Circumstances compel me, on this occasion, to speak of the whole significance of this moment. I know what I am taking upon me. How can I disguise from myself, or how can I wish to conceal from you, what is uttered and declared by my very appearance in this place? Assuredly, gentlemen, were it not for an important service to philosophy, nay, a more important one than I have ever yet rendered, by my presence here, I should not now stand before you. This, then, is my own conviction; but I am far from expecting, still less can I think of demanding, that this should be the general opinion regarding me. This, only, do I hope to obtain, that no one may look with evil eyes on my present position; that I may have free indulgence of time and space for that explicit answer to the question, *Dic cur hie?* which I am about to give in the whole series of the following lectures. For I, too, have given place to others, and have thrown no stumbling-block in the way of any who strove for the same goal in science with myself. If I have attained to anything, in this department, that deserves to be offered here, and to claim the attention of such an assembly as I now see before me, the way to that attainment was open to all, and no one can say that I have prevented him by a too forward haste. It is now forty years, since I succeeded in turning over a new leaf in the history of philosophy. One page of it has been filled up, and I would willingly have left it to another to state the fact, the result of the same, and then to turn over anew, and begin the following page.

When I declare, that I feel the whole weight and difficulty of the task I have undertaken, and yet have not declined it, I express, it is true, the consciousness of a decided call to this work. But I have not imposed this call upon myself. I have come to me without any forth-putting on my part; and, now that it has come, I may not deny nor slight it. I have not proposed myself as a teacher of the time. If I am one, the time has come to speak a decisive word; — this man, gentlemen, has shown, at least, that he is capable of self-denial, that froward conceit is not his infirmity, that he has a higher aim than transient opinion, a cheap and fleeting renown. I know well, that, to some, I shall be a burden. I had been brought under, I was construed, it was known precisely what was in me. Now they are to begin with me anew, and to see that, after all, there was something in me which had not been understood.

According to the natural order of things, a younger man, and one more equal to the task, should occupy this place instead of me. Let him come! I shall rejoice to make room for him. How often have I not envied the fair talents of a younger growth, which I have, everywhere, seen perplexing themselves with means and forms, of which I knew that they could lead to nothing; — that there was nothing to be gained by them! How gladly would I have taken them to myself! how gladly have helped those who would have nothing of me! But, now that I could no longer avoid the conviction that I must give my own hand to the work, if ever there was to be perfected, which I considered as necessary, as demanded by the time, by the whole course of philosophy hitherto; and that I had been spared for this very work; now that I was solicited to labor, as teacher, in this metropolis, where every word of deeper import is uttered for all Germany, and is even carried beyond the limits of Germany; where, alone, it was possible to act with decisive effect, where, at least, the fate of German philosophy must be decided; — now, in this important moment, since God has spared my life thus far, not to be wanting to that philosophy which has been the guardian-spirit of my days, I have felt to be a duty which might not be put by, and only this thought, — this clear conviction, has determined me. I will not deny, indeed, that there were other motives. To serve, though for a short period, a king, exalted not less by the qualities of his mind and heart than by the splendor of his throne: — whom I had venerated long before the royal purple
adorned him:—the land and people whose moral and political supremacy every true German has, from his infancy, been accustomed to honor, and has learned to honor anew in the ever-memorable events of these latter years; the city which is first named when the seats of Science, and of still advancing culture in Germany, are the subject of discourse; which, indeed, like a mighty deep, is not easily moved by every breath, and has sometimes exerted a retarding influence, (I refer to the time when the philosophy of Kant had found response in every quarter of Germany, except the capital of his native land,) but which seizes and promotes with its might whatever it has once recognised as worthy:— and then the circle of scientific men,—the chief ornaments of this city,—among whom are many known to me as early friends, and others long revered, men with whom I should always have esteemed it a pleasure to live and work; finally, the youth of this place, known by the zeal with which they obey the call of Science, undaunted by difficulty, rejoicing in their career, outstripping their teachers wherever a worthy goal is set before them:—these, gentlemen, were attractions of great, of almost irresistible power. But, powerful as they were, they must have yielded to other considerations, so obvious that I need not name them. Not till I was forced to recognize, in the unsought invitation which came to me, a command which I could not and dared not resist, under penalty of failing to fulfil my true and highest life-calling, did I resolve to come. And, so resolved, I now appear among you, with the conviction, that, if ever I have accomplished anything, be it much or little, in the service of Philosophy, I shall render her a more important service now, if I succeed in conducting her out of the undeniable difficulties, in which she finds herself, into the free, unfettered, on all sides unembarrassed movement, of which she is now deprived. For these difficulties, with which Philosophy has to contend, are obvious, and may not be concealed. At no time has philosophy encountered so mighty a reaction from the side of life, as at this moment:—a proof that it has penetrated to those life-questions, in relation to which, indifference is neither lawful nor possible to any. While philosophy abides in its first rudiments, or the earlier stages of its progress, it concerns none but those who make philosophic inquiry the business of life. Others await it at the end of its course. For the world, it becomes important only through its results. It argues great inexperience, however, to suppose that the world is prepared to adopt any conclusion which philosophy may see fit to impose upon it, as the legitimate deduction of strict scientific investigation. Were this the case, it must, in some instances, accept a doctrine essentially immoral, or one by which the foundations of morality are removed. But no one expects this of the world, and no philosopher has yet been found, who presumed this facility. The world would not accept, as a sufficient answer in such cases, “You do not understand the principles,—the technical and complicated process of demonstration.” Without regard to these, it would maintain, that a philosophy, which led to such results, must needs be wrong in its first principles. What Roman moralists have maintained with respect to the useful,—Nihil utile nisi quod honetum,—it would urge as equally applicable to the true. And that which every one acknowledges, in relation to morals, must be equally true of all other convictions, which constitute the security of human life,—especially, therefore, of religious belief. Now, this is the position of philosophy at present. It affirms itself religious in its conclusions, while the world denies that it is so, and regards, particularly, its deductions of Christian dogmas as mere illusions. Such is even the confession of many of its faithful or unfaithful disciples. Whether it be so or not, is, for the present, indifferent; enough, that a suspicion of this sort has been awakened,—that such is the general opinion. But life is always right in the end. And so the very existence of philosophy is endangered on this side. Already, there are those, who profess to quarrel with a particular philosophy, but, in fact, mean all philosophy, and who say, in their hearts, Philosophy in general shall be no more. This is a matter in which I, too, am concerned; for the first impulse to this philosophy—which, on account of its religious bearing, is now looked upon with such evil eye—is supposed to have proceeded from me. In this predicament, how shall I act? Assuredly, I shall attack no philosophy on the side of its last results. No philosophic mind, capable of judging with respect to first principles, will adopt this course. Besides, it is sufficiently well known, that I have all along declared myself dissatisfied, and far from agreeing, with the elements of that philosophy. Accordingly, it may be supposed that I shall make it my chief business to controvert a system, whose results have created such a prejudice against philosophical speculations. Gentlemen, I shall do no such thing. If I were capable only of this, I should not be here. I do not think so meanly of my calling. I willingly commit to others this melancholy task. Melancholy I call it, for it is always sad to witness even the spontaneous dissolution of that which has been put together with uncommon energy. The intellectual and moral world is so divided within itself, so inclined to anarchy, that one may well be glad, whenever a point of union is found, though it be only for a moment. Still sadder is it, to destroy aught, if one has nothing with
which to replace it. To him who knows only to blame, it is
justly said, "Do better." Equally just was the saying of that
man, whom I sincerely regret to find here no longer, among
the living, who, with praiseworthy frankness, declared, "Men
must have a system, and a system can be refuted only by a
system. As long as that which stands is opposed by nothing
stable in the way of substitute, let it stand." *

I agree with him in what he says with respect to system.
Single truths will no longer suffice. It is now well understood,
that, in this way, nothing can be rightly known. He is right,
moreover, in expressing his astonishment at the report, that
the author of the Identiitäts-Philosophie had sought an asylum
in history, in a "faith not penetrated by science;"—an asylum
in which his new philosophy was made subservient. But I, too,
on the other hand, may be allowed to wonder that a man, other-
wise so sagacious, before expressing his astonishment, did not
take the trouble to ascertain whether the report in question
was founded in fact. Had he lived, he would have learned,
from the course of these lectures, how wide of the truth was
the impression he had received

Let it be understood, then, that what is usually called polem-
ics is not the aim of these lectures. If anything of this kind
appear, it will be only collaterally. It is true, I cannot make
the course as instructive as I wish, without, at the same time,
referring to the past, and indicating the progress of preceding
developments. But I shall labor, not so much to show wherein
this man or that man has failed, as to make it apparent wherein
we have all failed, and what we all have wanted, in order to
effect an actual entrance into the promised land of philosophy.
If one has erred more than another, he has dared more.

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* Grenz, Preface to Hegel's Philosophy of Jurisprudence.
teacher may do much; but he can do nothing without the scholar. I am nothing without you; nothing, unless you meet me promptly with receptivity, with zeal, on your part. Here— with I devote myself to the calling I have undertaken. I shall live for you, I shall work for you, and not be weary, while a breath remains in me, and while He permits, without whose consent not a hair can fall from our heads, much less a deep— felt word, a genuine product of the inner self, a light—thought of our minds, for truth and freedom striving, be lost.

RECORD OF THE MONTHS.


German literature is richer and able in every other department than the historical. Not that this field has been wholly neglected; but, comparatively speaking, it has been cultivated with little success. The German histories are mostly philosophical of history, and interest us rather by their speculations, than by their narrative. There are exceptions, we grant. Muller's history of Switzerland and Schiller's of the defection of the Netherlands, and the Thirty Year War, are very remarkable ones; and there are several others. But such is not the prevailing character of German historical composition. The Germans are more given to speculate than to narrate. Their very novels, Lafayette's, Lamotte-Fouque's Jean Paul's, Tieck's, are not more given to speculate than to narrate.

The Germans write of their heroes, but they do not write about them. They avoid the personal, and treat the heroic, if at all, only in its more general aspects. They write of their leaders, but not of their followers; and they write of their leaders as men of parts, not of heart. They tell us much of the great, but not of the good; and what they tell us of the great, is not with the greater frequency, the better. They are more given to speculate than to narrate. Their very novels, Lafayette's, Lamotte-Fouque's Jean Paul's, Tieck's, are not more given to speculate than to narrate.

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This defect in the German library is most remarkable, and most to be lamented, as it regards distinguished individuals, who have become important to us through their works, and who, in consequence of this defect, are suffered to pass without any further record. Biography, memoir, the whole literature of personalities, in which the French and the English are so fluent, seems uncongenial with the German mind. Is it their irritable tendency, to generalize individual traits into formal characteristics, which sinks the individual in the class? Or is it the habit of seeking in all things the indwelling principle, in all phenomena the noumenon, in all persons the idea personified, which leads them to overlook and slight the accidental and merely extensive in the life of man? The point is worth considering. We have no time for it now, but we should like to consider it in some future number, time and mood permitting.

Meanwhile, this idealistic tendency of the Germans has served to throw around their great men, a mystery exceedingly unsatisfactory to English readers, who insist on following the great man off the stage, into his study, his drawing room, his nursery, his very kitchen; and who never think they are acquainted with him till they know something of his family, his furniture and his table-talk. On all these points, the literary history of Germany is, for the most part, profoundly silent. Her philosophers have found no Boswell, her poets no Johnson.

The latter defect has been supplied, in the case of Schiller, by Carlyle's excellent biography; and the author or authoress (if she will permit us so far to invade her privacy) of the work before-mentioned, has performed a similar office for the antipode of Schiller the rare, the einziger Jean Paul.

An acquaintance of twenty years' standing with this, our favorite author, had prepared us to welcome a work of which he was the subject. Accordingly we seized with some eagerness on these two volumes, and we have read them with a satisfaction equal to that with which we received their first announcement from the press. We can speak of them frankly, as a worthy tribute to a great name. The first condition of a good biography is, that the biographer comprehend his subject; and this condition has, we think, been fully satisfied in the present instance. The author has surveyed her hero from a point, sufficiently within the sphere of his own spirit, and at the same time, sufficiently removed from indiscriminate adoration, to insure a correct estimate of his proportions. Equal justice has been done to the nature of the man and to his position. The author has placed herself in rapport with that great soul, and traced to psychological idioms, inherent and inbred, the prevailing Jean—Paulisms of his life and works. At the same time, she has diligently considered the influence of contemporary minds and external condition; and made her look not less valuable as a contribution to the literary history of Germany, than it is, as a biography of Jean Paul.

We should like to extract largely, but must content ourselves with the author's closing remarks.

"The reader may be surprised that I have uniformly called Jean Paul a poet; but if the definition of poet be, 'one that gives expression to what others feel;' one, who interprets that in the heart, which, like the inarticulately lumping of the child, cannot be made known for want of adequate expression, then he as truly deserves the name of poet, as if every line he has written were measured, and symphied with another line. His great heart beat with the united pulses of all human hearts. He is the truest interpreter of joy and sorrow, love and