years of affection in the background, & as one gets older one values what has endured in this shifting world.

I have now got my list of engagements from Perry. I find I am to be at Columbia during the Harvard week of recess, Thursday & Friday Apr. 23-4. If you can put me up then, I shall be most grateful. But I shall be very much occupied those days, & should like if possible to see you more at leisure some week-end. I could manage April 11-13 or any week-end in May. But if you or Simon would find it inconvenient, don't mind saying so. Would you mind deciding what you wish, & as to dates (if any), as I don't wish to settle other engagements till I know what suits you.

It was a sadly brief glimpse yesterday. Please give all sorts of messages to Simon & tell him I am sorry not to have seen him. I was also sorry not to see Jimmy.

Ever yours affectionately
Bertrand Russell.

34 Russell Chambers, Bury St, W.C. 7 Sep. 1914.

My dear Helen--Thank you for your sympathetic letter. The war puts everything else out of everybody's thoughts--no one talks of anything else or reads anything but newspapers.

I do not feel that England is in great danger--our danger seems to me less than during the Boer war, when we ran grave risk of a combination of France Germany & Russia against us--it was that that made that time so anxious. What I feel now is the madness, horror, & inhumanity of what is occurring. The whole of Europe seems suddenly insane. I cannot take the view that Germany is all black & we are all white--it seems to me that all the nations share the guilt. It seems as tho' the war would be a very long one, ending in exhaustion. I expect confidently the ultimate victory of our side, because the reserve resources of England & Russia are much greater than those of Germany. But I hardly expect peace until a full half of the men of Germany & a fair proportion of the women & children, have been killed. It is an awful thing to undertake the murder of a nation. Whoever wins, the result will be disastrous to civilization, probably for 100 years. The few people throughout the world in whom the feeling of common humanity is not totally extinct are trying to rally their fainting hopes with vague thoughts of what President Wilson may

do--not in the direction of abandoning neutrality, but in the way of moderating the horrors by diplomatic protests, & of urging mediation at the earliest moment, & of taking part in the peace negotiations as the Representative of mercy & reason. We hope that after the war there may be a diminution of armaments, & some attempt to substitute a Hague tribunal for secret diplomacy. If Wilson seizes his opportunity, not impatiently, but at the right moment & boldly, he may go down to history as one of the supreme friends of mankind, taking his place beside Lincoln--the noblest man of action whom the world has hitherto produced.

I was just preparing to go abroad when the crisis began--I am half sorry I had not gone--it wuld have been interesting to see the Continental nations now. Conrad, after 40 years' absence, went on a visit to Poland just before war began, & is now close to the Austro-Russian frontier, unable to get away. I hope he will return safely.

It is only one lecture that I am to give at Oxford. Philosophy seems even more futile than preventive medicine at this time.

I am very sorry to hear you had mumps--it must be painful & trying.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

16 Nov. 1914

My dear Helen

I very nearly wrote to you yesterday, but I put it off, & now I have your 2nd letter, of Nov. 3. It was really kind of you to write it, & I was touched & grateful. The happy days I spent in your house are very vivid to me, tho' they seem to have happened in some previous existence, when life still held hopes & one fancied oneself part of a community, not a lost soul strayed from some other planet into an asylum of homicidal lunatics.--I do not think we could have kept out of the war at the last, but we could have prevented it by greater wisdom & justice in past years, & we could probably have saved Belgium by a more honest policy. Of course I think Germany much more to blame than England, & more of a danger to peace; & I think our victory very desirable. But even in time of war I continue to believe in truth, & I find everybody in Europe averse from truth at present, inventing lies whose purpose is to inflame hatred. It is not good to hate even the wicked, even if oneself is virtuous; & I think wickedness & virtue are barbaric notions, savouring of Yahweh & the Inquisition. People act according to their natures, just as stones or planets do. A stone which falls on your head is inconvenient, not wicked. English & German newspapers are exactly alike, barbaric, unbalanced, untruthful,

brutal, full of hatred; I am sorry that is the way most men are made, but I will not wallow with them in the pig-trough. Meanwhile young men whom I love, full of innocence & intelligence, are killing each other in a frenzy of self-immolation before false Gods, yielding to the claims of their country & forgetting Europe & mankind. My heart goes out to them, whatever nation they belong to; but I can only wonder silently whether reason & mercy will ever acquire dominion over the passions we inherit from the brute. I am glad America is on our side, for, since there is war, I believe it is better we should win--certainly we have committed no crime comparable to the violation of Belgium. But I cannot join in the orgy of self-righteousness, which I find sickening.

Some few people--Shaw, Romain Rolland, Liebknecht, the Socialist in the Russian Duma, seem to me to have remained sane & just; but they are universally decried, & regarded as madmen.

There is a simple & feasible road to peace, which is that, in every dispute, neutrals should insist on mediation, or, failing that, on participating collectively on one side or other. In this war, one side could be made so overwhelmingly the stronger that war would not occur. I am not without hope that something of the kind may emerge gradually out of the horror caused by this war.

Conrad is back safely--I long to see him but have not

yet had time. His view of it all will interest me profoundly. His general view of life was well adapted to meet such a tragedy.

I am doing little. I have joined a body founded by J.R. MacDonald, Charles Trevelyan, Norman Angell, Ponsonby & Morel--I don't think it will achieve anything but I agree with its aims & principles. I have written a pamphlet for them, & various articles in a Socialist paper called the Labour Leader, the only one willing to print what I want to say. I have no doubt whatever of the victory of the Allies--the only fear, to my mind, is that they may be too victorious. I should regard the victory of Germany as a great disaster.

My usual work at Cambridge goes on, but does not interest me, & naturally I have few pupils.

Do write again soon. It is a solace to hear from you.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell

Trin. Coll. 5 Feb '15

My dear Helen

Your letter comparing me to a brass band surprised me: what have I done? There must be some reason for your feeling, yet I should just as soon have expected to be called a parallelogram or an ichthyosaurus--both of which, no doubt, I resemble in some respects. But if I have offended unconsciously, I am sorry.

It is sad that people should feel as you say about Wilson. I can't help thinking such a feeling is unjust. There has so far been no opportunity for him to do much, & he has preserved a neutral attitude, since he has offended both sides. As for opportunism, a certain amount is unavoidable in practical politics.

Yes, none of us are blameless--certainly not I. I don't think our newly-founded organization will effect much. The only real hope is in universal lassitude, which is coming fast.

This place is dreary, & empty except for troops. It is pitch dark at night, for fear of Zeppelins, which, however, don't come. One drags along a weary existence from day to day, bored with the war, waiting for peace. I do some writing & some speaking, but without faith in their usefulness; the only point is that it prevents one from feeling wholly an exile. Otherwise, my normal feeling is

that Europe is a lunatic asylum whose warders are the worst patients.--I am too weary & dispirited to write more. Love to Simon.

Yours aff^{ly}~~y~~ B Russell.

Trin. Coll. 11 May 1915

My dear Helen--Your letter has just come--it is a relief to me, as I feared I had somehow offended you, tho' I did not know how--& I should have minded very much indeed, for you know how deeply I value your friendship. Or perhaps you don't know--yet I did my best to make you know.

I suppose you, like all of us, are absorbed in the horror of the Lusitania. It is very difficult not to become filled with blind fury at such an utterly purposeless crime. Cruelties that gain some military advantage--like the gas--are less insane & dreadful than an act which gratifies no desire except blind hatred. My thoughts & feelings are still quivering with the shock. I do not yet know what one ought to think or do in face of a lunatic nation.

The public temper here is slowly rising to white heat. At first, men entered upon the war as a painful necessity; then Belgian atrocities began to rouse them; now they are approaching the mood in which they will demand extermination, & refuse to permit the Government to make a reasonable place when the time comes. All this the Germans have brought upon themselves. The war may last several years longer; probably most European men between 20 & 40 will be killed or permanently maimed before it ends; & probably such mutual hatred will have sprung up as no treaty can allay. I see no hope for the future, & I rather fear

it may be the end of all that was best in the civilization of Europe. But everything depends upon how long the war lasts--not upon the terms of peace.

Practically all the young men who are medically fit have gone from Cambridge. Most of them are ardent pacifists; many have much fault to find with our government before the war; but all except an infinitesimal handful have felt it their duty to fight. England is full of soldiers in every corner. The way the girls run after them is amazing. From my observation, I should say it is the girls who are to blame for the war babies. Female "virtue" has almost vanished, in all classes. I don't believe it will ever revive.

My dear Helen, I don't know why you were suffering from a mood of discouragement, or why you were specially wanting sympathy & understanding. Surely you know you have always my warmest sympathy--understanding, with the Atlantic between, is more difficult, but I do my best. I certainly didn't mean to "punish" you--I only wondered what my fault had been. I confess that since the war began I have at times been so imprisoned in walls of pain that I have felt the mere loneliness of suffering. But by now one is getting used to it--one eats & sleeps & talks. But all the time one knows that something is gone for ever out of one's life.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell

Trinity College Cambridge. 8 May 1916

My dear Helen--Your letter of April 3 reached me in the middle of a tremendous rush of work--My lectures were against Gov^t among other things--but I am by now so used to being against government that I take it as a matter of course--so does everybody else. If I were a working man I should have been in prison long ago; as it is, I am still at large, & I dare say I shall remain so--but I should not at all object to a term of imprisonment--it would be an economy & a holiday. It gives one a great strength not to mind the punishments people have it in their power to inflict. In the early days of the war, I minded the isolation; now I am so used to it that I hardly notice it.

You are right about America & England in the matter of divorce. Your practice is infinitely more civilized than ours, I suppose I was thinking of things like the Gorky incident. Easy divorce makes people intolerant of irregular connections. But really of course I admit America is much better than England in practice. I doubt, however, whether there is as much liberty of discussion as there has come to be here. For those who care more about opinion than about action (like myself) that counts a good mark for England. But they are a very tiny minority!

I am grateful to Simon for being kind to the von Arnims. You will have since discovered the reason of my

interest in them! I was not at liberty to mention it beforehand.

Things are very fierce. Many of my friends are being sent to gaol--hard labour, bread & water, solitary confinement, irons, dark cells--all kinds of tortures for civilized sensitive people, merely because they will not kill. There is very little sympathy for them as yet, but there will be more & more as time goes on. Unless the Government decides to treat them leniently, they are likely in the end to have a profound influence on public opinion, of a kind that the Government will greatly dislike. For that reason, though I have been working night & day to mitigate their persecution, I am not wholly sorry when I am unsuccessful.

Dickinson has come home quite in love with America. I expect I shall feel the same when I come next February. Europe is a strange place now-a-days. Love to Simon & yourself.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

57 GORDON SQUARE
W.C.

Nov. 2. 1916.

My dear Helen

You must have thought I was dead, I have been silent so long--it is shameful, but I have been in the thick of things, & so occupied that I had to let everything go by the board except the business of each day as it came. I can't write about my affairs much, but please believe I have remained sane, & have not done many of the things the newspapers say I have done. The authorities have not robbed me of my enjoyment of life, or of the power of being amused by them. One gets used to horrors--every day friends are killed--at first one suffered--now it seems a matter of course.--I am living with my brother till the spring, as Trinity & the Govt. between them reduced me to penny, so that I had to let my flat & live on charity, which is on the whole agreeable.

I have just received the announcement of Val's marriage. Will you please convey to him my sincere congratulations & warmest wishes for his happiness? I don't know his address or I would write to him. I have a great affection for him & I hope all good fortune will attend him.

The mood of people is interesting at times like these. A queer recklessness, such as one reads of in

revolutionary prisons during the Terror, comes over almost every one. I feel it myself; it is rather pleasant; it brings a curious lightness, such as the morbid sinner will feel when he finds himself at last in Hell in spite of all efforts to repent. Much history is illuminated by living through such times; my intellect rejoices at the very moment when my spirit is in anguish. The Europe we have known is passing away, & can never be resuscitated; nothing comparable has happened since the invasion of the barbarians.

Yours ever affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

Love to Simon.

THE SATURN CLUB
Buffalo

28.11.29

My dear Helen

How nice of you to write to me. I wish very much that I could see you, but I don't believe it possible. I have no time in New York except the day I sail, during which I have to pay income tax, obtain sailing permit, sign contracts with two publishers, settle accounts with Feakins, & (to mention the smallest item last) debate about Love against Powys. It is therefore possible that I may not have much leisure that day. I wonder whether you will be at the debate. There are chapters in the subject which, when I write my autobiography, will have to be dedicated to you: you taught me all I know of unrequited love. I wish intensely that I could see you again but alas I fear it is a physical impossibility.

Ever yours affectionately

B.R.

On Board the CUNARD R.M.S. "BERENGARIA"

15. 12. 29

My dear Helen

What a very lovely letter I found from you on my ship! It is nice of you to write as you do. It was a real sorrow to me not to see you, but it shan't happen if I come to America again. This time I had only a bare 48 hours in New York, during which I had 2 lectures (one in New Rochelle) the first day, a debate the second, a talk for the talkies, 2 publishers to see & sign contract with, income tax to pay, luggage to attend to, etc. etc.--I only reached the boat five minutes before the gangway went up, going straight from the debate. Another time I shall make Feakins give me more leisure, & especially more time in New York.

I think the approach of all makes old times more vivid; I find my memories quite photographic. Goodbye my dear Helen.

Ever yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

THE NEW SCHOOL for SOCIAL RESEARCH
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Saturday

My dear Helen

I was very glad indeed to find your friendly letter when I arrived. Until this moment I have not had one instant for answering it; I have been kept on the go incredibly. I am leaving N.Y. in a day or two & have not been allowed to do one single thing I wanted to do; but I am coming back about May 20, & I shall be quieter then. It will then be possible for me to come to any meal except dinner. As I shall be moving about, perhaps it would be best for you to arrange the time with W.B. Feakins, Times Building, to whom all my time is sold. I can only come with his gracious permission. I will look out for you on April 8; if I am still alive, which may be doubted.

Yours

Bertrand Russell.

ANNOTATIONS

Russell's Letters to Helen Flexner

p. 1 my Leibniz

Russell's A Critical Exposition of the Philosophy of Leibniz (Cambridge: The University Press) 1900.

p. 1 game of Spellicans

This could be an error. He may have meant Spillikin which is a type of fishing game in which a pile of slips, small rods or bones, are pulled out with a hook in such a way that the rest remain undisturbed.

p. 1 your operation

From late adolescence Helen suffered from painful earaches that plagued her throughout her life. The operation was performed in Baltimore after Helen returned from a summer visit in England. The exact nature of the operation is not disclosed in Flexner's biography but he states, as Russell does, that the operation was more serious than had been expected.

p. 1 It is very exciting that you have actually sent in your story.

Helen's story was rejected by the editor of the Atlantic. Her literary endeavours are discussed by her son, James Thomas Flexner, in An American Saga.

p. 1 Irish Faust

Throughout her life Helen was involved with creative writing. In her journal she writes:

Here I am back at my desk in [illegible] at my own idleness and impotence. Am heartily sick of that confounded story I am writing of Michael Farnell and Faust and Marguerite, drat them--that I can hardly bear to come near my table where they are entombed--poor pale corpses that won't be galvanized into life! (qtd. in Flexner, An American Saga 311)

p. 2 beginning with the remark

He did not begin his article with this remark.

p. 2 I have had only two reviews of my Leibniz.

One of the reviews appeared in the "Westminster Review" (December 1900) with the comment that "...Leibniz has so little in common with modern thought that we can scarcely hope Mr. Russell will interest many readers."

p. 2 In October I invented a new subject

In his autobiography Russell states that: "Intellectually the month of September 1900 was the highest point of my life." (148) He then briefly describes the work involved with writing The Principles of Mathematics which he began in October 1900.

p. 2 Green Hill

Writing to Helen on 2 December 1903 Lucy reminisces:

As I listened to Logan's voice last evening & his quick successive yes yes it seemed familiar & strange at the same time. Once, so familiar I had a vivid sense of being at Green Hill in the old way of your being there on the grass beside me.

p. 3 Grace is here...I find her children also very agreeable.

Grace (née Thomas) Worthington (1866-1937), Alys' cousin and sister of Helen Thomas Flexner. She came to England after separating from her husband, Tom Worthington. The children are Val, Mary (known as "Pug") and Harold.

p. 3 Mrs Berenson...is now safely married, both by church and state.

Mary (née Smith) Berenson (1864-1945). Her first husband, Frank Costelloe, died in December 1899. She was Alys' older sister and known familiarly as "Mariechen". The civil wedding to the art historian and dealer, Bernard Berenson (1865-1959), took place in the Palazzo Vecchio in Florence on 27 December 1900 while the religious ceremony was performed in a nearby chapel two days later.

p. 4 Alys

Alys (née Pearsall Smith) Russell (1867-1951), daughter of American Quakers, she married Russell in 1894. They were separated in 1911 and divorced in 1921.

p. 4 The enclosure is the beginning of an autobiography.
In her letter of July 1901 Helen describes the autobiography:

They <reminiscences of his childhood> are awfully jolly and filled me, I must confess, with envy. Such a distinguished childhood seems thrown away on a mere mathematician! The atmosphere of sorrow in which you lived, the brooding sense of past tragedies that has so marked your grandmother's face which you so loved to muse upon, ought, I feel, to have made a man of letters of you. And the neglected garden and the old oak tree were--I must not say thrown away since you were evidently keenly susceptible to their influences, but--this would look uncommonly well in the first chapter of the life of a poet!

p. 4 The Naked Truth...Mildred Derby's book
During this time Alys' letters to Russell refer to a "Mrs. Darby" as the "Living Skelton", and as the author of "bad novels". (19 and 26 May 1902) There is also discussion about Derby's friendship with Dr. Boyle. (See note p. 38)

p. 4 The Webbs' visit is nearly over.
Beatrice (Martha) Webb (1858-1943) and Sydney James Webb (1st Baron Passfield) (1859-1947). English socialists, economists and leaders of the Fabian Society. In her diary Beatrice Webb includes a detailed description of this visit. (The Diary of Beatrice Webb 2: 208-11)

p. 6 Mrs. Whitehead's condition has remained a cause of anxiety.
Evelyn Whitehead (1865-1961), wife of Alfred North Whitehead (1861-1947), the mathematician and philosopher, who collaborated with Russell on Principia Mathematica, suffered from angina.

p. 7 Samson Agonistes
John Milton's "Samson Agonistes" (1671).

p. 7 I fall upon the grass, I die, I faint, I fail
 Percy Bysshe Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind" reads, "I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!" (line 54).

p. 8 The Grammont Memoirs

Anthony Hamilton, Memoirs of Count Grammont (London: W. Miller) 1811. Russell may have had a personal interest in the memoirs since, as he states in Fact and Fiction his ancestor, William Lord Russell, was beheaded by Charles II.

p. 8 We have been hearing from Grace about Miss Garrett & the Xmas dinner.

In Helen's letter of 10 December 1901 she writes:

Tell Alys to think of me on Christmas eve at our family dinner. She knows I love reunions and to this has so managed it that Miss Garrett is to be invited. The rest of the family are a trifle rueful over the matter. While I rear with laughter, telling them their family fetiche has become opera-boueffe. I have not yet forgiven last years coercion and so abuse them as much as the occasion providentially admits.

Mary E. Garrett (1854-1915), close friend of Helen Thomas Flexner's sister, Carey Thomas, who helped to found the Bryn Mawr School for Girls in 1885. Mary Garrett financially supported Carey Thomas' promotion to President of Bryn Mawr College.

p. 8 "cheerly, cheerly, she loves me dearly, & ah! she is so constant & so kind."

John Keats, "Endymion", (IV, line 173).

p. 10 Hodder...his novel

Alfred Hodder (1866-1906), appointed Associate Professor of English at Bryn Mawr in the early 1890's. The novel referred to is The Specious Present, (1901). In the early 1890's, with a recommendation from William James, he was appointed Associate Professor of English at Bryn Mawr College. He developed a reputation as a lady's man and caused a scandal involving Mamie Gwinn, who was Carey Thomas' close friend. Although he was married to Jessie Donaldson he informed the women with whom he got involved

that she was not really his wife. Hodder and Mamie Gwinn attempted to maintain a secretive relationship for six years before moving to New York in 1898. Mamie Gwinn resigned from Bryn Mawr and married Hodder after legal matters were resolved from his first marriage. The entire incident was the cause of much rumour and created enough interest that Gertrude Stein modelled her short story, "Fernhurst" after it. The short story is an apprentice piece and was later incorporated in the Martha chapter of The Making of Americans.

p. 11 "Death & chance and thee, O Time!"
John Milton's "On Time", (c. 1632).

p. 12 your paeon on Columbia
Flexner's letter is not extant, but she may be referring to Columbia University.

p. 13 the ever lasting No in Sartor Resartus
In Carlyle's Sartor Resartus the 7th chapter is entitled "The Everlasting No".

p. 13 Alys has had a nervous break-down
From mid-April to June 1902 she took a rest cure at Brighton because of depression and marital problems. For an account of the deteriorating marriage see his Journal 1902-5 (Collected Papers 12:3).

p. 14 Carlyle...vide Froude
Thomas Carlyle (1795-1981) essayist, historian and James Anthony Froude (1818-94) historian and Carlyle's biographer. In 1873 Carlyle bestowed Froude with an enormous collection of his own and his wife's papers and told him to do what he pleased with them. Froude published Jane Carlyle's papers and letters and a four volume biography of Carlyle.

p. 15 Romanticism it seems to me...
Compare his section on "The Romantic Movement" in A History of Western Philosophy (1945).

p. 15 Kant...Nietzsche
Both Immanuel Kant (1724-1804) and Friedrich Nietzsche (1844-1900) were German philosophers. On Nietzsche's

connection to the romantic movement Russell writes, "In spite of Nietzsche's criticism of the romantics, his outlook owes much to them...". (A History of Western Philosophy (1945) 761.

p. 16 as I sometimes think Wagner does--that the purpose of music is to make as much noise as possible.
Richard Wagner (1813-83), German composer.

p. 16 To burn always with a hard, gem-like flame
From Walter Pater's The Renaissance (1873). The entire quotation reads, "To burn always with a hard, gem-like flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life."

p. 20 Maeterlinck's Le Temple Enseveli
Maurice Polydore Marie Bernard Maeterlinck (1862-1949), Belgian author whose Le Temple Enseveli was published in 1902. Maeterlinck had a tremendous effect on Russell's experimentation with creative writing. The various incomplete fragments, "The Pilgrimage of Life", were influenced by Russell's reading of Maeterlinck. (See "Contemplation and Action" Volume 12 of Collected Papers 31-53) Russell so admired the Belgian symbolist that during the summer of 1903 he contemplated writing an analysis of his work.

p. 23 "Il y a beaucoup d'amour dans la sagesse; il n'y en a point dans la raison."
The entire line, from Maeterlinck's La Sagesse et la destinée (1898), translates as, "In reason no love can be found--there is much in wisdom; and all that is highest in wisdom entwines around all that is purest in love." Wisdom and Destiny translated by Alfred Sutro (Toronto: The Musson Book Company, Ltd.; London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd.) 1915.

p. 27 correspondence of Emerson and Carlyle
C.E. Norton (ed.) The Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and R. W. Emerson 1834-1872 (Boston: Osgood) 1883.

p. 27 They met once, for a day at Craigenputtock & again in London
Froude's biography of Carlyle describes the meeting at

Craigenputtock and includes a sketch by Emerson about the visit in 1883. They met again in 1848 and travelled to Salisbury and Stonehenge. They saw each other for the last time in April of 1873 in London at Cheyne Row.

p. 27 comic story of the Frenchman who undertook an epic
The source of this story is unknown.

p. 27-8 We wander...Temple of Death.
The style of this passage is very much in keeping with his "The Pilgrimage of Life" fragments written during 1902-3.
(See also note p. 20 and 28)

p. 28 Tristan et Iseut...Bedier
Joseph Bedier Le Roman de Tristan par Thomas; poeme du xiith siècle (Paris: Firmin Didot et cie) 1902-5.

p. 29 BB's paradox
Bernard Berenson--See note p. 3. The paradox may perhaps be explained in Russell's letter to Helen Flexner dated 2 August 1902 (p. 23) where he writes, "Berenson says that literature is the most inexpressive of the arts..."

p. 30-1 We are all like lost children...at the last.
Compare:

We are all orphans and exiles, lost children
wandering in the night, with hopes, ideals,
aspirations that must not be choked by a heartless
world. If some grow too soon weary and faint-hearted,
it is for those whose courage is strong to give
brave words, to keep alive the dreams of the Golden
City. (Collected Papers 12: 42)

p. 31 Marcus Aurelius...Spinoza
Marcus Aurelius (A.D. 121-180). Roman emperor and
philosopher; author of the Meditations. Helen Flexner's
comment on Marcus Aurelius reads:

At last I am reading James's "Varieties of
Religious Experience", though slowly as I
must, and I find it intensely interesting.
But one thing in James, in Maeterlinck, in
Mathew Arnold and indeed in every writer on

the subject strikes me with surprise,--the inadequacy, I mean, & the coldness they find in Marcus Aurelius. For Marcus Aurelius's philosophy seems to me almost always rational & wise and triumphant, & as emotional as meditations such as his ought to be. What emotion in the face of the universe can we give voice to except a shriek of horror or an unconsidered cry of foolish delight? (4 October 1902)

Baruch de (or Benedict) Spinoza (1632-1677), philosopher who was greatly admired by Russell.

p. 32 Aunt Agatha has given up Pembroke Lodge

Lady Mary Agatha Russell (1853-1933). In 1876, at the age of 4 Russell arrived at Pembroke Lodge and was to spend the next 14 years of his life there. His Aunt Agatha moved to Hindhead, Surrey.

p. 34 free men

This entire passage has connections with "The Free Man's Worship", part of which was written in December 1902 while Russell was visiting the Berensons at I Tatti near Florence.

p. 35 Pollock's book about him <Spinoza>

Sir Frederick Pollock, Spinoza, his Life and Philosophy (London: Duckworth and Co.) 1899.

p. 38 Dr. Boyle

Helen Boyle (1869-1957), Irish psychiatrist who specialized in the treatment of nervous disorders. She founded the National Council for Mental Hygiene which became the National Council for Mental Health.

p. 38 Florence to the Berensons

See note p. 34.

p. 40 Mr. Flexner

Simon Flexner (1863-1946), physician and scientific researcher. At the time of their marriage Flexner had been offered the position of Head of the Rockefeller Institute of Preventive Medicine. Writing to Mildred Minturn Scott, Russell makes the following comments about Helen's husband:

Simon Flexner (whom I suppose you hardly know) is a most remarkable man--I always feel his intellect one of the very best I have ever come across. (12 April 1914)

p. 40 My book is nearly out

The Principles of Mathematics. Vol. 1, (Cambridge: University Press) 1903.

p. 40 Darwin's life

Francis Darwin (ed.), Charles Darwin: his life told in an autobiographical chapter, and in a related series of his published letters (London: John Murray) 1902.

p. 41 George Trevelyan

George Macauley Trevelyan (1876-1962), historian noted for his three volume study of Garibaldi and for his work in 19th century British history. A contemporary and close friend of Russell's whom he met at Cambridge.

p. 42 Bolton King's Life of Mazzini (Dent)

Bolton King, Mazzini (London; J.M. Dent & Co.; New York; E.P. Dutton & Co.) 1902. Russell reviewed this book in The Edinburgh Review April, 1907. (Collected Papers 12: 344)

p. 42 "He who loveth his God chasteneth Him"

Zarathustra's prologue in Part 4 reads, "I love him who chastises his God because he loves his God: for he must perish by anger of his God."

p. 42 imitating my brother and writing Lay Sermons

John Francis (Frank) Stanley [First Earl Russell] (1865-1931). Russell's brother published Lay Sermons in 1902.

p. 42 Jeremy Taylor's Holy Dying

Jeremy Taylor (1613-67), devotional writer who was chaplain to Charles I. His best known works are The Rule and Exercises of Holy Living (1650) and The Rule and Exercises of Holy Dying (1651).

p. 45 As for the lay sermons

These lay sermons are not extant.

p. 46 you had a boy

William Welch Flexner, referred to as "Welch" in the letters, probably after Simon Flexner's friend and mentor, Dr. William Henry Welch.

p. 48 This house is charming--much nicer than any since the Millhanger

The house is Bagley Wood near Oxford where he lived until 1910. In 1897 the Millhanger, Fernhurst, Sussex was a temporary home for Alys and Russell.

p. 50 Theodore Davies...Crompton Davies

Theodore Llewelyn Davies (1870-1905), secretary to the Income Tax Committee in 1904.

Crompton Llewelyn Davies (1868-1935), solicitor. Russell discusses his friendship with the Davies brothers in his autobiography.

p. 50-1 My brother was once a Buddhist...my cousin St. George Fox Pitt

In Frank Russell's My Life and Times the chapter "Religion and Conduct" provides a brief account of his interest in Buddhism. In this section he also mentions the influence of his cousin St. George Fox Pitt on his interest in Buddhism. For St. George Fox Pitt see also p. 68.

p. 51 Rhys Davids (a Pali scholar)

Thomas William Rhys Davids (1843-1922). An Indologist; in 1881 he founded the Pali Text Society.

p. 52 Miss Ritchie's death

Mary H. Ritchie was the former secretary at Bryn Mawr College.

p. 52 the Devil in St. Antoine that "il n'y a pas de but"

The source of this phrase is unknown. It translates as, "there is no point".

p. 53 Ray is staying with us

Ray (née Costelloe) Strachey (1887-1940), Alys' niece, daughter of Mary Berenson. Her life was committed to the suffragist movement. She was the first woman to stand for Parliament, served as an advisor to the first female M.P., Lady Astor, and was editor of the suffragist publication, The Common Cause.

p. 54 I am much amused by your account of the Bengal tiger

In her letter of 2 March 1906 Helen describes her son's fascination with the tiger: "...every day he visits the Bengal tiger in search of the delightfully terrible sensation that his deep roar excites on his infant urban nerves."

p. 54 like the baby Shelley interrogated on Magdalen Bridge

This incident, Shelley taking a baby from its mother's arms and asking "Will your baby tell us anything about pre-existence, madam?" is discussed by Russell in his review of John McTaggart's Some Dogmas of Religion (1906). The review appeared in The Independent Review, 9 (April 1906) 109-16.

p. 55 Royce...Huntington

Edward Vermilye Huntington (1874-1952), mathematician. Instructor at Harvard 1895-7. Editor of "Annals of Mathematics" 1902-11.

Josiah Royce (1855-1916), philosopher. He was one of the first Americans to study the field of symbolic logic and the philosophical foundations of mathematics.

p. 57 I am glad to hear about Grace...useful to Val

Russell and Alys provided financial assistance for the education of Grace's son, Val.

p. 57 Mildred Minturn's engagement

Mildred Minturn Scott (1875-1922). She graduated from Bryn Mawr in 1897. In October 1906 she married Arthur Hugh Scott.

p. 59 to London to read a paper on Truth

"On the Nature of Truth" Proceedings of the Aristotelian Society, 7 (1906-7) 28-49. Read to the Cambridge Moral

Sciences Club on 2 November 1906 and to the Aristotelian Society on 3 December 1906. Parts I & II of the paper were published, with some omissions, as "The Monistic Theory of Truth" in Philosophical Essays (1910).

**p. 59 Walton's Lives...Haydon's Autobiography...
Galsworthy's "Man of Property"**

Izaak Walton (1593-1683), biographer. His Lives include Donne, Wotton, Hooker and Herbert.

Benjamin Robert Haydon (1786-1846), English Romantic painter and art critic. His autobiography was published in 1853.

John Galsworthy (1897-1933), novelist. The Man of Property (1906).

p. 60 the Scotts

See note p. 57.

p. 61 Certainly you ought to make one like your heroine if she has all the virtues you describe.

Helen's description of her heroine appears in her letter of 6 January 1907:

She is a woman more or less of my own sort, of the sort of many of my friends, learned in books, but ignorant of life, arrogant and scornful, ignorant of her own nature as well as of human nature in general, for all her sophistication. But she seriously loves the things of the mind and of the imagination and of the spirit. Her perceptions and her love of beauty are keen. She believes too in goodness. But as you can see is inevitable, her ignorance and her arrogance trip her up...falling victim to an inflated egoist.

p. 62 an alligator in the bath-room

In a letter dated 14 December, Sally Fairchild writes to Russell, "Mildred and her husband aren't coming after all--He is not well enough to stand the journey & they are settled for the winter with Mrs Minturn. She must like him very much for he keeps an aligator <sic> in the bath tub and other odd beasts about the house..."

On 24 January 1907 Lucy Donnelly writes to Russell explaining, "Poor Arthur Scott was getting what comfort he cd from an aquarium, an alligator in their bath and a bucket full of tadpoles..."

p. 65 The fit lasted until I stood for Wimbledon

Russell was a Parliamentary candidate for Wimbledon. He ran as a Liberal and as the first candidate for the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies.

p. 66 I enjoyed very much making the acquaintance of his brother

Simon Flexner had 4 elder brothers, Jacob, Henry, Isadore, Washington and 2 younger, Bernard and Abraham.

p. 67 Mr. Chaplin

Henry Chaplin (1840-1923). He ran against Russell in the Wimbledon by-election, as a Unionist, and won by nearly 7,000 votes.

p. 68 Sally Fairchild

Russell first met her in 1896 while he was in Boston. The "row" occurred during a visit to Rushmore, St. George Fox-Pitt's home. The disagreement was a trivial one involving Sally Fairchild's wish to depart on an early train and Mrs. Fox-Pitt's determination that she visit ruins and leave instead on a later train. St. George Fox-Pitt failed to support Sally in the dispute and she refused his proposal of marriage.

p. 68 The Murrays are back

George Gilbert Aime Murray (1866-1957), classical Greek scholar. In 1889 he married Russell's cousin, Lady Mary Henrietta Howard.

p. 68 Miss Reilly from Bryn Mawr

Marion Reilly (1879-1928), educator. From 1907-8 she attended University of Gottingen and Newnham College, Cambridge. She succeeded Carey Thomas as President of Bryn Mawr in 1907.

p. 70 Christabel Pankhurst

Christabel Pankhurst (1880-1958). Suffragist leader of

Women's Social and Political Union (WSPU).

p. 70 Carey...the Ph.D.'s

Carey Thomas believed that Ph.D. degrees should be compulsory for faculty members at Bryn Mawr College.

p. 71 Florence Dyke & her husband

Florence Dyke (d. 1941), Mary Berenson's friend at Smith College. Her husband was a Mr. Reynolds.

p. 72 Simon's adventure in Germany

Her letter mentions that Simon would write to Russell describing the "adventure" to him, however, the letter is not extant.

p. 72 read Kipps

A novel by H.G. Wells published in 1905.

p. 72 Do you read Conrad?... "Heart of Darkness"

Joseph Conrad (1857-1924), novelist, short story writer. Russell perceived him as a kindred spirit. Lucy Donnelly introduced Conrad's works to Russell. "The Heart of Darkness" was published in 1902.

p. 72 distracted by a paper on William James's book

Transatlantic "Truth". The Albany Review n.s. 2 (Jan. 1908) 393-410. This is a review of William James' Pragmatism: a New Name for Some Old Ways of Thinking. The paper was read to the Exeter Dialectical Society, Oxford on 23 October 1907.

p. 73 I am delighted to hear that you have a little boy

James Carey Thomas Flexner (1908-), historian and author of An American Saga: The story of Helen Thomas and Simon Flexner (Boston, Toronto: Little Brown and Company) 1984.

p. 73 Miss Asquith

Violet Asquith (1887-1969), the Prime Minister, H.H. Asquith's daughter. The situation is recounted by Millicent Fawcett in The Women's Victory and After.

p. 73 Mrs. Fawcett

Millicent Garrett Fawcett (1847-1929), Suffragist leader of the NUWSS 1890-1919. The incident is also described by Millicent Fawcett in Ray Strachey's Millicent Garrett Fawcett (1931) pp.250-1.

p. 74 Zangwill & Miss Sterling

Israel Zangwill (1864-1926), novelist. He supported women's suffrage and began the meeting with the statement, "...this meeting urges his Majesty's Government to introduce at the earliest possible moment a measure for the removal of the disability of sex with regard to the Parliamentary franchise." (London Times Feb. 3, 1908)

Frances Mary Sterling was one of the Honourary Secretaries of the NUWSS from 1903-9.

p. 74 work of Simon's...on meningitis

As a scientific researcher Simon Flexner's greatest contribution was the "Flexner serum" used to treat cerebrospinal meningitis.

p. 77 Chocorua

The Flexners' cottage in New Hampshire.

**p. 77 "es machen mir meime Gespenster sogar ein Tagesbesuch
"My ghosts even visit me by day."**

p. 78 Miss Fullerton

Katherine Elizabeth Fullerton Gerould (1879-1944), short story writer, novelist and essayist. In 1901 she was appointed a reader in English Literature at Bryn Mawr College and for the next ten years taught courses in literature including composition. In 1910 she married Gordon Hall Gerould, a professor of English at Princeton.

p. 78 Logan

Logan Pearsall Smith (1886-1946), Alys' brother; writer and critic.

p. 78 Horace Walpole & C.B. Fry

Horace Walpole [4th Earl of Orford] (1717-97), novelist, letter-writer.

Possibly Charles Burgess Fry (1872-1956), who was a well-known athlete at Oxford. A lithograph of C.B. Fry by William Rothenstein appears in Oxford Characters: Twenty-Four Lithographs (1896).

p. 78 Henry James

Henry James (1843-1916), novelist whose fiction often compared the innocent American and the experienced European.

p. 78 Thackeray

William Makepeace Thackeray (1811-63), English writer whose numerous novels include Vanity Fair (1848), The History of Henry Esmond (1852) and The Newcomes (1853).

p. 82 my brother & his wife...Russian theosophist lady...cousins Sir Walter & Lady Grove

Frank Russell married Marion (Mollie) Somerville in 1899.

Russian theosophist lady--Unidentified

Lady Agnes Geraldine Grove (1864-1926), and Sir Walter Grove (1852-1932). Her books include, The Human Woman (1908) and The Social Fetich (1908).

p. 86 she is writing on Heywood

Thomas Heywood (c.1572-c.1650), actor and playwright. In October of 1905 Lucy informs Helen that she is reading The Woman Killed with Kindness (1607) and expresses her enthusiasm: "I still feel Heywood's charm. I like his bravery & his love of a story & his Britishness & his heart. His sentimentality is so old fashioned and wholesome."

p. 86 writing on Pragmatism for the Edinburgh

"Pragmatism", Edinburgh Review, Vol., 209 (April 1909) 363-88.

p. 87 your introduction to the Colorado Suffrage report

Introduction to Equal Suffrage...An Investigation in Colorado made for the Equal Suffrage League of New York State, by Helen Laura Sumner (New York and London: Harper and Brothers Publishers) 1909.

p. 89 a book by a certain Miss Stein

Gertrude Stein, Three Lives (New York: The Grafton Press) 1909. Her recommendation reads, "I have read Miss Gertrude Stein's stories with great interest. Both in substance and in style they are most original, and the absence of the ordinary qualities give them in my opinion an accent of sincerity that is very unusual."

p. 90 "Imitation of Christ"...Thomas à Kempis

Thomas à Kempis (1380-1471), German mystic who wrote "Imitatio Christi" in 1414. The first English translation appeared in 1503.

p. 90 Lucy...admirable with her people

Her sister was going through a marital separation and was suffering from a nervous breakdown.

p. 92 to divide is not to take away

Shelley Epipsychidion (1, line 160).

p. 92 Creighton's views

Mandell Creighton (1843-1901), Bishop of London and author of History of the Papacy (1882-87). Helen writes, "Your attacking Bishop Chreighton <sic> for saying, as I reported him, that a person is equal to the sum of his or her relations? In a sense is it not true, or are you still of your old mind about it?" (15 November 1909)

p. 92 Crisis...since 1832

The Reform Bill of 1832 doubled the size of the electorate and transferred voting power to the industrialized cities. Russell's grandfather, Lord John Russell who was twice Prime Minister (1846-52 and 1865-66) fought for the passage of the bill.

p. 93 Dickinson

Willoughby Hyett Dickinson (1844-1928), Liberal backbencher for St. Pancras North.

p. 93 Philip Morrell

Philip Morrell (1870-1943), M.P. for South Oxfordshire

(1906-10) and for Burnley 1910-18. He was the husband of Lady Ottoline Morrell with whom Russell had an affair beginning in 1911.

p. 95 lecture on the Deity...at Cambridge

Russell was invited by Francis Cornford, a Fellow of Trinity, on behalf of the Committee of the Cambridge Freethought Association to deliver a lecture to the group. In his invitation of 15 November 1909 Cornford states, "I wish you would come and tell them that the existence of God can't be proved like a proposition in Euclid from Aristotelian premises--or some other trite but unknown or neglected truth of that kind." It is unlikely that he actually delivered the lecture since in his diary entry for 3 March 1910 he crosses out "Cambridge--Free Thought".

p. 98 Dana

A Richard Dana the third, a grandson of Richard Henry Dana, the author of Two Years Before the Mast is mentioned as a visitor to Pembroke Lodge in Frank Russell's My Life and Adventures (1923).

p. 100 my friend Sanger

Charles Percy Sanger (1871-1930), a contemporary of Russell's at Cambridge. He became a Chancery barrister.

p. 101 William's metaphysical queries delight me

Helen describes these "queries" in her letter of 22 July 1910:

You ask what kind of a mind William has and your interest in him gives me excuses for telling you a story or two about him. Before we left town he was delighted to find a buttercup growing in the Park; he carried it about with him looking at it and thinking about it and finally his meditations resulted in the question--"Do you think it knows it is a buttercup, Mother?" One evening after he was in bed he began without outside suggestion that I knew of to question me concerning the creation. "Was the world ever new?" he asked. I told him it had once been new in the sense that it had been very different from what it is. "Was there even nothing where the world now is?" he pinned me down. I answered to the best of my ability that I thought probably there had

once been nothing where the world is, because the world is always moving, but that the stuff out of which the world was made had never once been nothing; that the stuff out of which everything was made had always been there.

"There must be a great deal of stuff", was his comment. Only a few days ago while he was getting dressed in the morning he began to think about his grandfather and grandmother I explained to him how his grandparents stretched back and he wanted to know in number how many there were of them. I told him he would have to ask "Cousin Bertie" about that, since it was a question of number too difficult for me to answer. After investigating your identity for a few moments he returned to the original question of his origin--"Did I have all those grandfathers and grandmothers before I was born?"

p. 101 Karin really intelligent at metaphysics

Karin (née Costelloe) Stephen (1889-1953), daughter of Alys' sister Mary Berenson. In 1909 she returned from Bryn Mawr in order to take her Tripos in Moral Science at Newnham College. Later, when Russell lectured at Trinity he tutored her in philosophy.

p. 103 My little book of collected essays

Philosophical Essays (London: Longmans, Green and Co.) 1910.

p. 103 a paper for the Aristotelian Society & a shop-assistants' guide to philosophy

"Knowledge by Acquaintance and Knowledge by Description", Proceedings of the Aristotelian Society, n.s., Vol., II (1910-11) 108-28. This paper appears as chapter 5 in The Problems of Philosophy (1912)

Russell contracted to write The Problems of Philosophy in the autumn of 1910.

p. 104 Carey's faults

On the 25th anniversary of the opening of Bryn Mawr College, Helen writes:

The college stands as her work in the main; and how

has she made it? Lucy says it is her imagination that has done the work, & I suppose Lucy is right; her imagination & her faith in her own ideals. It seems strange that faith in oneself as priest or priestess of an ideal seems in no way rendered less effective, but on the contrary rather more effective, by a belief in one's own sacrosanct qualities as the representative of the God, though such a belief is so far from delightful to contemplate. Anything that gives force to personality, be it fault or be it virtue, seems to add to effectiveness, and if the end proposed is on the whole a good end, perhaps one ought to rejoice in the faults. I invite you to rejoice in Carey's faults, which I know are especially dear to you. (27 October 1910)

p. 104 Simon's work

In a letter to Russell, Helen explains that, "Simon has made a great step forward in his work on infant paralysis and this has constituted excitement for us both. The country is going through a scourge of this terrible disease, & Drs. & laymen alike have turned to the R. Institute for advice & help...he is straining every nerve to make a serum that will cure." (27 October 1910)

p. 105 good of you to send me your photograph

The photograph survives. It is in the Russell Archives.

p. 105 Christian Herter's death

Christian Archibald Herter (1865-1910), physician and biochemist. Helen writes to Russell:

Poor Christian, life was in many ways a sad tragedy for him in spite of his numerous good fortunes. I think of him as a kind of Prometheus bearing the ills of the body and the torments of the spirit for the sake of the intelligence. His almost complete physical disablement just at the moment when in the opening of The Rockefeller Institute hospital he had got the opportunity for work he had been longing for all his life; and then his death after hardly more than a month's painful work. (16 December 1910)

p. 106 the Dow. Empress of China...Boxers

A secret society in China known as the "Harmonious Fists"

and referred to as Boxers by Europeans. In 1900 they were involved in violent uprisings against foreigners in China and encouraged by the Dowager Empress Tz'U Hsi. Russell is referring to the book, China Under the Empress Dowager, which was published in 1910.

p. 107 I feel like the old hunchman in the fairy tale

In the Grimm brother's fairy tale of the frog prince, the prince's servant Henry was so grief-stricken because his master was turned into a frog that he had three iron bands fastened around his heart to prevent it from bursting. When the prince travels to his kingdom with his princess the bands around Henry's heart snap open because his master has been set free.

p. 113 Mary Worthington's death

Mary Worthington was a student at The Johns Hopkins Medical School.

p. 116 Dr. Loeb's book

Jacques Loeb Mechanistic Conception of Life. (Chicago, Illinois: The University of Chicago Press) 1912. He taught at Bryn Mawr College for a year in the early 1890's.

p. 116 Mrs Rockefeller

Abby Greene Aldrich Rockefeller (1874-1948), philanthropist and art patron. In 1901 she married John Davison Rockefeller whose father founded the Standard Oil Trust.

p. 118 friends with Conrad

Russell's autobiography includes a lengthy account of his first visit and subsequent relationship with Conrad. See also note p. 72.

p. 119 Hans Driesch

Hans Adolf Eduard Driesch (1867-1941). A German biologist and philosopher who believed in vitalism.

p. 120 engagements from Perry

Ralph Barton Perry (1876-1957), professor of philosophy at Harvard. During the spring of 1914 Russell delivered the Lowell lectures in Boston and was appointed temporary professor of philosophy at Harvard.

p. 124 Shaw, Romain Rolland, Liebknecht

George Bernard Shaw (1856-1950), playwright, critic. In November 1914 he published Common Sense About the War as a supplement to the New Statesman.

Romain Rolland (1866-1944), writer, political activist, pacifist.

Karl Liebknecht (1871-1919). In 1912 he became a Social Democrat deputy in the Reichstag and was imprisoned for opposing war in 1914. Russell mentions Liebknecht's father in German Social Democracy (1896).

p. 125 J.R. MacDonald, Charles Trevelyan, Norman Angell, Ponsonby & Morel

The "club" is the Union of Democratic Control (UDC), whose aim was to secure and maintain peace after the war. For discussion about Russell's involvement in this organization see Vellacott's Bertrand Russell and the Pacifists in the First World War (1980).

James Ramsay MacDonald (1866-1937), labour leader.

Sir Charles Philips Trevelyan (1870-1958), politician.

Sir (Ralph) Norman Angell (1872-1967), publicist and author.

Arthur Augustus William Harry [first Baron Ponsonby of Shulbrede] (1871-1946), politician and author.

E.D. Morel (1873-1924), politician. He was the secretary of the UDC.

p. 126 comparing me to a brass band

Helen explains the misunderstanding in her letter of about early May in 1915:

What I meant by referring to your private brass band was this, I suppose. A temperament of your great energy & instinctive self-confidence cannot fail to play its music fortissimo on occasion,--all the instruments of the orchestra, as I will call it today, being in a better temper, going at once in a burst of sound, triumphant, glorious, but overwhelming. Not much chance, I felt, for

a small simple instrument to make itself heard.
And not very reasonable of it to complain, I agree!

p. 126 It is sad that people should feel as you say about Wilson.

Helen writes to Russell on 5 January 1915:

There is emerging in the general consciousness here as I interpret it, a belief that Wilson cannot be looked to for statesman--like wisdom in this world crisis. His course in Mexico & other opportunist actions of his, such as his permitting the segregation of negroes in government offices, have greatly discredited him in the minds of many who hoped for much from him. We do not expect that he will be able to influence the issues of peace in any broad way, for we do not feel that He is a big enough person to do so. He has shown himself a cold, narrow-minded doctrinaire man without a touch of Lincoln's greatness, & what influence he will have must come solely from his position as the head of the most powerful of the neutral nations. No doubt he is better than Roosevelt would have been, but he might be so much better than he is! This, I think, is the opinion of very many people like Simon who voted for him & believed in him & would like still to believe in him.

p. 128 horror of the Lusitania

On 1 May 1915 the Lusitania sailed from New York on its way to Liverpool, and was sunk by a German submarine on 7 May. Russell's article, "How America Can Help to Bring Peace" was being printed at this time and Russell immediately stopped its publication. It survives in galley form in the Bertrand Russell Archives.

p. 130 the Gorky incident

Maxim Gorky (1868-1936), Soviet novelist, short-story writer, dramatist. His 1906 visit to the United States caused a scandal because although not yet legally divorced from his wife, Katherina Pavlovna, he was accompanied by Maria Andreyeva and introduced her as his wife.

p. 130 Von Arnims

Elizabeth Mary Annette Beauchamp (1866-1941), writer. She married Russell's brother Frank, in 1916. She wrote to

Russell on 11 November 1915 asking him if he knew of an American family with whom her eldest daughter could stay with while the war lasted.

p. 132 Val's marriage

Grace's son. See note p. 3.

p. 134 Feakins

William B. Feakins (1872?-1946). Head of his own lecture bureau. He organized Russell's American lectures.

p. 134 Powys

John Cowper Powys (1872-1963), novelist. The debate was "Is Modern Marriage a Failure?"

p. 134 when I write my autobiography

The first volume of his autobiography was published in 1967 followed by the second and third volumes in 1968 and 1969.

p. 136 Saturday

This letter was probably written during Russell's 1924 lecture tour in America.

PART II

The Mill House,
Grantchester,
Cambridge.

May 23. 1902

Dear Lucy

Your letter to Alys, which she sent on to me, amused & interested us both very much. It is a kindness to write to her, & if you can find time, I hope you will do so again. All that you said about Hodder was balm, & your fix with Carey was delicious.--You will wonder at my writing to you: the fact is, I finished today my magnum opus on the principles of mathematics, on which I have been engaged since 1897. This has left me with leisure & liberty to remember that there are human beings in the world, which I have been strenuously striving to forget. I wonder whether you realize the degree of self-sacrifice (& too often sacrifice of others), of sheer effort of will, of stern austerity in repressing even what is intrinsically best, that goes into writing a book of any magnitude. Year after year I found mistakes in what I had done, & had to re-write the whole from beginning to end: for in a logical system, one mistake will usually vitiate everything. The hardest part I left to the end: last summer I undertook it gaily, hoping to finish soon, when suddenly I came upon a greater difficulty than any I had known of before. So difficult it was, that to think of it at all required an all but

superhuman effort. And long ago I got sick to nausea of the whole subject, so that I longed to think of anything else under the sun; & sheer fatigue has become almost incapacitating. But now at last all is finished, & as you may imagine, I feel a new man; for I had given up hope of ever coming to an end of the labour. Abstract work, if one wishes to do it well, must be allowed to destroy one's humanity; one raises a monument which is at the same time a tomb, in which, voluntarily, one slowly inters oneself. But the thankless muse will not share her favours -- she is a jealous mistress.-- Do not believe, if you wish to write, that the current doctrine of experience has any truth; there is a thousand times more experience in pain than in pleasure. Artists must have strong passions, but they deceive themselves in fancying it good to indulge their desires. The whole doctrine, too, that writing comes from technique, is quite mistaken; writing is the outlet to feelings which are all but overmastering, & are yet mastered. Two things are to be cultivated: loftiness of feeling, & control of feeling & everything else by the will. Neither of these are understood in America as in the old countries; indeed, loftiness of feeling seems to depend essentially upon a brooding consciousness of the past & its terrible power, a deep sense of the difference between the great eternal facts & the transient dross of merely personal feeling. If you tell these things to your

fine-writing class, they will know less than if you hold your tongue. Alys is getting on very slowly; it is a great anxiety, tho' it is a comfort to think she is doing the right thing, I fear I am not to see her for a good while yet, which is intensely trying. I am up here seeing after the publication of my book, but my address is F's Hill. Give my love to Helen. My advice to any one who wishes to write is to know all the very best literature by heart, & ignore the rest as completely as possible.

Yours ever

Bertrand Russell.

N.B. This letter is not for Carey!

[When I wrote this letter I did not realise that another 8 years work on the same subject lay ahead of me.] (t.s., not in Russell's handwriting)

Trin. Coll.
Cambridge

July 6.1902

Dear Lucy

Many thanks for your very interesting letter, & for the excellent account of Harvard & Barrett Wendell. What a monstrous thing that a University should teach journalism! I thought that was only done at Oxford. This respect for the filthy multitude is ruining civilization. A certain man had the impudence to maintain in my presence that every student ought to be made to expound his views to popular audiences, so I lifted up my voice & testified for a quarter of an hour, after which he treated me with the kind of respect accorded to wild beasts.-- I suppose Wendell is better than his books: I was disappointed in his American literature. For, though I agree with him that America, like the Australian marsupials, is an interesting relic of a bygone age, I care little for the great truth that American writers have all been of good family, & that Harvard is vastly superior to Yale. And his failure to appreciate Walt Whitman to my mind is very damaging. He talks of Brooklyn Ferry & so on, & quite forgets Out of the Cradle endlessly rocking, & When lilacs last in the dooryard bloomed. This seems to me to show a deplorable conventionality, both in taste generally, & in judgment of Whitman specially.

When my book was finished, I took ten days' holiday. Since then I have been working as usual, except during four days that I spent with my Aunt Agatha at Pembroke Lodge. A strange, melancholy, weird time it was: we talked of merriment long since turned to sadness, of tragedies in which all the actors are gone, of sorrows which have left nothing but a fading memory. All the life of the present grew to me dreamy & unreal, while the majestic Past, weighed down by age & filled with unspeakable wisdom, rose before me & dominated my whole being. The Past is an awful God, tho' he gives Life almost the whole of its haunting beauty. I believe those whose childhood has been spent in America can scarcely conceive the hold which the Past has on us of the Old world: the continuity of life, the weight of tradition, the great eternal procession of youth & age & death, seem to be lost in the bustling approach of the future which dominates American life. And, that is one reason why great literature is not produced by your compatriots.

At present, I am staying in College by myself: none of my friends are up, & when work is over, I have a great deal of leisure left for meditation. I have been reading Maeterlinck's works straight through: alas, I have nearly come to the end of them. *Le Temple Enseveli* seems to me very admirable, both as literature & as morality. I am simple-minded enough, in spite of Miss Gwinn & Mr. Hodder's

grave man's world [being, I suppose, not a grave man] to think it unnecessary for literature to have an immoral purpose. I hate this notion of being true to life! Life, thank God, is very largely what we choose to make of it, & ideals are unreal only to those who do not wish them to be otherwise. Tell Miss Gwinn, with my compliments, that every word of St. Augustine's Confessions is true to life, & that Dante's love for Beatrice is a piece of unadulterated realism. If people will not realize this, they are sure to lose out of life its finest, rarest, most precious experiences. But this is too large a theme!

Alys was at Friday's Hill with me last Sat. to Monday, & seemed better. She is now in Switzerland, & on the 25th, when she returns, I shall be allowed to join her at last.--Do write to me again, & let me know your news, internal as well as external. Love to Helen.

Yours very sincerely

Bertrand Russell

Friday's Hill,
Haslemere.

Sep. 1. 1902.

Dear Lucy

Vanity in regard to letter-writing is not an emotion to encourage! One's friends are sure to be glad of one's news, even if it is not told in the most gorgeous diction. But as a matter of fact, I found your letter very interesting. Yes, one's people are very trying: they are a living caricature of oneself, & have the same humiliating effect that is produced by the monkeys in the zoo: one feels that here is the unvarnished truth at last. To most people, their family is real in a higher sense than any later acquaintance, husband or wife even. You may notice that with Carlyle--his people in Annandale existed for him in a way in which his wife never existed till she was dead. People are less cased in Self as children, & those associated with childhood have a vividness that becomes impossible later--they live in one's instinctive part. This is a frequent source of trouble in marriage.--I haven't read the Elizabethans since I was an undergraduate; as I remember them, their chief merit is a very rich & splendid diction. The old drama is not a gospel to regenerate you, its world is too hopelessly unreal. Your own life, naturally, is a paper life, as you say, a life in

which Experience comes through books, not directly. For this disease more books are not the remedy. Only real life is the remedy--but that is hard to get. Real life means a life in some kind of intimate relation to other human beings--Hodder's life of passion has no reality at all. Or again, real life means the experience in one's own person of the emotions which make the material of religion & poetry. The road to it is the same as that recommended to the man who wanted to found a new religion: Be crucified, & rise again on the third day. If you are prepared for both parts of this process, by all means take to real life. But in the modern world, the cross is usually self-inflicted & voluntary, & the rising again to the hope of new crucifixions, requires a considerable effort of will. It seems to me that your difficulty comes from the fact that there are no real people to speak of in your world. The young are never real, the unmarried very seldom. Also, if I may say so, the scale of emotion in America seems to me more frivolous, more superficial, more pusillanimous, than in Europe; there is a triviality of feeling which makes real people very rare. I find in England, that most women of 50 & upwards have gone through the experience of many years' voluntary endurance of torture, which has given a depth & a richness to their natures that your easy-going pleasure-loving women cannot imagine. On the whole, real life does not consist, as Hodder would have you believe, in

intrigues with those who are already married. If one wants uncommon experiences, a little renunciation, a little performance of duty, will give one far more unusual sensations than all the fine free passion in the universe. But a life in books has great calm & peace--it is true that a terrible hunger for something less thin comes over one, but one is spared from remorse & horror & torture & the maddening poison of regret. For my part, I am constructing a mental cloister, in which my inner soul is to dwell in peace, while an outer simulacrum goes forth to meet the world. In this inner sanctuary I sit & think spectral thoughts. Yesterday, talking on the terrace, the ghosts of all former occasions there rose & walked before me in solemn procession--all dead, with their hopes & fears, their joys & sorrows, their aspirations & their golden youth -- gone, gone, into the great limbo of human folly. And as I talked, I felt myself & the others already faded into the Past, & all seemed very small--struggles, pains, everything, mere fatuity, noise & fury signifying nothing. And so calm is achieved, & Fate's thunders become mere nursery-tales to frighten children.

--Life here is always, in the summer, a strange phantasmagory: we had yesterday Grace, the Amos's, Miss Creighton, the Kinsellas, the Robinson's, & J.M. Robertson, the man on whom Bradlaugh's mantle has fallen. Miss Creighton had to be rescued, because Robertson began to

discuss whether God was made of green cheese or had whiskers--infinite for choice.

We have all been reading with great pleasure James on Religious Experience--everything good about the book except the conclusions. I have been re-reading the most exquisite of all bits of history, Carlyle's Diamond Necklace. He is the only author who knows the place of History among the Fine Arts. Love to Helen.

Yours very sincerely

Bertrand Russell.

14 CHEYNE WALK,
CHELSEA, S.W.

Nov. 25. 1902

Dear Lucy

Many thanks for your letter. I am grateful to you for writing about yourself: afterall, people can tell one nothing more interesting than their own feeling towards life. It is a great comfort that you are so much better, & able to enjoy life again. All that you write about the little most people get out of experience is most true: but I was not thinking, when I wrote, of "experiences", but of the inward knowledge of emotions. This, if one is rightly constituted, requires an absolute minimum of outward circumstances as its occasion; & this it is that is required for the development of character & for certain sorts of writing. But there is not profit in feeling unless one learns to dominate it & impersonalize it.--For people like you & me, whose main business is necessarily with books, I rather think experience of life should be as far as possible vicarious. If one has instinctive sympathy, one comes to know the true history of a certain number of people, & from that one can more or less create one's world. But to plunge into life oneself takes a great deal of time & energy, & is, for most people, incompatible with preserving the attitude of a spectator. One needs, as the key to interpret alien experience, a personal knowledge

of great unhappiness; but that is a thing which one need hardly set forth to seek, for it comes unasked. When once one possesses this key, the strange, tragic phantasmagoria of people hoping, suffering, & then dying, begins to suffice without one's desiring to take part, except occasionally to speak a word of encouragement where it is possible.

I have not been reading much lately: FitzGerald's letters have interested me, also the new Cambridge Modern History, where one gets a connected view of things one has read before in a very fragmentary fashion. Gilbert Murray's translations of Euripides are out, & I recommend them to you (published by George Allen). I have been trying to be interested in Politics, but in vein, the British Empire is unreal to me, I visualize the Mother Country & the Colonies as an old hen clucking to her chickens, & the whole thing strikes me as laughable. I know that grave men take it seriously, but it all seems to me so unimportant compared to the great eternal facts. And London people, to whom the Eternal is represented by the Monthlies, to which they rise with difficulty from the daily papers, strike me as all puppets, blind embodiments of the forces of nature, never achieving the liberation that comes to man when he ceases to desire, & learns at last to contemplate. Only in thought is man a God: in action & desire we are the slaves of circumstance.

Please give my love to Helen, & write again when you have time. Alys goes on well on the whole, & is, I hope, not going to have any very serious relapses.

Yours very sincerely

Bertrand Russell

14 CHEYNE WALK,
CHELSEA, S.W.

7th Feb. 1903

Dear Lucy

I have just heard of Helen's engagement, & for her sake I am glad--it has always seemed to me that she ought to marry, & that College life was distinctly a second-best for her. But for you, I know, it must be hard, very hard. It is a dangerous thing to allow one's affections to centre too much in one person; for affection is always liable to be thwarted, & life itself is frail. One learns many things as year by year adds to the burden of one's life; & I think the chief of all is the power of making all one's loves purely contemplative. Do you know Walt Whitman's "Out of the rolling ocean the crowd?" One learns to love all that is good with the same love--a love that knows of its existence, & feels warmed to the world by that knowledge, but asks for no possession, for no private gain except the contemplation itself. And there is no doubt that there are real advantages in loss: affection grows wider, & one learns insight into the lives of others. Everyone who realizes at all what human life is must feel at some time the strange loneliness of every separate soul; & then the discovery in others of the same loneliness makes a new strange tie, & a growth of pity so warm as to be

almost a compensation for what is lost.

Phrases, I know, do not mend matters; but it makes unhappiness far more bearable to think that some good will come of it; & indeed the facing of the world alone, without one's familiar refuge, is the beginning of wisdom & courage.

Forgive my writing so intimately: but the world is too serious a place, at times, for the barriers of reserve & good manners.

We shall hope to see a great deal of you when you come to England, as I hope you will do. And I shall be very glad to hear from you whenever you feel inclined to write.

Yours very sincerely

Bertrand Russell.

Churt, Farnham

April 13. '03.

Dear Lucy

It is impossible to tell you how like sunshine it was to me to hear that my letter had been a comfort. But alas! it is easier to see what is good than to practise it; & old as this observation is, I have not yet got used to it, or made up my mind that it really is true. Yet I have seen & known, at times, a life at a far higher level than my present one; & my precepts are very greatly superior to anything that I succeed in achieving.

Yes, the logic of life is a wonderful thing: sometimes I think of making up a set of aphorisms, to be called "Satan's joys"; such as: Giving causes affection, receiving causes tedium; the reward of service is unrequited love. (This is the biography of all virtuous mothers, & of many wives.) Passions are smirched by indulgence & killed by restraint: the loss in either case is inevitable. And so on. But these bitter truths, tho' they deserve to be recognized so far as they are true, are not good to dwell upon. Wherever one finds oneself inclined to bitterness, it is a sign of emotional failure: a larger heart, & a greater self-restraint, would put a calm autumnal sadness in the place of the instinctive outcry of pain. One of the things that make literature so consoling is, that its

tragedies are all in the past, & have the completeness & repose that comes of being beyond the reach of our endeavours. It is a most wholesome thing, when one's sorrow grows acute, to view it as having all happened long, long ago; to join, in imagination, the mournful company of dim souls whose lives were sacrificed to the great machine that still grinds on. I see the past, like a sunny landscape, where the world's mourners mourn no longer. On the banks of the river of Time, the sad procession of human generations is marching slowly to the grave; but in the quiet country of the past, the tired wanderers rest, & all their weeping is hushed.

But as for me, I have felt no emotions of any kind, except on rare occasions, for some time now; & that is a state of things most convenient for work, tho' very dull. We are living a quiet country life: Alys is well, except now & then for a day or two. We read Montaigne aloud: he is pleasant & soothing, but very unexciting. To myself I am reading the history of Rome in the middle ages, by Gregorovius, a delightful book. Gilbert Murray, who is our near neighbour, has been telling me about Orphic tablets, & their directions to the soul after death: "Thou wilt find a cypress, & by the cypress a spring, & by the spring two guardians, who will say to thee: who art thou? where comest thou? And thou wilt reply: I am the child of earth & of the starry heaven; I am parched with thirst, I perish".

Then they tell him to drink of the fountain; sometimes the fountain itself speaks. Certainly a beautiful mysticism.

We are looking forward to your visit next winter. The spring is here, but I have hardly noticed it. Give my love to Helen, & my best wishes to yourself. This is an egotistical letter, but you must forgive it.

Yrs very sincerely

Bertrand Russell.

Friday's Hill
Haslemere.

July 29. 1903

Dear Lucy

It is impossible to tell you how glad I am that our letters have been a help to you. It is the great reward of losing youth that one finds oneself able to be of use; & I cannot, without seeming to cant, say how great a reward I feel it. You need not mind bringing a budget of problems; I look forward to hearing them, & to thinking about them.

The story of Maud Potts & her boy is quite unusually terrible. Slow tragedies are so much worse; & the poor boy has such an inevitable Fate over him. It reminds me of nothing so much as "La Mort de Tintagiles". She must be a very weak woman--requiring the love of God & the love of man both is too much--many of us would be glad of either, but drag on somehow without them. Yes, the way people regard intimacy as a great opportunity for destroying happiness is most horrible. It is ghastly to watch, in most marriages the competition as to which is to be torturer, which tortured; a few years, at most, settle it, & after it is settled, one has happiness & the other has virtue. And the torturer smirks, & speaks of matrimonial bliss; & the victim, for fear of worse, smiles a ghastly assent. Marriage, & all such close relations, have quite

infinite possibilities of pain; nevertheless, I believe it is good to be brought into close contact with people. Otherwise, one remains ignorant of much that it is good to know, merely because it is in the world, & because it increases human comradeship to suffer what others suffer. But it is hard not to long, in weak moments, for a simple life, a life with books & things, away from the misery of human sorrow. I am amazed at the number of people who are wretched almost beyond endurance. "Truly the Good man feeds upon is Pain". One has to learn to regard happiness, for others as well as for oneself, as more or less unimportant--but tho' I keep on telling myself this, I do not yet fully & instinctively believe it.

I am glad to hear that Helen is getting rested. It has been no surprise not hearing from her; but tell her not to forget me, & to write again when she is able. Seeing Grace just before her departure, the other day, seemed to bring America nearer. Usually when I write to you or Helen, I feel almost as if I were writing to dead people whom I have read about in books--the whole place seems so remote, so plunged in memories of an utterly different person who occupied my body seven years ago, that I can hardly believe it to be real or inhabited by real people. But when you come over in the autumn, I shall doubt whether you have really been in America all this time.

The last four months, I have been working like a horse,

& have achieved almost nothing. I discovered in succession seven brand-new difficulties, of which I solved the first six. When the seventh turned up, I became discouraged, & decided to take a holiday before going on. Each in turn required a reconstruction of my whole edifice. Now I am staying with Dickinson; in a few days I shall go to town & plunge into the Free Trade question (as a student only). We are all wildly excited about Free Trade; it is to me the last piece of sane internationalism left, & if it went I should feel inclined to cut my throat. But there seems no chance whatever of Chamberlain's succeeding--all the brains are against him, in every class of society.

Alys had a tiresome accident to her leg, as you will have heard. But it is now almost well. She goes to F's H. while I take my 10 days' holiday. Love to Helen, & best wishes to yourself.

Yrs very sincerely

B. Russell.

14 Cheyne Walk
Chelsea S.W.

Feb. 28. 1904.

My dear Lucy

It is kind of you to write to me so fully of your feelings, for I am most anxious that you should. But I am very sorry indeed you are having so much depression to endure. There is absolutely nothing so difficult to cope with as a feeling of one's own worthlessness; & it is a feeling engendered of weariness, & of the unconscious reasoning that, to compensate for one's own pain, at least one's life ought to add a great deal to other people's welfare. But you have really no just ground to feel your life worthless. You have the essential quality of caring for the good life, & of encouraging people who know you to care for it. There are not too many people in the world who are active sources of moral effort: many people can live well under good influences, but few can do so by their own strength, & still fewer have any moral energy to spare for others. But you, however bad health may hamper you, have this power, which is specially supreme for any one concerned with education. I foresee for you many years of really very valuable teaching of whatever is communicable in the wisdom that life has taught you. And whoever has a prospect of that sort has no right to regard his or her

life as a waste or a failure.

Really the feeling of the worthlessness of one's work, where it is not justified, is the last refuge of self-love. It comes partly of too high an ideal of what one might hope to achieve, which is a form of pride; & partly of rebellion against one's private sufferings, which, one feels, can only be outweighed by some immense public good. But I know it is intolerably hard to drive self-love from this entrenchment, & I certainly have not yet succeeded. I do wish I could be with you, not only for the beauty of Sicily, but because it would be a great pleasure to see you, & because it would be so much easier to say just the things to build up in you the self-respect you deserve to have. You are really too modest altogether; but your friend's affection ought to persuade you that you have things to give which people value. I have not found myself, tho', any way of banishing Self except work; & while you are unable to work, it is very difficult for you.

I am glad Helen writes you nice letters. But I gather from what you say that her happiness is not great enough to exclude pains. That is a pity; yet perhaps it is a safeguard against greater pains in the future. This sounds a commonplace reflection, & I confess I think it better to have both pain & pleasure in an extreme degree than to have both soberly. But consolations are not to be rejected, even if they are commonplace.

Your gossip about Mr. Bowland is very interesting, & I shall be glad to hear developments.

There is not much news here. I have been very busy, but now my labours are practically ended. We go to Cambridge for two days this week, & Alys goes to visit Logan & look for sites at Oxford. I have been reading novels: Diana, & Beauchamp's Career, are the two I have read last. Meredith's psychology seems to me very good as a rule, tho' I didn't think Diana's betrayal was made credible. I fell in love with her at the Ball, & remained so through all her vagaries.

Last night I went to a remote part of London, to lecture to the local Branch of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers. They meet in a Public House, but permit no drinks during their meeting. They seemed excellent people, very respectable--indeed I shouldn't have guessed they were working men. They were of all shades of opinion, from Tory to Socialist. The chairman, when I had finished, begged them not to follow their usual practice of flattering the lecturer; but even so I got not much criticism. The Secretary explained this to me on the way home by saying my arguments had "bottled them up". I like them all, & felt an increased respect for the skilled workman, who seems usually an admirable person.

In a fortnight I shall have done with fiscal things, & then I shall go a walking-tour in Devonshire & Cornwall

before settling down to Philosophy. MacCarthy will go with me.

Write again as soon as you can. I feel there is much more to be said in answer to your letter, but politics has rather scattered my thoughts. Try to keep up your spirits; & please don't imagine your life a useless one.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

Telegrams:
"Brokenshaw, Fowey."
Telephone: No. 4.

St. Catherine's House,
First-Class Private Hotel,
FOWEY,
CORNWALL.

March 29.1904

My dear Lucy

Your letter, which I got this morning, was a great pleasure to me, & made me feel sorry that I had just written. For I should be very sorry if you came to feel it a duty to write to me, & as long as your not writing is to be taken as a sign that things are going well with you, I shall feel quite easy in my mind. I am so glad of what you say--glad both that you have been free from depression & that I have been able to help to free you. But I am afraid I put too strongly what I said about Helen in my last letter. I think, provided she puts will-power & suppression of demands for private rights into her life, she ought to have, even considering her deafness, a good deal more happiness than comes to the average woman. It is only that certain dangers occurred to me, which I know you saw too. But also I am seized with a kind of terror at the thought of having said anything whatever as to your relation to Helen; for that is really a matter I have no business with.

I agree entirely with what you say about modesty. Self

is a very Proteus; & one can hardly recognize all his many shapes. But some are less harmful than others.

I have never been in Capri since the age of two, tho' I saw it from the sea 2 1/2 years ago. What you say about the grottos* [*By the way, I gather you looked it up, so I accept your final spelling] is amusing: I always now think of Alladine et Palomides in connection with grottos.

As for work, I have not thought at all, either with satisfaction or the reverse, about my fiscal career, now happily closed. That whole episode seems to have just faded away. Also I have not thought much about philosophy; tho' when I do think of it, the thought is rather pleasant. MacCarthy, who was an ideal companion, left me about 5 days ago. Since then I have been alone, & have found the time most valuable. A great sense of peace comes over me as I walk over green hills by the sea, with nobody to consult, & nobody to be careful of. In a quiet instinctive way (very uncommon with me) I think through practical difficulties that had seemed insoluble, & lay up a store of peace of mind to last through the agitations & fatigues of ordinary life. When I am not thinking of the way, or the scenery, I am mostly thinking about people's affairs: trying to get the facts straight, & to decide how much I can do to better the facts. It takes a good deal of time & thought to imagine oneself in a certain situation, & decide whether one could be sufficiently impressive to effect a great

result. My Self comes in in being flattered by my knowledge of people's affairs, & anxious to have their confidence; but I try hard to make Self in this form subservient to good ends.

Then, when I reach an Inn, the people are all interesting owing to the solitude of my walks; I observe their little ways, compare landladies, & listen to the local gossip & the trials of innkeepers' lives. I could write at length on this subject; but it would be rather Pickwickian. In this Hotel, we are a happy family party, & all dine together. As I came downstairs, a middle-aged woman was giving herself some final touches before the Hall looking-glass; she looked round quickly, & when she saw I was not the man for whom she was doing it, she went on as before. Another middle-aged woman, with an earnest manner & a very small waist, was in great form, because the young man had given her a bunch of white violets, which she was wearing. Then there was the inevitable old lady who dined at a table apart, & only joined the conversation occasionally, throwing in a remark about how sweet the spring flowers are; & there was the pompous man, who was saying "Well, my opinion is that the directors have just thrown away 12,000 pounds of the shareholders' money." Then there was myself, much ashamed of having no change of clothes among all these respectable people, & much despised by them for the same reason; & like the man at the helm in

the Snark, I spoke to no one & no one spoke to me; but I was well amused. Yesterday I stayed at a place called Mevagissey, where there was a Parish Council Election going on. The landlady's daughter was laying my dinner, when I asked her if it was a contest of Liberal & Tory. "Oh no, Sir, it's only some of them wanted to put up a Doctor, & others said he wasn't a Mevagissey man, & had only lived for 6 or 7 years in the place." "Disgraceful", I said. "Yes it is, Sir, ain't it? And they had a show of hands & he got the worst of it, but he demanded a poll, & now the fishermen hope he'll be turned out." "Well", I said, "he doesn't seem to have much chance". "You see, Sir, the people who are backing him are powerful people, they're fish-buyers, & some of the fishermen get their nets from them. Then he's backed by what they call the Christians, the people who are against us poor innkeepers". Oho, I thought, now I'm getting at it. "Is he a Nonconformist" I asked. "Oh yes Sir, he's not a churchman"--in a tone of great contempt. Then I found his backers were also Nonconformists, that they had made their own money, were very kind to sober men, but very hard on drunkards; & that several pubs had been annoyed by them. I was interested to find that, in the common parlance of churchpeople, "Christian" is the antithesis to "Churchman". I found further from the landlady that these monsters in human shape actually proposed a new drainage scheme & a new water

supply, altho' the rates were already dreadfully high. How high? I asked. "I couldn't say Sir, but I know they're dreadfully high". The Dr. was not elected; but I was consoled to learn that the parson had also been turned out.--These little distractions keep me from having a moment's boredom.--

I am amused & interested about Miss Minturn's flirtations. When we told her in Venice that she was an unconscionable flirt, she was amazed that any one could think anything so unkind & unjust! She flirts very charmingly--I enjoyed her operations, tho' no doubt I ought not to have.

Forgive this prosy letter; & give my love to Miss Minturn. The cuttings enclosed are from Alys.

Yrs affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

IVY LODGE,
TILFORD,
FARNHAM.

May 19.1904

My dear Lucy

Many thanks for your letter, which I was very glad of, especially as it gave such good accounts of your health & spirits, & of Helen. I don't really wonder Miss Minturn got on your nerves. Her lack of purpose, combined with her innate conviction of her mission to inspire virtue in young men, are a little trying. I believe, if one got inside her mind, one would find that she excuses all her flirtations on the ground that it is Woman's duty to inspire man.--I am very happy indeed to have been a help to you in the winter; but I shall feel to blame unless, by the time you go back to Bryn Mawr, you feel able to face life alone. Meanwhile, happily (from my point of view), the time is near when you will be here again. I am leaving most of your letter to talk over when you come. I do not think you are Utopian in your hopes for the future.

You ask me to write about my doings, but they don't come to much. I am very busy: the work advances, tho' new difficulties are always turning up. But I have got a method now which, with care & time, must get me to the goal, I think.

This place is bad for the spring: there are few trees except pines, very few green fields full of buttercups, &

no nightingales. Still it is full of beauty, & on the whole, ever since Cornwall, I have been happy. But it has dawned upon me that I have been happy partly because Self had slipped in when I thought I was really wholly acting for others, so that I was getting both gains for myself & self-approbation, which according to Bentham is the greatest of all joys. The forms of Self are curiously subtle. I find that in trying to help other people through difficulties, I have allowed myself too much to think that they may like me for helping them; & if one thinks of that, one is apt not to do the really best thing, or not to abstain from doing anything when one ought merely to look on, which is perhaps the hardest of all. However, I don't know of any harm that I have done, beyond a bad state of mind.

Alys is very fairly well. She is in the early stages of a great row with Lady Carlisle, the row that has been coming for a long time. I don't know the rights & wrongs, & it rather worries me, because it may complicate matters with the Murrays. But it is one of the things merely to look on at. Don't mention this to anyone, because it may blow over.

I shall hope to hear from you again before you come. This is a dull letter--work is very bad for the mind. I can't read the name of your street, so I am making a shot at it.

Yrs. aff^{ly}.

Bertrand Russell

IVY LODGE,
TILFORD,
FARNHAM.

June 25. 1904

My dear Lucy

This is just a line to wish you a prosperous voyage. I hope you will find the Atlantic as good for thinking things out as I found Cornwall; tho' it seems to me that you have thought out a great many things by this time.

It was a happiness to see how much better you were this time than in the winter; & I hope & fully believe that you will get through the future without ever again having quite the same degree of unhappiness as you have had.

Here comes the postman, so I must stop, only thanking you for your friendship, & for your sympathy, which you manage to convey without saying more than one desires.

Yrs affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

IVY LODGE,
TILFORD,
FARNHAM.

July 1. 1904

My dear Lucy

Your letter from Grace's was one which I was very glad to get. It has been a very real happiness to me to be able to be useful to you; & I do hope to be able to go on being so, in spite of your being in America.

The letter I wrote to the steamer had to be written before breakfast, & was interrupted by the postman's arrival, which compelled me to be curt at the end.

I did not have to play Providence with Meredith*, but only to give him sympathy & encouragement; for I found, to my great relief, that he had already taken the step that I had expected to have to advise him to take. If you had heard him talking about his own discouragement, & about how he came to get his life so tangled, you would have understood how I came to have a liking for him, & how it happens that he is in many ways admirable.

The Waterlows were mildly pleasant. He is rather a puzzle to me. She is very lovely, but dull: she is practical, determined, independent, far less fond of him than he of her. I think they have no real congeniality, & will very likely cease to be happy when he has grown

accustomed to her beauty. Bernard Shaw & Miss Harrison, who had just had a violent quarrel at Barford, turned up on Sunday, which added to the success of the occasion. Shaw held forth, explaining the Greek drama; Miss H. sat as still as a mouse, except for one very neat score off him.

I am just back from the Bob Trevy's. She is a courageous woman, who endures very great self-effacement for an end she knows to be trivial. Him I cannot help liking, tho' he is an utter egoist & not worthy of respect. One comes to feel strangely a spectator & not an actor: I watch people year after year, I know their faults & virtues, their pleasures & pains, & yet I say nothing & they say nothing, & I remain a casual outsider. It is a strange unnatural part to play; but it is interesting, & sometimes the occasion comes when one's knowledge & reticence is rewarded by a chance of more active sympathy.

The post is going, so good-bye. Write when you can: I am anxious for news of you.

Affectionately yours

Bertrand Russell.

* [He was on the verge of a nervous breakdown through getting engaged to the wrong lady.]

Ivy Lodge Tilford Farnham.

Aug. 1. '04.

My dear Lucy

Your letter arrived today, & I was very glad to get it. Before I knew your address, I sent a letter to Bryn Mawr, which is probably waiting there for you. Don't promise to send fewer pages--I had rather get many.

I am very sorry you found the return to America so bad. It is always like being taken back to prison to have to fit oneself again into a life one knows & dislikes. The vision of Eternity in a stuffy room cowering away from thunderstorms is appalling! But as you say, it does not do to have one's heart elsewhere than in one's own life. I believe for those who know the difference of good & bad, that is the hardest of all lessons; for it involves austerity & self-denial in thoughts & imaginations, which is far worse than self-control in action. I cannot tell you how much happiness it is to me to have been able to be a help to you; but you must realize that after all it is chiefly your own doing, as it is your suffering that was to be endured. I am hoping you will find friendships, & opportunities of giving others the fruits of experience; indeed, from your letter, I see you are already in the midst of such things. It is the only way to fill one's life when the ways one would have chosen have failed. I believe I should often find my own burdens unendurable, if

I did not have other people's to lighten my own. It is strange how one attracts unhappy people, if one has sympathy for them. I begin to feel as if everybody were just wondering if they could live through another day without committing suicide; but I know, really, that one gets things out of proportion if one has more power of dealing with unhappy people than with happy ones. You ask me to give news of myself, but really there is not much. I stick here & work--with success lately. The Minturns are here. I dislike Mrs. Minturn cordially: she seems to me vulgar, cruel & self-opinionated. Miss Minturn has a good deal of physical charm, but I don't care much for her. She is shallow & frivolous*. She told me all about the broker & his wife, & I said to her what I had said to you. I said girls couldn't well judge of these matters; then it appeared that Goroditch had said so much in this sense as almost to persuade her into getting experience at any cost. Do you think he is a blackguard? I thought it best to unsay as much as possible of what I had said. P.S. I have not been unkind to her, or neglectful!

I saw the Fletchers today, & had a good deal of talk with her. I have come to like her a great deal: she has a kind of friendliness which makes one feel warm. But I think she probably has too strong a feeling of independence; & she has the lack of reticence which people sometimes permit themselves about their sentiments when

they are happy. She certainly is happy, unless she is intentionally misleading, & cleverer than I think her. Her discontents last autumn no doubt had a purely physical cause.

What you tell me about your sister is distressing. I do not quite know what it is possible to do in such cases, & I sympathize in every nerve with your dread of talking intimately to her. You seem already to have done a great deal; but I doubt whether relations are able to do as much for people's morals as outsiders can. Frivolous-mindedness is a despairing thing--the absence of any response to one's best seems to make matters utterly hopeless. Your description of the women you meet is frightful. I believe, tho' that frivolity can be cured, pretty often, in the young. Sometimes it begins in a pose--Ray Costello, who has been here, seemed to me to be in that phase, & I said what I could, with good hope of success, to persuade her that it is not clever to decry everything. Very often, too, frivolity comes solely from not having had anything better put before one. "Good communications corrupt bad manners" is quite as true as the opposite. So that for anyone who has to do with the young, like you, there is good hope that in many cases you will get your reward. To me, the sense of one's life as a whole, as the building of a monument, as something which ought not wholly to perish with one's death, is so instinctive, that I cannot really

imagine living for momentary pleasure. Yet, I confess, pain is sometimes so great that it is hard to think it unimportant. But I don't think frivolous people have pain of that sort. Sometimes, I feel sure, it would be possible to turn people's ambitions out of frivolous channels into serious ones. But no doubt often there is nothing at all to be done.

Your story of the country-girl & the painter is also terrible. I think the man is a villain; tho' I admit the 9 men out of 10 would do as he is doing. Cannot you make him see that he is doing wrong? I can't see that his Art demands that she should be made miserable. I feel your difficulty in talking to the girl; one can't anticipate experience too much in talking to very young people. I don't think the man has any excuse for his behaviour--the picture, surely, is not the only one he is able to paint. Meanwhile, doubtless, he is pleased with her admiration, & presumably tries to increase it. The instincts look after that, if one sees people at all, without one's will having to consent. I do not think it is right deliberately to sacrifice the happiness of another person except in very rare & extraordinary cases; & even when it is right, it is impossible to do it without becoming a worse person, unless one is very bad already.

I am very sorry indeed for what you tell me about Helen^{**}: it is the first I had heard of it. But it is not

really surprising, or so serious as it might be: surely in her circumstances it is the commonest thing imaginable, & when the cause is removed all is well again. However, I do not know, from what you say, how serious it really is. Do, please, ask my advice if I can be of any use. I regret your having this extra burden, as well as the fact itself.

As for me, I have been tolerably happy lately. I have had a good deal of easy work to do, which makes everything else easier. But I have very often wished you were still here; your friendship is a great acquisition to me. Sometimes the burden of the world grows difficult to bear--one seems to be always giving out strength & endurance to others, & so few give one back any replenishment of one's store. But on the whole, I become increasingly reconciled to being alive. I think if one has once got the main lines of one's life right, time & patience will do more than at first seems possible.

I am going from Aug. 13-22 to Castle Howard, Yorkshire (the Murrays are going to be there with her mother). Alys has factory-girls here during that time. Aug. 26-30 I shall be at Mill House, Grantchester, Cambridge. The rest of the time, here. Write again as soon as you can, & don't imagine I wish your letters to be short.

Yours ever affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

* Also I think she has not a nice sense of honour.

* * [She was upset by pregnancy.] (t.s.)

CASTLE HOWARD.
YORK.

Aug. 15. 1904

My dear Lucy

This will not be a very real letter, as it is not in answer to one of yours: it will be what one might call a Mildred-letter*. By the way, Miss Minturn suddenly remarked the other day that her sense of honour was defective--I was unable to contradict her, so I praised her candour. I have not altered my views of her or her mother since I last wrote to you.

This place is a large early 18th century house, embodying family pride & the worship of reason in equal measure. It is a family party--the Murrays, whom you know: Cecelia** & Roberts--she, devoted to all her family, especially her mother, placid usually, but capable of violent sudden rage, in which she utters magnificent invective, tho' at all other times she is a fat good-humoured saint, & (oddly enough) a Christian; Roberts (her husband) tall, thin, nervous, quivering like a poplar in the wind, an idealist disillusioned & turned opportunist; Oliver Howard lately back from Nigeria, where he administered brilliantly a lately-conquered district, containing, a town of 500,000 inhabitants, in which he was almost the only white man. He is smart, thin, delicate, conventional, with a soft manner concealing an oriental

cruelty & power of fury, of which his mother is the occasion & his wife the victim--at least probably in the future. He is very beautiful & his wife is very pretty: both are Christians; she too is very smart & very conventional, but she has real good nature, & is on the whole likeable. They are very openly affectionate; in him, one dimly feels in the background the kind of jealousy that would lead to murder if it saw cause. Being very like his mother in character, he differs from her in every opinion, & relations are painfully strained. Then there is Dorothy, who seems to me just like my grandmother Stanley--crude, sometimes cruel, plucky, very honourable, & full of instinctive vitality & healthy animalism, oddly overlaid with her mother's principles. Last there is Leif Jones,***
 LY Carlisle's private secretary, an infinitely lovable man: he does everything for everybody, has sunk his own career, his own desires, the hope of a private life of any personal kind: & all the family take him as a matter of course, & no more expect him to make demands than they expect the stones to call out for food.

LY Carlisle conducts conversation in a way which makes it a game of skill played for high stakes. It is always argument, in which, with consummate art, she ignores relevancy & changes the issue until she has the advantage, & then she charges down & scatters the enemy like a chaff before the wind. A large proportion of her remarks are

designed to cause pain to someone who has shown independence or given ground for one of the thousand forms of jealousy. She has the faults of Napoleonic women, with less mendacity & more deliberate cruelty than in the case you know best,**** but with a desire to cause quarrels & part friends which is really terrible. On the other hand, she has really great public spirit, & devotes time & money to really important objects. She has a just sense of values, & a kind of high-mindedness--a most mixed & interesting character.

Alys is at home looking after Factory girls; when I left home she was well, & I hope is not getting over-tired. I am hoping to hear soon again from you, & to get further news about Helen on her arrival in America, as well as about yourself. I was glad of your cheerful letter to Alys. All goes well with me.

Yrs affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

* Except that the gossip sh^d not be repeated where it is unkind.

** [Cecilia Roberts was the Carlisles' second daughter] (t.s.)

*** [Afterwards Lord Rhayader] (t.s.)

**** [Carey Thomas, Principal of Bryn Mawr] (t.s.)

CASTLE HOWARD,
YORK.

Aug. 19. 1904

My dear Lucy

I wish I knew the thing to say in answer to your letter, but it seems to me I said almost the same as you say when I wrote to you the other day. I really know little in the way of a philosophy of life beyond the end of "Dover Beach". I believe people like us, who have the power & the habit of giving sympathy, get too black a view of life, because we chiefly have to do with people who are in trouble. I try to remind myself of people like George & Janet Trevelyan, who are intensely happy without failing in any duty, & without callousness. It is true that their happiness is probably temporary; but unhappiness also is temporary, & in any case Death brings rest. But such thoughts are merely palliatives. I believe the true solution lies in thinking very seldom & very little about things in general, about whether good or evil preponderates in the world or in the lives of those one cares for. The gospel to me has been a cold one, but yet a very useful one: to think almost wholly of what is to done, & hardly at all of evils one cannot remedy, or of goods one cannot create. Take things simply, & cope with them, as far as possible, one by one; do not add up the sum, & become

oppressed by the mass of horror & pain & degradation. I have suffered in the past, over irremediable evils in other people's lives, up to the extreme limit of my capacity for suffering; & inability to endure the pain has made me believe in remedies, with the consequence of aggravating the evils merely from a lack of self-control in thought. But now, as a rule, I succeed in dwelling only upon what can be done, however little that may be; & there is at least one thing that can usually be done without evil consequences, which is to make people feel one's sympathy, & one's desire to help if only it were possible. Except in the very greatest misfortunes, this is not a small thing. Of course there must be moments of oppression when it seems that the burden is too heavy to be borne. At those times I think one may allow oneself to think how much good, after all, it is possible to do to people with insight & good will: how much oneself has profited by such help, & how great a duty it is to pass on what one has acquired. Of course failures come; it would seem that your girl is perhaps a case where you may fail. But even if the worst should happen, you may be useful again in the future if you can create a confidence in you. And when one has admitted all the evil of the world, it remains true that there are great & shining things in it: there are heroisms & loves & devotions which redeem it, & which warm all the recesses of the heart like spring sunshine. Learn to think of them:

let your contemplative life be filled full with them; let them inspire daily courage, & the faith that, come what may, the good is really good, & makes the long toil worth while. It is perhaps inevitable that most of life should be a weariness ; but the passionate inspiration of great things ought not to fade from one's life because of sordid surroundings.

This is all that I know about the way to endure life. It is not much, but I find it is a rule sufficient. The passionate cry for death & oblivion grows rarer as one becomes disciplined to the service of the world; & when one has learnt to repress desire, the good things that do come are more wholly & purely a solace for the labour.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

Ivy Lodge, Tilford, Farnham.

Sep. 19. '04

Dear Lucy

Your letter of Sp. 2 was very pleasant to get. You are quite right to give the freshness of your mind to work, but indeed your letters do not suffer by your doing so. I think the evening is the real time for letter-writing--one's mind is only then free from its daily preoccupations. I am glad you are having an easier time at last, for indeed your first weeks in America must have been very bad. You seem to me to have behaved absolutely rightly about your sister: one ought beforehand to give people the benefit of the doubt, but it is a sheer waste of force to go on if they do not respond, for then one may be sure that, if they are not hopeless, they are at any rate not amenable to oneself.

Everything that you have to say about Helen is deeply interesting to me, & I feel more than I can say for you & her & Simon. I do not know enough to give any advice, & I am quite sure that your own affection will lead you right. I believe the only thing is patience, & less attempt to give principles when sympathy is desired than one would make if there were no physical cause of irritation. It is quite likely that what she feels is only an exaggeration of things that she has felt off & on for a long time; but

one's retrospects are always very much coloured by one's present mood. Memory selects what fits in with the emotion of the moment, so that what were really the thoughts of a moment, dead almost before they were born, appear as the realizations of things always present but unacknowledged. I think one cannot insist very much on the unreality of people's troubles under such circumstances--one must be gentler than one would otherwise be. But of course the great difficulty is to know whether, in any degree, perfect sincerity should be sacrificed to kindness. This must depend entirely on the particular case, & one cannot make any rule.--I know very well, & like very warmly, a woman^{*} who, under similar circumstances, became perfectly ungovernable & uncontrolled, & nearly drove her husband to suicide. But afterwards she pulled herself together, & recovered her usual degree of submission to circumstances. And this, I am sure, is very common. Any trouble is endurable if it has a definite end, & this one, I am convinced, will end completely.

Do let me know if any further developments occur in the situation of the country-girl & the artist. I am now & have been for some time horribly anxious about a girl^{**} for whom, tho' I see her very seldom, I have a great deal of affection, tho' not, I think, a bit more than she deserves. She is in the gravest danger from a man^{***} who is simply a blackguard, but who has acquired a great influence over her

by means of his ability & strength of will. There is nothing I can do, except to exhort her on the rare occasions when the opportunity occurs. I only know what I know because I guessed her circumstances & got her to confess, & she will not let me speak to him. Such cases make me long to be a woman--one could do so much more. Almost the hardest moral problem that has ever faced me is this: I have very little chance of success unless, in the course of exhortations, I allow her to feel that I take a good deal of interest in her: yet, if I do, she is sure to think I take more than I do, & I run the risk of a harm almost as great as the one I am trying to prevent. It is most despairing, & at first it quite tired me out. I am so beset by moral problems that I hardly know how to go on from day to day, & I feel less able to give advice than to ask it. By the end of my holiday, I was so worn out that I doubted if I could get any work done, & I began to fear that my mind would lose its keenness. So I thought I would take a little holiday from moral preoccupations, & act more on impulse, as most other people seem to do. I ceased almost at once to feel tired, I got very much interested in my work, & did very good work indeed with the liveliest enjoyment. But now things have occurred which have pulled me up short,**** & shown, what I really knew quite well, that it does not do for me to get out of the habit of meticulous self-examination. As soon as I do so, I begin

to live in a superficial way, liking the society of people whom I do not at bottom approve of, & giving them the impression that I like them when really I do not. When you see Miss Minturn, I am sure you will find that she thinks I like her very much. Another difficulty is this: I have a good deal of charity in feeling, but absolutely none in opinion: that is to say, I try to think of people exactly as they are, & not better. The result is that there are people whom I like a good deal although I think they have faults which less critical people could not acknowledge to belong to any one they liked. If I let such people see that I like them, I deceive them, because they cannot suppose that I think them capable of bad actions; if I let them know what I think, apart from pain, I may make them more prone to act in the way I fear. On the whole, a friendly relation seems to be impossible between a person who has the love of truth & a person who hasn't; yet that seems hard, since the love of truth is very rare. All these problems, as you will guess, arise chiefly in my relations to women. Sometimes I feel as tho' I ought not to know any women well; but the difficulty is that I get intimate very quickly, & that, at least in some cases, I seem, able to do good; there is also a purely selfish difficulty, which of course ought not to weigh with one, but I fear it does. And sometimes it makes me behave weakly: above all I shrink from inflicting pain, or from

disappointing expectations. I never take many wrong steps, but sometimes one is enough to do a great deal of harm. Of course all such problems can be avoided by not undertaking difficult tasks which are not obviously one's business; but I shrink from that way out, tho' it is perhaps the right one. If you have any advice to give, give it me & I shall be grateful. Do not think only of people I can thoroughly respect, like yourself; think of (say) Bonté Amos, in great difficulties, needing help, a little fatuous, but unable to accept help unless believing it accompanied with respect & liking.

Fortunately, it has suddenly become convenient for Theodore, whose plans were upset, to go to Brittany for a walking-tour with me, so I shall get away for a whole fortnight from all kinds of difficulties. It is very agreeable to look forward to: I shall get the refreshment that I got in Cornwall in the spring.

I do agree most intensely with what you say about order & system. But yet I sometimes feel that I have neglected impulse too much: I become too much of a schoolmaster & a prig, & am incapable of some very good things which more impulsive people have.

It is very interesting, the way you care for good prose: it is the way one ought to care about the thing that makes the value of one's work. It is in that way that I value certainty & system, which are, in the end, what most

of my life is devoted to.--It wd. be great fun to do characters in the manner of La Bruyère, but, tho' I am much flattered by your appreciation of my descriptions, I do not believe myself capable of anything sustained & deliberate.

This letter is full of Self: you will of course understand that it is very private. About the girl I mentioned, please don't answer except in general terms. Life is sometimes oppressively difficult, & it is a relief to write out one's doubts & perplexities.

My very best wishes to Helen.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

* [Dora Sanger] (m.s.)

** [Miss Pretious] (m.s.)

*** [R. McKenna M.P.] (m.s.)

**** [Janet Trevelyan & Mrs. Whitehead, not knowing the circumstances, combined to scold me as a philanderer.] (t.s.)

Audierue, Finistere.

Oct. 3. '04

My dear Lucy

This is not a real letter, but only a counter-irritant to my last. As soon as I got away I began to see things in their true proportions, & to be no longer oppressed by the complication of things. But on the whole, I think I shall have to avoid growing intimate with people I don't respect, or trying to help them: it seems to be a job for which I am not fitted.

Brittany is quite wonderful--it has a great deal of purely rural beauty, woods & streams & endless orchards of big red apples, scenting all the air; & besides all this, it has a combination of the beauties of Devonshire & Cornwall. We have been walking lately round the S.W. coast, places where the Atlantic rules as God. Every tiny village has a huge Gothic church, usually very beautiful; many churches stand quite by themselves, facing the sea as relics of ancient courage. At first I wondered how any one could believe in God in the presence of something so much greater & more powerful as the sea; but very soon, the inhumanity & cruelty of the sea became so oppressive that I saw how God belongs to the human world, & is, in their minds, the captain of an army in which they are the soldiers: God is the most vigorous assertion that the world

is not all omnipotent Matter. And so the fishermen became & have remained the most religious population in the world. It is a strange, desolate, wind-swept region, where long ago great towns flourished, where Iseult of Brittany lived in a castle over the sea, & where ancient legends seem far more real than anything in the life of the present. The very children are old: they do not play or shout, like other children: they sit still, with folded hands & faces of weary resignation, waiting for the sorrows that time is sure to bring. The men are filled with melancholy; but they escape from it by drink. I have never imagined a population so utterly drunken: in every village we have seen men reeling into the gutter. Ordinary days here are as bad as Bank Holiday with us--except that I don't think the women drink much.

A very curious contrast to the Bretons was the proprietor of the last Inn we stayed at, at a place called St. Gueuole, near the Pointe de Penmarc'h. He was tall & very erect, with a magnificent black beard, & quick, vigorous dramatic movements. We were wet, so we sat in the kitchen, where he was cooking the dinner with an energy & a delight in his work which I have never seen surpassed. We soon found that he was a Parisian, that he had a sister married to a hotel-keeper in Lancaster, & another in the service of Lord Gerard (!) in Egypt; that he had been cook on a Far-Eastern liner, & that he had now at last saved up

enough capital to start on a venture of his own. He told us that he was really a sculptor, not a cook, & that in winter, when no guests come, he devotes his time to statuary. He had a voice that would easily have filled the Albert Hall, & he used it as a dinner-gong. Indeed, at all sorts of times, from sheer good spirits, he would bellow some joke or some command through the Hotel, so that all the walls resounded. His cooking, needless to say, was perfect. We saw a poor fisherman come in & sell sardines to him for our dinner; a vast number were purchased for threepence, which, as far as I could discover, the miserable wretch immediately spent in the bar.

These observations, & the alternating sensations of being wet & dry, have filled most of my mind since I came abroad. It is very wholesome for mind & body, & I am sorry I wrote such a depressed letter. I shall hope to hear from you soon after I get back to England, which will be on the 8th.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell

Trin. Coll. Cambridge

Nov. 3. 1904

My dear Lucy

Your letter of Oct. 18 was a great pleasure to me, first of all on account of the good news concerning Helen. Also I should be a very strange being if I got no pleasure from your telling me that I have been able to be a help to you: that is not the kind of thing of which the repetition is vexing. But indeed I only encouraged you to act upon your own convictions as to right & wrong. Another thing I am very glad of is that you find your work interesting & absorbing. In a heroic view of the saintly life, this element is usually omitted; but for most of us, in the actual world, it is essential to the accomplishment of what we ought to do.

On the question of helping people, I agree with you in the main. Emphatically I agree that one should only help those who can help themselves, but in that respect I have never felt much temptation. The other is plainly futile, & futility is more intolerable to me than even active wrong-doing. But among those who can help themselves, there are many whom I only very partially respect. The difficulty comes when one gets to know such people at one of the rare crises in their lives when they do need help: one sees that they are capable of being very useful members

of society, & that, if the present difficulty were past, they would probably be self-reliant for the rest of their lives. I have known a good many such cases: the difficulty is that, if one cannot give liking & respect, one sooner or later causes such people great pain & perhaps moral harm. And to many people contact with a truthful view of things seems to be merely injurious. On the whole, I think it is wise, for me, to avoid intimacy with such people except when some very great good is to be achieved or some very great evil to be averted by my efforts.--In the case of the girl I wrote about, she is now out of danger, & has, I am thankful to say, a thoroughly trustworthy woman friend,* so my responsibility is at an end. Looking back, I think that, in her case, I did almost exactly the right thing, tho' it was very difficult to know what was right; & I am almost certain that I was the cause of averting disaster.

I still think women are in a better position for giving help than men are. In the first place, I think men far seldomer need help than women, partly because they are more self-reliant, partly because their lives are inherently less complicated. Then, when men do need help, they generally try to get it from women rather than from men. And if a man is growing too much interested in a woman, he is far more likely to show it at once than a woman would be in similar circumstances, so that there is less likelihood of doing harm unawares.--I do not think that a woman you

have helped ought to remain on your hands for ever: it seems to me that all help ought to aim at producing self-reliance, & if it fails in that, it ought to be no longer given. I know well that much sternness is required to carry out this doctrine; but all kinds of right action involve sternness. By the way, you certainly need not fear that you will fall into the class of those who ask & ask; for you are, I know for certain, quite able to sustain your own moral force. But discussion of moral questions, & profiting by the experience of others when one can, are what every one who is wise will do as much as possible; & this involves no undue dependence if, in the end, one decides by one's own judgment & not by deference to authority.

Miss Minturn is objectionable in her desire to exculpate herself at other people's expense. In speaking to me about her banker, she pretended that the blame was partly yours. This was one of the things that made me feel she was not honourable. Your remark about people looking like their idea of themselves is very true, but it had not struck me before. I find one comes to value more & more the virtues that give no immediate pleasure at the moment, such as truthfulness & a sense of honour; for without them mutual confidence is impossible. I think most people do not really feel confidence in any one, & do not wish to feel it; for it would be painful to them to have to give so

much respect to any one but themselves.

I have been working hard since Brittany, & getting on well. I am here for a Newnham Council & to discuss work with Whitehead. I have no particular news. We have all been very anxious about the Baltic outrage^{**}; right-minded people are immensely glad of the settlement, but Jingoos are furious.

I am afraid this is a dull letter--it is late & sleep is assailing me. I shall hope for more news of Helen in your next letter to Alys.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

* [Janet Trevelyan] (m.s.)

** [When the Russian Navy fired on British fishing ships under the impression that they were Japanese.] (t.s.)

IVY LODGE,
TILFORD,
FARNHAM.

Dec. 23. 1904

My dear Lucy

Many thanks for your letter, which I was very glad to get. Your letters are among the things I look forward to.

As for Helen^{*}, it is useless, to begin with, to try to keep anything secret which is known to Carey. Alys told me some time ago that Grace had told her exactly what you now tell me. So the whole affair is known to all & sundry; & I think Simon ought to be told this. As for the question of concealment from Helen, I agree wholly with you as against Simon; & I think the fact that the secret is known to some of the most indiscreet & malicious people going adds to the argument. Either Grace or Carey is certain to use the knowledge some day for the purpose of promoting a breach between Helen & Simon; they will wait only until they have no fear lest you should profit thereby. This is an argument of self-interest for Simon. But apart from that, I feel strongly that Helen has a right to the knowledge, as soon as she is well & strong. I think unless a person is more or less insane, it is hardly ever a kindness to do something which would make the person furious if he or she knew of it. And if I were in Helen's place, & I found out

such a deception, I should be so angry that I should have great difficulty in going on living with Simon; certainly my affection & confidence would be destroyed forever. I think he does not realize that other people have a right, not only to kindness, but to truth; & that even if harm results from truth, the opposite destroys trust, & thereby prevents all good human relations. I am not surprised to find him taking the view he does; I should have expected it from what I saw of him. You are obviously right in thinking you can do no more at present; but when a fitting opportunity comes, I should return to the charge if I were you. His is a doll's-house conception which I dislike profoundly. No human being has a right to play the part of God Almighty to such an extent.

I feel the greatest sympathy for you through it all; you must have had a quite terrible time. But it is a comfort that Helen is so much better. Her remoteness is not wonderful; it will wear off as life again begins to seem real to her. The appearance of living in externals often comes from a sort of feeling that everything is a dream, which makes it impossible to talk or even feel much about the things that at other times seem important.

As for Miss Hamilton, I feel strongly that you should have very little to do with her. She is to be regarded in the light of a man who has proposed & been rejected. An association of two people of whom one cares & the other

doesn't is one of the most wearing & distressing things to both that can possibly be conceived. Don't be taken in by her devotion to you, or let yourself imagine that it is in any way fine or admirable. It is mere selfishness. The cushions-business which you describe is very feminine, & to my mind very odious. So many women imagine that by giving the smallest of goods they become entitled to receive the greatest. This is due to their lack of respect for other people: they instinctively imagine that to others physical comfort is more important than affection. This contempt for the rest of the world is a common defect among women: it is one of the bad sides of the maternal instinct: they tend to regard those they love as helpless infants. You have not the power to put an end to any part of Miss Hamilton's troubles; if you yield at all to her, she will demand more, & this will continue till some point is reached where you cannot yield. For example, she will probably become furiously jealous of Helen. It is of course very hard to seem brutal to a person in distress & on the verge of a breakdown; but I am sure there is nothing else for it. You will think me hard as regards her, but in all such cases one has to inflict pain sooner or later, & it is better to do it before undertaking the strain & hypocrisy which at first seems a possible alternative. See as little of her as you can, & let her find some one else to be devoted to: that seems to me the only wise plan.

One more point about Helen. It seems to me that if she asks you a direct question while Simon feels as he does, it is your duty to lie to her; at any rate unless you are sure she won't believe you, or unless Simon beforehand says he would not object to your speaking the truth under those circumstances. I can hardly imagine a more painful duty, but I think the case is clear. The broad rule is that loyalty to trust comes before truth; & in this case your loyalty is owing to him.

If you act sternly to Miss Hamilton, & if she comes to grief in any way, don't blame yourself. Her state of mind involves certain dangers which it is not in your power to remove; & if harm comes, her state of mind is to blame, not you.

I think the way you have thrust Self out of your life is very fine indeed; I know few people who, when they have realized that a certain course is right, are so successful in putting it into practice. I can well believe that you are very lonely at Bryn Mawr; I am very sorry for it, but indeed most of the best people are horribly lonely for one reason or another.

I left my work partly on account of a difficulty, partly for a holiday. I am going to work again this next fortnight, but in London I shall do very little work. I go on usually till I come to some very difficult point, & then I feel I cannot tackle it unless I am quite fresh, so I

knock off for a bit. But on the whole my work has been going well.

I don't think you need blame yourself about Miss Minturn. You were hardly in a position to assume authority over her. I suppose you have heard of her breach with Goroditch, which I am very glad of; tho', if she had not had an absurdly high idea of him beforehand, she would not have been surprised at his refusing to treat her friends for nothing.

We are sending you D'Annunzio's "La Figlia di Jorio". It seems to me to have a good deal of beauty, & a great deal of scenic power--"dramatic power" would be the wrong word. But it has some fundamental weakness which is hard to define. There is a kind of preciousness, I think, & the simplicity is artificial. Perhaps what is wrong is that one feels his own view of life to be trivial. Still, I think it is unusually well worth reading.

George Trevelyan has published his history of the 17th century. It is good, I think, especially the description of the state of England with which he begins. He has tried very hard to be fair to everybody, but his method is a little mechanical. When he has portrayed a Catholic or Anglican so as to make you shudder, he plasters on a few laudatory adjectives, like a label on a bottle. Real impartiality is not within his compass.

I have been unusually contented lately--various

anxieties connected with other people have been lessened, & I have been feeling keenly how fortunate I am in having so many friends for whom I care so much. One never really gets away from Self: fundamentally, I can be contented if I preserve my self-respect & my belief that it is better I should be alive than dead. When those things go, life does become hard; & so I conclude that there is nothing more difficult to bear than humiliation.

Write again when you can; & let me know the future of your difficulties. I am very sorry for what you tell me of your mother.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

* [Helen had a medical trouble which her husband was concealing from her.] (m.s.)

4, RALSTON STREET,
TITE STREET. S.W.

Feb. 8. 1905

My dear Lucy

It seems a long time since I have heard from you, but your p.c. to Alys last week, telling of all the exam papers & other things that you have to get through, made me feel not at all surprised. However, as my last letter must have been a very worrying one, I shall be rather anxious until I get your next letter. It strikes me as quite likely that Grace guessed the truth, & told it, at a venture, as if she had heard it from you or from Helen's people. This had not struck me when I wrote before. Of course I said nothing of your having told me the same thing.

Now that we are back in Chelsea, I often wish you too were here again, & when I walk the Battersea Park round I miss you very much. There is much too much of the Atlantic. This year, when I go walks, it is usually with MacCarthy, whom I find wonderfully soothing & restful, full of kindly humour, which makes the world seem gay. George Trevely also I walk with; but he, tho' he maintains that the world is better than I think, maintains it with an air of settled gloom, by comparison with which my jokes against optimism seem full of the joy of life! His wife, by the way, is one of the most simply loveable people I have ever

met. She has not much to say, & I often find the talk flagging when I am with her; but she is filled full of generous loves & friendships, & honest & sincere in a very rare degree. She is ignorant of the world, as every one is who has met with nothing but kindness & good fortune: she instinctively expects that everybody she meets will be nice. This gives her the pathos of very young people, & makes one long to keep sorrows away from her, well as one may know that that is impossible. I have liked & respected other people more, with almost no desire to shield them from pain; but towards her I feel as one does towards a child.

We see a great many people now that we are in town.

Last night we dined at the Sidney Webbs, to meet

Lion Phillimore
Mackinder, whom you doubtless remember; the head Beast
of the School of Economics
Granville Barker, the young & beautiful actor, who has
been producing Shaw's & Murray's plays
Sir Oliver Lodge, Scientist & Spiritualist
Arthur Balfour; & greatest of all, Wernher, of
Wernher Beit & Co,

the chief of all the South African millionaires; a fat, good-natured, eupeptic German, with an equally fat gold watch-chain & a strong German accent (characteristic of all the finest types of British Imperialists), bearing very lightly the load of blood, of nations destroyed & hatreds generated, of Chinese slavery & English corruption, which, by all the old rules, ought to weigh upon him like a cope

lead. It was an amusing occasion. When everyone had come except Balfour & Wernher, Mrs. Webb observed that we should see which of them thought himself the bigger swell, by which came last. Sure enough, Wernher came last; for tho' Balfour governs the Empire, Wernher governs Balfour. Balfour was most agreeable, absolutely free from the slightest sign of feeling himself a personage, sympathetic, anxious to listen rather than to talk. He puts his finger in his mouth, with the air of a small child deep in thought. He is quite obviously weak, obviously without strong feelings, apparently kindly, & not apparently able; at least I saw nothing which I should have recognized as showing ability, except his tact, which probably is the main cause of his success. He professed not to know whether the government would last another fortnight; said he could not arrange to see Shaw's play, for fear of a General Election intervening. All this I took to be blarney. He drew me out about Moore's philosophy, & then listened to a lecture from Mrs. Webb on "the first principles of Government, for beginners"; at least that would have been an appropriate title for her dinner-table discourse.

Sir Oliver Lodge, tho' I had a prejudice against him on account of theological differences, struck me as delightful: calm, philosophic, & disinterested. Poor MacKinder made a bee-hive for Balfour, but got landed with

me, much to my amusement. It was a sore trial to his politeness, from which he extricated himself indifferently.*

I am not working now, but merely seeing people & enjoying myself. I have fits of depression at times, but they don't last long. I have had a fair share of other people's tragedies lately; some in which intimate friends have behaved badly, which is always painful. Others, which vex me almost more, I only suspect, & have to watch their disastrous effects in total impotence. Who was the heartless fool who said that loving other people made one happy? Still, with all its pains, it does help to make life tolerable.

Do write when you can. Your letters are a great deal to me, & the more fully you write the more they are to me.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

* [This dinner is also described by Mrs. Webb in "Our Partnership", p. 300] (m.s.)

4, RALSTON STREET,
TITE STREET. S.W.

March 6. '05

My dear Lucy

It was a great pleasure to hear from you again. Do write short letters when you haven't time for long ones: if one puts things off, the impulse to say them dies, & so letters fail to preserve an intimacy. So it is better to send even a short scrawl than nothing. Mary Ritchie's illness & death must have been quite terrible; you must have suffered very much over it. Few people have a philosophy which they can believe in the face of Death; all one's values & common judgments are strangely altered by it, in a way that gives a kind of wisdom which one ought afterwards to preserve in daily life.

Everything that you say about Helen is a relief to me. From what you say I rather gather that Helen would understand & appreciate Simon's motives, if she came to know the truth, in a way in which I should not be able to do if I were in her place. If this is so, it makes the matter less anxious. It was not between you & her, but between him & her, that I feared Grace's powers of mischief-making; but this was no doubt an idle fear. I still think, however, that you should try to reason with him when he is up to it; & I am glad you mean to do so. It is a proof of great self-control on your part, & on Helen's

& Simon's a proof of much that is good, that your relation to her should have worked itself out into so nearly perfect a thing; I am more glad than I can say that it should be so. I wish Isabel Fry had your power of self-repression.* Her state of mind is still just what it was a year & a half ago, when she was in Normandy with us. At that time I hoped to help her by the sort of advice that seemed appropriate; but now I have almost given up hope, & rather dread talking to her about the subject. I do not know how far the fault is Mrs. Masefield's, whom I dislike, but don't know at all well.

I am glad you were amused by my account of the Webb's dinner. Nothing equally amusing has happened to me since. Indeed I have been seeing so many people that my impressions of them have been blurred. And although I am not working, I have been tired, so that most things have not been vivid to me. Not long ago I lost, at any rate in a great measure, the affection of two very near friends, by an error of judgment in a frightfully difficult matter; & at the same time I lost my respect for one of them. This depressed me a good deal. But it is not known about; our outward relations are unchanged. My error of judgment sprang from thinking too well of the one for whom I have lost my respect.

It was natural you should miss MacCarthy. Although I had known him many years, I never made friends with him

until we came to live in Cheyne Walk. His gift is for very close friendship; & short of that, it is hard to guess how sympathetic & cheering he is. Considered apart from his friendships, there is nothing remarkable about him.

I too shall look forward much to a summer visit from you, when you are able to allow yourself a holiday. There are few people to whom I can speak with such assurance of sympathy as to you. And you have the very rare quality of liking the truth, whatever it may be. Between those who find this quality in each other there must always be a bond. I am glad that life has become for you something that you can cope with. And to have helped you in this is one of the things with which I fortify my self-respect in bad moments. My life is very full of interesting things, & ought to satisfy me; yet I suppose I shall always have days of weariness, when it seems impossible to go on without a greater relaxation of effort than I have any right to. It is no use to say that I ought to go on with my writing; the power to do so has left me completely. Perhaps some day it will return; but not until for some cause or other I can escape from the sense that all I have to say is stale, flat & unprofitable. This will only be if I get some new belief, which has not yet become part of every-day life.

Gilbert Murray's article was on the Troades; Alys is sending you his translation of the whole play, which has just appeared. It is very well worth reading, tho' I think

there is no lyric poetry quite up to the level of the best of the Hippolytus & the Bacchae.

I am interested by what you write about the Hodders. It would be depressing, if it were not exactly what was to be expected.

Do write when you can, even if it is only a short note. Your letters are always a happiness to me.

Alys sends a message that she won't write tomorrow, that Bedford Coll. is going well, & she is not dead yet. (she is very tired, but not depressed). Janet Trevelyan & her daughter are doing very well, which is a great comfort. I have not seen either yet.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

* [She was upset by her friend's marriage to Masfield.]
(t.s.)

Chelsea,

April 10. 1905
11 p.m.

My dear Lucy

Many thanks for your letter. How can you say most men would not have patience with it? I cannot think so ill of them as to suppose they set no value on friendship; & for my part, I always get a very real happiness from your confidence.

Your letter was brought me in bed this morning, & as I read I felt it almost uncanny, it expressed so exactly the mood I have been living in lately. It acted as a tonic, for it set me trying to think of antidotes, instead of simply indulging in depression as I had been doing. But although I have thought about it in all the intervals of my day, I have found very little that seems worth saying. I believe that when all one's usual moral devices fail, without any special & abnormal outside cause, it is generally a sign of fatigue, showing the need of a holiday, or at least of a less fatiguing daily life. It is unheroic to treat things physically when one feels them morally, but I believe often what is needed is a holiday if possible, or, if not, a tonic or more sleep or more exercise, or some simple remedy of that kind. I know, in my own case, my ordinary daily existence, even when I am not working, is exceedingly tiring, & I get periodically into a frame of

mind from which I escape by a walking-tour. I think when one has a great deal of work to do & little possibility of holidays, it is important to avoid everything tiring that can be avoided; but if one's enjoyments are tiring, one has to strike a balance, since minor enjoyments are almost indispensable if one has to put up with a life which in its main lines is not what one would wish. This whole question has been occupying my thoughts a great deal lately, as I have felt that, if I am not to fail in my main work, I must somehow diminish the wear & tear from other causes.

Whether you can hit upon any way of doing so in your life, I don't know; but if not, the only thing to do is to live through the bad days in the hope that they will pass, & that the zest will return. A minor plan, which I have found of some use, is to keep a few specially delightful things for the bad days: letters that one values, poems that have associations, memories one usually avoids. Also it is a good plan to relax one's rules, to read amusing novels, or do anything innocent that one's unavoidable duties leave time for. I have gradually come to admit, what is most humiliating to my pride, that more than a certain degree of strain is insupportable in the long run, & ruinous to one's efficiency. Of course if one could wholly kill the desire for happiness, many things would cease to be tiring, & one's power of work would be greatly increased. But tho' I have laboured hard to produce this

result, I have not yet succeeded; & probably it is scarcely possible to succeed completely. I feel all this is very weak & unsatisfactory; but if I knew anything better, I should not myself be struggling with just such troubles as you describe. Life is so much longer than one realized in youth, & heroic efforts leave such years of weariness to be endured. But it is a comfort to remember the Temple of Death at the end of the dusty road, where the long task of thought is ended, & the partings & solitudes of this life oppress us no longer.

I am sorry for what you tell me about Helen's health; I do hope she will not again be seriously ill. All that you say on the question of Simon's silence strikes me as most wise. I am sorry the President worries you on the subject.

Alys has been very tired & very depressed lately. Certainly London is bad for her; I think for several years at least we are not likely to take a house in town again. We shall both have to make a new start at Oxford; perhaps new surroundings & new people will make it easier to do so.

Tomorrow the Trojan Women is to be acted, & we are going to it. The next day we both leave town, she for Oxford, I for a walking-tour with Bob Trevelyan in Somersetshire & Gloucestershire. I am looking forward to seeing Wells, which everybody says is beautiful. I shall be settled in Oxford by about the 24th, & then I shall get back to work, which for a time will solve all my problems

for me.

I wonder whether you have realized how satisfactory the course of English politics has been. Chamberlain has fallen lower & lower in popular estimation, Balfour is discredited, & protection, for the present, is dead. One of Balfour's ministers having resigned, he filled his place solely by the consideration of where a by-election would be safe; yet the Liberals were victorious, & the new minister is left without a seat in the house. Things have changed wonderfully in the last 15 months. Whenever the election comes, there is every reason to think the Liberals will have a sweeping majority.

What you say about my attempts at writing is most pleasant, as your appreciation always is. But at present I have neither the energy nor the faith for anything beyond my own work, in which I am helped by many years of habit.

Please write again when you can. You know how I value your letters & your friendship & your sympathy.

Yrs affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

LOWER COPSE,
BAGLEY WOOD,
OXFORD.

June 13. 1905.

My dear Lucy

I am very sorry indeed to hear of the accident to Edith Pettit, & of all that you & Helen have been suffering on her account. I shall be anxious to hear what has happened--whether she has recovered completely, or died, or lost her reason as you say she may. Yes, it is always in a way worse when pleasure-loving people miss pleasure than when others do, because one feels there are no possible compensations for them. I can indeed understand what you must have gone through. The things that remind one of the dominion of purposeless accident, of the way in which our plans & thoughts are at the mercy of matter, are always terrible: in ordinary times one builds up a world in which there is some degree of reason, & then something of this sort shatters one's edifice. I am sure the religious notion of a "judgment" is a real comfort, because nothing is so alien as sheer irrationality.--I did remember the remark about her being "all mind", which impressed me when you told me of it.

I am hoping you will get a great deal of happiness & rest & fresh vigour from your time with Helen this summer. I heard from her a little while ago; she seemed to think, I

don't know why, that I had ceased to have friendly feelings towards her, which is not at all the case. I am very glad she was better when she was with you; & all that you tell me of her is interesting.

I did not remember (if I ever knew) that the Spectator had spoken of my writing; your allusion makes me curious to know what it said. I have not done any more of that sort of writing, but I have been getting on very well with my work. For a long time I have been at intervals debating this conundrum: If two names or descriptions apply to the same object, whatever is true of the one is true of the other. Now George the Fourth wished to know whether Scott was the author of Waverly; & Scott was as a matter of fact the same person as the author of Waverly. Hence, putting "Scott" in the place of "the author of Waverly", we find that George the Fourth wished to know whether Scott was Scott, which implies more interest in the Laws of Thought than was possible for the First Gentleman of Europe. This little puzzle was quite hard to solve; the solution, which I have now found, throws a flood of light on the foundations of mathematics & on the whole problem of the relation of thought to things. It is a great thing to find a puzzle; because, so long as it is puzzling, one knows one has not got to the bottom of things. I have hopes that I shall never again as long as I live have such difficult work as I had last year & the year before; certainly this

year, so far, my work has been not nearly so hard, & I have been reaping the harvest of previous work.

This place is a very great success. The house is pretty & comfortable, my study is so palatial that I am almost ashamed of it, & the country round has the typical English charm of fields & meadows & broad open views, with Oxford & the river besides. Alys seems to like the place thoroughly, & has been on the whole much better than in town. I find it a great advantage being in touch with Oxford people--it is easier to keep alive my interest in work when I can bring it into some relation with human interests. I have had to take myself in hand rather severely, & being here has made it much more feasible.

We have just had a four days' visit from Miss Minturn, who was rather improved on last summer, owing, I think, to the removal of Goroditch's influence. I can't help thinking he must be a bit of a blackguard. Miss Minturn is agreeable on the surface; but I dislike her mother, & I realize in that way how I should feel about the daughter if she had no accidental charms. Today her friend Miss Swan was here to lunch, but I got nothing out of her.

Do write to me again as soon as you can, & tell me about yourself & also about Helen. Your letters are always a great pleasure to me. Just now I am in the middle of a fit of work; but tho' I shall do my best, it is likely to stop soon. Life would be delightfully simple if one could

enjoy all one's duties, as some people do; it would be simpler than it is if one always did the duties one doesn't enjoy. Failing both, it is complicated to a frightful extent. But I live in hopes of becoming middle-aged, which, they tell me, makes everything easy.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

1, BARTON STREET,
WESTMINSTER.

August 3. 1905

My dear Lucy

Thanks for your letter. You will probably have heard, by the time this reaches you, of the disaster which has befallen us all. Theodore Davies, bathing alone in a pool near Kirkby Lonsdale, was drowned; presumably by hitting his head against a rock in diving, & so getting stunned. It is a loss, to very many, which we shall feel as long as we live; & the loss to the public is beyond anything one can possibly estimate. But all other losses seem as nothing compared to Crompton's. They had been always always together, they shared everything, & Theodore was as careful of Crompton & as tender with him as any mother could have been. Crompton bears it with wonderful courage; his mind endures it, but I doubt whether his body will. I am here to do what I can for him--there is little enough except to sit in silence with him, & suffer as he suffers. As soon as he can get away, I am going abroad with him. This is Miss Sheepshanks's house; she & the other inmates are all away, & she has kindly lent it to me. Alys was very much upset by the news. When we got it, we were just starting for Ireland, to stay with the Monteagles. It seemed best for her not to be alone, so I

went over with her, & then came back here. She will be there another 10 days or more. They are kind good people, who will take care of her. Crompton's sorrow is crushing, & I hardly know how to bear it. But it is a comfort to feel able to be some help to him. Theodore had very many devoted friends, & all have done everything they could; their sympathy has pulled Crompton through the first shock, but there is a long anxious time to come.

I am sorry about Helen. I don't think I "judged" her at all when she was in England. I was no doubt too ready with advice, but it was not meant as censure. I am glad you wrote about it. I have not heard again from her, so I fear my answer to her letter cannot have been all it should have been. I am very glad indeed that your time with her has been so delightful, & that she is happy. Please give her my love when you write.

I have written an article* on George IV for "Mind", which will appear in due course; there you will find the "answer".

I do hope you are not getting too tired out by being with your mother. Let me hear from you again soon. Address Bagley Wood, Oxford. You don't tell me your address at Ithaca, so I am sending this to Bryn Mawr.

I am too tired to write more now. I wanted to write to

you about Theodore, but I have no thoughts for other things.

Yrs affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

* [The title was "On Denoting"] (m.s.)

ROZELDENE,
GRAYSHOTT,
HASLEMERE, SURREY.

Sep. 3. 1905

My dear Lucy

Thank you very much for your kind letter. Crompton & I went to France for a fortnight, which was all the holiday he could get. I think it did him good. We stayed first with the Fry's & then with the Whiteheads. I have not seen him since we got home 10 days ago. But I feel good hopes that he will avoid a complete collapse.

It has been, in a less degree, a rather terrible time for me too. It made everything seem uncertain & subject to chance, so that it was hard to keep any calm about all the goods whose loss one fears. And it brought up, as misfortunes do, all the memories of buried griefs which one had resolved to be done with. One after another, they burst their tombs, & wailed in the desert spaces of one's mind. And the case was one which admitted of no philosophy at all--I could not see that there was anything to be said in mitigation of the disaster. But I have got myself in hand now, & tomorrow I go back to work, after a week's tour by myself. This Sunday I am with my Aunt Agatha. We talk of long-ago things, of people who are dead & old-world memories--it is very soothing. It is odd how family feeling is stirred by anything that makes one feel the

universe one's enemy.

I am sorry you have had a difficult summer. I hope your father has joined you, & left you liberty to enjoy the beginning of autumn. I think it is very hard to be unable to get solitude when one wants it.

It is painful to think of your woods being cut down--I should mind it most intensely if I had loved the place.--The peace* is excellent; but I think it weak of America to forget Kischineff and Blagovestchenk and Jan. 22 & all the rest of it, merely because one man has pleasant manners.

How strange that Edith Pettit is unchanged. One would have thought such an event must make some impression.

I heard from Helen not very long ago, & wrote a little letter; but it was when I was very much oppressed, & I fear it was a very very dull letter. I am sorry she still has bad days. But I can't help thinking they will grow less.

Alys is very well, or at least was very well last Monday, when I last saw her. I think Ireland was ideally the best thing for her. She is now at High Buildings, & we both go back to Oxford tomorrow.

I am much interested about the girl & the artist. What end do you expect? There are infinite possibilities of tragedy; but it is a very good thing you are friends with both; & no doubt that is all that can be done till the situation has developed further.

Thank you very warmly for your sympathy.

Yrs. aff.

Bertrand Russell.

* [Between Russia & Japan, negotiated by Theodore Roosevelt.] (t.s.)

LOWER COPSE,
BAGLEY WOOD,
OXFORD.

Nov.10 1905

My dear Lucy

It was a great pleasure to hear from you again. I think letters are more important than one is apt to realize. If one doesn't write, one's doings & one's general state of mind cease to be known, & when a time comes for explaining, there are so many preliminaries that the task seems impossible in writing. So I do hope you will not be deterred by the fear of many words--it really doesn't do to wait till you are in extremis.--what you say about Alys's & my "right living" rather makes me feel that there is something wrong--too much profession & talk about virtue; for I certainly know many people who live better lives than I do, & are more able to accomplish long & difficult duties without any moments of weakness. Only they make less fuss about it, & people do not know how difficult the duties are that they perform in silence.

I am grateful to you for writing about Helen. I understand very well the renewal of pain that comes when you see her, & the dread of entering the real life, with its tortures, after the numbness of routine. I am very sorry that it is still so bad. I wonder, tho', whether any but trivial people could really find it otherwise. Life is a burden if those one loves best have others who come

first, if there is no corner in the world where one's loneliness is at an end. I hardly know how it can be otherwise. Your problem is to face this with courage, & yet retain as much as possible of what is important to you. It would be easier to renounce everything once for all, & kill one's chief affection. But that leads to hardness, & in the long run to cruelty, the cruelty of the ascetic. The other course has its disadvantages too: it is physically & mentally exhausting, it destroys peace of mind, it keeps one's thoughts absorbed with the question of how much that one values one can hope to rescue without undue encroachment on the territory of others. It is horribly difficult. There is a temptation to let one's real life become wholly one of memory & imagination, where duty & facts do not fetter one, & to let one's present intercourse be a mere shadow & unreality; this has the advantage that it keeps the past unsmirched.

But to come to more practical things. I believe when one is not first in a person's life, it is necessary, however difficult, to make one's feelings towards that person purely receptive & passive. I mean, that one should not have an opinion about what such a person should do, unless one is asked; that one should watch their moods, & make oneself an echo, responding with affection in the measure in which it is given, repressing whatever goes further, ready to feel that one has no rights, & that

whatever one gets is so much to the good. This must be, for example, the attitude of a good mother to a married son. Difficult as it is, it is a situation which is normal in the life of the affections, & a duty which one has to learn to perform without spiritual death.

It is quite impossible for me to know how much you ought to see of Helen, since it must depend so much upon your state of mind & even of health. It would not do, of course, to let your work suffer. But I cannot tell whether for you things will be easier or harder if you see more of her.

It is most delightful news that you hope to come over next summer. I shall be much the happier. It will be very nice if Helen comes too--it was very little I saw of her at Tilford. What a relief that she is younger & happier again, & enjoying Welch^{*} as much as was to be hoped.

I am interested in what you say of Helen Hoyt. Her interest in detail is a very intelligible refuge, & to many people it is the best. It is true, what you say, that women's minds are usually very irrelevant to them. Whatever their talents, their ambition is hardly ever impersonal, but almost always to be liked. It is ambition, as a rule, that keeps men's minds alive--taking ambition in a very wide sense.

I have been seeing a good deal of Crompton Davies, whose situation is like Helen Hoyt's. He is & will remain

very profoundly unhappy, & I do not think that marriage or anything will heal the wound. But he is brave, & to the world he makes a good show. To his friends he is lovable in a very rare degree.

The Japanese alliance seems to me excellent--I am glad England should be ready to recognize the yellow man as a civilized being, & not wholly sorry at the quarrel with Australia which this recognition entails. Balfour's government has ceased to do any harm, having grown impotent. The general opinion is that Balfour will resign in February, trying to force the Liberals to take office before dissolving. Whatever happens, the Liberals are almost certain of an overwhelming majority in the next Parliament.

I am interested to hear that I have a disciple at Bryn Mawr. Two young men, Huntington at Harvard & Veblen at Princeton, have written works in which they make pleasing references to me. The latter, at least, is brilliantly able.

What a creature Edith Pettit must be; she sounds all but incredible.

Alys told me to say she has not time to write by this Saturday's mail--she is occupied with alternations of visitors & meetings, & rather tired. On the whole, however, she has been very well lately. She asked me also to tell you about Forster's "Where Angels fear to tread".

~~It~~ seems to me a clever story, with a good deal of real merit, but too farcical in parts, & too sentimental at the end. He is one of our Cambridge set; his age, I suppose, about 26. He seems certainly to have talent.

Dickinson's new book is out, "A modern Symposium". It is quite excellent. He does the Tories with more sympathy than the Liberals, but all except Gladstone & the biologist are done with much sympathy. Besides Gladstone, there are Disraeli, Henry Sidgwick, & various private friends--Bob Trevy, Ferdinand Schiller (Audubon), a compound of Berenson & Santayana, Sidney Webb, & some characters who are nobody in particular. You must certainly read it.

My work has gone very well this summer, in spite of a long interruption caused by Theodore's death. I have made more solid & permanent progress than I usually do. But the end of Vol. II is as far off as ever--the task grows & grows. For the rest, I have been much occupied with other people's tragedies--some unusually painful ones have come in my way lately. What rather adds to the oppression is the impossibility of speaking of them--Still, I could hardly endure life if I were not on those terms with people that make me necessarily share their sorrows; & if the sorrows exist, I would always rather know them than not. Only I feel increasingly helpless before misfortune; I used to be able to speak encouraging words, but now I feel too weary, & have too little faith in any remedy except

endurance.

Do write again as soon as you can & as fully as you can. Your letters are always a pleasure to me to get.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

* [Her son] (m.s.)

LOWER COPSE,
BAGLEY WOOD,
OXFORD.
Jan. 1. 1906

My dear Lucy

I am very glad your sense of values prevailed over your Puritan instinct, & I am sure your sense of values was right. Letters are important; I care about getting letters from you, & it is the only way not to meet as strangers when people only meet at intervals of some years. And generally, I am sure you are right not to give all your best hours to routine; people who do that infallibly become engrossed in routine, by which they both lose personally & do the routine less well. In this, at least, I practise what I preach: I spent the first hour & a half of the new year in an argument about ethics, with young Arthur Dakyns, who is supposed to be my only disciple up here, but is a very restive disciple, always going after the false gods of the Hegelians. (We were staying with his people at Haslemere.) His father is a delightful man, with a gift of friendliness & of generous admirations that I have seldom seen equalled; & Arthur has inherited a great deal of his father's charm. He is the only person up here (except the Murrays) that I feel as a real friend--the rest are rather alien, so far as I know them.

I am interested in all you say about Helen. It is perhaps the hardest lesson there is to learn to be passive

towards people one is fond of; & like all very hard things, if one learns it at all one is pretty sure to learn it too thoroughly. But you do seem to be very wise in training your feeling to be what under the circumstances it has to become.--I wonder whether Helen will come with you or not. It will of course be a pleasure to see her, & I am sure I could undo the impression of censureousness that I unfortunately made upon her. I am looking forward very much indeed to your visit, & I do hope nothing will happen to prevent it. I shall not be very busy at that time, as I shall have been working continuously all the spring. I am afraid you will find me grown more middle-aged, & with less power of throwing off the point of view of the daily round. The efforts of life & of work are great, & in the long run they tend to subdue one's spirit through sheer weariness. I get more & more into the way of filling my mind with the thoughts of what I have to do day by day, to the exclusion of things that have more real importance. It is perhaps inevitable, but it is a pity, & I feel it makes one a duller person. However, it suits work amazingly well. My work during 1905 was certainly better in quality & quantity than any I have done in a year before, unless perhaps in 1900. The difficulty which I came upon in 1901, & was worrying over all the time you were in Europe, has come out at last, completely & finally, so far as I can judge. It all came from considering whether the King of France is

bald--a question which I decided in the same article in which I proved that George IV was interested in the Law of Identity. The result of this is that Whitehead & I expect to have a comparatively easy time from now to the publication of our book, which we may hope will happen within four or five years. Lately I have been working 10 hours a day, living in a dream, realizing the actual world only dimly through a mist. Having to go first to my Aunt Agatha on Hindhead, then to the Dakyns's, I woke up suddenly from the dream; but now I must go back into it, until we go abroad with old Mr. Ll. Davies & his daughter (on the 25th Jan).

I am sorry Helen Hoyt hasn't got enough men to keep her amused, but I feel strongly that it is not your business to try & make up for the deficiency in any way that interferes with your work. You must be able to have solitude when you want it, & you must not be too affected by her talk about your "over-ambition". Otherwise you are needlessly incurring the disadvantages of holy matrimony.

I am very much interested in what you tell me about the supposed Mrs Hodder. What a man he is! But I find great difficulty in feeling much sympathy for the present Mrs Hodder, who after all had every opportunity of knowing what sort of man he is. Still, I have no doubt I should be sorry for her if I saw her. I told Alys about the late Mrs Hodder, but asked her not to tell her people or any one.

I found your kind present to Alys on my return today, but she has not had it yet, as she has gone to West Ham to canvass for Masterman. He is not the man I should have chosen, but she promised long ago that she would help him when the election came on. The political outlook is good on the whole. The Liberals have done wisely, as well as rightly, in stopping the S. African Slave Trade in Chinamen. C-B caused a flutter by declaring more or less for Home Rule; but today Redmond & the Duke of Devonshire both advise electors to vote Liberal, so C-B has caught the Home Rule vote without losing the Free Trade Unionist vote. Exactly the opposite might just as well have happened, so it is a stroke of luck. But by the time you get this letter, the results will be coming in. The Cabinet is excellent. I am very glad John Burns is in it. But it may go to pieces later on on the Irish question. However, I hope not. I breathe more freely every moment owing to those scoundrels being no longer in office; but I wish I knew what majority we shall get. The question is: Will the Liberals be independent of the Irish? It is bound to be a near thing one way or other.

I hope you will enjoy Dickinson's Modern Symposium. You will recognize Bob Trevy & Sidney Webb. I like the book immensely.

Do write again soon. Your letters are a great pleasure to me.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

Did Alys tell you about Dora Sanger? While the baby was coming, she was indignant, & protested she hated to become a cow, & that the congratulations of all the old cats were more than she could bear, & that she dreaded the thought of a child to look after. Now it is come, she avers that she has become a perfectly domestic mother,* just as normal as possible; & I have no doubt it is true. Women have the misfortune to have instinctive needs rather than instinctive desires, so that what is good for them has to be often forced upon them if they are to have it. It is very unfortunate, & would not have happened if I had been consulted in the Creation.

* [It was not. Her husband called her Mrs. Jellyby] (t.s.)

14, BARTON STREET,
WESTMINSTER.

Feb. 18. 1906

My dear Lucy

Your letter reached me at S. Jean de Luz about 10 days ago, but I have not hitherto had leisure of mind to answer it. Indeed it is difficult to know what one can say, except to hope that you got some relief from writing. I can well imagine how discouraging it is to live in the atmosphere of Helen Hoyt's love of small pleasures, & the President's greed for success. I think living with people who care nothing for any of one's aims & ideals is terribly depressing, & a great drain upon one's energies; because it is necessary day by day to build up one's faith anew. The only plan is to live in imagination with absent people who would be an encouragement if one could see them, & to realize how everything worth doing in the world is done by people who are able to stand up against the influence of their surroundings; also how all the lives that have been really a success have seemed to those who lived them to be a failure, because what is done always falls so far short of what is hoped & imagined, & of what would be possible but for the opposition of those who should be allies. One cannot but have one's times of despair, & they may be very bad; I think then the only thing is to think resolutely about the next thing one has to do, & not let one's mind

dwell on life in general or on the futility of everything. And even some things that seem quite small & ignoble may be a slight help for passing the hours--to enjoy one's little comforts, to look forward to any little moment of peace that one may have in sight, & so on. And when one can, it is a good thing to provide oneself with amusements like the play, or meeting people with whom one's relations are perfectly superficial but pleasant. But all this doesn't come to much.

I have myself been horribly depressed lately. Margaret Davies is still in the depths of unhappiness, & needs a great deal of silent sympathy, which is much more tiring than the sort one can express. And I am as usual oppressed by a good many anxieties that I cannot speak about. I am looking forward to work, which is a refuge. But I tired myself out before starting for abroad, & I feel still rather slack, so I may find I need more holiday. Sometimes I think I should like never to stop work, if only I had the strength of body. Mathematics is a haven of peace without which I don't know how I should get on. So I am hardly the person to tell you how to avoid depression; because I can only give advice which I do not myself find effective. I have, however two things which really make me happier--one in the result of the general election, which does mean that for the next few years at least public affairs in England will be more or less what one could wish; the other, more

personal, is that my work has prospered amazingly, & that I have solved the most difficult problems I had to deal with, so that I have a prospect of some years of easy & rapid progress. I stayed a few days in Paris, & they got up a dinner of philosophers & mathematicians for me, which I found most agreeable--it was interesting to meet the people, & was sweet incense to my self-esteem. I was interested to observe, on a review of noses, that they were mostly Jews. They seemed most civilized people, with great public spirit & intense devotion to learning. One of them said he had read an English poem called "Le vieux matelot"; I couldn't think who had written anything called "the old sailor" & began to think there might be something by Hood of that name, when the truth flashed upon me. I also saw Miss Minturn & Santayana in Paris, which I enjoyed.--I go back to Oxford the end of this week. Alys has been very well not at all exhausted by her labours in West Ham. I shall hope for another letter from you very soon.

Yrs affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

Rozeldene, Grayshott,
Haslemere.

Feb. 21. '06

My dear Lucy

This is only a short letter to acknowledge yours of Feb. 9. You needn't think it was at my expense you cured your despair; on the contrary, the effort to think of an answer to what you said did me good, because I needed the same sort of answer myself. I am very glad indeed that your work is to be lightened, as I cannot doubt for a moment that far too much has been put upon you.

I am here staying with my Aunt Agatha for 2 days, during which I shall get more holiday than in all the time abroad--the sort of holiday that consists in sleeping all night & all day. We never went to the glaring Riviera: I had been to Avignon etc. before; this time the places were Cette, Carcassonne, Lourdes, St. Jean de Luz, Bordeaux, Chartres, Paris. Carcassonne is most interesting: vide Baedeker & Henry James. Fontarabia was to me the best worth seeing of the places we went to. Carcassonne is more interesting than Aigues-Mortes, which I had seen; it stands better, & the fortifications are partly Roman, partly Visigothic, partly Philip le Bel (whose dates you will find in Carey's Secretary's little history of France). You see both the Pyrenees & the Cevennes from the walls. There are nice slits, called approximately "machi-coulies", for

pouring boiling oil on to the besiegers below; & there is a prison of the Inquisition with a cell opened 3 years ago, where they found 2 cartloads of human bones, showing that prisoners were allowed the society of their predecessors' corpses.

I am very much interested in all you say about Helen, & glad you had such a pleasant time together. I cannot of course possibly know whether she is undertaking more self-denial than she can put through. But those who do so always have a lamentable break-down.

You have probably heard of MacCarthy's engagement to Miss Molly Cornish--apparently satisfactory in everything except money. The deaths of Lady Grey & Mrs Arthur Elliot were singularly sad, as they were two among the very few perfectly happy marriages one knows of. In Arthur Elliot's case he lost his seat at the same time as the result of honesty.

Write again soon. I am greatly looking forward to the summer.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

Providence House
Clovelly
N^r Bideford

April 22. 1906

My dear Lucy

I should never imagine you ungrateful for not answering my letters--I know how difficult it is to write in the middle of a press of business & work. It is a comfort to think that you have a prospect of improvement, both as to work & as to Helen Hoyt. I look forward eagerly to your unpacking all the interesting things that you are putting away now till June. When do you expect to arrive, & how long can you give us? I hope you will stay as long as you possibly can.

I am down here in absolute solitude for the best part of 2 months, & find it so far a very great success. The country is beautiful beyond belief--tangled sleeping-beauty sort of woods, sloping steep down to the sea, & little valleys full of ferns & mosses & wild flowers of innumerable kinds. I take a long walk every afternoon, & all the rest of the day & evening I work, except at meals, when I re-read "War & Peace" which I expect will last me most of my time. On my walks I stop & read little bits of Walton's Lives, or something else that is exquisite. My work goes ahead at a tremendous pace,* & I get intense delight from it. Being alone, I escape the oppression of

more things to think out, & more complicated decisions to make, than I have energy to accomplish; & so I am contented, & find enough to occupy me in work, & enough vigour to make work a pleasure instead of a torment.

As for fame, which you speak of, I have no consciousness of possessing it--certainly at Oxford they regard me as a conceited & soulless formalist. But I do not now care greatly what other people think of my work. I did care, until I had enough confidence that it was worth doing to be independent of praise. Now it gives me rather less pleasure than a fine day. I feel better able than any one else to judge what my work is worth; besides, praise from the learned public is necessarily for things written some time ago, which probably now seem to me so full of imperfections that I hardly like to remember them. Work, when it goes well, is in itself a great delight; & after any considerable achievement I look back at it with the sort of placid satisfaction one has after climbing a mountain. What is absolutely vital to me is the self-respect I get from work--when (as often) I have done something for which I feel remorse, work restores me to a belief that it is better I should exist than not exist. And another thing I greatly value is the kind of communion with past & future discoverers. I often have imaginary conversations with Leibniz, in which I tell him how fruitful his ideas have proved, & how much more beautiful

the result is than he could have foreseen; & in moments of self-confidence, I imagine students hereafter having similar thoughts about me. There is a "communion of philosophers" as well as a "communion of saints", & it is largely that that keeps me from feeling lonely.

Well, this disquisition shows how self-absorbed one grows when one is alone!

What you tell me of Helen is very interesting. I am sorry she is not happier. Somehow I feel as if she might be, or as if she might gradually acquire a sort of contentment. I hope she has got over the sense that I was unfriendly to her. I see I was tactless, but I value her friendship, & should be very sorry if she thought otherwise.

I am very glad your country girl has married the painter. All's well that ends well; which is epitaph I should put on my tombstone if I were the last man left alive.

I am on the whole satisfied with Birrell. The Govt. have made some bad mistakes, but seem satisfactory in the main.

Write again when you can, & address here.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

* [It was all rubbish, & had to be scrapped] (t.s.)

Providence House
Clovelly
near Bideford

May 9. 1906.

My dear Lucy

This is not a regular letter, being out of its turn: it is merely chatter. Since I last wrote to you, I have not seen a soul except the people here, with whom I have merely necessary conversations. The old lady who keeps the place, Miss Bailey, is a queer old Methodist (the whole village is Methodist except the innkeeper), who informed me in a solemn religious tone, with downcast eyes & awestruck voice, that on Sundays she always provided dinner in the middle of the day. Then there is her cousin, Mr. Panglly, who owns two sailing-boats & is apparently the captain of the Life-Boat; at least he has been making a tour of the coast, examining other Life-Boats with a view to getting a new one here. But he is anything but the bluff sailor: he wears spectacles, is always behind-hand, always asking his wife where he can have put his knife, or his hammer, or his newspaper; he talks very slowly, very correctly, with hardly any accent; only when he is growing impressive there is a massacre of h's just at the wrong moment. He is greatly interested in foreign affairs, anxious just now for the latest details of our dispute with Turkey. His wife is a short, fat, motherly good-natured person, always trying to think of a change for my dinner, & always failing: it is

chicken, hot, cold minced; then mutton, hot, cold, curried; then chicken again, etc. Then there is the young lady, their daughter, educated at Bideford Methodist College--none of your common schools for her. There she won as a prize a huge volume of Scott's poetical works, which she left conspicuously open for me to see. She is very good-looking, full of good spirits, conscious of being adored by her parents, & supposing that in this respect at least they deserve to be honoured as the Commandments enjoin. On May Day she & a lot of other girls got up at dawn & walked to Hartland (4 1/2 miles) & back before breakfast. She plays Beethoven on the piano, & yet she doesn't seem in the least to mind waiting on the lodgers.

The furniture of the house is queer. There is a photograph of Gladstone (because they are dissenters, & therefore Liberals), of the late Mr. Harnlyn, the local magnate, of relatives & dissenting preachers; there are the usual plush sofas, etc. But every cranny is stuffed full of foreign curiosities brought home by a sailor uncle who was captain of a sailing-vessel: there is Japanese china, some of it quite good; pictures of Pisa, Naples, etc.; a number of pictures that seem to be very bad copies of very inferior old masters, & are curiously out of place in this nonconformist atmosphere. For instance there is a lady sitting about in insufficient clothing, for the last reason any one could have suspected as a motive for such conduct,

namely, in order not to go to hell; at least so I gather from the fact that she is pointing to a scroll on which are the words "Ut non confundar". Evidently she thinks her behaviour calls for explanation.

You see I have had nothing to distract me from the place & the people. I am looking forward eagerly to your coming. It is so disappointing that you can't manage Ireland, but we must make the most of the time you can manage.--My work still goes well--tomorrow I plunge into the Gidely where for 4 days--mathematical papers, theatres, Newnham Council, hosts of people--then I come back here till June 8. Write when you can find time.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

BAGLEY WOOD,
OXFORD.

Nov. 3. 1906

My dear Lucy

Thank you very much for your letter; I was very glad to hear, & to find out why you had waited so long before writing. But please don't, another time, write letters & then tear them up without sending them--it is really quite unkind.

Helen's letter to me was very simple, not going in to things at all, but glad of the removal of misunderstandings. I am grateful to you for having managed things so well, & I do not see that there is anything further you need do in the matter--you seem to have been completely successful. I should say Helen is quite right to take everything simply, since she can; my feelings are not very simple, & are not likely to become so, but there is no reason why I should obtend any complication there may be in them. So much of what I feel concerning her is centred in myself, & has nothing to do with anything she is in herself. Partly I have a sentimental memory of her as a part of youth: but the Helen whom I view in that way is dead & buried, & quite unconnected with the present person. Partly I feel towards her as a Thebaid hermit towards Woman; this is the obverse of the sentimental feeling. Partly I associate her in my mind with merited humiliations

incurred through Grace's kind offices. Then again she is on the one hand your friend, on the other hand a Thomas. Through the mist of so many associations, it is quite hard to pierce to Helen herself. If I saw her, of course the real present person would become alive to me; otherwise, it is hard. I don't know why I should write all this to you, except simply for the relief of being frank on a subject which I generally have to be silent about. Apart from associations, my present feeling towards Helen is quite simple & wholly friendly.

I am delighted indeed that you have got over the habit of worrying. I wish I were as able to profit by maxims as you are: I can administer sage advice persuasively, because it has to be so very persuasive before I take it myself. I don't worry much over the greater ills of life, but I worry over occasions when I have made a fool of myself.

The mathematical student you spoke of (I can't remember her name) has not yet turned up. Do you know when she is likely to come?

I had heard absolutely nothing of the Hodders' affairs, & am much interested as to the outcome. Mrs. Hodder's happiness probably comes from love of excitement: I have seen the same kind of thing in my brother.

Mildred's marriage seems to me quite all right for her--whether for him, I can't judge. Not that I suppose they will be specially happy--marriages seldom are--nor yet

that I think her desperately in love with him. But I don't think she would ever be very much in love, & as she is sure to be very jealous, he perhaps won't know the difference. I fancy he is a thoroughly nice man, & I think for her it was essential to marry, or else she would have gone to the bad in a few years in some way or other. I don't believe desire to be rid of her people had much to do with it. These remarks are of course quite private, & are largely conjectural. Mildred was unusually nice during her visit to us the other day; so it has had the usual good effects.

If you ever feel inclined to write what you didn't say during the summer, you may feel confident that, whatever it is, it won't make any awkwardness. I know you much too well for that.

My work has been prospering very well indeed. I am at Cambridge today to attend a Newnham Council: last night I read a paper on "the nature of truth", in which I proved that Harold Joachim thinks Bishop Stubbs was hanged for murder. The great event here has been the reform of the math ^{al} Tripos, including abolition of the Senior Wrangler, which we carried by a narrow majority. The thing has been proposed periodically for the last 30 years or so, & I was overjoyed at its being carried.

MacCarthy & John Shuckburgh are married, & Keynes is in the India office. Otherwise my friends are as they were. As for me, I have done nothing but work since we came back

from Ireland, which, as you suspect, seems so long ago I can hardly remember it.

Do write again soon. Are you anxious I should burn your letter, or was it merely an expression of modesty? I would rather not burn it.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

BAGLEY WOOD,
OXFORD.

Jan. 18. 1907

My dear Lucy

It is a terribly long time since I have heard from you, & I fear my remarks as to my feelings about Helen may have pained you. If so, please try to forget them. After all, my present feeling (apart from retrospect) is one of simple friendship.--I suppose you have heard that Crompton Davies's brother Arthur is dying of cancer. The operation he had last spring did not prevent recurrence, & now they are merely waiting for the end. People of strong affections always have tragedies. There are five young boys, who will have to be educated somehow. He was at the Bar, & had just begun to be successful. Presumably also you have heard of the death of Maitland, whose house in Downing we had for 2 winters. I did not know him well, but I admired him sufficiently to feel his loss a good deal. The last thing he wrote was a notice of Mary Bateson, whose death was very sudden & utterly unexpected. She was one of the most courageous & public-spirited people in Cambridge, & very genuinely devoted to learning. I have become so accustomed to deaths that they seem now an almost daily occurrence--from moment to moment I feel in fear for every one. Fortunately one grows callous--since Theodore's death I have felt nothing very keenly.

Val has been spending his holidays here, & I have really made friends with him: he is a good boy. I must say for Grace that she has done her duty as a mother very well, & Val is intensely devoted to her.--As for me, I have been working very steadily, practically without interruption since we came home from Ireland. Work is a great comfort when it goes well, as mine has been doing. But now I am beginning to feel played out, & then it grows hard to keep painful thoughts out of one's head. The secret of life is the art of forgetting; & forgetting requires more vigour than remembering.

I hear Ray still cherishes hopes of finding some employment at Bryn Mawr after her time at Newnham. I believe she would like to be financially independent of her people; but from that point of view surely Bryn Mawr is out of the question, is it not? Please mention this to no one, tho' probably every one knows it.

Do write soon if you possibly can find time; & tell me about yourself. A letter from you would be a comfort.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell

BAGLEY WOOD,
OXFORD.

Feb. 4. 1907

My dear Lucy

Thank you very much for your letter, which gave me great pleasure, both on its own account & because it relieved me of the fear of having in any way hurt you. I wish winter had not brought you to "reason", & you had stuck to the plan of coming over for ever so short a time next summer. But doubtless "reason" is reason. The summer after, we are counting on you to come with us to Italy. I am very sorry to hear of your influenza. The depression after it may be terrible--I went through it once, when I was an undergraduate, & I remember the feeling of utter futility about everything. I am glad you have pulled through it by now.

Really the Hodders' selfishness surpasses belief--to want to drag Georgiana King back into their mire does seem too monstrous.

What you tell me of Mr. Irons is touching & rather fine. The discovery of courage in people one has thought not out of the common is very encouraging.

Mildred's affairs are very interesting, & I am grateful to you for writing so fully about them. I gather she didn't tell you that when she said she minded the prospect of marrying a foreigner, I told her it was much better she should, (marry a foreigner, I mean) as it would make it

harder for her to sacrifice him to her people. I reckoned rashly; for she has managed it after all. I should like to shake her. ~~But~~ I am told Arthur Scott is also absolutely selfish, so probably he will manage to assert himself in the end. Whether then there will be a submission or a breach remains to be seen. You did very wisely to make Mildred go down to Mt. Kisco; & I hope they will get off to California. As to her being too ill for anything, I disbelieve it.

Helen has promised to let me see her novel when it is in a condition that she thinks fit, & I am eagerly looking forward to it. I enjoyed hearing from her.

Since September I have done a great bout of work, & advanced the book considerably. Just now I am taking a little time off. But Alys must have exaggerated if she said I was greatly overtired. I got nowhere near the fatigue that was habitual to me when we were at Churt & at Tilford. My sorrows, most of them, I wrote to you about, nor has anything new happened since. I am again getting a little finger into practical politics, having been elected to the Executive of the Nat. Union of Women's Suffrage Societies. It has only just happened, so I have not yet attended a meeting. When I have, I will describe the types to you as best I can. I believe there is only one other man on the committee, & he is a close shave: he is the husband of Mrs Eva MacLaren. Whitehead has blossomed out into an orator, & is one of the speakers at a great Women's

Suffrage meeting in Exeter Hall this week. All Cambridge has been in a turmoil over the abolition of the Senior Wrangler [i.e. a comprehensive reform of the Math. Tripos of which this was an incidental feature]; it was carried on Saturday in the teeth of the country parsons & the various other blackguards whose opinion carries weight as a rule. It gives one hopes of extinguishing even the House of Lords.

The other day I went into Oxford to read about "the nature of truth" (a purely logical subject) before a society of undergraduates, & J.A. Smith, who was present, thought fit to point out that my views were inconsistent with "beliefs which to many of us are very sacred", or words to that effect. I am very much shocked at his conduct, & shall not readily recover my belief that he is either a gentleman or an honest man. In Oxford, philosophy is the handmaid of superstition--it is really despairing.

Alys is rather tired, having done alot of speaking on Woman's Suffrage. I have been with difficulty keeping her out of prison; she wanted to imitate the Suffragettes, who, I think, have done more harm than good. Write again when you can. Your letters are important to me, & without them it would be impossible to pick up the threads easily after a long absence, as we did last time.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

Bagley Wood. Oxford

March 8. '07.

My dear Lucy

I was very glad indeed to get your letter the other day. I can very well imagine the state of mind you describe--people who are wholly outside one's daily life are very hard to realize, especially when one's routine tires & absorbs one. I don't know of any cure for the feeling, but I hope you will resolutely resist its influencing your actions so far as to keep you from writing to me.

I am grateful for what you say about Ray--it is much as I supposed. She will certainly not have done very well in mathematics--probably she will get a 3rd class. The next time I can get a talk with her, I shall question her about her plans, & use your information without mentioning you. As for Mrs Reynolds, I don't think it is necessary to warn Ray. It is as well she should have an outlet, & the Atlantic deadens the effects of indiscretion. If you hear anything illuminating as to her character or her tastes, I should be grateful if you would repeat it. I should like to be useful to her, but I don't know her--she is very inscrutable. I don't even know whether she likes or hates me, or has a kindly contempt. Also I don't know how reliable she is.

It is interesting to hear about Katherine Fullerton. What you tell me about Hodder is disgusting, but I am glad to know it. Your account is admirable as description.

The President's behaviour about pragmatism is most amusing, as well as most shocking. Serious philosophers, with few exceptions, regard pragmatism as beneath contempt, so the President is not merely practising persecution, but is at the same time showing her lack of education.--I think a philosophy course without logic is an absurdity--you might as well have a medical course without physiology. All philosophy is based on logic, consciously or unconsciously; & it seems to me one of the chief purposes of a philosophical education to make people conscious of their logic & of how it affects their general views. Do by all means get it in with rhetoric, if that is the only way. I wonder who the people are that you allude to as thinking logic should not be part of a philosophical course--I have never wittingly met such people.

I am not taking part in politics as I did over Free Trade--I merely go to Committee meetings & so on. Our Committee is a very amusing collection of people. Walter McLaren, our chairman, is amiable & sensible. Mrs Fawcett you know all about. Lady Frances Balfour, sister of the Duke of Argyll, sister in law of Arthur Balfour & Princess Louise, is a forcible elderly woman, accustomed to domineering, & an adept at bullying M.P.s--amusing, hard,

aristocratic, a Unionist Free Trader. Mrs Broadly Reid, of the Chelsea Women's Liberal, you doubtless know. Then there is a young lady from Birmingham, a Miss Morris, pretty in a common sort of way, very self-possessed, & very proud of coming from such a centre of light & leading. Then there is Mrs Philip Snowden, wife of a Labour member, young & very shy, very pretty, obviously feeling out of it in such a collection of bourgeois & aristocrats. What I have seen of her seems to me very prepossessing. She talks very carefully--I am wondering whether it is for fear of a cockney accent, of which so far I have seen hardly a trace. Then there is Lady Strachey, the mother of Lytton Strachey--I forget whether you met her. Yesterday we were discussing a proposal that women should refuse to pay taxes, on the principle "No taxation without representation", when the Anglo-Indian in Lady Strachey became rampant, & she asked how we should like it if the Hindoos were to adopt our battle-cry. It was funny to see the great gulf that suddenly yawned between her & Mrs Snowden. One of our home secretaries is Miss Hardcastle, whom you know. Our paid secretary is Miss Palliser, a middle-aged grey-haired woman, kindly, competent, & humorous. Her chief business is talking to M.P.s. The total number of our Committee is 16 or 17--the rest are less interesting.

I got your letter as I was on my way to the train to

dine & sleep with the Courtneys, to meet the Prime Minister. I had wondered at being asked, but Lady Courtney explained before dinner "We thought it would be good for him to meet the cranks of his own party." Among other cranks were J.A. Hobson, the heterodox economist, whose theory is that all poverty is caused by saving; J.M. Robertson, the successor of Bradlaugh, whose book I reviewed some time back, & who is now in the House; Mackarness, the member for Newbury, whose wife you probably met at Chelsea, & who has consistently attacked the Government for the weakness of their policy in the Transvaal, especially for not sending the Chinese back at once; Harold Cox, the one individualist among Liberal M.P.s, who delays everything in the way of labour legislation by his doctrinaire objections. It appeared during dinner that he had formerly been a Fabian, whereat C-B observed: I see, you have abandoned Fabius & become Cunctator. Then there was a sprinkling of average Liberals, notably T. Shaw, the Lord Advocate. C-B had to come in Court dress, as he was going to the Court afterwards--his collar was so stiff that he could hardly turn his head, so Mackarness, who was next to him, got a good innings & talked to him for his good. C-B took it very good-humouredly; at last Mackarness approached the subject of Selborne's nominations to the Transvaal Upper House, which have displeased Radicals. C-B saw what was

coming, & remarked: It is really most creditable to Lord Selborne that he should have made such remarkably good appointments. M. drew himself together, as if he had had a shower-bath; but he was silenced, & C-B obviously enjoyed his joke. When C-B was made to realize who I was, he began to tell stories about my father's election at Nottingham, when the Tory candidate remarked "I was in politics before my opponent was out of his per-Amberley-later". The same man, in the House, when a member interrupted him with "No, No", had remarked "I do not know the hon. member's religious opinions, but he looks like a nonconformist", at which every one had laughed. Some one said the House wouldn't laugh at such impertinence now-a-days. Shaw, a sententious Scotchman, said "the late House would have laughed--it was a brutal House." C-B, genially: "Yes it was a brutal House; it used to laugh at you & me, Shaw". Considering the obloquy C-B endured, it is nice of him to have no trace of bitterness. On the whole he seemed to me kindly, humorous, & shrewd, just as one would gather from his public appearances. There was some talk of Woman's Suffrage, & it was plain that neither C-B nor the Liberal party intend to make it law in this Parliament. J.M. Robertson, a born fighter, had once attacked John Morley, but said he would never do so again, as he could not bear to see the pain he had caused Morley. This was nice of him.--There, that's as much Boswell as I can manage.

I have not been working at any Book lately, having had odd jobs--reviewing, reading papers to societies, etc.--in addition to Woman's Suffrage. I was very tired a little while back, & correspondingly depressed; but by taking a lot of exercise & not doing more work than I could help I have more or less recovered. As soon as I can, I shall go off for a walk or a bicycling tour; but at present I am tied.--I suppose Alys told you about H.G. Wells & his wife, who were here for a week-end; he was very like Kipps on one side, tho' that is only half of him. I liked him on the whole, tho' with reservations. What is said to him seems to make no impression, & I thought him a trifle wily in commending his views to different people by different arguments--but of this I am not quite sure.

Arthur Davies is still alive--it is painfully slow. I suppose Alys has told you that old Earls, our gardener, is also dying of cancer. It is sad--he was a delightful man.

I am sorry you are feeling so dull--it is not to be wondered at. Please write again when you can.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

By the way, your last two letters to me & your last letter to Alys were overweight! This is one of my generalizations about Americans.

BAGLEY WOOD,
OXFORD.
April 23. '07

My dear Lucy

This is not only an answer to your letter, but also a substitute for Alys's, as she is too busy to write today. All that you tell me of Mrs Hodder is very interesting indeed. She has the character of the romancer, who makes everything to do with herself wonderful. A little more would make her think she was the Virgin Mary & was beloved of the Holy Ghost: the same temperament exaggerated makes lunatics. Of course the root of the whole thing is conceit. Your suggestion that that is perhaps how the great love-stories are made is, I am sure, more cynical than the truth. At the same time I think a good deal of self-absorption & some blindness to fact is essential to a really dominant romantic love. Poor Hodder! So he is to be emasculated by his widow, like most men who don't survive their wives. What a pity it is that so few people are robust enough to love any real person of flesh & blood; almost everybody seems to feel love only excusable if the object is laughably idealized. In Hodder's case it seems peculiarly hard, as he took such pains not to be thought a saint. But there is a kind of poetic justice about it. Mrs Hodder's desire to have Katherine Fullerton as a slave is very natural & reprehensible. From what she used to

tell one of her mother's desire to tyrannize, one would easily see what she would be if she had the chance. I do hope Miss Fullerton will not go to her. I can't manage to be very sorry for Mrs Hodder--she has such magnificent illusions to sustain her. But I am sorry the case is to come on after all.

I will ask Alys about the Nation--I don't know about it. Val & I have just returned (yesterday) from a holiday, bicycling & walking. We had a very jolly time--saw Bath, Wells, Glastonbury, the Mendips & Quantocks, almost the whole of Exmoor, Exeter, Sherborne, Salisbury & Stonehenge. It did us both good. Val had never made that sort of excursion before, & I enjoyed seeing a lot of him.--Poor Karin has had a bad time, & is likely to have another operation soon. It is hard, & one wonders how it will end. I imagine that if either her mother or her grandmother had been reasonably careful, the thing would have been discovered & stopped many years ago. So much for the gospel of not worrying.--Miss Reilly has been here for a night, & is now gone on to Newnham for the term. I like her, & did all I could in the time. Given her modesty, I had no time to judge of her ability, but she seemed well-informed. I hope she will spread the light on mathematical topics at Bryn Mawr. We hope to see her again after the Cambridge Term is over.

Yes, the spring is very beautiful, & while Val & I were

away I enjoyed it immensely. Some of the Devonshire valleys were quite heavenly. But now that I am back I find myself still, as before I started, a prey to general depression & discouragement, which I think must have a physical cause. I feel nothing worth while, & wish I were dead to be quit of the fatigue of living. So I am afraid I shall have to prolong my holiday. Alys is going to Italy with Karin in a fortnight, & I shall try to use that time for a further excursion. I am lucky not to be tied by a profession--if I were, I don't know how I should get through life.

It must be nice for you having Welch playing in your rooms--young children are a delight when they are pleasant. Please give my love to Helen when you next write to her; & please write to me again as soon as you can.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

BAGLEY WOOD,
OXFORD.

July 1. 1907

My dear Lucy

Thank you very much for your letter, which gave me great pleasure & interest. I wish indeed I could come over to see you & Helen--I can imagine few things more enjoyable. But I cannot spare either the time or the money. If only my book were finished, I should be a comparatively free man. But that will be some years yet.

I am sorry for what you say about the girls at Bryn Mawr. But it is not necessarily a sign that American girls in general have gone back: formerly those who went to College were a picked lot, while now that is much less the case. From what you say of your girls, I should think ridicule would be the best method--not ridicule of them, but of ideas they probably entertain. When this has made them ashamed to avow such ideas, it will perhaps be possible to make them listen to serious talk. They all sound exactly like Anne in "Man & Superman"; perhaps it would do them good to become aware of the likeness. I wonder what you say about Desdomona. Do you take the line that Othello was a very sensible man to remove such a minx? I can imagine a Verrallian treatment on these lines, in which the end of Othello should be regarded as a concession to the gallery, which cultivated people would see through.

I don't see what you can do about the older women at Bryn Mawr. Their views are, I suppose, the natural result of starved instincts; & so long as conventional morality imposes this evil, the harm seems unavoidable.

Miss Reilly was pleasant & friendly, & I enjoyed teaching her. But I never heard her say anything interesting or original, either on shop or on general topics. (Please keep quite to yourself my criticisms of her, as I should not wish to do her an injury.) I was amazed at her learning, & wondered to see so little ability combined with it. It seemed to me she had read 10 times as much & thought 10 times as little as we in England should expect of a successful candidate for such a post. I inferred that she would always give Carey perfect satisfaction. I made her write little essays on logical points, but she merely reproduced my remarks, with just enough change to show she hadn't understood them. She seemed incapable of disagreeing with an authority. We took her to Sommerville to hear a lecture by Mrs Snowden on Socialism. The lecture was rather poor, but it was an enlightened occasion. Religion, property, marriage--everything got its drubbing; & no one thought it inappropriate in a woman's college. Miss Reilly explained to Mrs Snowden that she would like her to speak on suffrage at Bryn Mawr, but that it wouldn't do to speak on Socialism. And I couldn't discover that she regretted this

or felt it shameful. But on this as on everything else, she refused to express any definite opinion. I am, however, very glad that Bryn Mawr has realized the necessity of lectures on logic, & I have little doubt that Miss Reilly will give them admirably, since she has patience, industry & learning; which, after all, ought to suffice for a lecturer.

I am interested about Mildred, but do what I will I can't feel very seriously about either her health or his. It will be delightful to see Simon.

Grace is back, tho' I have not seen much of her. I wish you had told me more about her misconduct as regards Harold--I know nothing of it, & have no means of finding out. From Harold himself I learn that he hates his school (which, I gather, was Carey's choice), & that he dislikes having to go to Cornell for engineering. But I am quite unable to discover Grace's sins, tho' with every readiness to believe in them. Please tell me more.

It is exciting news that you are doing a monograph on Shelley--the most delightful man in the world to write about. I hope it will be a great success. It is also good that the Atlantic is publishing your causerie. I hope you will send us a copy.

My existence has been uneventful & placid since Wimbledon, & I have suffered less than usual from depression. Dickinson was here for a week, which was

delightful. It is now the time of year of your last visit to us, & I am constantly reminded of our walks & talks--in certain parts of Bagley Wood particularly. I keep wishing you were here again; however, I count on your coming over next summer.

I have been reading for review a scoundrel named Chatterton Hill, on "Heredity & Selection in Sociology". He wants us all to turn Catholic on biological grounds. I have sent reviews of him both to the Nation (late Speaker) & to the Albany, but I doubt whether they will print them, as it was necessary to be rather shocking.

Please give my love to Helen, & tell her how much I should have liked to come over for a visit. But apart from other obstacles, this month I am booked with Woman's Suffrage business, & for next month we have arranged a party to go to Scotland, if we can let this house.

Don't get depressed by your girls; they won't be quite so silly as if they had never been to College, & that is as much as one ought to need to sustain one. Write again soon.

Yours ever affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

BAGLEY WOOD,
OXFORD.

Sp. 1. 1907

My dear Lucy

Your letter reached me in Skye, whence I returned - yesterday evening. Before settling to work I want to thank you for it & answer it. You will know by now that I did not miss Simon, but managed to see him here, which was a great pleasure, both on his account, & because he brought news of you & Helen. I was not bicycling away from the people here, so much as towards the half-paralysed mathematician, Jourdain, whom I have probably told you of, & who lives in a remote part of Dorsetshire. Then I returned for one night, during which I saw Simon & Bonté & her husband. Then after a night at Cambridge I went to the Lakes with North Whithead. I have seldom felt so oppressed & worn out as I did when my holiday began, but air & exercise & congenial society & absence of responsibility have made me young & gay again, & will, I hope, pull me through a good winter's work.

What you tell me about Mildred is amusing. She works out as accurately as a chronometer. I wonder how long she will continue to think herself virtuous; I suppose all her life.

The question of your position at the College is a most difficult one. I rather feel that you would be stranded if

you left Bryn Mawr, & that is prima facie a reason against an ultimatum. At the same time, I see that your present position is not what it ought to be, & that it would be absurd for you to start on getting a Ph.D. I strongly believe that Carey would yield to an ultimatum, provided she knew that you seriously contemplated leaving the place. If, therefore, you can see any tolerable life away from Bryn Mawr (which is a large if), my view would be in favour of an ultimatum; if not, I should be in favour of your taking all steps short of an ultimatum. For it seems plainly bad for the College that Carey should represent on the Faculty a subject which she has neither time to teach nor capacity to understand. (By the way, I should advise her to put Miss Reilly on the Faculty at once, as it will always be another vote for herself.)

I don't know what other career is open to you outside Bryn Mawr, & therefore I cannot have an opinion on that point. And as I have not seen your writing, I can't judge of your chance of success in that. So what I can contribute to your problem does not come to much. But it is plainly a case where self-assertion, if successful, would be right.

Crompton Davies happened to be in Scotland, & I got some days' walking with him, which I greatly enjoyed. He was unusually well & jolly, quite in a holiday mood. North Whitehead turns out to be very delicate, & must not spend

next winter in England. It is a great anxiety to his parents; he himself does not know how serious it is.

I have read nothing & thought nothing for a long time, so I have no ideas. Tomorrow I must settle to work. I hope you will write again very soon; it is always a great pleasure to hear from you.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

Trinity College
Cambridge

March 18. 1908

My dear Lucy

Ever since your last letter came I have been meaning to write to you--it was, as always, a great pleasure to hear from you, but especially to hear that you may come over this summer. Do come if you possibly can--it will be delightful to see you. And spare us the utmost amount of time that you can think right. It is hardly possible just now to imagine long summer days of talk with you--it is nicer than anything I can picture to myself in my present mood. I have the depression of fatigue, as well as of various worries, & of the depressing state of politics. The whole nation is howling because it fears the Gov^t is going to increase the price of its beer, & the Church, behind a shop-window of hypocritical Bishops, is egging on the nation to persist in drunkenness, because it well understands the connection of Beer & Bible.

Thanks for your praise, both as regards my article on James & otherwise. Praise is very agreeable, & I suspect that good deeds for which no other praise is forthcoming are usually done for the sake of praise from oneself. But that is a poor variety of praise.

Everything you tell me about your family & about Bryn Mawr interests me greatly. Carey is really too bad. She

illustrates what Berenson says is the fundamental passion, "Ursache sein". Probably that is why the earth makes the apple fall--otherwise it is hard to see what the earth gains. I am much amused (as well as shocked) to learn that Miss Pittsburg now has an Indiana accent.--All that you say about the Fullertons is very interesting, & your opinion strikes me as perfectly just, as far as I can judge. As for being business-like, that only means taking account of facts.

Beyond a few days when I had influenza, I have done nothing but work for a long time. My work now is so much easier than it was, that I work longer hours, & have less leisure. But now in a fortnight I am going abroad--first to a math^{al} Congress in Rome, then to Sicily with George Trevelyan & other men. I shall be away a month, & it is sure to be delightful. Alys has been doing a terrific amount of speaking, & does not appear to be going to have any good holiday. Her mother is ill, & she will want to be with her while I am away.

Since September, I have written about 2400 pages of the MS of our book, & I am still only in the 3rd of 8 Parts. I expect we shall both die before any one reads it through, but people will read bits, & they will have to praise it, for the same reasons for which people praise Clarissa Harlowe, because otherwise they would have been wasting their time. I have a very firm belief in the importance of

the book, & this belief will not be shaken by an unfavourable reception. There is more work in the writing out than I expected, & I hardly think the MS can be finished in less than a year from now; & than the printing will take about 2 years. I live an odd double life between math^{CS} & suffrage--the two worlds are so very distinct. On the whole I find I can do more than if I stuck to one of them--each is rather a rest from the other.

Give my love to Helen, & my best wishes to Simon. Tell him I have joined an Association to Promote the Torture of Animals. Its title to the world is "The Research Defence Society". I hope the Baby flourishes & shows that absolutely unique intelligence which babies always do show.

Don't forget that it will be a really keen delight to see you in the summer. Come if you possible can, & we will go back & sit on our mossy bank in the wood. I never see it without thinking of you.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

N.B. The handwriting in your last letter was as clear as day.

14, BARTON STREET,
WESTMINSTER.

April 1. '08

My dear Lucy

This is just a line to tell you how delighted I am to hear the result of your ultimatum when, like Satan, you durst defy the Omnipotent to arms. It will be delightful to have you first for a visit & then as a neighbour in Oxford. As to the latter, you needn't be the least afraid of our unduly putting ourselves out--that would not be a kindness on our parts. But I shall count on seeing you often in the afternoons.

What strikes me is how much less Carey has been giving you all these years than it now appears she thinks you worth.

By the way, I have never heard from Miss Reilly, who said she would consult me if she came upon any difficulties; yet I can hardly think no difficulties have arisen. Is she going to give her logic lectures next year or not? If it is doubtful, could I do any good by writing to her or Carey about it?

I start for Rome the day after tomorrow. I shall look forward immensely to seeing you in August or September.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

BAGLEY WOOD,
OXFORD.
Thursday

My dear Lucy

There is no reason why you should come on Sunday if you had rather not; on the other hand there seems to me no reason why you should not come, & it would be very pleasant to see you. Dickinson will not be there, however, as his father has just died. Please send a line to say which way you decide: if I were you, I should decide according to inclination.

I too enjoyed our walk particularly.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

<postcard>

Jan 7, 1909

Committee meet again tomorrow. Hope to reach you 3.30, but perhaps shall be unable to come at all.

B. Russell

BAGLEY WOOD,
OXFORD.

May 2. '09

My dear Lucy

Thanks for your letter. No, I do not know what you are thinking; among different possibilities I cannot choose, nor can I discover from your letter.--I find that Monday 17th is almost sure to suit me for walking with you. It is a hundred to one that I shall come back from Cambridge in the morning; the only thing that would prevent it would be if Whitehead wanted me for work, but that is unlikely, as he will probably be lecturing. Alys is not coming home till Tuesday. If Monday proves impossible, I will come Tuesday 18th, after luncheon as usual.

I am glad Miss Fullerton has been more sensible than might have been expected. Of course you were right not to look at the correspondence.

I am back at work, less refreshed by my holiday than I could wish, & in a somewhat depressed frame of mind. I shall have much to say & to hear when I see you, but the result is that I have very little to write. What you tell me about Helen, whether reasonable or not, is on the whole satisfactory.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

In the train
BAGLEY WOOD,
OXFORD.

July 15. '09

My dear Lucy

I am writing to you now, as I forgot to give you my address. I shall look forward to getting a letter from London, & I wish to know what the Doctor says. I shall miss you very much, & my thoughts will be with you constantly. I fear you will have a very difficult time when you first get back to America.

Please let me know as much as you can about how you find things with your people, what you are able to do, & how painful it turns out to be.

I do not know whether my actions are defensible, but I know & you know that you have now & always my warmest affection & sympathy.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

Godreoy House
St. Ives Cornwall
July 22. 1909

My dear Lucy

Thank you for your letter. There was nothing foolish about your request, nor was it difficult for me to execute. Your actions have seemed to me always perfectly right, & I have never for a moment had any doubt on the subject. I am sorry you failed to see Dr. Cock, but a New York Dr. will have the advantage that you can see him again if necessary. I shall be anxious to hear his verdict. I am sending this letter to Bryn Mawr as I don't know the address of your parents. I hope you will find things there better than you feared.

Here I lead a sea-side existence varied with work--talks with Whitehead about our book, & odds & ends which I neglected while I was writing. In the afternoons we play cricket with the children on the beach, or go sailing; in the late morning I take the children to bathe. Mrs Whitehead is laid up these last days, so I have not seen much of her. North is not as well as he ought to be; but don't mention this to Alys. The place is pleasant, & I am glad to let my mind run down. Next week I go to the Tyrol. If you write at once, you might write to Poste Restante Innsbruck from which I shall have letters forwarded to wherever I am. I shall be home again towards

the end of August, so perhaps Bagley Wood is best.

My reason for asking whether you felt regret was not that I thought you had done wrong, but that I thought you might find yourself more unhappy than you might otherwise have been. I am very much relieved that that is not so. Goodbye.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

Grand Hotel Imperial et Pension du Soleil
RIVA, LAC DE GARDA
TRAFFELLINI & RICK, PROP.
Adresse Telegraphique: IMPERIAL, RIVA
TELEPHONE No. 6
Succursale a Arco: HOTEL PENSION OLIVENHEIM

Riva, 25 August 1909

My dear Lucy

Your welcome letter reached me a few days ago at Trent, where the Council was held. I have been walking with Sanger by devious routes over passes & down valleys east & west of the Brenner, through the Dolomites, in snowstorms & in terrific heat, till at last we have emerged onto the Lake of Garda, whence I return so as to get home on Saturday (28th). Here it is very delicious, & we enjoy it the more for our previous Alpine rigours. We arrived yesterday morning, down a road hewn out of a precipice of rock: it has been a very successful time.

I am very grateful to you for telling me all about your family. It is a very difficult business, but I am glad you have something definite to do in regard to your sister. I cannot possibly have an opinion to offer you, except that I am sure your own judgment will lead you right, & your tact will effect whatever can be effected. It is very difficult having your brother in law supported by his relations: people who will not face facts are very hard to deal with. With your sister, it must be a comfort to you to feel that you are really effecting something. I should hope that

everybody will make an effort to be more rational after such a drastic lesson.

I am interested in all you say about Helen. Like every one else, she needs a self-protective view of life, & is bound to criticize Logan & me in order to keep her end up. I am glad she asked no inconvenient questions & I am sure you acted wisely in that respect.--You may tell her I think her standards "impossibly high & exclusive" if they exclude Tolstoy!

Your medical news as regards your own health is on the whole reassuring. But I hope you will take care of your heart, & get it right if the Doctors know how that is to be done. Please let me know of any further developments either for good or evil.

It is a very great comfort to me that you are happier than a year ago. I think I can understand your being so, tho' I doubt if most people would be under similar circumstances. Let me hear from you again when you can.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

BAGLEY WOOD,
OXFORD.

Oct. 18. '09

My dear Lucy

Since your letter came I have been too busy to write until now, but now I have time to write, having arrived at a great moment: tomorrow I go to Cambridge, taking with me the MS of the book for the printers. There is a certain amount at the end that is not yet finished, but over 4000 pages are ready, & the rest can be finished easily. I have been working like a black to get the last bits of revision done in time for my visit to Cambridge tomorrow, & now the MS is packed in two large crates, & now I feel more or less as people feel at the death of an ill-tempered invalid whom they have nursed & hated for years. It is amusing to think how much time & trouble has been spent on small points in obscure corners of the book, which possibly no human being will ever discover. Owing, I imagine, to the near prospect of taking the MS to the Press, I have been lately in a state of strange & unusual excitement, very loud & bristling & argumentative. The political situation also is extraordinarily exciting: more is at stake than at any time that I can remember, & the issue quite impossible to foresee.--The suffrage question, as usual, bristles with difficulties. Margaret Davies has started a "People's Suffrage Federation" whose aim is Adult Suffrage, & after some hesitation I have decided to join it.

It is having a very great success, but is regarded with grave suspicion by most ardent suffragists, & I am having a difficult time with Mrs. Fawcett & Co. However, Mrs Fawcett is having a more difficult time with me: she misbehaved again the other day by going directly contrary to the decision of the committee, & several of us banded together to tell her what we thought of her conduct; the major part of the plain-speaking fell to my lot. That was at Cardiff, where we had our quarterly council meeting; besides denouncing Mrs F, I was myself denounced on three several counts by different people, among them Margery Strachey, who reproached me sadly & fiercely for talking against Mrs F. I have, besides, recently written a long article for the *Revue de Metaphysique et de Morale*, & a short article for a Suffrage handbook that Margaret Davies is getting out. So you will see I have been pretty busy, & the result is that I have grown very egotistical.

I was much interested by all you wrote about Helen. She wrote to me some time back, & now I shall write to her soon. I am glad she is happier.

It seems to me you are quite right not to use your influence with your sister against your brother-in-law. I should suppose, from what you tell me, that it is to be hoped she will not go back to him; but it does not follow that one ought to try to keep her from going back. As you say, harm is very apt to come of interference in intimate relations. I

should gather that you have been doing exactly right all through. I fear the business is likely to be a burden on you for a long time to come.

When Alys decided against America (or rather when Karin did) I gave up Cambridge after a little hesitation. (I go tomorrow for a few nights only.) It was a disappointment to me: it would have suited my work, & I was looking forward to seeing people there.

It is odd how much emotion has got connected with this book I have been at so long. I have made a mess of my private life--I have not lived up to my ideals, & I have failed to get or give happiness. And as a natural result, I have tended to grow cynical about private relations & personal happiness--whether my own or other people's. So all my idealism has become concentrated on my work, which is the one thing in which I have not disappointed myself, & in which I have made none of the compromises that destroy faith. It is a mark of failure when one's religion becomes concentrated on impersonal things--it is monkish essentially. But so it is; & therefore year by year work has become a more essential outlet to my rage for perfection.

I am very glad Bryn Mawr has shown due appreciation of you--it would be very ungrateful if it did not. I am also more glad than I can say that you feel you have found "peace of mind & heart". I suppose peace is a thing I shall never find--some demon within keeps me always restless. I have

felt it at moments, but it has been when sheer fatigue has momentarily destroyed feeling. At such moments I have sometimes made up a philosophy to suit--but that was humbug, like all general philosophies of life.

Please don't wait a long time before writing again. The things you only imagine telling me remain unknown to me until you commit them to the actual material post, & you must not forget that I care very much to get your letters & to know what is happening to you & what you are feeling.

Forgive the tone of this letter--it is due to rather more work than usual, & would have been quite different if I had waited a week before writing it.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

BAGLEY WOOD
OXFORD

Nov. 17. '09

My dear Lucy

Many thanks for your letter. I am sorry indeed that your personal news is not better. I know well the state of mind in which one overworks from restlessness--it has been my state of mind lately. I am sorry too about Helen. As one grows older, some degree of separation from friends (I mean mental separation) seems unavoidable unless one has a common life. The interests of one's life play such an increasing part in absorbing one's thoughts as one grows older. And there is an increasing temptation to live on the surface when everything real is full of pain.

The business of getting printed hangs fire. The Press funks the expense (which will be great) & wants us to get a grant from the Royal Society. That, if it can be managed, will take time. I don't think now there is any chance of the book being published by 1912, so I shall have to put off America till 1913 or 1914.

I am interested in your impressions of Mrs Pankhurst, whom I have never met. She must be a powerful & striking person. In judging her, or at least her cause, you should however remember that none of the S & P U have any respect for truth. I will give you a small recent instance. Mrs Brailsford, Lady Constance Lytton, & several women of no

social position were recently imprisoned. They all adopted the hunger strike, & Mrs Brailsford & Lady Constance were let out on medical grounds, because they had heart disease. It was of course said that they had been let out for snobbish reasons, & Mrs Brailsford stated, both publicly & privately, that it was "almost the first she had heard of her heart being bad." Now I happen to know some of her most intimate friends, who told me years ago that her life was in constant danger from heart disease, & told me recently that she has to spend a large part of her life on the sofa. I think an absurd fuss has been made about forcible feeding. It has been constantly resorted to for ordinary criminals without anybody's objecting to it. The women to whom it has been applied have committed serious acts of violence, such as throwing large stones at Asquith, hurling heavy bits of iron from roofs onto crowds, & other things calculated to kill innocent people. If the Gov^t lets them out when they starve, all criminals will adopt hunger strike, & the criminal law is at an end. It is not as if these women had committed purely technical offences, like the earlier ones; they have endangered lives, & everybody expects that they will soon resort to assassination. There can now be no doubt that they are very seriously injuring the cause of Women's Suffrage, & that their persistence is due to a pride & unwillingness to confess an error.

The last straw which led me to join the People's Suffrage Federation was that the popularity of the Budget made it not unlikely that the Liberals would return to power at the General Election. The Liberals won't look at the Limited Bill, & can't carry Adult Suffrage till the country is willing to have it. Therefore it becomes imperative to create a demand for Adult Suffrage. Even if the Liberals do not come back, the chief objection to the Limited Bill is that it would lead to Adult Suffrage; it is therefore necessary, even to the passing of the Limited Bill, that people should not greatly dread Adult Suffrage. I do not for a moment expect Adult Suffrage to be carried at a blow, but I think until it has ceased to be a bogey, people will not carry any measure of women's enfranchisement. And Adult Suffrage is what I really believe in. It is not women as women that I want enfranchised, but women as human beings. And even poor women are human beings. Mrs Fawcett's position is that, although the vote should be independent of sex, it should not be independent of property. I have no sympathy with this view.

I gather from your letter to Alys that you, like every one else, know all about the Wells-Reeves scandal. It is a bad business. I knew about it when you were with us, but I then hoped it could be kept quiet. Amber Reeves, however, told everyone, regarding it as a feather in her cap. I

expected it before it happened, & blame myself for not having done more to prevent it. But I knew neither of them well, & disliked both, so it was difficult, & I held my tongue, from dislike of suggesting scandal. Wells is an unmitigated cad & scoundrel. In Ann Veronica tho' the hero is not up to much, he is better than his prototype. All the young people who had taken to preaching free love under Wells's influence are disgusted, & are getting married in Church, with the veil & all the rest of it.

I am very anxious about the General Election. The Budget, as you know, proposes heavy licence duties on public houses. The brewers told Lord Lansdowne they would not contribute to Tory party funds, or help in the election, unless the Budget was thrown out. This would have meant disaster to the Tories. So Lord Lansdowne gave notice that the Lords would reject the Budget, & the very next day the brewers announced a reduction in the price of beer. I fear the great heart of the people will find this bait irresistible. At first the Tories made the mistake of attacking the Land Clauses of the Budget, which are popular; but since they have taken to beer, they have improved their position day by day. However, there is still a good chance of our being victorious. Alys urged me to stick to the Cambridge plan, & told people I was doing so, but I gave it up, after a short hesitation, when she decided not to go to America. Write again soon. It is a

great pleasure to me to hear from you & to know your news.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

BAGLEY WOOD,
OXFORD.

Jan. 2. 1910

My dear Lucy

I have hoped for some time to hear from you, but meanwhile I have to thank you for your present to us of the Giles. The Chinese poems are interesting: often very artistic, with a peculiar quaint quality; the only thing that is disappointing about them is that they are not more unlike our poetry in sentiment. I am amused to find the 18th century indulging the same kind of sceptical rationalism as prevailed in Europe at that time.

This letter is really Alys's. She tells me to say she is too busy to write this week, so I am writing for her. She is organizing Suffrage work in our constituency (N. Berks) & in Oxford. Tomorrow (as a result of her organizing) Wicksteed & I & 6 other Liberals of standing in the constituency go on a deputation to our member to tell him what to think about Suffrage, & to be informed that he thinks it. I fear, however, we shan't get much out of him. I am doing nothing for him because he is shifty & supported the brewers last year. Alys is getting signatures to the voters' petition for Suffrage, which is going astonishingly well. A large majority, so far, have been willing to sign; working men have volunteered to take the petition to their pals & get them to sign. I am amazed.

I am working for Philip Morrell, whose campaign has only just begun. I have spoken for him in Newnham, Sandford & Littlemore: at Littlemore poor Logan took the chair. I didn't know there were so many people in those villages. Practically all the men & many of the women turned up: only one Tory, apparently, exists in the 3, & he is at Sandford. Tomorrow I speak with Morrell at a big meeting at Henley. On spare nights I shall canvass for him. I have already canvassed in North St. Pancras (for Dickinson, a Suffrage champion) & in Oxford. I am very optimistic indeed; I think the Tories will have at most 200 members in the new Parliament; but I think most Liberals are less hopeful. I base my views chiefly on the reports of meetings; the Tories can hardly hold a public meeting because of the opposition, whereas Liberal meetings everywhere succeed. It is chiefly the prospect of food taxes that alarms the working man. There is immense interest in the election everywhere--I don't think the country has ever been so excited. The issues are tremendous: first, the constitutional question--the power of the House of Lords is to be either immensely increased or almost destroyed; second, Free Trade & Protection, which alone made the last election the most important I could remember; third, the Land Taxes, embodying a principle I have cared for ever since I began to know economics, & capable, I believe, of transforming the lives of working

people; fourth, Home Rule, which convulsed the country for 10 years, but now is almost unnoticed. The power of the brewers, which is the worst influence in our politics, is also involved; & I think Suffrage stands a chance if the Liberals are returned, whereas it certainly has no chance from the Tories.

Every part of the country blazes with Tory posters representing men out of work owing to foreign competition, with wife & children weeping. Unemployment is the chief basis of the Tory appeal to the working man; their other support is beer. Our strong cards, besides cheap food, are Old Age Pensions & the popularity of the proposed Land Taxes; also the idiocy of the Peers, who are on the strump, & make fools of themselves everywhere. All the brains & all the oratory are on our side; all the money is on theirs. Almost everybody who is neither a nonconformist nor a working man is going to vote Tory, even those who voted Liberal last time. But the Liberal enthusiasm is much greater than four years ago. Lloyd George is worshipped as Gladstone was, & Winston has shown himself capable of speeches which put close economic reasoning in a form that anybody can understand. The Tories rashly boasted that they would win Lancashire by a whirlwind campaign, but before they got going, Winston addressed 40000 Lancashire men in a week, & showed that they would be ruined by Protection, & now the Tories daren't show their

faces anywhere near Manchester. The Liberal appeal has been very full of argument & solid instruction, & so far as I can discover that is what people are wanting--they seem to resent appeals to their emotions. It is all very interesting, & I can think of nothing else.

I have resigned from the National Union Executive, because I wanted a free hand to support Liberals. I am now on the Executive of the People's Suffrage Federation, & as my book no longer occupies my whole energies, I hope to do a lot of work for Adult Suffrage when the election is over.

Write soon. I am anxious for news of you. What prospect is there of your coming over next summer? I wish to goodness you were coming.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

TRINITY COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE.

Friday Oct.7. 1910

My dear Lucy

I found your welcome letter awaiting me when I got here on Monday. It is good news that you have decided to write to me oftener: I shall be able to keep in touch with you as I have not done hitherto. You must let me know whether you keep up your spirits, & how everything goes with you.--You ask me about Miss Hamilton. In view of her growing deafness, I should suppose it was obviously to her great advantage to have a school of her own, & that that would outweigh all other considerations. I cannot judge how her being near you would affect you; I should say you might have to make an effort to keep your independence, but I do not think it ought to be difficult to succeed.

I have been incredibly busy since I came here: Professors, painters, porters, proofs, books, bedmakers, bedsteads, fellowship papers to read & lectures to prepare: a perfect pandemonium. I am nearly at the end of furnishing troubles, & the Fellowship election is on Monday; my lectures begin on Thursday, so I shall have to devote Tuesday & Wednesday to preparing my lectures. I am sending you the 3 culture papers, which may interest you. I had nothing to do with the setting of them, but one of the questions in the philosophy-&-science paper is a quotation from me; you will easily know which. The answers

of most of the candidates were very poor (don't repeat this), but I am glad to say Norton (the man I am chiefly interested in) did brilliantly. On the question about the Chinese & flatuex, he assured the examiners that the emotions roused in him by the Castelfranco Giorgione were neither industrial, social nor domestic. That question proved a particularly good one. The sentiment attributed to the Chinese was manufactured by Lamb (did you meet him? no, I think not), who is a man with a great gift for a quiet joke. I am sorry to say no one wrote on romanticism & classicism. The favourite essay-subject was useless knowledge. I am telling you all these things because we talked so much about them. The papers are manufactured on the principle that no one may get a question on his own subject.

So far, the only person I know of who is coming to my lectures is an American German Jew, who is a Harvard man spending a year in Europe. But possibly there may be others. I enjoy being here quite as much as I expected, & I shall soon be less busy.--You don't write too much, quite the contrary. Remember that my thoughts are often with you, & that my good wishes go with this letter. Write again as soon as you possible can.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

I will send the papers when I have done with them.

TRINITY COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE.

Nov. 23. 1910

My dear Lucy

Many thanks for your letter, which I was very glad of. Only I wish you would not regard me as an "important person", to whom you have to apologize for your "vapours", but as a plain friend anxious to know everything you feel inclined to write. ~~It~~ is not pleasant to be regarded with awe, & I should have hoped I had cured you of it by now! The method I adopted with Karin was to balance a poker on the end of my nose, but I can't do that across the Atlantic. However, I beg you to suppose it done.

You ought to have sent the unfinished first pages. But I am very sorry indeed your headaches are bad again, & still more that you have no one to speak to. Helen wrote to me a little while ago saying you were so well, but I gather that was only bluff on your part. It is a pity.

I wonder whether you will subject Louise Carey to logic & severity, & how it wd. turn out if you did.

As to the "culture papers", remember no one who is a specialist is allowed to contribute questions on his specialty. The result is an unprofessional air about all the questions, which is thought desirable.

I know nothing of Bateman, but I find most of the mathematicians here sadly ignorant of everything except

mathematics. I have an evening when they & others turn up, & try to get them accustomed to civilized talk, but it is hard work, & sometimes one sinks to very trivial topics. I have hopes, however, of succeeding in time. Some of them are very able, but outside work they flounder sadly.

We are all in the throes of a sudden election. I shall do what work I can in Cambridge, but there has hardly been time to get election fever, & I dread the plunge into the struggle with ignorance & prejudice & stupidity. People seem agreed that there won't be much change.

Vol. I of Whitehead's & my book has been finished printing for some time, & will probably be out in a week or two. The whole of the printing of the 3 Vols ought to be finished early in 1912, & then I shall be a free man comparatively.

Alys will be here next term in all likelihood. I shall miss the evenings in College, which are pleasant. My days I shall still spend in College.

This is a dull letter, because I am tired & stupid. Please write again soon & don't wait for a good day. It is sad about Helen's novel.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell

TRINITY COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE.

Jan. 24. 1911

My dear Lucy

Many thanks for your letter. I was sorry not to hear sooner, & feared you must be having a bad time. I am glad you have again become "well & cheerful & busy". I do not believe in the existence of the future occasion on which you will not pull through.

Our elections were very satisfactory, particularly here in the Eastern Counties. Now there is every reason to hope that great things will be accomplished in the near future. It is a good time to be alive in.

I got very little holiday at Xmas, as I had to finish the writing of the end of our big book. In Term time, there are so many interruptions that original work is difficult. The interruptions are pleasant in themselves--lecturing, & talking to pupils, & so on--& if one gives oneself up to them they make an easy life compared to writing. But if one tries to write at the same time, they make life difficult. So I only try to write regularly in the Vacation.

I do not get any "echoes" of my Philosophical Essays, beyond a very nice letter from Santayana which reached me this morning. Such reviews as I have seen have been not unfavourable, but very stupid. Otherwise I have heard very

little either in praise or blame. Yes, I remember Mrs Franklin; I hope you will receive your volume back some day. The big book will of course get very few reviews, & those probably not for a year or so. I don't envy the reviewers. The second vol. is half printed, & ought to be out in June.

I am glad you & Helen were able to speak your minds to each other without harm. I had a charming letter from her not very long ago. I hope Simon has recovered properly. I don't wonder you mind Helen's giving up her writing, but I believe she ought to.

Caedmon's jokes about the monks are totally unknown to me. Were they among the 37 Proto-Aryan jokes classified by the Oxford don? I thank God I don't have to read Anglo-Saxon literature.

We are in lodgings this term, as Bagley Wood is still on our hands. I do all my work in College, but I miss the evenings of talk, which I enjoyed last term. I am tired, & inclined to think ill of my work, but otherwise all goes well with me. Write again as soon as you can.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

TRINITY COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE.

March 9. 1911

My dear Lucy

Many thanks for your letter. Yes, I was very tired when I last wrote, but I have done hardly any work beyond my lectures this term, & I am consequently rested now. The only other work (to be called work) that I have done is to write a paper for the Aristotelian Society & to prepare 3 lectures to be given in Paris in the Vacation. I have to work in Vacation time now, as the interruptions are so numerous in term-time that original work is almost impossible. This term my time has been very much taken up with founding a Cambridge branch of the People's Suffrage Federation. It is going well, but wants a lot of working up. We had a meeting at which Janet Case & I spoke, & since then I have been beating up all the people of any importance who favour Adult Suffrage. It is interesting & pleasant work.

I am very glad indeed to hear that you are so well & rested--it is excellent news. I shall enjoy looking over 10 or 20 Culture Papers from Bryn Mawr--it will be a real interest to me to compare them with the Trinity papers I looked over last year. It is quite impossible they should be worse than many of those, & unlikely that they will be better than the best, which were very good. Here, the

level was very much higher in philosophy & science than in culture. Let me know what sort of report you want. Do you want Order of Merit, general comments on the state of their minds & education, detailed criticism, or what precisely? I can give you any sort of comment you like with very little trouble beyond that of reading the papers, & I shall enjoy it. Have the papers sent here please.

I am very sorry to hear that you won't get abroad this summer--I had much hoped you would. However, you know what is best for you to do, so I submit.

Yes, our politics are interesting, but the reciprocity treaty has been quite as interesting as anything that is happening here. I should have thought things were moving in America quite as much as here.

I don't know what book of Karl Pearson's you are reading. I think he is a crank, with very fair brains but no judgment. He seems to me wrong in his controversy with Mendelians, rather absurd in his "Grammar of Science" (where he says there are only sensations, & yet believes in the existence of the brain), & on rather a wrong track in his mathematical work on statistics. His recent investigation of the children of drunkards seemed to me full of fallacies.

I was interrupted by a number of Adult Suffragists, who gradually gave place to metaphysicians; it is now 1.30

a.m. so I must go to bed. Goodbye, & write again as soon
as you can.

Yrs affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

In the train
TRINITY COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE.

Ap. 29. 1911

My dear Lucy

I have received a bundle of exam papers from Bryn Mawr, but I have had no answer from you to my questions concerning what sort of report you wanted from me. Would you mind letting me have some answer soon?

I am living in College this term. Alys is not well--she has been overworking for a long time & it seemed better she should stay at Fernhurst & rest. Now however her mother has had a slight stroke, so she is at Iffley, & I should think is getting no rest. I am very busy with lectures & Adult Suffrage etc., but as I am very fit I find all my work pleasant.

It is a very long time since I have heard from you. Please let me hear soon. I hope all is well with you.

This train shakes so that I can't write legibly so I must stop.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

TRINITY COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE.

May 8. 1911

My dear Lucy

I am returning the exam papers by Wednesday's mail. I don't think they are so bad as you led me to expect. I have made what general remarks I could on a separate sheet. The worst defect is unwillingness to say anything except what they think they have been taught. Miss Hudson seems to have given you a good dose of criticism--I should have thought she was scarcely in a position to criticize, considering the modesty of her own attainments. I don't share her fears of the Germans--I suppose she reads Leo Maxse in the National Review: he is a monomaniac. As for our politics: everything is happening, but just as the General Election decided it must happen, so that there is not much interest, in spite of great importance. It seems to be thought the Lords will not put up much of a fight over the Parliament Bill, & that it will certainly become law this year. Lloyd George's Insurance scheme is a vast measure, very important & beneficent, but in the main non-contentious. Suffrage has just secured a remarkably good second reading vote, & every one is wondering whether the Gov^t will allow time for the Bill to become law. It seems not at all impossible that they may do so--all the Liberal papers advise them to do so.

I am very glad indeed to hear that you are so well & busy. I too am both in a high degree. Alys, as you will know, has lost her mother, which is a great blow to her. She is not in Cambridge this term, nor likely to be later on--we have at last more or less agreed to meet only occasionally, tho' enough to keep up appearances more or less. But please don't mention this even to Helen, as it is being put on the ground of health, & Alys will not wish it known--so please don't let Alys know I told you. She was here last term, but it was not a success for either of us, & it seemed undesirable to continue such a waste of energy for both of us.--You write about coming to Cambridge. As you know, I should get the greatest pleasure from seeing you, but what I have just told you may make a difference. Moreover I shall not be here after the middle of June, except occasionally, until about the middle of August, when I dare say I shall come back. Until then I shall be in London, in the country, abroad perhaps, but probably not here. So I am rather afraid that from the point of view of seeing you I should not get much good by your coming here. I don't think it would be selfish to avoid Helen. You ought to give your nerves a rest. And as you say, her unhappiness is a malady for which there is no lasting cure. I am very sorry about it, but you ought not to sacrifice your health to it.--I am shocked about Miss Scott, & amused at your all breaking out in Carey's

absence.--Gilbert's Neprekepta is not very interesting, I thought, & the Oedipus seemed to me poor.--It is late & I must stop. Take care of yourself & let me hear from you soon again.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

By way of general comments, the following remarks occurred to me. In the first place, it was obvious that most of the questions were on subjects on which lectures had been given; now I should have thought the object of such questions was only secured by making them a test of what people have done independently of lectures. In the second place, it was often obvious that there was very little knowledge except what had been gathered from half a lecture at the beginning of some course--e.g. on Europe & Asia, the dates went wrong in a way impossible to people who had even the faintest knowledge of early Mohammedan times; also on the present state of the Far East they seemed very ignorant. The questions on Socialism & on Mendel's law were singularly bad--the former, however, not in the case of N^O 11, who amused me by apologizing for her answer, on the ground that it didn't come out of a College course.

There was a tendency, which I should have thought teaching would eradicate, to give stacks of irrelevant information; also a painfully frank sentimentalism. Another fault was diffuseness: I should make them all practise re-writing till, with no omissions, they said everything in a quarter of the space. Moreover it did not seem that originality was sought after--there was a desire to repeat the correct opinion rather than one's own. Nevertheless, I do not think the papers bad, considering

the age of the students. They can express what they know, & their knowledge covers a wide range.

I found it difficult to place the papers as wholes in order of merit, so I marked each separate answer--

+, -, B+, B-, y+, y-. One might add up marks by giving 3,2,1,-1,-2,-3 for these. This wd. give N^o 2, -7; N^o 3, +11; N^o 4, +12; N^o 9, -7; N^o 11, -3; N^o 41, +1; N^o 42, -5; N^o 43, -10; N^o 45, -7; N^o 46, +5; N^o 48, +13; N^o 56, -8; N^o 60, +5. But I doubt if this would be at all the real order of merit.

TRINITY COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE.

June 16. 1911

My dear Lucy

Thank you for your letter--I was interested by all you say about the students & their lack of independence--very much interested by their views on divorce. Girls' views on divorce usually depend on whether the accident of talk has brought up the possibility of a man's wishing for divorce or a woman's. Like men, they usually think the other sex should be bound & theirs free--but they think the two at different times--at least that is usually my experience. Try them with a case I read the other day of a man who got 6 weeks for kicking his wife to death when he was drunk--he habitually ill-treated her but gave no ground for divorce. I sat next a parson in Hall the other night, who said he had turned against Women's Suffrage because most suffragists were in favour of freer divorce--so then I began to argue divorce with him. As I expected, he lied, pretending it was on secular grounds that he opposed divorce. Of course he said divorce was bad for the children, so I instanced the above drunkard. Thereupon he said life is greater than logic. I suppose drink is greater than either since it destroys life, but otherwise I failed to see the relevance of his remark.--Margaret Davies is working hard for divorce, &

starting a movement among working women, with great success. Of course religion is the enemy. Écrasez l'infâme should still be our motto.--I read your literature paper with interest. I suppose it is all right but it rather made me shudder to think of Keats & Shelley being crammed for examination.

You will have heard that Karin got a First with distinction, which is the best thing possible, & in many years is not got by anybody. I think she quite deserved it. She has great ability in philosophy. A certain Scotchman named Laird, who has been working at the subject about 3 times as long, did equally well, & was much annoyed at being no better than Karin. The exam as it stands tests ability rather than knowledge--he has much knowledge, & therefore thought there should be more testing of knowledge--In Edinburgh, where he was before, they require much more erudition, & he was praising this. But earlier in the evening he had said that until he came to Cambridge it had never occurred to him that philosophy had any connection with life--e.g. that one's philosophic views on the Deity had anything to do with whether one should go to church. I thought--& so did he on reflection--that the two were connected. It seems to me that people who have much to learn have no time to connect it with life, & that for really able people, at the end of their time, it is good to have very little to learn. The math^{al} Tripos has been

altered so that the ablest men have very little to do at the end of their time, & I think the effect wholly good. You will see this bears on your question about the girls & the unreality of their work on Shelley. I have no doubt they have too much work to do. The work ought to be so arranged as to keep stupid people busy, but leave the others leisure; & public opinion & their own tastes ought to lead them to spend their leisure intelligently.

It is now generally known that Alys & I are going to live apart, she with Logan, I at Cambridge--tho' we remain friendly. It has been difficult & painful coming to this decision, but I am sure it was right--we were wasting each other by the unhappiness we caused each other. She has been suffering but will, I feel sure, be happier in the long run--& I think she thinks so too.--Ray is married, wh. is very satisfactory. I remember saying to you that the Stracheys were her anchor, & Oliver is the nicest of the Stracheys. I am writing a Shilling Shocker on philosophy, which the publisher hopes to sell largely in the Middle West. All well with me.

Yrs aff

Bertrand Russell

IPSDEN,
WALLINGFORD.

20. August 1911

My dear Lucy

I am very sorry indeed that you feel I have vanished from your world. Believe me, you have not vanished from my thoughts by any means. It is true, of course, that my separation from Alys makes you hear less of me, & will lead to my seeing less of you when you come to England; still I shall hope to manage to see a good deal of you when you do come. I did not realize you had never been in Cambridge--it is odd. Cambridge is more like home to me than any other place. I have known it 21 years, most of the people I know with similar pursuits live there, & many of the most important events of my life have happened to me there. You must imagine me in a fairly large room, looking out on a Renaissance cloistered court, with Wren's library at one end & the Elizabethan College Hall at the other. My room contains many books, but only one picture (the picture of my mother that used to be at Bagley Wood), & the little Spinoza & Leibniz. In the main it is rather severe. For the moment, there is no one at Cambridge, & I have taken lodgings between the Thames & the Chilterns, in a region I got to know bicycling from Oxford--very beautiful, a mixture of corn-fields & beech-woods climbing the hill-sides. Towards the end of September I go back to

Cambridge. Meanwhile I am very busy; I have just finished my book for the Middle West, which I will send you when it is out. I have already started another little book; I have proofs constantly, a presidential address for the Aristotelian Soc. to write, Trinity Fellowship Dissertations to read, etc. My main plan in the way of work is to write a big book on Theory of Knowledge, but I don't want to embark on that for a good while--I want to read a good deal first. Lately I have been reading a lot of Plato (in English!); he is extraordinarily good.

It is very good news about Helen. I am so glad you & she no longer have any friction. One's life is terribly the poorer when one's comrades of many years fail one in any way.--All you tell me of Seal Harbour & of the children interests me greatly.

Our politics have been very exciting, & until lately very exhilarating. But just now we are in the midst of a railway strike. Traffic is not so much upset as might be expected, but there is great bitterness; the Govt. has been very unsympathetic to the men, & has probably lost much ground in consequence.

I am not going abroad. Now that I am at Cambridge I find it hard to do much writing in term-time, so I must stick at it in Vacations. My duties at Cambridge are distracting, not tiring, so I have very little need of a holiday. But I am only working a very moderate amount.

The heat, for a long time, has been greater than I have ever known it in England--I like Italy in August, but the heat here has been too great for me.

I am happier than I have been for many years. The cessation of daily friction has set free a great deal of energy which I put now into thinking, & I feel prepared to embark upon new big tasks as I did not before. I fear Alys still minds, but I can't help thinking in the long run it will be for her happiness too. For many years past she has been bitterly miserable, & the only issue for us both was to face it & begin a new way of life.

Please give my love to Helen. Write again sooner than before, please, & don't think of me as if I no longer existed.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

London
TRINITY COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE.

Oct. 28. 1911

My dear Lucy

It was a great pleasure to get your letter a few days ago, & to have news of you again. You must have had a trying time in Brooklyn. There is something much better than flattery in being useful. After all, wisdom teaches one only to worry over what is within one's own power, & therefore one can hope to have a mind at peace when one is useful but not otherwise. And apart from the self-centered wish to spend one's time well, the love of humanity in general becomes a pain if one is not being useful to some part of humanity.

I am glad you feel me less lost now. My rooms are close to the Trinity Library, which you tell me you remember.

Tonight I am in London, having come up to meet Bergson at dinner. He is giving lectures in London which are reported in the daily papers--all England has gone mad about him for some reason. It was an amusing dinner. Our host was Wildon Carr, a humble stockbroker who happens to be secretary of the Aristotelian Society--a man rather like the host in one of Peacock's novels, but milder. He had Bergson on his right & Shaw on his left. I sat between Bergson & Younghusband (the Thibet man), who cares much

more about philosophy than about soldiering. I had heard of him from McTaggart, but had never met him before--I liked him very much indeed--simple, sincere, & massive. The only other guests you wd. know about were Zangwill & Wallas. Bergson's philosophy, tho' it shows constructive imagination, seems to me wholly devoid of argument & quite gratuitous; he never thinks about fundamentals, but just invents pretty fairy-tales. Personally, he is urbane, gentle, rather feeble physically, with an extraordinarily clever mouth, suggesting the adjective "fin" (I don't know any English equivalent). He is too set to be able to understand or answer objections to his views. Shaw made an amusing speech explaining how glad he was that Bergson had adopted his (Shaw's) views, & expounding how Bergson thought we came to have eyes. B. said it wasn't quite that way, but Shaw set him right, & said B. evidently didn't understand his own philosophy. Everybody congratulated themselves & each other on their possession of freedom & on their escape from the barren scientific dogmas of the sixties. I still believe in these dogmas, so I felt out of it. When people laughed during Shaw's speech he said "I don't mean to make a comic speech, & I don't know why you laugh, unless because religion is such an essentially laughable subject." They seemed to me like naughty children when they think (mistakenly) that the governess is away--boasting of their power over matter, when matter

might kill them at any moment. Younghusband, who held his tongue, was about for the first time after four months' illness consequent on being run over by a motor-car.

I am interested to hear I have admirers in Columbia--the American Realists take very largely the same view of the nature of things as I do, & seem to be the dominant school among the younger men. I have at my lectures two Germans, one of them an engineer (or nearly one) from Charlothenburg, who came to the conclusion he would like to know about the foundations of his subject, & therefore threw up everything & came to Cambridge. I have also a Maltese who had studied for years to become a Jesuit, & had already taken the first vows. But they told him he must accept the scholastic philosophy, & he wouldn't. So now he comes to me, & will doubtless soon be an atheist. I have an uncomfortable presentiment that when that happens his morals will go to pieces, but there is nothing to be done.

I can still see in my mind's eye the beauty of Bryn Mawr in autumn. Our autumn too has been very lovely.

Comparative literature be damned. When will Americans learn that intelligent people are only repelled by an easy familiarity with great names, without the knowledge & feeling that should go with it. Great men are to be approached reverently, when one's mood permits a vivid realization of their greatness. The other is a sort of

lust, like sexual relations without love.

I am much interested by what you say about Helen. It would be an excellent plan if she were to make copy out of her indignation against New York--besides, it would sweeten the indignation.

Your California victory is admirable. Our politics have been very confused--the Govt. behaved very badly over the strike, no one likes the Insurance Bill, & the shadow of German enmity lies over everything. Winston is an ardent Jingo, Lloyd George is becoming one; bigger & bigger navies seem inevitable. India is difficult, & the Italian-Turkish war is horrible & raises very complex problems for England, which is the leading Mohammedan power.

Yeats, whom I have only met twice, seemed to me a snob & a very acute man of business. But I dare say he is interesting really.

I am very busy & very happy. I enjoy my young men very much. Only two stuck to my lectures to the bitter end last year, but they both got fellowships. As only three fellowships were given, that was satisfactory. This year I have begun with about twenty, but they will no doubt diminish soon. I don't know when my shilling shocker will be out.

Now I must go to bed, as it is after one. Write again soon. I am very glad you are feeling so well, but sorry

your friends are all away. It must be very lonely.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

Trinity College. Jan. 21. 1912.

My dear Lucy

Your letter was a great pleasure--I had been wondering what had become of you & how you were getting on. I am very glad indeed about your health--it is a very great relief to think of you no longer so troubled with headaches & exhaustion. All that you tell me about my reputation in America is very pleasant--I don't know why one should get pleasure from reputation, but I certainly do. I had not realized it was as much as you say, tho' from two Harvard men (Kallen & Sheffer) who were over here I had got some idea of it; also from the "program" of the 6 realists (did you hear of it?) in the "Whited Sepulchre" i.e. the Journal of Philosophy Psychology & Scientific Method. But I should certainly not have expected to be known to an architect, in spite of my Austrian aviator, who has abandoned aviation because more passion & adventure is to be found in the principles of mathematics. I meanwhile feel I have said my say on principles of mathematics; I mean to go off to pure philosophy, & if possible to write popularly, like Hume. I don't think philosophy is advanced enough for technical terms, & I believe as yet it can all be said in a straightforward literary style.

Oddly enough, I have developed a certain nausea for the subtleties & distinctions that make up good philosophy; I should like to write things of human interest, like the bad

philosophers, only without being bad. But perhaps it is the badness that is interesting.

I should like to know your heresies on education--please let me know them. You always had one heresy which I consider very pernicious: you thought the object of education was to instil the right opinions, like the Jesuits & other persecutors. But I suppose the heresies you mean are not that.

Your account of Zimmerman is admirable & very witty. It convinces me entirely.

Your disgust with the system strikes me as very natural. But in reality it is not the curriculum that matters, it is the people one comes across. If you talk fearlessly & openly to your girls, I don't mean about Bryn Mawr, but about life & things in general, it doesn't much matter what they are taught. I here do not come in contact with very many people--not more than 20 in each year--but those few I see a great deal of--they drop into my rooms at odd times, & come to my Thursday evenings; I try to civilize them, accustom them to free talk, literature, religion, politics, whatever comes up. Sometimes we have a regular Platonic dialogue, beginning with the young man propounding a rash thesis, going on to the dogmatic fallacious refutation by another young man, whom I sit on; then I take up the matter in a Socratic way; after perhaps 3 hours the young man sees that the world is not so simple

as he thought. That seems to me the sort of thing that education really consists of, & that is independent of the system. Of course it means that I do no work of my own in term-time, but it is a pleasant occupation & not tiring.

It is very exciting about Helen. She has not written to me which is foolish of her. I am very anxious indeed to see her, & I hope you will tell her I say so. I am more or less tied here till about March 10, & tho' I could run up to London, it wd. be hurried. I would much rather she paid me a visit here. She could get lodgings or go into an hotel. In any case I should be grateful for some notice of her intentions & possibilities, otherwise I may get tied up. I wonder very much how it will be meeting her. It is 8 years nearly since I saw her last; then it was not a success. God only knows how it will be now. Shall we both merely sentimentalize about old times, & not touch in the present? I fear that America on her side & long drawn tragedy on mine may have made any real meeting impossible. Perhaps not; I am curious to see; but I am anxious.

I shall like seeing her little boys. It seems to me natural that she should be, as you say, tired & a little sad. I suppose she has made up her mind that life has nothing very wonderful in store for her--that her personality will grow fainter with the years, & will not get the fictitious value that comes of notable achievement in earlier times--that more & more she will have to live in

her children & in what she gets out of Simon's career. All this, if I were in her place, would make me feel tired & sad. It is dreadful when life ceases to be an adventure, when only repetition, each time less vivid than before, is to be hoped for, & all colour & intensity lies in the past.

It will be a very great joy to see you if you come to Europe in the summer. You must make sure of my seeing you. By that time things will have settled down with Helen one way or other, so if you are together it won't matter.

I have no news to give you or I would have given it. My shilling shocker (Williams & Norgate) will be out in a day or two. My life now is a happy one, but without many events. Please don't be so long before you write again--I lose touch with you so much when your letters are so rare.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

Please return the enclosed.

27 Feb. '12

My dear Lucy

I was very glad indeed to get your letter a few days ago; I observe that you say you will answer by return of post, so I shall count on your really doing so.

I have just returned from meeting Helen--I had tea & dinner with them. I found her less changed than I had expected, & there was no initial awkwardness such as I had feared. Everything went swimmingly from the first. Helen was very nice, & I liked Simon as much as ever. Some voice very deep down whispered to me that it was play-acting, that really now Helen & I have not much of a sincere kind to say to each other; but I was only half conscious of this voice, & perhaps it lied. You will of course keep this to yourself. I liked the children, & was pleased to see Helen's hair & eyes recurring. She is very much hoping for you this summer; so am I. You spoke once of wanting to be out of the way when Helen & I met, but I don't think that wd. make any reason for your not coming to Europe in the summer. If you came to London I could see you easily. Do come if you possibly can.--From your letter I fear I vexed you somehow--whether it was the "right opinions" or something else I have forgotten, I can't tell. I am sorry if I did. I am very much interested about your sacrifice of the correct. I wish you would tell me what your

educational heresies are, I mean those you spoke of in your last letter but one.

My Cambridge is very small, & I expect it is the best. But even in views, they are not at all open-minded. Moore & I are the fashion among the philosophically-minded, & they appeal to our authority to a shocking extent. I do what I can to undermine my own authority, short of being deliberately stupid; but it is a difficult problem to deal with.

You are a thousand times right to live day by day & not look ahead. But it wd. do you good & improve your teaching to come to Europe in the summer; therefore it will be your duty! Of course you alone can judge about your family, but I do think you ought to come if you possibly can.

Helen saw Alys & Logan yesterday, & tells me Alys seemed well, which is a comfort. I gather Alys was rather distant with her. It seems shocking that I should be so happy in the separation, which has caused Alys a great deal of pain. But the release from the nervous strain & the tax on vitality of the last 10 years has made me quite a different person, younger & gayer & more alive; I read books worth reading now, instead of endless detective stories; & I no longer have a craving for excitement.

I have been very busy--proofs as always, lectures, a big meeting for Adult Suffrage to organize (it takes place on Friday); a paper on Bergson to write; then I let my

young men come & talk to me at any hour of the day or night, which is pleasant but takes up time.

Now this must be posted or it will miss the mail. I am very sorry your family affairs are so bad, & your Bryn Mawr life no better. One needs an immense fund of stoicism to get through life. I count on you to write again very soon. Tell me all you can of your personal news.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

London. March 26. 1912. [Address Trinity]

My dear Lucy

So far from regretting your being a woman of your word, I was delighted, & hope it may occur again!

You will want to hear about Helen & Simon's visit to Cambridge. They were both as nice as possible, & it was a great pleasure having them. Helen was very charming, & I got to know more about her character & nature than in all the years when I used to see her. We both felt sentimental about old times, & that carried us both through; but there was no real vital relation in the present, & I don't think there could be. I should have to be either insincere or unkind if I saw very much of her; probably I should be insincere at first, & then suddenly unkind. We agreed not to meet again while she is in Europe. So if you come over you needn't take that possibility into account. I felt still the old attraction, & in old days I was never insincere; but I could not now be as light & flippant as I used to be; besides the hurt she got in 1904 made the old rather frivolous relation impossible. My feelings throughout her visit were incredibly complicated, so much so that in spite of the pleasure of seeing her it was a relief to lapse into simplicity. And I think she felt the same. I value her friendship a good deal & am glad to find it still living. But for the present I think it is better

kept alive by letters.

Simon's great ability impressed me, just as it did in 1904. And I felt his character very interesting, but on the side of belonging to work, not on the side that Helen gets.

I hope very much that you will get to Europe, whether or not it is good for you. In all likelihood I shall be free to see you in London if you are here late in June or early in July. I quite see your doubt as to whether too much Europe is good for Americans. The same is true of us all: culture & knowledge of past achievements is paralyzing unless one can rise above it. A propos of education & respect for authority, I have now an Austrian pupil who is after my own heart--he never believes what I say, & always has admirable reasons for his dissent; it is not barren dissent, but that of a man who has absorbed what one has to teach & gone further. He has no respect for authority, which is a great comfort to me.

What you say about Alys is a comfort. I think she must be happier now than at first, & in time I expect she will be happier than if we had remained together. A constant hostile critic cannot really make anybody happy. I fancy she & Helen were rather distant with each other.

You are abundantly right to spend money on peace of mind. Work needs it, & one must give out ultimately without it. Now that I have secured it I wonder how I

endured so long without it. You certainly were heroic with Katherine Fullerton & others.

My Adult Suffrage meeting was a very fair success, more so than I had expected. It was just before the last exploits of your friends the Pankhursts, since which suffrage meetings have become impossible. They have done much more harm than ever before. The paper on Bergson to the "Heretics" went off very well; it will probably appear in the Monist; perhaps it might interest you. I should have liked to give you my Shilling Shocker in the Home University Library, but it seemed too small a book to send so far. I will give it you when you come if you haven't got it already; if you have, please consider it a present & I will pay for it when you come. That also, I hope, might interest you.

The Coal Strike here is terrible, & the Govt. is muddling it shockingly. I consider the strikers wholly in the right, & think the Govt. should have conceded their demands. Politics here are rather in a bad way--Ministers have got stale, & out of touch with the country.

I had a very busy term, seeing young men constantly; since then I have had a few days' walk on the S. coast, & am now come to London for a bit to see friends. Let me hear from you again soon, by return of post if you wish to be still a woman of your word! I hope your family affairs

are not going too badly.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

34 Russell Chambers Bury Str. W.C. 3. Sp.'12

My dear Lucy

Thank you for your letter, tho' I gather you have had a rather bad time at Dieppe, for which I am very sorry. What you tell me of Alys is a great comfort. I did not know at all that she had been softened by our meeting, which was inexpressibly painful to me, & so raked up old things that I was upset for some time. Please tell me anything more that she said. I suppose Arthur Dakyns must have told her how much I felt it--I was unable to conceal it from him.

I am sorry you have had to upset your plans on Helen's account, & still more sorry that you are tired & ill. I gather you feel it wd. be better not to see me again, but if you wished to see me I could probably manage it. I go to the Murrays on the 13th, but till then I am here most days. It wd. of course be a great pleasure to me to see you. I sh^d. not mind seeing Helen again, if she desired it; what I felt unwise was to see her in the freedom of the Continent, but here in a hurry it wd. be different. I only say this in case you sh^d. feel it impossible to see me without her also seeing me.

Our Congress is over, & was a great success in spite of unceasing rain. I saw a good deal of Miss Reilly whom I like as a human being. I urged her with all the force at

my command to get her Doctor's thesis finished, & told her some home truths which I tried to soften by a kind manner. She is lazy & timid & lacks initiative, but except as a student I thought her very nice. I didn't hear anything of Bryn Mawr politics from her. It seems to me the only thing for you is to preserve your inner life, & not take it too much to heart if things do go wrong. But I count on you to write to me if things get really trying, & tell me all about it--it always interests me to know about things that are important to you.

At the moment my Austrian is staying with me, on his way from Vienna to Iceland, but he goes on Friday. I am very fond of him, & admire his genius more & more.

Now it is late, so I must stop. Much love & good wishes for your few remaining days of holiday. If you conveniently can, you might give kind messages to Mildred.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

19 Dec. 1912

My dear Lucy

Many thanks for your letter which gave me a great deal of pleasure. You say you are anxious for news of me: there is a simple recipe, at all times, for getting it, which is to give me news of yourself.--Your letters always surprise me on the subject of my reputation in America--I have not anything like that reputation in England. Yes, it gives me some pleasure to acquire reputation, but it remains rather cold & abstract when it doesn't reach the people one lives among.--I have accepted an invitation to go to Harvard in the spring of 1914. I shall be there March, April, May. My time will not be so taken up as to make it impossible to see you--particularly if you are ever able to get away to New York. I dare say I may lecture at Columbia some times. Will Carey admit me within the sacred portals of Bryn Mawr, or am I too wicked? I am glad DeLaguana likes my Problems of Phil., I feel myself that it is rather an achievement! I attained a simplicity beyond what I had thought possible.

My Aristotelian paper was criticized rather severely, on 2 grounds, first that what I said had been said by many previous philosophers, secondly that it was obviously absurd, as all previous philosophers had proved. I myself was quite satisfied with it, & so were the people whose

judgment I respect. After that I read a paper on Matter at Cambridge; Prof. Montague (one of the 6 realists) was present, but I thought him an utter fool. He always gave one rhetoric in answer to simple questions.

I found Matter a large & fruitful theme, & I think very likely I shall work at it for some years to come. I have done the phil. of pure math^{CS}, & this wd. be the phil. of applied math^{CS}. I find myself full of ideas & projects & vast schemes of work--whether I shall have energy to carry them out remains to be seen. I feel as if I had just discovered what phil. is & how it ought to be studied. I look forward to setting forth my ideas when I come to America.

It is such a joy that you are so well & enjoying work. The feeling of getting through a great deal of work without utter exhaustion is delightful. For my part, I was worn out when Term ended, & went off for my usual medicine of a walking-tour, but it has poured every day except one, so tho' I am rested I have not enjoyed it at all. For Xmas I go to the Whiteheads' in Wiltshire.

All you write about yr. Suffrage Convention is interesting--but I wish you had said more about yr. speech & what it was about & whether it was a success. I am also interested & glad about Dorothy Lamb.

I spent the summer in a wholly unsuccessful attempt to re-write "Forstice", & at last I found I must put it aside

& wait for fresh inspiration. Meanwhile I am busy with technical phil. There is a lot I must do there before I die, if I am to make the world understand things that I think I understand.--All goes very well with me. Much love.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

Trin. Coll. 18 April '13.

My dear Lucy

I was glad of your letter, which reached me about a week ago. It is not hard to understand your difficulty in writing--you say there seems no mean between saying everything & saying nothing--then why not say everything? No harm wd. be done--I am sorry you don't think of coming to Europe this summer--but I can quite imagine that it might be difficult. Certainly I will come to Bryn Mawr, even if Carey does not ask me officially--in fact it will be all the better if she doesn't. I don't know yet what time wd. suit best. Harvard is going to let me sometimes escape for a week-end; probably any other time wd. be difficult. I shall be probably often in New York, which is more accessible from Harvard: I hope perhaps it may be possible for you to see me there sometimes, as there wd. not be much peace at Bryn Mawr with so many people to see.

It is good news that you have got through such a severe winter's work without too much fatigue. I am glad you are so much stronger than you used to be.

I think Miss Parkhurst could get taken in at Newnham, tho' I should have supposed she would be just as happy in lodgings, where she would have decent food & no restrictions. I am no longer on the Newnham Council & hardly ever see any Newnham people, so you had better write

to them about it--you know some of them, don't you? It seems to me folly for her to go to Paris--since Descartes, or at any rate since Malebranch, there has been no competent philosopher in France. I know most of the present lot personally, & tho' I have received much kindness from them, I don't know one who seems to me any good, not excluding Bergson. Karin, however, as you no doubt know, is an ardent Bergsonian. If Miss Parkhurst comes here, I will of course do all I can for her. On the Continent, I am inclined to think Austria the best country for philosophy at present--Germany was ruined by Bismark. But I can't say what Miss Parkhurst ought to do without knowing what is her line in philosophy.

I am very sorry your family's affairs are bad. I do hope they will mend.

Our suffragettes are despairing--but it must be confessed they have had provocation. They must "to destiny hold unbewailed their way." The prospect of suffrage has receded indefinitely.--I am much excited by your Tariff question. Wilson looks splendid from here; how does he look to you? Is Carey ashamed of having given him the sack? Is she going to invite him to Commencement?--What you tell me about Dorothy Lamb in no way surprises me.

I have met C.D. Burns but didn't know he had a wife. He has a younger brother who was a pupil of mine & whom I know very well. C.D. Burns I think was never at Cambridge.

He was a Roman Priest (Dominican I think) but gave it up. What I have seen & heard of him has not attracted me; I don't think he is very solid. But I may be wrong.

You will be interested to hear I have made it up with Mildred, with a tacit understanding that I am not expected to see much of Scott. I had let so much time go by that I think Scott has given up any hopes he may once have had. I enjoy seeing her. I told her my absence had had a reason which I couldn't tell her.

I shall be at Harvard March April & May. I am to give 6 lectures a week (both Tu. Th. Sat.) & 8 lectures altogether for the Lowell Institute. That is all I can tell you so far. Most of my spare time from now till then will be taken up preparing my lectures, as they will be quite unlike my lectures here, & I want them to contain new thought. I am very happy & very fit--full of energy & joy of life--with every cause for contentment, inward & outward. It is wonderful how much one can live through & come up smiling.

Please don't leave me again so long without a letter. Never mind if it is short or if it seems to you dull; on the other hand, don't mind saying "everything".

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

34 Russell Chambers Bury Str. W.C. 3 July 1913.

My dear Lucy--Many thanks for your letter, which gave me very great pleasure. I am interested always, & a little surprised, by what you say of my reputation in America. The funny thing is that none of the philosophers take the trouble to find out my opinions, even on the points I have most emphasised. That is just the same here.--I am terribly hard up, & am looking to America to re-establish my finances. I shall therefore be glad to undertake anything paid that is compatible with my duties at Harvard. I imagine Carey won't want me officially at Bryn Mawr. I suppose, tho', she won't object to my paying you a friendly visit? It would interest me very greatly to meet the Rockefellers. Nothing is arranged yet about Princeton.

I shall enjoy having Miss Parkhurst at Cambridge. I will try to get Mrs. James Ward & other ladies to call on her & see that she doesn't have too dull a time. Do warn her not to be offended if people invite her without first calling--in England it is not considered rude. I am sorry to hear Carey has been ill, & also sorry that it has involved so much work for you. It is interesting that you have taken to exploring America, & that you are full of Eastern prejudices. Democracy is a fine thing, but not for those who wd. otherwise be at the top.

I like Santayana's Winds of Doctrine, & thought his

criticism of me not unjust, at least in great measure. I like the distinction of his mind & style. My paper on Bergson was unduly flippant, & I am now mildly ashamed of some of the jokes. Karin is publishing a reply to it in the Monist. I think of making my Lowell lectures on "Scientific Method in Philosophy". I am a little hampered by being forbidden to impugn the authority of Holy Scripture, so I mustn't talk of the value of π or whether the hare divides the hoof, which are subjects upon which Revelation has told us what the unaided reason cannot confirm. I'm afraid I shan't manage any prose this summer--I am too busy with technical things. Just now I need a holiday. Tomorrow I go to Cornwall, & then I go abroad with Sanger. But letters sent here will be forwarded.--I have been reading Burnet on the pre-Platonic philosophers. Some of them are wonderful. Heraclitus says "It is hard to fight against the heart's desire, but whatever it strives for is purchased at the cost of the soul." This is nearly the last word of Stoic wisdom. I am sorry to send such a dull letter, but I am tired & my brain won't work. Write again soon please.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

19 Oct. '13

My dear Lucy

I was very glad of your letter, & am sorry to have been so long answering it, but the business of beginning the academic year has kept me very busy. First: Miss Parkhurst turned up safely, & I have found her a nice person, as you said she was. I cannot yet judge of her abilities; she is going to bring me a paper some day soon, & then I shall know more. She obviously has a lively interest in philosophy, but I have not yet seen any signs of great capacity. There is nobody here who can help her with aesthetics, & not much to be got in the way of ethics, but she seems to take to the sort of stuff I teach, & I hope it will be useful to her. I do not think, however, that she can be expected to produce much just at present--if she tried to, it would tend to close her mind to new ideas. I like her very much, & enjoy having her to teach. I feel sure learned aesthetics is rubbish, & that it ought to be a matter of literature & taste rather than science. But I don't know whether to tell her so.

As for me, I spent August walking with Sanger on the Italian slopes of the Alps, which did me a world of good. All Sept. I was here, nearly in solitude, writing lectures for the Lowell Institute, which are now finished except for

a little polishing. At the end of Sept. an infant prodigy named Wiener, Ph.D. (Harvard), aged 18, turned up with his father, who teaches Slavonic languages there, having first come to America to found a vegetarian communist colony, but having abandoned that intention for farming, & farming for the teaching of various subjects, (say) mathematics, Roman Law, & mineralogy, in various universities. The youth has been flattered, & thinks himself God Almighty--there is a perpetual contest between him & me as to which is to do the teaching.

Then my Austrian, Wittgenstein, burst in like a whirlwind, just back from Norway, & determined to return there at once, to live in complete solitude until he has solved all the problems of logic. I said it would be dark, & he said he hated daylight. I said it would be lonely, & he said he prostituted his mind talking to intelligent people. I said he was mad, & he said God preserve him from sanity. [God certainly will.] Now Wittgenstein, during Aug. & Sept., had done work on logic, still rather in the rough, but as good, in my opinion, as any work that ever has been done in logic by any one. But his artistic conscience prevents him from writing anything until he has got it perfect, & I am persuaded he will commit suicide in February. What was I to do? He told me his ideas, but they were so subtle that I kept on forgetting them. I begged him to write them out, & he tried, but after much

groaning said it was absolutely impossible. At last I made him talk in the presence of a short-hand writer, & so secured some record of his ideas. This business took up the whole of my time & thought for about a week. Now I am back in the ordinary routine, very fit, very full of new ideas & new hopes. I have started having about 12 of the abler science men come once a week after dinner to discuss philosophical subjects. I give them coffee & tobacco, read a paper for about three minutes on some point naturally arising out of science, & then make them talk or ask questions. I have only had one meeting so far, but it was a great success, & I hope it may be the germ of something important. What I most want to do in the way of education is to produce a rapprochement between philosophy & science.

The most exciting thing that has happened to me for a long time was a visit I paid to Conrad. He is wonderful. He has at first a great deal of surface & reserve, but I got through that fairly soon. I have met very few people so intime to me, or so profoundly & poignantly lovable. He has spent his life penetrating into the madness beneath the smooth surface of the world, & yet remaining sane & poised. I told him I owed the knowledge of him to an American lady who teaches English literature. He admires Turgenjef, tolerates Tolstoy, & dislikes Dostojevsky. He abominates Arnold Bennett, but likes Galsworthy better, I think, than he should. He speaks of himself as an "old romantic". He

admires Henry James down to the moment when he took to dictating, not after.

Please write again soon--it is always a great pleasure to get your letters.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

Trin Coll 14 Nov '13

My dear Lucy

I was very glad of your letter, & liked to think of you in your beautiful Indian summer. I wish I could have gone a walk with you through your woods. The autumn here has been quite unusually wonderful, & I have enjoyed it immensely.--I have seen a good deal of Miss Parkhurst--she is a charming person, so enthusiastic & simple & grateful. I think she has a fair amount of brains--her papers are better than her talk. Just at present she is rather at sea, because she has plunged into logic & hardly knows her way about yet, but she seems to me to be taking hold of it vigorously & really profiting by her time here.--I am sorry you feel middle-aged & past exciting times--it seems to me you may have many interesting things ahead. Who knows? Perhaps some day you will come & live in Europe. At any rate you may come oftener for the summers. One shouldn't let cobwebs bind one, do you think so?

I can quite understand Carey's feeling a difficulty about asking me officially--if I were you I wouldn't worry about it. There is really more point in my seeing the faculty. Should I in that case come by your invitation, or how? I am afraid Miss Reilly has never done her thesis. I told her I wouldn't see her again till she had. You may

tell her I will keep my vow by being blindfolded as long as she is present, if I come to Bryn Mawr. I hope while I am in America you will be able to get to New York for a week-end sometimes. I can easily get as far as New York, but not often further, as I have to lecture Sat. evgs, & shd. have to make special arrangements in order to get as far as Bryn Mawr.

I am sorry to hear of Miss Thomas's operation--I hope she is still getting well satisfactorily.--I don't know what our papers are supposed to have been saying about Wilson & Mexico. The ones I see praise him, & I feel inclined to agree with them. Everything I hear about him makes me respect him more.

You mention your "Shelley". Does it exist in visible form? Or do you mean lectures? If it is visible, may I see it?

I am frightfully busy, as my American lectures require a lot of preparation, & my pupils demand a lot of attention. I have started once a week evening discussions with young science men on philosophy--it seems to me far the most useful teaching I have hitherto found to do--they are very keen, & take to it very readily. I give them stuff (mostly my own MSS) to read between times, & then we talk it over--chiefly the parts of philosophy most relevant to science. I have always wanted to get more contact between philosophy & science, & as the half dozen who come

regularly are the ablest men of their year I feel I am accomplishing something towards it.--Santayana is staying here, & I enjoy seeing him very much. I admire his mind & his writing, tho' fundamentally I don't like him because he is heartless.

I think of sailing Sat. March 7. I don't know yet by what route, but perhaps I shall take a Cunard boat straight to Boston. Will America be shocked if I come 2nd class? I am so hard up that I sh^d. be glad of the saving.

Do let us hear from you again soon.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell

Trin. Coll. 20 Feb. '14

My dear Lucy

I was very glad to get your letter--it was a perfect age since I had heard from you. First as to plans: I sail March 7 on the Mauretania, so I suppose I shall land in New York quite early on Friday 13th (doubly unlucky date!), & go to Boston by the 1 o'clock train. I must get to Boston that night, as I lecture at Harvard on Sat. 14th. My address will be Colonial Club Cambridge Mass. I greatly look forward to seeing you. I don't think I can come during the Harvard Easter Recess as other plans have been made for me. (Perry has made my arrangements.) But I could come for some other week-end. I wonder if you & I could meet somewhere less far from Boston for the week-end of your recess? I am quite willing to give an informal talk at Bryn Mawr; the only question--& this applies to coming at all--is as to what Carey feels. I can't well come if she would rather I didn't. And if I come, is she going to see me or ignore me? I suppose she has been fed up with lies--I know both Mariechen & Logan have been spreading untrue stories about me. Otherwise her attitude seems unnecessary. I don't think it is what Alys would desire. Unless you were happening to be in New York when I land, would you let Helen know the time, on the chance of my being able to get a glimpse of her before I go to Harvard.

But don't if you don't think it worth while. I shall be very much occupied while I am in America--I know a good many week-ends I shall have engagements--so we must fix up things as soon after I land as possible. I want very much to see you--both at Bryn Mawr &, if possible, more quietly at some time. Please write frankly what you think possible.

I am sorry you are overworked, & also sorry you had such a painful experience with your Reader.

Yes, I have read "Chance"--he gave it to me! It is a wonderful book--Flora is amazing. I have seen Conrad just twice, but he is already one of the people in the world that I am most intimate with--I write to him & he to me on all the inmost things. He is quite wonderfully lovable. Poor old Bryce! I feel your good opinion of him is touched by the romance of England.

Helen Parkhurst has suddenly reached a new level in her work--she has caught on to the idea of thinking for herself instead of looking for the truth in books. I am afraid America will be shocked with her. Her own thoughts, as yet, are a little crude, but they are her own, & they are held with passion. My opinion of her has gone up very much. I congratulate myself, as I think it is due partly to the stimulus of belief in the possibility of new thought.

If you wd. like to have it, I will give you the MS. of

"Forstice" when I see you. (I have a typed copy.) Since Fontainbleau I have never had a mood in which I cd. do anything to it, so it has merely lain in my drawer. At last, with great trepidation, I have decided to show it to Conrad & get him to tell me what to do with it. This is in consequence of a letter he wrote praising "the free man's worship" in about the stongest terms in which writing can be praised.

At Xmas I went to Rome, but it rained almost every day, & I was glad to get home. Since then I have done an unspeakable amount of new work--my brain has been wonderfully fit. I shall pour it all out on America. I am reading a paper to a Phil^{al} Club in New York of which poor Miller (whom I remember from Bryn Mawr days) is secretary--I wrote it in the first days of the year, just after returning from Rome. It is 11000 words & took me 3 days--don't tell them, or they will think it worthless, whereas it is one of the best things I ever did! I am giving a course of lectures here "on our knowledge of the external world" at which I have a great crowd, as they are semi-popular. I found they were taking every word I spoke as gospel, so I solemnly besought them not to believe anything I said, as I felt sure it was all wrong. So then they believed that too.

Teaching is a difficult business. It is like Max Beerbohm's Walt "exhorting the bird of freedom to soar."

And the bird so seldom does--never unless he is foreign, & seldom unless he is a Jew. Do you know Blake's verse "The only man I ever knew"? In matters of intellect I often feel like that. I try to make people realize that there is a lot to be found out, & that anybody can find it out if they will free their imaginations & live boldly & adventurously; I try to make them feel that thinking is delightful, & that it is not impossible to build up the Cosmos from the very beginning, provided people can forget the authority of parents & guardians & the sages of former times. Reverence for the aims & minds of great men, contempt for their opinions & results, is what I aim at; to make people like them, not imitators of them. Revolution tempered by reverence--do you like that as a watchword?

I find that of all the men that ever lived, Heraclitus is the most intimate to me--

A bientôt.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE

14 March '14

My dear Lucy

I did enjoy the few hours with you & Helen
immensely--it was such a joy seeing you at the dock.

I have now got my list of lectures etc. from Perry. I find that on Monday Apr. 20 I am to lecture at the Johns Hopkins--in the evening, I think. So the week-end before that would suit me best for Bryn Mawr, i.e. 17-19. Do try to come to Boston for a week-end before that. As yet, any week-end suits me before 4-6 April; & if you can settle on a date I will keep it free. Could you make it 28-30 March? I suppose you wd. go to an Hotel in Boston & let me see you there? Do come--it wd. be such a pleasure to me! And I will then give you the MS of Forstice.

Ever yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

COLONIAL CLUB
CAMBRIDGE

20 March 1914

My dear Lucy

Thank you for your letter. I am already looking forward very eagerly to my time at Bryn Mawr. Did I say 17-19? I meant 18-20, i.e. Sat. night to Monday. I lecture here Sat. evg. but can catch the 10'clock train. I don't know when that gets me to Bryn Mawr. As for smart Phila., if it must be it must be. I feel I shan't see as much of you as I shd. wish. On the 20th, Monday, I lecture at Johns Hopkins, probably evg. How long I can stay with you depends on the time of my lecture there. Wed. 22 I lecture at Princeton, but Tues. 21 is free, because Perry thought I should like to see Washington. I have seen it already, & remember chiefly the white ties & spittoons by which your Legislators show their sympathy with the people. Couldn't we perhaps meet again on Tues. 21? Cd. you come in to Phila. & pay me a visit, if I stayed there "incog."? You cd. so easily get back from there to yr. lectures. Do consider what is possible.

In any case, I count on as much time as you can spare during May 19-25. I have as yet no engagements then beyond my regular morning lectures, which are Tu. Th. Sat. 9 & 11. I leave here on the 26th for a flying trip west, & sail from Montreal on the 6th June. As soon as you can let me

know how much you can spare me of that week, I will make a point of keeping it free--engagements are already creeping up towards there, but no one of them is such as I should not be delighted to get out of. Certainly an hotel is the best plan.

My pupils here seem to me very good, able & well-informed in my sort of stuff. Everybody is kind, & the place is admirable in a thousand ways. I enjoy my lecturing here (not the Lowell lectures, wh. I only give for pay, & think futile), but I miss in the professors the atmosphere of meditation & absent-mindedness which one associates with thought--they all seem more alert & business-like & punctual than one expects very good people to be. And they are all overworked; President Lowell, whom I find utterly loathsome, is determined to get his money's worth out of them, & throw them on the scrap-heap when they are used up.

I met the other day a Miss (or Mrs?) Sergeant, late of Bryn Mawr, who asked if I was the Mr. Russell they heard so much about from Miss Donnelly. So I said I thought possibly I might be.

My pupils are very international: Chinese, Japanese, Greek, Indian, German, etc. They make me feel it was worth while coming.

I go to Helen Apr. 11 & 12.

You wouldn't believe how much I look forward to seeing you.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

503 Craigie Hall
CAMBRIDGE., Mass.

27 March '14

My dear Lucy

Many thanks for your interesting letter. I well remember your consulting me about the girl who wanted to marry a French peasant socialist, only I had forgotten her name. What a sad story about Ralph Browne--thanks for sending me his note. Such is my insatiability that I should have been glad if you had told me everything good & bad that you hear about my Harvard lectures!

It is a great disappointment about May 19-25. But if you will suggest any place nearer you, I will come to see you for the week-end--I can get off at 1 on the Saturday, & need not be back till Monday night. At any rate I shall try to keep the weekend free.

I will follow your advice about trains.

Mrs Jack Gardner came to my Lowell lecture last night, & slept through three quarters of it, poor lady.

I am glad I shall see you at Helen's, & I am looking forward immensely to Bryn Mawr.

Ever yours aff^{ly}.

Bertrand Russell

503 Craigie Hall
Camb. Mass.

13 April '14

My dear Lucy

I was sorry to see so little of you, but I shall count on the days at Bryn Mawr. I did not at all realize that you really wished me to meet your "smart" friends--as it is so, I shall be delighted to meet them. I don't yet know my times at Baltimore. Neither the Reids nor the Morleys have deigned to let me know they would like me to stay with them. I couldn't do anything for Helen beyond showing how much I enjoyed seeing her, because she obviously did not wish to be frank with me. She was very charming & I was very happy, but she has never been in the habit of talking much about herself to me--in old days I was too self-centred to desire it, & now I suppose the force of habit can't be broken.

It was nice seeing Val. He is a dear boy. Goodbye till Saturday.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

N.B. There have been able fops: I believe Julius Caesar was not wholly devoid of ability, not to mention Nelson, Dizzy & Lord Chatham.

503 Craigie Hall. 29 April 1914.

My dear Lucy

I have a blessed day of leisure, with no engagements except to address the Math^{al} Club here in the evening & dine with them first, so I will seize the moment to write to you. Thank you for sending me Mrs Gerould's letter, by which I was duly flattered. Thank you still more for all the kind things in your own letter. I am very sorry you have suffered so much, but somehow I do not feel a sense of guilt--I don't know if I ought to.

By the time I got back here Sunday night I was exhausted. I had promised to stay at Northhampton till six, in the hopes of a walk in the hills--but it rained continuously, & my hosts (Mr. & Mrs Gerald Stanley Lee) were awful bores--"fancy" bores, with woolly prententious ideas of their own. Helen will have told you of my adventures in New York--I was very happy with her. Now that I am not to see either you or her again I feel that there is no more enjoyment for me in America, & I merely clench my teeth & count the days. The ugliness & stridency of things & of people's minds are very trying.

I shall look forward to seeing you in the summer--exactly how & where we must settle later, but somehow certainly barring accidents.

It is pleasant to be praised, but with most people here

I feel that they regard one externally--they have not in themselves the same impulses which produce what they praise. There is an absence of artistic conscience about their work--it seems done to please men rather than to please God. They remind me of the rule in football: "Observe the rules so long as the umpire is looking." What is lacking here is the non-social side of the good life--the blind instinctive devotion to ideals dimly seen, regardless of whether they are useful or appreciated by others. This is what makes me feel lonely here. It is rare enough in Europe, but not so rare as here. There are two commandments, to love God & to love your neighbour--& I feel love of God is forgotten here. But I dare say it will grow up again when the country is full & material things are less absorbing. I don't feel any lack in my pupils, only in older people.

Goodbye.

Yours aff^{ly}.

Bertrand Russell.

503 Craigie Hall. 11 May '14.

My dear Lucy

Ever since I got your letter I have been meaning to answer it--but here, when I get leisure, the sheer desire to do nothing overpowers me. I have by a little idleness got over the fit of spleen that came from fatigue after my trip. And my Greek pupil Demos, with whom I went a walk the other day, turned out to be so full of courage & of passion for philosophy that he really brightened the world for me. The spectacle of courage & high passion is the most consoling that life affords.--What you tell me of Mr Conner pleases me very much--it is never a matter of indifference to me to get praise from people who are in earnest. I am amused that Miss Scott considers it your fault that she was ill, but it is quite according to the rules that she should. It is the sort of thing that Spinoza would demonstrate by the geometrical method.

I have just been spending Sunday in the country at a lovely place with one of the philosophy instructors named Fuller, an Oxfordized Harvardian, cultivated, full of the classics, talking as like an Englishman as he can, full of good nature, but feeble--quite without the ferocity that is needed to redeem culture. One of my pupils, named Eliot, was there too--a very similar type, proficient in Plato, intimate with French literature from Villon to Vildrach, very capable of a certain exquisiteness of appreciation,

but lacking in the crude insistent passion that one must have in order to achieve anything. However, he is the only pupil of that sort that I have; all the others are vigorous intelligent barbarians.

There seems to me every reason to expect that we shall manage to meet abroad in the summer. If the trip down the Dalmation coast comes off, I should love it; but if not, we will manage something else.

Have you read the new Anatole France? It contains one amusing scene, but is too much a repetition of previous books. The new edition of Blake by the Clarendon Press is worth looking at--it contains new things of some interest.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell

NEW YORK
CENTRAL
LINES

THE PULLMAN COMPANY
TWENTIETH CENTURY LIMITED
THE OVER-NIGHT TRAIN
BETWEEN NEW YORK AND CHICAGO
VIA NEW YORK CENTRAL AND LAKE SHORE ROUTE

26 May 1914

My dear Lucy

Your letter duly arrived before I started for unknown addresses in the West. This morning I gave 2 lectures, & left Boston at 12.30--everybody at Harvard has been amazingly nice to me--some of the philosophy department might well have been jealous or in some way ungenerous, but none were. And I liked the students to the last. On the whole, I think very well of what I have seen of Harvard. The only real defects to my mind are those it shares with all other universities here--the institution of the President & the Board of Overseers. The fact that universities are not self-governing makes the career of a teacher less attractive & respected than with us.

I quite agree with all you say about "culture"--I do not like having to live among people who are without it, but I want it to be instructive, not pedantic. I have got the new Blake, & read the French Rev.ⁿ at once with the greatest interest. How strange that no one published it before. You can keep the mysticism & logic forever. I am glad you liked it.

My time has been terribly full, & will be in Chicago & Wisconsin, so train journeys are my only time for writing. My final impression of Harvard was good enough to moderate any future diatribes on U.S.

Do send a line to my ship--"Megantic", leaving Montreal daybreak June 6. Then I can answer on the ship, to Brown Shipley--if only Columbus had gone there, how much trouble he would have saved himself. Goodbye till we meet in the summer. This is a mere scrawl, but I am tired & hot.

Ever yours aff.^{ly}

Bertrand Russell.

On board S.S. "MEGANTIC."

6 June 1914

My dear Lucy

It was good of you to write me a line to bid me bon voyage in the midst of your press of work. I find this can be posted at Quebec so I am writing now just a word of goodbye till August. Please let me know your plans as soon as you can, so that I may be able to make the rest of my summer plans. I think any time in August will be possible for me, but probably the early part would be best, tho' I am not yet sure.

I stayed with Helen Dudley's people in Chicago--they are a nice family, & I found, rather to my surprise, that she has a good deal of literary talent.

I wonder whether I shall ever come back. America has treated me very kindly, but I do not think its output in philosophy will be very important for some time to come--the conditions, financially & mentally, are too adverse. For this reason, I would rather have European pupils.

Niagara gave me no emotion, but this river is very beautiful, & I am glad to fill my memory with it. Much of the Canadian country, as I passed through in the train, seemed to me to have a good deal of wild beauty.

Goodbye till August.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

34 Russell Chambers Bury Str. W.C. 25 June '14

My dear Lucy

It is a great disappointment that you cannot come to Europe this year, & I know you must mind very much--unselfishness is hard at times. Yes, we must manage some other summer. Please remember me to Miss Hamilton, whom I am sorry not to be seeing again.

Ten days now I have been back in this country--very happy in the complexities & diversifications of old Europe. In America one gets so few surprises--it is all as one expects. I am reminded of Dora Sanger's uncle, who, going to Palestine, arranged a cabling code with his family, in which one word meant "the flora & fauna of the Holy Land have surpassed even me expectations." So I might have arranged to cable that the sky-scrappers surpassed my expectations or that Niagara fell below them. I saw Niagara in company with a German Doctor who knew no English. I asked him if he had seen the Rockefeller Institute & he replied "Ach nein, das haben wir ja alles viel besser in Frankfurt." Insufferable race!

England is as usual in a political turmoil; no one knows what the outcome will be. As for the suffragettes, no issue is possible except to give them the vote. They are ready to die, but the Govt. dare not let them die.

My brother is getting divorced again--people try to be shocked, but even the sternest moralists can't help

smiling. Have you read "The Hill of Dreams" by Machen? It has been out seven years but I am only reading it now. It is well worth reading.--I have been very busy picking up the threads, clearing off business accumulated during my absence; I haven't even yet quite caught up.

Do write again soon. You have already forgotten your once-a-week promise! Those who wish to set an example to the young ought not to do such things. Please tell me how Miss Garrett's operation turned out.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

Trin. Coll. 24 July '14

My dear Lucy,

You are quite right, it was once a fortnight. I am sorry you have had neuralgia, & I feel it must have been hard to bear giving up Europe this summer.

I haven't read L.^y Constance Lytton's book--per contra I have met the Prime Minister twice at dinner, & had one of his sons to tea in my flat. The latter started the subject of suffrage & said his father's opposition was very much weakened. He also said (presumably repeating his father's opinion) that, whichever party is in power, suffrage seems sure to come in a few years. I don't quite take this view myself, but I was glad to hear it taken.

Very likely you are right about the lack of surprises in America; it may be merely not seeing enough. But neither in France nor in Germany nor in Italy can I predict so large a percentage of the remarks of anyone I am going to see. And when I meet some members of the Russian Duma they were quite unexpected: they did nothing but flirt in the vulgarest Bank'Oliday fashion.

Yes, my brother's wife is divorcing him--I can't think how he stood her so long. She & Alys have concluded a very intimate alliance--Alys sends me angry messages because I am standing by him.--I have seen Mildred twice since she did the world the service of producing an heir to Arthur. She is very happy--happier than for many years--the boy has

nice blue eyes like his sisters', & all seems well. I gather she really liked having Alys with her at the crucial moment. She seems to like Alys & me just equally, so she can I suppose see the whole matter justly.

You never let me have your Shelley--when will you let me have it, & then your Wordsworth? Yes, Wordsworth was an old blackguard. I take the view of all those people that Peacock gives one in his novels. The only thing about Wordsworth that ever made me like him was when Lamb addressed him as "you rascally old Lake Poet, you!" but Lamb could make me think Judas Iscariot a model of loyal devotion.

I am sorry for what you say of Miss Garrett. How will Carey bear it!

The day before yesterday I went to see Conrad--he was as wonderful as ever--just off to Poland with his wife & his 2 boys, after 40 years' absence. He said he remembered 40 years ago getting into the express for Vienna as one passes into a dream--& the dream had gone on ever since. The hold that Poland has on him is terrific. The sea is his romantic love, but--as happens with romantic love--it has not much affected the deep sub-conscious instincts.--I had given him Forstice to get his advice as to how to improve it. He was useful & good. But obviously he thinks very little of it as it stands.

From Mildred I learned that Helen has Mumps--poor

Helen! I hope she is better. She must have minded.

Now I must stop or I shall miss the mail.

Write regularly once a fortnight--remember that virtue once practised becomes easier with each repetition. [cf. sub. V in copy-book]. I am very sorry indeed not to see you this summer.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

Conrad has just finished a novel, to be published in one gulp in M^CLure's or some such magazine. He thinks of going to America, because his agent says it would increase his sales there.

Trin. Coll. 22 August 1914.

My dear Lucy

Thank you for your letter. What I think about the war you will see from the enclosed. Germany is less guilty, & we are less innocent, than news from London would make you think. It is plain (tho' under the influence of war-fever people here deny it) that Germany & Austria thought they could punish Servia without causing Russian intervention, & that they aimed at a diplomatic humiliation of Russia. They did not expect war, but were hurried into it by the Russian general mobilization. As for Belgium, that was, for us, merely a pretext: it has long been universally known that Belgian neutrality would be violated in the next Franco-German war. All the Great Powers except France are to blame, but not Germany only: it is terror of Russia that has produced Germany's apparent madness.

It is impossible to convey to you anything of the horror of these past weeks. Events of a month ago seem to belong to a previous existence. All our hopes & faiths & foolish confidences are gone flaming down into Hell. The little sheltered nook in which we tried to live by thought & reason is swept away in a red blast of hate: nothing seems worth while except to kill & be killed. In Cambridge there are at this moment about 20,000 troops: we have officers to dine in Hall, & Neville's Court has been taken over by the War Office to be a hospital till the end of the

war. Over 1000 undergraduates have gone to fight. I met an advanced socialist 2 days ago, who told me he was enlisting because he could imagine no greater joy than to see a German fall to his rifle. Wells writes that he is "enthusiastic" for this war; Shaw favours it; secretaries of peace societies welcome it; vegetarians & anti-vivisectionists support it to a man. Hardly any one seems to remember common humanity--that war is a mad horror, & that deliberately to cause the deaths of thousands of men like ourselves is so ghastly that hardly anything can justify it. Last night I met Marsh, who is Winston's private secretary, & spends his days & nights at the Admiralty--he looked blooming & happy, delighted with his importance, wholly untroubled by the thought that he was organizing the killing & mangling of brave men. And if we succeed, the only Power that will ultimately profit is Russia--the land of the knout. However, we shall have established the great principle that it is proper to assassinate the sons of Emperors, which is the point in dispute between the two sides. For this at least let us be thankful.

It is difficult to write about private matters--they seem of no importance. I smile when I remember that we planned going down the Dalmation Coast, where French & Austrian warships are sinking each other, towns are being bombarded, Albania is being armed against Serbia, & Italy

is ready to raise the standard of revolt as soon as the Germans have been sufficiently reduced. Military people think the war may last years; I believe starvation must end it before that, especially if Wilson succeeds in preventing loans from America as I hope he will. However the Germans may succeed at first, I cannot believe they have any chance of ultimate victory.

I don't remember the incident at Chicago that you mention, tho' I remember a dinner-party at the Dudleys.

I don't know whether Conrad got home before war broke out, or has been caught up in the war-area.

Give my love to Helen, & tell her I will write to her soon. Write again quickly won't you?

Yrs aff^{ly}.

Bertrand Russell.

Trin. Coll. 21 Oct. '14

My dear Lucy

Thank you for your lettter with Dr. Eliot's article. People in this country seem extraordinarily sensitive to American opinion--they feel that the sympathy of America proves them to be in the right. As against Germany, of course they are; but absolutely, in the sight of God (so to speak), I think every one must bear a share. However, that is ancient history & has become unimportant; the important fact is that our victory (so far as one can see) will be much better for the world than the victory of Germany would be. What has surprised me is to find so few people made unhappy by the fact of war; most people like it, because it is exciting & makes them feel brave & proud.

DeLaguana came to call yesterday--I have not yet seen his wife. He is an unmitigated ass; I have never seen such a silly smile. He had nothing interesting to tell of Paris in the first days of war.

More than half the young men from here have gone to the war in one capacity or another--in the main, it is the best who have gone. You cannot conceive the loneliness & the moral upheaval that it has brought to me--I have become increasingly persuaded of the doctrine of non-resistance, & I find the hatred & injustice pervading all Europe quite dreadful. I think clearly the Germans are the worst--but Maeterlinck & Gilbert Murray & Robert Bridges are almost as

bad. One cannot think of anything else at all. Forgive
this swap. I have no heart for more.

Yrs aff^{ly}.

Bertrand Russell.

34 Russell Chambers Bury Str. W.C. 14 Dec. '14

My dear Lucy

Your letter of Dec. 4 arrived today, which is quick in these times, as it went to Camb. & back. I have also your letter of 10 Nov. to answer, & now that term is over I have more time. The pamphlet you write about is printed for the "Union of Democratic Control" whom your papers may have mentioned--Ponsonby, N. Angell, E.D. Morel, Ramsey MacDonald & Charles Trevelyan are the chief people. I have been working with & for them from the start. They succeed much better than one would have thought--I find in Camb. quite half the people under 30 (including those who have gone to fight) seem to be prepared to join in. The newspapers do not represent public opinion, & have not mentioned the U.D.C. except to say it is financed by German money. Everybody feels we must liberate Belgium & France, but very few have any desire to prolong a war of conquest or to humiliate Germany. I will send you my pamphlet if I can. But it may be impossible.

I am going to do a good deal of speaking & lecturing during the Vacation, & probably afterwards too. Feeling here is much sobered lately. Everybody has close friends gone or just going--& the casualties have been very serious. Nobody (not even I) would sacrifice Belgium, & that may involve a lot more fighting; but the feeling against war in general is continually growing. It is not

impossible that some good may come of it in the end.

My pamphlet was written in the first days of the war. It was meant for a magazine article but I could not get it accepted.

My Austrian, at the outbreak of the war, was in the artillery at Cracow; since then, of course, I have known nothing of him. As he is a "modern Hun" & therefore wicked, it is much to be hoped he has been killed.

Mildred, I hear, is sailing for America on Wed. I suppose you will see her. She seems happier than she was some time ago. She enjoys the baby.

Gilbert Murray is a snivelling sentimental ass. I went to Oxford to give a lecture, & saw him there. I told them evolution was supposed to involve progress because it developed from the protozoa to the philosopher; but it was the philosopher who considered this a progress, & perhaps the impartial outsider would think differently. Oxford is loathsome, even more than usual. The Oxford historians' book on the war shows absolutely no attempt to tell the truth. The best of the books to my mind is the French Yellow Book.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

Trin. Coll.
23 Feb. '15.

My dear Lucy

Thanks for your letter--I had begun to be anxious at not hearing for such a long time. I am very sorry indeed for your trouble over Edith Hamilton. It must be a great sorrow & anxiety to you.

We live here in an atmosphere of humbug & self-righteousness which is fast turning the few honest men into bitter cynics. However, the young are all right. I find the young men, both those who stay & those who enlist, quite sympathetic. We have founded a branch of the Union of Dem. Con. here & it is quite the fashion with the young, tho' the old thunder against it. Those who are past fighting age are always fiercely patriotic, whereas the men under 30 go & get killed in a spirit of complete detachment from the madness of their elders. And yet their elders are not ashamed to hound them on to the shambles.

I enclose, for your amusement, a controversy I am having in the "Camb. Review"--my reply, which I send in MS., will appear this week, & will no doubt produce rejoinders.

As for Miss Crane, whom I well remember, I should think, if she can, she would do better to wait till a year later. We are all so taken up with the war that we really only give the dregs of our minds to academic things. I

half expect to be absent (in London) in the winter, & only come back here in April. The place is so empty that it is dreary & one feels futile. One is just as safe as in America. The risk from Zeppelin's is about one-thousandth of the risk you run from what you call "locomotives".

From next April (1916) onwards, I shall be here for ever. My post was temporary, but has been made permanent.

I am doing endless speaking & writing for the U.D.C.--I supposed it would bring some obloquy--but no one has protested vigorously except one maiden aunt. Among the younger dons at Trinity, there is very nearly unanimity on our side. Of course we are all patriots in one sense, that we ardently desire the victory of the Allies; but we don't want a brutal victory, & many of us think that a wiser policy in the past might have prevented war altogether--tho' now that war exists, there is nothing for it but to prosecute it, tho' it will probably involve the death of about half the men in the country between 20 & 30.

Please give my love to Helen & Mildred. Helen wrote as if she were hurt about something, but tho' I racked my brain I couldn't guess what it was.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell

Trin. Coll. Cambridge. 7 May 1915

My dear Lucy

I was very glad to hear from you. How long ago it seems since I was at Bryn Mawr, & yet it is only just over a year. It seems to me we were all as gay & unknowing as children in those days--even those who passed for cynics fell far short of imagining what human nature really is. It gets worse & worse. We are far from the worst yet: Germany will grow more cruel & desperate as time goes on, & I fear in the end the brute will be dominant with us too. So far, we have by no means reached the pitch of brutality that the Germans have arrived at; but if the war drags on, & if victory is long delayed, there is no knowing what will happen. There lurks deep down in us a beast as cruel & ruthless as any Prussian Junker. The Germans wish to rouse it, because our comparative calm is an insult to them. If they succeed, all that has been good in English civilization will be swept away.

There is a new book by Gilbert Cannan, "Windmills". Do get it & read it (it is published by Secker). It is Voltairean, & rather remarkable.

I have not yet seen Miss Addams. I hope I shall, as I should like to make her acquaintance, & also to see Miss Hamilton, from whom I had a despairing letter when their ship was held up off the Downs. I replied, but my reply failed to reach her.

Miss Garrett's death must be a great loss to Carey. But fancy her taking up with Harold! It does seem a surprise. I cannot think of anything I have done to hurt Helen's vanity. But since the war began, all personal things have grown rather alien to me--they seem unimportant--& I may have hurt her in some way I have quite forgotten. I have always supposed she told you everything.

I am publishing an article in "Scientia" (an Italian magazine) for June or July, which may interest you. I am profoundly unhappy, struggling to keep enough life to be of use at some future date. For the moment, one can only wait while the slow agony works itself out. The soldiers & newspapers repeat glibly that this is a "war of attrition", which means that we are to go till all men of military age on one side are killed or maimed, hoping that there will still be a few left on the other side. Very likely it is the end of European civilization.

Yours affectionately
Bertrand Russell.

Russell Chambers W.C. 13 July 1915

My dear Lucy

Thank you for your letter of 21 June. You can gather what I think and feel by talking to Miss Addams. She seemed to me to have exactly the same outlook as I have. I admit all that is said against the Germans, but I do not think war the right way to cure people of those defects--on the contrary, I think war makes us grow daily more like the Germans. The faults one hates in them are not confined to them, or universal among them. I met an American named Nock, a friend of Mildred, whom I liked and agreed with. The belief in punishment, which all nations have, seems to me quite mistaken, & an outcome of hatred, in which there is no wisdom. People who do things one hates should be viewed scientifically, as victims, not morally, as criminals.

How exciting that you think of following Helen & Simon to China. I should love to go to China. Have you read the works of Lao Tze & Chuang Tzu? They delighted me; especially the story of the augur & the pigs.

Everything here goes on in a tragic inevitable sequence. Everyone is sick of the war, but no one sees how it can end for at least another year. London grows curiously mad--the tone is set by soldiers home on leave, determined to have a good time before they are killed. One

gets an impression that the women are all prostitutes--the others are busy at some work or other, and one doesn't see them. Everything grows wild--even the traffic goes much faster than in time of peace. The horror of things makes people unwilling to think, & anxious to find distraction in any excitement that is possible. The recruiting appeals are disgusting. The great have absolute power, & spend their time quarrelling and intriguing against each other. One gets an impression of the end of an epoch. In the tube they have stuck up a quotation from the speech of Pericles to the Athenians. It seems singularly sinister, when one thinks how what was good in Athens perished for ever as a result of that war. The rulers of Europe seem all mad, & the people have become infected with madness from above. But the actual working class are less mad than anyone else--in all countries, I believe. And the men fighting are far more sane than the people at home.

Here is a typical letter from a former pupil of mine, now in hospital.

"I am back from the front at last. I got rather a nasty wound in the left leg on Whit Monday--in fact it was so badly shattered & poisoned that I have since had to have it off, but I am not sorry, since it gets me my discharge from the army. The Dr. says I may be able to get an artificial leg by the end of August, in which case I shall

be able to keep the Oct. term at Cambridge. I hope you are continuing with those two sets of lectures, as I am very keen on them indeed. I am going on pretty well now, tho' I have a good deal of pain, owing to the tight bandaging, which is to get my stump into a decent shape."

Yrs aff

Bertrand Russell

c/o Mr. French, Garsington, near Oxford. 31 Oct. 1915.

My dear Lucy

So you are off to Japan & China--it is well to make friends with our future masters. When Europe has exterminated itself, no doubt the Chinese will find it convenient. I like their philosophy & poetry & art; I could do with them very well. Their literary style is exquisite. The only thing I know against them is their belief in filial piety.--I have retired to the country, in rooms near some kind friends, where I can write undisturbed. I have finished writing on the war--the sum-total is being published by the Open Court Co. in Chicago in a little book. I shall do nothing more about it--but after Xmas I think of giving a set of lectures called "Principles of Social Reconstruction", in which I shall try to suggest a philosophy for future radical intellectuals. I wonder whether they will be a success.

I am sorry you have not come to Europe, both because I should have liked to see you, & because in America you cannot realize the tenseness of things in Europe, the element of insanity in all of us through the violence of passion. It makes one understand many things in history as one never did before. I read Michelet on Saint Bartholomew the other day--that time had always before seemed strange & remote--one knew the things happened, but one could not follow them with intimate imagination. Now one has the

key, & it all grows plain. I am glad of that with my intellect: it is always good to learn an important piece of understanding. The mood is working itself out now, & peace has come much nearer in the last few months.

What you say about Helen & the Fräulein & the children is interesting. If Helen realizes it, it must be painful.

Let me hear from you on your travels.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell

34 Russell Chambers, Bury Str., W.C. 10 Feb. 1916

My dear Lucy

I was glad to hear from you at Kyoto--as for Continents, there are so far only 3 in which I have written to you--it is your plain duty to go to Africa & Australia in order to complete your collection.--

I do hope you will manage to come to England by the Siberian Railway. It would be a great pleasure to see you, & I am sure that I could make you sympathize with the point of view which I & most of my friends take about the war.

You needn't have been afraid about my lectures. Helen wrote me quite a serious remonstrance, which amused me. I should have thought she would have known by this time that social caution in the expression of opinion is not my strong point. If she had known Christ before he delivered the Sermon on the Mount she would have begged him to keep silence for fear of injuring his social position in Nazareth. People who count in the world are oblivious of such things. As a matter of fact, my lectures are a great success--they are rallying-ground for the intellectuals, who are coming daily more to my way of thinking not only as regards the war but also as regards general politics. All sorts of literary & artistic people who formerly despised politics are being driven to action, as they were in France by the Dreyfus case. In the long run, their action will

have a profound effect. It is primarily to them that I am speaking.--I have given up writing on the war because I have said my say & there is nothing new to say.--My ambitions are more vast & less immediate than my friends' ambitions for me. I don't care for the applause one gets by saying what others are thinking; I want actually to change people's thoughts. Power over people's minds is the main personal desire of my life; & this sort of power is not acquired by saying popular things. In philosophy, when I was young, my views were as unpopular & strange as they could be; yet I have had a very great measure of success. Now I have started on a new career, & if I live & keep my faculties, I shall probably be equally successful. Harvard has invited me to give a course of lectures 12 months hence on the sort of things I am now lecturing on, & I have agreed to go. As soon as the war is over people here will want just that sort of thing. When you once understand what my ambitions are, you will see that I go the right way about to realize them. In any large undertaking, there are rough times to go through, & of course success may not come till after one is dead--but those things don't matter if one is in earnest. I have something important to say on the philosophy of life & politics, something appropriate to the times. People's general outlook here has changed with extraordinary rapidity during the last 10 years; their beliefs are disintegrated, & they want a new doctrine. But

those who will mould the future won't listen to anything that retains old superstitions & conventions. There is a sharp cleavage between old & young; after a gradual development, I have come down on the side of the young. And because I am on their side, I can contribute something of experience which they are willing to respect when it is not merely criticism.--Let me hear again soon--I am interested by your impressions of the Far East.

Yrs aff^{ly}

B Russell

Have you read Romain Rolland's Life of Michel Angelo? It is a wonderful book.

2 Nov. '16

My dear Lucy

It is shocking what a long time I have been without answering your letter from Peking but you may have gathered from the newspapers that I have been rather harried & kept pretty busy.--I hope you are safe back in America. America has become very important since it has become clear that it & China must carry on the world's civilization in future. I wonder which will contribute most.

In spite of Trinity, I am still lecturing on math^{al} logic, to the same people; they come to London to hear me. It rather pleases me. I am also lecturing in various parts of the country on political theory. I am too busy to be sad, as I have no time to think, thank goodness.

I was not surprised that you gave up the plan of coming back by Siberia--it would have been rather rash. It is a comfort to me that you admire China--all I know of it fascinates me. I was surprised the other day when I came in to find a Korean waiting in the hall to know if I would please teach him all philosophy--I said I was too busy, but a French friend of mine would do it.--I cannot write much about my affairs--I am living on charity with my brother (57 Gordon Square W.C.) but the stress is nearly over & I shall be out of money troubles soon. I keep cheerful, though I can't imagine why. I think chiefly because I have

an outlet for all my energies. I wonder how you like Bryn Mawr after China. Do write soon & give me all your news.

Yrs aff. B.R.

TELEGRAMS:
 "EARL RUSSELL, HARTING."

STATION:
 ROGATE--3 1/2 MILES.

57 Gordon Square W.C. (I).

23 March 1917

My dear Lucy

Very many thanks for your letter. I am immensely glad you like my book--it has been impossible to explain things in letters, & I am glad of your understanding. I have seen only one American review. I should be grateful if you would keep those you come across & let me see them when the war is over--in these days it is not worth while to send things, as there are so many chances of their not arriving.

The Russian Revolution is a stupendous event. Although one can't tell yet how it will work out, it can hardly fail to do great good. It has been more cheering than anything that has happened since the war began. Of course we are all watching America with intense interest. I wonder what will happen.

I got a letter from you written Nov. 26, & have been meaning to answer it, but work & weariness prevented me. I should love China. Chinese pictures are the only ones I genuinely like. I enjoy Chinese verse as far as one can in translation, & I delight in the philosophy of Chuang Tzu.

I had a Chinese pupil once, who wrote asking me the meaning of existence, & enclosed a stamped envelope for reply by return. He had been infected by Western hustle. I replied, giving all the required information.

I am fearfully busy, which is the only way to keep sane. I spend my leisure, such as it is, meditating on Life & Death, human nature, & what people value. I feel an exile in this planet. I think I must go to the East. The other day a Persian came to see me & sang Persian poems to me--it was very refreshing. When the war is over I shall vanish from the world & devote my time to solitary contemplation. There are still mathematics, & the stars, & the wind at night--

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

TEL. 161 BATTERSEA.

70, OVERSTRAND MANSIONS,
PRINCE OF WALES ROAD,
BATTERSEA, S.W.

27. 11. 19

My dear Lucy

Thank you for your letter of 21 Sep--I was very glad to hear from you again. I do hope you will come to England again now that things are more or less normal here--As for my coming to America, it is not at all probable.--I saw Miss Addams & Miss Hamilton, but only among a crowd, where there was no chance of proper talk.--I am glad of your news--please give my love to Helen, although I believe she is turned against me.

The enclosed will show you the nature of my work at present--It is an expansion of a similar course I gave last year, & will ultimately be a book (D.V.). I have been thrilled by Einstein--The biggest scientific event for a long time, probably since Newton. It is only in science that our age really shines. Morally & artistically it is degenerate--

Personally, I am happier than I have been for many years--everything has suddenly begun to go well with me. My work prospers, & now that the war is over I no longer feel like a ghost, an impotent spectator of activities in which I cannot share. It is possible I may go back to

Cambridge, tho' probably not for long. I don't think I could stand the academic atmosphere now, having tasted freedom & the joys of a dangerous life--In a few days I go to Holland to see my philosopher friend Wittgenstein whom I haven't seen, of course, since 1914. He is a wonderful man, & I love him.

I am very busy, & mustn't write more now. This is the 14th letter I have written this morning.

All good wishes.

Ever yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

ON BOARD S.S. "CELTIC".

June 3, 1924

My dear Lucy

Until now I have not had a moment to acknowledge your letter. Never in all my life have I been so busy. I had no time to get those impressions of America for which everybody asked me. It seemed to me to be a country containing many trains & many lecture-halls, but beyond that I am vague about it. I preached leisure but had no chance to practise it.

It was disappointing to have only such a very brief glimpse of you. I should have been glad of a chance to get your personal news, to know how you are & how Bryn Mawr is & so on, also what you read now-a-days.

I do agree so much with all you say about China. I should like to spend the rest of my life there, but for the claims of my children, whom, after all, I don't want to turn into Chinese. Such thoughts compel a reluctant sincerity.

I had a pleasant luncheon with Helen & Simon, who were kind & friendly.

Are you ever coming to England again, & if so shall I see you? I hope so.

With all good wishes,

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

Telegraph House
Harting, Petersfield.
25. 11. 36

My dear Lucy

I have been meaning to write to you ever since I got your nice letter, but my life is now even busier than usual, trying to persuade my compatriots that no idealistic end can be served by gassing children. What a nice quiet world it was 42 years ago, when we first met! I have been editing my parents' letters & journals; the book will be called "The Amberley Papers". It is mostly about the sixties--when every one was full of well-grounded optimism. Let us hope our pessimism will prove equally mistaken.

Please give my love to Helen & ask her whether she has yet read Ibsen.

It would be nice to hear from you again.

Yours aff

B.R.

AMBERLEY HOUSE
KIDLINGTON
OXFORDSHIRE.

23. 5. 37

My dear Lucy

I have been touring the country speaking against war, so I only got your first letter last night & your second today. It will be very nice if you & Miss Finch can come to tea on Sunday (29th) at about 4. I should have been very sad if I had not seen you at all.

As you know, we shall be at Chicago University during the winter--unless, meanwhile, war makes it impossible. Yesterday war seemed imminent but today things look slightly more hopeful.

Yours affectionately

BR

AMBERLEY HOUSE
KIDLINGTON
OXFORDSHIRE.

Dec. 12, 1937

My dear Lucy

It was very disappointing not seeing you last Sunday;
I hope your cold got better.

I have been going to London once a week to lecture, but that is over now, & I don't expect to be going to London again till February. I wish we could ask you here for a visit, but we have no spare room. I hope you will be coming to Oxford again, & will come out here for any week that suits you. I should like my wife to know you, & I should like you to know my youngest son, Conrad Sebastian Robert. (Sebastian after Bach, Robert after his ancestor Robert Bruce.)

You are living just opposite 40 Dover Street, where my grandmother lived. If you see "The Amberley Papers" (The book about my parents that we recently published) you will find a lot about it.

In your hotel is, at this moment, a diplomatic cousin of mine, Sir Claud Russell; he is a nice man. He reminded me recently that when we were boys I reproached him for not singing the hymn loud enough at family prayers. He used to be British Minister to Abyssinia.

Remember that I very much wish to see you.

Yours aff

BR

AMBERLEY HOUSE
KIDLINGTON
OXFORDSHIRE.

26 May 1938

My dear Lucy

Most unfortunately a crisis has arisen in the affairs of my children, which makes it necessary for me to be away for the week-end. Their mother & I, who have equal rights, disagree on many points as to their education, & a great deal of time is consumed in consequence. I will do my utmost to see you in London some time before you sail--when is that? With apologies & deep regret,

Yours affectionately

BR

AMBERLEY HOUSE
KIDLINGTON
OXFORDSHIRE.

2 June 1938

My dear Lucy

I shall be in London for the night on June 16: I am engaged to dinner, but could come to you for tea about 4.45. I shall be very glad indeed if that is possible for you. My wife will not be coming to London--I am sorry you will not have seen her & the child, who is as much of a prodigy as children always are. I should have been very very sorry not to have seen you at all.

Yours aff

BR

The Plaisance
On the Midway at Jackson Park--Chicago
Dorchester 4300

31. 1. 39

My dear Lucy

Thank you for your very nice letter, which I was delighted to get. I am glad you liked my book on Power--Please tell Miss Finch that what drove me away was the realization that I had stayed an unconsiderable time; her remarks on Aristotle were more calculated to make me stay.

I hope very much it may be possible to see you while we are in America. I am here till March 20, then I go touring under the auspices of Feakins. I don't know yet whether he will send me to Philadelphia. My wife will write to you about possibilities as soon as they are more defined. On leaving here I go to California, so it would be in April if at all.

I find this university very good in philosophy, & I have some remarkably able pupils. The intellectual level is very markedly higher than at Oxford, so I enjoy my work.

With all best wishes.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

<postcard>

March 29, 1939

Much looking forward to seeing you. Very kind to have family who will arrive morning of 12th. Will let you know exact time later. Wish I could be longer with you.

Bertrand Russell.

The Pan AmericanLOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE RAILROAD
EN ROUTE

April 7, 1939

My dear Lucy

My wife, I believe, has written to you about our changed plans, & that I alone shall be coming to Philadelphia. I shall be there one night, the 17th, coming from Boston. On the 18th I speak at Gloversville N.Y, wherever that may be. I will let you know the time of my arrival as soon as I can. I wish I did not have to stay such a short time.

Excuse handwriting. The train shakes terribly, & now-a-days I am seldom out of trains.

I look forward to seeing you.

Yrs aff

B.R.

212 Loring Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.

Dec. 22, 1939

My dear Lucy

Ever since I got your nice letter I have been meaning to write to you, but have been terribly busy. It is the custom of this country to keep all intelligent people so harassed & hustled that they cease to be intelligent, & I have been suffering from this custom. The summer at Santa Barbara, it is true, was peaceful, but unluckily I injured my back & was laid up for a long time, which caused me to get behind hand with my lectures.--John & Kate, who came for the summer holidays, stayed when war broke out; it is a comfort to have them here, but John does not find the university of California a satisfactory substitute for Cambridge. I think of sending them both East to some less recent university, but last September there was no time for that. Apart from home sickness & war misery, we all flourish.

I am, when I can find time, writing a book on "Words & Facts", or "semantics" as it is vulgarly called. The only thing to be done in these times, it seems to me, is to salvage what one can of civilization, personally as well as politically. But I feel rather like a strayed ghost from a dead world.

The visit to you was delightful. As time goes on, one values old friends more & more.

Remember me to Miss Finch. With love to yourself,

Yours aff

Bertrand Russell.

Fallen Leaf Lodge, Lake Tahoe, Cal.

August 25, 1940.

My dear Lucy

Peter is terribly busy, & I have finished my book, so I am answering your very nice letter to her.

We are leaving here in about a fortnight, & expect to get to Philadelphia about the 12th of September, except John & Kate, who go back to Los Angeles. I expect to be in Philadelphia only a few days, & then go to Harvard, but Peter, with Conrad & the governess (Miss Campbell), means to stay somewhere near Philadelphia & hunt for a house. I have accepted The Barnes Institute; There was no other prospect of any post, however humble. No university dare contemplate employing me.

You once offered to put us up if we were in Philadelphia, & it would be very pleasant for us if you could have us for a few days from about the 12th, but I don't know if you have two spare rooms, one for Peter & me & one for Conrad & Miss Campbell. Still less do I know whether you would want a boy of three, whose behaviour might not always be impeccable. Please be quite frank about this.

Yes, I know Newman of John's. I have found him, on occasion, a very valuable critic.

I am sorry you will have to put up with us as a feeble substitute for the Renoirs. Perhaps in time I shall be able to soften Barnes's heart.

With Peter's thanks & my love,

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

April 19, 1941

My dear Lucy

I blush with shame in the middle of the night every time I think of my outrageous behaviour at your dinner, when I deafened you by shouting at your ear. Please forgive me. Since the New York row I have been prickly, especially when I encounter the facile optimism which won't realize that, but for Barnes, it would have meant literal starvation for us all--But that is no excuse for abominable behaviour. I used, when excited, to calm myself by reciting the three factors of $a^3 + b^3 + c^3 = 3abc$; I must revert to this practice. I find it more effective than thoughts of the Ice Age or the goodness of God.

Yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

PEACOCK INN
TWENTY BAYARD LANE
PRINCETON, N.J.

May 14, 1944

My dear Lucy

This is a goodbye letter, with great regret that I can't bid you goodbye in person. After months of waiting, we are being suddenly shipped off at a moment's notice--Peter & Conrad are already gone & I go in 2 or 3 days. It was nice being your neighbours, & your house seemed almost a bit of England. Please tell Helen I am very sorry not to write to her too--& give my love (or whatever she would like better) to Edith.

Ever yours aff

B.R.

TRINITY COLLEGE,
CAMBRIDGE.

Oct. 7, 1944

My dear Lucy

It was nice to get your letter written in August. Coming to your house always seemed almost like coming home; it & its contents, animate & inanimate, were so much more English than one could find elsewhere in U.S.A.

D.S. Robertson is a man I know only slightly, but he has a considerable reputation. How Keynes has expanded since he used to come & stay at Tilford! Last time I saw him he had an enormous paunch--but this was not the sort of expansion I had in mind!

John is still in London, learning Japanese forms of politeness. One would have thought forms of rudeness more useful. He will go to the East before the end of this year, & probably be there a long time. Kate has been home about a month. She ended in a blaze of glory, with a \$250 prize, an offer from Radcliffe to go on their staff, & from a Southern University to become a Professor, though not yet of age. Now the British Government pays her to read Goebbels.

The Robot bombs have been trying, & have not quite ceased, but they are no longer very serious. We all flourish. Love to Edith. Much love & friendship to yourself.

Ever yours

Bertrand Russell.

HOTEL BELLERIVE AU LAC
ZURICH

June 23, 1946

My dear Lucy

Thank you for your letter. I had not heard of Simon Flexner's death, which is sad. I don't know Helen's address; if I did, I would write to her. Will you please give her my very sincere sympathy, & tell her how greatly I admired & respected Simon.

What you say about my History of Philosophy is very pleasant reading. I am glad you like my Chap. on Plotinus, as I rather fancied it myself!

I am at the moment doing a short lecture tour in Switzerland; I return to Peter & Conrad in N. Wales in a week for the Long Vacation, after which I shall be back in Trinity, where I have been inhabiting Newton's rooms. I go about with the feeling that within 20 years England will have ceased to exist. It makes everything hectic, like the approach of closing time at a party in a hotel--"We are for the night". A few bombs will destroy all our cities, & the rest will slowly die of hunger.

In America, large sections of the rural middle west & the desert south-west will probably survive--But not much of your America. Three cheers for Patagonia, the future centre of world culture.

Meanwhile Rabbis & Muftis, Jinnah & Nehru, Tito & the Italians, etc., play their silly games. I am ashamed of belonging to the species Homo Sapiens.

The Swiss are passionately Anglophile, & very glad to be liberated from Nazi encirclement. I try not to depress them.

You & I may be thankful to have lived in happier times--you more than I, because you have no children.

Ever yours affectionately

Bertrand Russell.

Penralltgoch
Llan Ffestiniog
Merioneth

March 17, 1948

My dear Lucy

Thank you for your good letter. It was a great pleasure to get it.

I enclose a letter to Helen, as I am not sure whether I have deciphered correctly the address you gave me. If not, will you please alter it as may be necessary. I have started on my autobiography, & find it an immense task. I shall be infinitely grateful for your batch of letters. It doesn't matter whether you send them to above address or to London.

My daughter Kate has just married an American named Charles Tait. She still lives in Cambridge Mass. I don't know him, but all I hear of him sounds nice.

I am terribly busy with international affairs, & have not time to write proper letters. Give nice messages to Edith. With love,

Yours aff

B.R.

Penralltgoch
Llan Ffestiniog
Merioneth

June 20, 1948

My dear Lucy

If you do not mind, I should be most grateful if you would let me have the loan of such of my letters to you as seem of biographical interest. After making extracts, I could, if you so desire, return them to you. I would not bother you but for the fact that they will certainly help me very much in making an autobiography, which will not be published till I am dead. I should like the letters sent to above address.

Yours affectionately

B.R.

BAGLEY WOOD,
OXFORD.

My dear Lucy

Thank you for your letter. I am still very tired, but I will come for a walk on Wednesday unless my head is worse; it may possibly have to be a shorter walk than usual. You can come towards Kensington without fear of missing me, as the twopath is dry. I won't write more now as I can't collect my thoughts.

Yrs aff^{ly}

Bertrand Russell

ANNOTATIONS

Russell's Letters to Lucy Donnelly

p. 1 fix with Carey

M. Carey Thomas (1857-1935), president of Bryn Mawr College with whom Lucy had several confrontations. There is no extant letter from Lucy regarding this particular incident.

p. 1 I finished today my magnum opus on the principles of mathematics.

The Principles of Mathematics (London: George Allen & Unwin Ltd.) 1903.

p. 3 F's Hill

Friday's Hill was the name given to the Fernhurst, Sussex home of the Pearsall Smith family.

p. 4 Harvard & Barrett Wendell

Barrett Wendell (1855-1921), instructor at Harvard. He was the first teacher to offer American literature as a subject for critical study at Harvard. Russell's reference to Walt Whitman's "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry" is probably in reference to Wendell's A Literary History of America (1900). In 1902-3 Wendell delivered the Clark Lectures at Trinity College, Cambridge.

p. 5 Aunt Agatha

Lady Mary Agatha Russell (1853-1933). She was very much involved with Russell's upbringing at Pembroke Lodge. In 1903 she moved to Rozeldene at Hindhead, Surrey.

p. 5 Miss Gwinn

Mary (Mamie) Gwinn was an Associate Professor of English at Bryn Mawr College.

p. 6 She is now in Switzerland

Alys was recuperating from a nervous breakdown in Switzerland with Beatrice Webb. See also Flexner note p. 13.

p. 7 Carlyle . . . people in Annandale

Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881), born in Ecclefechen, Annandale, Dumfriesshire.

p. 9 the Amos's, Miss Creighton, the Kinsellas

Sir (Percy) Maurice (Maclardie) Sheldon Amos (1872-1940), jurist and judge in Egypt. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. Russell describes the Amoses in his autobiography. (143-5)

Probably Beatrice Creighton because of the reference to religion. She became deaconess of St. Hilda's Ootacummund. In a letter to Goldie Dickinson, dated 19 July 1903, he mentions Beatrice Creighton in reference to the "danger of Ecclesiasticism":

Whenever I happen to meet Beatrice Creighton I feel the danger <of Ecclesiasticism> profoundly; and she illustrates one of the worst points from a practical point of view, that even when a man belonging to an ecclesiastical system happens to be broad-minded and liberal himself, he takes care to avoid such a state of mind in others whom he can influence.

Kate, Louise and Francis (Joe) were the daughters of Thomas Kinsella, an Irish American congressman.

p.9 the Robinson's, & J.M. Robertson

Captain Douglas Robinson and his wife Francis (Joe) (nee Kinsella).

John Mackinnon Robertson (1856-1933), writer and politician. When Charles Bradlaugh (1833-1891) died, Robertson became sole editor of the National Reformer until its demise in 1891. Both Robinson (above) and Robertson were Free Thought advocates.

p. 10 James on Religious Experience

William James (1842-1910), philosopher, psychologist. In 1902 he delivered the Gifford Lectures in Edinburgh. His Varieties of Religious Experience: A Study of Human Nature was published in 1902.

p. 10 Carlyle's Diamond Necklace

Thomas Carlyle The Diamond Necklace and Mirabeau (New York; John W. Lovell Company) 1885.

p. 12 FitzGerald's letters

Edward FitzGerald (1809-1883), poet. A collection of his letters, Letters and Literary Remains of Edward FitzGerald edited by William Aldin Wright was published in 1889. In his journal entry for 12 November 1902 Russell describes mentioning FitzGerald in an argument supporting the enjoyment of beauty.

p. 12 Gilbert Murray

His text of Euripides was published in December. On receiving an advanced copy on the work, Russell remarks in his journal: "At this moment Gilbert Murray arrived bringing his Euripides: he only stayed a minute, but it was a minute of sunshine, & I revived at once. I read over again all the dear lyrics about which my life is entwined, and fatigue and misery fell from me." (25 November 1902) See also Flexner note p. 68.

p. 12 London people...last to contemplate

Russell's dislike of London society is also evident in several journal entries for this month. On 25 November 1902 he simply declares that, "London grows more and more odious to me...". (Collected Papers 12: 12)

p. 14 Walt Whitman's "Out of the rolling ocean the crowd?"

Written in 1865, part of his Leaves of Grass.

p. 16 a set of aphorisms

He did write "Newly Discovered Maxims of La Rouchefoucauld" included in The Collected Stories of Bertrand Russell (1972).

p. 17 Montaigne

Michel de Montaigne (1533-1592), French essayist who advocated humanistic morality.

p. 17 the history of Rome in the middle ages, by Gregorovius

Ferdinand Adolf Gregorovius History of the city of Rome in

the Middle Ages translated from the 4th German ed. by Annie Hamilton, (London: G. Bell) 1894-1902.

p. 19 Maud Potts & her boy

Lucy describes this situation in detail:

Perhaps Alys will remember Maud Potts who years ago in extreme High Church zeal joined a sisterhood in London, was not able to "put it through"--as we say here in America--came home again, flirted madly with John Blanchard in Bellefonte, and finally married Augustus Paine a rich, good dull New York business man. She is still one of the most attractive women I know--very good looking with a splendid golden skin and golden eyes, and very gay mannered and impulsive and withal a very careful wife and mother. But she has gone back to the Church with more fervent devotion than ever: it is, I fancy, her great interest and excitement in a common place life. Father Huntington touches her imagination with the medieval monastery he is building on the Hudson: she has sold her necklaces and rings to buy gorgeous vestments for the Holy Cross brothers and to decorate the chapel into which when it is finished she, a woman, may never enter. Here one wing of the camp is a tiny Chapel with a cross up against the sky that adds, certainly, a quiet charm to the place in the early evenings. And we have priests with all their toggery coming and going for special services, and coming for weeks' rest, too, when they bravely climb mountains and overturn themselves in canoes in the long medieval gowns they may never take off.--I am long in coming to my point. Maud Paine's eldest boy has been destined by her from his birth to be one of the these same black priests in an order so strict that it has only three members. Since he was a child of seven he has been yearly making infantile retreats and he goes about his games with a chain full of crosses and holy trinkets around his little thin neck. By nature he is as gay and impulsive as his mother, and I daresay as wilful: of charming looks, an unusual love of beauty, and a sensitiveness that makes him the more the prey of the influences to which he is constantly subjected. And his mother exacts perfect obedience to the last detail, as the first principle of the Holy Cross Brotherhood.--It is very appalling to see a mother offer up her child in expiation for her inability to offer up

herself. (18 July 1903)

p. 19 "La Mort de Tintagiles"

The Death of Tintagiles (1894) by the Belgian playwright and poet, Maurice Maeterlinck, was the last of his three dramas for marionettes. The other two were Alladine and Palomides and Interior. The play involves a queen's wicked desire to have a young boy, Tintagiles, killed. While Tintagiles sleeps between his two sisters the queen's servants take him away beneath the castle and imprison him behind iron doors. Ygraine, his sister is unsuccessful in her attempt to rescue him. She cries out when she hears his body fall to the ground. See also note p. 27.

p. 20 Truly the Good man feeds upon is Pain

Perhaps "To be good we must needs have suffered; but perhaps it is necessary to have caused suffering before we can become better." From Maeterlinck's "The Invisible Goodness" in The Treasure of the Humble (1856).

p. 21 I am staying with Dickinson..I shall go to town & plunge into the Free Trade question

Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson (1862-1932), historian and philosophical writer. He helped to found the Independent Review in 1903. Russell first met him in his early years at Cambridge and valued his opinion since he gave him copies of his work, such as "The Free Man's Worship" and "The Perplexities of John Forstice", to read and comment upon.

p. 21 But there seems no chance whatever of Chamberlain's succeeding

Joseph Chamberlain (1836-1914), statesman. At this time Chamberlain was Colonial Secretary in Arthur Balfour's Unionist Government. He supported Tariff Reform and thus split the Conservatives. Russell refers to his lack of support for Free Trade and believes he will be unsuccessful.

p. 24 Mr. Bowland

Lucy's "gossip" is contained in her letter of 23 February 1904:

At the moment she [Mildred Minturn] is very amused by a Philadelphian Mr. Bowland, a clever, worthless person. I know all his worthlessness, oddly enough,

because for a number of years he has been constantly seeing a good friend of mine, Edith Pettit. And today he said to Mildred--"Yes, Miss Pettit is very charming. I see her very often. I can, you know, because she is very safe. She is all brain." What a world it is!

p. 24 Diana, & Beauchamp's career...Meredith's psychology seems to me very good

George Meredith (1828-1909), novelist and poet. The works referred to are Beauchamp's Career (1876) and Diana of the Crossways (1885). On Meredith's depiction of women Russell writes the following in his essay "The Status of Women":

I wish I had the art to depict the self-reliant straightforward woman whom I think we ought to try to produce. George Meredith has attempted it; but he gets too much of his effect by omitting virtues which one usually regards as feminine; most of his women are rather coarse. (Collected Papers 12: 264)

p. 27 grottos...Alladine et Palomides

From Capri, Lucy writes: "I have been seeing grottos all morning, pink, green & blue, the waves roared threateningly within their coloured caverns: rocks gloomed high above. I felt as if I were in a poem of Byron's. And a bronzed beautiful boat now completed the illusion. I was most amused." (21 March 1904) In Maeterlinck's Alladine et Palomides (1894) the two lovers die after being put in the grotto beneath King Ablamore's castle. See also note p. 19.

p. 28-9 man at the Helm in the Snark

In the preface to Lewis Carroll's poem "The Hunting of the Snark" (1876) he explains:

The helmsman used to stand by with tears in his eyes; he knew it was all wrong, but alas! Rule 42 of the Code, "No one shall speak to the Man at the Helm", had been completed by the Bellman himself with the words, "and the Man at the Helm shall speak to no one."

p. 32 Bentham

Jeremy Bentham (1748-1831), English philosopher and

economist. He applied Utilitarianism, the belief that human actions can be evaluated according to pleasure and pain, to practical problems.

p. 32 Alys...great row with Lady Carlisle

Rosalind Frances Howard [Countess of Carlisle] (1845-1921), Russell's aunt. She was an advocate of women's political rights; from 1903 she served as president of the National Women's Temperance Association and from 1891-1901 and 1906-1914 the president of the Women's Liberal Federation. The details of Alys' "row" with her are unknown. See also notes pp. 40-3.

p. 34 Meredith...the Waterlows

Hugh Owen Meredith (1878-1964). Cambridge economist; Fellow of King's College.

Sidney Waterlow (1878-1944), diplomat. His wife was Alice Isabella (née Pollock).

p. 35 Bernard Shaw & Miss Harrison

Shaw--See Flexner note p. 124.

Jane Ellen Harrison (1850-1928), Fellow of Newnham College, Cambridge from 1898.

p. 35 the Bob Trevely's

Robert Calverley Trevelyan (1872-1951). Writer and contemporary of Russell whom he describes as "a very scholarly poet", and "the most bookish person that I have ever known". He married Elizabeth de Amorie van der Hoeven.

p. 37 Goroditch

Dr. Goroditch was a physician whose specialty was nervous disorders. Mildred Minturn Scott was under his treatment until December 1904. In retrospect she wrote that, "He was an extraordinary man & did me no end of good...[I was] under the spell of Gory's influence which while it lasted was almost miraculous." The "spell" did not last long and in November 1904 she complained to her mother that, "As for Gory, I have had a dreadful shock & disillusionment. He is as hard & cynical & Jewish as possible." (Leslie Allison (Minturn Scott's daughter) to Sheila Turcon 25 August 1987) See also Flexner note p. 57.

p. 37 Fletchers

Perhaps he is referring to Mary Fletcher (1873-1965), who was Librarian and Registrar at Girton College, Cambridge from 1897-1900 and from 1913-20 Librarian and Director of Studies in Moral Science at Newnham College.

p. 38 Good communications corrupt bad manners

"Evil communications corrupt good manners" New Testament, 1 Corinthians, 15:33.

p. 39 Your story of the country girl & the painter

In her letter of 21 August 1905 Lucy writes:

The romance of the painter & girl of last summer still goes on. The girl is much improved by a winter in Boston and the man, I think, really devoted to her. But he gets from her as it is daily companionship & service, quiets his conscience by doing for her many really useful & charming things in return and leaves it at that. He does not want to marry and the girl's people are impossible. He has done so much for her that I cannot even say if he leaves her in the end she will not be the better for having known him. I do what I can. They both very much trust me, & in a crisis would come to me.

A year later, in April, she informs Russell that, "My country girl has married her painter and they are sailing to Italy and all that." (10 April 1906)

p. 40 Castle Howard

The great house in Yorkshire, designed by Vanburgh & Hawksmoor, 1700f. It was the home of Russell's aunt, Rosalind Howard, Countess of Carlisle.

p. 40 Alys has factory-girls

As part of her philanthropic work Alys invited girls from her factory girls' club during the August Bank Holidays.

p. 42 August. 15. 1904

The following dictated note was made on the typescript to this letter:

During this visit I was present at a strange seen <sic> between Oliver & his mother at tea. his mother devoted herself to saying everything

that would most irritate him. He preserved an appearance of <illegible> which provoked her into becoming more & more outrageous. At last in an access of ungovernable fury, he seized the bread-knife, apparently with the intention of plunging it into his mother's heart. Instantly, she became incredible sweet, flirted with him charmingly and flattered him to the skies, with the result that he was completely won over.

p. 42 Cecelia & Roberts...Oliver Howard

Charles Henry Roberts (1865-1959), statesman. His wife was Lady Cecelia Maude Howard (1869-1947).

Oliver Howard (1875-1908), employed in the Colonial office from 1905.

p. 43 Dorothy

Dorothy Georgiana Henley (b.1881), the daughter of Russell's aunt, Rosalind Howard. She is the author of Rosalind Howard: Countess of Carlisle (1958) which includes an introduction by Russell.

p. 43 Leif Jones

Leifchild Stratten Leif-Jones [1st Baron Rhayader] (1862-1939), well-known as speaker on politics and temperance.

p. 45 the end of "Dover Beach"

Mathew Arnold's poem written in 1867:

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams.
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

Houghton's The Victorian Frame of Mind (1957), suggests a comparison between Arnold's poem and Russell's "A Free Man's Worship".

p. 45 George & Janet Trevelyan

George Macaulay Trevelyan (1876-1962), historian and his wife Janet Penrose. Mary Moorman is their daughter and author of George Trevelyan: A Memoir (1980).

p. 48 Everything that you have to say about Helen is deeply interesting to me.

This letter begins "Your letter of Sp. 2 was very pleasant." There is no letter from Lucy in the archives for Sept. 2.

p. 52 Bonté Amos

Bonté Amos was Sheldon Amos' sister. She accompanied Russell and Alys to America in 1896. Russell's autobiography provides a brief description of her. (144).

p. 53 It wd. be great fun to do characters in the manner of La Bruyère

Jean de La Bruyère (1646-96), author of Caracterès de Théophraste, traduits du grec, avec les caracterès ou les mœurs de ce siècle (1694); English translation 1699.

p. 53 Dora Sanger, Miss Pretious, R. McKenna M.P.

Dora Sanger (1865-1955), Charles Percy Sanger's wife whom he married in 1900. She was educated at Newnham College, Cambridge.

Ivy Pretious (c. 1880-1958), Secretary of the Free Trade Union. She married Charles Tennyson.

Reginald McKenna (1863-1943), statesman & banker. He represented North Monmouthshire from 1895 until his defeat in Pontypool in 1914.

p. 55 Iseult of Brittany

The Arthurian legend involves Isolde the Fair, the daughter of the King of Ireland, wife of King Mark and the lover of Tristram. The other, Isolde of the White Hands or Iseult of Brittany, is her rival for Tristram's love. See also Flexner note p. 28.

p. 60 Newnham Council

Russell served on the council for Newnham College from 1901-11. For further information regarding his involvement

on the council see; Sheila Turcon "Russell at Newnham: an unpublished paper on staff remuneration" Russell: the Journal of the Bertrand Russell Archives Vol. 7, No. 2 forthcoming.

p. 62 Miss Hamilton

Edith Hamilton (1869-1963), American educator, classicist. She wrote, The Greek Way (1930), The Roman Way (1932) and The Prophet of Israel (1936).

p. 65 D'Annunzio's "La Figlia di Jorio

Gabriele D'Annunzio (1863-1938), Italian poet, novelist, dramatist and military hero. "La Figlia de Jorio (The Daughter of Jorio) 1904.

p. 65 George Trevy has published his history of the 17th century

England under the Stuarts (London: Methuen & Co.) 1904.

p. 68 Lion Phillimore, Mackinder...Granville Barker...Sir Oliver Lodge...Arthur Balfour...Wernher

Lucy Fitzpatrick Phillimore (1869-1957), close friend of Russell's. In his autobiography he writes:

Lion Fitzpatrick...was a close friend of Alys's and later also of mine. "Lion" was a nickname given to her on account of her mane of black hair. Her father had been a Belfast business man, who, owing to drink, had first gone bankrupt and then died. She came to England penniless, and was employed by Lady Henry Somerset on philanthropic work...I met her first on June 10, 1894 at a Temperance Procession which I attended because of Alys. (454)

Sir Halford Mackinder (1861-1947), geographer & geopolitical theorist. He was the Director of the London School of Economics from 1903-08.

Harley Granville-Barker (1877-1946), actor and critic.

Sir Oliver Joseph Lodge (1851-1941), scientist and from 1900 principal of Birmingham University. He was also

involved in psychical research.

Arthur James Balfour (1848-1930), Prime Minister of England 1902-05.

Sir Julius Wernher (1850-1912), a millionaire who, as Russell writes, "made his fortune in diamonds & gold in South Africa."

Sir Oliver Lodge was staying with the Webbs for a few days and they invited the guests for his entertainment. This dinner party is described in Beatrice Webb's diary. (The Diary of Beatrice Webb (1983) 2: 336-7)

p. 69 Shaw's play

John Bull's Other Island was being performed in London at the Court Theatre.

p. 69 He drew me out about Moore's philosophy

George Edward Moore (1873-1958), Russell's colleague. Philosopher at Cambridge whose Principia Ethica was published in October 1903. He ushered in the twentieth century reaction against idealism and swayed Russell who eventually became an empiricist.

p. 71 Mary Ritchie

See Flexner note p. 52.

p. 71 Everything that you say of Helen is a relief to me.

Lucy informs Russell that Helen is "growing stronger and more spirited" and is happy with her son who was born in the autumn of 1904. (23 February 1905)

p. 72 Isabel Fry

Isabel Fry (1869-1958), Roger Fry's sister. In a holograph note Russell writes: "Isabel Fry, the writer of the following letters, was a sister of Roger Fry. She had had for many years a passionate attachment to the lady who became Mrs. Masefield. This marriage caused her intense & prolonged misery, & I endeavoured to offer her some kind of philosophy that would make her life seem bearable."

p. 72 Mrs. Masefield

Constance (nee de la Cherois Crommelin) Masefield

(1867-1960), wife of the poet, John Masefield.

p. 72 It was natural you should miss MacCarthy

Russell means this in an abstract sense. Lucy writes that she "never made out" MacCarthy and that "it is a stupidity to miss a person." (23 February 1905)

p. 73 Gilbert Murray's article

The article referred to is "The Trojan Women of Euripides" in The Independent Review Vol. 4, No. 15 (Dec. 1904) 432-54.

p. 74 the Hodders

See Flexner note p. 10.

Lucy writes the following about the Hodder affair:

I want to say that I don't write Alys about the Hodders because all I know of them is not to the good and I prefer not to send bad news. Everywhere are stories of Mr. Hodder's having gone utterly to pieces--drink, opium, debts unpaid. He looks flabby & dull eyed. His face has lost its keenness & brightness, his manners its charms. He laughs constantly very nervously. He has made Mrs. Hodder dye her hair & put in stiff stays. It takes away her all distinction of appearance. She looks old & sad & is more solitary--& more vague than ever--now wholly unaffected I should say. The only thing she has accomplished all the winter is to do up her Hodder's study charmingly. She has been ill and he has been ill. They have their meals mostly in the messiness of trays & sit opposite each other at home. She confesses frankly to having taken refuge in the <illegible> Poor lost soul! (23 February 1905)

p. 74 Janet Trevelyan & her daughter

Janet Trevelyan and her daughter, Mary Moorman, author of George Trevelyan: A Memoir (1980).

p. 79 Edith Pettit

On 26 May 1905 Lucy writes to Russell:

Edith Pettit, a friend of Helen's & mine--Alys will know who she is--has been thrown out of her carriage & terribly injured--her skull fractured...Edith's

fate is more terrible. If she lives she may have no reason, she may be paralyzed.

p. 80 I did not remember (if I ever knew) that the Spectator had spoken of my writing.

Lucy remarks, "I was charmed with an allusion to your prose I saw in The Spectator." (26 May 1905) This reference cannot be located.

p. 80 If two names...solution, which I have now found
His discovery was published in the article, "On Denoting", Mind, Vol. 14 (Oct., 1905) 479-93.

p. 81 Miss Minturn
See note p. 37.

p. 83 Miss Sheepshanks
Mary Sheepshanks (c.1870-1958), the daughter of the Bishop of Norwich and Principal of Morley College, in south London, an evening institute for working people. She lived opposite the Davies brothers and was an active member in the suffrage movement as well as social and political causes.

p. 83 Monteagles
Thomas Spring-Rice [second Baron Monteagle] (1849-1926), had literary and political interests and was brother-in-law to the historian Sir George Prothero.

p. 84 I have written an article on George IV for "Mind"
"On Denoting", Mind, Vol. 14 (Oct., 1905) 479-93.

p. 86 the Fry's & then with the Whiteheads
From August 10-14 Russell was in Normandy with Crompton Davies. Roger Fry (1866-1934), artist and critic who was involved with supporting post-impressionism in England. In 1896 he married Helen Coombe. Russell first met him during his early days at Cambridge. Whiteheads--See Flexner note p. 6.

p. 87 I think it weak of America to forget Kischineff and Blagovestchenk and January 22
Russell refers to events involved in the Russo-Japanese War

(1904-5) in which both countries coveted Chinese territory in Manchuria and Korea. As a result of Roosevelt's peace negotiations, Japan emerged as a world power and Russia's defeat contributed to the 1905 Russian Revolution. On Easter Sunday, April 19, 1903 a day after Russia had presented its demands to China an outbreak of violence against Jews occurred in the city of Kishinev. The massacre of Blagovestchenk (14 July 1900) was a direct result of the Boxers who resented Russian interference. The Russian Revolution of 1905 began on "Bloody Sunday", 22 January when troops fired on a workers' demonstration at St. Petersburg.

p. 89 what you say of Alys's & my "right living"

On 30 October 1905 Lucy writes:

I often wonder--Mildred & I were wondering together the other day--if you & Alys realize at all what the mere idea you & your right living & right thinking is to many people--a thing for us in turn to live by & hope for. Perhaps you can hardly realize it but the fact is wonderfully true.

p. 91 Helen Hoyt

Helen Hoyt coping with Mary Ritchie's death is comparable to Crompton coping with his brother's death. Lucy writes to Russell on 30 October 1905:

Helen Hoyt is with me & is growing better week by week & more interested in her life than I had any hope she could be so soon. She cares to see few people & I am much with her, but for the rest she wishes everything to go on in the old way & talks constantly of Mary that she is the ever present thing in our lives. As a housemate she is very agreeable, clever & gruesome minded & charmingly whimsical. What you would say to her exaggerated interest in detail I do not know.

p. 92 Japanese Alliance

On 5 September 1905 the Treaty of Portsmouth ended the Russo-Japanese War. Roosevelt mediated the peace which resulted in the emergence of Japan as a world power.

p. 92 Huntington at Harvard... Veblen at Princeton
Huntington--See Flexner note p. 55.

Oswald Veblen (1880-1960), mathematician at Princeton. He sent Russell a number of articles throughout his career.

p. 92 What a creature Edith Pettit must be
Lucy appends the following to her letter of 30 October 1905:

Edith Pettit tells me that her terror in returning to consciousness was that she had missed years of pleasure. It went on for a long time, until at last her sister-in-law was allowed to see her & "put", as she said, just the right touch of youth on everything by coming <illegible> with the words--"Dear Edith, you are more beautiful than ever." She is quite impossible & I see as little of her as I can.

p. 92 Forster's "Where Angels fear to tread"
E.M. Forster (1879-1970), novelist. In 1905 he was in Germany tutoring the children of Countess von Arnim who was to become Frank Russell's wife. The novel was published in 1905.

p. 93 Dickinson's new book is out, "A Modern Symposium"
Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson A Modern Symposium (London: Brimley Johnson and Ince. Ltd.) 1905. Forster's biography, Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson (1936), provides a brief account of the work:

It <A Modern Symposium> is dedicated to a Cambridge discussion society & it represents in a glorified form the sort of evening he loved--an evening of contrasted opinion, stated fairly, sincerely, & good temperedly. The personages are supposed to be members of "The Seekers", a club which he had actually tried to found...Dickinson always needs a form which will allow him to express the views of others without judging them by his own. (111-3)

p. 93 Gladstone...Disraeli, Henry Sidgwick...Bob Trevy, Ferdinand Schiller...Santayana, Sidney Webb
William E. Gladstone (1809-1898), British statesman who was Prime Minister from 1868-74, 1880-85, 1886 and 1892.

Benjamin Disraeli (1804-1881), statesman, novelist and

founder of the modern conservative party.

Henry Sidgwick (1838-1900), Professor of moral philosophy at Trinity College, Cambridge from 1883.

Bob Trevy--See note p. 35.

Ferdinand Canning Scott Schiller (1864-1937), philosopher who followed William James' pragmatism. He taught at Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

George Santayana (1863-1952), American philosopher who taught at Harvard from 1889-1912.

Sidney Webb--See Flexner note p. 4.

p. 95 Arthur Dakyns

Arthur Lindsay Dakyns (1883-1941), one of Russell's friends at Cambridge. He became a barrister.

p. 97 a question which I decided in the same article

See note p. 84.

p. 97 go abroad with old Mr. Ll. Davies & his daughter

John Llewelyn Davies (1826-1916), theologian; father of the Davies brothers.

Margaret Llewelyn Davies (1861-1944). Sister of the Davies brothers who was a suffragist whom Russell admired and with whom he corresponded at great length. Part of her extensive work as secretary of the Women's Co-operation Guild included a report presented in 1910 to the Royal Commission on Divorce Law which resulted in changes to the divorce law.

p. 97 the supposed Mrs. Hodder

Lucy informs Russell:

It may interest you to know--what is now known to a few people--that Mr. Hodder was never married to the first Mrs. Hodder--the woman we know here--and that there never was any question of a divorce. The truth has come out through Father Huntington who married Mamie Gwinn to Mr. Hodder. He, being very High Church, should not have married a divorced person & has been much censured for so doing. In return he has stated that the Hodders wished him to do it for Miss Gwinn's sake--she being a Church woman made a point of a clergyman's marrying them--whether she knew the whole story

is not clear...I shd prefer nothing more said of it, unless to Alys. I do not want to spread gossip & I believe Miss Thomas does not yet know.
(17 December 1905)

p. 98 Masterman

Charles Frederick Gurney Masterman (1874-1927), author, journalist and Christian Socialist. He was first elected in 1906 but failed to win a by-election in 1914.

p. 98 C-B

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman (1836-1908), Liberal Prime Minister from 1905-8.

p. 98 Redmond

John Edward Redmond (1856-1918), Irish politician. He succeeded Parnell as Irish nationalist leader and secured the passage of the 1914 Home Rule Bill.

p. 98 Duke of Devonshire

Spencer Compton Cavendish [Marquis of Hartington & 8th Duke of Devonshire] (1833-1908), statesman.

p. 98 John Burns (cabinet)

John Elliot Burns (1858-1943), Politician and Labour Leader. In December 1905 he was made president of the local Government Board with a seat in the Cabinet. He was the first working man to achieve such a position.

p. 100 Helen Hoyt's love of small pleasures, & the President's greed for success

Lucy explains this to Russell:

And in these weeks now when Mary was so ill last year I feel more than ever I must not fail Helen. She is having a bridge party at the moment...I have been having scenes with the President about some of the college requirements & thought the matter does not affect me personally. One does what one can I suppose & I suppose I leave it at that but one wants to do more than one can. It strikes me hard though, for the only thing I have here is my work & when that goes wrong, the whole world seems to fail me. Of course I must insist until I get the thing

right but I want indeed to run away & never again go into Miss Thomas's office. (26 January 1906)

p. 102 the old sailor...by Hood

Coleridge's "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" (1798). Possibly he was referring to Thomas Hood (1799-1845), poet and editor.

p. 103 Carcassonne vide Baedeker & Henry James

Chapters 22-3 of James' book, A Little Tour in France (1885) deal with Carcassonne. See also Flexner note p. 78.

p. 104 MacCarthy engagement to Miss Molly Cornish

Sir (Charles Otto) Desmond MacCarthy (1877-1952), literary critic. He married Mary Cornish, daughter of the vice-provost of Eton.

p. 104 deaths of Lady Grey & Mrs Arthur Elliot

Dorothy (née Widderington) [Lady Grey], wife of Sir Edward Grey, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. She died in February as a result of a carriage accident.

Madeleine (née Ryan) Elliot died in January due to illness. Her husband, Arthur Elliot M.P., was Russell's cousin. From 1895-192 he was editor of the Edinburgh Review. As an M.P. he was elected for Durham city in 1898 and served in this capacity until he was defeated in 1906.

p. 105 Walton's Lives

See Flexner note p. 59.

p. 106 Leibniz

Gottfried von Leibniz (1646-1716), German philosopher and mathematician. See also Flexner note p. 1.

p. 107 Birrell

Augustine Birrell (1850-1933), author and statesman. He was elected member for North Bristol at the general election of 1906.

p. 108 details of our dispute with Turkey

During May 1906 Britain forced the Turks to cede the Sinai Peninsula to Egypt.

p. 110 "Ut non condundar"
 "Thus, it is not obscured."

p. 112 Mildred's marriage seems to me quite all right for her

In 1906 she met Arthur Hugh Scott through mutual friends in Paris and in October they were married. They continued to live mainly in France where Arthur was the head of a French boarding school. In 1912 they settled in England.

p. 113 paper on "the nature of truth"
 "The Nature of Truth", Mind n.s., Vol. 15 (Oct. 1906) 528-33. This was a review of Harold Joachim's book, The Nature of Truth.

p.113 MacCarthy & John Shuckburgh
 MacCarthy--See note p. 104.

Sir John Evelyn Shuckburgh (1877-1953), civil servant. He married Lilian Violet in 1906.

p. 113 Keynes is in the India office
 John Maynard Keynes (1883-1946), economist. During his posting in India he became interested in Indian currency and finance and this later formed the theme of his first book, Indian Currency and Finance (1913).

p. 115 death of Maitland
 Frederic William Maitland (1850-1906), professor of law at Cambridge.

p. 115 Mary Bateson
 Mary Bateson (1865-1906), English historian at Newnham College, Cambridge.

p. 116 Val
 See Flexner note p. 3.

p.116 Ray
 See Flexner note p. 53.

p.117 Georgiana King

Georgiana Goddard King (d. 1939), instructor in English at Bryn Mawr subsequently instructor in the history of art and then the chairman of the department of Archaeology. In her letter of 24 January 1907 Lucy relates how Mrs Hodder requested her to ask Georgiana King, who was a former student of both the Hodders, to testify at their trial regarding the talk of the first Mrs Hodder. Lucy, however, wrote back and informed them that Georgiana King would not get involved in the situation.

p. 117 Mr. Irons

David Irons (1870-1907), professor of Philosophy at Bryn Mawr College, from 1900-07.

p. 118 Arthur Scott

See note p. 112.

p. 118 husband of Mrs Eva MacLaren

Walter Stowe Bright MacLaren (1853-1912), an independent Liberal for Crew division of Cheshire from 1886-95. He was re-elected for Crew in April 1910 and remained in that position until his death in 1912.

p. 118 Whitehead

See Flexner note p. 6.

p. 119 J.A. Smith

John Alexander Smith (1863-1939), Classical scholar and philosopher at Balliol College, Oxford.

p. 120 Mrs Reynolds

Lucy informs Russell about Ray's situation with Mrs. Reynolds:

Elsie Sergeant tells me by the way that Ray writes long confidential letters to Mrs. Reynolds, whom she got to know in Florence two or three years ago, & tells her all the things she does not care to tell her mother. Mrs. Reynolds told Elsie & others all about the letters & Ray & read bits aloud that she shd. not have. She is apparently famous for getting people's confidence & then chattering about them. You can judge

whether or not Ray shd be warned. (8 March 1907)

p. 121 Katherine Fullerton

Lucy had lunch with Katherine Fullerton and Mrs. Hodder.
See also Flexner note p. 78.

p. 121 Lady Frances Balfour

Lady Frances Balfour (1858-1931), suffragist who worked
with Millicent Fawcett.

p. 122 Mrs Broadly Reid...Mrs Philip Snowden

Mrs Broadly Reid was a member of the executive of the
Women's Liberal Federation and also an active member of the
NUWSS.

Ethel Annakin Snowden (1880-1951), suffragist linked with
the Labour Party.

p. 122 Lady Strachey

Jane Maria Grant (1840-1928), a prominent member of an
Anglo-Indian family. She was the mother of Lytton
Strachey.

p. 123 the Courtneys

Leonard Henry Courtney [1st Baron Courtney of Penwith]
(1832-1918). In 1883 he married Catherine Potter, a sister
of Beatrice Webb.

p. 123 J.A. Hobson

John Atkinson Hobson (1858-1940), economist and publicist.

**p. 123 J.M. Robertson...whose book I reviewed some time
back**

Russell reviewed Robertson's A Short History of
Freethought, Ancient and Modern (1906) twice. The first
review appeared in The Tribune, 4 June 1906 and the second
in The Speaker, n.s. 14, 4 August 1906. (Collected Papers
12: 328) See also note p. 9.

p. 123 Mackarness

Frederick Michael Coleridge Mackarness (1854-1920),
barrister, professor of Roman Dutch Law at University of
London 1905-6. In 1906 he was a Liberal for the Newbury

division of Berkshire until he retired in January 1910.

p. 123 Harold Cox

Harold Cox (1859-1936), economist and journalist. Liberal M.P. for Preston in the general election of 1906.

p. 123 Fabius & become Cunctator

The Fabian Society derived its name from Fabius Cunctator (d. 203 BC), the Roman general whose policy of cautious delay during the second Punic Wars enabled Rome to secure victory against the invading Carthagian army of Hannibal.

p. 123 T. Shaw

Thomas Shaw [first Baron Craigmyle] (1850-1937), lawyer and politician. He was in favour of Home Rule for Ireland and Scotland.

p. 123 Selborne's nominations to the Transvaal Upper House

Palmer Selborne [2nd Earl of William Waldegrave] (1859-1942), First Lord of the Admiralty 1900-05 and from 1905-10 he was Governor of Transvaal and High Commissioner for South Africa.

p. 124 my father's election at Nottingham

Lord Amberley (1842-1876). In 1867 he stood for Nottingham but was unsuccessful in the General Election of 1868 because he supported birth control.

p. 124 John Morley

John Morley [first Viscount Morley of Blackburn] (1838-1923). At this time he was a Liberal MP, secretary of state for India (1905-10) and a supporter of Gladstone. He also established a literary career as an editor and biographer.

p. 124 Boswell

James Boswell (1740-1795), Scottish biographer and diarist.

p. 125 H.G. Wells & his wife

Herbert George Wells (1866-1946), writer. He married Amy Catherine (Jane) Robbins in 1895.

p. 125 Arthur Davies

Brother of Crompton and Theodore Llewelyn Davies. He died of cancer.

p. 127 Miss Reilly

See Flexner note p. 68.

p. 129 like Anne in "Man & Superman"

Ann Whitefield is the heroine in Shaw's play. Shaw describes her as "perfectly respectable, perfectly self-controlled." Throughout the play she is the antagonist to the hero, Jack Tanner, in a battle between the sexes.

p. 129 a Verrallian treatment

Arthur Woollgar Verrell (1851-1912), classical scholar, professor of English Literature at Cambridge.

p. 130 lecture by Mrs. Snowden on Socialism

She wrote The Woman Socialist (1907). See also note p. 121.

p. 131 Harold

See Flexner note p. 3.

p. 131 Shelley

Lucy explains her project:

I am embarked on a most ambitious enterprise--a monograph shall I say?--on Shelley that is the outcome of my lectures. I want to do something--the kind of book Mr. Raleigh has done on Wordsworth but more of the "man behind the book."
(17 June 1907)

p. 131 your causerie

Lucy informs Russell:

The Atlantic has taken a very frivolous causerie I did a little time ago & was advised by Logan to re-write. It seemed to me not worth more time & therefore I sent it off...they accepted it & said they would like others--which was encouraging.

(17 June 1907)

The article was, "A Complaint of the Decay of Finery", The Atlantic Monthly Vol. 101, No. 5 (May 1908) 668-71.

p. 132 Chatterton Hill

George Chatterton Hill (1883-1947). Russell reviewed his book, Heredity and Selection in Sociology on two separate occasions; in The Albany Review, n.s. 2 (Oct. 1907) 88-98 entitled "The Politics of a Biologist" and "Biology and Politics" in The Nation, 3 (26 Sept. 1908) 918, 920. (The reviews are in Collected Papers 12: 363)

p. 133 Jourdain

Philip E.B. Jourdain (1879-1919), mathematician & logician. Russell's holograph note reads, "These letters are from Philip Jourdain who had creeping paralysis. In the last year of his life he invented a proof that every aggregate can be well-ordered. It was obviously fallacious, but no one liked to tell him so. He became embittered & venomous, having until then been friendly." The correspondence between them is published as Dear Russell...Dear Jourdain (1977) and focuses exclusively on their discussions about logic.

p. 133 Bonté & her husband

See note p. 52.

p. 133 North Whitehead

Thomas North Whitehead (1891-1969), the Whiteheads' eldest son.

p. 136 my article on James

"Transatlantic Truth ", The Albany Review, n.s. 2 (Jan. 1908) 393-410. This is a review of William James' Pragmatism: A New Name for Some Old Ways of Thinking. It was also read to the Exeter Dialectical Society in Oxford on 23 October 1907.

p.136-7 Carey is really too bad. She illustrates what Berenson says is the fundamental passion "ursache sein"
Lucy explains the problem about Carey in her letter of 25 February 1908: "My Readers, for all I could do--& much I have been able to keep from them--have been rendered utterly wretched & incapable of work by Miss Thomas' fault

finding." The translation is, "to be the cause".

p. 137 2400 pages of the MS of our book

Principia Mathematica was published in 3 volumes, during 1910, 1912 and 1913.

p. 137 Clarissa Harlowe

Volumes 1 & 2 of Samuel Richardson's Clarissa were published in 1747 and the remaining 5 in 1748.

p. 139 durst defy the Omnipotent to arms

John Milton, Paradise Lost (Book 1, line 49).

p. 140 Dickinson..his father has just died

His father, Lowes (Cato) Dickinson, was a portrait painter. See note p. 21.

p. 142 Miss Fullerton has been more sensible

This situation probably concerns Katherine Fullerton's love for her brother, whom she later discovered was her first cousin. During the summer of 1908 she went to Europe with Lucy Donnelly in order to meet Morton Fullerton, an American journalist who worked for the London Times. However, their engagement was broken perhaps because he told her of his affair with the American novelist and short story writer, Edith Wharton. By the summer of 1909, when she returned to America, she no longer contemplated marrying him. See also Flexner note p. 78.

p. 142 What you tell me about Helen

There is no extant letter to Russell during the summer of 1909.

p. 144 Dr. Cock

Friend of Dr. Boyle. See Flexner note p. 38.

p. 144 North is not as well as he ought to be

He caught scarlet fever while on holiday in Switzerland. See note p. 133.

p. 147 Helen...is bound to criticize Logan & me in order to keep her end up

This could be in reference to her short story since she had

both Russell and Logan read it.

p. 149 Margery Strachey

Margery Strachey (1882-1963), sister of Lytton Strachey. She became a primary school teacher and later a private tutor.

p. 149 written a long article for *Revue de Metaphysique et de Morale*, & a short article for a suffrage handbook
His article translates as, "The Theory of Logical Types" in *Revue de Metaphysique et de Morale* 18 (May 1910) 263-301.

The article for the suffrage handbook cannot be located.

p. 153 Mrs. Brailsford & Lady Constance Lytton

Jane Brailsford (née Malloch) (d. 1937), suffragist who was a member of the WSPU and a former member of the NUWSS.

Lady Constance Lytton (1869-1923), suffragette, member of WSPU. See note below for a brief account of her involvement as a suffragist.

p. 153 such as throwing large stones at Asquith

Ray Strachey's The Cause provides a summary of Lady Constance Lytton's involvement in the "cause":

A year before <1909>, Lady Constance Lytton joined the Women's Social and Political Union and suffered arrest in one of their raids. On being taken to Holloway she was declared to be too delicate to endure ordinary prison discipline, as indeed she was; and in spite of her earnest efforts to be treated like the rest she had been taken to the Infirmary and released before the expiry of her sentence. A second time in the same year she was arrested in Newcastle, and a second time accorded the same treatment; and she began to think that her name and her influential friends were the cause. Her third imprisonment, therefore, was undertaken in disguise. Under the name of Jane Wharton she went to Liverpool, and there by throwing a stone, she secured arrest in January 1910. This time no careful medical examination followed. With the other prisoners she went to the cells, where she began her hunger strike and was forcibly fed; and it

was not until the secret of her identity came out that her condition was noticed. She was then at once released "on medical grounds" but the damage was done. Lady Constance was an invalid from that day until she died a true martyr to the cause. (314-5).

p. 154 the Wells-Reeves scandal

H.G. Wells had an affair with Amber Reeves and modelled the main character in his novel Ann Veronica (1909) after her. She had an illegitimate child by Wells and five months before giving birth married Rivers Blanco White. The scandalous incident was the subject of much gossip in the political and intellectual circles of London because of the close identification between the novel and Wells' relationship with Amber Reeves.

p. 155 Lord Landsdowne

Henry Charles Keith Petty-Fitzmaurice [fifth Marquis of Landsdowne] (1845-1927), politician. From 1906-16 he was the leader of the Conservative Opposition in the House of Lords.

p. 157 Giles

Herbert A. Giles Chinese Poetry in English Verse (London: Bernard Quaritch; Shanghai: Kelly & Walsh) 1898.

p. 157 Wicksteed

Rev. Philip Henry Wicksteed (1844-1927), Unitarian minister, economist. He wrote on theology, economics, literature and philosophy.

p. 158 Philip Morrell

See Flexner note p.93.

p. 158 The issues are tremendous...Free Trade & Protection Land Taxes...Home Rule

See Russell's "Address to the Bedford Liberal Association" (1910) for his views on these issues. (Collected Papers 12: 294)

p. 159 Lloyd George...Gladstone...Winston

David Lloyd George (1863-1945), Prime Minister from 1916-22. At this time he was Chancellor of the Exchequer

(1908-14)

Gladstone--See note p. 93.

Sir Winston Churchill (1874-1965), statesman who was Prime Minister from 1940-45 and 1951-55. He was president of the board of trade from 1908-10 and home secretary from 1910-11.

p. 160 on the Executive of the People's Suffrage Federation
 Russell comments on the People's Suffrage Federation in "Should Suffragists Welcome the People's Suffrage Federation?" The Common Cause 1 (9 Dec. 1909) 463-4.
 (Collected Papers 12: 291)

p. 161 Miss Hamilton...a school of her own
 Lucy informs Russell that Edith Hamilton is contemplating setting up a boarding school near the college. (21 September 1910)

p. 162 Norton
 Henry Tertius James (Harry) Norton (1887-1936), mathematician. Norton was one of three students in Russell's course on mathematical logic at Trinity College.

p. 162 On the question...Castelfranco Giorgione
 The exact nature of the question is unknown but it probably involved commentary on a painting by Giorgione del Castelfranco (1476/8-1510), a Venetian painter who focused on the evocation of mood in his work.

p. 162 Lamb
 Possibly, Sir Walter Rangeley Maitland Lamb (1882-1961), Fellow of Trinity College 1907-13.

p. 163 Louise Carey
 One of Lucy's students.

p. 163 "culture papers"
 Lucy wrote an article about this incident, "General Culture" The Bryn Mawr Alumnae Quarterly Vol. 5, No.4, (January 1912) 135-40. In this article she quotes from Russell's letters to her regarding his appraisal of the "culture papers".

p. 163 Bateman

Harry Bateman (1882-1946), Professor of Mathematics, Theoretical Physics and Aeronautics. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge 1905-11. In 1910 he moved to the United States where he lived for the rest of his life and for two years taught at Bryn Mawr College.

p. 166 Mrs Franklin

Lucy refers to lending her copy of Russell's Philosophical Essays to Mrs. Fabian Franklin, a mathematician from Baltimore, and the fear of never getting the book returned.

p. 166 Caedmon's jokes about the monks are totally unknown to me

Caedmon (fl. 670), author of hymns and scriptural verse. If he ever lived (there is doubt) he was the earliest English Christian poet. Bede's Ecclesiastical History relates that, "He was ill with what was thought to be a slight malady when he asked to be moved to a room kept for the dying. There he jested with his friends till midnight when he asked for the Eucharist. Then he foretold that he would die at the hour of morning prayers, and did so in his sleep."

p. 167 a paper for the Aristotelian Society

"On the Relations of Universal and Particulars", Proceedings of the Aristotelian Society n.s., Vol. 12 (1911-12), 1-24.

p. 167 Janet Case

Janet Elizabeth Case (1862-1937), Classical scholar.

p. 168 the reciprocity treaty..in America

In January 1911 a reciprocity agreement with Canada was established and ratified in July by the U.S. senate but in the September elections the Liberals were defeated on the issue and the reciprocity agreement was abandoned.

p. 168 Karl Pearson

Karl Pearson (1857-1936), mathematician and scientist. Author of The Grammar of Science (1892).

p. 171 Miss Hudson

She was visiting Bryn Mawr College from Newnham College, Cambridge. In her letter of 20 April 1911, Lucy expresses concern over the students' results in the "Culture Papers". Her self-consciousness was aggravated by Miss Hudson who, as Lucy writes to Russell, was "absorbed in a catalogue of our weaknesses."

p. 171 Leo Maxse in the National Review

Leopold James Maxse (1864-1932), editor of the National Review. In 1899, when he was offered a position as editor for a colonial paper he responded, "I must stay in England to warn people of the German danger."

p. 171 Parliament Bill...Lloyd George's Insurance scheme

On 15 May 1911 the Parliament Act was passed and eliminated the House of Lords' veto over parliamentary legislation. See Russell's 1910 statement, "Address to the Bedford Liberal Association", for his belief in stringent control over power given to the House of Lords. (Collected Papers 12: 294)

p. 172 Alys...has lost her mother

Hannah Whitall Smith (1832-1911), a staunch Quaker who preached and wrote on religious enlightenment. Her book, The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life was published in 1875.

p. 172-3 I am shocked about Miss Scott, & amused at your all breaking out in Carey's absence.

Lucy reports the incident to Russell:

Miss Thomas arrives tonight and it is high time she was here. Everyone, from the students to Miss Scott, is showing themselves "as they are", breaking out in the strangest ways, doing the most unheard of things and holding the most heretical opinions. It is amusing to observe but the place is losing its unity faster than one would have believed possible. I have had a sad disillusionment in Miss Scott, whose autocracy & injustice & rudeness I had never realized before.
(20 April 1911)

p. 173 Gilbert's Nefrekeptta...Oedipus

The Story of Nefrekepta from a demonic papyrus put into verse by Gilbert Murray (Oxford: Clarendon Press) 1911.

Oedipus, King of Thebes translated by Gilbert Murray (London: George Allen & Sons) 1911.

p. 177 Écrasez l'infâme

Voltaire's famous war-cry, translates as "Crush the infamous thing!".

p. 177 I read your literature paper with interest

Enclosed with this letter is a copy of a Bryn Mawr College Exam on Major English Poets with questions on Shelley, Keats and Byron.

p. 177 Karin

See Flexner note p. 101.

p. 177 Scotchman named Laird

Unidentified

p. 178 Alys & I are going to live apart

See Flexner note pp. 4, 13.

p. 178 Ray is married

Ray (née Costelloe) Strachey (1887-1940), daughter of Mary Pearsall Smith (Mrs. Bernard Berenson) and Russell's niece. She married Oliver Strachey on 31 May in Cambridge.

p. 178 I am writing a Shilling Shocker on philosophy

The Problems of Philosophy (1912)

p. 179 You must imagine me...

His rooms in Nevile's Court, Trinity College, Cambridge.

P. 180 I have just finished my book for the Middle West

He completed The Problems of Philosophy (1912) late in July.

p. 180 My main plan...a big book on Theory of Knowledge

Only part of this work, Theory of Knowledge was published

and appeared in The Monist in a series of six articles. A full discussion of the origins of his thought for this work is in Theory of Knowledge: The 1913 Manuscript (Collected Papers Vol. 7)

p. 182 Wildon Carr

Herbert Wildon Carr (1857-1931), secretary of Aristotelian Society.

p. 182 host in one of Peacock's novels

Thomas Love Peacock (1785-1866), English novelist. The hosts in his novels, Crotchet Castle (1831), and Gryll Grange (1861), for example, are bland characters whose sole purpose is to be hospitable to their guests.

p. 182 Bergson...Shaw...Younghusband

Henri Bergson (1859-1941), French philosopher.

Shaw--See Flexner note p. 124.

Sir Francis Edward Younghusband (1863-1942), diplomatist, explorer, geographer.

p. 183 McTaggart

John McTaggart Ellis McTaggart (1866-1925), philosopher at Trinity College, Cambridge.

p. 183 Zangwill & Wallas

Zangwill--See Flexner note p. 74.

Graham Wallas (1858-1932), political psychologist.

p. 184 the American Realists

The "six realists" were; E.B. Holt, W.T. Marvin, W.P. Montague, R.B. Perry, W.B. Pitkin and E.G. Spaulding. The movement of the New Realists started with their article "The Program & First Platform of Six Realists" (1910) which appeared in The Journal of Philosophy. Russell writes on 26 May 1914 to Lady Ottoline Morrell:

I have persuaded Perry & he has persuaded the other "six realists" that logic is the important thing, & they are all going to try & learn it. That is one of the things I hoped to achieve here, so I am glad it has happened.

p. 185 Your California victory

Lucy explains the nature of the victory: "You will have read of our suffrage victory last week in California. We are of course very jubilant & have good reason to believe that Oregon & Wisconsin are likely to follow California's lead. Mrs Pankhurst is to speak here on the 20th & is gaining more & more influence with the American leaders."
(15 October 1911)

p. 185 Insurance Bill

This bill became The National Insurance Act, 1911, and gave medicare for people who earned less than £2 per week.

p. 185 Winston is an ardent Jingo, Lloyd George is becoming one...India is difficult & the Italian-Turkish war is horrible

Sir Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill (1874-1965), statesman. He was, at this time, the first lord of the Admiralty (1911-15) and worked to bring the navy to readiness which consisted of creating a naval war staff.

Lloyd George, David [1st Earl Lloyd George of Dwyfor] (1863-1945), Prime Minister 1916-22.

In India, from 1905-11, the Partition of Bengal under the rule of the British Viceroy Lord Curzon (ruled 1898-1905) created a Muslim majority in East Bengal which sparked protest.

The Italo-Turkish War or Tripolitan War (1911-12) resulted in the establishment of a Libyan colony on the North African coast by Italy. As a policy of its colonial expansion Italy sought a North African colony and won the approval of its plan from major European powers. On September 29, 1911, because of the Moroccan Crisis of 1911, Italy declared war on Turkey and involved the province of Tripoli. Under General Carlo Canerra, Tripoli and other coastal towns were taken but resistance from Libya prevented a complete conquest. During April and May 1912 Italy closed the Dardanelles and captured Rhodes and the Dodecanese Islands. The threat of war in the Balkans forced the Turks to negotiate the Treaty of Lausanne which ended war on 18 October 1912, in Italy's favour.

p. 185 Yeats

William Butler Yeats (1865-1939), Irish poet whom Russell

met at the Davies' home in Ireland. The reference to Yeats is in response to Lucy's comment:

I dined & talked late into the evening with Yeats on Thursday who was speaking to my students on the Celtic movement & reading his poems to them. He was fatter & less dishevelled & less full of conversation about fairies & green elephants than Mr. Murray's good stories had led me to expect. But of course I much enjoyed talking with him & hearing about Ireland.--He said himself, in fact, that at the moment he is nothing but an advertisement for the Irish players. I liked his generosity of spirit--he gave the credit for all the best work at every turn to others, indeed of his own poems & dramas to Lady Gregory. (15 October 1911)

p. 187 Kallen & Sheffer

Horace Meyer Kallen (1882-1974), German born professor at The New School for Social Research in New York.

Henry Maurice Sheffer (1883-1964), logician who taught at Harvard.

p. 187 the 6 realists

See note p. 184.

p. 188 account of Zimmerman

In her letter of 8 January 1912, Lucy describes the incident:

...Mr. Zimmerman so blissfully enthusiastic over his month in New York that I had not the heart to attempt disillusionment but let him praise the dirty streets & January election methods & exalt as we walked about in the autumn sunshine over his lunch with Roosevelt in the Outlook office on beefsteak and icecream--Roosevelt was shaking his fist at a man as he entered--and over the friendships he had made with cab drivers in Union Square as he had never been able to do in any London Square. He was not really saying anything but simply feeling the bliss of being out of Oxford & the superficial freedom of a democracy. I should much like to talk with him after he has been in the country for a year.

pp. 191-7 27 Feb. '12...March 26 1912

Russell's third wife, Patricia (Peter) Helen Spence (1910-), whom he married in 1936 and divorced in 1952 wrote several comments on these two letters probably during 1948-9 when Russell was in receipt of his letters to Lucy Donnelly.

She underlines and puts a superscript "1" to the line in the second paragraph: "Some voice very deep down whispered to me that it was play-acting" The footnote which appears at the bottom of the page reads "No doubt, practice in hypocrisy silenced the still small voice long ago." The next sentence, "You will of course keep this to yourself." is underlined and a superscript "2" appears at the beginning of it. The note at the bottom of the page reads, "Unfortunately everyone always was, disloyalty was your prerogative." On page 192 the sentence in the third paragraph, "It seems shocking that I should be so happy in the separation, which has caused Alys a great deal of pain." contains an asterick at the beginning and a superscript "2" at the end. The note which is written below the sentence reads "Did it this time?" and "No doubt but at least you had left her alone physically. She had not that horror." The next sentence, "But the release from the nervous strain & the tax on vitality of the last 10 years has made me quite a different person, younger & gayer & more alive; I read books worth reading now, instead of endless detective stories; & I no longer have a craving for excitement." is also underlined and the comment which appears directly after the sentence reads, "The same now no doubt, but not for long this time."

The set of next comments are on the letter dated 26 March 1912. One sentence in the second paragraph is underlined, it reads, "I should have to be either insincere or unkind if I saw very much of her <Helen>; probably I should be insincere at first, & then suddenly unkind." The comment after this sentence reads "How true (P.H.R.) & how horrible." The final comment is in the same paragraph. The phrase, "I value her friendship a good deal" is underlined and a question mark appears after it.

p. 192 a paper on Bergson to write

"The Philosophy of Bergson", Monist, Vol. 22 (July 1912) 321-47.

p. 195 Austrian pupil

Ludwig Wittgenstein (1889-1951), philosopher who was

Russell's student at this time. His pioneering work on the philosophy of language rests largely in his study, Tractatus Logico-philosophicus (1921).

p. 196...the last exploits of your friends the Pankhursts

On 1 March Mrs. Pankhurst, Christabel's mother, and other members of the WSPU damaged government property at No. 10 Downing Street. Approximately 150 women destroyed property in a number of London streets. This occurred again on 4 March in Knightsbridge, Kensington, High St. and Brompton Road.

p. 196 The paper on Bergson to the "Heretics"...

The "Heretics" were a Cambridge discussion group.

p. 198 bad time at Dieppe

In a letter dated 27 July 1912 Lucy elaborates on her problems:

It was a happiness, a great happiness, to have your letter, for until it came I had the sense one does have after a hard parting of being--eternally separate from you. Eternally is Shelley's adverb rather than mine but it expresses my feelings very perfectly. Of course it has been a bad time but that I reckoned with & was ready to meet, & the responsibility after all is mine, not yours. You should feel no sense of guilt. Only yesterday, as I was walking on the cliffs & remembered all the long walks I had gone with you, a great joy, like a great wave, swept over me,--in you & all you are & all the years I have known you & our friendship that stands, I hope firm always. The pain is a little thing beside such an emotion, such a great good, at that--I wonder too if you would understand me, if I said you give me all I want, but perhaps you cannot. It is of no moment in any case....Helen & I have little to say to each other on our walks; I do not know whether after all you have come between us in some subtle way, or Helen is absorbed in her children & I in my own matters of concern, or even that Helen feels as I do.

p. 198 What you tell me of Alys

Lucy informs him that: "You may like to hear that Grace Worthington writes Helen of the change for the better in Alys since last summer. Grace finds her very well, very natural & very interested in everything that is going on about her." (27 July 1912)

p. 198 I did not know at all that she had been softened by our meeting...Arthur Dakyns must have told her...

Russell and Arthur Dakyns were at the Russian ballet in Covent Garden where they accidentally encountered Karin Costelloe and Alys. In several letters to Lady Ottoline Morrell Russell explains the incident:

...she <Alys> looked haggard and in torture--as she passed she gave me a look which was intended to pierce my heart, & did so...I was very much upset, especially by the 2nd meeting. I walked on a few steps, & then had to lean against the railings for some time...

Also, on 1 August 1912 he writes:

Our eyes met before I knew she was there. She has a terrible hold on me still. Her power of making me suffer infuriates me against her, but it persists all the same. There is something that never dies if one has cared deeply for a person...There is nothing for me but to forget her--only having lived with her so long it is hard.

He still dwells on the incident weeks later:

I had a letter from Lucy Donnelly (which I will send) saying she has seen Alys and that Alys spoke of her meeting with me and she was greatly distressed of course by it and above all by having distressed you by her weeping in the street, but it had somehow broken her resentment and done her good at heart." I suppose Arthur Dakyns must have told her how distressed I was. It is a comfort. (4 September 1912)

For Arthur Dakyns--See note p. 95

p. 199 my Austrian

Wittgenstein went to Ireland and Norway with his friend, David Pinsent, a Cambridge student. See also p. 195.

p. 200 DeLaguana

Both Grace Mead Andus DeLaguana and her husband, Theodore, were professors of philosophy at Bryn Mawr College.

p. 200 My Aristotelian paper was criticized rather severely

On 4 November 1912 Russell delivered a paper, "The Notion of Cause" to the Aristotelian Society.

p. 201 After that I read a paper on Matter at Cambridge; Prof Montague...

William Pepperell Montague (1873-1953), American realist philosopher. Russell describes the entire event to Lady Ottoline Morrell:

My paper on Matter last night was not a success, it was much too difficult. No one except Wittgenstein understood it at all. Moore was there but hardly spoke; so was Hardy, and Desmond. Everybody had hoped for jokes and there were hardly any. I myself was not dissatisfied--I thought there were many good ideas, still a little crude from newness, & too condensed, and none of them yet in a really clear or conclusive form but I see the materials in it for something important. Mr. William Pepperell Montague (the American Realist whom I met at dinner about a fortnight ago) was present, & provided comic relief by being an absolutely unspeakable fool. I itched to turn him into ridicule, but only yielded once to the temptation. He is pompous, pig-headed, & prolix; when one asks him for a definition, he makes a speech instead; he has apparently not even a wish to be clear. He came to tea with me & we had nearly 2 hours argument. He was really dreadfully stupid. But I did at last manage to persuade him of an error in his contribution to the book of the 6 realists. (October/November 1912)

p. 201 Dorothy Lamb

Lucy describes her in a letter dated December 1912, "Dorothy Lamb I like: she is very spirited & sincere & unconventional & takes Bryn Mawr very kindly & intelligently, though she finds of course "little to do but work".

p. 201 attempt to re-write "Forstice"

"The Perplexities of John Forstice" (Collected Papers 12: 123).

p. 203 Miss Parkhurst

Helen Huss Parkhurst (1887-1959), educator. At this time she was a Bryn Mawr post-graduate student in philosophy.

p. 203 no longer on the Newnham Council

See note p. 60.

p. 204 Malebranche

Nicolas Malebranche (1638-1715), French philosopher, scientist and Roman Catholic priest who was influenced by the works of Descartes. He attempted to reconcile Cartesian philosophy with that of St. Augustine.

p. 204 They must "to destiny hold unbewailed their way"

Shakespeare Antony and Cleopatra (Act 3, sc. 6, l. 84).

p. 204 I am much excited by your Tariff question

The Underwood Tariff became effective in October 1913 and represented the first real and consistent reductions since the tariffs of 1846 and 1857.

p. 204 C.D. Burns

Cecil Delisle Burns (1879-1942), philosopher who was educated at Cambridge. From 1908-15 he was a University Extension Lecturer at Oxford, Cambridge and London.

p. 206 Mrs. James Ward

Mary Ward was the honorary secretary of the Cambridge Women's Suffrage Association.

p. 206 Santayana's Winds of Doctrine

Winds of Doctrine: Studies in Contemporary Opinion (London: J.M. Dent & Sons Ltd.) 1913. A large section of this book, part IV, deals exclusively with Russell's philosophy.

p. 207 Karin is publishing a reply to it in the Monist

Her paper was entitled "What Bergson means by

Interpretation" and was published as "An Answer to Mr. Bertrand Russell's Article on the Philosophy of Bergson" in The Monist Vol. 24, No. I (Jan. 1914) 145-55. Years later she published The Misuse of Mind: a Study of Bergson's Attack on Intellectualism (1922). See also Flexner note p. 101.

p. 207 reading Burnet on pre-Platonic philosophers

John Burnet (1863-1928), classical scholar at St. Andrews in Edinburgh. He is author of the critical edition of the whole works of Plato published between 1900-13; he also wrote Early Greek Philosophy (1892).

p. 207 Heraclitus says "It is hard to fight against the heart's desire, but whatever it strives for is purchased at the cost of the soul."

Heraclitus (c.540-c.480 B.C.), Greek philosopher of Ephesus. The lines are quoted in Russell's chapter "Heraclitus" in A History of Western Philosophy (1945).

p. 209 Wiener

Norbert Wiener (1894-1964), mathematician and creator of cybernetics. Russell writes a lengthy description of this meeting in a letter to Lady Ottoline Morrell dated 26 September 1913.

p. 209 Wittgenstein

Wittgenstein did carry out his plans of seclusion during the latter part of 1913 by living at a farm in Skoden, Norway and later in a hut where he lived in complete solitude. See also note p. 199.

p. 210 a visit I paid to Conrad

The September 10th visit was arranged by Lady Ottoline Morrell. See Karl's biography on Conrad for a brief account of the relationship between the two men.

p. 210 He admires Turgenev, tolerates Tolstoy, & dislikes Dostoevsky...Arnold Bennett...Galsworthy

A brief account of Conrad's attitude towards the Russian novelists Fyodor Dostoyevsky (1821-1881), Leo Tolstoy (1828-1919) and Ivan Turgenev (1818-1883) as well as his thoughts on Arnold Bennett (1867-1931), John Galsworthy (1867-1933) and Henry James (1843-1916) can be found in Karl's biography Joseph Conrad: The Three Lives (1979).

p. 212 Carey's feeling a difficulty about asking me officially

In a holograph note about M. Carey Thomas Russell elaborates on this:

Carey Thomas, President of Bryn Mawr, would not have me give a public lecture there, out of loyalty to her cousin Alys. But I gave a lecture in Lucy Donnelly's room, to as many as it would hold.

p. 213 Miss Thomas's operation

Lucy writes: "Miss Thomas at present is in the Johns Hopkins Hospital recovering from a very serious operation. She came back this autumn so lame the operation was the only hope of her walking again...The operation was successful beyond even the doctor's hopes & she is convalescing so well we hope for her back here in December." (28 October 1913)

p. 213 Wilson & Mexico

Woodrow Thomas Wilson (1856-1924), President of the United States, 1913-21. Russell refers to the civil war in Mexico. President Wilson refused to recognize the Huerta government and adopted a policy of "watchful waiting". In April 1914 after a minor incident with American sailors in Tampico, and with the approach of a shipment of German arms, facilities at Vera Cruz were seized by American forces.

p. 215 Perry

Ralph Barton Perry (1876-1957), professor of philosophy at Harvard. In 1911 he invited Russell to lecture at Harvard but this offer was refused. Santayana was in England in early 1912 and the offer was renewed and accepted.

p. 216 "Chance"

Conrad's Chance was published in 1914.

p. 216 Poor old Bryce!

James Bryce, South America; observations and impressions (New York: MacMillan Company) 1913. Lucy writes to Russell about reading Bryce's travel book: "Now I am jogging through Bryce's South America, though I am more interested in the man behind the book & in reflecting on the fine types England produces than often in the book itself." (8 February 1914)

p. 217 ...to Conrad & get him to tell me what to do with it
In his letter to Russell dated 22 December 1913 Conrad
referred to the essay as "a gift from the Gods".

p. 217 I am reading a paper to a phil¹ Club in New York
His "The Relation of Sense-Data to Physics" (1914) was read
to members of the Philosophical Club of Columbia. It was
published in Scientia, 16 (July 1914) and included in
Mysicism and Logic and Other Essays (1918). (It is also
included in Collected Papers 8: 3)

p. 217 Miller

Dickinson Sergeant Miller (1868-1963), instructor of
philosophy at Bryn Mawr College from 1893-98. He was an
instructor at Harvard 1899-1904 and he also taught at
Columbia until his retirement.

p. 217 Max Beerbohm's Walt "exhorting the bird of freedom
to soar"

Sir Henry Maxmilian Beerbohm (1872-1956), critic,
caricaturist. The caption below the caricature reads,
"Walt Whitman, inciting the bird of freedom to soar." It
is included in his The Poets' Corner (1904).

p. 218 Blake's verse "The only man I ever knew"

William Blake (1757-1827), English poet. The title of the
poem is On Friends & Foes [on Fuseli], and was written
1807-10. The verse Russell refers to reads:

The only man that e'er I knew
Who did not make me almost spew
Was Fuseli: he was both Turk and Jew
And so, dear Christian friends, how do you do?

p. 221 President Lowell

Abbott Lawrence Lowell (1856-1943), president of Harvard
from 1909-1933.

p. 221 Miss (or Mrs?) Sergeant

Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant (1881-1965), American writer.
She was a student of Lucy and Helen's and contributed to
the New Republic.

p. 223 Ralph Browne

Lucy explains:

I enclose, a little note that came to Marion Crane, scholar in philosophy here & my reader. The man who wrote it was brought up with her in a New England village, but as his father ("Buddy" of the Note) spent his time philosophizing & inventing machines he could not get patented, the boy Ralph Browne, had to put himself through Harvard. I believe he did very well but somehow just after graduating involved himself with an Irish maid-servant in a boarding house & felt he must marry her. He now holds a clerkship, or something humble & unintellectual, by which he supported the old father, the Irish wife & 3 children, & spends all his odd time reading the books that are left him of all his hopes, & writing to Marion whom he meant to have married. (26 March 1914)

p. 223 Mrs Jack Gardner

Isabella Stuart Gardner (1840-1924), prominent art collector who became an agent for her own museum. Her monetary support helped Bernard Berenson with his studies in Florence. In reply to Russell's remark, Lucy comments: "Mrs Jack Gardiner <sic> is 80, isn't she? What should she do but sleep? Even you will sleep at 80!" (3 April 1914)

p. 224 Reids...Morleys

Harry Fielding Reid (1859-1944), geologist at Johns Hopkins University. Lucy describes his wife, Edith Gittings as "an important Baltimorean" and a "professional charmer".

Frank Morley (1860-1937), professor of mathematics at the Johns Hopkins University. In 1889 he married Janet Bird.

p. 224 Nelson...Dizzy...Lord Chatham

Viscount Horatio Nelson (1758-1805), British naval commander who defeated the French in the Battle of the Nile in 1798. He was killed in the Battle of Trafalgar, in which the French fleet was destroyed.

Disraeli--He was nicknamed "Dizzy". See note p. 93.

William Pitt [1st earl of Chatham] (1708-1778), English statesman influential in making England an imperial power and led England during the 7 Years' War 1756-63 which gave England vast territory including Canada.

p. 225 Mrs Gerould's letter

A letter from Katherine Gerould is enclosed in Lucy Donnelly's letter of 26 April 1914. Russell adds the following note to Gerould's letter: "This is a young lady novelist who lives with Mrs. Hodder & whom I knew in Oxford 5 years ago." Lucy writes: "I send also a sheet from Katherine Gerould about your Princeton visit that gave me pleasure. The allusion to Logan at the end, is due to his continued friendliness to her and an admiration she has always rather exaggerated on her part for him because, I have guessed, she felt she had failed to make it out with you at Oxford. But poor Logan always loses in the end!" See also Flexner note p. 77.

p. 225 Mr. & Mrs. Gerald Stanley Lee

Gerald Stanley Lee (1862-1944), author. He married Jennette Barbour Perry in 1896. To Lady Ottoline Morrell Russell writes, on 27 April 1914:

I enjoyed seeing the Flexners in New York--I have always found a great deal of charm in Helen, & I still do--I bade her a very affectionate farewell (I shan't see her again) & then went on to a women's college named "Smith", 4 hours from New York & from here, where I stayed with Goldie's friend Gerald Stanley Lee...Lee & his wife were dreadful--sentimental & woolly, awful bores, & always putting before me ideas so utterly silly that I didn't know how to contain myself. He has written a book called "Inspired Millionaires" & one on Crowds. He dresses like an artist & thinks he is one. She is a successful novelist & thinks him an ass (which he is) & herself a woman of profound intuition (which she isn't) I had undertaken to stay till Sunday evening as they live in beautiful country & promised me a walk in the mountains but as it pelted all day that was impossible. Both there & at Bryn Mawr people spoke of the bad effect it has on men to teach women, because women are so receptive that the men get dogmatic & soft--& I saw sad examples at both places among the men I met. Segregating women is madness--another sacrifice for charity...

p. 227 Greek pupil Demos

Raphael Demos (1892-1968), later became a professor of philosophy at Harvard.

p. 227 Mr Conner...Miss Scott

Both Dr. Charlotte Scott and Dr. James Ryals Conner were professors of Mathematics at Bryn Mawr. Lucy writes, on 3 May 1914:

...our mathematician, Mr. Conner, paid me a special visit that delighted me. He came just to thank me for having asked him to hear you speak & to say he had never heard anything like it, or "so red hot" in his life. He has, also, aroused Miss Scott to such envy--she was ill in her bed & could not come--that she is thoroughly vexed at having missed your visit & somehow determined to make it out my fault. But I disapprove Miss Scott & am indifferent to her tempers.

p. 227 Fuller

Benjamin Apthorp Gould Fuller (b. 1879), professor of philosophy. He earned his B.Sc. at Oxford and was a contributor to the Hibbert Journal, the Harvard Theological Review and The Journal of Philosophy.

p. 227 Eliot

Thomas Stearns Eliot (1888-1965), poet, critic. Eliot's poem "Mr Appolinax" is based on Russell.

p. 228 the new Anatole France

Anatole France [pseud. of Jaques Anatole Thibault] (1844-1924), French novelist, poet and critic. Possibly, The Revolt of the Angels (1914).

p. 228 the new edition of Blake

The Poetical Works of Blake. Edited with an introduction and textual notes by John Sampson, (London: Oxford University Press; New York: H. Milford) 1914. This edition includes the unpublished "French Revolution" which Russell refers to in his next letter.

p. 229 You can keep the mysticism & logic forever

The article "Mysticism and Logic" was published in The Hibbert Journal, 12 (July 1914) 780-803.

p. 231 Helen Dudley's people in Chicago

Russell also wrote to Lady Ottoline Morrell about his visit:

...I stay with some people named Dudley, whose daughter I used to know at Oxford. He turns out to be a very eminent surgeon. I knew nothing about them beyond having met the daughter when I accepted the invitation. I am told she writes--when I knew her she tried to, but with quite amazing lack of success. (23 May 1914)

Although Russell writes casually about the visit he had an affair with Helen Dudley. His fluctuating emotions towards her are revealed in his letters to Lady Ottoline Morrell. By the end of June he remarks:

I am less fond of H.D. than I have tried to persuade myself that I was; her affection for me has made me do my utmost to respond. This has brought with it an overestimate of her writing. (23 June 1914)

p. 232 Dora Sanger's uncle
See note p. 53.

p. 232 "Ach nein, das haben wir ja alles viel besser in Frankfurt."
"Oh no, we have all this much better in Frankfurt."

p. 232 My brother is getting divorced
Frank [the Earl Russell] divorced his second wife Mrs. Marion (Mollie) Somerville. His third wife was Countess Elizabeth Von Arnim.

p. 233 "The Hill of Dreams" by Machen
Arthur Machen (1863-1947), Welsh novelist. The Hill of Dreams was published in 1907, ten years after it was written.

p. 233 Miss Garrett's operation
In 1912 her chronic illness was diagnosed as leukemia.

p. 234 L.^y Constance Lytton's book
On 8 July 1914 Lucy informs Russell she is reading Lady

Constance Lytton's book, Prisons and Prisoners (1914), an indictment of prison conditions and a plea for reform.

p. 234 ...you are right about the lack of surprises

Russell's response is in reply to Lucy's comment:

I can quite understand your happiness in getting back to England--to "the complexities and classifications of Europe." I sigh for them myself in my own way. Still, isn't your sense of the lack of surprises in America what one mostly feels about a strange country? I know I have felt it again & again in your very Europe--I supposed because my understanding & observation were necessarily so short & superficial that everything seemed merely typical & characteristic to me. I believe I have felt it in Oxford beyond any place in the world.--You see I am jealous for America after all & do want you not to say with your German that everything is much better done at Frankfurt.
(8 July 1914)

p. 235 your Shelley...Wordsworth

Lucy writes to Russell about her work in progress:

I am deep in Wordsworth, doing a companion essay to my Shelley. I wish he had not the wrong opinions on every subject, Reform Bill, Catholic Emancipation, Dissenting at Cambridge, Infant Schools, & all the rest. To keep sympathy with him one should never go beyond the decade of his best poems. However, I am making out some amusing things about him and he is nice about your College: "But there can be no doubt but that the noblest field for an ambitious, industrious, properly qualified & clever youth is Trinity College. (8 July 1914)

p. 235 the view...that Peacock gives

Peacock ridicules the Romantics in his novels, for example in Melincourt (1817) and Nightmare Abbey (1818) the Lake Poets are taken to task for ignoring their social role as writers.

p. 235 Lamb

Charles Lamb (1775-1834), English essayist whose circle of friends included Coleridge and Wordsworth. The source of Lamb's phrase is unknown.

p. 235 I am sorry for what you say of Miss Garrett
Lucy informs Russell:

Miss Garrett's operation was very severe & her life despaired of for a number of days but she is now recovering very slowly at the John Hopkins Hospital. Still, there is little hope for the future as on removing the spleen they found the blood disease very far advanced & also signs of tuberculosis. This is entirely confidential please, unless Simon & Helen tell you themselves. (8 July 1914)

p. 235 I went to see Conrad
Russell describes his relationship with Conrad in his autobiography (216-19).

p. 236 Conrad has just finished a novel
He completed Victory in June. In early 1914 "Munsey's Magazine" purchased the serial of the novel.

p. 237 the enclosed
"Rights of the War", Russell's letter to the Nation, 15 August 1914.

p. 238 Marsh, who is Winston's private secretary
Sir Edward Howard Marsh (1872-1953), civil servant. He was Russell's friend from college. In 1905 he became Sir Winston Churchill's private secretary and remained in that position for 23 years.

p. 239 I don't remember the incident at Chicago
Lucy writes about the incident:

I must go on to another page to tell you that a Chicago Mrs. Barling who was staying at the Hamiltons too, told me of the pleasure you gave her set by snubbing, at a dinner at the Dudleys, a smart woman who has too long posed as Chicago's literary dictator to them. I have forgotten her name--Janet Fairbanks, perhaps?--but when she told you she should read your books if she liked you, you replied that they would be much too hard for her, to the infinite joy of her friends & the paying off of many scores. (August 1914)

p. 240 ...your letter with Dr. Eliot's article

Dr. Charles William Eliot (1834-1926), president of Harvard from 1869-1909. His article was entitled "America & the Issue of European War" and appeared in The New York Times on 2 October 1914.

p. 240 DeLaguana

See note p. 200.

p. 240 Maeterlinck & Gilbert Murray & Robert Bridges

On 14 September 1914, Maurice Maeterlinck wrote an article for the Daily Mail in which he emphasized that "war guilt" must be borne not only by the Prussian militarist but by the German people as a whole. On 10 October 1914 he visited England and spoke at Newcastle-upon-Tyne against the violation of Belgian neutrality.

The disagreement with Murray about the war would develop into a serious dispute over the next few years. In the chapter, "A Fifty Six Year Friendship", of Murray's An Unfinished Autobiography (1960) Russell writes:

When the First World War broke out in 1914, he and I took different sides. He supported Sir Edward Grey, whose policy I passionately repudiated. I thought, and still think, that Britain ought to have remained neutral. He published a pamphlet in defence of the Government, and I published a polemical attack on his pamphlet...at the time, as we both felt very strongly our differences of opinion caused a certain estrangement. (209)

The pamphlet Murray wrote was "The Foreign Policy of Sir E. Grey, 1906-1915" (1915) and Russell's response was, "The Policy of the Entente, 1904-1914, A Reply to professor Gilbert Murray" and was published early in December 1915. (Russell's pamphlet is reproduced in Collected Papers Vol. 13)

Robert Bridges (1844-1930), poet. In 1913 he was poet laureate. Russell objected to Bridges' support of the war. In a letter to his sister dated 27 August 1914, Bridges writes, "...it is certain that if we had not joined in the issue now, we should have been both morally and materially in a far worse position after it." (The Selected Letters of Robert Bridges 2: 651)

p. 242 The pamphlet you write about

"War: the Offspring of Fear" was the third in a series of U.D.C. pamphlets.

p. 242 "Union of Democratic Control"...Ponsonby, N. Angell, E.D. Morel, Ramsey MacDonald & Charles Trevelyan
See Flexner note p. 125.

p. 243 My pamphlet...meant for a magazine article
His pamphlet, "War: the Offspring of Fear", was initially written for The Contemporary Review.

p. 243 Gilbert Murray is a snivelling...
See note p. 240.

p. 243 Oxford historians' book on the war...the French Yellow Book
This could be a reference to members of the Oxford Faculty of Modern History who wrote a series of 87 pamphlets supporting the British war effort.

The French Yellow Book (1918) is the authoritative source for the early history of the Franco-Russian Alliance.

p. 244 Edith Hamilton
Lucy writes to Russell about her friend, Edith Hamilton:

Edith is going to a famous consultant just before Christmas with her sister Margaret who had been puzzlingly ill for sometime, found by chance that she herself was even more seriously in danger & was immediately obliged to have a severe operation. It is just the thing one dreads most in the world and I cannot write about it. She is one of the three or four people I most love & admire & I have now always to live with that terrible fear for the future. However she is so brave & spirited, I must be too.-- Well their mother, old & frail, was at the time just recovering from pneumonia, the rest of their family were in the far west & I was the person to help them out...I spent the Christmas vacation absorbed in illness & when she could leave her hospital brought Edith back to my quiet flat for an after cure.
(5 February 1915)

p. 244 a controversy I am having in the "Camb. Review"
The prolonged dispute began with his article, "Can England and Germany be Reconciled After the War?" The Cambridge

Review, 36 (10 Feb. 1915) 186. The article proposed an international navy to replace the British fleet. As a result of letters from E.E.C. Jones, J.H. Clapham, J.K. Mozley and W.R. Sorley Russell responded in another article, "Mr. Russell's Reply to his Critics" The Cambridge Review, 36 (24 Feb. 1915) 218-9. Russell continued the controversy in, "The Reconciliation Question" which appeared in The Cambridge Review, 36 (10 March 1915) 250-1. All of the articles are in Vol. 13 of Collected Papers.

p. 244 Miss Crane

Marion D. Crane (Mrs Charles A. Carroll) (1885-1959), was at the time a student in philosophy. Lucy asked Russell's advice about whether or not she should go to Cambridge under war conditions to work with Russell or stay at Cornell where she was engaged in her studies.

p. 246 Gilbert Cannan, "Windmills"

Gilbert Cannan (1884-1955), novelist, dramatist & critic. His Windmills: A Book of Fables was published in 1915. See S.P. Rosenbaum's article, "Gilbert Cannan and Bertrand Russell: an addition to the logic of a literary symbol" Russell: the Journal of the Bertrand Russell Archives 21-22 (Spring-Summer 1976) 16-25.

p. 246 Miss Addams

Jane Addams (1860-1935), social reformer and peace activist. She was chairperson of the Woman's Peace Party in the United States. In April of 1915 she was chosen president of the International Congress of Women at The Hague. The Congress called for mediation between nations in hopes of ending war. Russell writes to Lady Ottoline Morrell about Jane Addams: "I am sure I am right about Miss Addams. I have some instinct against joining with her, which I tried to ignore, but I can't. In my heart of hearts, I am much less impressed by her than I meant to be. I don't really believe in the feasibility of her plans." (8 July 1915)

p. 247 Miss Garrett's death must be a great loss to Carey...her taking up with Harold

Lucy informs Russell on 9 April 1915:

Miss Garrett died April 3 very peacefully at the last and has left practically all her property to Miss Thomas. Miss Thomas is of course terribly tired and sad with immense power of living &

p. 248 Lao Tze & Chuang Tzu...story of the augur & the pigs
Lao-Tze was a Chinese philosopher of the 6th century B.C. who is said to be the founder of Taoism and the author of Tao-Te-Ching. Chuang Tzu lived during the third and fourth centuries before Christ. The story of "The Grand Augur and the Pigs" appears in Giles' translation of the works of Chuang Tzu, Chuang Tzu: Mystic, Moralist and Social Reformer (1889). In the brief story the Grand Augur was prepared to sacrifice life for fame just as pigs think of nothing but eating.

p. 251 published by the Open Court Co.
Justice in War-Time (Chicago, London: The Open Court Pub. Co.) 1916.

p. 251 a set of lectures called "Principles of Social Reconstruction"
He delivered the lectures at Caxton Hall, Westminster in January-February 1916. They were published in the autumn. In America the lectures appeared as Why Men Fight: A Method of Abolishing the International Duel.

p. 251 I read Michelet on Saint Bartholomew
Jules Michelet (1798-1874), 19th century French historian. His life-long work Histoire de France (1833-1867) includes a section entitled "La Saint-Barthelemy".

p. 252 What you say about Helen & the Fräulein
Lucy explains this in her letter of 26 September 1915:

I have had one of the happiest times of my life on this beautiful island with Helen's boys who are better companions than most grown ups. But as their Fraulein says it seems not right for us to be so happy when all Europe is so stricken. The sad thing here is that the boys under this kind "efficient", equable German women are so much better and happier & healthier than with their mother. The transformation is so great everybody is remarking it to my pain. I suppose Helen's over-solicitude & romantic intensity in every day living react unfortunately on the children & so for all her effort & self-sacrifice it is the old story of parents & children again.

enjoying life still left her. She seems likely to fasten on to Harold as a companion--the strangeness of life!--but though he is preparing to go to Japan with her for the summer it is more, I take it from a sense of duty than pleasure.

p. 247 I am publishing an article in "Scientia"

The article is "On Justice in War-Time :An Appeal to the Intellectual of Europe", The International Review, Zurich I, (10 Aug., 1 Sept. 1915) 145-51, 223-30. In a note to this article Russell states that it was to have appeared in Scientia but was withdrawn because Italy joined the war.

p. 248 Nock

Albert Jay Nock (1873?-1945), author, critic, and editor. Russell writes to Lady Ottoline Morrell about meeting Albert Nock:

I there met an American named Nock, who impressed me very much. He is a really complete non-resisting pacifist, but unlike most, he realizes all the passions of ordinary people...He was all against Miss Addams & her schemes--he says she is reviled in Washington as the Pankhursts were in Downing Street, & is about as welcome there as the black plague...Mildred is very devoted to Nock; wherever he goes, she trots after him--Her fear of truth is maddening. (July 1915)

In another letter he elaborates further on his impressions of Nock:

Yesterday I saw Mildred & her American lover Albert Jay Nock. I like him very much. He is an absolute pacifist & was profoundly interested in all I told him about C.O.'s. I tried to get things into his memory, as he is not allowed to take things out of the country. He has been in Scandinavia on American Gov't business. He says the Americans are bitterly hostile to us now, more so than to the Germans--because of Ireland. And he found the same in Scandinavia. (August 1916)

p. 248 How exciting that you think of following Helen & Simon to China

As a result of her 10 months in China & Japan she published an article entitled "The Sage of Shantung" in The New Republic Vol. 20, No. 256 (Oct. 1, 1919) 260-3.

p. 253 You needn't have been afraid about my lectures.

Helen wrote me quite a serious remonstrance

Helen's objections are elaborated upon in her letter of 12 November 1915:

I never meant to have your letter, which reached me before our departure from New York, so long unanswered, but the truth is I was distressed by what you wrote of your proposed radical propaganda, and hated to say so to you in the cold impersonality of a letter. Always my sympathy with you is keen, and it is painful to me to feel that you are entering on a course of action that will surely bring you much trouble and annoyance and that I feel to be also harmful from a public point of view.

p. 253 as they were in France by the Dreyfuss case

Captain Alfred Dreyfuss (1859-1935), charged with treason in 1894, he received a formal pardon in 1899.

p. 254 Harvard has invited me

In January 1916 he was offered and accepted a lectureship in the Philosophy Department at Harvard. He was, however, denied a passport, under the Defence of the Realm Act, on the grounds that he wrote an undesirable pamphlet. The Everlett Leaflet recounted the case of Ernest Everett, a school teacher who was imprisoned for refusing non-combatant duties. The pamphlet stated that Everett was following the dictates of his conscience.

p. 255 Romain Rolland's Life of Michel Angelo

Romain Rolland The Life of Michael Angelo translated from the French by Frederic Lees (London: W. Heinemann) 1912.

p. 256 I cannot write much about my affairs

The government authorities carefully scrutinized his actions and his mail because of his involvement with the No Conscription Fellowship (NCF). He may also have indicated such caution because he was working on a letter to President Wilson which was smuggled into America.

p. 260 The enclosed

Russell started to work on The Analysis of Mind (1921) while he was in Brixton Prison in 1918.

p. 260 Einstein

Albert Einstein (1879-1955), physicist. In 1919 observations of the total eclipse of the sun confirmed Einstein's general theory (1915) which stated that gravity bends light.

p. 261 I go to Holland to see...Wittgenstein

At The Hague they discussed Wittgenstein's Tractatus (1921). See also note p. 195.

p. 263 "The Amberley Papers"

The Amberley Papers 2 Vols. Edited by Bertrand Russell and Patricia Russell (London: George Allen & Unwin) 1937.

p. 264 Miss Finch

Edith Finch (later Russell) (1900-1978), married Russell in 1952.

p. 265 Robert Bruce

Robert Bruce (1274-1329), King and liberator of Scotland. Russell explains this family connection in The Amberley Papers: "The Elliots <Russell's grandmother was Lady Frances Anna Maria Elliot> were a border family, earnest presbyterians ever since the Reformation, and proud of being descended from Robert Bruce, out of respect for whom I was never allowed to kill spiders." (30).

p. 265 Sir Claud Russell

Sir Claud Russell (1871-1959), diplomat, grandson of Lord Arthur Russell who was Amberley's cousin.

p. 268 I am glad you liked my book on Power

Power: A New Social Analysis (London: George Allen & Unwin; New York: W.W. Norton) 1938.

p. 268 Feakins

See Flexner note p. 134.

p. 271 John & Kate

Katharine Jane Tait (1923-) and John Conrad (1921-1987). Their mother was Dora Black whom Russell married in 1921. Kate is the author of My Father Bertrand Russell (1975).

She married Charles Tait an American minister in the Episcopal church. John Conrad Russell was a writer.

p. 271 writing a book on "Words & Facts"

In his autobiography he writes: "Being invited to give a course of lectures at Oxford, I chose as my subject "Words & Facts". The lectures were the first draft of the book published in 1940 under the title An Inquiry into Meaning and Truth.

p. 273 Peter

See note p. 191.

p. 273 Conrad

Conrad Sebastian Robert (1937-), Russell's second eldest son and now the 5th Earl Russell.

p. 273 The Barnes Institute...No university dare contemplate employing me

The Barnes Foundation, located at Merion outside Philadelphia, was founded by Dr. Albert Barnes. Russell's responsibilities with the Foundation began in 1941 and ceased in January 1943. In his autobiography Russell describes the intense enmity towards him by American educational institutions and media in terms of a "witch-hunt". The publication of his Marriage and Morals (1929) may have contributed to the strong public disapproval.

p. 273 Yes I know Newman of John's

Russell responds to a letter that Lucy wrote to his wife, Patricia Russell:

A good many refugees, children with occasionally mothers & nurse have arrived here, though alas, not Edith's & mine. The wife & children of Max Newman of St. John's have come to be with William & Magdalen Flexner at Cornell for the duration of the war. Bertie perhaps may know Newman. He told me once, I remember, that he was a great admirer of Bertie's work. (18 August 1940)

p. 274 the Renoirs...soften Barnes's heart

Lucy refers to Renoir paintings that were part of Dr.

Barnes's collection of French Impressionist art work:

Meanwhile if he has settled on the Barnes Institute for the coming year I hope that you will let me know. It would be a very great pleasure to have you & Bertie <illegible> for I daresay I should be permitted to see you--if not the Renoirs! (18 August 1940)

Lucy writes to Russell informing him of Dr. Barnes' attitude towards the college:

Mr. Barnes of Merion owns a great deal of property in this neighbourhood and should you connect yourself with the Foundation might well be the best person to advise concerning a house. But in making inquiries of course I am strictly not feeding your confidence & proceeding without reference to the Foundation. I ought perhaps to warn you that Mr. Barnes is hostile to the College because of our methods of teaching the history & appreciation of Art--even to the point of not allowing persons attached to Bryn Mawr to see his wonderful pictures! (17 July 1940)

p. 275 Since the New York row I have been prickly

In 1940 a teaching post with the College of the City of New York (under the authority of the Municipality) was offered to Russell and subsequently revoked. A woman brought a suit against the Municipality charging that if her daughter was a student at the boys' college she would be worried that Russell's influence would be detrimental to her daughter's virtue. The case is discussed in The Bertrand Russell Case, edited by John Dewey and Horace M. Kallen, (1941).

p. 276 we are being suddenly shipped off at a moment's notice

There was a problem with ticket arrangements because Peter and Russell received "A" priority tickets but Conrad only "B". Peter wanted to be classified as B in order to accompany her seven year old son Conrad. The problem was solved and Peter left with her son while Russell departed two weeks later.

p. 277 D.S. Robertson

Donald Straun Robertson (1885-1961), professor of Greek at Trinity College, Cambridge from 1909. In July 1916 when Trinity College removed Russell from his lectureship because of his conviction under the Defence of the Realm Act, he was one of several Fellows who protested the decision. He was also one among 27 Fellows who signed a letter in November 1919 to have Russell reinstated.

p. 278 Simon Flexner's death

See Flexner note p. 40.

p. 278 my History of Philosophy

A History of Western Philosophy (New York: Simon and Schuster) 1945.

p. 279 Rabbis Muftis, Jinnah & Nehru & the Italians

Muhammed Ali Jinnah (1876-1948), Indian Muslim lawyer and statesman. He was the founder of Pakistan and first head of Pakistan in 1947.

Jawaharlal Nehru (1889-1964), first Prime Minister of independent India from 1947-1964.

p. 280 autobiography

The three volumes of Russell's autobiography were published consecutively from 1967-9 while he was still alive. He died in 1970.

p. 280 My daughter Kate has just married

See note p. 271

p. 282 Undated letter

This brief note was written during one of Lucy Donnelly's visits during the summer of 1906, the autumn of 1908 or the early winter in 1909. The original letter is at The American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia.

APPENDIX

Appendix

Inventory of Russell's Letters to Helen Thomas Flexner

31 December 1900	3 February 1908
3 July 1901	30 July 1908
30 December 1901	5 October 1908
	28 December 1908
	16 February 1909
31 March 1902	30 July 1909
5 May 1902	27 October 1909
10 June 1902	13 December 1909
27 June 1902	
2 August 1902	10 February 1910
16 September 1902	25 May 1910
14 October 1902	20 August 1910
11 November 1902	15 November 1910
14 December 1902	
	8 January 1911
7 February 1903	17 February 1911
19 March 1903	24 July 1911
13 May 1903	
	21 February 1912
	12 April 1912
18 October 1904	
	29 September 1913
16 May 1905	
24 August 1905	5 January 1914
28 September 1905	14 March 1914
	7 September 1914
15 March 1906	16 November 1914
19 October 1906	
4 December 1906	5 February 1915
	11 May 1915
18 January 1907	
20 March 1907	8 May 1916
23 May 1907	2 November 1916
9 June 1907	
20 July 1907	28 November 1929
4 October 1907	15 December 1929

Saturday Undated

Inventory of Russell's Letters to Lucy Martin Donnelly

23 May	1902 *	18 March	1908
6 July	1902 *	1 April	1908
1 September	1902 *		
25 November	1902 *	Thursday Undated	
7 February	1903 *	7 January	1909
13 April	1903 *	2 May	1909
29 July	1903 *	15 July	1909
		22 July	1909
28 February	1904 *	25 August	1909
29 March	1904 *	18 October	1909
19 May	1904	17 November	1909
25 June	1904		
1 July	1904	2 January	1910
1 August	1904	7 October	1910
15 August	1904 *	23 November	1910
19 August	1904		
19 September	1904	24 January	1911
3 October	1904 *	9 March	1911
3 November	1904	29 April	1911
23 December	1904	8 May	1911
		16 June	1911
		20 August	1911
		28 October	1911
8 February	1905 *		
6 March	1905	21 January	1912
10 April	1905	27 February	1912
13 June	1905 *	26 March	1912
3 August	1905 *	3 September	1912
3 September	1905 *	19 December	1912
10 November	1905 *		
1 January	1906 *		
18 February	1906 *	18 April	1913
21 February	1906	3 July	1913
22 April	1906 *	19 October	1913
9 May	1906	14 November	1913
3 November	1906		
		20 February	1914
18 January	1907	14 March	1914
4 February	1907	20 March	1914
8 March	1907	27 March	1914
23 April	1907	13 April	1914
1 July	1907	29 April	1914
1 September	1907	11 May	1914

26 May	1914	23 May	1937
6 June	1914	12 December	1937
25 June	1914		
24 July	1914	26 May	1938
22 August	1914	2 June	1938
21 October	1914		
14 December	1914	31 January	1939
		29 March	1939
23 February	1915	7 April	1939
7 May	1915	22 December	1939 *
13 July	1915		
31 October	1915	25 August	1940 *
10 February	1916 *	19 April	1941 *
2 November	1916		
		14 May	1944 *
23 March	1917	7 October	1944 *
27 November	1919	23 June	1946 *
3 June	1924	17 March	1948 *
		20 June	1948
25 November	1936		
		Friday	Undated

* Letters that are included, partially or fully, in Russell's autobiography.

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