

this; he is the first who has taught what music signifies." <sup>1</sup>

I have given more space to an account of Schopenhauer's views on art and the beautiful, and especially on music, than is usually accorded by purely philosophical writers. This I have done in deference to the popularity which Schopenhauer's writings have acquired and enjoyed during the last fifty years; also because he furnishes one of the rare instances in which speculations about art have been received with favour by artists themselves. There is also no doubt that, independent of his philosophical doctrine, Schopenhauer's wide acquaintance with, and appreciation of, the best in art and literature of nearly all times and nations, and his transparent and interesting style, have attracted many readers and students to whom otherwise philosophy would have remained a sealed book.<sup>2</sup> Similar qualities and similar causes have formed the attraction also in some, especially of the earlier, writings of Eduard von Hartmann.

<sup>1</sup> Kuno Fischer, *loc. cit.*, p. 341.

<sup>2</sup> Kuno Fischer has also well brought out that Schopenhauer's philosophy is really more a work of art than a well-founded and well-reasoned work of thought. And in this, its artistic character, containing a striking theme repeated in endless variations and clothed in a beautiful yet simple style, it must be contemplated rather than critically dissected. Least of all must it be brought into relation with the personal character of its author, from whom it appears detached and unable to receive any further illumination. Living out of the world, he looked upon it as something entirely detached from himself: his

pessimism was not, as some of his opponents suggest, a mere affectation. "It was a serious and tragic view of the world, but it was an image, a picture. The tragedy of world-misery was acted in the theatre. He sat among the spectators in a comfortable fauteuil with his opera-glass. . . . Some of the spectators forgot the world-misery at the buffet; not one of them followed the tragedy with the same intense attention and seriousness as he did with his penetrating eye; then he went home deeply moved but quite happy, and described what he had seen" (*loc. cit.*, p. 125).