

My German Tutor

Nothing could have happened more opportunely. I was sitting alone in the study, trying fifty different ways to solve the most perplexing problem, “how to make two ends meet,” when a letter was put into my hand, which threw a brilliant and unexpected light on my path.

I was wearing myself out. The entire charge of a widely scattered flock in a rural parish in England, the care of a young and increasing family, with a delicate tenderly nurtured mother, whose education, as the youngest child of wealthy parents, but ill prepared her for the daily struggle with petty cares and anxieties which she strove to bear so cheerfully, and, above all, the training and tuition of four riotous young rascals of from ten to twelve, whose minds and morals I was endeavoring to improve preparatory to their entering life at a public school, would be a severe ordeal to the stoutest health and strongest nerves, and I possessed neither.

But what could I do? The result of all my calculations went to prove that I could not afford to give such a salary to a tutor as would secure the services of a scholar and a gentleman, and to such only could I delegate the trust committed to me.

Before speaking of the contents of the important letter that proved so welcome an interruption to my perplexed musings, I must give a slight sketch of my vicarage, as some notion of its outward appearance and internal arrangement will be necessary to make my story comprehensible. It consists chiefly of a square mass of red brick building, in the style prevalent in the days of the earlier Georges; and with its ruddy hue unsubdued by the lapse of a century, seems to blush for its own extreme hideousness. Connected with this, at the time of which I write, about two years ago, was a fragment of a building of much earlier date, composed of lath and plaster, with strong transverse beams of oak, on one of which was carved a date considerably anterior to the Reformation. This ancient structure contained the room dignified by the name of the library, with the kitchen and other domestic offices on the ground floor, and above were several bedchambers, occupied by servants, with the exception of one over the library, which was kept vacant for the use of a guest. It was in the old library, my haven of refuge, where I wrote my sermons, saw my parishioners when they came to me for advice or assistance, read, mused, and perhaps occasionally dozed, that I was sitting, when old Nanny, the village post-woman, who was familiar with the ways of the house, knocked unceremoniously at the window and handed me the letter.

It was from a young German, whose acquaintance I formed during the time of the Great Exhibition in 1851. He had been sent from Berlin in charge of some scientific instruments; and my good friend Dr.—, the astronomer, at whose house we met, was warm in praise of Hermann Schwarz, whose extremely prepossessing manner and appearance were of themselves a recommendation. In short, a mutual liking sprang up between us; and when we parted, it was with a cordial wish on both sides to meet again.

I heard from him occasionally during the years which followed. He was engaged on a translation into German of some of the works of the earlier Latin fathers, in which I took great interest, and he wrote now and then to report progress. But the letter I now held in my hand was in a very different strain. It contained an earnest, almost passionate appeal to me, to help the writer in

finding any employment, any honest means of earning bread, which would enable him to leave Berlin, and come to England. "You know something of me," it concluded, "dear and respected friend, you know I have some talent, some energy; I may be of some use in the world! Well, I will do anything; I will work with my hands, my head, my heart, so that I may earn a mouthful of bread in England, and leave forever my Germany, that once dear fatherland, where to remain longer will be madness for me. Do not ask me to explain this change in my feelings; suffice it that I assure you I have done nothing to forfeit your good opinion." There was much more to the same effect; and the whole letter was so incoherent, and differed so widely from the usual calm sententiousness of the writer, that I felt sure the mystery was one to be solved with the universal key, and was persuaded that a woman was at the bottom of it.

This in no way interfered, however, with the idea that at once suggested itself to my mind. Schwarz was the very man I wanted. I could trust him perfectly; his singularly accurate knowledge of the English would enable him to carry on the studies of my pupils, and his companionship would be very agreeable to myself; while the great work of translation in which he was engaged would progress rapidly under our united auspices. I wrote to him at once, and received a joyful acceptance of my proposals; and at the end of a fortnight, he was an inmate of the vicarage, installed in the vacant chamber above the library, and entering heart and soul into his new duties. I found him greatly changed, however. His intellect had ripened; his moral and religious principles were, perhaps, even deeper and more earnest; but there was a cloud of profound melancholy, a dark despairing helplessness in his views of life, which seemed to approach the verge of insanity. I soon perceived, however, that any allusion to his state of mind aggravated all its symptoms, and only made him shrink from me; so, as he performed all his allotted duties with zeal and energy, I was content to let matters take their course, and refrained from all allusion to a secret which in no way concerned our mutual relation.

Some months passed thus, and Hermann Schwarz was fully established in his position as a member of our family, and winning daily more of my esteem and confidence, when another guest arrived at the vicarage.

Eastwaite, the village in which I live, is situated on an extensive property belonging to the Duke of —, who resides in a distant county; and, as the vicarage is the only place on the estate of higher pretensions than a farmhouse, his Grace's steward is in the habit of coming here twice in the year, to collect the rents, and settle any business that requires attention. He came on this errand at Michaelmas last when Schwarz had been nearly a year in my family; and, as usual, the library was given up to him as a business room. When the greater part of the rents had been collected, Mr. — received a summons to a distant part of the property, which would detain him till the next day; and, as this had happened more than once before, I undertook the charge of the money till his return. We counted it together, and took the numbers of the notes, which amounted to upwards of £1000, besides about £200 in gold and silver. It was deposited in a drawer of the library-table, of which Mr. — took the key when he went away. He had not been gone more than an hour or two, when I received a telegram from my wife's father announcing the dangerous illness of her mother, and requiring our immediate presence. I own that this sudden intelligence, and the distress of my dear wife, drove all thoughts of the Duke's rents from my mind; but I remembered them while giving some parting directions to Schwarz, and added: "When Mr. —

returns, Hermann, tell him I was sorry to desert my post in his absence, but that I left you in charge as my substitute.”

We had a long and anxious journey; but better news awaited us at the end of it, and after the fatigue of the day, I slept soundly. Early on the following morning, I received another telegram, containing these startling words: “Your house has been burned: come at once!” The horrible laconism of this message, leaving me in doubt as to the safety of almost all that was dear to me in the world, filled me with a sickening dread; but resolved to learn the truth at once, and unwilling to leave such a fearful weight of suspense on the mind of my wife, I simply told her that, finding our fears as to her mother’s state relieved for the time, I thought it better to return home at once, as several matters required my attention, which had been neglected in our hurried departure.

I found Schwarz waiting at the station; and in reply to the questions I had scarcely power to utter, he hastened to assure me that the children and all the inmates of the vicarage were safe, and that the damage was confined to the old portion of the house.

“The library and my room are burned,” he said, “and the rest more or less injured; but the fire was soon got under, and the people from the village worked like giants; you should have seen *how* they worked for love of you.” He was very pale and excited, and his right hand was bound up, while he confessed to many other burns and bruises, though he made light of it all. I saw he was feverish and suffering, and insisted on his going to take some rest as soon as we arrived.

The first sight of the charred and defaced appearance of my happy, peaceful home affected me powerfully, and escaping from the chorus of anecdotes and explanations with which the children and pupils assailed me, I turned into a sidewalk in the garden to compose my thoughts. Suddenly I found myself face to face with Mr. —, the Duke’s steward, and the thought of the large sum of money which had been deposited in the library rushed into my mind for the first time when I saw his pale and disturbed countenance. I felt rather ashamed of owning my forgetfulness, as I inquired whether the money had been saved, though with little hope of hearing a satisfactory reply.

“Not one penny!” he exclaimed in an excited manner. “Mr. Smith, this occurrence is a very grave one, for you, for me, and all concerned; and I have telegraphed to London for a detective. Mr. Schwarz was in a very excited state when I arrived, and tried to persuade me that the fire originated among a quantity of papers which I tore and threw into the grate yesterday before leaving; but I remember perfectly watching them burn; and they were entirely extinguished, and the fire was almost out before I left the house.”

“I have heard nothing as yet of the supposed origin of the fire,” I remarked. “I did not like to question Schwarz seeing the state of fatigue and suffering he was in, and, to own the truth, the safety of the children was so great a blessing that I had scarcely realized it fully when I met you.”

“There is not much to be gleaned from the servants or the villagers,” said Mr. —. “I have spoken to most of those who helped extinguish the flames, and all they know is, that the library was ‘all of a blaze,’ and Mr. Schwarz’s room partially burned before the alarm was given. I have got two

of the villagers to watch the ruins till the arrival of the detective from London; you will, I hope, excuse my having taken these measures on my own responsibility, but I felt that I was answerable to his Grace for the money that had been lost, and we may, at least, recover the gold and silver, though, unluckily, it forms a small portion of the sum.”

Of course I repeated my assurance that I considered him perfectly right to take any steps that seemed to him advisable, and I then left him, feeling, in the perturbation of my mind at this sudden calamity, a need of solitude.

By the mid-day train, Inspector Park arrived at the vicarage, and the usual formalities of an inquiry into the origin of the fair was entered into. The account given by the servants, who were first examined, agreed perfectly, and only went to establish the fact, that about three o'clock in the morning they were roused by Mr. Schwarz with the news that the house was on fire. The three women who slept in the rooms over the kitchen deposed that they had heard no noise before Mr. Schwarz knocked at their doors, and told them to rise, but not to be alarmed, as they were in no danger. Of course this assurance produced no effect, and as the kitchen maid remarked, “We just screeched right on till we got some clothes together and out of the house.” Then the cook went into hysterics, and required the attendance of both her companions; so the female part of the establishment was kept employed and out of the way. The nurses and children, who occupied a part of the more modern house, far removed from the scene of danger, were not even disturbed, and the pupils, roused by Mr. Schwarz, worked heartily under his orders, and seem to have considered the whole simply as a bonfire on a large scale, got up for their especial amusement and delectation. The men-servants, as well as all the people from the village who turned out to their assistance spoke warmly of Mr. Schwarz's cool courage or composure. He would not even attempt to save his own possessions in the room above that in which the fire originated; but one of the men, at some considerable risk to himself, entered it when the floor was already beginning to burn, and brought away all that he could see on the tables. He was just leaving the room as a part of the floor fell in; the flames spread rapidly, and were only arrested by the thick brick wall of partition which contained the kitchen chimney. By the dint of unremitting exertion, the fire was thus confined to the library and two rooms above it, but these were completely destroyed.

The servants having finished their statements, Inspector Park begged to see Mr. Schwarz. I told him that, by my desire, he had gone to take some rest, and I proposed adjourning to his room, in order to disturb him as little as possible. After some delay he admitted me; and writing materials on the table, together with a sealed packet and a strong odor of burnt sealing wax, showed that he had been otherwise occupied than in taking the rest which he so greatly needed. He was extremely pale, and kept his right hand in a handkerchief which he had put round his neck in a sling. When we were all three seated, (for Mr. —, the Steward, accompanied us,) Schwarz said, turning to Inspector Park:

“I suppose you wish to hear my account of this accident; I have very little to tell you. it is my practice, as Mr. Smith knows, to write and study in my room till a late hour; I was thus occupied last night in one of the rooms which is now burned; and I was so deeply engaged, that I noticed nothing to alarm me, till smoke began to ascend between the boards of the floor. This attracted my attention, and I went below and found the library in flames. This is all I can tell you.”

“Did you give the alarm at once on discovering the fire?” asked the inspector.

“No. My first thought was for some valuable books, which were in a bookcase near the door; I removed these at once, and then roused the servants.”

“Why did you do this? Would it not have been better to have got assistance at once?”

Schwarz shrugged his shoulders.

“Can a man account for all his impulses? I thought first of the danger of these books; which, as Mr. Smith will tell you, could scarcely have been replaced for money; when they were safe, my thoughts turned in the direction they should perhaps have taken at first. I did what I did for the best.”

“I am sure of that,” I said warmly; for I could not but be touched at his care for the books, a few rare editions which he knew I valued highly; and I cut short, rather unceremoniously, some remark of Mr. —’s, which I thought was intended to cast blame on my friend Schwarz for not remembering the money in the library-table.

The inspector asked a few more questions, and then rose, saying that he must examine the ruins before returning to London, which he was anxious to do by the evening train. We found some men still occupied, by Mr. —’s orders, in throwing water on the debris, to enable him to make a search for the gold and silver; and made our way with some difficulty over charred and smoking heaps, and among pools of water, to the scene of the men’s operations.

I watched with interest the sharp glances with which Inspector Park examined every object, and was struck with a sudden gleam of experience, as his eyes fell on a part of the room where the hearthstone yet remained in its place. He beckoned to me by an almost imperceptible sign, and pointed downwards.

I noticed that a portion of the boards near the hearthstone were still unconsumed, and the grate appeared in the same state as I had left it.

“The fire did not begin here,” the inspector said in a whisper. Suddenly he stopped and picked up some small object.

“What is that?” I inquired anxiously, for a *something* in his manner caused me to think he had made an important discovery. He did not answer at first, but stooped again; and then said, in a low voice:

“Mr. Smith, I should like to speak to you alone, if you please.”

I led the way to the garden, but he did not open his lips till we reached an arbor at a little distance from the house. Then he stopped; and looking carefully round, he said, coming close to me, and speaking very low:

“That fire’s been the work of an incendiary.”

“Impossible!” I exclaimed.

“True, for all that,” he answered, composedly; “and here’s the evidence.”

He drew three small colored sticks from his pocket, apparently the remains of some kind of match, but unlike any in the house.

“You observed, sir,” he continued, “that the fire had not touched the grate; consequently, it cannot possibly have originated there. I found these matches among the ashes in the fireplace; they were thrown there after the fire was out, consequently, again, they must have been used to light summat else, and that summat was the fire as burned the rooms.”

“But who could have done it?”

“I can tell ye that, too,” said the man, a pleased consciousness of his acuteness contending strangely with the grave look of one about to make a serious charge, which he will be required to prove: “it were the German gent upstairs!”

“Oh, no, no!” said I in haste. “I would as soon believe that I did it myself.”

“Them matches,” continued Park, now fairly mounted on his professional hobby, and disregarding my interruption—“them matches is of foreign make, I’ve seen the like of them often before; and the gent upstairs lighted his candle with such a one not a quarter of an hour ago.”

“How *can* you tell that?”

“Saw them on the table,” he replied quickly; “one on ’em is lying beside the candlestick, and one that had dropped—a green one, I think—is on the carpet, close to the foot of the table.”

“But that is no proof that he did it,” I said, impatiently, for the man’s air of quiet conviction was too much to bear. “Remember that this is a very serious charge indeed; how can you tell, even supposing the fire to have been anything but accidental, that some other person may not be guilty?”

“In course, that is possible, but I’ve been running the facts over in my mind, and there’s enough against this gent to warrant my taking him into custody on suspicion.”

“That is really dreadful,” I said, in great distress. “Surely you must require something stronger in the way of proof before taking such a step.”

“Circumstantial evidence,” he said, emphasizing each syllable of the words, “is mostly all we has to go on in such like cases; but it is very seldom that it deceives us; generally, facts come out on

examination that strengthen the case. Things like them,” looking at the matches he still held in his hand, and which he now folded carefully in paper, and placed in his pocket book—”things like them generally tells truth, and is often more to be depended on than witnesses; you can’t prevent *them* from speaking out.”

I felt sick at heart. There is something in the accent of conviction that carries its own impression of irresistible force to the mind, and I felt that this man, expert as I knew him to be in unraveling many a tangled web of mystery and crime, firmly believed himself to have discovered the truth. Still, I would not abandon all hope, and requested permission to have some conversation with Schwarz before those dark suspicions were made known to him, in the hope that he might be able to account in some satisfactory manner, for the discovery of the matches. After some hesitation, and upon my promising to communicate the result of our conversation at once to him, the inspector consented to my seeing Schwarz alone. With a heavy heart I went to his room, and found him still seated in the arm chair where we had left him. I noticed that he hurriedly replaced his right hand in its sling as I entered, making an excuse for my intruding by asking him what had become of the pupils, as I had not seen them since morning.

“I gave them leave to go Horsley Copse,” he said. “You remember they were to be allowed a holiday to gather nuts; and as we could have done nothing today, I thought it would economize their time.”

“True,” I remarked; and then came an awkward pause. I looked on the table, and there lay a match, the precise fellow of one of those found by the inspector; and near the leg of the table, I saw the green one on the ground. I sighed.

“My kind friend,” Hermann said affectionately; “some weight is on your mind; what is it?”

“Do you mind recapitulating to me exactly how you passed the day yesterday, Hermann?”

“Certainly not. After you left home, I went to the library, and locked the door, and put the key in my pocket. Then the boys and I took our usual walk, and had tea, and went through our evening studies. When they went to bed, I retired to my room, and was occupied in my translation till alarmed by the fire.”

“And you did not write or seal letters in the library, or light a candle there after I went away?”

“I did not.”

“This box of matches is yours, I suppose?” I took up one I saw on the table, and, opening it, found a number of matches with colored sticks. I looked at Schwarz as I spoke, and it seemed to me that a sort of spasm passed over his face he clenched the hand he held in its silken sling.

“They are mine.”

“Hermann, a very unpleasant circumstance has occurred; some matches precisely like these have been found in the ruins below, and a painful conjecture has been formed in consequence.”

“You mean that I am suspected of having caused the fire?”

His voice was so hollow, so unlike itself, that I looked anxiously at him; there was a strange wild determination in the gaze with which he met mine.

“It is quite true; I did so.”

“Good Heavens!” I exclaimed, starting up, “you are mad!”

He remained quietly seated, and a sad smile passed over his frame, “Not now; it did not last long, but time enough to work much mischief. I should like to tell you my story before you give me up to justice.”

I sat down again without a word; it seemed to me that I must be dreaming. He continued quite calmly, as if speaking on some everyday matter.

“I ought to have told you, when I accepted your friendly offer, made so warmly and generously, that I was a changed being from the Hermann Schwarz you knew some years ago. I feel now that I have not acted loyally towards you; but the temptation of your offer was too great, like the other temptation to which I yielded yesterday. The devil has been growing in me, and he is now very strong. Soon I shall no longer be able to wrestle with him, in the meantime, I must tell you my story.”

“I have always been poor, but I never felt my poverty. Since my parents died, I have been able by exerting the faculties which God gave me, to make my brain support my body, and I required no more. I had one kind friend, my godfather, Hermann Rudiger, the great bookseller at Berlin, for him I worked cheerfully many years, translating, revising and correcting books entrusted to him for publication. He it was who first suggested to me a course of study with a view to the translations on which I am now occupied; and I pursued this course with ardor, for a new motive added tenfold strength to my exertions.” Here he paused and passed his hand across his brow. His voice faltered a little as he resumed.

“I saw her very rarely. It was Sophie, Rudiger’s only daughter. I do not know how it happened that I loved her, worshipped her, so that the least glimpse of her face, the very touch of her dress, as she passed me, made me tremble with a joy that was almost suffering. I do not know either how she found it out, or how I first began to think it possible that she—she—might love me too. All this happened in the time past, and there seems a fathomless gulf between then and now. But I do remember the day on which we spoke of love; it was under the lime trees, on the evening of the king’s fete, when there were fireworks and illuminations in the town. There was a crowd of people, and we were separated from her parents; and when I asked her if she was frightened, she looked up, and said: — “not with you.” Then I found words to tell her how I loved her, and she listened; and we forgot the crowd, and her parents, and all but the wide paradise of love in which we two seemed to stand alone, hand in hand. But Frau Rudiger came up, and scolded Sophie for leaving her, and the dream was over. The next day, I took courage, and went boldly to her father, and told him all, he listened without speaking; and when at last I asked if he would give me any

hope that in time, when I could support a wife, Sophie might be mine.—He answered very quietly: “Listen, Hermann, Sophie is my only child. She will possess, at my death, all that I have in the world; and her mother and I are agreed that we will not interfere with her choice of a husband, provided he is a worthy man, and can bring proofs of honesty and industry. Now at your age, I had made five thousand thalers; when you have made as much, come back and speak to me again on this subject, and I will listen to you. Now this was like my death warrant. How could I make five thousand thalers; when all the work of my life was only sufficient to keep me alive? I looked at him, and saw he was laughing. “O, my God, Herr Rudiger,” I cried, “do not jest with me! You know you might as well ask me for a crown for Sophie. Let me work for you as I have done, and when my translation is finished, give me nothing for it but Sophie.”

He started up when I said this, and raged and stormed; accused me of ingratitude, deception, audacity, I know not how many crimes, and turned me from the door. That evening I received from him a small balance of money that he owed me, together with a letter of introduction to a bookseller at Vienna, and a few sharp sarcastic words, recommending me to change the air, for that decidedly that of Berlin did not agree with my health. I believe, when I read these lines, the devil entered into me, and has never left me since. I tore his letter into a thousand pieces, as he had torn the hopes, the aim, the object of my life, into useless fragments; but since he cast me off, I resolved to show him I was at least free to come and go as I pleased. Instead of leaving Berlin I beset Herr Rudiger’s house by day and night, hoping to catch a look or a word from Sophie; but I never saw her again. At last, Lisa, the cook, taking pity on my despair, told me that Frau Rudiger had gone with her to the country. I know not where; that Sophie had cried very much, and was ill when she went away, but that she, Lisa, heard nothing said about their return. It was then that I wrote to you; the devil was so busy in my heart and brain that I felt I should go mad if I stayed in Berlin; and I had no friend, no hope, no means of living elsewhere. Your kind letter, the delicacy with which you avoided all inquiry into the cause of my sorrow, and the friendly goodness of your proposals seemed like a new life to me; and for a time, in the interest awakened by my occupation here, and the pleasure of feeling that I was useful to you, my kind friend, I almost forgot my grief, and tried to hope. But by and by the thought of Sophie and our eternal separation revived, and the devil woke up again within me. What I have suffered, how I have struggled, none can ever tell, and it has been in vain, it is useless to talk of it, but, believe me, Smith, I never thought of a crime—I only strove to fight with my devil, and keep him down, so that he should not interfere with the duties I owed to you; and I should have done so but for that fatal money. And now I come to the only part of my story which you can care to hear. Last night, after the boys had gone to bed, and while I was writing in my own room, the sudden thought came over me, that there in the room below, was all the money I wanted to gain Sophie, and be a happy man, lying in a drawer, with no one to defend it, and that I had only to put forth my hand and make it mine. Now the devil rose stronger than ever; instead of being within me, I felt him by my side, showing me Sophie, as I saw her in the one happy evening of my life, smiling and looking up in my face with a soft blush in her own. It would be her happiness I should make as well as my own, with this money, which belonged to one who would be just as well without it, and which would be life, and love, and happiness to me.

“I resisted long—I took out my pistol, and loaded it, and told the devil plainly that I would sooner shoot myself than do this thing. But he only laughed, and asked who would be the better for that; and I felt that he would get my soul, and that was what he wanted; so I resolved to

disappoint him. At last, however, he conquered. I went to the library, and broke open the drawer, and took out all the notes. When I saw the broken drawer, I wondered how I could have been so foolish, when the thing must be discovered at once; but the devil was prepared for this too, and advised me to set fire to the room. This pleased me, for I thought that my room would burn also and then no one would believe that I was guilty of such folly, for I did not think of the wickedness at the time. So I removed your books, and then put the broken chips of the drawer into a basket full of torn papers, which stood under the table, and set fire to them. I remember now that I threw the matches into the grate, but if I had thought about it at all at the time, I should have felt sure that all would burn together, and no traces be left. So I stood and watched the fire till I was sure it was burning well, then I went upstairs, and sat in my room, and counted over the bank notes. I put them in a parcel with a letter to a friend of mine, Johann Strauss, in London, who is in a merchant's office, and begged him to send them to Herr Rudiger at Berlin. Then I began to write to Sophie; but my brain whirled, and my eyes were dim, and I saw smoke stealing up through the boards, and then I ran to the servants' rooms, and gave the alarm of fire. It seems strange that from that moment till the time it was all over, and Mr.— arrived and said we must telegraph to you, and raved and swore about the Duke's money, I had forgotten all about the notes, and did not know or care whether they were burned or not. However, when I came to this room, I found my open desk, with the parcel lying upon it, and all the things I had left upon the table. So, when I went to the station to meet you, I took my letter to Strauss, and put it in the post, but after I had done this I could not rest. The devil raged in me worse than ever; and when you sent me to take some repose, I sat down and wrote, first to Sophie, and then to you, for I determined that you should know all after I was gone."

"And why did you not make your escape at once?" I inquired, shuddering, for I saw that, mad or not—and I firmly believed he was mad—poor Schwarz must be apprehended for the crime of which he so calmly confessed himself guilty.

"I have made my escape," he answered with a strange smile.

"I am glad to hear it," I said, thinking it best to humor him, "then you will have no objection to remain quietly where you are for the present; rest will be good for you."

"Very, it is rest that I require," he answered languidly, leaning back in his chair, while I hastened to tell Inspector Park of the sad discovery I had made.

"I thought as much," was all I could elicit from the imperturbable detective. "And now, if you please, sir, I must take the gent into custody, and be off."

"Oh, surely you will not take him away in such a state!"

"Best on all accounts," he replied. "He didn't ought to be left alone for a minute, or he'll be likely enough to do himself a mischief."

Suddenly the thought struck me that some meaning of this kind might lurk in the words used by poor Hermann but a few minutes before, and, I rushed upstairs.—He had not moved, but was

sitting precisely in the same position, except that his head was sunk a little forwards; and yet his attitude was not one of despair.

“Hermann,” said I, sorrowfully; but he did not speak. I caught sight of a little phial held fast in his fingers which was answer enough, without bidding these clenched teeth of his open. He had made his escape poor fellow, from madness and misery, and was gone where he would be judged by the light of perfect truth and unfailing mercy.

There is nothing more to tell. On his table was found a letter, painfully written with the left hand, to Sophie Rudiger, and a melancholy farewell to me. These I enclosed with a few words communicating his wretched end, and sent them to Herr Rudiger, after the coroner’s inquest had returned its verdict of “temporary insanity,” and my poor friend’s remains were laid in a lonely corner of the churchyard. Mr. — telegraphed the number of the notes to London and stopped them before they left Johann Strauss’ hands. And now the vicarage is repaired, and I have another assistant, the Rev. Augustine Cope, who keeps the pupils, the parish, and the vicar himself in stern and primitive order. He is talented, energetic, and, I truly believe, a man of deep and sincere piety; but I often sigh as I look round my new library, and think of the lost translation of the Latin Fathers, and of its erring and most unhappy author, my poor friend, Hermann Schwarz.

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