

left without a competitor. The Princess gave her mother her dutiful sentiments; but Lehzen had her heart. The voluble, shrewd daughter of the pastor in Hanover lavishing her devotion on her royal charge, had reaped her reward in an unbounded confidence and a passionate adoration. The girl would have gone through fire for her "*precious* Lehzen," the "best and truest friend," she declared, that she had had since her birth. Her Journal, begun when she was thirteen, where she registered day by day the small succession of her doings and her sentiments, bears on every page of it the traces of the Baroness and her circumambient influence. The young creature that one sees there, self-depicted in ingenuous clarity, with her sincerity, her simplicity, her quick affection and pious resolutions, might almost have been the daughter of a German pastor herself. Her enjoyments, her admirations, her engouements were of the kind that clothed themselves naturally in underlinings and exclamation marks. "It was a *delightful* ride. We cantered a good deal. *Sweet little Rosey* went beautifully!! We came home at a  $\frac{1}{4}$  past 1 . . . . At 20 minutes to 7 we went out to the Opera. . . . Rubini came on and sang a song out of Anna Boulena *quite beautifully*. We came home at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 11." In her comments on her readings, the mind of the Baroness is clearly revealed. One day, by some mistake, she was allowed to take up a volume of memoirs by Fanny Kemble. "It is certainly very pertly and oddly written. One would imagine by the style that the authoress must be very pert, and not well bred; for there are so many vulgar expressions in it. It is a great pity that a person endowed with so much talent, as Mrs. Butler really is, should turn it to so little account and publish a book which is so full of trash and nonsense which can only do her harm. I stayed up till 20 minutes past 9." Madame de Sévigné's letters, which the Baroness read aloud, met with more approval. "How truly elegant and natural her style is! It is so full of naiveté, cleverness, and grace." But her highest admiration was reserved for the Bishop of Chester's Exposition of the Gospel of St. Matthew. "It is a very fine book indeed. Just the sort of one I like; which is just plain and comprehensible and full of truth and good feeling. It is not one of those learned books in which you have to cavil at almost every paragraph. Lehzen gave it me on the Sunday that I took the Sacrament." A few weeks previously, she had been confirmed, and she described the event as follows:—"I felt that my confirmation was one of the most solemn and important events and acts in my life; and that I trusted that it might have a salutary effect on my

mind. I felt deeply repentant for all what I had done which was wrong and trusted in God Almighty to strengthen my heart and mind; and to forsake all that is bad and follow all that is virtuous and right. I went with the firm determination to become a true Christian, to try and comfort my dear Mamma in all her griefs, trials, and anxieties, and to become a dutiful and affectionate daughter to her. Also to be obedient to *dear* Lehzen who has done so much for me. I was dressed in a white lace dress, with a white crepe bonnet with a wreath of white roses, round it. I went in the chariot with my dear Mamma and the others followed in another carriage." One seems to hold in one's hand a small smooth crystal pebble, without a flaw and without a scintillation, and so transparent that one can see through it at a glance.

LYTTON STRACHEY.

(To be continued.)

## Fulfillment

WIRTH'S (locally pronounced Worth's) is an inn and summer dining place at the water's edge, an hour by trolley from the city. It is pleasant there, of soft summer evenings, when the stars twinkle out in the eastern sky and the white sails of belated yachts zigzag over the profound black waters, like the moths over the spreading lawn. The mists above the city in the distance transform the white and yellow lights of the streets into a miracle of pinks and purples, with occasional touches of dimmed crimson. It is a quiet place, though the diners may number hundreds, and are of the variety of city folk that usually represent noise, wherever they go; and Wirth's is an oasis where the dry law is honored only in the breach. Perhaps it is the wonder of the lapping waters below or of the halo of soft colors above the city; perhaps it is the occasional golden note of the Italian singers in the balcony above the veranda; whatever it may be, it casts a spell upon the strident spirit of the summer diners. Anyway, it is uncommonly quiet and pleasant there, in summer.

But I went there last in winter, when the sky and water were dreary, the veranda a wind-swept waste and the glazed room behind it a storehouse of folding chairs and tables. In winter there are no hired cooks and waiters at Wirth's; Mrs. Wirth and her son look after the needs of the chance guest. Mrs. Wirth is vast, quadruple chinned, with a purple bloom on her hanging cheeks where the veins show through, and her son is made to match.

I ordered my dinner and waited. Presently Mrs. Wirth issued from the kitchen and moved toward me over the creaking floor. She nodded, drew up a spacious arm chair and seated herself.

"It ain't a very nice day," she began. "But I always seem to feel better, and kind of sad, too, about this time of year. Around Lincoln's birthday. D'you know I once knew Lincoln himself?"

"You did?" I exclaimed, with a due show of astonishment. This was just what I was after, though.

"Well, it was this way. After the Battle of Bull Run we was all mighty worried; looked like the Rebels might win after all. Everybody wanted to see more volunteers come forward, and all of us girls went around and wheedled and teased every young man who could carry a gun; we made a lot of them volunteer, when they didn't want to. I was sixteen then, and you mightn't think it, but I was mighty popular with the boys. I was what they'd call a peach nowadays."

I glanced at her elephantine mass and obese face. She smiled, a bit pathetically with her eyes. Mine dropped; it wasn't fair to drag in the present.

"Yes, I made a good many boys volunteer. Our village raised a company, and it was only a little village, too. We got praised in the papers for it, even in Washington. Our boys drilled and drilled, and then orders came for them to go to Washington to join a regiment that had nearly been wiped out at Bull Run. They were just to wait for their uniforms and accoutrements. And so one day there came a load of big boxes from the War Department, and we all went down to see them opened. There was a box of caps and another of knapsacks, there was boxes of blankets and blouses and shoes and leggins, but there wasn't no pants. Never a pair.

"We tried to persuade the boys to take what they had; they'd be mostly uniformed if they did have to wear their civilian pants. But no, they said they wouldn't march down the streets of Washington looking like fools, with everybody laughing at them. This was Monday, and they had to be there by Friday. And so I went to Mr. Henshaw—he was our richest man, but he was a copperhead and didn't believe in the war—and I made him give me a hundred dollars. He made me kiss him for it, and he was awful old and ugly." A billowing shudder went through her body.

"Then I got some more money and we bought some blue cloth and us girls sat up all night and worked the whole next day. We got the pants done, and the boys put them on and were all ready to go. The blue didn't match and they didn't fit

very well, and Sallie Jones, who never did have any sense, sewed hers with white linen thread, and they looked mighty funny." An earthquake of silent laughter passed through Mrs. Wirth, and the arm chair creaked in anguish under her.

"Well, the officer who came for the boys, when he heard what I'd done, said I had to go with the company to Washington, maybe President Lincoln would want to see me. I was bashful, but I did want to go, and so my Paw and me went down, right in the same car with the soldiers, and you never heard such joking. They all proposed, and I had to say no 'bout a hundred times. The officer told us where to go in Washington, and said if President Lincoln wanted to see me he'd send for me. Well, next day an orderly came to the hotel and said for me to go with him to the White House. I was that scared, I knew I wouldn't be able to open my mouth. And the White House was full of generals and senators and all kinds of big people. The orderly took me into a room where there wasn't so many people, and there was President Lincoln, standing up. He was awful tall, and my, he was homely! But after I saw that was him, I couldn't look at him any more. He came up to me and put his great big bony hand on my head, and he said:

"My dear, may your whole life be as beautiful as your face and your good will."

The kitchen door opened and Mrs. Wirth's son thrust his vast purple face into view.

"Maw!" he cried hoarsely. "You've let the chicken burn up while you sat gassing there. And now the gentleman will have to have something else for his supper."

Mrs. Wirth sprang out of her chair with an agility incredible in one of her make up.

"Excuse me," she said, smiling apologetically. She turned her face quickly, but I saw two big tears roll leisurely down over her expanse of cheeks. "Thinking of those days I forget myself."

ALVIN JOHNSON.

## Scientific Rapture

Time flows not as those hearts that knock  
Together with bewildered haste,  
Each in its paradise embraced.

His chimes from gloom-built minsters mock  
Love's parleying plight, when he foretells  
Silence with tongues of shuddering bells.

But I'll be daunted by no clock,  
For in your mortal charm I see  
Not Time but Relativity.

SIEGFRIED SASSOON.