





Reviews.

Of the old divine, I like Jeremy Taylor and Isaac Barrow most. The most charming book, and with the exception of Milton's Epics, the greatest work of genius belonging to the Commonwealth...

Essays, Poems, Allegories, and Fables; with an Elucidation and Analysis of the 'Ragat Geta.' By JANUARY SEARLE. London: John Chapman.

It is a great and cheering sign of the time, and one indicative of the coming triumph of our principles, that almost all the men of the age—the men of genius and of literary note—are ranged on our side, fighting under the glorious banner of Democracy.

Books are our household gods, and we cannot prize them too highly. They are the only gods all the mystics agree that are beautiful and beneficent for their benefactor...

Our old minister, Joshua Hopewell, had an orchard of most particular good fruit, for he was a great hand at budding, grafting, and what not, and the orchard (it was on the south side of the house) stretched right up to the road.

There is sometimes in the American metaphors an energy which is very remarkable. I can reckon that, from his teeth to his toes, there's not a human being of a more conquering nature than General Jackson.

As a cooler to this, we will quote from memory an instance of Yankee nonchalance, deliciously refreshing. An American sauntered into the telegraph office of a city a thousand miles from the place mentioned, and asked how long it would take to transmit a message to Washington.

Next to Milton I would recommend Shakespeare; not that I think Shakespeare second to Milton, or to any man living or dead, but because a person read in Milton as he reads in Shakespeare better, and that with his balance more steady.

It is the finest epic example we can boast of. And his language is the best and richest English. Not Mrs. Hemans, nor the melodious Thomas Moore—the two musical snuff boxes of poetry that tempt the soul to grand aspirations, or build it up to high enterprises.

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The Railway Anecdote Book. W. H. Smith and Son, 136, Strand, London.

Two hundred closely printed, double column pages, containing two thousand anecdotes, for something less than we should have to pay for advertising it. An excellent specimen of cheap literature!

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would not abate one of the 300,000 heads he demanded, 'reared does!' Apropos of the Spaniel of Couthon, Duvivier gives us an amusing anecdote of Serjeant, not one of the least relentless agents of the massacre of September.

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Speaking of Louis Blanc in '48, M. Bregnat says, 'more than any other, he had prepared long before-hand the storm of February; and he was very popular among the workmen; each of his words were applauded; each of his promises circulated as a certainty among the fascinated people.'

Sobrier thought young, but was successful in obtaining an immense popularity among the revolutionary party. He was an ardent and adventurous spirit. From the earliest hour of the Revolution, he had lodged in a palace of the Rue de Rivoli, and had surrounded himself with a pretorian guard, distinguished for its wild and eccentric habits and behaviour.

A distinguished author, an able orator, Raspail made use of two instruments to attract public opinion to himself, and to direct it. His journal, the 'Friend of the People,' was the most popular in Paris, his club was one of the most frequented.

Cabet is the son of a workman, but his parents dreamed of a higher destiny for him, and made him a lawyer. The Revolution of July made the son of the artisan into a deputy. The town of Dijon chose him for its representative.

In the true type of the conspirator, his hair which he kept damp and the confinement of dungeons, has turned grey, makes more striking the sombre energy of his singular countenance, furrowed by deep wrinkles.

Our mention of these men must necessarily be meagre; but we are glad to hear their names, even from the lips of an enemy. Proud and noble names! worthy of the people's love.

house of slaughter and of mourning? No, no, no! The time approaches, O ye peoples! for ye to no suffer. Think of the ruffianhood of despots and priests that darken the lands like a multitude of vultures, preying on the hearts of the chained Titan, Labour, and strike for Freedom!

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions. By CHARLES MACKAY. Hungarian Grammar. By STORMUND WERKE. Theodore Kossuth. A Sketch. Murray, Albemarle-street. Mandus Dramaticus. A Satire. Lacy, Wellington-street, Strand. The Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms. A Temperance Drama. By WM. ALEX. FLETCHER. Marin and Venice. By AVATORE DE LA FORON. Paris: Amoy. Poems by Louis Napoleon. Illustrated by H. G. Hine. Napoleo, Fleet-street. Zingra the Gipsy. By ANNETTE MARIE MAILLARD. Routledge and Co., 2, Farringdon-street.

THE COUNTESS OF RUDOLSTADT.

[Sequel to 'Consuelo.']

By GEORGE SAND.

Consuelo had been a week in prison. In composing and practising music, the time passed pleasantly enough. Still, as her chamber was very warm, and as the rampart on which she walked was constantly swept by a freezing wind, she had an attack of hoarseness precisely on the day when the king proposed to have her re-appear before the public.

As to her hearing, she had a musical character, and it related to her organs of hearing. She therefore fell again into the dream which she had when wide awake, or, at least, half awake, the first night she had passed in prison.

CASPAR HAUSER, THE HEREDITARY PRINCE OF BADEN.

A TRUE STORY OF CRIME AND MYSTERY.

In 1828 Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall published a life of Caspar Hauser. It was a translation of the account drawn up from legal documents, by Anselm von Feuerbach, the criminal judge, and one of the very commissioners appointed in Bavaria to inquire into the facts connected with the life, discovery, and murder of Hauser.

Kaspar, or Caspar Hauser, the Nuremberg foundling, was observed on the evening of White-Monday, the 26th of May, 1828, standing against the wall in the Unschildt place, who first attracted an inhabitant of the innkeeper's place, who first observed him, and who first carried him to the house of a peasant youth, who first carried him to the captain of the fourth squadron of the sixth regiment of light horse, lying there. Being conducted to him by this good citizen, and questioned by him who and what he was, it became evident that he was almost wholly incapable of frango in his behaviour.

It was not likely that a mother, determining to expose her child, would lay it at the door of a poor labourer with ten children, and expect him to keep it, seventeen years. It was less likely that any poor labourer in such circumstances could or would so faithfully support a burden which he would so many years, and then so punctually convey to the man who appointed. Besides, what motive could the man have for so doing? The mother might have received the child, he would most likely have let him run about with his own ten. But to shut him up in a dark den, and there for seventeen years feed and visit him, was a very singular and mysterious thing which no common labourer would do.

It was handed over by the captain of horses to the police the very evening that he was found, and he was placed by them as a helpless person from some unknown place. The greatest curiosity was excited regarding him, as soon as the case was known, and the Burgomaster Bieder espe-

cially exerted himself to penetrate the mystery which surrounded him. The result of much inquiry, partly from himself, and partly from circumstantial evidence, was that he had been kept from his childhood in a dark subterranean place, where he could not once stretch himself properly, it was so small, and there he had remained, clad only in a shirt and trousers, and fed on bread and water. Occasionally he found himself attacked with very heavy sleep, and on awaking from these peculiar sleeps he found that his clothes had been changed, his nails cut and the place had been cleaned out. His only amusement was playing with two wooden horses. For some time, however, before he was carried off to Nuremberg, the man who tended him, but whose face he never saw, had come frequently into his cell, had guided his hand in writing with a pencil on paper, which had delighted him very much, and had taught him to was from Nuremberg; he was a soldier as his father had been; that the 'man,' as he always called him, came one night, carried him out of his dungeon, making him try to walk, on which he fainted, and at last brought him to the gate of Nuremberg.

By a circumstance testified to the truth of these facts, appeared to have no forward or control of his limbs. His feet, which had never been to boots, were now thrust into them and evidently gave the greatest torture. Walking occasioned him to groan and weep. He could not bear the light, but became inflamed by the illumination of the bones and muscles of his legs demonstrated whatever of the quality of things, nor of distances. He was delighted with the flame of a candle, and put his finger into it. At the police office he exhibited symptoms of interest or alarm. The sound of bells made him tremble on him, but on drums being beaten near him, he was thrown into convulsions.

From the police office he was removed to the prison for vagabonds and beggars. Here the keeper at first regarded him as an impostor, but he could not actually be in the state of a little child; and the wailer's children played with him, and taught him to speak.

The public curiosity regarding him and his story grew, and numbers flocked from all sides to see him. They brought him toys. Von Feuerbach visited him after he had been considerably more than a month in Nuremberg, and found his room stuck all over with prints and pictures which he had given him, and which he had arranged in a regular order, and arranged every morning. He complained that the people teased him; that he had no shoes, which he had never known in his cell. On the 15th of July he was released from the prison, and given into the care of Professor Daumer, who undertook to bring him up and educate him; and an order was issued by the magistrates that he should not be interrupted by any more visitors. Here he began showing a beautiful presence from a window, he drew back in terror, and when afterwards he had learned to speak, and was asked why he did so, he said it was because a wooden shutter seemed to have been closed before his eyes, scattered all over with different colours. These eyes of small was most acute, and often gave him great agony. He could not pass through or near a churchyard, because the flowers were covered by others, affected him with horror. He was extremely amiable, and attached himself with the utmost affection to Professor and Mrs. Daumer.

On the 15th of October he was found bleeding, and in a delirium, from a dreadful wound in the forehead, in a cellar. He was supposed to be a madman, but he finally recovered, and stated that 'the man' had come to his rescue, and the absence of the family, having his eyes blacked, and had wounded him; how he got into the cellar he could not tell. In his delirium he had often said, 'Man come—don't kill me! I love all men—do no one anything. Man, I love you. Don't kill my man!'

But no further light was thrown upon the circumstances, but, however, that some diabolical mystery hung over him. There were powerful enemies somewhere, and it was now evident that they had taken alarm. The public curiosity had spread far and wide the fame of this strange youth, and it was evident that he might yet recollect things which might lead to the detection of his origin. Amongst those who now became interested in him was Lord Stanhope, who undertook the whole charge of his education, and removed him to Anspach. Here he was placed for awhile as clerk in the registrar's office of the Court of Appeal; and he was quietly performing his duties when Lord Stanhope began to talk of adopting him into the family, and sending him to England. This most probably sealed his fate; for one evening, a stranger came to approach the street, and on pretence of giving him news from Lord Stanhope, and intelligence regarding his origin, induced him to accompany him into the castle gardens, where he suddenly stabbed him in the left side. Hauser had strength enough to reach home, and to utter a few indistinct words, but before they arrived Kaspar Hauser was dead. No trace of the murderer could be found.

It is no wonder that a fate so melancholy upon a life so strange should rouse the public mind to an extraordinary degree. It was felt that the eyes of those who, for some unknown purpose, but as clearly from most important grounds, had thus treated this unfortunate youth—who had indicated on him a tremendous mystery—had been styled 'a crime against the life of a man!' and never been removed from him. It was evident that he had been the subject of deep popular inquiry; and the public knowledge of certain strange events in a certain high quarter led gradually to a conviction which now exists with a wide and deep effect on the popular mind in Germany.

These things have made Caspar Hauser the very Parkin Warbeck of Germany. That he had, however, a more real claim to a lofty origin is strongly attested by the special firmness which the faith in his right to the title indicated in the heading of our article, is held by a vast body, and not only in Germany, but in the most intelligent circles in Germany; and still more, and with a more vigilant vigilance with which all publications, all talk, and even all whispers of this faith in Baden are suppressed. Let but a copy of the book or pamphlet be sent in the most secret manner into any town of Baden, and the police is instantly on the track of it; letters are intercepted in the post that mention it, and questions on the subject in ordinary conversation are touched.

A little volume by Joseph Heinrich Garnier proves the truth of the conviction, that Caspar Hauser was royally born. This book gave, and still gives, the government of Baden the greatest uneasiness.

The portraits of Caspar Hauser, which were very like in feature to the reigning family, were also destroyed; and all connection of the subject was compelled to be carried on in secret. An inquiry was instituted by the Court of Bavaria, which went on for some time under the management of the acute and celebrated Feuerbach, but was abruptly terminated with the announcement that, 'There are circles of human society into which the arm of justice dares not penetrate.' Lord Stanhope, who had professed much interest in Hauser's life, at his death was interred in the Court of Baden. He was the only man who had looked upon the whole history of Hauser as a hoax, and that he had been the duppe of an impostor. Not so with the persevering Feuerbach. He pursued the mystery with indefatigable serenity and ardour, and it is said, made some very important discoveries, which he would have laid before the world; but, unfortunately, the eyes that had watched over Caspar Hauser were closed, and he was unable to do so. It has been the case with almost every one in Germany, that he troubled themselves in the matter. There exists little doubt in our minds that Caspar Hauser was the real Hereditary Prince of Baden. He was in the way to the Throne, and fell—another victim, immolated at the foot of the altar of ambition and of the Court of Baden. It seems clear, and it is enough that those who doomed Caspar Hauser to his confinement, had calculated that he would never be able to tell the tale; but, when it was discovered that he could speak, and that public curiosity was excited respecting him he was pursued and murdered.

THE WORLD AS IT IS.—The World, as we said, already stands convicted to this young son of heaven, an untutored and unlearned youth; its high dignitaries, many of their phantasms and players' masks; its worshipships and worship unworldship; from Dan to Bersheba, a mad world, my masters. Truly, in all times and places, the young ardent soul that enters on this world with heroic purpose, with veracious insight, and the yet unclouded inspiration of the Almighty, which has given us our intelligence, will find this world a very mad one, why else is it, with his little outfit of heroism and inspirations, come hither into it, except to make it diligently a little sadder? of him there would have been no need had it been quite sane. If you want to make sudden fortunes in it, and achieve the temporary halcyon of fancies for yourself, renouncing the perennial esteem of wise men, if you can believe that the end of chief man is to dole about him a bigger heap of gold than ever before, in a shorter time than he ever before, you will find it a most handsome and every way furthertome, blessed and felicitous world. But for any other human aim I think you will find it not furthertome. If you, in any way, seek precisely, how a noble life is to be led in it, you will be luckier than sitting or, if you get any credible answer, or find any made road whatever. Your hearts question, if it be of that sort, most things and persons will answer with a 'noisance.' Noble life is in Drury-lane (theatre), and wears yellow boots. You fool, compose yourself to your puddling.' Surely in these times, if ever in any, the young heroic soul entering on it, so unpolished, full of sunny hope, of noble valour and divine intention, is as tragical as well as beautiful to us.—Charles's Life of Stanley.









