

SECTION XIX.

I.

80. SCENE FROM WALLENSTEIN.

Characters: OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, Lieut. General; MAX. PICCOLOMINI, his son, Colonel; and VON QUESTENBERG, Imperial Envoy.

MAX. Ha! there he is himself. Welcome my father!
[He embraces his father. As he turns round, he observes QUESTENBERG, and draws back with a cold and reserved air.]

You are engaged, I see. I'll not disturb you.

Oct. How, Max? Look closer at this visitor, Attention, Max, an old friend merits—rev'rence Belongs of right to the envoy of your sov'reign.

Max. *[drily].* Von Questenberg!—Welcome—if you bring with you

Aught good to our headquarters.

Ques. *[seizing his hand].* Nay, draw not Your hand away, Count Piccolomini! Not on mine own account alone I seized it, And nothing common will I say therewith.

[Taking the hands of both.]

Octavio—Max. Piccolomini
 O savior names, and full of happy omen!
 Ne'er will her prosperous Genius turn from Austria,
 While two such stars, with blessèd influences
 Beaming protection, shine above her hôsts.

Max. Heh!—Noble minister! You miss your part.
 You came not here to act a paneg'ric.
 You're sent, I know, to find fault and to scold us.
 I must not be beforehand with my cômrades.

Oct. *[To MAX.].* He comes from cōurt, where people are not quite

So well contented with the duke, as here.

Max. What now have they contrived to find out in him?
 That he alone determines for himself
 What he himself alone dôth understand?

Well, therein he does right, and will persist in't.
 Heaven never meant him for that passive thing
 That can be struck and hammered out to suit
 Another's taste and fancy. He'll not dance
 To every tune of every minister.

It goes against his nature—he cān't do it.
 He is possessed by a commanding spirit,
 And his too is the station of command.

And well for us it is so! There exist
 Few fit to rule themselves, but few that use
 Their intellects intelligently.—Then
 Well for the whole, if there be found a man,
 Who makes himself what Nature destined him,
 The pause, the central point of thousand thousands—
 Stands fixed and stately, like a firm-built column,
 Where all may press with joy and confidence.
 Now such a man is Wallenstein; and if
 Another better suits the cōurt—no other
 But such a one as he can serve the army.

Ques. The army? Doubtless!

Oct. *[To QUESTENBERG].* Hush! Suppress it, friend!
 Unless some end were answered by the utterance.—
 Of him there you'll make nothing.

Max. *[Continuing].* In their distress
 They call a spirit up, and when he comes,
 Straight their flesh creeps and quivers, and they dread him
 More than the ills for which they called him up.
 Th' uncommon, the sublime, must seem and be
 Like things of every day.—But in the field,
 Aye, *there* the *Present Being* makes itself felt.
 The personal must command, the actual eye
 Examine. If to be the chiëftain asks
 All that is great in nature, let it be
 Likewise his privilege to move and act
 In all the correspondencies of greatness.
 The oracle within him, that which *lives*,
 He must invoke and question—not dead books,
 Nor ordinances, not mold-rotted papers.

Oct. My son! of those old narrow ordinances

Let us not hold too lightly. They are weights
Of priceless value, which oppressed mankind
Tied to the volatile will of their oppressors.
For always formidable was the league
And partnership of free power with free will.
The way of ancient ordinance, though it winds,
Is yet no devious way. Straight forward goes
The lightning's path, and straight the fearful path
Of the cannon-ball. Direct it flies and rapid,
Shattering that it *may* reach, and shatt'ring what it reaches.
My son! the road the human being travels,
That on which Blessing comes and goes, doth follow
The river's course, the valley's playful windings,
Curves round the corn-field and the hill of vines,
Honoring the holy bounds of property!
And thus secure, though late, leads to its end.

Ques. Oh hear your father, noble youth! hear *him*,
Who is at once the hero and the man.

Oct. My son, the nursling of the camp spoke in thee! A war
of fifteen years
Hath been thy education and thy school.
Peace hast thou never witnessed! There exists
A higher than the warrior's excellence.
In war itself, war is no ultimate purpose.
The vast and sudden deeds of violence,
Adventures wild, and wonders of the moment,
These are not they, my son, that generate
The calm, the blissful, and th' enduring mighty!
Lo there! the soldier, rapid architect!
Builds his light town of canvas, and at once
The whole scene moves and bustles momentarily,
With arms and neighing steeds, and mirth and quarrel!
The motley market fills! the roads, the streams
Are crowded with new freights; trade stirs and hurries!
But on some morrow morn, all suddenly,
The tents drop down, the horde renews its march.
Dreary, and solitary as a church-yard
The meadow and down-trodden seed-plot lie,
And the year's harvest is gone utterly.

Max. Oh let the Emperor make peace, my father!
Most gladly would I give the blood-stained laurel
For the first violet of the leafless spring,
Plucked in those quiet fields where I have journeyed!

Oct. What ails thee? What so moves thee all at once?

Max. Peace have I ne'er beheld?—I *have* beheld it.
From thence I am come hither: oh! that sight,
It glimmers still before me, like some landscape
Left in the distance—some delicious landscape!
My road conducted me through countries where
The war has not yet reached. Life, life, my father—
My venerable father, life has charms
Which *we* have ne'er experienced. We have been
But voyaging along its barren coasts,
Like some poor, ever-roaming horde of pirates,
That, crowded in the rank and narrow ship,
House on the wild sea with wild usages,
Nor know aught of the mainland, but the bays
Where safest they may venture a thieves' landing.
Whate'er in th' inland dales the land conceals
Of fair and exquisite, oh! nothing, nothing,
Do we behold of that in our rude voyage.

Oct. [*Attentive, with an appearance of uneasiness*].
—And so your journey has revealed this to you?

Max. 'Twas the first leisure of my life. Oh! tell me,
What is the meed and purpose of the toil,
The painful toil, which robbed me of my youth,
Left me a heart unsouled and solitary,
A spirit uninformed, unornamented,
For the camp's stir and crowd and ceaseless larum,
The neighing war-horse, the air-shatt'ring trumpet,
The unvaried, still-returning hour of duty,
Word of command, and exercise of arms—
There's nothing here, there's nothing in all this
To satisfy the heart, the gasping heart!
Mere bustling nothingness, where the soul is not—
This can not be the sole felicity,
This can not be man's best and only pleasure!

Oct. Much hast thou learned, my son, in this short journey.

Max. Oh! day thrice lovely! when at length the soldier
Returns home into life, when he becomes
A fellow-man among his fellow-men.
The colors are unfurled, the cavalcade
Marshals, and now the buzz is hushed, and hark!
Now the soft peace-march beats, home, brothers, home!
The caps and helmets are all garlanded
With green boughs, the last plundering of the fields.
The city gates fly open of themselves,
They need no longer the petard' to tear them.
The ramparts are all filled with men and women,
With peaceful men and women, that send onwards
Kisses and welcomings upon the air,
Which they make breezy with affectionate gestures.
From all the towers rings out the merry peal,
The joyous vespers of a bloody day.
Oh! happy man, oh, fortunate! for whom
The well-known door, the faithful arms are open,
The faithful tender arms with mute embracing.
Ques. [Apparently much affected]. Oh! that you should
 speak
Of such a distant, distant time, and not
Of the to-morrow, not of this to-day.
Max. [Turning round to him, quick and vehement].
Where lies the fault but on you in Vienna?
I will deal openly with you, Questenberg.
Just now, as first I saw you standing here,
(I'll own it to you freely) indignation
Crowded and pressed my inmost soul together.
'Tis ye that hinder peace, ye!—and the warrior,
It is the warrior that must force it from you,
Ye fret the general's life out, blacken him,
Hold him up as a rebel, and Heaven knows
What else still worse, because he spares the Saxons,
And tries to awaken confidence in th' enemy;
Which yet's the only way to peace: for if
War intermit not during war, how then
And whence can peace come?—Your own plagues fall on you!
Even as I love what's virtuous, hate I you.

And here make I this vow, here pledge myself;
My blood shall spurt out for this Wallenstein,
And my heart drain off drop by drop ere ye
Shall revel and dance jubilee o'er his ruin. [Exit.

COLERIDGE'S TRANSLATION FROM SCHILLER.

II.

81. GRANT'S STORY.

"MY father belonged to what you in England would call a good family. We don't know much of those distinctions in the bush,¹ but he was a gentleman by birth, a university man, and of good connections. He married in his own rank of life, and soon after the time of his marriage, family troubles obliged him to leave England. I don't need to say anything more about these affairs just now, except that they had nothing to do with character. Bayard² himself was not more unstained in reputation than my dear father.

2. "He went to India first of all, but could not stand the climate, and removed to Australia. He had his wife's little fortune, about ten thousand pounds, and with it he bought a large tract of land in Queensland, and stocked it with sheep. A very different sort of place from Oakham, Miss Aubrey—grassy hills and valleys, no trees, open downs, and a good broad stream or two, but none of your English woods and gardens.

3. "There was only one thing to do, and that was to make wool; and in a year or two he got on, took more land and more sheep, and made more wool—that was his business. When a man has a good many thousand sheep to feed, he wants shepherds; and then there's the killing, and skinning, and packing the wool. So by degrees he got a good many fellows into his employment, for he paid them well and was a kind master. The men respected him; they knew he could be bold as well as kind. More than once he captured a party of

¹ The bush, a phrase used in Australia to describe settlements made in thickly-wooded places.

² Pierre du Terrail, Chevalier de Bayard, a famous French soldier, born at the Chateau de Bayard, Dauphiny, in 1475; died in Italy, on the field of battle, April 30, 1524. His loyalty, purity, and scrupulous honor gained him the titles of "the good knight" and the "chevalier without fear and without reproach."

bushrangers and saved his stock from their depredations; and our rough settlers felt him to be more than a good neighbor or a good master—they gathered round him as a protector.

4. "I have said that my father was a university man and something of a fine scholar. He had brought with him a fair stock of books, and as time allowed him, he did his best to carry on my education. At twelve years old, I fancy I had mastered about as much Latin and Greek as I should have learnt in the same time at Härrow;¹ and besides that, I had gained a good many morsels of useful knowledge, better acquired in the bush. But my father could only teach me what he knew himself, and of some things he was ignorant. You see, my dear lady," said Grant, addressing my mother, "I shouldn't like to say anything that would give you pain, or seem, as it were, bumptious,² and for a fellow like me to be talking about such things would just be nonsense; but still, you know, it isn't always piety and that sort of thing that a man gets at the university.

5. "My father never got into any awkward scrapes; he became a good hand at the classics and a famous rower. He spent as much money as became his rank, and a good deal more than suited his father's pocket; but as to religion, I fancy he shared it with Söe'ratēs. His standard was honor; to speak the truth, because it was the truth; to be brave, and courteous, and just, and merciful, and to be all that because nothing else was worthy of a gentleman. Of course I learnt my catechism; my mother taught me that; and she read me stories out of the Bible in which I delighted; all about Jacob, and the pā'triarchs, and the flocks of sheep; it seemed just like our own life in the bush, and I fancied every bushman was an Edomite.

6. "Well, one day, as we were sitting down to supper, there came word that old Mike, the shepherd, was dying, and that Bidy, his wife, was at the door, and would not go till she had seen the mäster. My father got up and went to her. 'Oh, that I should see the day!' she said; 'there's Mike dyin' and askin' for the priest, and not a priest is there within sixty miles,

¹ Härrow, one of the famous public schools of England, where boys are fitted for the university. ² Bämp'tious, self-conceited; forward; pushing.

and him at Ballarat!'—'A priest, Bidy!' said my father; 'what good would he do your husband if he could see him? More to the purpose if he could see a doctor.'—'What good is it, your honor? Why he'd get the rites of the Church, the creature, and not be dyin' like a heathen or a Jew?'

7. "To make a long story short, Bidy so moved my father's kind heart that he sent off a man and horse to Ballarat to fetch a priest, and the priest came in time to give poor Mike all he wanted, so that he died like a Christian. My father entertained the priest as a matter of course; and when it was all over, Father Daly said he would like to ride the country round, and see if there were others that might chance to want him.

8. "Well, it was wonderful the number he found who were, and would be, or ought to have been, Catholics; for three days, as poor Bidy said, 'he was baptizin' and marryin' and buryin' people for the bare life,' and at the end of the third day he came to my father. 'Mr. Grant,' said he, 'I've a great favor to ask of you, which I'm sure, for these poor fellows' sake, you wōn't refuse.'—'Anything in reason,' said my father; 'what is it you wish for?'—'Why, a barn, or a store, or a place of some sort, where I can say Mäss to-morrow morning.'

9. "Well, a barn was found, and Father Daly was at work hälf the night knocking and hammering, till he had got up what did for an altar. He had brought all he wanted with him; poor enough it all was; but next day he said Mass, and all the settlers within twenty miles, Catholics and Protestants, were present at it. For it was seldom enough they got a good word from priest or parson, and so, poor fellows, they cared for it when they got it; and get it they did.

10. "Just after the Gospel, Father Daly turned round and addressed us. It was simple enough, nothing eloquent, nothing of fine preaching; just a few plain words, telling us that what we had got to do in the world was to serve God and save our souls—not to enjoy ourselves or make a lot of money, but to keep out of sin, and serve God, and get to heaven—very plain doctrine indeed, Miss Aubrey, and spoken in a ströng Irish brogue, very different from your friend Mr. Edward's genteel voice, that sounds for all the world like the flute-stop of an

organ; and I'm half afraid to tell you that Father Daly was a short, thick-set man, with a face for all the world like a potato.

11. "But that is what he told us, and, my word, but it went home to the fellows' hearts; and as to my father, he laid his head on his arm, and sobbed like a baby. After Mass was over he went to him; I don't know how it all came about, but Father Daly stayed two days longer, and they had some longish talks together; and a week or two later my father went down to Brisbane, and when he came back he told us he was a Catholic.

12. "We soon saw the change, though it did not come all at once. As brave and true and just as ever, but the pride was gone; and after a bit he got a priest, a Spanish Benedictine, to come and settle at Glenleven, as our place was called. He took charge of my education, and rode about looking up the settlers, and every morning when he was with us I served his Mass. Well, I've seen some of your fine churches, and they get up all that sort of thing now in tremendous style, but St. Peter's itself would never be to me what that little wooden barn was, which we called our chapel. The Mass, the daily Mass in the wilderness there, with a dozen or so of rough shepherds and cattle-drivers only, kneeling there in the early morning, all so still, so humble—I tell you it was the cave of Bethlehem!

13. "Father Jerome did a great work among the settlers. Gradually they got to love him and trust him, and he did what he liked among them; and my father, too, had a grip on them all; with all their free, unshackled ways, they felt his power, and it ruled them. Many of them till then had lived like dogs, and he and Father Jerome just made men of them. It can be done, sir," said Grant, looking fixedly at me, "and there is only one way of doing it. It was not law that made the change at Glenleven, but two men with loving hearts, who lived in the fear of God, and spent themselves for their brethren.

14. "When I was nineteen my dear mother died, and my father was obliged to revisit Europe. There was some bother about the Irish estates—well, it don't matter; he came back to Europe, and brought me with him; he did not care to stay in England, so we just passed through, and crossed by Holyhead, and the three months, which were all we stayed, were mostly

spent in the county Mayo. Before we sailed again we came up to Dublin, and a thing happened to me there which I shall carry in memory to my grave.

15. "There was a lad about my own age, young Harry Gibson, whom my father had agreed to take out with him, and let him learn sheep-farming. It was a Sunday afternoon, and we two were coming home after a longish walk, when we passed a little chapel, the door of which was open. 'Come in here,' said Harry, 'and may be you'll see the strangest sight in Dublin.' We entered—an ugly little place enough, with an aisle divided off the whole length of the church by iron bars, behind which some old women were kneeling. They were not nuns, but, as I afterward heard, single ladies who lived here by way of a home, in St. Joseph's Retreat, as it was called.

16. "We knelt down and said our prayers, and I was wondering what Harry had brought me there to see, when there came in from the little sacristy a figure such as I had never seen before—such as in this world I shall never see again. How shall I describe him? An old man, stooping and bent, in extreme old age, in his black priest's cassock, so worn it was and threadbare; but his face, his eyes—all that was human was gone out of them—the flesh, the body, and the pride of life all gone, destroyed, obliterated. Nothing left but the stamp of an unutterable meekness. He walked feebly up to the altar and knelt there—such a worship in the bend of his head! And after a little he rose and returned to the sacristy, and as he passed us, those meek eyes fell on me and penetrated me to the soul.

17. "I was still full of the thought of it all, when the sacristy door opened again, and a little serving boy came up to me, and whispered that 'the Father wanted to speak to me.' I went in wonder, and there he sat in an old broken arm-chair, with a little kneeling-place beside him, to which he motioned me. I could not have resisted him if it had been to save my life, so I knelt and waited till he should speak. 'My child,' he said, 'do you want to save your soul?'—'I do indeed, Father.'

18. "Well, then, you'll mind my words, will you?' I bowed my head, for my heart was beating so I could not speak.

'You must promise me three things: that you'll never miss Mass on Sundays if you're within twelve miles of it; that you'll never drink a drop of spirits; and here now, that you'll guard your eyes;' and as he said it, he put his hand over my eyes, so, and as I felt the touch of those thin, wasted fingers, I knew it was the touch of a saint. 'Do you promise, my boy?'—'I do indeed,' I said; 'I promise you all three things.'

19. "'Well, then, if you do,' he said, 'I'll promise you something'—and he spoke slow and distinct—'*I promise you, you'll save your soul.* And one thing more I have to say to you, and don't forget my words: *If riches increase, set not your heart on them;* and mind this word, too: *We must lay down our lives for the brethren.*' He laid his hand on my head and blessed me, and somehow or other I got back to my place. Harry took my arm, and we left the chapel. 'Who is he?' was all I could say. 'A saint,' was his reply, 'if there ever was one on this earth; that was *Father Henry Young.*'¹

20. "I had never before heard of that extraordinary man, but Harry told me many marvellous things about him; how at eighty years of age he lived on bread and vegetables, never slept on a softer bed than a bare board, and how, penniless as he was as to private means, thousands passed through his hands, the alms entrusted to him, and administered with inconceivable labor. The look and the words of such a man were not easily forgotten; and so you see," continued Grant, laughing, "you see how it is that I became a water-drinker, and why, come what will, I must go to Bradford to-morrow."

From "The New Utopia."

¹ Henry Young was born in Dublin in 1786. He was the eldest son of Mr. Charles Young, a wealthy merchant, four of whose sons became priests and three of his daughters religious. The eldest of these, an Ursuline nun in the convent at Cork, composed the well-known Ursuline Manual. Father

Henry Young was distinguished from early childhood by that eminent spirit of mortification and prayer which marked him throughout the long career which ended in Dublin Nov. 11, 1869. An admirable sketch of his life, by Lady Georgiana Fullerton, was published in the "Irish Monthly" of 1873-74.

III.

82. CHARACTER AS EXHIBITED IN FURNITURE.

[A Conversation between a Rich Country Gentleman, MR. PLIMPTON, MR. MANTLEY, MR. BURLEY, and an Artist.]

MR. PLIMPTON. My new house in London is just finished, and I am going to furnish it. I am in much perplexity about it. I should be happy to leave it all to my wife, but she is as much puzzled as myself. What am I to do?

Mr. Burley. You country gentlemen make difficulties out of every thing. It is the simplest thing in the world to furnish a house when you've money enough. I furnished mine in a week, and very cheaply too. I said to myself, "If I give up my own time to it for a day or two, I shall save as much as will pay me about a hundred pounds a day for my trouble; so it is worth my while." I took a quantity of notes and sovereigns, and went about to a good many upholsterers and furniture dealers that I knew were in difficulties, offering generally about half as much as they asked for the things, but always in ready money. By this means I furnished my house very handsomely indeed for about fifteen hundred pounds.

Mr. Plimpton. You managed very cleverly; but my great difficulty is the question of taste. The old house here is provided with an immense quantity of miscellaneous furniture, and somehow does not look so bad after all, though the things, judged severely, are, no doubt, incongruous; but my superfluous things here would not do in the new London house, which I must furnish newly, because it is a new building. It is a most embarrassing question.

The Artist. It is a splendid opportunity.

Mr. Plimpton. Perhaps so, if I knew how to seize it. An opportunity, I suppose you mean, for the exercise of good taste. But I have no confidence in my own judgment in these matters. I have sense enough to be aware that my æsthetic faculty is exceedingly small.

Mr. Burley. My way of buying would not suit you, because you want the things all to be in the fashion, I suppose. But as for taste, you can buy that for money like every thing else.