land; there is Markendorf in Brandenburg in Prussia; Marcke, a village and commune, West Flanders; and Marcq in Hainault. Or the district may have been named from a river. There is Marke, a river of Oldenburg; Marck, or Merck, a river of Belgium, prov. Antwerp. The exact date of the first settlement of the Markeners on the island is doubtful; but all agree that it was as early as the seventeenth century. It has lately been proposed to drain the Zuider Zee, but there is no prospect of this being attempted at present.

ART VIII.—SCHOPENHAUER AND DARWINISM.

THOSE of our readers who remember the remarkable article in the *Westminster Review* of April 1853, on Arthur Schopenhauer, the Frankfort sage, as he has been styled, under the title of "Iconoclasm in German Philosophy", or those who may chance to have read the present writer's series of articles on the same subject in the *Parthenon* (1862), will not require to be told that Schopenhauer was one of the most original thinkers of this century, and not less distinguished as a lucid writer. The son of a highly cultivated and wealthy banker and of a gifted mother, herself a writer of eminence, who, in the early period of her married life, enjoyed the friendship and counsels of Dr. Jameson, the chaplain to the English colony at Dantzic, his education was a desultory and many-sided one, but, from these very circumstances, of a liberal and cosmopolitan, as well as of a matter-of-fact, character. It may be said to have begun, as Rousseau demands, even before his birth; for his father took his young wife to England while in an interesting condition, being desirous that the expected young citizen of the world should be born on English soil, and thus acquire the birthright of a Briton. The delicate state of the mother's health, however, necessitated her return to Dantzic, at that time a free town, where Arthur Schopenhauer was born on February 22nd, 1788. In March 1793, his parents emigrated to Hamburg, during their twelve years' residence at which they travelled

about a great deal, everywhere taking their young son with them, whose education as a citizen of the world was one of the objects of these travels never lost sight of by the father. At nine years of age, he was left with a correspondent of his father's, a M. Grégoire at Havre, where for two years he shared the private lessons of young Grégoire, a boy of the same age as himself. There he spent the happiest time of his boyhood, and became, what the father wished him to be, quite a Frenchman. He returned to Hamburg in the spring of 1803. His parents, chiefly with the intention of weaning him from his love of science, set out with him on the grand tour. They made a six months' stay in England; and, during the excursion of the parents to the north of the island, young Arthur was entrusted to the care of a clergyman at Wimbledon, and here he laid the foundation of his subsequent familiarity with the language and literature of the nation with which his mind owned kindred. At New-year in 1805, he was apprenticed as a merchant to Senator Jenisch at Hamburg, with whom, notwithstanding his intense dislike to commercial life, he continued for some time after the death of his father in 1805. Fortunately, he was rescued from this position by the advice of Fernow, the editor of Dante, and the intimate friend of Arthur's mother, who showed him a letter from her son, in which he gave utterance to the inner discord generated by despair of himself. He was now sent to the Gotha Grammar School, and thence to Weimar, from which he proceeded to Göttingen, entering himself at first as a medical student, but soon after, under the guidance of G. E. Schulze, author of *Ænesidem*, exchanged the study of medicine for that of philosophy. In 1811, he repaired to Berlin, attracted thither by Fichte's fame. Having completed his terms at the University, he retired to the charming Rudolstadt Valley in Thuringia, and here he composed his inaugural dissertation, "The Fourfold Root of the Proposition of the Sufficient Cause", for the purpose of taking his degree. The young doctor soon after enjoyed the inestimable advantage of an intercourse with Goethe, whose penetrating judgment easily discerned the superior order of his young friend's intellect.* Among philosophers, too, his treatise excited much attention; certainly more than his great work, published November 1818, *The World as*

* See Goethe's Correspondence with State-Councillor Schultze, p. 149.

Will and Conception. He sent an early copy of the latter to his friend Goethe, whereupon his sister Adele writes to him (he had since left Dresden for Naples, whither the proofs had followed him): "Goethe received your work with great delight, forthwith cut the thick volume into halves, and instantly began reading in it. An hour after, he sent me the enclosed slip, and a message to say he thanked you very much, and believed the book to be good. As he always was so lucky as to light on the best passages in books, he had read the pages set down in the slip, and been very much pleased with them. He intends very soon to write you his opinion more fully; meanwhile he charges me to tell you so. A few days after, Ottilie (Goethe's daughter) told me her father sat over the book, reading it with a zeal such as she had never yet witnessed in him. He said to her he now had a treat for a whole year; for now he would read the book from beginning to end, and thought it would take him that space of time to do so. He then told me he rejoiced very much at your being still so attached to him, having had some difference with you about the theory of colours. What he particularly admired in your book was the lucidity of diction, though your language differed from that of others, and one must accustom oneself to call the things by the names you gave them. But once having got this knack, and knowing that horse is not horse but *cavallo*, and God perhaps *Dio*, or something else, one could read on easily enough. He also liked the whole arrangement very well, only the ungraceful size would not let him rest, and so he fancied to himself the work consisted of two parts. When next I go to see him, I hope to speak to him alone again, and perhaps he may say something more satisfactory; at least, you are the only author whom Goethe reads in this way, and with such zeal." Some time after, Jean Paul said of this work: "An ingenious, philosophical, bold, many-sided work, full of sagacity and depth of thought, but with a depth often comfortless and bottomless—comparable to a melancholy lake in Norway, upon which, owing to its dark encircling wall of steep rock, one never beholds the sun, but deep below only the starry day-sky, and over which neither bird nor wave passes." Nevertheless, besides calling forth a few reviews, the work, on its first appearance, was almost wholly neglected.

As it is not my purpose here to write Schopenhauer's bio-

graphy, I pass over his various migrations from the time of his brief sojourn at Berlin, where he made an unsuccessful attempt, as lecturer on Philosophy (*Privatdocent*) in the University, to gather hearers about him, Hegel being at that time at the zenith of his fame, to his finally settling, in 1833, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, where, to the day of his death, September 21, 1860, he lived, as his biographer, W. Gwinner, says, "among shopkeepers and money-makers—aye, even among the doctors—of this excellent city, unmolested and unknown."

Besides his great work, subsequently enlarged to two volumes, he published a treatise on *Light and Colour* (of which a third edition has just been issued), in which he supports, in the main, Goethe's theory of colours; an essay on *The Will in Nature*, a treatise on the freedom of the human will (which obtained a prize from the Royal Norwegian Society of Science at Drontheim, in 1839), and another on *The Basis of Morality* (a second edition of both of which he prepared shortly before his death); and, lastly, *Parerga and Paralipomena*, being miscellaneous philosophical essays, in two volumes, of which a second enlarged edition was published in 1862, edited by Dr. Julius Frauenstaedt, who has inherited the copyright of all Schopenhauer's works. If, in addition to these performances, we mention a translation of Balthasar Gracian's *Oracula Manual, y arte de Prudencia*, which was found ready for the press among his posthumous papers, and published in 1862, we have enumerated all that emanated from his pen in a life of seventy-two years. For one whose pecuniary means enabled him to live an independent life, wholly devoted to study, the quantity of his writings may appear very small, but then the quality is all the higher. In these few volumes he contrived to compress more original thought, and, what is of greater importance, more truths, than are to be met with in the works of the far more voluminous, and the very reverse of luminous, philosophers, whose names for a long period entirely eclipsed Schopenhauer's; but his day did come at last, and he is now fully recognised as one of the greatest lights among the philosophers of all countries and all times.

I believe I am not saying too much that it was mainly owing to the article in the *Westminster Review* referred to above that his name was at length blazoned forth, even to the German world, and that he at last began to be studied and appreciated.

For that article was translated by Frauenstaedt into German, and, being published in the *Voss Zeitung* at Berlin, created much sensation at the time. The eyes of the German public were opened by the English reviewer to the great thinker that lived among them, and had been so long unnoticed. Then it was that Frauenstaedt popularised his philosophy in a series of *Letters on Schopenhauer's Philosophy*, to which the said article served as an introduction; and it may be gratifying to the writer of the *Westminster Review* article to hear that Schopenhauer was highly satisfied with his *exposé* of his system, and referred me to the extracts as models of translation. In attempting to give to the reader who has not seen the article in question an idea of what Schopenhauer teaches, I might simply refer to the title of his great work, and say, there is all the explanation you require; or I might say his system is a compound of Kant, Plato, and Buddhism, and, indeed, his own words, in his preface to the first edition of *The World*, might seem to justify such a statement.* But neither mode of proceeding on my part would be doing justice either to Schopenhauer or to the reader. The title tells much, but not all; and Schopenhauer's own statement might suggest the erroneous belief that his system was a species of eclecticism, having no claim to any originality; that he had culled some thoughts from various quarters, and strung them together into some more or less harmonious system, to be palmed upon the public as something new. Whereas it is much nearer the truth to say that, like Shakespeare, he drew from various sources, and has been candid enough to name them at the outset, not hidden away in a corner or at the end of the volume; but he has added so much of his own, and amalgam-

* I may mention that had Schopenhauer known more of Judaism than is contained in its most ancient records, the Sacred Scriptures; had he known what the Jewish doctors say in their commentaries on the same; had he been acquainted with the system of Solomon ben Gebirol, the Spanish poet and philosopher of the eleventh century, who had so long been concealed under the name of Avicebron, until the late Solomon Munk, as librarian of the French Imperial Library, succeeded in discovering his identity with that supposed Arab philosopher, he would, in fairness, have had to add that, more than anywhere, the germ, or rather the main feature, of his doctrine might be met with among Jewish philosophers—with this difference, however, that they regard as an attribute, a portion of divinity, what with him is divinity itself, if such a term found any place at all in his system.

ated the ideas borrowed into so wonderful a whole, that it strikes every one as a new creation, and has, indeed, all the merits of one.

In now proceeding to my preliminary task, of conveying to the reader an outline—though but the merest, faintest outline—of the system, I am happy to be able to state for his satisfaction, and as a guarantee of the accuracy of my summary, that it is one which had the approval of Schopenhauer himself. It originally appeared as an introduction to a paper of mine on Schopenhauer's Philosophy of Music in Brendel's *Anregungen*. On a subsequent occasion, Schopenhauer having proposed me as a fit person to write an article on his system for the *Révue Germanique*, on behalf of which some one applied to him, he advised me to reproduce that summary in the article, adding, "it is no plagiarism to borrow from oneself."* The summary thus certified by the hand of the master ran as follows.

"The final result of Kant's philosophy, expressed in the concisest terms, was the proposition, so humiliating to human cognition, but, at the same time, so fertile in consequences, that we can know only *phenomena*, or the outward appearances of things, but not the *noumenon*, or the thing in itself. Fichte's Idealism, Schelling's Philosophy of Identity, and Hegel's Absolute, originate alike in that proposition; but while these various systems were successively and simultaneously contending for sway, and Hegel's especially had all but universal homage paid to it, Schopenhauer had, silently and unnoticed, thought out Kant's great thought, and lifted the veil which had till then hidden the thing in itself from our mental eyes. It is remarkable and characteristic of the imperfection of the human intellect, however high the degree it may have attained, that Kant, who so happily discovered and so correctly showed how it is only by virtue of our own *à priori* ideas of space, time, and causality, that we are able to have cognition even of the appearances of things, should never have suspected that we carry within ourselves the key for the other side of the world, for the thing in itself. The fact is, the world had, since Descartes and his famous *Cogito, ergo sum*, been too much prepossessed by the idea of finding everything in the intellect, even for a Kant to have been able to emancipate himself

* See Arthur Schopenhauer's Letters to the present writer in R. Printz's *Deutsches Museum*, No. 34, 1865, p. 287.

from the delusion. Be that, however, as it may, Schopenhauer wrote his immortal work, *The World as Will and Conception*, inverting the order of things by giving the will the priority, and assigning to the intellect only the secondary rank, and thus breaking the spell which had till then held the minds of men bound. 'All philosophers', says Schopenhauer, 'have erred in giving the intellect the priority.' According to him, it is the will, that vital, real, and indestructible substance of man and all beings, which, however, is unconscious, to which precedence must be allowed. The will is metaphysical, the intellect physical; *i.e.*, the production of the brain. The will, which is identical in all beings, while the intellect varies widely in degree, not only among the different beings, but among men, is *the thing in itself*. In perceiving it in ourselves, we also perceive the world as will; but all objects, our own bodies included, in which the will becomes manifest to our eyes, alone depend on, or are the product of, our conception, and form the world as conception. Now, while the unconscious, unknowing will remains immutable in all beings and things, it nevertheless *objectivates*, or manifests, itself by degrees, according to the *principium individuationis*, and thus the world of phenomena, or the chain of beings, from the great heavenly bodies to man, in whom the intellect, as the light of the will, attains its highest development, enters into our conception, and deludes it with the idea of their forming the true eternal being. Thus, the veil of Maja (as the ancient Hindoos designate it) is cast over our eyes, and conceals from us the true essence of things. We stand amazed before the phenomena, incapable of deciphering either them or our own existence. Then it is that we turn either to Art or Philosophy; for both equally strive and labour to solve the problem of existence—the former by means of contemplation, the latter by means of reflection. Art proceeds from the ideas: these, the eternal ideas, which dwell in the things, and, unconsciously to it, float before the will in the process of its objectivation or manifestation, are the true and only sources of every genuine work of art; and, as the artist himself contemplates them, he endeavours, without, however, being conscious in the abstract of the purpose and aim of his work, by means of it to reproduce those ideas."

Here, then, are, *in nuce*, the principles of Schopenhauer's meta-

physics and æsthetics, and it remains but to give the reader some slight idea of his ethics. If in the former, he showed and acknowledged himself, as regards the starting points, a follower in the one of Kant, and in the other of Plato; in the latter, he takes his stand wholly on Buddhism, though not without coinciding at the same time with Christianity, the religion of sorrow, as Thomas Carlyle has so felicitously designated it, in his views of life. These are of the gloomiest, darkest, and his description of the misery of life, painted in the colours of a Rembrandt, and grand as the outlines of a Michael Angelo, has nothing to equal it in all literature, except the first portion of the Book of Job. He is an avowed pessimist;* and nothing can reconcile him to the optimism of Judaism but the story of the Fall of Man. The will having, by the light of the intellect, recognised life to be "suffering," and nought but "suffering," no longer *wills* life, but on the contrary, desires to abnegate it. This is the turning point of his doctrine. He does not, however, recommend suicide, except in particular instances, for the simple reason that an individual suicide could never put an end to existence, to life in general. What we have to do for ourselves is, to seek the extinction of desires, quietism, such as the mystics of Christianity; more especially, however, as Buddhism has taught it, in which latter religion it is called *Nirvâna*, as opposed to Sansâra, words which for English readers, with Max Müller's works before them, will scarcely need an explanation. From the same quarter he borrows the fundamental principle of his ethics, "compassion." Suffering man looks around him, and recognising the same will that constitutes his own vital principle in all other beings, says to each, *tat tvam asi* ("thou art this"); and compassion with the sufferer dictates charity and kindness to him. The attentive reader need not be reminded that Schopenhauer might have found the same principle, substitute only "love" for "compassion," much nearer home, for the old biblical precept, "Love thy neighbour as thyself," on which, as the Jewish sages remark, the whole law depends, conveys the same doctrine. But, as we have

* If the *Saturday Review*, some time since, in a casual allusion to Schopenhauer, ascribed the origin of his pessimism to the neglect from which he suffered for so long a period, such an opinion is at once disproved by a reference to the first edition of his great work, where it will be found that he entertained those gloomy views of life before he experienced that neglect.

said before, chiefly owing to its *πάντα καλα λίαν* or its optimist character, Schopenhauer had an antipathy to Judaism, and must needs go to other sources for a support of his theory. The reader must, however, not suppose that these three leading features of the system form even an adequate outline, let alone conveying to him even the slightest idea of the vigour and clearness of thought and language that distinguish this philosopher above all his German predecessors. Reading him has justly been likened to plunging into a cold bath; it is so refreshing, so invigorating, whatever may be the effect on us of his final precept—aiming at Nirvâna. Like every complete system that seeks to explain the world, his, too, embraces the world, and ramifies into all questions connected with human life, including law, politics, the arts and sciences, and so forth. And thus it is that he also came to treat the question of sexual love, which we have chosen as the theme of the present article. He devotes a special chapter to the question in the second volume of his great work, which forms a supplement to the first, commenting upon and amplifying the doctrines contained in the latter. I shall now place before the reader the substance of that remarkable chapter, being a commentary on that in the first volume, headed "Affirmation and negation of the will." Sexual love of course springs from the former as its metaphysical root, and, as Schopenhauer has justly compared his system to the ancient city of Thebes with its hundred gates, each of which led into the middle of the city; because every part of it, like the radius of a circle, emanates from, and converges into, the centre, the reader may now enter by the portal I am about to open. At the same time he will find the answer given to the question, What is the real cause of the undying interest with which sexual love is invested? equally novel and striking. He will find that it clashes with the mythological representation of Cupid as a blind, or at least, bandaged god, and with the familiar saws about the blindness of love. All these he must dismiss from his mind as preconceived notions of a subject never thoroughly examined before, and though both tradition and daily experience seem to favour them, he must remember that many other erroneous notions, entertained for centuries, had finally to give way before the light of truth, and that, in this instance, the symbol and the sayings are, after all, only figurative. What connection the

matter has with Darwinism he will presently see. First let us hear Schopenhauer.

"We are accustomed," he says "to see poets chiefly occupied with the description of sexual love. It is, as a rule, the principal theme of all dramatic works; not less so of by far the greater portion of lyric, and equally so of epic poetry; not to speak of the piles of novels, which, in all civilised countries of Europe, crop up every year as regularly as the fruits of the soil. All these works are, as regards their main topic, nothing but many-sided, short or detailed, descriptions of the passion in question. Indeed, the most successful delineations thereof, such as Romeo and Juliet, the New Héloise, Werther's Sorrows, have attained undying fame. If Rochefoucauld is, notwithstanding, of opinion that with passionate love it is the same as with ghosts—everybody talks of it, but nobody has seen it; and if Lichtenberg disputes and denies the reality and naturalness of that passion, they are both greatly in error. For it is impossible that a subject alien to human nature should, at all times and indefatigably, be represented by the genius of the poet, and be received by mankind with unchanged sympathy, since without truth there can be no beauty in art. 'Rien n'est beau que le vrai, le vrai seul est aimable.' (Boileau.) No doubt, however, a wide, though not daily experience, confirms that what in general occurs only as a strong, yet still not indomitable inclination, may, under certain circumstances, grow into a passion surpassing every other in vehemence, and will then set aside every consideration, and surmount every obstacle, so that, for its gratification, life itself is unhesitatingly risked, nay, if such gratification be absolutely unattainable, even sacrificed. The Werthers and Jacopo Ortises do not exist in novels only; but every year produces at least half a dozen similar cases—*sed ignotus perierunt mortibus illi*—for their sufferings find no other chronicler but the coroner's clerk or a newspaper reporter. Still greater, however, is the number of those whom the same passion leads into the lunatic asylum. Lastly, every year produces a case or two of the joint suicide of a loving couple, whose union is prevented by circumstances. As to the lower degrees, and the mere touches of that passion, every one has them daily before his eyes, and, if he is not too old, mostly, too, in his heart. Neither the reality, then, nor the importance of the matter can be doubted, and hence,

instead of being surprised that a philosopher should, for once, make this constant theme of all poets his own, one ought to wonder at it that a matter which plays so important a part in human life should scarcely have been taken into consideration at all by the philosopher, and be still an unworked material. The one who has written most about it is Plato, especially in his *Symposium* and *Phædrus*; but what he says on the subject does not extend beyond the domain of myths, fables, and witticisms, and, for the most part, too, concerns only Greek boy-love (*παιδεραστία*). The little that Rousseau says on our theme, in his *Discours sur l'Inégalité*, is incorrect and insufficient Kant's discussion of the question, in the third section of the treatise on the Sense of the Beautiful and the Sublime, is very superficial, and without any real knowledge of the subject, therefore, partly too, incorrect. Spinoza's definition only excites hilarity by its exceeding naiveté. He says (Ethics iv, Prop. 44, Dem.), *amor est titillatio, concomitante idea causæ externæ.* I have, therefore, no predecessors either to draw upon or to refute."

All *sexual love*, then, however ethereal it may appear, has its sole root in *sexual instinct*, nay, is absolutely only a more definite, specialised, aye, in the strictest sense individualised, sexual instinct. If, bearing this in mind, we consider the important part which sexual love, in all its gradations and shades, plays not only in fiction, but in the real world, where, next to the love of life, it shows itself the strongest and most active of all motives or springs of action; constantly absorbing half the strength and thoughts of the younger portion of mankind; every hour interrupting the most serious occupations; sometimes, for a while, turning even the wisest heads; not fearing with its frivolity to disturb the negociations of statesmen and the investigations of scholars; contriving even to slip its billets doux and lovers' curls into ministerial portfolios and philosophical manuscripts; daily causing mischief; dissolving the dearest and firmest ties; making victims now of health or life, now of riches, rank and happiness; aye, making the honest unscrupulous and the faithful man a traitor; thus, on the whole, showing itself a spiteful demon, who is at pains to pervert, confound and overturn everything—if one considers all this, one cannot help asking, wherefore all this ado? wherefore all this stir and rage, this anxiety and misery? After all, there is nothing in it but that every one meets with his mate

—why should such a trifle be made so much of and incessantly interrupt and throw into confusion the course of well-ordered human life? But the spirit of truth gradually reveals the answer to the earnest inquirer. It is not a trifle that is at stake; on the contrary, the importance of the matter is quite in proportion to the earnestness and zeal displayed in its pursuit. The final aim of all love-intrigues, be they comic or tragic, is really of more importance than all other ends in human life, and hence, well worthy of the deep earnestness with which every one pursues it. What it all turns upon is nothing less than the *composition of the next generation. Not only the existence but the nature, constitution and outward features of those who are to appear on the stage after us are determined by these seemingly frivolous love-intrigues.* This is the key to the problem; we shall, in its application, become more fully acquainted with it by tracing the various degrees of love, from the most transient inclination up to the strongest passion, when we shall see that the difference of degrees originates in the degree of individualisation in the choice. All the love-intrigues of the present generation taken together are therefore its serious *meditatio compositionis generationis futuræ.* It is not the weal or woe of any one individual, but that *of the human race to come* which is here at stake. Inexplicable as is the special and exclusively peculiar individuality of each human being, the special and individual passion of two lovers is equally so, nay, at the root they are identical, the former being *explicite,* what the latter was *implicite.* Indeed, the moment in which the parents begin to love each other,—"to fancy each other," as the English admirably term it—may be regarded as the really first origin of a new being and the true *punctum saliens* of its life. This new individual is in a certain measure a new (Platonic) idea: now as all ideas strive with the greatest vehemence to realise themselves, eagerly seizing the matter which the law of causality distributes among them; so this special idea of a human individuality seeks its realisation with the greatest eagerness and vehemence. This eagerness and vehemence is represented by the desire of the future parents for each other. This desire has innumerable degrees, ranging between the two extremes, which may be designated as Ἀφροδίτη πανδημος and οὐρανία: in its nature, however, it is everywhere the same. In degree it will be strong in proportion as it is

individualised, *i.e.*, according to the degree in which the beloved individual, by virtue of its composition and qualities, is exclusively qualified to satisfy the lover's wishes and that want of his which is determined by his own individuality. What this depends on we shall presently see.

In the first instance and essentially the amorous inclination is directed towards health, vigour and beauty, consequently towards youth, because the will primarily desires to preserve the general character of the human species as the basis of all individuality. Every-day love does not go much beyond these requirements; to them are next added more special ones, which we shall presently point out in detail, and with which, where satisfaction is expected, the passion increases. But the highest degrees thereof arise from that adaptation of the two individualities to each other, by virtue of which the will, in the character of the father and the intellect of the mother, in their conjunction, may produce that individual, according to which the will to live in the abstract, as realised in the whole species, feels a desire, proportionate to its intensity, and therefore as much surpassing the bounds of a mortal heart as the motives of such desire lie beyond the sphere of the individual. This, then, is the soul of really great passion. Now the more perfect is the mutual adaptation of two individuals to each other in the various respects hereafter to be examined the stronger will be their passion. There not being two wholly equal individuals, there must be for every man some woman most perfectly corresponding to him, always understood with respect to that which is to be produced. The chance of their meeting in life, however, is as rare as real, passionate love is. But, meanwhile, the possibility of the latter existing in every individual, renders its delineation in works of fiction intelligible to us.

And now for a more thorough examination of the matter. Egotism is so deep rooted a quality of any and every individuality, that selfish objects are the only ones safely to be relied on, if one wishes to rouse an individual to action. It is true, the race has a prior, nearer and greater right to the individual than decaying individuality has; nevertheless if the individual is to exist himself and even to make sacrifices for the continuance of the race, the importance of the matter cannot be rendered so comprehensible to his intellect, which is always bent only on

individual objects, as to act according to that importance. Hence, nature, in such a case, can attain her end only by implanting within the individual a certain illusion, by means of which he fancies good for himself what in truth is so only for the race. This illusion is the instinct. This is, in by far the most numerous instances, to be looked upon as the *sense of the race*, which represents to the will what benefits the race. But the will, having here become individualised, has to be deluded in such a manner as to perceive by the sense of the individual what the sense of the race holds out to it, thus fancying itself pursuing an individual end, while, in truth, it is pursuing *general* ends, the adjective being here taken in its primary sense. As for the external appearance of instinct, we best observe it in animals, in which it plays the most important part; but as to its internal process we can only, as in every similar case, come to know it from ourselves. Now, it is generally thought, man has scarcely any instinct, or, at most, in so far as the new-born babe seeks and seizes hold of its mother's breast. But, in fact, we have a very definite, distinct, nay, complicated, instinct, expressed in the nice, serious, and most fastidious *selection* of the other individual for our sexual gratification. With this gratification in itself—*i.e.*, in so far as it is a sensual enjoyment resting on the urgent craving of the individual—the beauty or plainness of the other individual has nothing to do. The regard, notwithstanding, so assiduously paid to these, together with the careful selection springing therefrom, has, then, manifestly no reference to him who selects, though he fancies it is so, but to the true object, to the *being* to be produced, so that in it the type of the race may be preserved as pure and faultless as possible. The fact is, thousands of physical accidents and moral obstacles cause a variety of degeneracies in the human figure; nevertheless, its true type, in all its parts, is constantly being restored, thanks to the guidance of the sense of beauty, which, in the average, is the principal incitement to sexual desire, and without which the latter is degraded into a loathsome craving. Accordingly every man will, in the first instance, give the preference to, and eagerly covet, the possession of the handsomest individuals—*i.e.* such as have the type of the race expressed in them in its greatest purity; but next he will particularly seek in the other individual for those perfections which he lacks himself—nay

will even find those imperfections handsome which are the opposite of his own. Hence, short men will select tall women, the fair love the dark, and so forth. The giddy rapture which seizes a man at the sight of a woman, of a beauty adapted to him, and deluding him with the idea that a union with her would be the highest good, is nothing but the *sense of the race*, which, recognising its clearly expressed type, desires to perpetuate it by means of that individual."

Passing over some deductions with regard to the instinct of animals, which here finds its explanation, and omitting some remarks on the deception practised upon the individual by the delusion referred to, which remarks conclude with an apt quotation from Plato, who, in his *Philebus* (p. 309), says ἡδονη ἁπαντων ἀλαζονεστατον (*voluptas omnium maxime vaniloquor*), I proceed to our author's closer analysis of the principle of selection indicated above.

"The first consideration", he says, "that guides our selection and inclination is *age*. Here the preference is decidedly given to the period from eighteen to twenty-eight years. A woman past bearing can no longer charm, but, on the contrary, disgusts us in sexual respects. Youth without beauty has still some attraction; beauty without youth none. Obviously, the intention unconsciously guiding us is the possibility of procreation in general; hence every individual loses his or her charm for the opposite sex in proportion as he or she is remote from the period fit for procreation or conception. The second consideration is that of *health;* acute diseases are but a temporary interference; chronic complaints, or, worse than these, a cachectic condition of body, repel, because they affect the offspring. The third consideration is the osseous frame, that being the basis of the type of the race. Next to age and disease, nothing is more repulsive than deformity; even the handsomest countenance cannot compensate for it; on the contrary, the plainest face with straight figure is preferred. Again, every disproportion of the figure or limbs strongly offends us; so does lameness, too, unless the consequence of some accident. On the other hand, a strikingly handsome figure can make up for many other defects: it enchants us. To this may be added the high value all attach to the smallness of the foot; the reason is, its being an essential feature of the race; indeed, *tarsus* and *metatarsus*, taken together,

are smaller in man than in any animal, which is connected with his upright gait. The teeth, too, are of moment, being essential for the assimilation of food, and their quality being especially hereditary. The fourth consideration is a certain abundance of flesh, or a predominance of the vegetative function, promising, as this does, copious nourishment for the fœtus; great leanness, therefore, repels. For the same reason, a full bosom is uncommonly attractive; excessive fatness, however, excites disgust, because instinct, not our mind, tells us it indicates sterility. The last consideration (though the first attraction) is beauty of countenance. Here, too, the osseous parts are the primary regard; hence the importance of a well-shaped nose. A slight curve of this organ, downwards or upwards, has decided the fate of innumerable females, and justly so, for the type of the race was at stake. A small mouth, too, caused by small maxillæ, is very essential, being a special feature of the human countenance, as contradistinguished from the muzzle of brutes. A receding chin is particularly offensive, because *mentum prominulum* is an exclusively characteristic feature of our species. Last of all comes the regard to the beauty of the eyes and forehead; these being connected with the mental qualities which are inherited from the mother.

"As to the unconscious considerations which determine the inclination of woman, we cannot, of course, state them with equal accuracy. On the whole, the following may be affirmed. They give the preference to the age from thirty to thirty-five, because instinct tells them that these are the years of the highest generative power in man. In general, they care little for beauty, least of all for a handsome countenance. What chiefly attracts them is vigour, and the courage arising therefrom; for these qualities promise vigorous progeny, and, at the same time, a valiant protector for them. The woman can, with respect to the offspring, neutralise every physical defect of the man, every deviation from the type, by being herself without blemish in the same points, or perhaps having an excess in the opposite direction. Excepted therefrom are only the qualities of the man peculiar to his sex, and which, therefore, the mother cannot give the child, such as the masculine build, broad shoulders, narrow hips, straight legs, muscular strength, courage, beard, etc. Hence it is

that women often love an ugly man, but never an unmanly one, because they cannot neutralise his defects."

Again passing over a passage containing an analysis of the mental qualities which form the second class of considerations in sexual love, and which, with the physical ones previously enumerated, constitute the sum of the absolute considerations, or such as refer to all human beings alike, I shall next give a few extracts from the paragraph treating of the relative considerations having reference only to individuals. "Here the intention is to rectify defects, and to lead to a pure representation of the type. Every individual, therefore, loves what he is lacking in. Proceeding from individual constitution, and directed towards such, the choice based on such *relative* considerations is much more definite, decided, and exclusive than that proceeding from the absolute ones: hence a really passionate love will, as a rule, originate in the former, and only the ordinary, slighter inclinations in the latter. Accordingly it is, in general, not exactly the regular and perfect beauties that kindle the great passions. For such a really ardent affection to arise something is required that is only to be expressed by a chemical metaphor —*i.e.*, the two individuals must neutralise each other, even as an acid and a basis turn into a neutral salt.... There is something quite peculiar in the deep, unconscious earnestness with which two young people of opposite sexes, that meet for the first time, regard each other; how searching is their glance, how careful the review all their features and members have mutually to pass. This examination is *the meditation of the Genius of the Race* on the individual possible to spring from them, and on the combination of its qualities. The result determines the degree of their liking and craving for each other. On a subsequent discovery of something that had at first remained unperceived, the passion, even after having already attained a considerable degree, may suddenly be quenched again. In all, then, that are capable of procreation, the Genius of the Race meditates the coming generation. Its constitution is the great work with which Cupid, unremittingly active, speculating and musing, is occupied. Compared with the importance of his great affairs, concerning, as they do, the race and all coming generations, the affairs of individuals, in all their ephemeral totality, are trifling indeed; hence, too, he is ever prepared regardlessly to sacrifice these.

For he bears to them the relation of an immortal being to mortals, and his concerns are to theirs even as the Infinite to the Finite. In the consciousness, then, of administering affairs of a higher nature than all such as concern only individual weal or woe, he pursues them with lofty unconcern, amidst the tumult of war, or the bustle of business-life, or amidst the raging pestilence, aye, even in the seclusion of the convent."

Having thus given an abstract of Schopenhauer's theory, I believe my purpose here will be fulfilled, and, after referring the reader for further particulars to the work itself, where he will find all the objections that may have suggested themselves to him in the perusal fully and fairly met and removed, I now proceed to the second part of my business, which is to show the connection between that theory and Darwinism. But here I can be brief. Or has that connection not already revealed itself to my readers in perusing the foregoing? Has it not become manifest to them that here we have Darwin's theory of "the origin of species by natural selection" brought to bear upon our own race, and carried out to its full length? What Schopenhauer called "the *metaphysics* of sexual love", he might, had he been acquainted with Darwin's theory, have designated by the opposite name, for his own speculations are now proved to be well grounded, and to have a thoroughly *physical*, or quite natural basis. Unfortunately, Darwin's work was published too late in life for Schopenhauer to read it. At least, I presume such must have been the case. The first edition appeared in 1859, I believe, and Schopenhauer died in 1860. Though he read every work connected with his philosophy, Darwin's book cannot have reached him before his death, else he would certainly have mentioned the fact in his letters to me, as the support which his theory obtained by Darwin's could not have escaped him, ever on the alert as he was for facts and doctrines affording such support. This is plainly shown in his *Will in Nature*, where he goes through all the sciences, and records even their latest discoveries, in so far as they bear upon the principle of his system, as expressed in the title. Has Mr. Darwin ever read Schopenhauer? That, of course, is a question I am wholly unable to answer; but he is fortunately living among us still, and may, perhaps, should the question have to be answered in the negative, be induced by this article to look into the works

of a philosopher who has so wonderfully anticipated his theory, and has taught deductively what Darwin has proved inductively. I myself was only engaged in the study of Darwin's work when the tidings of Schopenhauer's decease reached me, and thus, even had I then discovered the analogy between the two theories, all discussion with Schopenhauer on the subject was sadly and suddenly cut off. But, to own the truth, that analogy struck me only lately; it flashed upon me all at once; and a maturer consideration of the matter, combined with a reperusal of both authors, only confirmed what a momentary inspiration had suggested. Of course, I may presume, or even take for granted, that all my readers have read Darwin; nevertheless, by way of refreshing their memories, I will quote the few passages more immediately bearing upon my theme, though, in truth, the whole work does so. In his speculations, Darwin seems purposely to stop short of man;* but, surely, no one who has read him attentively will for a moment deny that the theory applies to the human species as well, and that the author furnished premises only, as it were, from which to draw our own inferences. Nay, he cannot even be said to make a secret of the real extent to which he would have his principle applied, seeing that he expresses the hope it may "give a new basis to psychology; viz., that of the necessary acquirement of each mental power and capacity by gradation." But to my quotations. That he supports Schopenhauer in the leading principle of his theory may be seen in the following passage: "A kind of selection, which may be called unconscious, and which results from every one trying to possess and breed from the best individual animals, is more important" (than methodical selection). Again, under the heading of "Unconscious Selection", we read: "By a similar process of selection, and by a careful training, the whole body of English racehorses have come to surpass in fleetness and size the parent Arab stock, so that the latter are favoured in the weight they carry."† And now let us hear the passage occurring in the work on Sexual Selection, which I do not adduce here as a clincher, for such is not required, but simply as being the one passage bearing more closely than any

* A work by Mr. Darwin, applying his theory to man, is now in the press.—Ed.

† *Origin of Species*, 4th ed., p. 37.

other upon the topic here treated. "Thus it is," says Darwin (p. 100), "as I believe, that when the males and females of any animal have the same general habits of life, but differ in structure, colour, or ornament, such differences have been mainly caused by sexual selection; that is, individual males have had, in successive generations, some slight advantage over other males, in their weapons, means of defence, or charms, and have transmitted these advantages in their male offspring." Real love, then, in man and woman is what Schopenhauer has defined it to be; viz., the law of natural selection implanted within us for the purpose of preserving the type of the human race in its greatest perfection; it is the instinct of the race or genus that prompts us to covet that particular woman for ourselves, deluding us with the idea of thereby gratifying our own individual desires, but, in reality, benefiting the race to which we belong. Darwin's speculations, based on the inductive method, have now corroborated the deductive theory of Schopenhauer's, and I leave it to the thinking reader to draw his own inferences from the teachings of both the metaphysician and the natural philosopher. It has been justly remarked that, however doubtful may be the progress of mankind in morality, there certainly is an undeniable progress in our consciousness, or knowledge. The light thrown on sexual love by these speculations is undoubtedly a contribution to such progress; if they have a tendency to render prosaic what has hitherto been the staple theme of all poetry, I can only say, Truth above all things, and our most cherished ideas must be sacrificed at her shrine. She is a jealous goddess, and will not allow a second deity to be worshipped by the side of her. Nevertheless, there is no cause for fear; for the world-at-large love will still remain what it has been, will still be sung by the poet and treated by the novelist, and, what is of more importance, will still rule the hearts of the young, and exercise its soft influence even on those of maturer age; will still continue the flower of life; and he who is under its bewitching sway will still, with Antony, exclaim,

> "Let Rome in Tyber melt! and the wide arch
> Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space,
> Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
> Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
> Is, to do thus; when such a mutual pair,

And such a twain, can do 't, in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to meet;
We stand up peerless."

DR. DAVID ASHER.

Leipsic, May 1870.

NOTE.—Since writing the above, I gather, from a review of F. Galton's work on *Hereditary Genius; an Enquiry into its Laws and Consequences*, that the author has also referred to Darwin in support of his hypothesis. I hope this statement may suffice to save me from the imputation of plagiarism. At the same time, I am glad to find the deductions from the theory propounded by Schopenhauer, and presented in the preceding article, have been drawn by so able a hand.

ART. IX.—THE LIFE OF DR. KNOX.*

To attempt to review Dr. Lonsdale's work will be a difficult task. A biography of a most eminent English anthropologist, who passed away immediately before the foundation of the London Society, has, after the lapse of seven years, been successfully accomplished by the pupil and colleague of Dr. Knox—Dr. Lonsdale. He has done this well. Not imbued with the prejudices which still lurk in the minds of some English anthropologists and anatomical teachers against the morality of Knox, and in relation to his alleged connection with the Burke and Hare murders, he has told us, and told us well, what Knox was, what Knox thought, and what Knox did. He was, perhaps, the most simple-minded and thorough teacher of anatomy that the Edinburgh school ever produced; and in the sentences which he published we have a more thorough idea of future anthropological science than at present exists in England. What he did was perhaps bold—it certainly was truthful. He thought of the old maxim, "Senhores ricos, e filósofos pobres, nao pódem fazer cousas grandes, porque a estes lhes falta dinheiro, e aquelles espirito." He was, however, not too rich to be truthful, nor too poor to be

* *The Life of Robert Knox, the Anatomist.* A Sketch of his Life and Writings, by his Pupil and Colleague, Henry Lonsdale. With portraits. Macmillan and Co., London.