

Poetry,

Original and Select.

THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

" Oh! call my brother back to me!
I cannot play alone;
The summer comes with flower and bee—
Where is my brother gone?
The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track;
I care not now to chase its flight—
Oh! call my brother back!
The flowers run wild—the flowers we sowed
Around our garden-tree;
Our vine is drooping with its load—
Oh! call him back to me!
' He would not hear thy voice, fair child!
He may not come to thee;
The face that once like spring-time smiled,
On earth no more thou'lt see.
A rose's brief bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given;
Go—thou must play alone, my boy!
Thy brother is in heaven.
' And has he left his birds and flowers;
And must I call in vain?
And through the long, long summer hours,
Will he not come again?
And by the brook and in the glade
Are all our wanderings o'er?
Oh! while my brother with me play'd,
Would I had lov'd him more!"

SING, GONDOLIER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Sing to me, Gondolier!
Sing words from Tasso's lay;
While pure, and still, and clear,
Night seems but softer day,
The gale is gently falling,
As if it paused to hear
Some strain, the past recalling;—
Sing to me, Gondolier!
Oh! ask me not to wake
Proud spirits of the brave;
Bid no high numbers break
The silence of the wave!
Gone are the noble hearted,
Closed the bright pageants here;
And the glad song is departed
From the mournful Gondolier!

CASPAR HAUSER.

The state of man, when excluded from social intercourse and education, is perhaps partially exhibited in such histories as those of Peter the Wild Boy; but the subject, as a whole, is now redeemed from speculation by the history of Caspar Hauser. This history is not only of surpassing interest in itself, but, in the point of view we have stated, is of much importance, that the information it affords must always hereafter occupy that place in the history of man which conjecture has hitherto supplied. An exceedingly curious account of this remarkable being has been translated from the German of Anselm von Feuerbach, and to this we are indebted for the information which we pur-

pose to lay before our readers: referring those who desire further information to the work itself for many interesting details which our limits will not include.

On Whit Monday, the 26th May, 1828, a citizen of Nuremberg, in Bavaria, was proceeding from his house to take a walk, when, happening to look around him, he perceived at a little distance a young man in the dress of a peasant, who was standing in a very singular posture, and, like an intoxicated person, was endeavouring to move forward, without being able either to stand upright or to govern the movement of his legs. On the approach of the citizen the stranger held out to him a letter directed to a military officer living in Nuremberg. As the house of this person lay in the direction of the citizen's walk, he took the youth thither with him. When the servant opened the door, the stranger advanced with the letter in his hand, with the following words:—"Ae sechtene möcht ih wahn, wie mei Votta wahn is." The various questions of the servant,—as, what he wanted? who he was? whence he came?—he appeared not to understand, and answered only by a repetition of the same words. He seemed so much fatigued that he could scarcely be said to walk, but only to stagger; and he pointed to his feet with tears, and a countenance expressive of much pain. As he appeared to be also suffering from hunger and thirst, a small piece of meat was handed to him; but scarcely had the first morsel touched his lips when he shuddered, the muscles of his face were seized with convulsive spasms, and he spat it out with great abhorrence. He manifested the same aversion after he had tasted a few drops of a glass of beer which was brought to him. But he swallowed with greediness and satisfaction a bit of bread and a glass of pure water. In the meantime all attempts to gain any information concerning his person or his arrival were entirely fruitless. He seemed to hear without understanding, to see without perceiving, and to move his feet without knowing how to use them for the purpose of walking.—His language consisted mostly of tears, moans, and unintelligible sounds, mingled with the words which he frequently repeated,—"Reuta wahn, wie mei Votta wahn is*." He was hence soon regarded as a kind of savage; and, in expectation of the captain's return, was conducted to the stable, where he immediately stretched himself on the straw, and fell into a profound sleep. When the captain came home, several hours after, the boy was with immense difficulty awakened. He then regarded the bright colours of the officer's uniform with childish satisfaction, and began to repeat his "Reuta," &c. to which, and a few other articulate expressions, he attached, as was afterwards discovered, no particular meaning. They were only sounds which had been taught him like a parrot and which he uttered as the common expression of all his ideas, sensations, and desires.

The letter addressed to the captain afforded no distinct information concerning this singular being. It is stated that the writer

* This jargon seems to imply, "I will be a rider (a trooper) as my father was."

was a poor day-labourer with a family of ten children. The bearer had been left in his house the 7th of October, 1812, and he had never since been suffered to leave it. A Christian education had been given to him, and he had been taught to read and write; and as he wished to become a trooper, and the writer found it difficult to maintain him longer, he had brought him to Nuremberg, and consigned him to the captain's protection. This letter, manifestly designed to mislead, was written in German, and concluded with this heartless expression—"If you do not keep him, you may get rid of him or let him be scrambled for." In a Latin postscript, evidently by the same hand, though the writer professes to be a poor girl, it is stated that the lad was born April 30, 1812, that he had been baptized; that the application was for his education until he became seventeen years old, and that he should then be sent to the 6th *Chevaux légers* regiment, to which his father, then dead, had belonged. Under all the circumstances, the captain thought it best to consign the stranger, and to leave the solution of the riddle, to the city police. On his arrival at the guard house, the usual official questions were put to him, to which, and all other enquiries, he gave no other reply than his usual unmeaning "Reuta," &c. He exhibited neither fear, astonishment, nor confusion; but rather showed an almost brutish dulness, which either leaves external objects entirely unnoticed, or stares at them without thought. But he was continually pointing, with tears and whimpering, to his feet, which with his awkward and childish demeanour, soon excited the compassion of all who were present; for having the appearance of a young man, his whole conduct was that of a child scarcely two or three years old. The police were divided in opinion whether to consider him as an idiot or as a kind of savage: and one or two expressed a doubt, whether under this appearance some cunning deceiver might not be concealed. Some one thought of trying whether he could write, and placed materials before him, with an intimation that he should do so. This appeared to give him pleasure, he took the pen, by no means awkwardly, between his fingers, and wrote in legible characters the name "Kasper Hauser." This circumstance strengthened the impression of his being an impostor, and he was, for the present, consigned to a tower, used for the confinement of rogues and vagabonds, in the short walk to which he sank down, groaning at almost every step.

The structure of Caspar Hauser's body, which was stout and broad-shouldered, showed perfect symmetry, without any visible defect. His face was, on his first appearance at Nuremberg, very vulgar; when in a state of tranquillity, it was almost without expression; and its lower features being somewhat prominent, gave him a brutish appearance. But the alteration in his face altered in a few months almost entirely; his countenance gained expression and animation, the lower part of his face became gradually less prominent, and his earlier physiognomy could scarcely be longer recognized. His feet, which have no marks of having been ever before confined by a shoe, were