A philosopher's view of life is a fabric of the spirit in which thread-patterns of reasoned truth or error are woven into the warp of his personal character or bias, the temper of the man. In some cases the woof may be so thick or the warp so thin that the texture produced is of a scientific or otherwise colorless impersonality. In other cases the thinnest and most threadbare woof strings together the strong cords of sentimental or fanatical bias. In still other cases warp and woof color and reflect and modify each other in reconciled or unreconciled rivalry: these are humanly the most interesting textures of the spirit, and, who knows? perhaps the most precious. "The sort of philosophy a man has," Fichte told us, "depends on the sort of man one is."

Towards the middle of the fourteenth century a priest and warden of the House of the Teutonic Order on the bank of the Main, in Frankfurt, wrote a book which Martin Luther declared had taught him more of God and Christ and all things than any other next to the Bible and St. Augustine. The kernel of this Theologia Germanica is a gospel of self-denial. Sin is infatuate self-will, blindness to good and to God; in the true life of Christ the self must be forsaken and lost, must die altogether. "Be simply and wholly bereft of self. . . . Put off thine own will, and there will be no hell."
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Five centuries later, on the right bank of the Main, opposite the Frankfurt House of the Teutonic Order, the deepening twilight of old age was bringing peace to another evangelist of denial. Arthur Schopenhauer felt himself at home in the *Theologia Germanica*. Breaking its intellectual theistic shell and casting it aside as nothing worth, he found in its kernel-doctrine of salvation the same truth which had been uttered in dark sayings of ancient Eastern seers and which he had sought his life long to express and to establish in reasoned terms. "Buddha, the Frankfurter, and I," Schopenhauer used to say: one in their pessimistic insight into life. For the essential difference between religions consists in this, he thinks, whether they are optimistic or pessimistic. Despite the superficial bond of monotheism, the essentially optimistic tone of Judaism makes it really alien to the deeper spirit of Christianity. It is the perception of evil in the Old Testament which Christianity has seized upon and emphasized: the sense of sin, the doctrine of the Fall, which Schopenhauer calls the redeeming feature of Judaism.

True Christianity, Schopenhauer insisted on every occasion, is a gospel of deliverance from life. The world is to it a synonym for evil; St. Augustine identifies salvation with the end of the world. Here is no complacent gospel of happiness: "The swiftest animal that bears thee to perfection is suffering," Meister Eckhart wrote, and the very symbol of Christianity is the cross. What Meister Eckhart teaches "in the fetters of his Christian mythology," the Buddha urges more simply and clearly, unencumbered by theism. Woe is universal and woe is begotten of selfishness, and deliverance from woe is deliverance from self. This deliverance from the bonds of self, this crucifixion of the flesh, this peace of stilled desire Schopenhauer did not
attain; only old age in the course of nature brought him a measure of it. But he read the wretched riddle of life and recorded its solution: that which saints lived out and mystics saw in blessed vision, he undertook to analyze and to prove.

It is easy and it is futile to taunt Schopenhauer with not having practised what he preached. His very failure to do so may serve the more clearly to illustrate his text. Life he compared to a tragedy, in which the hero may leave the stage and even step into the audience to watch the play, biding his time and cue, all the while keenly aware of the tragic dénouement in which he is to play his part. It is a sorry play Schopenhauer witnessed on the stage of life, and a sorry actor he was in many ways, yet with all his frailties not altogether unheroic. A more intimate glance into his life and heart may not lead us to admire, but it will enable us to understand, and to pity without scorn.

II

The average man accepts the world without question. He is apt to ascribe suicide to a fit of madness, and the unqualified rejection of life impresses him as the utterance of a diseased mind. Those who would explain Schopenhauer's pessimism pathologically find no lack of material in his family's history. The Schopenhauers, of Dutch ancestry, had long been settled prosperously as merchants and landowners in Danzig. The philosopher's great-grandfather, Johann Schopenhauer, had been, in 1716, host to Peter the Great, and had warmed his stoveless guest-chamber by burning gallons of brandy on the stone floor. The grandfather, Andreas Schopenhauer, married Anna Renata Soermanns, to whom the troubled strain in the Schopenhauer family may be traced. She was adjudged insane and placed under
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a guardian’s care during the last years of her life. Her two younger sons were clearly tainted: Michael Andreas was from his youth an idiot; Karl Gottfried, who studied in Göttingen, dissipated mind and body in riotous living and died of consumption. The two elder sons had apparently exhausted the family’s stock of intelligence. Steady and enterprising, they pushed the Schopenhauer house to the front rank in Danzig. Johann Friedrich, however, died young. Heinrich Floris, the eldest, was a powerful, intelligent, hard, proud, defiantly independent and choleric patrician, a man of inflexible honor, ruthless candor, volcanic wrath, impenetrable depths of gloom—and epically ugly.

When he sought the hand of the beautiful light-hearted Johanna Henriette Trosiener, almost twenty years younger than himself, she accepted him readily, without any illusions of romantic love, but with great respect for him and for his preëminent position in the life of the city. His patrician pride impressed her, and for his storms of wrath she had had abundant training in the house of her own violent father Trosiener. So she married him, and retired to his country villa, with its art treasures, horses and spaniels and octave of lamb-bells, its garden and little lake, and the sea in the distance. Here Johanna would read French and English novels all week, and on Saturday Heinrich Floris would return from the city, sometimes bringing guests along. Only once did he ride over in the middle of the week, to announce the fall of the Bastille.

The Danzig oligarch, travelling with his wife, was expecting a son and heir, and wanted him to be born on English soil. But Johanna’s homesickness cut their tour short, and the child was born a Danziger after all, on February 22, 1788. He was baptized Arthur, because his father
wanted the future head of his house to have a cosmopolitan name, the same in English, French and German. The son was to be a free European patrician, like his father. But the oligarchy of Danzig was in danger. Heinrich Floris, who refrained from making use of a Polish title of nobility or from accepting Friedrich's invitation to settle in Prussia, was not the one to submit to Prussia's encroachment on his native free city. When, in 1793, the Prussian troops entered Danzig, the Schopenhauers were on their way to the free city of Hamburg.

To prepare him for a commercial career, young Arthur was sent at the age of nine to Havre. There he spent two years with the family of a M. Grégoire, for whose son Anthime he conceived great friendship. He returned to Hamburg knowing French better than German, and all his life remembered his Havre years as his happiest: a sinister reflection on his life at home. There seems to have been little capacity for happiness in Schopenhauer's being, and much in his youth to develop his genius for gloom. His parents, especially his mother, cultivated the society of literary and learned men, but he was definitely intended for a merchant's career. Arthur's heart loathed banker's books and craved poetry, art learning. His honored father was inflexibly bent on ruining his life; his light-hearted mother was impatient with his "moods". Between the two, the boy was lone and depressed; his sister Adele, who was to cherish him with such sad devotion in after-years, was yet too young to understand.

"My son shall read the great book of the world," Heinrich Floris said, and met Arthur's insistent pleas for a classical education by offering him as an alternative an extended tour to France and England, on the express condition that he definitely accept his own commercial plans.
The lure succeeded, but the long journey did not realize the expected pleasures. The youth had already shown uncanny insight into the dark recesses of life. In England, where he spent some time in a boarding-school at Wimbledon, he had an eye only for the restrictions and the bigotries of English life. In Toulon the hopeless lot of the galley-convicts depressed him, and in Lyons he saw men and women merrily promenading in streets and in the square where but ten years before their parents had been mowed down by grape-shot. Through Switzerland, Bavaria and Austria the Schopenhauers proceeded to Berlin, where they separated, the father returning to Hamburg, the mother and son to the old Danzig home, where Arthur was confirmed. His gloomy moods the parents perceived but did not understand. His mother urged him to overcome his remote bearing with people and grow more affable; his father wrote him to improve his epistolary style and penmanship and writing-posture, as behooved a future solid banker. Arthur returned to Hamburg to eat his heart out in the commercial office of Senator Jenisch. The Schopenhauers' change of residence had proved very costly, and the Danziger's commercial preëminence remained only a memory to him in Hamburg. Heinrich Floris did not become a naturalized citizen of his adopted city. Sullen and broken pride, financial worries, growing deafness and lapses of memory and recognition embittered his last years, and when one day in April, 1805, he fell into the Hamburg canal, the accident was judged by many, and later by his son also, as a case of suicide.

His father's death made Arthur's life doubly hard, as now a sense of honor and pious loyalty to his paternal will
bound him to a hateful occupation, the while his mind and heart perversely courted literary and scientific interests. His mother had a gift for suiting her cheerful self, and resolved to make the most of her young widowhood. Leaving her son to his ledgers, she moved with Adele to Weimar, arriving there just before the battle of Jena, and was very soon at home to all the Olympians. It was the second spring of her spirit. Twice a week her salon welcomed men like Goethe, Wieland, Grimm, the two Schlegels, and especially Fernow, to whom she was particularly devoted and the writing of whose biography was her first literary venture. The Duke Karl August smiled on her at court. She wrote Arthur of her many suitors: a Frankfurt merchant, a noble Kammerherr, a Councillor Conta who ordered his every minute to suit her wishes; all this she rehearsed to her son in frank delight, breathing the divine air of the German Olympus and thrilled with the new powers and talents which Weimar was bringing out. And meanwhile from his counter Arthur wrote her wailing letters: "All is disintegrated in the stream of time. The minutes, the countless atoms of pettiness into which each action crumbles are worms which gnaw and destroy all that is great and resolute. The dreadful commonplaceness crushes all aspiration. There is naught to be serious with in human life; dust is not worth it. What are eternal passions for this petty wretchedness?" 

Life is a jest; and all things show it: 
I thought so once; but not I know it."

And not only the merchant's ledgers kept him from soaring to perfection: a poem written during these months reveals only too clearly the tortures of his soul, torn between the tug of the flesh and the flight of the spirit:
Oh lust, oh hell,
Oh senses, oh love,
Not to let go,
Nor yet to vanquish!
From Heaven's summits
You've dragged me down
And cast me here
In this earth's mire.

Even more clearly is the voice of the later pessimist heard in these verses:

What more desirable indeed
Than utterly to vanquish
This empty miserable life,
What no desire could ever consummate,
Though heart should break with longing on the spot.
How fine 'twould be, with light and gentle step
The desert of this life on earth to roam,
The footstep never sticking in the mire,
The eye-glance never turned away from Heaven.

Was it desire to be rid of epistolary nightmares, was it a rare flash of maternal pity, was it plain good sense on Johanna's part which led her at last to consult with Fernow whether Arthur was too late to begin preparing for the university, and on his advice to release her son from the bonds of commerce? In 1807, at the age of nineteen, he plunged into Greek and Latin, first at Gotha and then in Weimar, with such intensity that in the short span of two years he leaped into the University of Göttingen.

If his mother had thought of curing his pessimism by putting Homer in his hands, she was sorely mistaken. In her Weimar salon the sun, moon, and stars of Germany shone in turn around Arthur but did not penetrate his midnight. Johanna found his wailing presence in Weimar far more intolerable than his wailing letters had been. She could administer bitter pills to others, and told her son in so many words to condemn the world elsewhere, if he must, but to leave her in peace. Keep to your own lodgings,
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she told him; in my home, of course, you are a welcome guest, when I am at home to guests, "if you would only refrain from all your disagreeable disputing which makes me also cross, and from all your lamenting over the stupid world and the misery of mankind, for all this always gives me a horrid night, and I do like sound sleep".

The philosophical bent of Schopenhauer's mind asserted itself early. "Ænesidemus" Schulze in Göttingen started him with the advice to avoid all philosophers, and especially Aristotle and Spinoza, until he had first mastered the divine Plato and the marvelous Kant. From Göttingen he proceeded to Berlin, hoping to learn from Fichte, but found his Wissenschaftslehre (Science of Knowledge) to be only Wissenschaftleere (Empty Knowledge). Physical science, literature, history, art, classical learning, all were to him soil in which his own philosophy was germinating. Here was no young pedant being initiated in technique, but one who felt himself a young titan and was already preparing to provide the materials for the next chapter in the history of philosophy. At Weimar, in April, 1811, he confided his plan of life to the seventy-eight-year-old poet Wieland. "Life is a precarious matter: I have resolved to spend mine meditating upon it." The death-earnest manner which commended itself to Wieland and to Goethe amused the Jena flappers who tittered at the young man sullenly gazing by himself out of the window. "Little ones," Goethe advised them, "leave him over there in peace; he will yet one day grow above the heads of us all."

His mother tittered with the flappers, when she was not out of patience with her son. On receiving her copy of his doctor's dissertation, "On the Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason" she remarked that the root smelled of the apothecary. The son replied that men
would be reading him when not one copy of her works was to be had. She retorted that the entire edition of his works would then still be on hand. A grim fate was to fulfill both prophecies, the mother’s before the son’s. Back of these sour family pleasantries there was serious tension between the two. Johanna’s manner of life was taxing the Schopenhauer estate; but doubly irritating to the son were his mother’s intimate relations with the courtier Müller von Gerstenbergk whom she had living in her own house and with whom Schopenhauer refused to come to any terms. Johanna would not sacrifice Müller to Arthur, and the son broke forever with his mother.

Meanwhile an interest in Goethe’s theory of colors, which led to Schopenhauer’s writing a special treatise on the subject, brought him into intimate contact with the old poet, for whose genius Schopenhauer retained a reverence which no other German besides Kant commanded. The theory of vision and colors, however, was only a special interest. Schopenhauer’s main attention was already being devoted to a philosophical system that was to mark the step beyond Kant. In Dresden, to which he had been drawn by its music and art-treasures and by the fine library, his aggressive assurance earned him, in a literary circle, the epithet Jupiter tonans. But, along with the Jovian thunders, quietly the philosophy of his life was germinating within him. We can now trace, in the eleventh volume of Paul Deussen’s definitive edition of the Works, the genesis of Schopenhauer’s system, in the original notes and rough drafts from the years 1812-18. The reading of these early sketches deepens the impression that his philosophy was in the main fixed as early as 1814, and adds force to his words written in 1813 in Berlin: “Under my hands and still more in my mind grows a work, a philosophy which
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will be an ethics and a metaphysics in one: two branches which hitherto have been separated as falsely as man has been divided into soul and body. The work grows, slowly and gradually aggregating its parts like the child in the womb. I become aware of one member, one vessel, one part after another. In other words, I set each sentence down, without anxiety as to how it will fit into the whole; for I know it has all sprung from a single foundation. It is thus that an organic whole originates and that alone will live. . . . Chance, thou ruler of this sense-world! Let me live and find peace for yet a few years, for I love my work as the mother her child. When it is matured and has come to the birth, then exact from me my dues, taking interest for the postponement.”

IV

When the work was done, in 1818, Schopenhauer was convinced, and remained convinced throughout his life, that he had solved the riddle of existence and pointed out the path of salvation through insight. He planned accordingly to have his signet-ring engraved, with the Sphinx falling headlong into the abyss. To Brockhaus in Leipzig he offered his work as “a new philosophical system, new in the full meaning of the term, not a new exposition of old ideas, but a most coherent course of thoughts, which have never before come into any human head. The book . . . will, I am firmly convinced, be in the future the source and the occasion for hundred other books.”

Brockhaus accepted the work of the thirty-year-old sage sight unseen, as the clean copy of the manuscript was not yet completed. Unavoidable delay in the printing of the book threatened to delay his projected trip to Italy and also filled him with quite ungrounded suspicions of his publisher’s
honesty. A disgracefully bitter correspondence with Brockhaus ensued, which the latter with perfect right definitely terminated.

At the end of September, 1818, Schopenhauer left for Italy by way of Vienna, and was already in Rome before his own copies of *The World as Will and Idea* reached him. Time brought together in Italy the four great contemners of this world, who, as Gwinner puts it, could well have held a Congress of Pessimists: Chateaubriand, was in Italy, and of course Giacomo Leopardi, ten years Schopenhauer’s junior, and Byron was in Venice. Schopenhauer did not come to know Leopardi until late in life, when Adam von Doss helped to introduce him more intimately to the Italian poet’s works. For his failure to meet Lord Byron, which grievously disappointed his sister Adele, he had his own jealousy to blame. Goethe had given him a letter of introduction to the author of *Childe Harold*, but he spent three months in Venice without making use of his opportunity. Italian beauties claimed his heart no less than the beauty of Italy. As he was walking one day on the Lido with his Dulcinea, a rider galloped past them. “Look at the English poet!” the Venetian girl cried out ecstatically, and remained as in a revery the rest of the day. Schopenhauer put his letter of introduction away, but lived to regret his pique of jealousy in after years.

His Italian trip was brought to a sharp conclusion by disastrous news of the failure involving the Muhl house in Danzig, in which part of his share and all of his mother’s and his sister’s shares of the family estate were invested. He fought hard to win his mother and sister to his side against the proposed thirty per cent. settlement, and, failing in this, held out alone. It was his patrimony that assured him of freedom, of learned leisure, and he was
determined on teaching Herr Muhl in Danzig that one could be a philosopher without being a simpleton. In the end he recovered his money from Muhl intact—only to lose it later in Mexican bonds.

His wrangles over the thirty per cent. settlement served to estrange him still further from his mother, and this time, alas, also from his sister. To her, who had idolized him and shared his many glooms, this estrangement was a bitter sorrow which poisoned her increasingly lonely life.

The Muhl trouble, which for a time had endangered his economic independence, helped to confirm him in his decision to enter the academic career, and, after some preliminary inquiries, he applied for and was admitted to a docentship at the University of Berlin: a crusader for philosophic truth in the very citadel of Hegelian charlatanry, no less! His expectations may be judged from the Vita which he submitted to the Berlin Philosophical Faculty, and also from his letter to Dean Böckh, to the effect that no time for his lectures would suit him quite so well as the hour in which Herr Professor Hegel held his Hauptkollegium. The anticipated reduction of the Hegelian fortress did not take place, nor did Beelzebub have to make a sortie. Apart from a brief encounter with Schopenhauer at the first trial lecture, in which Hegel seems to have got the worst of it, the latter was apparently unaware of his young colleague's existence. Schopenhauer's lectures proved a complete fiasco. He retained the announcement of his course in the Berlin catalogue until 1832, and later planned a second attempt in a South-German University, but his first course of lectures was really his last.

The reader of the lectures, in the ninth and tenth volumes of Deussen's edition, will find Schopenhauer's academic failure hard to explain. The few who listened to them
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must have found the delivery attractive, if the reports of Schopenhauer’s gifts of oral discourse are to be at all credited. Clarity, keen logic, driving power, brilliant style, ready and most varied allusion, irony, grim humor, all were his. But philosophy in Berlin was under Hegel’s sway. What chances had this avowed enemy to attract many students when he had put his lecture-hour to compete with Hegel’s main course?

The book into which he had poured his life was fulfilling his mother’s cruel prophecy. Herbart reviewed it with appreciation, notwithstanding his radical disagreement with the philosophy of *The World as Will and Idea*. Jean Paul Richter described it as a philosophical work of genius, bold, many-sided, keen and profound, and compared it to a desolate bottomless Norwegian lake, sunk in a dark wall of steep cliffs, where the sun never penetrates, and only the stars of the day’s sky are seen, and over which no bird flies, and no wave stirs. The book, for all that, fell still-born from the press, though its very title should have kept it alive. “The Kantian antithesis of the thing-in-itself and the phenomenon, the phenomenalistic doctrine that the world of our experience and knowledge through understanding is only a world of ideas, the turn in metaphysical standpoint from the theoretical to the practical reason, the observation that the true essence of things consists in Will” writes Windelband, “all these fundamental doctrines of Kant, Fichte and Schelling were comprehended in Schopenhauer’s catchword.”

Assured that he had solved the world-enigma, Schopenhauer had to feed his pessimism on that bitterest of diets, the apathy of mankind. He was convinced that the professional guild was in conspiracy against him, to undermine him if necessary, to condemn him to eternal silence if possible.
For his part he reacted with savage vigor: poor young Beneke's review he denounced as a liar's patchwork; if he had called Fichte a windbag, he now turned on Hegel, the Beelzebub and Caliban of philosophic Germany, with vitriolic diatribe and abuse. Even so loyal a disciple as Frauenstädt could not stomach them, but Schopenhauer insisted on retaining and underscoring them in his works. One doubts whether his own "arrival" in the fifties gratified him any more than the simultaneous collapse of Hegelianism.

Life bristled also with petty annoyances. One of them cost him a pretty penny. In the private entry, which he shared with another lodger in Berlin he found one day three strange women gossiping. He complained to his landlady and was assured that the disturbance would not be repeated. But it was, and as the landlady was absent at the time, he himself asked the three women to leave. Two of them complied, but the third, a seamstress, refused, whereupon Schopenhauer, coming out of his room a little later with his walking-stick and finding her again in his entry, again asked her to leave. Upon her second refusal, he shoved her out, and when she once more returned, pushed her more violently down the stairs. The result was a lawsuit for bodily injuries, which passed through many courts; in the end Schopenhauer was condemned to pay the sewing-woman fifteen thalers a quarter as long as she lived. When she finally died he recorded the event epigrammatically: Obit anus abit onus.

V

The cholera which swept off Hegel, in 1831, frightened Schopenhauer out of Berlin, and after some thought he settled on Frankfurt as permanent residence, and there,
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with a brief intermission in Mannheim, he spent the rest of his life. Seventeen years of almost complete silence followed the publication of his masterwork, but when *The Will in Nature* appeared, in 1836, it stirred not a leaf in philosophical Germany. The acceptance, by Rosenkranz and Schubert, of Schopenhauer's insistent suggestion that the text of the first edition of the *Critique of Pure Reason* be used in their edition of Kant's Works was a flash of recognition of a man whom everybody had apparently agreed to ignore. To be sure, the Norwegian Royal Society of Sciences in Drontheim crowned his prize-essay on the *Freedom of the Will*, in 1839; but the very next year the Danish Royal Academy rejected his prize-essay on the *Basis of Morality*, although it was the only one that had been submitted for the competition. The Danish disapproval of his disrespectful treatment of the Post-Kantian summi philosophi had been responsible for their rejection of his work, and it roused his fury. He published both essays together, marking them on the title-page "crowned" and "not crowned" respectively. But crown and no crown were all one to the unresponsive public. For over twenty years he had been assembling supplements to his main work, manifold illustrations and elaborations as well as fuller discussions of special topics. But Brockhaus refused to undertake a second edition of *The World as Will and Idea* with its supplements, and only Schopenhauer's pathetic insistence and his offer of his manuscript gratis finally induced the publisher to risk the venture, in 1844—and thus for the second time to lose his money.

Was it Charles Lamb who resolved, if his contemporaries would have none of him, to write for antiquity? Thirty years of unrecognition had not sapped Schopenhauer's own confidence in the eternal truth of his
philosophy, but they had countersigned and sealed his disdain of the Zweifüsser, bipeds, among whom he had to live his life. The image of the Sphinx plunging into the abyss was to have been his signet; now he chose for the top-cover of his snuff-box the picture of two horse-chestnuts, to remind him of the deceptive values and false appearances of existence. To apathy he replied with disdainful assurance, proud and pathetic: "If at times I have felt unhappy, that has been due, after all, only to a blunder, to a personal confusion; I have mistaken myself for someone else and complained of his woes: for instance, a Privatdozent who has not obtained his professorship and who gets no students; or for one maligned by a certain Philistine or gossiped about by a certain other scandal-monger; or for the defendant in a lawsuit for assault; or for a lover disdained by his precious maiden; or for a patient kept at home by his illness; or for such other persons afflicted with such miseries. But I myself have been none of all these; that was all alien fabric of which, let us say, my coat was made, which I wore for a while and then discarded for another. Who am I, then? The author of The World as Will and Idea, who has given the solution of the problem of existence, a solution which perhaps displaces all previous ones, and which at any rate will keep busy the thinkers of ages to come. I am that man, and what can trouble him during the years that he still has to breathe?"

"Where thy treasure is, there will thy heart be also."

In judging Schopenhauer's personal pessimism, as in passing judgment on his private life, we should not lose sight of the passage just quoted. Nietzsche could ask ironically what sort of a pessimist was this, that played the flute; and Kuno Fischer and others might doubt if Schopenhauer's pessimism was really fast color, or even if it was genuine. Here
is a man who has managed to retain his share of his patri-mony and has lived comfortably as a gentleman all his life. He has watched the tragedy of World-Woe on the stage of life, more rapt than anyone else, but seated all the same in a most comfortable seat. Here is a man who preaches asceticism to others, but confesses with ready resignation that he is too sensual to practise his own gospel. But does Schopenhauer's own sensuality prove him insincere, and does his sturdy good health and his outwardly comfortable life prove him merely petulant in his pessimism? Surely Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor was written before him; and surely it is a plebeian's analysis and conclusion that a man cannot be a genuine pessimist, and should not be one at all, if he dines every night at the Englischer Hof. Back of all this discord between Schopenhauer's philosophy and his personality, there are, as Volkelt points out against Kuno Fischer, the discords in Schopenhauer's personality itself. If we are so well acquainted with these discords, and in general with the dark sides of Schopenhauer's character, we owe it to Schopenhauer's own candor. No one is a hero to his valet, and while in some respects Schopenhauer was always on parade, he was "no hypocrite, but the sincerest character that ever was". Much of his cynical frankness regarding himself reflects his contempt for the bipeds, Zweifüßer, on the same principle that leads Dostoyevsky's character Prince Valkovsky, in The Insulted and Injured, to show his contempt for the "hero" by reciting the most shameless stories in his presence.

There are unlovely, amusing, pathetic, revolting traits in Schopenhauer's character. He was sensual; he was in many ways shameless. Something of a coward he was, and afflicted from his childhood with fright that bordered
on mania. When he was six years old, his parents returning from a walk found him in perfect despair, imagining that they had abandoned him. During his adolescence and while a student in Berlin he worried over his imagined and unimagined diseases. In 1813 he feared conscription; the fear of the small-pox sent him out of Naples, and the fear of the cholera led him to move from Berlin to Frankfurt. In Verona he was obsessed with the worry that he had taken poisoned snuff. Although he found street-noises intolerable, and consequently reckoned man's intelligence in inverse ratio to his capacity to endure noise, his fear of a fire caused him always to live on the ground floor. He was morbidly suspicious; a noise at night would make him jump and reach for the sword and loaded pistols that he always had by his bedside. Suspicion was particularly strong where his chief treasures were concerned. All his life he was afraid of plagiarists; he distrusted his publishers (even Brockhaus); and, after the manuscript of his *Parerga* had been repeatedly rejected by the publishers, and Frauenstädt had finally found one willing to print it in Berlin, Schopenhauer wrote his own arch-evangelist not to let any man have a look at his essays, lest they steal his thoughts before publication.

Even if his pride is to be counted a virtue, still how shall we condone his consuming vanity and his importunate love of flattery? When, after the publication of the *Parerga und Paralipomena*, his philosophy began to bring him fame in the fifties, he classified his main followers under the rubrics of apostles and evangelists: Adam von Doss was his *Apostle Johannes*, Dorguth his *Urevangelist* and Frauenstädt his *Erzevangelist*. His disciples could not quench his thirst for adulation; no worship was too excessive. The man who had disdained the popular
philosophers, and, in his utter obscurity, had found comfort
in the Arabian proverb, "Among quartzes, adamant is outlawed", now devoured every line written about himself.
The first business of his evangelists was to write about him;
the second, to scour the journals and newspapers for scraps
of Schopenhaueriana. Send everything that mentioned his
name: he would pay the postage! There is really no quoting
of samples here; a liturgy of self-glorification is in
his letters of the fifties until disgust mixes with pity in
the reading. Was there ever so great a man, whose old-
age correspondence was as petty?

Behold all these things are fact, but what use is to be
made of them? Paint Schopenhauer as black as you please:
sensual, selfish, surly, sullen, stubborn, self-conceited: have
you disproved his pessimism, or only ballasted his text with
footnotes? Is the beggar insincere in his appreciation of
riches? No more is Schopenhauer in his gospel of world-
contempt and asceticism. But actually the case against
Schopenhauer is not as strong as it is sometimes made out
to be. Did he fight tooth and nail with Muhl for his
patrimony? Did he worry lest his mother should try to
deprive him of part of his share? Did he keep his valuable
papers hidden in falsely labelled envelopes, to mislead pos-
sible thieves? Schopenhauer's main defense may be gath-
ered from his dedication of the second edition of The
World as Will and Idea to the memory of his father. Con-
vinced of his inability to make a professional success and
earn his own livelihood, Schopenhauer regarded his eco-
nomic independence as indispensable condition of his doing
the work on which his life had been staked. Therefore his
veneration for his father who had made him economically
independent, therefore his constant readiness to battle for
his funds with anyone, therefore his almost morbid fears of
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thieves and swindlers, which led him to suspect even the
friend of his childhood, Anthime Grégoire. Vain he was all
his life, defiantly vain throughout the long years of his
obscurity, gloatingly vain and arrogant when fame at last
arrived and, as he put it, the Nile reached Cairo. But if his
old-age letters are so petty and pitifully naïve in their insati-
ate eagerness for praise, they admit perhaps of another in-
terpretation. Schopenhauer had served his long sentence of
apathy; when at last the doors of his cell of unrecognition
crashed through and the light of sunshine gleamed on his
white head, the man who had defiantly written in his ob-
scurity, "I am the author of The World as Will and Idea!" dis-
dayed no false modesty in his hour of fame. His mas-
terpiece was his own child; we can charge his vanity to
paternal pride. Besides, Maria Groener urges, was he so
conceited after all, considering who he was? Did not
Goethe write: "Only ragamuffins are humble"?

Hard-hearted he was, but simple kindliness was not alto-
gether extinct in him. Of decided interest is the story of
his devotion to his dog Atma, and particularly the intimate
account of his daily life as observed by Lucia Franz, in
whose father’s apartment Schopenhauer lived as a lodger
for over a year, until his death in 1860. We have had the
Schopenhauer portrayed in his books, in his letters, in
the memoirs of disciples or of enemies. Here are a child’s
memories, and they reveal humanity and kindliness, and
softer, more generous traits of character which had quite
escaped the mature associates and observers of the great
pessimist.

So his life’s story reads itself out. There is bitter irony
in his choice of a snuff-box cover with horse-chestnuts
painted on it. There is tragedy in his wistful outcry as
he gazes on the picture of the saintly Trappist, Abbé Rancé.
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There is pathos in his words to his biographer Gwinner: "So life has strewn roses in my path, too: to be sure only white roses." The philosopher of pessimism was no hero, no saint, but his devotion to his philosophy reveals both heroism and saintliness. No one can question his right to inscribe on the title-page of his Parerga Juvenal's line: Vitam impendere vero. To stake one's life for the truth: it was the living motto of his life.