

strangely queer person. I learned later that during the previous winter the milkman had found her almost frozen body near the pump in the garden—her only source of water, for the plumbing in the house had long since fallen into decay; she had slipped on the ice, with no one within call to assist her. The only reply to my knock had been the sharp bark of the poodle. Presently a figure came along the roadway in a black gown of other years, with a bonnet held on with ribbons and a black lace parasol held aloft. Mrs. Peirce's greetings were cordial, her accent and manner Gallic. I had not seen her since the heyday, forty-odd years before, although we had had occasional correspondence regarding arrangements for the publication of her husband's manuscripts.

She took up the thread of the tale as though the milestones of years were but conventions. She recited the details of Mr. Peirce's Lowell lectures in Boston, which must have taken place soon after her marriage. Most of all she wanted to meet William and Alice James. A seat was reserved for her in the brilliant audience that had assembled to hear her brilliant husband. She was delighted to find that her neighbor was Mrs. James. The friendship between the two women continued long after William James and Charles Peirce had ended their labors. She told of her reception by the Eliots and of the kindness of Cambridge to her, a foreigner who knew little English.

She spoke of the illnesses of her husband; how, when the doctors had given him up, she alone, with her frail hands, had nursed him back to life. She took me to the porch which she had glassed in so that her patient could enjoy the sunny shelter. She told of his persistence in getting back to his writing, even when strength failed; she told of the tragic night when he had breathed his last. It was all as of yesterday; and so were the stories of her letters to and from her family, who could not follow the interests of her distinguished American husband. She told of her insistence that he sell her jewels, when all means had failed. It was a tale of unalloyed pride, and no self-pity; just a reminiscent joy that this privilege of sharing so great a life had been hers. And as she spoke, vividly yet with patrician restraint, I pictured a stately provincial château, where she had spent her maiden years, looking forward to the sheltered fate of gentlewomen in a richly traditioned land, and contrasted it with the deserted, memory-haunted house in a rural district of Pennsylvania. From eighteen to eighty much can happen.

It seems proper that a tribute be offered to a life of singular loyalty. I doubt whether, despite the

penury, the solitude, the hardships, she would have left the scene of yesteryears where all her memories were clustered. Her husband's philosophic world was closed to her; her interests were in the gentler amenities of the fine arts of living. It was all devotion to one whom his friends, who came to be hers, regarded as of the elect. That picture of a gracious old lady in a desolate house remains with me. Her privations she accepted; she lived and passed away in the environment of her memories, in the distinction of her devotion.

It is true that much of Peirce's writings are caviare to the public, and James, who found his pragmatism in Peirce's philosophy, could speak of his "flashes of brilliant light relieved against Cimerian darkness"; yet Peirce could, when he would, command the charm of lucidity and the appeal of style. He concludes his essay on "The Fixation of Belief" in these words, expressing his devotion to the methods of science:

The genius of a man's logical method should be loved and revered as his bride, whom he has chosen from all the world. He need not condemn the others; on the contrary, he may honor them deeply, and in doing so he only honors her the more. But she is the one that he has chosen, and he knows that he was right in making that choice. And having made it, he will work and fight for her, and will not complain that there are blows to take, hoping that there may be as many and as hard to give, and will strive to be the worthy knight and champion of her from the blaze of whose splendors he draws his inspiration and courage.

His widow's devotion to his memory had the same quality.

JOSEPH JASTROW

#### RECENT DEATHS

DR. JAMES MARK BALDWIN, formerly professor of psychology at Princeton University and the Johns Hopkins University, who since 1912 has lived at Paris, died on November 8 at the age of seventy-three years.

DR. LEWIS LINN McARTHUR, senior surgeon at St. Luke's Hospital, formerly president of the American Surgical Association, died on November 5. He was seventy-six years old.

ELMER H. WILLMARTH, associate professor of general engineering at Iowa State College, died on October 28.

HELEN A. BISHOP, professor of home management in Iowa State College, died on November 3.