

most interesting feature in the case is, that the patient should have survived such extensive injuries to the brain for so long a time; and that up to the time of his going to bed there were really no symptoms of it. As to the fractures, especially that of the jaw, I am happy to have been in good company in failing to detect them. When a man insists that he has fired a double-barrelled pistol, loaded with ball, at his head, and produced a frightful gash; and, when, at the same time, there is no wound to be seen, and no paralysis when he converses intelligently, though in a slow and dreary way, and puts out his tongue full length when asked—it is more natural to conclude that his pistol had missed fire, than that his skull and jaw-bone had been fractured.

The report of the post-mortem examination was drawn up by my friend, Dr. Moffat, who kindly gave me his permission to make what use of it I liked.

PART II.—REVIEWS.

Arthur Schopenhauer. His Life and his Philosophy. By HELEN ZIMMERN. London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1876.

The object of this book is, as its preface states, to portray for general English readers a German philosopher whose name is comparatively new amongst us, and to serve as an *avant-courier* for the translation of his capital work, "*Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*." The memoir is by no means an exhaustive one, but well calculated to stimulate further curiosity concerning its subject; it has the merits of simplicity and clearness of style, and is throughout characterised by a moderate, judicial spirit. Schopenhauer stands before us as a representative of that school of philosophy "which finds rest in the conception of the universe as unity." As a metaphysician we may regard him as the direct descendant of Kant, but he is chiefly interesting as an exponent of the Indian intellect,—“a European Buddhist.”

In England his name was first brought forward by an able article in the "Westminster Review" for April, 1853, entitled "Iconoclasm in German Philosophy," and understood to have proceeded from Mr. John Oxenford: an article which gave Schopenhauer himself unfeigned satisfaction and

pleasure. Since then allusions to his writings have not been unfrequent in English periodical literature. He has a peculiar claim to our attention, because, unlike the majority of German thinkers, he is a cosmopolitan, exempt from local and national trammels, and has thus deserved the dictum of the "Revue Contemporaine"— "*Ce n'est pas un philosophe comme les autres, c'est un philosophe qui a vu le monde.*"

Arthur Schopenhauer was born at Danzig, on the 22nd of February, 1788, his infant years being thus contemporaneous with the French Revolution. His family was of Dutch extraction, and his ancestors, as far back as we may trace them, seem to have been men of powerful and decisive character. In the days of Peter the Great, Arthur's great grandfather, Andreas Schopenhauer, was a rich and influential citizen, as is shown by the fact of the choice of his house for the reception of the Czar and the Empress Catherine, during their visit to Danzig. Arthur Schopenhauer's father, Heinrich Floris, was born in 1747; he was educated as a merchant, and spent a large portion of his youth in France and England. For the latter country he conceived an enthusiastic admiration, and we find him later in life imitating the English manner in the style of his country house and garden at Oliva, near Danzig. He was also a constant reader of "the Times," from which, he said, "one could learn everything." His rectitude, candour, and uncompromising love of truth were remarkable, and won the esteem of his fellow citizens. When thirty-eight, Heinrich married Johanna Trosiener, the daughter of a member of the Danzig Senate. Her education appears to have been meagre and incomplete; but, possessed of good natural abilities, and aided by an English clergyman, as well as by her husband, her mind was not slow to expand in the intellectual and æsthetic atmosphere of her new home. In youth she had a pleasant though not beautiful countenance, and a figure of *mignonne* proportions; through life she possessed a certain charm of bearing and conversation, which courted attention in society.

Shortly after their marriage, Heinrich took his young wife on a distant journey, visiting some of the chief German towns, Belgium, Paris and England. He strongly desired that the son he hoped for might be born on English ground, and thus obtain the rights of our citizenship. It was found necessary, however, to return to Danzig, where, in 1788, the great thinker and pessimist was born. We know nothing of the events of his child-life until the year 1793, when Danzig

was blockaded by the Prussians. As soon as their troops entered the city, determining its subjugation, Heinrich, rather than submit to foreign rule, fled with his wife and five-year-old son to Swedish Pomerania. Thence the self-exiled family migrated to Hamburg, where they formed a new home. Here, Heinrich was seized with his former passion for travel, and during a twelve years' residence at Hamburg, he and his wife accomplished several foreign journeys. In these Arthur always shared, his father wisely judging that the cosmopolitan culture thus gained would prove of invaluable service to him in mature life. He was thus brought into contact while yet a child with some of the most noted celebrities of the period, amongst whom were the Baroness Staël, Klopstock, Reimarus, Madame Chevalier, Nelson, and Lady Hamilton. In Arthur's ninth year his parents placed him at Havre, under the care of a M. Gregoire, with whose son he was educated. Here he remained two years, and gained so thorough a mastery of the French language that on his return to Hamburg it was found he had forgotten German, and he was obliged to relearn it. He was then sent to school, and being destined by his father for a mercantile career, received a commercial education, in which the classics were almost entirely neglected. Soon after his admission to this school, he evinced a marked bent towards the study of philosophy, and begged to be allowed a collegiate education. Heinrich Schopenhauer, however, had set his heart on his son becoming a merchant, and at first gave a decisive refusal; then, finding the lad in earnest, placed before him the alternative of entering a high school, or of accompanying his parents on a tour of some years' length in France, England, and Switzerland. Should he choose the latter, Arthur must renounce all thought of an academical career, and, on his return to Hamburg, enter a mercantile business.

It was not in the nature of a boy of fifteen to withstand the bait of foreign travel; we find him therefore deciding for the latter, and turning his back upon scholarship, finally, as he then deemed. During a portion of the two years' tour Arthur was placed at a school in Wimbledon, conducted by a clergyman. He appears to have been fretted by the strictness of his teacher's theology, and to have laid the foundation of a fierce hatred of English bigotry, apparent in his works. Here, however, he gained an accurate knowledge of the English language and literature, and learnt to play the flute, as a recreation. When the family visited Switzerland,

Arthur fell under the unique fascination excited by the Alps. Of Mount Blanc, his favourite, he never afterwards spoke without that certain tone of sadness and yearning which the Germans call *sehnsucht*. Let us quote his reference to this Alp in "*Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*."

The sad disposition so often remarked in highly gifted men has its emblem in this mountain with its cloud-capped summit. But when at times, perchance at dawn, the veil of mist is torn asunder, and the peak, glowing with the sun's reflection, looks down on Chamounix from its celestial height above the clouds, it is a spectacle which stirs every soul to its inmost depths. Thus the most melancholy genius will at times show signs of a peculiar cheerfulness of disposition, which springs from the complete objectiveness of his intellect, and is possible only to him. It hovers like a halo about his noble forehead, *in tristitia hilaris, in hilaritate tristis*.

In the autumn of this year (1804), Arthur received confirmation at the Marienkirche, Danzig, and with the following new year entered a merchant's office. A few months afterwards his father lost his life through a fall, accidental or intentional, and thus left young Schopenhauer, at seventeen, to his own resources. Between Johanna Schopenhauer and her son there had always existed a degree of mental estrangement, consequent upon intrinsic differences of temperament, and when, after Heinrich's death, they were naturally thrown more together, the rift quickly widened into a chasm. Frau Schopenhauer courted pleasure and brilliant society,—Arthur cherished morbid views of life, liked solitude, and abhorred the current small talk called conversation; it is no wonder then that the two grated upon each other, and had little enjoyment in personal intercourse. Shortly after becoming a widow Johanna Schopenhauer established herself at Weimar, where she soon succeeded in surrounding herself with a constellation of genius, amongst which shone Göethe, the brothers Schlegel and Grimm, Prince Pückler, Fernow (whose biography she afterwards wrote), Wieland and Meyer. Meanwhile, Schopenhauer, much as he detested office work, continued it from reverence to his father's memory, yet could not check all hankerings after scholarship. His mother at last took alarm at the melancholy complaints of his "blighted fate" which pervaded his letters, and, more sympathetic than her wont, consulted her Weimar friends concerning him. Through their influence she advised Arthur to retrace his steps; he immediately threw up business, and hastened to Gotha, where, by

Fernow's advice, he began his academic career. Here he studied ardently, paying especial attention to the acquisition of ancient languages. His course at Gotha terminated abruptly, after a period of six months, through a quarrel with one of the professors. He left the Gymnasium in the autumn of 1807, and proceeded to Weimar, where he took lodgings, and continued his preparatory studies. "He laboured day and night at Greek, Latin, Mathematics and History, allowing nothing to divert his attention." In 1808 he visited Erfurt, and was present at the famous congress of kings and princes under the presidency of Napoleon, and also at the theatre when Talma played before a "*parterre* of kings." In 1809, Schopenhauer, then twenty-one, matriculated in the medical faculty at the Göttingen University. During the first year of residence he attended lectures on Constitutional History, the Crusades, Natural History, Mineralogy, Physics and Botany, besides concomitant reading at home. He then passed in the philosophical faculty, devoting his attention first to Plato and Kant, and later to Aristotle and Spinoza. He also found time to hear lectures on Astronomy, Meteorology, Physiology, Ethnography, and Jurisprudence.

It is interesting to note that one of Schopenhauer's constant companions at Göttingen was Bunsen, in whom, however, he afterwards failed to see more than a diplomatist, ignoring his friend's claims to literary distinction.

In 1811, Schopenhauer entered the University of Berlin, where he attended the lecture rooms of Fichte, Wolf, and Schleiermacher. Fichte's philosophical fame had drawn him to Berlin, but his reverence for this professor soon gave place to disparaging criticism of his empty and misty metaphysics. Schleiermacher, as a lecturer, fares scarcely better than Fichte at Schopenhauer's hands; but to Wolf, the great Homerist and classical critic, he seems to have accorded both admiration and regard.*

In 1813, after the battle of Lützen, the tumult of war approached Berlin, and Schopenhauer, who "hated interruptions" and cared little for politics, hastened to Saxony. After spending a few days at Weimar with his mother, he took refuge in Rudolstadt, a little town in the Thuringian

* Schopenhauer also attended classes on Experimental Chemistry, Magnetism and Electricity, Ornithology, Amphibiology, Ichthyology, Domestic Animals and Norse Poetry, and continued his Natural History studies, of Physics, Astronomy, General Physiology, Zoology and Geology.

forest, where he evolved his "Inaugural Dissertation" which obtained for him the title of Dr. of Philosophy from the University of Jena. Let us give Miss Zimmern's criticism of this essay:—"This little tractate, on the Quadruple Root of the Doctrine of Adequate Cause,"* is intended to show that the idea of causality is not grounded upon a single axiom or necessary truth, but upon four (truths), or rather perhaps upon one necessary truth contemplated in a four-fold aspect, according to its relation to any one in particular of the four classes comprising, in Schopenhauer's words, everything capable of being regarded by us as an object, *i.e.*, the entire compass of our ideas. These are respectively: Phenomena, or the objects of sensuous perception; Reason, or the objects of rational perception; Being, under the categories of space and time; and the Will. Hence it ensues that the necessity which accompanies a proposition conceived as demonstrable *à priori*, is not one and invariable, but as manifold as the sources of the proposition itself." This tractate won Goethe's attention, and led him to take a kindly interest in the young metaphysician. He proposed that Schopenhauer should investigate his own theory of colours, and lent him, for the purpose, the greater part of his optical apparatus. Schopenhauer undertook the task with the ardour of a proselyte, but soon diverged into an independent path which resulted in a pamphlet, entitled '*Ueber das Sehen und die Farben.*' The interest thus awakened in the science of colours continued with Schopenhauer, and years afterwards we find him sending the above-named treatise to Sir Charles Eastlake, with a characteristic letter, too long for quotation. Besides his friendship with Goethe, Schopenhauer became acquainted at Weimar with Frederick Mayer, to whom he was indebted for an introduction to Indian lore, the spirit of which infuses all his works. Schopenhauer, at this period, also, came under the fascinating influence of Caroline Jaegman, the Mrs. Siddons of the German stage, remarkable for beauty of form and voice, and histrionic talent. Being distracted by her charms, in combination with other sources of excitement, Schopenhauer wisely determined to quit Weimar, and continue his studies at Dresden, whither he removed in 1814. Now began 'the *Sturm und Drang* period of his life,' in which his mind gradually mellowed to ripeness, and he needed the world less because he had obtained '*un grand soi même.*' He did not absent

* *Die Vierfache Wurzel des Satzes vom zureichenden Grunde.*

himself from society, but frequented the art galleries, where he enjoyed above all the Sistine Madonna, and spent the evenings at the theatre, or with friends, amongst whom were the novelists, Heun, Schulze, and Schilling, and the art-critic Johann Gottlieb von Quandt, 'who remained devoted to him till death.' With Ludwig Tieck Schopenhauer was for sometime intimate, but their intercourse was ended through some disparaging remarks of Schopenhauer upon Schlegel, Tieck's close friend.

"Under such conditions," says our writer, "was Schopenhauer's *opus maximum*, '*Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*,'* brought to an end. It contains his entire system; in it he reached the apex of his intellectual life; all his later writings are mere brilliant commentaries and illustrations. In the spring of 1818 the work was published by Messrs. Brockhaus, at Leipzig, the author receiving a ducat per printed sheet (equivalent to 9s. 4½d)." No sooner had Schopenhauer finished his book than he hastened on a journey in Italy. Miss Zimmern remarks with truth, that the fact of his retaining his pessimism in the sunny south, "is a convincing proof, were further needed, of its unaffected sincerity." He visited the principal towns of north Italy, enjoyed the art galleries and the theatre, carried on the study of Italian, in which he was already proficient, and delighted in Rossini's operas. He always recalled these years with peculiar pleasure, as far as he would admit pleasure in anything. He thoughtfully studied the Italians, and writes of their religion:—"The Catholic religion is an order to obtain heaven by begging, because it would be too troublesome to earn it. The priests are the brokers for this transaction."

It is curious, as showing the complexity of Schopenhauer's mind, to find him writing at this period of Petrarch as his favourite Italian poet. We should have thought a pessimist would naturally find something congenial in Dante's Divine Comedy, dealing, as it does, with some of the most terrible enigmas of human guilt and suffering; but Schopenhauer complains of Dante's "horrid distortions," stigmatises "the whole Inferno as an apotheosis of cruelty," and calls "the last Canto but one a glorification of want of honour and conscience." We are not surprised to find him speaking of "the phantastic follies of Ariosto." He liked Tasso, but

* Literally "The World as Will and Idea."

thought him unworthy of a fourth place amongst great Italian poets.

In December (1818) "Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung" issued from the press. Schopenhauer sent a copy to Göethe, who appears to have been pleased with the book, although "the unwieldy size left him no peace," and he thought it would take a whole year to read. While Schopenhauer was at Rome, in 1819, he received tidings of the impending bankruptcy of the Danzig mercantile firm in which a large portion of his own and the whole of his mother's fortune were invested. Dreading lest the loss of fortune should compel him to abandon his intellectual labours, he hastened to Germany. Happily, however, he arrived in time to withdraw the bulk of his own investment; while Frau Schopenhauer, characteristically sanguine and self-confident, disregarded all warnings, and, with her daughter Adele, was rendered almost penniless by the final crash.* Schopenhauer now decided to seek some career, partly as a proviso against future pecuniary loss, partly to give play to his love of philosophic theorising. For this purpose he removed to Berlin, in the spring of 1820, hoping ere long to fill an academic chair. Schopenhauer's teaching, however, was not yet understood, and his lecture-room was deserted for those of Hegel and Schleiermacher. He speaks with caustic irony of their popularity, and goes so far as to say—"People like Fichte, Schelling, or Hegel should be shut out of the ranks of philosophers, as of yore the dealers and money-changers were cast out of the Temple." Again: "A fitting motto for Hegel's writings is Shakespeare's, 'Such stuff as madmen tongue, and brain not'" (Cymbeline, Act v., Scene iv.). In 1822 Schopenhauer, thoroughly wearied of Berlin, fled once more to Italy. Of this journey we have no records; he probably returned in 1823, and in the following year established himself for some time at Dresden. Mortified by the continued popular indifference to "Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung," from which he had hoped so much, he turned his thought towards translation. He proposed rendering David Hume's works into German, and wrote a preface for the purpose, which, however, was finally abandoned. In 1825 he returned to Berlin, and inscribed his name for lectures; but, finding no ear for them, withdrew into solitude, studying and reading for private gratification.

* It is but just to Schopenhauer to add that he supported his impoverished mother and sister "for many years."

He learnt Spanish, and translated Gracian's "Oraculo Manual y Arte de Prudencia"—a translation which was posthumously published. At Berlin, Schopenhauer became acquainted with Alexander von Humboldt, of whom he writes—"I only found great talent where I looked for genius; *scientia* where I expected *sapientia*." An outbreak of cholera drove Schopenhauer from Berlin to Frankfort, where "he sunk into so sombre and saturnine a mood that for weeks he could not be induced to speak a word." By his doctor's advice he removed to the neighbouring town of Mannheim, where he spent a year. In 1833 he returned to Frankfort, and finally settled there for the remainder of life.

Gloomy and dissatisfied with the non-recognition of the book to which he had given so much earnest thought, Schopenhauer writes—"The entire neglect which my work has experienced proves that either I was unworthy my age, or my age of me. In both cases one can only say, 'the rest is silence.' I have lifted the veil of truth higher than any mortal before me. But I should like to see the man who could boast of a more miserable set of contemporaries than mine." Again: "He who stands alone on a height to which the others cannot ascend, must descend to them, if he does not wish to be alone."

Schopenhauer's routine of life at Frankfort was simple and methodical. He rose early, took a cold bath—at that time a phenomenon in Germany—and prepared his own coffee, considering interruption at that hour to be "dangerous to the brain, which he compared to a freshly-tuned instrument." He wrote for at least three hours in the morning, then received visitors, and on their departure un-bent his mind over the flute. He dined at the mid-day *table-d'hôte* of the Hôtel d'Angleterre, for which he always dressed "with scrupulous care." In the afternoon he indulged in an hour's siesta, and allowed some time for literature of the lighter kind. Towards evening he took a walk, on the score of health, his companion being a white poodle, with the philosophic name of *Ātma* (*i.e.*, Soul of the World). Occasionally, however, he suffered his disciples to accompany him on these promenades. Subjects for philosophy were furnished by any external incident; such as the gait of the people they met, which Schopenhauer would mimic to perfection. He hated an awkward carriage, and saw in it a connection with the functions of the brain. Schopenhauer, like his father, daily read the "Times," and some

English and French reviews, at the reading-room, and usually attended the concert or theatre. He had a scientific knowledge of music, and took such pleasure in Beethoven's Symphonies that if one of them were followed by a production of another master, he quitted the concert room rather than allow the impression to be disturbed. He did not appreciate Wagner's music; yet, curiously, this composer is one of his most ardent followers. Schopenhauer supped frugally at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, where, if he found congenial society, he would converse "far into the night." He enjoyed smoking, and it was one of his eccentricities to use a pipe, five feet in length, on the ground that as the smoke became cooled in this long transit, it was less noxious than in one of ordinary size. He was a diligent, though by no means "an omnivorous reader," and agreed with the maxim of Carlyle that a book is not worth reading at all unless it be worth reading twice. He always marked "passages that struck him, adding marginal annotations," and deprecated the reading of "ephemeral literature" to the neglect of the works of the "rarest minds" of all ages. Schopenhauer was familiar with the classic authors, especially Aristotle, Plato, and Seneca, besides the Septuagint version of the Old Testament and the Vedas. Of the Oupnekhat he read a portion every night, calling it his Bible. He liked Machiavelli's "Il Principe," Goethe and Schiller, the French moralists, Shakespeare, Byron, Burns, Shenstone's works, and Calderon. Of novels he esteemed best "Don Quixote," "Tristram Shandy," the "Nouvelle Héloïse," and Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister."* Finding his principal work so little heeded, Schopenhauer published nothing for seventeen years, with the exception of a Latin version of his optical treatise "Über das Sehen und die Farben" (published in the third vol. of "Scriptores Ophthalmologici Minores," by Justus Radius, 1831).

In 1836 he broke this silence by a treatise on the "Will in Nature;" and in 1839 competed for a prize offered by the Royal Norwegian Academy of Drontheim for the best Essay on the Freedom of the Will and the Doctrine of Philosophical Necessity. Schopenhauer obtained the premium, and in 1840 again competed for an analogous one, offered by the Royal Danish Academy for the best inquiry into the grounds

* The prominent characteristic of his room was a gilt statue of Buddha, that stood on his writing-table next to a bust of Kant. Over his sofa hung an oil portrait of Goethe, besides portraits of Kant, Shakespeare, Descartes, and Claudius, and innumerable engravings of dogs.

of Moral Obligation. Here he was unsuccessful, the Danish Academicians hinting that he spoke too disrespectfully of his philosophic brethren to deserve recognition among them. Schopenhauer, however, published both essays in 1841, under the title of "Die Beiden Grundprobleme der Ethik,"* insisting that the words, "Not crowned by the Royal Danish Academy" should be printed "in good fat letters" on the title-page. The first essay "is vigorous and perspicuous in the highest degree," the argument apparently being "that all action is the necessary product of character, but that man is responsible for his character notwithstanding." The second essay is more abstruse and original, though less brilliant. It endeavours to overthrow Kant's "categorical imperative as the basis of moral obligation," and to substitute the Buddhistic theory, that no action can be meritorious unless wholly disinterested.

In 1844, Schopenhauer published a second edition of "Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung," in two volumes. It attracted little general attention, but was the means of introducing Schopenhauer to Dr. Frauenstädt, who became one of his most enthusiastic disciples. At their first interview Frauenstädt was charmed by Schopenhauer's "manner and appearance. The leonine head revealed the powerful intellect and the mental work it had compassed; though only fifty-eight, hair and beard were already snow-white, and harmonised with the idea of the sage, but the eyes flashed youthful fire, and the play of features was as lively as a boy's. A sarcastic line round the mouth alone revealed the misanthrope."†

During part of the years 1847 and 1848, Schopenhauer's labours were somewhat interrupted by the horrors of political revolution. In 1850, however, he completed a book "that should at last open all eyes to him"—the "†Parerga et Paralipomena," published at Berlin in 1851. "The style of these two volumes of essays is in the highest degree attractive. They are neither so technical as to be abstruse, nor so long as to be wearisome; the subjects, moreover, are frequently of general interest. The first volume contains his most lively sallies, and some of his most virulent invectives against the salaried professors of philosophy at the Universities; speculations on apparitions and somnambulism," and piquant

* The two main problems of Ethical Science.

† Miss Zimmers' Memoir has on its frontispiece a portrait of Schopenhauer, which well bears out this description.

‡ *I.e.*, "Supplements and Omissions."

maxims on the general conduct of life. The second volume "contains a large number of brief and animated disquisitions on a variety of subjects, including his favourite themes—the indestructibility of man's real being by death, suicide, study, authorship, criticism, and fame." The "*Parerga et Paralipomena*" heralded the dawn of Schopenhauer's renown, and the last ten years of his life proved the brightest. The "*Westminster Review*" article (April, 1853) was one of the first to draw general attention to his philosophy: it was translated by Dr. Lindner, one of Schopenhauer's disciples, into German. The press, the painter's brush, and the sculptor's chisel now combined to do him honour. "*Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*" went through a third edition, "*Die Beiden Grundprobleme der Ethik*" a second, for each of which Schopenhauer received an honorarium. As he touchingly said, fame "laid its wreath of roses upon his whitened hairs." He hoped to complete a hundred years; but in the spring of 1860 his vigorous health began to fail, and in September following he was attacked by inflammation of the lungs. Of this he died on the 21st of the same month, being alone at the final moment.—"Whoever had been alone all through life must understand that solitary business better than others," he had said. He was buried in the Frankfort cemetery, where his grave now exists, half hidden by evergreen shrubs, and bearing the simple inscription—"Arthur Schopenhauer." This was his own wish; when his friend Dr. Gwinner asked where he desired to be buried, he said, "No matter where; posterity will find me;"—a prediction which now seems likely to be realised.

Two chapters of the memoir before us are devoted to a consideration of Schopenhauer's philosophical teaching; the first referring to the leading principles of "*Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*;" the second, to his "*Ethics and Aesthetics*," as gathered from this and from his lesser writings.

Jean Paul Richter thus describes Schopenhauer's "*opus maximum*,"—"a bold, philosophic, many-sided work, full of genius, profoundness, and penetration, but with a depth often hopeless and bottomless, akin to the melancholy sunless lake in Norway, that is barred by a stern rampart of beetling crags, in whose depth only the starry day is reflected, whose surface no bird skims, no wave upheaves." Schopenhauer's system is fully contained in this remarkable book, on which indeed he based his philosophical reputation. "His

own claim" was to be regarded as the immediate successor of Kant, and such, no doubt, considered merely as a metaphysician, he was. Philosophically, however, he is chiefly interesting as a representative of Indian thought in the west, and may be described as helping to indicate that transition of the European mind from a monotheistic to a pantheistic view of the universe which began with Giordano Bruno, and of which the end is not yet. "My age," says Schopenhauer, "after the teaching of Bruno, Spinoza, and Schelling, had perfectly understood that all things are but one; but the nature of this unity, and the rationale of its appearance as plurality, were reserved for me to explain." He endeavours to determine the *substratum* or essence of existence lying within the phenomenal manifestation of the Universe, and defines it as a Will. "The world in itself," he declares, "is one enormous Will, constantly rushing into life." Will is, with Schopenhauer, "the condition of all existence, sentient and insentient." "Others," he says, "have asserted the Will's freedom, I prove its omnipotence." "He is not original in this doctrine," says our Memoir, "but has this peculiarity, that while other thinkers have usually assumed Intelligence as an attribute of Will, Intelligence is to him a mere phenomenon." We find, then, his philosophy to be a phase of Pantheism, a modification of the system represented in Europe by Bruno, Spinoza, and Schelling, though differentiated from their philosophies by a bisection of the Soul, Ego, or First Principle, into two factors described as Will and Intelligence—a separation capable, according to himself, of resolving the contradictions charged against pantheism in general.

The genesis of this theory may be defined with equal propriety as an engrafting of Indian pantheism upon Kant, or *vice versâ*. Kant, his first master, had taught him the illusiveness of space and time, and the unreality of the world of phenomena. In his researches in Indian lore Schopenhauer found the same ideas reiterated in a mystical form congenial to his imagination, and combined with that pessimistic view of life connate with his hypochondriacal temperament. The peculiar stress he was led to place upon the Will as the real cause of existence may be logically defensible, but was, no doubt, in the first instance subjective, the reflection of his own individuality. 'An enormous Will, constantly rushing into life,' would be no bad description of his own spiritual constitution. The Will, the blind instinctive im-

pulse, was with him continually getting the upper hand of the regulating faculty, the Reason. It was natural, therefore, that he should regard the former as the primary substance, the latter as the accident or phenomenon."

Warmly as the writer of our memoir appears to sympathise with Schopenhauer's views, she is not slow to acknowledge the practical disadvantages of his system, which she aptly contrasts with that of Spinoza. "Schopenhauer," she remarks, "has no foundation for his universe, but a blind unintelligent force, which could not reasonably be an object of reverence, even were its operation as beneficial as, according to him, it is the reverse. No religion consequently remains, except that of simple philanthropy and self-denial. To Spinoza, on the contrary, Will and Intelligence alike, along with the entire material and spiritual universe, are but the manifestations of an infinite substance, which, as infinite, must necessarily be manifested in an infinity of ways utterly beyond our comprehension. To Schopenhauer the universe has a centre, and that centre is a mere blind impulse. To Spinoza, as has been finely said, the centre is everywhere and the circumference nowhere. The one, therefore, fully provides for the religious reverence the other abolishes." But, "as Schopenhauer himself admits, the appreciation of phenomena varies greatly as the interpreter is by temperament *εύκαλος or δύσκολος. . . . Very few of his followers have consistently adopted his pessimism."

"It need hardly be added that, although Schopenhauer's cardinal principle is the omnipotence of Will, the freedom of the individual Will is strenuously denied by him. All phenomena being but manifestations of the one primary force, are necessarily conditioned by it. No man can change his character, for the character is the Will itself exhibited in a phenomenal form." "He laid the greatest stress upon scientific research as bringing the student into immediate contact with concrete reality. He especially venerated Bichat, who had, he considered, already expressed his own great principle of the duality of the Will and the Intelligence under a philosophical form; the anatomist's 'organic life' being the physiological equivalent of Schopenhauer's 'Will,' and his 'animal life' of the latter's 'Intelligence.' 'Schopenhauer's ethics are implied in the leading principles

* *I.e.*, genial or morose.

of his system. Everything hinges upon the affirmation or negation of 'the Will to live.' When this is affirmed, *i.e.*, when the individual's actions are directly or indirectly controlled by the wish to possess, enjoy, perpetuate, or embellish existence, 'the imaginations of the heart are corrupt and evil continually.' 'In proportion' (on the contrary) 'as individuality loses its value for the individual, as he recognises that it is in fact an illusion, and that he exists in others as much as in himself, he advances along the path of virtue. . .

Right moral action can spring only from the recognition of the essential evil of the phenomenal world, and the deliberate resolve to reduce it to a minimum. The secret of this lies in one word, abnegation. "The will to live" comprehends self assertion in every form and shape, and as every charitable action involves the denial of self in some respect, it follows that Schopenhauer's morality is in the main equivalent to the inculcation of universal philanthropy. "Wisdom," to quote his own definition, "is not merely theoretical, but also practical perfection; it is the ultimate true cognition of all things in mass and in detail, which has so penetrated man's being, that it appears as the guide of all his actions. The wisdom that imbues a man with mere theory not developed into practice, resembles the double rose, which pleases by its colour and fragrance, but drops, leaving no fruit. In its practical ethical aspect Schopenhauer's teaching differs in nothing from Buddhism. He maintains that the spirit of true religion is everywhere the same; he speaks with the greatest respect of Christianity, apart from what he deems its mythology, asserting that the spirit of the New Testament is wholly on his side. "Christianity," he says, "is composed of two heterogenous ingredients," an ethical view of life akin to Hindooism and a Jewish dogma. Its ethics are crippled by this latter foreign element, and cannot attain definite expression. Christian morality, but for the defect of ignoring the animal world, would manifest the utmost similarity to Brahminism and Buddhism, and is only less emphatically expressed, and deficient in logical consistency.* With Schopenhauer the intellectual conditions of salvation are more strongly accentuated than the moral.

* "Buddhism, the antithesis of Islam, holds to the absolute Freedom of man. The main article of Buddhism is, that neither in heaven nor on earth can a man escape from the consequences of his acts; that morals are, in their essence, productive causes, without the aid or intervention of any higher authority; hence, forgiveness and atonement are ideas unknown in the dogma of Buddhism."—(Miss F. Cobbe's "Essay on Intuitive Morals," p. 163, notes.)

He shows a marked coincidence with Buddha in the precept of kindness to animals, but the latter appears to build this upon the compassionate instinct, while Schopenhauer gives it a philosophical basis. With him animals are imperfect men, incarnations of the universal Will in a more primitive form. In 1857, a living orang-outang was exhibited at Frankfort, and Schopenhauer went almost daily to see "the probable ancestor of our race;" he considered the frontal bone and vertical arch better formed than those of the lowest human races, and thought that "the longing of the Will after cognition was personified in this strange and melancholy beast, whose mien he likened to that of the prophet gazing over into the promised land." He speaks emphatically in the "Parerga" against the horrors of vivisection, "and held it one of the glories of Englishmen to have organised a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." He also gave practical expression to such views by leaving in his will a yearly income to his poodle, "to be made payable to whomsoever should take charge of him."

"We cannot feel," says the writer of our memoir, "that Schopenhauer has in any way aided us to bridge over the gulf between theory and practice." His great originality consists in his powerful assertion, contrary to the ordinary opinion, of the vast predominance of the instinctive element of human nature (the Will, in his vocabulary) over the reflective (the Intellect). "The passion of love and everything relating to the perpetuation of the species" necessarily attracted Schopenhauer's attention. He regarded love as but a means towards an end, "the composition of the next generation," saying, like Benedick, "the world must be peopled." This prosaic view of the ideal passion appears at first sight harsh and inconsistent with Schopenhauer's fondness for Petrarch's amatory sonnets. But he presently redeems it, "this yearning, and this pain of love, cannot take their substance from the needs of an ephemeral individual, but they are the sighs of the spirit of species, which here sees a never-to-be-recovered means of gaining or losing its ends, and therefore emits this groan. This, therefore, furnishes material for all the finest erotic poetry, which rises accordingly into transcendental metaphors surpassing everything earthly. This is the theme of Petrarch, the material for a *St. Preux, a Werther, and a Jacopo Ortis, which could otherwise be neither explained nor understood."

* The hero of Rousseau's "Héloïse."

To the artist, the man of genius, Schopenhauer attributes a perfection second only to that of the ascetic who has attained entire negation of the will. The reason is that he accomplishes, though only in moments of ecstasy, the same end of self-annihilation which the other habitually achieves. Schopenhauer says, "Just because genius consists in the free service of the intellect, emancipated from the service of the will, its productions can serve no useful purposes, whether music, philosophy, painting or poetry; a work of genius is not a thing of utility. All other human works exist for the maintenance or convenience of existence, only not those in question. Thus we seldom see the beautiful and the useful combined; fine lofty trees bear no fruit; fruit trees are ugly little cripples; the double garden rose is barren—only the little wild scentless one is fruitful. A man, who has after many bitter combats conquered his own nature, remains only as a purely intellectual being, an untarnished mirror of the universe. Nothing has power to disturb or agitate him, for he has severed all the thousand threads of the will, which bind us to the world, and draw us hither and thither in constant pain, under the form of desire, fear, envy, anger. Life and its figures only pass before him like a fleeting apparition, a morning dream before one who is half awake; reality shimmers through, it can no longer deceive, and, like such a dream, without abrupt transition they disappear at last." Schopenhauer himself had no mean estimate of his "opus maximum." In a letter to Dr. Frauenstädt (Sept. 1850) he writes:—"For where, in the range of German literature, is there another book which, wherever it is opened, immediately reveals more thoughts than it is possible to grasp, like my second volume of 'Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung?'" Schopenhauer certainly possessed self-esteem, if not egotism, in a considerable degree, but this was largely necessary to prevent his being crushed in spirit by years of popular neglect. It seems not improbable that he was at heart amiable, but was forced to steel himself against the world's rebuffs in an armour of misanthropic scorn, which at length fitted so closely that it became as a part of the man. He once owned to having "felt terribly lonely" throughout life, but that he had met none worthy of regard, save Goethe and a few others, much older than himself, and had learnt at last to love solitude, that heritage common to great minds.

We will leave Arthur Schopenhauer with Dr. Gwinner's words, spoken above his grave. "This profound, thoughtful

man, in whose breast a warm heart pulsated, ran through a whole lifetime like a child angered at play—solitary, misunderstood, but true to himself. His earthly goal was long veiled to him; the laurel that now crowns his brow was only bestowed in the evening of life, but firm as a rock was rooted in his soul belief in his mission. During long years of undeserved obscurity, he never swerved an inch from his solitary lofty way; he waxed grey in the hard service of the coy beloved he had chosen, mindful of the saying written in the Book of Esdras: ‘Great is truth, and mighty above all things.’”
W.

Vital Motion as a Mode of Physical Motion. By CHARLES BLAND RADCLIFFE, M.D., &c. Macmillan and Co., London. 1876.

Dr. Radcliffe has for many years given his attention to the consideration of vital action, and may therefore be presumed to be no mean authority on the subject. It is one, however, that is beset with difficulties on every hand, nor do we see that he has made the path very much smoother. In reference to his former observations, he acknowledges that they were, to a great extent, erroneous, and expresses the wish that much that he has “written on this subject at different times might be cancelled.” Still he affirms that his views have not been altered, and that the argument in support of them is in all essential particulars the same.

Though the study of life must necessarily lie so far outside the reach of physical research as to render most of the observations as to it vague and uncertain, yet it is possible that, by a better understanding of the intangible forces operating in nature as light, heat, and electricity, especially the latter, we shall have a clearer perception of the nature of that phenomenon which we call life. That vital action is attended with, or is dependent on electrical action has long been acknowledged, but the subject is still involved in much obscurity, and certainly if Dr. Radcliffe’s views be accepted, we shall have to modify many of our ideas in respect to the nature of nervous and muscular action.

Dr. Radcliffe endeavours to prove that contractility is not a vital process, but, on the contrary, is a state which is occasioned by the withdrawal of an inhibitory influence serving to keep up the state of muscular relaxation, therefore that life is not the occasion of motion, but is concerned in antago-