

developing purely intellectual disorder with characteristic fundamental symptoms was lost among a strangely-assorted company of cases of dementia præcox, delusional mania and melancholia, confusional insanity, the alcoholic psychoses and many others, all having as a prominent symptom, at some time or other, delusions mentally worked up into a system.

As to whether Kraepelin's definition is too restrictive opinions differ. Paranoia thus limited is to many of us a rare form of mental disorder, though it is without doubt met with. A broader conception, which would include cases commencing from non-toxic external causes, such as the querulants, and others presenting limited hallucinatory disorders, but which otherwise comply with Kraepelin's definition, would perhaps be more in accordance with clinical experience, and still be exclusive of cases fundamentally belonging to other groups of the psychoses.

Kraepelin, in the various chapters which follow, deals with the subject on much the same plan as adopted in the previous section of the book. Thus the clinical picture, various forms, the course and issue, frequency, cause, delimitation, diagnosis, and treatment are in turn dealt with with the same clearness, close reasoning, and wealth of detail which is characteristic of his writings.

The few points of criticism we have thought fit to make do not in the least detract from the great value of the book and its essential teachings, and we trust that the reception given to this and its companion volume will be such that will encourage Dr. Barclay to essay further sections of Kraepelin's great work until the whole of it, in this very convenient form, is available to English readers.

Prof. Robertson rightly confines himself to a valuable introduction, which is helpful, especially to those studying Kraepelin for the first time.
J. R. LORD.

The Letters of William James. Edited by his son, HENRY JAMES.
London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1920. Two vols., medium 8vo.
Vol. i, pp. vi + 348, 10 illustrations. Vol. ii, pp. xii + 382,
5 illustrations. Price 42s.

One of the instincts of the animal world is curiosity, and, strange to relate, it increases in proportion as the species rises in the scale of evolution, so that in man we have it at its greatest. It is this instinct which renders information about our fellows of the liveliest interest, and accounts for the fact that most newspapers have a column wherein personal details of men and women are recorded; and is there not a publication called *Mainly About People*?

When a man stands out above the level of the ordinary, any information regarding him becomes all the more desirable, and, when the man in question is a psychologist and one who bases his psychology on introspection, it is imperative from a scientific point of view that we should know what sort of man it was who wrote in this manner. It is for this reason that the letters of William James do more than engage the attention; they are valuable. The title of the book says "letters" only, but the editor has given much more than correspondence, and his notes have made the work practically a "life."

The first question that may reasonably be asked is—"Was James a great man?" It all depends, of course, on the meaning attached to the word "great." His, certainly, was not the greatness of a Jenner or a Lister, which will probably never be forgotten; on the other hand, his influence on contemporary thought was so wide-spread that there can be no doubt he is worthy of the distinction implied in the term. Even now it is impossible to pick up a modern book on psychology without finding therein numerous references to James's *Principles of Psychology*, published in 1890. In some respects he was a pioneer, for he treated the subject of psychology in a manner that was entirely novel, and which more than surprised his older colleagues in this branch of science. Moreover, by his numerous writings, and by his systematic lectures as a Professor at Harvard and the more general occasional ones in different cities and countries, he had a very large following. He certainly stimulated many to take up the study not only of psychology, but of philosophy, and perhaps in some measure prepared the ground for the more practical science of abnormal psychology, which study is so marked a feature of the present age.

William James was descended from North of Ireland Presbyterian stock, which in its turn was probably of Scottish ancestry. His father, Henry James, was a man of independent means. Owing to an accident in his youth, when he was badly burned, one leg was twice amputated above the knee. As a result of this infirmity he was compelled to spend the remainder of his life in towns where the pavements were smooth. He was of a restless disposition, and the family were continually moving from place to place in the States and in Europe. This circumstance naturally interfered with the continuous education of his son, William, who usually dismissed all reference to his schooling with the contemptuous remark that "he never had any." On the other hand he gained a varied amount of instruction, which must have helped in forming the broad outlook on life characteristic of him in his later years.

To return to the father. In his early manhood he studied for the Church at Princeton, but he could not be bound by orthodox opinions, and he left after two years. After this he became for a time sceptical of all systems of religion, but was eventually introduced by a friend to the doctrines of Swedenborg. "By their help he found the relief he needed, and a faith that possessed him ever after with the intensity of revelation." He must have been at times somewhat of a trial to his fellow disciples, for in a letter to the editor of the *New Jerusalem Messenger*, a publication of the sect, the following passage occurs: "I presume its editorials are by you, and while I willingly seized upon every evidence they display of an enlarged spirit, I yet find the general drift of the paper so very poverty-stricken in a spiritual regard, as to make it absolutely the least nutritive reading I know. The old sects are notoriously bad enough, but your sect compares with these very much as a heap of dried cod on Long Wharf in Boston compares with the same fish while still enjoying the freedom of the Atlantic Ocean."

What of the mother? It is distinctly unfortunate that a page only is given up to this subject. "She lived entirely for her husband and children, and they, joking her and teasing her and adoring her, were devoted to her in return." It is a pity that her son Henry has not left

any record of his mother, and when remonstrated with about this, he replied sadly "Oh! my dear Boy—that memory is too sacred!" William James rarely mentioned her after her death, and then always with reverence. "She supplied an element of serenity and discretion to the councils of the family of which they were often in need; and it would not be a mistake to look to her in trying to account for the unusual receptivity of mind and æsthetic sensibility that marked her two older sons."

Another quotation will give an indication of the home life. "Meal times in that pleasant home were exciting. 'The adipose and affectionate Wilky' [William James], as his father called him, would say something, and be instantly corrected or disputed by the little cock-sparrow, Bob, the youngest, but good-naturedly defend his statement, and then Henry (Junior) would emerge from his silence in defence of Wilky. Then Bob would be more impertinently insistent, and Mr. James would advance as Moderator, and William, the eldest, join in. The voice of the Moderator presently would be drowned by the combatants, and he soon came down vigorously into the arena, and when, in the excited argument, the dinner knives might not be absent from eagerly gesticulating hands, dear Mrs. James, more conventional, but bright as well as motherly, would look at me, laughingly reassuring, saying, 'Don't be disturbed; they won't stab each other. This is usual when the boys come home.'" Their parents considered these debates excellent for their children, and no doubt William owed much of his wealth of resource in speech and writing to these early discussions round the table.

Perhaps too much space has been devoted in this review to the account of the parentage and early days of William James, but it is necessary to the understanding of the character and life-work of the man.

William James was born in 1842, in New York. At the age of eighteen he began to study painting, and it seemed as if at one time he might devote all his talents to art, but he soon realised that this was not to be. In 1862 he went as a member of an exhibition to the Amazon with Agassiz, and again he knew that he had not found his true vocation. He studied medicine in Germany in 1867 and 1868, and during this time he was troubled with ill-health. The main symptoms were insomnia, digestive disorders, weakness of the back, and, what was more trying, eye trouble. These were no doubt functional, but none the less disheartening, and after undergoing various "cures" without success he turned his face homewards, and returned to Cambridge (U.S.A.), in November, 1868. He took his degree of M.D. Harvard while still an invalid in 1869, and in 1872 was appointed Instructor in Anatomy and Physiology in Harvard College, where he continued to teach until 1907.

He married in 1878, and the ill-health which had been dogging him disappeared, though he occasionally suffered from sleeplessness. A breakdown in health of a different nature came again when he was fifty-seven. It appears to have been heart weakness caused by overwork, and though he accomplished much he was apparently never again robust, and died in 1910.

And what of the man himself as revealed by his letters? In many respects his life and character were of a contradictory nature, though he himself was anything but a "contrary" man. He was appointed Lecturer in Physiology, yet taught psychology; later on he became Professor of Psychology and taught philosophy. He is probably known to most people as an eminent psychologist; yet he was not so much a psychologist as a philosopher. He certainly did establish a laboratory for practical and experimental psychological work, but one can almost imagine that he gave a sigh of relief when he handed it over to Munsterberg. His own view, as expressed in his letters, on his book *The Principles of Psychology*, must be taken with more than a grain of salt, yet probably there was a good deal of the nature of "half fun, whole earnest" in the following lines. Writing to his publisher, he said: "No one could be more disgusted than I at the sight of the book. No subject is worth being treated of in 1000 pages! Had I ten years more I could re-write it in 500, but as it stands it is this or nothing—a loathsome, distended, tumefied, bloated, dropsical mass, testifying to nothing but two facts: First, that there is no such thing as a *science* of psychology; and second, that W. J. is an incapable." In a letter to his brother, Henry James, on the same subject, he says: "I have written every page four or five times over, and carried it 'on my mind' for nine years past, so you may imagine the relief. . . . As 'Psychologies' go, it is a good one, but psychology is in such an ante-scientific condition that the whole present generation of them is pre-destined to become unreadable, old, mediæval lumber as soon as the first genuine tracks of insight are made."

To continue his contradictions—he was social and loved talking and arguing with a small circle of friends; yet he hated set society functions, as the following quotation will show: "And yet, whenever his wife wisely prepared for a suitable time and made engagements for some sort of hospitality otherwise than by haphazard, it was perversely likely to be the case, when the appointed hour arrived, that James was 'going on his nerves' and in no mood for 'being entertaining.' The most comradely of men, nothing galled him like *having to be sociable*. The 'hollow mockery of our social conventions' would then be described in furious and lurid speech. Luckily the guests were not yet there to hear him. But they did not always get away without catching a glimpse of his state of mind. On one such occasion—an evening reception for his graduate class had been arranged—Mrs. James encountered a young man in the hall whose expression was so perturbed that she asked him what had happened to him. 'I've come in again,' he replied, 'to get my hat. I was trying to find my way to the dining-room when Mr. James swooped at me and said: "Here, Smith, you want to get out of this Hell, don't you? I'll show you how. There!" and before I could answer, he'd popped me out through a back door. But really, I do not want to go!'"

When he was giving his Gifford Lectures in Edinburgh, ill-health required that he should save all his strength for the actual task of delivering the lectures, and not expend any on the social functions in Edinburgh at the time, and he was greatly relieved that he had a reasonable excuse to stay away.

He forgot all about dignity when lecturing ; yet never lost his authority with his class, he was so tremendously in earnest.

“James would rise with a peculiar suddenness and make bold and rapid strokes for a diagram on the blackboard. I can remember his abstracted air as he wrestled with some idea, standing by his chair with one foot upon it, elbow on knee, hand to chin. A friend has described a scene at a little class that, in a still earlier year, met in James’s own study. In the effort to illustrate he brought out a blackboard. He stood it on a chair and in various other positions, but could not at once write upon it, hold it steady, and keep it in the class’s vision. Entirely bent on what he was doing, his efforts resulted at last in his standing it on the floor while he lay down at full length, holding it with one hand, drawing with the other, and continuing the flow of his commentary. I can myself remember how, after one of his lectures on Pragmatism in the Horace Mann Auditorium in New York, being assailed with questions by people who came up to the edge of the platform, he ended by sitting on that edge himself, all in his frock-coat as he was, his feet hanging down, with his usual complete absorption in the subject, and the look of human and mellow consideration which distinguished him at such moments, meeting the thoughts of the inquirers, whose attention also was entirely rivetted.”

He was fond of going to Europe for a rest and change, yet when he had been there a short time he was ever longing to be back in his beloved America again.

He had a wonderfully tolerant mind, and would listen to all sorts of cranks patiently so long as they were in earnest, yet could not abide anyone who gave himself airs or pretensions.

It can easily be imagined how his students must have adored him, and his friends valued every line of his letters. He never seemed to suffer from the conservatism of ideas which accompanies advancing years. For example, writing to Bergson, he states, with regard to *Matter and Memory*, “It is a work of exquisite genius. It makes a sort of Copernican revolution as much as Berkeley’s *Principles* or Kant’s *Critique* did, and will probably, as it gets better and better known, open a new era of philosophical discussion. It fills *my* mind with all sorts of new questions and hypotheses, and brings the old into a most agreeable liquefaction. I thank you from the bottom of my heart.”

What would he have thought of Freud? I believe he would have adopted many of Freud’s views, as did his friend J. J. Putman. There is only a small reference to the matter in which he says : “I went there for one day in order to see what Freud was like, and met also Jung of Zurich, who professed great esteem for you, and made a very pleasant impression. I hope that Freud and his pupils will push their ideas to their utmost limits, so that we may learn what they are. They can’t fail to throw light on human nature ; but I confess that he made on me personally the impression of a man obsessed with fixed ideas. I can make nothing in my own case with his dream theories, and obviously ‘symbolism’ is a most dangerous method.” But there is no doubt that he appreciated the value of the theory of the unconscious, for in writing to Sully in 1901 he says : “I seriously believe that the general problem

of the subliminal, as Myers propounds it, promises to be one of the *great* problems, possibly even the greatest problem of psychology."

It is impossible without quoting extensively from his letters to say more about the man, but readers of this article are strongly advised to peruse the letters for themselves, wherein they will find not only instruction but great entertainment.

The question may well be asked: "What about his psychology?" Is a psychological paper ever set which does not contain a question regarding the James-Lange theory of the emotions? One searches in vain for references to these and other similar topics. The name "Lange" and the word "emotion" do not even appear in the index. And then it is remembered that the paper cover of the volumes bears the following words: "A selection from the letters of the late William James covering the period from his boyhood to the time of his death. The great majority of the letters are informal and intimate, while those of a wholly technical or polemic character have not been included."

A feeling of disappointment is inevitable, but perhaps one day this omission may be repaired by the issue of a third volume containing letters on these subjects.

To conclude, no praise can be too great for the manner in which his son has acted as editor. Literary talent is in the James blood, and is apparent in these volumes. Several photographs, and sketches made by James, a useful index and chronological tables and appendices are included, and greatly increase the value of the work.

R. H. STEEN.

Heilung und Entwicklung im Seelenleben (Healing and Development in the Psychic Life). By Dr. ALPHONSE MAEDER. Zürich: Roscher, 1918. 8vo. Pp. 71. Price 3s. 6d. net.

Dr. Maeder is a notable representative of the Swiss school of psycho-analysis. In these lectures, on the significance of psycho-analysis for modern life, delivered during the war to students at Geneva and at Lausanne, and now published in German and in French, he brings forward an interesting exposition of the special doctrines of that school in their wider relations. The author regards these relations as very wide. The old world, he feels, has been overthrown by the insanity of the warring nations. Now, he declares, is the time for psycho-analysis to come in. It has proved its power to heal the individual; it must now prove its power to heal the nations, explaining to them that salvation is not to be attained by destroying each other, but in the free development of the individuality of each nation, in harmony with the whole. "The idea of regeneration—self-healing in the psychic life—governs this work." One fears, however, that that is an idea hardly fashionable as yet among the belligerent nations.

For Dr. Maeder the psycho-analytic movement is a reaction against the prevailing spirit of the nineteenth century. He regards that age as one of mere intellectualism and mechanism, an age of materialism in science and impressionism in art, an age which found its appropriate climax in the Great War. But already the reaction was being prepared. William James and Bergson are here regarded as, above all, the