

the right bank of the Indus, probably under General Simpson; the other one on the left, under Sir Charles Napier; they will unite near Mooltan. A letter from Sukkur of the 22nd January says—"In a few days Sir Charles Napier will have 10,000 or 12,000 men here, with which he will march on Mooltan, but we have been ten days on the river, and have not had any news since the bloody fights at Ferozepore; and we are, therefore, in the dark as to what our movements may ultimately be. The 86th and 17th are the only Queen's regiments with our force. The force assembled or assembling upon our frontier will exceed any army ever brought together in India under a British General. Even the troops engaged at Ferozeshah are estimated at sixteen to seventeen thousand, and their numbers must have been speedily increased even after the losses sustained in that battle, by those who were on their way to join them.

THE BATTLE OF ATTAREE.

Another glorious victory was gained by our indomitable troops on the 10th February, at a place called Attaree, about four and a half miles from Ferozepore, making the fourth hard fought action within the space of six weeks. The victory was achieved with less sacrifice of life on the part of the British, than was sustained in the actions of December. Ten thousand of the enemy are supposed to have been killed, and about two thousand of our own troops. Amongst the killed, we regret to report Sir Robert Dick, Colonel Taylor, 28th; Colonel Ryan of the 50th, some years ago the much respected Commandant of Launceston; Captain Tew, who acquired many friends during the time the 50th was stationed here, and several other officers of that regiment, whose names will be recognised by many in this island. We take the following brief account of the engagement from the *Englishman* of the 21st of February:—

"The shelling commenced at six, or a quarter to six, on 10th February, and lasted vigorously till twelve o'clock at noon. Our artillery played with fearful effect into the Sikh's camp and entrenchments. The enemy plied their guns with great activity, courage, and desperation. Their bridge of boats was destroyed by the shelling, and no alternative left, but to sell their lives as dearly as they could. The entrenchments were carried at the point of the bayonet. European and native regiments emulating each other which should be foremost in capturing the guns. Every gun which the Sikhs brought over, between 75 and 80 in number has been taken, and their force on this side the Sutlej has been almost annihilated.

"Sir John Grey's force crossed the river at Attaree yesterday evening, and General Littler's division it is expected will cross this evening at Khondah Ghat.

"The troops behaved nobly in the trenches. Thrice were they repulsed by the Sikhs, but thrice with renewed efforts they returned to the charge, and drove the enemy back in every direction. Of the native troops the Goorkas behaved so bravely as to elicit from the European and native regiments great praise.

"The troops engaged yesterday are moving to Ferozepore with the wounded, who will be distributed among the depôt hospitals here."

By an arrival at the Mauritius, the *Delhi Gazette* of 23rd February, a day later date, was received there, from which the following detailed account of this action is extracted:—

Camp, $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Ferozepore
11th February, 1846.

At three o'clock yesterday morning, the army was formed for the attack. General Smith occupied the right of our line, General Dick formed on the left of the army in continuation, whilst the centre, under General Gilbert, covered a multitude of heavy guns and rocket boards, near the forfeited village occupied as the outpost. At daylight all were in position, and about sunrise the guns commenced on both sides, when shells and rockets followed one another in rapid succession and with unerring aim, proved by the frequent explosion of the enemy's ammunition waggons. During this interval the infantry were lying within cannon range under cover, facing the works. At first, I speak chiefly of the extreme left, and therefore of our gallant friends of the 53rd, a few horsemen showed themselves, reconnoitering and directing the river, by the brigade. The cannonade continued for a couple of hours, and then, as if by mutual consent, ceased; when the enemy appeared lining the whole of the position,—and, as it was entirely surrounded, and having found themselves thus situated, without perceiving the route of the columns, which arrived at their stations during darkness, tried to be prepared at all points with an army estimated at 80,000 men and 70 guns. At this crisis the advance was ordered, General Smith having moved to a false attack with the view of distracting the attention. In an instant every gun was opened from a common centre in the works of the enemy, and a tremendous fire was continued on the British troops, and in some instances answered with tolerable effect by our light field pieces: but the enemy were too well protected, and shot after shot was replied to by the Sikhs with fatal precision. The advance, however, was not to be retarded, and the whole closed in towards the entrenchments. The 53rd on the extreme left, covered by two or three companies of Sepoys in skirmishing order, moved across at least 4200 yards skirting the river and marching through deep sand. On they went in line amidst a shower of grape and musketry, which opened at all points, even from guns on the opposite focus of the entrenched position. The Sikhs saw their danger, but elated with confidence in the strength of their defences, stood firm and fought bravely behind their position; a shout, a run, and a fire, had no effect; the men were tired from the heavy ground, the balls continued increasing, and the Europeans falling fast, when their cavalry made an effort for a rescue, and were seen preparing for a charge; the regiment formed a square, the gallant Sepoys closed on their own centre, and the firing became more desperate. The cavalry took warning, the corps re-formed line, and moved to the charge; another frightful effort on the part of the enemy, which still having yet entered the position anywhere. Suddenly the steady advance created a panic, the Sikhs gave way in front of us; their cavalry though at first a small body, moved towards the ford, and every man in the trenches began to give way; firing of musketry in all quarters announced the event, and although the conflict continued to rage with vehemence, and the struggle was intense, the enemy were forced at the point of the musket on to the ford, where they were received by the two companies of Sepoys and 53rd, who found themselves actually in the anomalous position of being between the enemy and his reserve. Regiment after regiment, both horse and foot, moved on amidst one continual rattle of destructive musketry, without returning a single shot, excepting those fired by men despairing of their lives, or some vagabond wounded Akalies. At this juncture came under observation the most wonderful scene the human mind could conceive. The bridge of boats having sunk by the pressure, the Sikh army, part of whom tried to outflank our right batteries, arrived on the ford and were trying to escape. The river was deep, and stream rapid, the multitude immense, and the firing so incessant, that the loss of life was terrific. Each individual as he was shot by the bullets, became at once a corpse, without a hope of escape from the current, the depth of which exceeded four feet and a half generally, and much more in particular spots. This

lasted about three hours, when the corps already named being entirely without ammunition for the time, and having used all the spare caps with Sikh cartridges, moved to the rear; leaving the work of destruction to be completed by the light artillery, who continued, with other corps, till not a man remained. Ten thousand slain is a moderate calculation of the loss. Ours has been severe; about a fifth of the above or less, every corps having suffered greatly. To attempt a description of all the features of the battle would require an eye-witness from each regiment; but the fact that it fell to the lot of the 53rd to carry the key of the position in a most miraculous manner, cannot be denied. Good luck or good management—little signifies it which it is, as none will gainsay the fact, all the arrangements connected with this most important triumph evinced the highest generalship, and its result the most consummate bravery; but the position of the enemy was strong beyond all conception. High ramparts, and deep ditches, traverses, holes, and banks, constructed under the immediate eye of a skilful Spanish engineer,* defied the most desperate efforts of our troops; and would have continued to defy our efforts much longer, had not the 53rd, by throwing up their right shoulder, fortunately come on the only unprotected point of the camp, embracing about thirty yards, being the actual road from the bridge into the heart of the entrenchments, and thus taking possession of it. Notwithstanding the fire continued severe, the effect was visible, and the enemy abandoned all their guns, which being fixed in embrasures, could, scarcely be removed with even the assistance of durrwas and dragropes. The Sikh columns moved out of range on the right bank, and having pitched their tents previously sent across, while three or four heavy guns, which had at different times played upon our force, saluted the camp followers and stragglers employed in collecting the trophies and burning the bridge and camp—thus adding, if possible, to the horrors of the battle. But the Sikhs are taught a lesson; and we trust British supremacy, with its fresh laurels, will hold glory, despite the insult of a conquered foe, who are in turn now to be attacked at home, as General Smith, with the advance guard of the army of the Sutlej broke ground this morning on its march to the bridge of boats at Ferozepore, across which General Littler has already proceeded with the troops and guns.

The following is a list of those names of the killed and wounded which have as yet reached us; but we regret to add, that it is by no means complete, and that several names have yet to be communicated:—

LIST OF OFFICERS KILLED AND WOUNDED.

Killed.

Major-General Sir R. Dick, K.C.B., commanding 3rd division.
C. C. Taylor, C.B., H.M. 29th foot, commanding 2nd brigade 2nd division.
Lieutenant-Colonel G. L. Davies, H.M. 9th foot.
Lieutenant-Colonel J. Ryan, K.H., H.M. 50th.
Captain G. E. D. Werren, H.M. 53rd foot.
Lieutenant H. E. Y. Faithful, H. A.
Lieutenant F. W. A. Hamilton, 1st European Light Infantry.
Brevet Captain Fletch Shuttleworth, 1st European Light Infantry.
Captain Hay, 50th N. I.
Ensign G. H. Davison, 1st European Light Infantry.
Captain J. Fisher, 23rd N. I.
Lieutenant J. S. Rawson, 63rd N. I.
Lieutenant W. T. Bartley, H.M. 62nd foot.
Captain G. McLeod Tew, H.M. 50th foot.
Lieutenant A. McQueen, 42nd Light Infantry.

Wounded.

Major-General Sir J. Littler, K.C.B., commanding 4th division.
Major-General W. R. Gilbert, commanding 2nd division.
Major C. Grant, H. A.
Lieutenant-Colonel Gough, H.M. 3rd Dragoons, through both legs.
Lieutenant-Colonel Gold, H.M. 53rd foot.
Lieutenant F. Mackenzie, 26th N. I. (dangerously).
Lieutenant W. D. Playfair, 23rd N. I. (dangerously).
Lieutenant and Adjutant Donning, H.M. 53rd foot, ditto.
Lieutenant A. B. O. Stokes, H.M. 53rd foot, shot in the breast.
Captain T. Smart, H.M., 53rd foot, leg amputated.
Lieutenant John Chester, H.M. 53rd foot, shot through the lungs and back.
Ensign H. Lucas, H.M. 53rd foot, slightly, by a bayonet in the leg.
Lieutenant R. N. Clarke, H.M. 53rd foot, badly.
Lieutenant-Colonel Barr, offg. Adjutant-General, lost an arm.
Lieutenant J. Bucher, Eng.
Captain W. Halford, 41st N.I.
Captain J. Cumberlege, 41st N.I. severely.
Lieut. M. T. Kemble, 41st N.I.
Lieut. A. W. Onslow, 41st N.I.
Captain H. Alpe, 41st N.I.
Brigadier Penny, Commander Nusseeree Bat., slightly.
Brigadier M'Laren, Commander 4th brig., 2nd division.
Lieutenant O'Brien, Ads Nusseeree Bat.
Captain Needham, H.M. 50th foot.
Major Potwhett, 42nd Light Infantry.

Sir R. Dick, who was struck in the stomach by a round shot, and survived the wound some hours, was inhumed with military honors at nine o'clock on the morning of the 12th, at Ferozepore. A royal salute was fired at Ferozepore on the morning of the 11th in honor of the victory, also from the guns taken from the enemy; and the necessary preparations having been made during the night of the 10th and in the morning of the 11th, two brigades of infantry, one of cavalry, and a considerable body of artillery, crossed the river at Khoonda Ghat, at three o'clock in the afternoon of the 11th, from which hour we may safely date the fall of the Sikhs as an independent nation. These troops were followed by others on the 12th, and on the 13th or 14th almost every man intended for service in the Punjab will have crossed the river; and we should not be at all surprised to hear, before next Saturday, that the Flag of Khelsas had been replaced on the walls of Lahore by that of St. George. At the latest hour on the afternoon of the 12th, the number of Sikh guns captured from the enemy was estimated at 82; and some of them had already been brought into Ferozepore, with horses and bullocks attached to them as taken from the enemy. They are pronounced capable of being formed into light field batteries with comparatively trifling repairs to the harness. Amongst them are those presented to Runjeet Singh by Lord William Bentinck.

The Vakheels of Goolab Singh, Lall Chunnee, Lall et General Mehtab Singh, who had, we believe, been refused an audience of the Governor-General until after the action of the 10th, were, on its termination, admitted to the honor, and had a long conference with Sir Henry Hardinge. They quitted the camp on the afternoon of the 11th, on their way back to Lahore, but it is understood that whatever indication there may have been before the battle to listen to the propositions of Goolab Singh, such had considerably abated after the engagement.

* A gentleman long since known to us, Colonel Don Harbon de Alcantra.

Brigadier Wheeler crossed, we have reason to believe, but have no direct intelligence, the Sutlej on the 12th or 13th, and was to have taken possession of the Fort of Phulour forthwith. The 11th light cavalry had been ordered from Ferozepore to reinforce him.

Just as we were going to press, we received letters from Ferozepore of the 13th, with a few additional particulars. One of them says that the 29th, 31st, 50th, and 53rd foot, and 1st European light infantry, suffered the greatest loss. The latter went into action with 20 officers and 456 men. Three officers were killed, 9 wounded, 3 of them severely; 33 men killed, and 152 wounded, several since dead; Brigadier M'Laren being wounded, having rendered it necessary to resign the command of his brigade at the commencement of the action, the same devolved on Major Birrell of the 1st European, who were, during the action, commanded by Captain Seaton.

We have also letters this morning from Lahore, to the 8th of February, and gather from a hasty perusal that the fortifications of the town were being put in order. Another Vakheel had been sent to the Governor-General.

A letter from Sir Charles Napier's camp, dated Kotree, the 3rd February, says they were halted for steamers to take them up to Roree. The left wing of the 11th N.I. had embarked that morning; the remainder were to leave next day. The writer adds that their marches were nominally, that is, according to Sir Charles Napier, sixteen Irish miles a day, but really one-and-twenty. Some officers who wished to wait for their horses, were told by the General that he thought them as well able to walk as their men.

MOVUSSIL.—The intelligence from Lahore is becoming daily more interesting. Our correspondent, who had, up to the time of the defeat of Runjoor Singh, at Alewal, been under the necessity of adopting the strictest incognito, has been able to go abroad again, and is evidently making the best use of his opportunity. It will be observed that there is an apparent inclination on the part of Rajah Goolab Sing to negotiate, but we sincerely trust that no terms he can offer will be accepted. We are quite convinced that nine-tenths of the native population would infer inability from any measure short of the conquest of the Punjab, and public opinion is beginning to be of some consequence even in India. We have right on our side, we have power, and we have opportunity. If the latter is allowed to slip, such another is not likely to occur again. We trust, however, that our remonstrances are unnecessary; the increase of the army, and the summons for more troops to all parts of India, and beyond it, show that the only safe measure is in a fair way of adoption.—*Delhi Gazette*, February 14.

A Ferozepore correspondent, who was in both the battles of Moodkee and Ferozeshahur, writes to correct certain errors in the accounts which appeared in our paper. He says, "at the commencement of the action at Moodkee, Brigadier Bolton was severely wounded and carried off the field, and Colonel Hicks immediately assumed the command of the 1st Brigade, held it during the day, and brought the Brigade out of the field into camp. He also led the 1st Brigade into action at Ferozeshahur, and still commands it. Colonel Ryan, of the 50th, commanded the 2nd Brigade at Moodkee and Ferozeshahur, when Brigadier Wheeler was wounded."

We regret much to learn that two of the Staff Officers, necessarily left at Umballah to carry on the duties of that station, have expressed an opinion that it would be better if all the ladies would leave the place and cross the Jumna.

A correspondent of the *Englishman* has pointed out the effect of a protracted war upon the commerce of this country. He is perfectly correct as to the immediate stagnation which it occasioned in the sale of British goods; but this is only the first step of the injury inflicted. The people who buy little, can sell little; or in other words, the producers must accept lower prices for their produce, and their ability to purchase will consequently be diminished long after the immediate alarm ceases. How far this may react upon the revenue, it is impossible to calculate, but every one who wishes well to the country will deprecate protracted hostilities. The war in which we are at present engaged was unavoidable; it has long been foreseen, and if it has found us unprepared, it is not for want of timely warning.

The *Delhi Gazette* reports the arrival of Raja Goolab Sing at Lahore, and considers it an event of importance. We have very good authority for saying that he is extremely unpopular there, and that his interference is not likely to affect the progress of the war, though it may decide his own fate.

General orders of the 28th January contain an official refutation of the reports which had been circulated injurious to H.M. 62nd Regiment. We are glad to have been the very first to contradict the statements so hastily made, and we did it upon the authority of officers of other corps, actually present in the field, we are not surprised that the Commander-in-Chief should have thought it only an act of justice, both to that regiment and to those of the native infantry brigaded with it, to give as early as possible an official contradiction to all that could have cast a slur upon them. The Commander-in-Chief now expresses his cordial approbation of the conduct of the 62nd on the night of the 21st of December.

The *Delhi Gazette* mentions, that a subscription for the distressed Irish had commenced there and at Mofussil; £3000 had been collected.

The following is from a correspondent at Shikarpore, and is dated the 31st January:—"Sir Charles Napier reached Hyderabad on the 26th, and will be at Sukkur by the 4th or 5th proximo. A force of some 12 or 13,000 men is collected, consisting of H.M. 17th and 86th, 1st Bombay Fusiliers, 2nd Bengal Europeans, Troops and Batteries of Artilleries, both Bengal and Bombay, 4th and 15th Bengal N.I., 7th, 12th, 13th, 17th and 18th Bombay N.I., Jacob's Horse, Bundelkund Legion, Belooch corps, Camel corps, and 6th and 7th Bengal Cavalries. Two columns go up, the one this side to Mittenkot across the Indus to Dera Ghazee Khan, and enter Mooltan in that direction. The other goes up the opposite bank, and crosses the river at Phawulphore or thereabouts. Nothing, however, is known positively, as Sir Charles is a capital hand at keeping his plans secret. They say, when he arrives we will go up by thirty mile marches, and the camels are to be loaded very lightly for this reason. I for one do not expect to see Sukkur again, but think that we shall summer at Mooltan. The Deewan, they say, is in a dreadful stew; but with the exception, perhaps, of a little skirmishing, I do not expect that we shall meet with much opposition, except perhaps at Mooltan itself, for there is a citadel there. I wish much that we had the cold weather instead of the hot before us. I believe there is a Persian proverb which says, only heat, dust, beggars, and graves are to be found in Mooltan; but the Doab between the Indus and Chenab must be a rich country. All the troops are encamped at Roree; but it is supposed the 17th Queen's, two Bombay native corps, and the troops at Shikarpore, will go up on that bank. At any rate, one thing I imagine is certain, viz., that we will move somewhere, and as we cannot arrive, under any circumstances, at Ferozepore in time, Mooltan, I think, is the place."—*Calcutta Englishman*, February 26.

THE PILOT IN PERIL.

BY JESSIE HAMMOND.

THE state-vessel pitched on a turbulent tide,
 'Twas a stormy political ocean,
 And there wanted a helmsman the vessel to guide,
 Amid the wild billows commotion:
 The pilot look'd pale, as he stood on the deck,
 At the dangers that gather'd around him,
 For he saw through his errors she'd soon be a wreck,
 Though for nautical skill fame had crown'd him.

John Bull was the owner, and groan'd for his craft,
 For she seem'd in a crazy condition,
 Though she'd cost a great deal to be rigged fore and aft,
 And was splendidly put in commission.
 "She's trim-built," said he, "as if just out of dock,
 So the error must be in the steering,
 Why not change the course from Monopoly's rock,
 While the trade winds are varied and veering?"

"Change the helmsman," was echoed by all the ship's crew,
 On the fore-castle gathered together,
 "We've one of our mates all the business can do,
 And make the ship ride out the weather;
 One tack to the starboard would be quite enough
 To make our skill famous in story,
 For she'd shine on the billows, though stormy and rough,
 Like the star of the sea in its glory."

The Pilot in Peril then look'd at his berth,
 Well stor'd for the port he was making,
 And he thought what his honor and office were worth,
 And how wrong was the course he was taking:
 "All hands up aloft!" then, with firmness, he said,
 "Let the land-lubbers now cease their roaring—
 Hurrab, boys! the port of Free-trade's right a-head,
 And she'll safely ride there at her moorings."

On the Nature of the Scholar, and its Manifestations. By JOHANN GOTTLIEB FICHTE. Translated from the German, with a memoir of the Author, by William Smith. Chapman.

IT is to the "Catholic Series," publishing by Mr. Chapman, that we owe this earliest English translation of an author who, filling a remarkable place in the world of German thought, is yet little known in this country, save by the censure of Coleridge and the eulogies of Mr. Carlyle. It is true that the reader who has penetrated into the domain of Teutonic moral philosophy cannot have missed Fichte—whose figure, very striking in itself, stands likewise in too immediate relation to that of Kant to be overlooked. But the region in which he wrought, and his own work therein, are too abstract and transcendental to have offered any wide temptation to the positive tendencies of the modern English mind. Mr. Smith thinks, however, that a crisis is at hand favorable to the introduction of these loftier principles and their prophets; that those who of late years have observed the changes of our mental horizon with any degree of closeness, have seen, without surprise, sufficiently obvious indications of a return to a higher philosophy and a more profound morality. Of this new era he contends that the literary man is the proper apostle. "In the present age," he says, "the press has become almost the exclusive vehicle of new spiritual impulse. The characters in which the spiritual leaders of mankind clothed themselves in former times have mostly passed away from amongst us. At best, some imperfect realization of the hero, prophet, or priest may, from time to time, appear—and of those to whom the onward guidance of the human race is now committed, their mantle has chiefly fallen on the man of letters. To him, therefore, we look with deep interest and anxiety for the springs of that reformation which is to lead us back from sense and worldliness to completeness and nature. It is his voice which must be raised, amid the clang of our industry and the bustle of our commerce, to reawaken in men their reverence for the Divine—to teach them that there is in the human soul a nobler impulse than self-interest, and that virtue is higher and holier than love of happiness." This being the important mission which awaits the literary man, Mr. Smith has deemed it wise to train him for his office after the teaching of Fichte—"to send forth, in our own language, the words of a great man of another land, who taught the duty of the scholar in his relation to the progressive culture of the human race, as we have not been accustomed to hear it taught."

The work now admirably translated contains the substance of a series of lectures delivered at Erlangen in the summer of 1805, and published at Berlin in the following winter. The scholar is here represented as he who, "possessed and actuated by the Divine Idea, labours to obtain for that idea an outward manifestation in the world, either by communicating it to his fellow-man (as teacher), or by directly embodying it in visible forms (as ruler, lawgiver, statesman, &c.)" The scholar is to forget his personality; and, undeterred by the talking trees of the world or the singing waters of his own passions, to press steadily onwards to his high object, as a spirit might. This divine idea, which it is the scholar's office to manifest to the world, is thus explained by Mr. Carlyle in his appreciation of Fichte's lectures. All things which we see or work with in this earth, especially we ourselves, and all persons, are, according to Fichte, "as a kind of vesture or sensuous appearance." Under all these, lies, as the essence of them, what he calls the "divine idea of the world,"—"this is the reality which lies at the bottom of all appearance." "To the mass of men no such idea is recognizable in the world; they live merely among the superficialities, practicalities, and shows of the world, not dreaming that there is anything divine under them. But the man of letters is sent hither specially that he may discern for himself, and make manifest itself in a new dialect; and he is there for the purpose of doing that." * * From this bold and lofty principle the duties of the literary man are deduced with scientific precision, and stated, in all their sacredness and grandeur, with an austere brevity more impressive than any rhetoric. Fichte's metaphysical theory may be called in question, and readily enough misapprehended; but the sublime stoicism of his sentiments will find some response in many a heart."

"Life," says Mr. Smith, "is the test of principle—the realization which makes the theory of one man a possibility for all;" and accordingly, a well-written biography of Fichte—compiled from the Life and Correspondence published by his son, in 1830—is prefixed to the translated lectures, as the best commentary on the teaching of the philosopher. Its pages present the picture of a mind struggling after the attainment of the Divine Idea, amid the discouragements of poverty and all those circumstances of seeming hopelessness which turn back the feeble minded on the road to truth. The material trials that Fichte encountered in the body are lost sight of in the spiritual contest which he maintained with his own mind. The page that keeps the record of incidents some of which are even painful in their almost abjectness of distress, is dignified throughout by the strong moral light that falls everywhere upon it, like a glory—and sweetened by a living episode that flows through its dark and bright places, like a stream of music. "We state Fichte's character," says Mr. Carlyle, "as it is known and admitted by men of all parties among the Germans, when we say that so robust an intellect, a soul so calm, so lofty, massive and immoveable, has not mingled in philosophical discussion since the time of Luther. * * The man rises before us, amid contradiction and debate, like a granite mountain amid clouds and wind. Ridicule, of the best that could be commanded, has been already tried against him; but it could not avail. What was the wit of a thousand wits to him? The cry of a thousand choughs assailing that old cliff of granite. * * Fichte's opinions may be true or false; but his character as a thinker can be slightly valued only by such as know it ill; and as a man approved by action and suffering, in his life and in his death, he ranks with a class of men who were common only in better ages than ours."

Descended from a family of tradesman, Johann Gottlieb Fichte was intended for the Church; and, at the age of eighteen, joined the theological faculty at the University of Jena. But here he was early met by that philosophic spirit, who, having ultimately to lead him, through so many zones, up to her transcendental atmosphere, began now by disturbing the waters at which his mind was drinking:—

We may conjecture (says Mr. Smith) what doubts and obscurities dogmatic theology must have presented to his mind, at this time, when we recollect that, even at an after period of his life, he still interested himself in the task of reconciling faith with knowledge—revelation with science. He attended a course of Dogmatics by C. F. Pezold, at Leipzig, to which place he had removed from Jena; and in the attempt to attain a clear comprehension of the theological doctrines of the attributes of God, the creation, the freedom of the will, &c., he encountered unexpected difficulties, which led him into a wider circle of inquiry, and finally drove him to abandon the theological for the philosophic point of view. Thus his philosophical speculations had their origin in an attempt to create a tenable system of dogmatics, and to obtain light on the higher questions of theology.

Amid these lofty speculations, however, says Mr. Smith, poverty, the scholar's bride, knocked at his door; and when, on the death of a benefactor who had hitherto protected him, he, with the view of becoming a village pastor in Saxony, addressed a letter to the President of the Consistory, soliciting a share of the support bestowed on many poor students at the Saxon universities, for the necessary completion of theological studies, we need scarcely wonder that doubts of his orthodoxy should have intercepted the flow, in his direction, of the bounty sought:—

In May, 1788, every prospect had closed around him, and every honorable means of advancement seemed to be exhausted. The present was utterly barren, and there was no hope in the future. It is needful that natures like his should be nurtured in adversity, that they may discover their own strength; prosperity might lull into an inglorious slumber the energies for whose appearance the world is waiting. He would not disclose his helpless situation to any of his well-wishers; but the proud consciousness of his own worth enabled him, amid unmerited sufferings, to oppose the bold front of human dignity against the pressure of opposing circumstances. It was the eve of his birthday. With unavailing anxiety he had again pondered all his projects, and found all alike hopeless. The world had cast him out—his country refused him food—he thought his last birthday was at hand; but he was determined that his honor—all that he could now call his own—should remain unsullied. Full of bitter thoughts, he returned to his solitary lodging. He found a letter awaiting him; it was from his friend, the tax-collector Weisse, requesting him to come immediately to his house. He there placed in Fichte's hands an offer of a tutorship in a private family in Zurich. The sudden revulsion of feeling in the young man could not be concealed, and led to an explanation of his circumstances. The offer was at once accepted; and, aided by this kind friend in the necessary arrangements, he set out for Switzerland in August 1788.

In this early and barren time of his fortunes, it was, that Fichte's good angel showed him that fountain of clear water which failed him no more through all the changes of his lot. Among the friends whom he made at Zurich was Rahn, the brother-in-law to Klopstock; and between a daughter of this excellent man and the poor scholar grew up an attachment, for discouraging which the very different station, in point of worldly importance, occupied by the two, never suggested itself to the father as a sufficient reason. The extracts which Mr. Smith gives from the letters that pass, at this time, between the affianced pair speak eloquently of the worth of both.

We cannot follow the poor scholar through all the struggles which he had to maintain after quitting Zurich, on the termination of his engagement at that place. At Leipzig it was, during a period of forced inaction, that he made acquaintance with the Kantian philosophy; and in the delight of the acquisition, believed that his mind had attained its goal,—though this turned out to be but the starting-point from which he finally arrived at a system of his own. In March, 1791, his struggle with fortune seemed ended. It was arranged that he should return to Zurich, to be united with her whom he most loved and honoured upon earth. His letters at this period take a character of great and solemn beauty:—

And so, dearest, I solemnly devote myself to thee—consecrate myself to *thee*. I thank thee that thou hast thought me not unworthy to be thy companion on the journey of life. I have undertaken much: one day—God grant it be a distant one!—to take the place of thy noble father; to become the recompense of thy early wisdom, of thy childlike love, of thy steadfast virtue. The thought of the great duties which I take upon me, makes me feel how little I am. But the feeling of the greatness of these

duties shall exalt me; and thy love, thy too favorable opinion of me, will lead to my imperfection all that I want. There is no land of happiness here below—I know it now—but a land of toil, where every joy but strengthens us for greater labour. Hand-in-hand we shall traverse it, and encourage and strengthen each other until our spirits—O, may it be together!—shall rise to the eternal Fountain of all peace. I stand now in fancy at the most important point of my earthly existence, which divides it into two different, very different, portions—and marvel at the unseen hand which has led me through the first, dangerous part, through the land of perplexity and doubt. How long had I despaired of such a companion as thou, in whom manly dignity and female tenderness are united! What if I had contented myself with some decorated puppet of thy sex?—That Being who rules all things was kinder to me than, in the feeling of my unworthiness, I had dared to wish or hope;—I was led to thee. That Being yet will do more for me. We shall one day, O dearest, stand again at the partition-wall which shall divide our *whole* life into two parts—into an earthly and a spiritual;—and then shall we look upon the latter part of the earthly, which we shall have traversed together, as we do now upon its first part; and surely we shall then too marvel at the same wisdom which now calls forth our wonder, but with loftier feelings and with clearer insight. I love to place myself in that position.

But the cup of joy was rudely dashed from his lips, at the very moment when it seemed ready for his tasting. The day of his departure was fixed, when the bankruptcy of a mercantile house, to which Rahn had intrusted his property, ruined the fortunes of the latter; and all plans founded on their prosperity being at an end, the scholar had once more to go forth in search of bread. Now, as ever, he accepted his fate cheerfully; and, on the failure of an engagement as tutor, on which he had reckoned, at Warsaw, he made a journey from that city to Königsberg, that he might have an opportunity of cultivating a personal acquaintance with Kant, his great master in philosophy. The philosopher seems to have received him as haughtily and coldly as any great man who was *not* a philosopher might; but Fichte was too much in earnest to be discouraged.

But the cloud which had come suddenly down upon his fortunes, in its darkest aspect at the hour which then looked brightest, was even now, while at the darkest, about to lift, and pass away from his house for ever. They, however, who would have a clear idea of the man should descend into the heart of this troubled period of his life, and follow him through the struggles which we have merely indicated—that they may watch the grand attitude which his mind assumed in relation to all its worldly temptations—the cheerful equanimity in whose strength it passed over all the rough places of his destiny. Henceforth, his philosophy expatiated in an atmosphere less materially encumbered. From Königsberg, he passed to a tutorship in the family of a kind and generous patron at Dantzig; and in 1793, when his publications had already sent his name far abroad, received, at Zurich, the best gift of his life, in the hand of Johanna Rahn.—Mr. Smith has given an able and interesting exposition of the particular philosophy of Fichte, and the successive processes of induction by which it was reached. For these we must refer our readers to his volume; for no intelligible explanation of them could be given in the space which he can command. It is difficult, nevertheless, to understand the man himself, without this; for Mr. Smith has well observed, that the peculiarities of Fichte's philosophical system are so intimately bound up with the personal character of its author, that both lose something of their completeness when considered apart from each other. It was not long ere he was generally looked upon as the man who was to complete the philosophy of Kant; and, in 1794, he was unexpectedly appointed Professor *Supernumerarius* of Philosophy at the University of Jena,—where, fourteen years before, the Philosophic Muse had first found him out, and brought that disturbance into his life-scheme for which she now made him this ample compensation:—

He arrived at Jena on the 18th of May, 1794; and was received with great kindness by his colleagues at the University. On the 23rd, he delivered his first lecture. The largest hall in Jena, although crowded to the roof, proved insufficient to contain the audience. His singular and commanding address, his fervid, fiery eloquence, the rich profusion of his thoughts, following each other in the most convincing sequence, and modelled with the sharpest precision, astonished and delighted his hearers. His triumph was complete;—he left the Hall the most popular Professor of the greatest University in Germany.

The attempts of Fichte to reform the discipline of the University having embroiled him with the more turbulent of the students, the philosopher withdrew from Jena; and some of his writings, during this period of his retreat, having incurred the reproof of the Ducal Court, he finally threw up his professorship, and sought an asylum in Prussia. Here his philosophic theory received its final development and completion; and here he afterwards employed himself in giving to the world these ultimate and finished results, in a series of publications of which the lectures now translated form one. In 1804, he declined an invitation from Russia to assume the Chair of Philosophy in Charkow—and one from Bavaria to the same chair and Landshut: in 1805, he filled the philosophic chair at Erlangen. On the success of the French arms, in Prussia, in 1806, he eagerly devoted himself to the service of his country; and earnestly solicited permission to accompany the armies of Prussia, in a character somewhat resembling that of the prophets of old. "If the orator," he says, "must content himself with speech—if he cannot fight in your ranks, to prove the truth of his principles by his actions, by his contempt of danger and of death, by his presence in the most perilous places of the combat—this is only the fault of his age, which has separated the calling of the scholar from that of the warrior. But he feels that, if he had been taught to carry arms, he would have been behind none in courage; he laments that his age has denied him the privilege accorded to Æschylus and Cervantes, to make good his words by manlike deeds. He would restore that time, if he could; and in the present circumstances, which he looks upon as bringing with them a new phase of his existence, he would proceed rather to deeds than to words. But since he may only speak, he would speak fire and sword. Nor would he do this securely and away from danger. In his discourses he would give utterance to truths belonging to this subject with all the clearness with which he himself sees them, with all the earnestness of which he is capable—utter them avowedly and with his own name—truths which should cause him to be