

and in the experiences and sensations of life, his general appearance and mode of existence, became like those of other men. He learned to eat all meats except pork; but all fermented liquors, and even tea and coffee, were still abominable to him. His perceptions gradually became much less rapid and tenacious. "Of the gigantic powers of his memory, and of other astonishing qualities, not a trace remained; and he retained nothing extraordinary but his extraordinary fate, his indescribable goodness, and the exceeding amiableness of his disposition."— Yet, while in understanding a man, but in knowledge a child,—and in many things more ignorant than a child,—his language and demeanour could not but often exhibit him as a mingled compound of a child, youth, and man, without its being easy to determine to which portion of life this combination of them all properly belonged. He was himself oppressively conscious of his peculiar situation, and the consciousness gave a shade of melancholy and dejection to his character and countenance. He would lament that he was already so old, and was still obliged to learn what children knew long ago. He would say "I wish I had never come out of my cage. He who put me there should have left me there; then I should never have known and felt the want of anything; and I should never have experienced the misery of never having been a child, and of having come so late into the world."

He was able to give little information concerning the previous portion of his existence, and that confirmed the conclusions at which the people of Nuremberg had arrived.— There was no doubt that he had always lived in a hole, (a small low apartment which he sometimes called a cage) where the light never entered, and a sound was never heard. In this place it appears that he never, even in his sleep, lay with his whole body stretched out, but sat, waking and sleeping, with his legs extended before him, and his back supported in an erect posture. Some peculiar property of his place of rest, or some particular contrivance, appears to have made it necessary that he should always remain in this position. An unusual formation of the knee seems to have resulted from it, so that, when Caspar sat down with the leg and thigh extended horizontally on the floor the back formed a right angle with the flexure of the thigh and the knee-joint lay extended so close to the floor, that not the smallest hollow was perceptible in the ham, between which and the floor a common playing card could scarcely be thrust. In this dungeon, whenever he awoke from sleep, he found a loaf, and a pitcher of water by him. Sometimes the water had a bad taste, probably from the infusion of opium; for whenever this was the case he could no longer keep his eyes open, but was compelled to fall asleep; and when he afterwards awoke, he found that he had a clean shirt on, and that his nails had been cut; from which and other circumstances, it appears that Caspar met with a degree of careful attention, during the period of his incarceration. He never saw the face of the man who brought him his meat and drink, who also never spoke to him, except to utter the "Beuta wahn," &c. which Caspar so un-

meaningly repeated in Nuremberg. In this hole he had two wooden horses and several ribands; with these horses he had always amused himself as long as he remained awake; and his only occupation was to make them run by his side, and to fix or tie the ribands about them in different positions. Thus one day had passed as the other; but he had never felt the want of anything, had never been sick, and once only excepted he had felt the sensation of pain. It is also remarkable that he never had dreams until after he went to live with Professor Daumer, when he regarded them as real appearances.

How long he had continued to live in this situation, he knew not, for he had no knowledge of time. He had no recollection of ever having been in a different situation, or in any other than that place. The man with whom he had always been never did him any harm but once, when he struck him a severe blow with a stick or piece of wood, because he had been running his horse too hard, and had made too much noise. Soon after this circumstance, the man came and placed a small table over his feet, and spread some paper upon it; he then came behind him, so as not to be seen by him, took hold of his hand, and moved it backward and forward on the paper, with a lead-pencil which he had stuck between his fingers. Caspar was exceedingly pleased with the black figures which appeared on the white paper; and, when the man was gone, was never tired of drawing these figures repeatedly on the paper. Another time the man came to the place where he lay, lifted him up, and endeavoured to teach him first how to stand, and then to walk.— Finally, the man came one day, and taking him on his back, carried him out of the prison. It appears that he fainted on being brought into the light of day and the fresh air. He noticed none of the objects around him during the journey. He was only conscious that the man who had been leading him put the letter which he had brought with him into his hand and then vanished; after which a citizen observed him, and took him to the guard-room.

It seems, from this account, that Caspar had at length become a dangerous burden to those who kept him secretly confined. He had grown restless; his powers of life were more vivid;—he sometimes made a noise, and it was necessary to keep him quiet by means of severe chastisement. But they did not get rid of him in some other manner? why they did not destroy him? why he had not been put out of the world as a child?—these are questions which still remain without solution. It seems to have been expected that he would have been lost, as a vagabond or an idiot, in some public institution at Nuremberg; or, if any attention was paid to the recommendation he brought with him, as a soldier in some regiment. But none of these events took place. The unknown foundling met with humane consideration, and became the object of universal public attention. The journals were filled with accounts of this mysterious young man, and with conjectures respecting him;—the development of his mind was every spoken of,—marvellous things were related to the public

of his progress; and it was related that Caspar Hauser was employed in writing a history of his life. At this period, and probably with the view of preventing the execution of this intention, an attempt was made, on the 17th October, 1829, to assassinate him in the house of Professor Daumer. He escaped with an inconsiderable wound on his forehead but which, from the excited state of his nervous system, occasioned him much suffering and prolonged indisposition.

At a subsequent period Earl Stanhope adopted the charge of Caspar, and had him removed to Anspach, where he was placed under the care of an able schoolmaster, with whom he also resided. It was intended that he should be brought to this country, in which he would have been tolerably safe from the dread of assassination. The fear, in which he long lived after the first attempt upon his life, seems, indeed, to have considerably subsided after he had remained several years at Anspach without molestation.— But his secret enemy had not lost sight of him. As he was leaving the Tribunals on the morning of December 14th, 1833, a stranger, wrapped in a large cloak, accosted him under the pretence of having an important communication to make. Caspar excused himself, as he was then going to dine, but promised to meet the stranger in the afternoon in the palace garden. The meeting took place: the stranger drew some papers from underneath his cloak, and, while Hauser was about to examine them, stabbed him twice near the heart with a dagger that he had kept concealed. The wounds were not immediately fatal. Caspar was able to return home, but could only utter in broken syllables, "Palace-garden—purse—Unz—monument." The tutor to whose care he had been committed despatched the soldiers of the police to Uzen's monument, in the palace-garden, where they found a small purse of violet silk, containing a scrap of paper, on which was written, in a disguised hand, "Hauser can tell you well enough why I appear here, and who I am. To save Hauser the trouble, I will tell you myself whence I come; I come from—from—the Bavarian frontier,—on the river —. I will also give you the name, M. L. O." According to Caspar's description, the man was the same who made the previous attempt upon his life at Nuremberg. The unfortunate Caspar Hauser died on the night of December 17th, in consequence of the wounds he had received; and no clue to the mystery of his life and death has yet been obtained, although a reward of 5000 florins has been offered by Lord Stanhope for the discovery of the assassin. The funeral of Caspar Hauser took place on the 26th of December, and was attended by crowds of persons, all moved by the deepest sympathy; for the poor youth was greatly beloved. His preceptor, Dr Fuhrmann, pronounced an oration over his grave, in the course of which he alluded to the last words of the victim, who, on being asked if he forgave his enemies, replied, "I have prayed to God to forgive all whom I have known; for myself personally I have nothing to forgive, as no one ever did me wrong."