

**PHILOSOPHY: AN
AUTOBIOGRAPHIC
AL FRAGMENT**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649050420

Philosophy: An Autobiographical Fragment by Henrie Waste

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

HENRIE WASTE

**PHILOSOPHY: AN
AUTOBIOGRAPHIC
AL FRAGMENT**

PHILOSOPHY

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL
FRAGMENT

BY
HENRIE WASTE

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.

FOURTH AVENUE & 30TH STREET, NEW YORK

39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON

BOMBAY, CALCUTTA, AND MADRAS

1917

COPYRIGHT, 1917
BY LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.

THE PLIMPTON PRESS
NORWOOD MASS U.S.A.

To
R. W. S.

355539

PART ONE

IT seemed strange and wonderful to be seated in the ancient cloister-court of the Albert-Ludwig University with Herr Broder-son on a warm spring afternoon. Herr Broder-son was speaking to me of the individual note in our teacher's, Professor Rickert's, philosophy; of the difference between his and other doctrines of idealism, and especially of that one of its aspects which constituted a complete refutation of fashionable "psychologism." This was what I had come to Freiburg to learn, and yet, and although Herr Broder-son's voice beat insistently on my ear, my attention continually escaped, and jumped from the splash of the sparkling fountain to the chirruping of the birds in the leafage of the trees, to the hum of the voices wafted from the open windows of the lecture-room, to the passing of the students from the sunny court into the darkness of the portals of the house, and back again to Herr Broder-son's absorbed countenance. And, between these sense-impressions wrapped in a haze of charm, irrelevant pictures of the scenes