

HOFE

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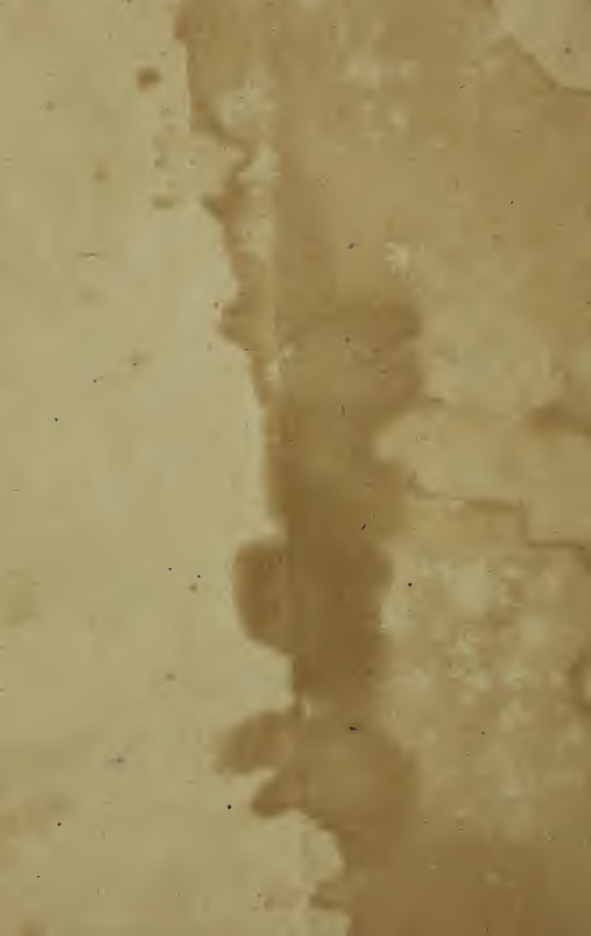
OF THE



DUBLIN :

T. D. SULLIVAN, 90 MIDDLE ABBEY-STREET,

Price Threepence.



H O F E R
AND
THE TYROL.

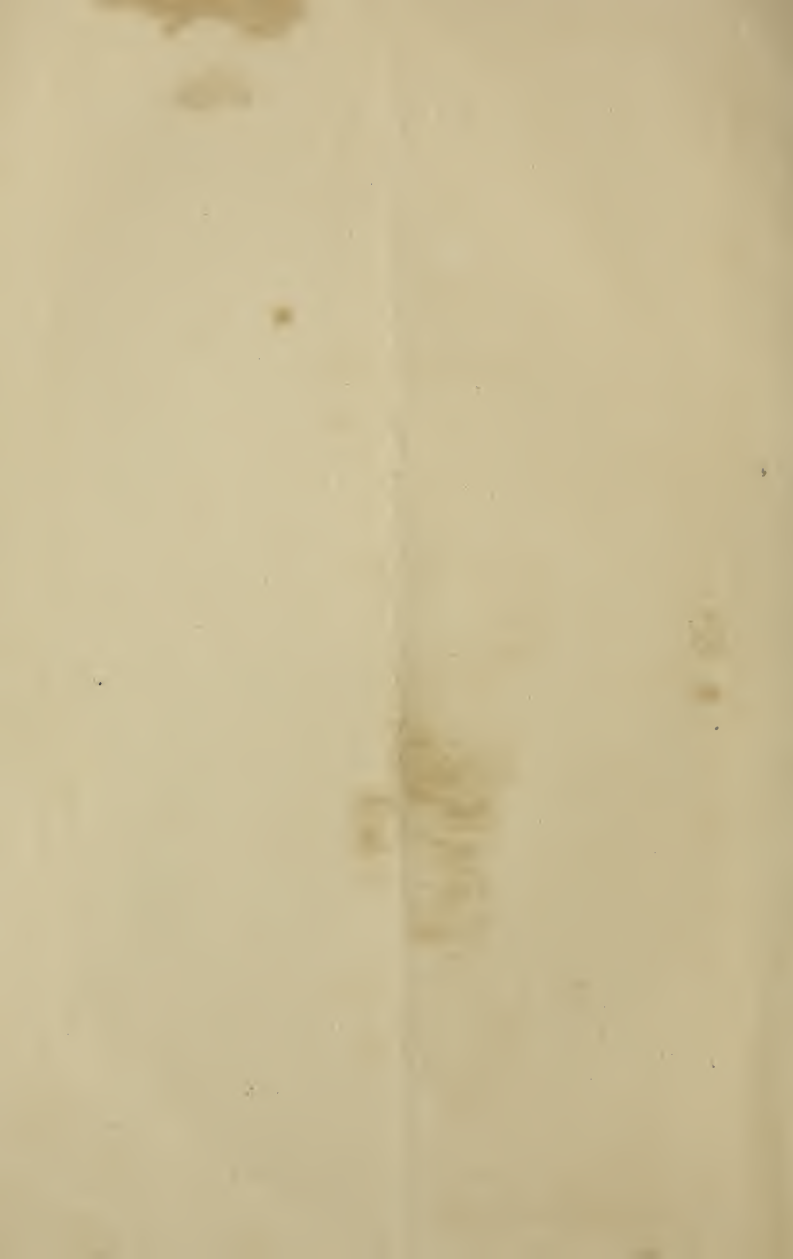
BY
A. M. SULLIVAN, M.P.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

“And Hofer roused Tyrol for this—
Made Vintsgau red with blood,
Thal-botzen's peasants ranged in arms,
And Innsbruck's fire withstood.”

[SEVENTH EDITION.]

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T. D. SULLIVAN, 90 MIDDLE ABBEY-STREET.
1880.



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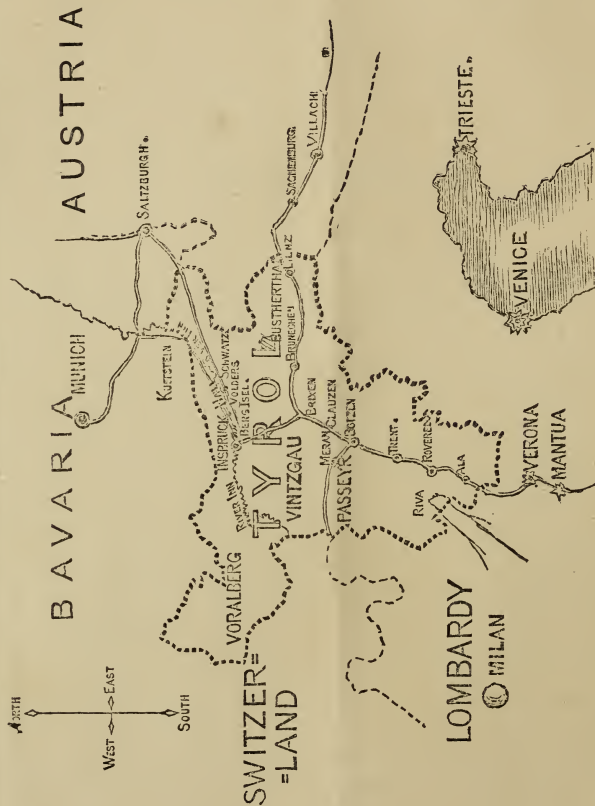
INTRODUCTORY.

THE subjoined brief sketch of Hofer and the Tyrol summarises from standard authorities the romance of history with which the name of the Tyrolean Martyr-Hero is associated.

It seemed to me that it was a story which had a peculiar interest for Irish readers. My object being to popularise that story amongst my countrymen, I have aimed chiefly at clearness and simplicity ; abandoning all idea of presenting a complete and consecutive narrative of the patriot war "for God, for Kaiser, Franz, and dear Tyrol" which has immortalised the name of Hofer ; preferring, instead, to give an outline sketch of that gallant struggle, illustrated by details of a few of its most interesting incidents or glorious achievements.

A. M. S.

Dublin, 15th Sep., 1868.



The thick dotted line marks the Tyrolean frontier.

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CHAPTER I.

SOMETHING ABOUT "THE LAND TYROL" AND ITS HARDY SONS.

THE name of Hofer, the patriot leader of the Tyrol, is not unknown in Ireland. Throughout the world it is hallowed by a fame more pure than that which Emperors or Kings can claim. He who in life was humble, in death has been exalted. He whose greatest pride it was to lead the hardy mountaineers of Passeyer has been placed as high as the giant conquerors whose armies swept the Continent with sword and flame. The deeds of these men, by their grandeur and vastness, may awe or appal us; but the heroism of Hofer fills us with admiration. *They* were moved by insensate ambition; *he* by the purest and holiest of feelings—defending the altars and firesides of his native land. Europe was too little for their desires—the world was too small for Alexander—but Tyrol was all-sufficient for Hofer; its snow-capped mountains bounded the utmost limit of his earthly dreams. Yet kind Heaven has decreed that even in this world the lowly peasant shall stand higher than they; that his name for all time shall be enshrined in the hearts of men; and that even in the most distant climes tears of sympathy should flow for the Christian hero who died a martyr for Tyrol!

We have said the name of Hofer is not unknown in Ireland. But it is far too little known. Too little is known of his life—that great and glorious example of every ennobling virtue:

religion, patriotism, self-sacrifice, and grandest heroism. Beyond a passing allusion to him, as a patriot classed with Tell and Kosciusko, the masses of Irishmen have heard little of him. We speak the English tongue; and English historians and *litterateurs* have had a reason for giving the Tyrolese patriot little more than a passing word, or else letting his name slumber in the cold shade of silence. It takes a man who has signalised himself in *pulling down* altars and thrones, rather than in *defending* them, to be a hero after the heart of England. That country can sympathise with a character of the Mazzini stamp, who preaches "the theory of the dagger;" she can go into hysterics lionising the hero of Aspromonte; but England clearly does not understand and cannot fully admire a patriot leader who wears in his hat as the proudest and most cherished emblem a medal of the Blessed Virgin; who marches through the mountain defiles with his hardy riflemen reciting aloud the Litany of Loretto; and who rushes into the battle where the bullets shower like hail, holding aloft in one hand his rosary beads, while with the other he draws the sword for God and Fatherland. Such a man was Hofer; and such a man would hardly be selected for popular hero-worship in England. Equally obvious it must be that in Ireland, of all places in the world—where, as in Tyrol, amongst a brave and virtuous peasantry religious feeling and patriotic devotion have ever been united—the name of Hofer ought, indeed, to be well known and widely honoured.

Tyrol is a country covering some 11,000 square miles, or about the size of one of our Irish provinces; and having a population of about one million inhabitants. It is situate immediately on the east of Switzerland, to which country it bears, in many respects, a striking resemblance. In shape on the map it resembles an equilateral triangle, point downwards, all three sides being very irregular or deeply indented. This southern point of Tyrol penetrates the Lombardo-Venetian provinces of Italy. The northern frontier line, running east and west, has Bavaria on the outside. On the west of Tyrol lies Switzerland, and on the east Austria. Thus Tyrol is the southern portal of the Austrian Empire—the gateway leading from Italy to Ger-

many, and *vice versa*. It is a country of mountain grandeur—surpassing Switzerland, in the estimation of many writers, in the sublimity and beauty of its Alpine scenery. “As a matter of fact, it is much more mountainous than Switzerland. One-third of Switzerland is an undulating or hilly plain; but Tyrol, with the exception of a comparatively small tract, is covered with high mountain masses on which a great number of summits rise above the snow line, and are surrounded by extensive glaciers. Level tracts, admitting of cultivation with the plough, are only found on the banks of the rivers, where they sometimes attain a width of a mile, and in a few places more, but they are usually not more than half a mile wide. All these tracts taken together do not cover *one-tenth* of the surface of the country: *nine-tenths* are occupied by the higher and lower mountain masses of the Tyrolian Alps.”*

The great road—it may be called the great military highway—northwards into Germany enters from Mantua and Verona at the extreme southern point or projection of Tyrol, proceeding northward in a direct line to the present capital, Innspruck. From this point the road—that is, the military high-road—turns sharply to the right hand along the bank of the river Inn, till it reaches a town called Worgl, where it branches, one arm to Kuffstien and onward to Munich, the capital of Bavaria; the other (which is the main road to Vienna) goes to Saltzburg, of which we shall hear something presently.

So much, briefly, of the land; a word now about the people. Of this simple, virtuous, brave, and hardy race, the pens of even the sternest historians have drawn pictures more like romance than what might be supposed reality; and, indeed, romancists wishing to describe rustic life in its most touching and enviable aspect—a people happy, free, contented, virtuous, frugal, noble-hearted, hospitable—lay the scene of their story in the valleys of Tyrol. The Tyrolese appear to be fortunate in this respect—that though they have had foes in war who reddened their land with slaughter, no tongue or pen has ever been found to dispute the concurrent unanimous and universal testimony that

* Knight's Cyclopedia.

pictured them a people as happy and as pure, perhaps, as man has been in this world outside the crystal bar at Eden's gate. Murray, in his handbook, writes as follows of the highland peasantry of Austria, Styria, and particularly of Tyrol:—"The stranger, provided he understand the language, and will mix with them on friendly and familiar terms, meets with a kindness and simplicity of manners which leave a most favourable impression behind. Their loyalty and devotion to their Sovereign; *their strong religious feeling*, and their total freedom from discontent and murmuring; their dances and merry-makings; their substantial houses; their well-supplied boards; their good clothes and happy faces—contrast most favourably and agreeably with the condition of the peasantry *in other parts of Europe*. The old-fashioned politeness which prevails amongst this simple but kind-hearted people is particularly agreeable. Who would not reply with kindness to the "Gutten Tag" with which every peasant salutes you as you pass along?"

We have left for the last to describe the main feature in their character; that feature which every traveller and every historian declares to be pre-eminently and supremely the characteristic of the Tyrolese; their deep, their fervent, their all-pervading, ever-present religious feeling. They are emphatically and above all things a religious people. A writer in an English periodical, writing from Tyrol, where he had resided long, and who knew the land and the people well, says:—"Christianity is here *the great reality of life*. The very aspect of the country and the daily habits of the people are one continued confession of faith in an Incarnate God and a Crucified Redeemer. When the Angelus rings, you may observe both men and women crossing themselves as they walk along the street, the former uncovering their heads; and it is common to see a whole company stop in the midst of their conversation and join in the devotions. The very watchman who calls the hours does it with a chant of prayer and praise: 'Pray for us, Holy Mother of God; praised be the Lord Jesus Christ;' the latter part of the sentence being the ordinary form of greeting with which the peasants salute each other on the hills and in the valleys. The crucifix is everywhere

“—by the roadside at intervals, and where two ways meet, in the
 “paths through vineyards, in every house, every cottage, almost
 “every chamber in the guests-rooms of the inns; and never
 “a man knowingly passes it without reverently lifting his
 “hat. The walls of the houses are commonly adorned with
 “sacred frescoes, and scarcely a garden or a vineyard but is
 “dedicated to the Mother and the Child. Numerous little shrines
 “along the road invite the wayfarer to stay and contemplate some
 “holy mystery, or to say a Pater or an Ave for some pious end;
 “and it is rarely that the traveller passes without seeing a wor-
 “shipper kneeling on the stone steps or wooden ledges. Besides
 “the crucifix, the cross with the instruments of the Passion is raised
 “on high; and often a stream of water is made to gush as from
 “the open side of the Redeemer. The Stations of the Cross are
 “frequent, erected on some quiet hill leading to a little chapel at
 “the top; there many a meditative pilgrim may be seen climbing
 “the ascent, and praying as he goes. There are numerous
 “churches also which the people visit for special objects, or on
 “certain festivals. Mass is said at a very early hour, so that if
 “the stranger would see a church filled with worshippers, he must
 “be there almost at break of day. On Sundays groups of peasants
 “who have fulfilled their obligation, will congregate outside; but
 “when the bell announces the Elevation, in a moment they are
 “silent and down upon their knees in adoration. The altars are
 “everywhere crowded with communicants. The churches are
 “very numerous; scarcely a hamlet, however small or high up on
 “the hills, but has its little green-tiled spire rising in the midst.
 “The churchyards are gay with shining metal crosses, each with
 “its holy-water stoup and little tablet representing children
 “praying for their parents, or parents for their children; and
 “here and there, where the mounds look freshest, a newly-woven
 “garland, or some lately gathered flowers, will be found lying on
 “the graves. The profusion of votive tablets or waxen figures,
 “the grateful offerings of pious souls for some heaven-sent mercy.
 “As in all Catholic countries, the church is here the home of the
 “people; their hearts are there, and their happiest hours are
 “spent before its altars.”

According to certain modern theories, such a people as these,

a people so devoted to religion, a people of such deep and fervent faith, ought to be a poor timid lot of slaves and cowards, a flock of sheep, an emasculate race caring nothing for liberty, and incapable of bold and heroic patriotism. It is not so, however. Quite the reverse. Tyrol is, and has ever been, the mountain home of freedom. Even before the armies of the great Napoleon—armies beneath whose thundering tread Europe quaked to its centre—the peasant bands of Tyrol never quailed; and at a time when elsewhere all over the Continent the great conqueror ruled supreme, when not a sword elsewhere was raised against him, and when the most powerful empires of Europe shrank before his frown, Tyrol, Tyrol alone, stood up before him; the rosary-reciting peasantry barred his path, and scorning all ideas of submission, all overtures, all promises, all threats, confronted in deadly battle the legions of Jena, Austerlitz, and Marengo!

CHAPTER II.

HOW TYROL, "CHOOSING ITS OWN RULERS," CAME UNDER THE AUSTRIAN CROWN.

It is requisite to glance briefly at the history of the country. Previous to the twelfth century it had a chequered history. It was then known as the "Im-Gebirge" or Hill Country, and was ruled over by several lords under the then universally prevalent feudal system. The Bishop of Trent and the Bishop of Brixen were temporal princes; and it is a singular fact—a fact rather awkwardly upsetting more of our modern political philosophy—that the extensive lordships held and ruled by these Prince Bishops, as the temporal endowment of their Sees, were the most happy, prosperous, and flourishing counties in Tyrol. In 1180 the German Emperor Frederick bestowed "the Im-Gebirge" as a fief on Berthold, Count of Andechs, with the title of Duke of Meran. In the time of his third successor, Albert, Count of Tyrol, the country first began to be known by its present name. The

earliest origin of its connexion with the Austrian Crown, as well as the source and foundation of Tyrolean liberty and prosperity, is related as follows :—"Meinhard II., the friend of Rodolph of Hapsburg, to whose son, Albert I., he gave his daughter in marriage, cleared the country of the petty tyrants who infested it—the ruins of whose strongholds now serve to add picturesque beauty to the landscape : some still afford a habitation to the peasantry. His son Henry laid claim to the Kingdom of Bavaria : a title which he was never able to establish, but which is said to have been the occasion of his bestowing upon Tyrol an invaluable boon. Having little to expect from the co-operation of the great lords in the support of his pretensions, and with the view, accordingly, of obtaining the cordial assistance of his people, if not moved by any more liberal motive, he, in the year 1323, by an act of his own authority, *liberated the peasantry from serfdom, securing to them, at the same time, the free possession of the land they tilled, and opening to them some share in the administration of the country.* Henceforth Diets, consisting of the prelates, nobles, burghers, and even deputies of the people, met, and sat together. Tyrol thus obtained its freedom before long years of oppression had severed the lower from the upper classes, and sown the seeds of future revolution. Delivered from the yoke of the nobles, and enjoying the fruits of their own labour in peace, the peasants had an equal stake in the interests of their country, and in the hour of danger were always ready to combine in its defence."

Now, this Count Henry had an only child, a daughter, who succeeded to his possessions, and who is to this day celebrated in Tyrolean history as the famous Princess Margaret of Tyrol. "The spoilt heiress of Tyrol," says the chronicler, "had a wayward and fiery spirit of her own. Married very young to the son of the King of Bohemia, his deficiency in noble qualities forfeited her respect, while his overbearing temper and his interference with her liberty excited her resentment. Inheriting her father's dominions in 1335, she determined to emancipate herself from her detested husband. The fair and spirited Princess, the bold huntswoman, whose familiar attendants

“and regular body-guard were a corps of Passeyr peasantry, was popular with her subjects ; and although she has left anything but a spotless reputation behind her, her memory is to this day cherished in Tyrol. With the assistance of her loving people, Margaret drove away her unworthy helpmate, about whom she appears to have troubled herself no further, and reigned ‘ an independent sovereign of the land.’ She led a stirring and eventful life, which it is unnecessary for us closely to trace ; suffice it that having been divorced from her Bohemian husband, she married Ludwig, Margrave of Brandenburg, son of Ludwig of Bavaria, who then occupied the imperial throne. This marriage, we are told, proved not much happier than the first:—“At the death in 1363 of her son and only child Meinhard, her husband Ludwig having already departed this life two years previously, it became a question to whom the now heirless sovereign would bequeath her principality—whether to Bavaria or to Austria.” Margaret was a wise and kind-hearted ruler of her people ; and in this emergency she took a course which, on the one hand, showed her real anxiety for their happiness and her respect for their will ; and, on the other hand, shows us that Tyrol, of its own free choice, by the deliberate and voluntary decision of the people themselves, their elected representatives and their native and rightful ruler, placed itself under the House of Hapsburg. Margaret convoked the estates of the land and consulted them as to the choice she should make in bequeathing the principality, whether to Austria on the one hand or to Bavaria on the other. The little Parliament of Tyrol met accordingly at Meran, and as the result of their deliberations advised her to choose the House of Austria ; a recommendation in which she most cheerfully acquiesced. She was now drawing near the evening of life, though by no means advanced in years ; but she was tired of reigning, and resolved to *give* rather than to *bequeath* her dominions. Fourteen days after the interment of her son she made them over to the House of Austria, and herself retired to end her days at Vienna. But in this, her very last act as a Sovereign, the Tyrolean Princess gave proof that prevision for the happiness, the rights, and liberties of her people was the first and deepest thought of her mind.

Before concluding the cession she took care to make the most ample provision and secure stipulations for the maintenance of the free Constitution of Tyrol. "She thus," says the author whom we have herein paraphrased, "won for herself the lasting "gratitude of the Tyrolese. Her faults were forgotten or "disbelieved; while her courageous spirit, her generous confidence in her people's affection, and the solid benefits which "she conferred upon them, have been faithfully remembered."

To their lasting honour be it told, faithfully and well have those provisions been kept by the Austrian rulers of Tyrol, from that day to the present hour, more than five hundred years; good faith, kindly interest, and paternal solicitude on the part of the rulers, being reciprocated by devoted adherence and affectionate loyalty on the part of the people; a lesson too little studied in the government of other lands by other rulers. Not only did the House of Austria respect the ancient rights of Tyrol, but prince by prince added new privileges. Indeed, from the days of "Kaiser Max," the Chamois hunter, down to those of the present noble-hearted Kaizer Franz, a personal devotion and attachment of the most touching kind has subsisted between the Kaizers and the people of Tyrol. Betimes the great Emperor would leave pomp and state behind him at Vienna, and come down to Innspruck, where, free from the cares and trammels of court, and dressed in the Tyrolean national costume, he would go about without guard or attendant, mingling with the people in all their games, sports, and pastimes; surrounded by a scene of joyous happiness and enthusiasm such as rarely meets a monarch's gaze.

CHAPTER III.

THE GATHERING OF THE STORM.

For a period of more than four hundred years—from the date of the cession by Princess Margaret in 1363, to the opening of the nineteenth century—with one memorable interruption, Tyrol remained in happy and undisturbed possession of the Imperial

House of Austria. The interruption referred to was in 1703 ; when there occurred an episode in Tyrolean history which singularly pre-figured the great struggle of 1809. In the former as in the latter instance, Tyrol was attacked by a league of Bavaria and France against Austria ; and in the former, as in the latter, her own resources were the sole reliance of Tyrol. The scenes of conflict, the tactics of defence, the line of retreat, all were the same, or almost the same, on both occasions ; and this being so, we may pass quickly to the great struggle of the present century, which has most notably enfolded Tyrol, and with which is so gloriously identified the name of Andreas Hofer.

When the French Revolution, in 1789, burst like a tornado upon Europe, Catholic Tyrol heard with horror of the sacrilegious fury with which the Church had been assailed and uprooted in France. Every account in existence testifies that the first and the earliest alarms of the Tyrolese were not for any worldly ills—which, indeed, they seemed little to apprehend ; but for a calamity they deemed far more dreadful : “ *The Faith was in danger.* ” The shock of falling thrones they would, perhaps, have little minded. War had no terrors for them ; calm and peaceful, tranquil and contented, as were their lives in secluded Tyrol. But they heard with awe, with absolute horror, of the impious excesses of the Revolution. “ The victorious strides with which the Republic was advancing,” says one account, “ began to make men tremble for their faith even among “ these remote fastnesses. Passyer was engrossed with this one “ thought.” “ Solitary emigrants came wandering through the “ valley from time to time, fugitives from France, many of them “ aged priests, flying for their lives, and the sight of their suffer- “ ings cut men to the heart. The people flocked to the churches “ daily at all hours to pray that God would turn away the scourge “ from their own country.” “ Numerous pilgrims,” we are told, “ streamed continually to the Holy Blood at St. Martin’s, “ which during the patriotic war was to the Passeyrthal what “ Absam was to the Innthal, and Fronwiese to the Pustherthal— “ that is to say, all places of devout resort whither men repaired “ to gather strength in prayer, and beg for help in the unequal “ combat.” Mingling in these religious practices, if not, in-

deed, distinguished amongst them for his earnest, sorrowful, and solemn fervour, was Andreas Hofer, the humble village inn-keeper of the Passeyr valley.

Andreas Hofer, who at this moment appears upon the scene before us, was born in 1767 in the little inn of the Passeyrthal, kept by his father ; and which, indeed, had been for generations an hereditary possession of the family. He received at an early age a moderate education, and some years after the death of his father, which occurred in 1779, he commenced to share in the management of the little hostel. In 1789, that is to say, at the age of 22, he married, and married happily. His wife, Anna Ladurner, was of a peasant family in Vintsehgau. She is described as a woman of deep feelings and few words, an exemplary wife and mother. The little inn from one cause or another did not thrive as well as was requisite, though Andreas and his young wife were frugal and hardworking ; and eventually he took up, or superadded to his other occupation, that of cattle dealer, and subsequently of travelling dealer in wine and brandy. This pursuit was the means of making him extensively acquainted throughout the country—a circumstance which subsequently stood him in good stead. “ In personal appearance, Hofer was “ prepossessing in form, well-proportioned, after the robust, “ broad-shouldered model frequent in Passeyer. His face was full “ and round, his nose somewhat broad, his eyes brown and viva- “ cious, his hair black, while a long and bushy beard, of the same “ dark hue, which reached nearly to his waist, imparted to him a “ striking and venerable aspect. His dress was that of his native “ valley—a green jacket, a red waistcoat and green braces, a black “ leather belt, with the initials of his name embroidered on it, a “ black hat with wide flaps turned up at the side and adorned with “ flowers, and the feathers of wildfowl (to which in after years “ he added an image of Our Lady), blue stockings, and laced half- “ boots. Round his neck he wore a small crucifix, with the addi- “ tion subsequently of a silver medal of St. George, and later still “ the large golden medal which he had received from the Emperor, “ suspended by a chain of the same precious metal. It must have “ been a pleasant sight, but one not uncommon among the good “ peasantry of the Tyrol, to see him riding through the valley ac-

“accompanied by some friends, the whole party reciting the rosary, “as they wended their way homewards.”

His character was such as to impress every one with the most implicit confidence in his integrity, truthfulness, and courage; and it is accordingly easy to understand how he came by degrees to have such an influence with his neighbours, acquaintances, and fellow-countrymen. He was a man of usually quiet and thoughtful but earnest mien and temper: frank and kindly to all; and, lastly, he was a man of deep reverential religious feeling. As may naturally be supposed from this, Hofer was deeply and powerfully moved by the excitement to which we have already referred as proceeding from the French Revolution, and was amongst the most constant in his visits to the holy shrine at St. Martin's. It is recorded of him at this time that he frequently, with much emotion, exhorted his companions in his own simple, homely way, to live piously and pray constantly, as he said, “*that God might preserve to them the old religion and brotherly love throughout the land.*”

Such was the state of feeling when, in 1796, the left wing of the Army of Italy, under Napoleon, temporarily entered Southern Tyrol. To the peasants of Passeyr this was like the approach of “the abomination of desolation”: it was the wave of infidelity flooding at their own doors. They sallied forth against the French; they! the peasant Militia of this little mountain range, sallied forth to withstand the Army of Italy, led by the young Republican General, Napoleon! Hofer was amongst them; ready, like the rest, to lose his life ere the foes of religion should desecrate Tyrol. Next year the French General, Joubert, formally invaded the land from the South, and occupied Botzen. The peasant Militia of Passeyr were again under arms; joined by the regular troops, they attacked the invaders, but were repulsed. Nothing daunted, the Tyrolese renewed the attack, and finally Joubert, having been defeated by them at Spings, soon after evacuated the country.

Then there was a lull of two years; but, in 1799, the French again fell on Tyrol, penetrating, this time, from the Swiss side, and reaching inland as far as Schlanders. At this place they fulfilled the worst rumours that had reached the Tyrolese.



Andreas Hofer.

Angered at the signs of "superstition" which on all sides proclaimed that Tyrol needed "modern enlightenment," they broke open the Tabernacle and trod the Adorable Sacrament under their feet. Furthermore, a priest was murdered, as if aught were needed to fill to overflowing the horror of the faithful Christian people of Tyrol. They gave way to imaginary terrors of the gloomiest kind; and actually insisted that they heard strange and unwonted sounds as of aerial combats overhead. The second French irruption, however, like the first, was but of brief duration. The foe soon withdrew, and once more Tyrol breathed freely—yet awhile.

The historians whom we are following concur in exclaiming bitterly against the blindness or supineness of the Austrian Government in overlooking or neglecting the importance of Tyrol in a military point of view. The Archduke John of Austria alone appeared alive to its advantages. In 1800 he was empowered by the Emperor to inspect the strongholds and mountain passes of Tyrol; which he did, and thenceforward kept his eye constantly on the country, visiting it yearly, and becoming an immense favourite with the people. It was his scheme to render Tyrol one vast mountain fortress sufficient for its own defence and independent of the casualties of war elsewhere; but the Archduke's plans, like many others, were laid aside by the Imperial functionaries at Vienna while they could have been profitably effected, only to be remembered when it was too late to carry them into execution. The sad and inevitable result was, of course, that when the fiery billows of war burst upon devoted Tyrol, she was utterly destitute of any means of defence, save such as she possessed in her own natural Alpine bulwarks and the noble spirit of her heroic race.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW TYROL WAS INVADED AND BROUGHT UNDER CHAINS.

Without overlaying the narrative of events in Tyrol with any compendious history of Europe, it is desirable to notice the sur-

rounding circumstances which caused Tyrol so often to be a bloody battle ground, between Austria on the one side and France and Bavaria on the other.

The revolutionary career of France received its earliest opposition and found its most formidable and persevering resistance from Austria, the great Conservative Power of the European Continent. When the hapless Louis XVI., with his ill-fated Queen, Marie Antoinette, and their children, were surrounded in Paris by the furies of the Revolution, the manhood of Europe, the chivalry of Christendom, were appealed to on their behalf by devoted friends. The French princes, nobles, and clergy, who had fled for refuge to foreign lands, or who, in La Vendee or in the sunny south, fought bravely beneath the *fleur de lis*, frantic with grief and horror, foresaw the fate of the innocent King if succour did not reach him; and the other Sovereigns of Europe were besought by every consideration and appeal that could touch the soul of man to intervene in the interests of humanity, of religion, of social order, and public right. The Courts of Europe, with scarcely an exception, owned the force of the appeal; but before the awful drama unfolding itself in Paris they stood confused, perplexed, appalled. But there was one Sovereign at least amongst them who could not behold unmoved the peril of the hapless Louis and his devoted family. The young and beautiful Queen of France was a daughter of Austria; and, howsoever other Courts might pause and palter, with icy fear, fatal indecision, or selfish prudence, Austria was not going to look on coldly while the revolutionary tiger lapped from the scaffold the blood of Maria Theresa. Summoning to her co-operation the other German nations, Austria marched on the north-eastern frontier of France. The step, however, thus taken to save the King, only sealed his doom. The infuriate revolutionists held him accountable for the invasion of the sacred soil of France. The invasion itself, in fact, absolutely lashed into a frenzy the already excited Republicans; and brought to the aid of their cause the powerful influence of national pride and patriotic devotion. They rushed to the frontier, where, after at first sustaining severe reverses, the victories of the Republicans under Dumouriez at Valmy and Jemmapes to-

wards the close of 1792, compelled the Austro-German armies to retire.

From that period forward Austria was the one great foe whom France most desired to crush, as she was the one great foe who made the most terrible sacrifices to check the revolutionary career. England subsequently joined in, and in truth though slow to come, was the last to leave; but it was at the instance of Austria she and the other Powers came forward; and it is to be remembered that England, sea-surrounded, ran no such risk as did Austria from the military power of France, which now, as if by magic, grew colossal.

From an early period of the great European conflict, the Duke of Bavaria sided with France, and throughout the long and weary war, with all its changes, may be said to have remained unshaken in his alliance. The immense advantage, military and strategical, which France gained thereby, must easily be seen; for Bavaria is situate close by, on the north-eastern frontier of France, between that country and Austria, and thus bulwarked France from her great foe on the only quarter where that foe could attack her easily and with advantage; whilst affording France a grand position of attack on Austria within a few days' march of Vienna.

To reward Bavaria for such great advantages, France was ever bent on conferring on her some of the spoils wrested from Austria; and as Tyrol lay at the very door—immediately on the southern frontier of Bavaria, and within less than fifty miles of the Bavarian capital—what spoil so acceptable, so desirable? Moreover, while possession of Tyrol would enrich Bavaria and weaken Austria, it would almost completely shut out the latter Power from her Lombardo-Venetian possessions, and thus keep her hemmed in between foes.

From this one can understand how Tyrol came to be so constantly the scene of struggle between Austria and the French-Bavarian forces.

When, early in 1805, after the brief peace which followed the Treaty of Amiens (in 1802) war again broke out between France and the European Powers, Napoleon instantly burst upon Austria by way of Bavaria. A brief but terrible and bloody

campaign, culminating at Austerlitz, crowned the French arms with success and glory, and crushed Austria beneath defeat and disaster. When the war broke out, early in autumn, Archduke John (whom we left in Tyrol vainly trying to compel the Vienna War Office to appreciate the defensive capacities of the Tyrol), was directed to proceed thither and make a general levy of the people, a French and Bavarian army being now in full march on Innsbruck. The result of his appeal is described to us:—"The Tyrolese responded eagerly to his summons. Children accompanied their fathers and elder brothers to the field, carrying loaded rifles, which they handed to the combatants, receiving in exchange the discharged weapons to reload. There was a bloody fight in the pass of Lofer, where the Bavarians were driven back; and Marshal Ney might have been as successfully repelled from Scharnitz, had he not been enabled, by the remissness of the Austrian Commandant at Leutasch, and the treachery of an individual who led the invaders over the mountain paths, to take the fortress in the rear. In vain did the peasants strive to hinder the further progress of the French; barricading the passes and firing from the heights upon the foe: Ney occupied Innsbruck and the Bavarians seized Kuffstein. The Archduke endeavoured to collect his scattered troops and make a stand on the Brenner"—(a mountain barrier dividing upper from lower Tyrol, and through which, by way of "the Brenner Pass," the great road from Innsbruck southward to Italy leads)—"but it was going hard with Austria nearer home; and he was soon recalled to the defence of his own country. He took a touching leave of the Tyrolese at Sterzing and Bruneck," and amongst the friends to whom in particular he bade farewell, we now find Andreas Hofer, with whom he first became acquainted during this brief struggle, and whom he learnt at once to value according to his deserts. But the campaign elsewhere was lost. The sun of Austerlitz saw Austria defeated and overthrown. A disastrous campaign was followed by a ruinous peace. Tyrol was torn from Austria and given up to hated Bavaria. It was a hard, a cruel, a bitter sacrifice; but howsoever hard, Austria had no choice; a conqueror's foot was on her neck, and a conqueror's voice dictated the terms of peace.

For three years Tyrol groaned beneath the Bavarian yoke. For a yoke it was, though the least particle of wisdom ought to have taught Bavaria to endeavour to conciliate rather than to exasperate such a people. With a blind infatuation the new Government took the course of all others most calculated to wound the Tyrolese to the heart's core. Temporal privations they might perhaps have borne ; but their religion was dearer to them than life. The first proceeding of the new Government was to adopt towards the Church the course which irreligious Piedmont has been pursuing recently. The liberties of the Church were invaded, the property of the Church seized by the State ; the Bishops, for daring to hold the authority of God higher than that of man, were banished, and the clergy forbidden to hold intercourse with them. Next, the "excessive religious spirit" of the people was to be put down. They were forbidden to attend the churches except on Sundays, when the Bavarian police attended to watch their demeanour and note whether the priest in his sermon behaved properly, as the foreign *regime* would term it. The observance of holidays was forbidden, on pain of fine ; and in some instances dogs were used to hunt out of the churches the old villagers who daily came there to pray before the altar. The little wayside oratories were broken down and demolished with every mark of scorn and ridicule.

No wonder the Tyrolese now concluded, indeed, that the evil day they had apprehended ten years before, had come upon them. The faith was about to be overthrown ! And their *nationality*, too ; that nationality which their beloved Kaizers had so conserved, protected, cherished. Their ancient constitution was swept away. The very name of "Tyrol" was abolished, and that of "Southern Bavaria" substituted in its place. In this dark hour the people throughout the whole land, moved by a common instinct, began, despite the Government wrath, to organise processions and other religious devotions to avert the dread calamity from the land. Troops were bivouacked around the churches, and the officers billeted on the clergy. The priests and the people stole to the mountains, where in the defiles Mass was said and the sacraments administered in stealth. Finally, the Regular Orders were banished ; their monasteries

and abbeys seized, and their revenues appropriated by the State, out of which a yearly pittance was to be doled at pleasure to each of the ejected monks.

All this could have but one result. Gloom overspread the land. Men sat moodily brooding over their wrongs. All hearts were sorrowfully raised to God above, and to Kaiser Franz, whom next to Him they loved! Yes, surely the good God who had so often protected Tyrol was not going to abandon her now to the foes of religion and of freedom, of justice and right! And Kaiser Franz! Would he not come some day and free her from this horrible nightmare of foreign oppression, and uplift once more the old religion? Many a tearful supplication reached the Emperor at Vienna; and we may be sure that many a pang of anguish wrung the heart of him who was compelled to look on unable to shield or save his loved Tyrol.

But it was not to be so always. In December, 1808, news reached that flashed like an electric spark through every heart from end to end of the land. The news was this—that for certain war was to be declared between Austria and France! Next month came secret but important confirmation. Andreas Hofer, our hero, Peter Gruber, the inn-keeper at Bruneck, and Franz Anton Nessel, of Botzen, two equally worthy patriots, were sent from for Vienna to confer upon a projected rising in Tyrol. They went, springing like chamois over the mountains; for oh, it was to them a joyous day. At Vienna they met and conferred with the good Archduke John, who was right glad to see them once more, and the young Tyrolese Baron von Hormayr; and between them the whole scheme was fully laid out and arranged. They returned home with all possible secrecy; and taking different routes as they passed through the country, communicated to trusted friends in each locality the glorious news that the day of deliverance was at hand, and that all should be prepared at the concerted signal. This signal was to be a pass-word or message from Hofer—“*wenn's zeit ist*”—“It is time.” Returning home from Vienna, Hofer met Joseph Speckbacher, who, with himself and Father Joachim Haspinger the warrior-priest, may be said to have been the three glorious leaders of Tyrol in her subsequent struggles.

Speckbacher, who was and is still familiarly known amongst his own countrymen as "The Man of Rinn," was without compare the most talented of the Tyrolese leaders. To him and Straub was consigned the leadership of the movement in the Innthal. Speckbacher was a splendid fellow; and in all history there is no picture more touching than that presented by those three friends—their devoted attachment to and deep faith in each other—their unshaken fidelity to each other—to God, Kaiser Franz, and Tyrol.

CHAPTER V.

HOW TYROL BURST HER CHAINS.

And now the long-prepared-for hour arrived. "Four times already (says the historian) had Austria taken up arms to resist the progress of revolutionised France; but on all these occasions she headed a coalition of powerful allies. This time she stood alone; and though she made a rousing appeal to Germany, and indeed to all the nations of Europe, to join her in raising the standard of emancipation, and though she possessed the strong sympathies of those to whom she appealed, yet so completely had Napoleon trodden down all opposition, that of these many oppressed nationalities none dared, perhaps none were able, to respond to the call. One little mountain State alone, *Tyrol*, rose instantaneously at the summons"—rose with a bounding spring and a cry of joy from end to end of the land. On the night of the 8th April, 1809, the Austrian army began its march towards the frontier. Says the chronicler:—"Chasteler crossed the frontier at Lientz. The enthusiasm with which the Austrians were received baffles all description. Hailed as deliverers, their march was everywhere a triumphal progress. The young, especially, unable to restrain their joy, rushed to embrace the soldiers as they advanced along the open road; and children of eight and nine years pressed forward with bread and wine for their refreshment. . . . Far and wide the beacon fires blazed on the hills. The whole Pustherthal

rose as one man. The peasants, indeed, without waiting for the advance of the troops, began the contest single-handed themselves."

Hofer meanwhile had called Passeyer to arms ; and Speckbacher, who, on the preceding day had received from Hofer the mysterious message, "It is time," had roused the Lower Innthal, though full of Bavarian troops. The means resorted to to spread the signal were truly curious. "Scraps of paper, whereon were written those three magic words, were conveyed in all directions by women and children who were ignorant of their import. From hand to hand they passed, over hill and valley ; and wherever the spirit-stirring missive came, grasped their weapons and made ready for the fight. But as it was impossible by this means alone to communicate the secret to all with sufficient rapidity, Speckbacher's fertile mind devised another expedient which he trusted to the quick intelligence of his countrymen for understanding. Wooden planks with little red flags upon them were floated down the river Inn, giving their silent and warlike message to the villages upon either bank ; while into the mountain torrents, shavings, sawdust, and meal, tinged with the blood of animals, were thrown ; and wherever the course of the waters bore them they gave in red characters the same significant token."

Four thousand five hundred men, all expert marksmen, had risen in Passeyer at Hofer's call. All confessed and communicated, and marched next day for Sterzing ; their numbers swelling as they advanced. The Bavarians were everywhere taken by surprise, and their movements consequently lacked concert. The Bavarian commander, Wreden, despatched a strong division to blow up the bridges, so as to impede the Austrian advance ; but the peasantry fell upon the division and drove it back with great loss. Bridge after bridge was the scene of murderous conflict ; the rocks were lined with riflemen, and every effort of the Bavarians resulted only in costly sacrifice. They fell back ; and when the Austrians came up, not only were the bridges all intact, but not a foe was to be seen ; the Tyrolese had cleared the path for them, and all *they*

had to do was to receive in charge some Bavarian prisoners whom the peasants had captured.

On the night of the 10th of April Hofer's little army had reached the heights over Sterzing. This town is surrounded by marshy meadows or flats ; and when the men of Passeyer came up, was occupied by a detachment of Barenclau's (Bavarian) Battalion. As the Bavarians were crossing the flats, they found themselves suddenly assailed by a hail of rifle bullets from the insurgents, who now descended from the heights. Quickly forming into square, the Bavarians brought up two field-pieces, with which they ploughed gaps through the close ranks of the Passeyer Militia. The Tyrolese were armed simply with rifles ; they had neither artillery to return the Bavarian cannonade, nor bayonets with which to charge the enemy. Thus utterly at disadvantage, they were being cut to pieces by the Bavarian shot and shell, when Hofer's quick eye observed, in a field close by the road leading to the enemy's position, three or four waggons loaded with hay. Instantly he ordered them to be led forward in the teeth of the artillery fire, so that the riflemen might follow from behind the sheltering bulwarks thus afforded, and reach upon the gunners. They were brought on to the road ;—but who was to drive them on through the fierce iron and leaden shower, up to the muzzles of the cannon ? It was to advance to the very jaws of death. There was a moment's pause ; the heart of even the bravest faltered ; when a young girl of eighteen, daughter of Gamper, a tailor of Sterzing, sprang to the front. Grasping a medal of the Blessed Virgin, which she wore round her neck, she called aloud on the Queen of Heaven for aid. Then, strong in faith, she seized the reins of the first yoke of oxen, and with shouts and plying the whip which she brandished in one hand, she urged them on the bloody path. The Bavarians saw at a glance the object of this daring feat ; and now a concentrated fire tore the ground around the waggons. A shout, a wild cry burst from the men of Tyrol ; but the heroic girl never flinched. The oxen start and forward go the waggons. "See, see," she cried, "onward—onward—follow me ; no bullet touches me—Heaven is on our side !" Fired by such an example, the men dashed forward, seized and led on the other waggons, and just

as the oxen fell, riddled with balls, had them placed in position, and a bulwark set up, from behind which there poured a fire that nothing could withstand. In a brief space of time several Bavarian officers and 240 men lay dead upon the field. Vainly the Bavarians formed into fresh squares ; as often were they broken by that terrible fire, till, finally, the defeated force laid down their arms and surrendered themselves prisoners. This was the first regular battle of the Tyrolean campaign ; the first conflict in which Hofer figured as leader of his countrymen ; and the joy of the peasantry at this their first success may be imagined.

The Bavarians thus defeated at Sterzing were a column sent down from Innsbruck, the capital, to meet and assist the main column under Wrede, coming northward in full retreat, and known to be badly pressed.

Just as the Tyrolese were celebrating their victory thus won, tidings came that Wrede's column was coming up, quite ignorant of what had happened, and fully expecting to meet the relieving force at this point. It was even so : Wrede, who had been joined at Brixen by the French under General Bisson, was approaching. Hofer instantly struck upon a skilful ruse. He caused all traces of the recent conflict to be hastily and completely removed ; and, laying solemn injunction on the people of Sterzing to afford Wrede no clue to the fate of his expected relieving column, he and his force withdrew out of sight to the woods and mountain recesses close by, secreting their prisoners in an old Castle near at hand. Up came Wrede and Bisson, sorely anxious to see the relief ; but lo ! no relief force could they find at Sterzing. They questioned the people—Had a column been there yet ? Yes. Whither had it gone ? No one could tell. Vain were all efforts to obtain even the slightest clue, so faithfully was Hofer's injunction observed, and the secret kept. Out marched the wearied force, with the dreaded passes of the Brenner yet to face ere they could sight Innsbruck. This was precisely what Hofer designed ; to get the retreating columns once entangled in the Brenner, where, though they were fourfold his numbers, he could make them pay a dear toll for the road. Scarcely had they entered the defile, when bullets began



The Heroine of Sterzing.

to shower on them from an unseen foe. Defence was impossible. Wrede knew that though disaster was inevitable, it was *ruin* to pause or break his column. There was nothing for it but to push on under the penalty of decimation. Ere he emerged from the passes his army was little better than the skeleton of what it was when he entered. But now, at least, they fondly dreamed the last of the gauntlet had been run. Innsbruck lay before them, with only an open plain intervening.

Meanwhile Speckbacher, whose part it was to raise the Innthal—the district immediately around the capital—had gone to work bravely. By the 10th the whole population on both banks of the river had been fully aroused and ready. On the 11th a party of soldiers from the capital garrison, proceeding to enforce the conscription in the neighbourhood, found the peasantry up in arms under Speckbacher, who captured one of their pickets, and seized the bridge of Volders. Next day he surprised and captured Hall, distant a few miles from Innsbruck, taking prisoners a large Bavarian force.

Stirring events were at the same hour going on around the capital, upon which the peasantry had swooped from all sides, driving in the Bavarian outposts, hemming them up completely in the city. It is unquestioned that in this, the great achievement of the campaign, the Tyrolese had neither leader, plan, nor tactics, save that each man knew that before them was the one common objective point—“*Innsbruck was to be won*; and upon Innsbruck they all converged in hourly swelling numbers.” Of this glorious achievement I take the following account from one of the historians of Tyrol:—

“Early on the 12th the attack was made upon three of the bridges. The peasants of the Oberinnthal and of Hötting, armed with muskets and bayonets fastened to the end of stakes—some only with pitchforks—had carried the Mühlenaner Bruck by eight o’clock, and had seized the two cannons which defended it. At other points also the peasantry had soon forced their way into the town, and entering the houses were firing upon the troops from the roofs and windows. So confident were they of victory, that after sheltering themselves in the houses against a discharge

of artillery, they would make their immediate reappearance, take off their hats in mock compliment to the Bavarians, shout derisive epithets at them, and jodel after the fashion of the country; nay, in impudent bravado, they would pick up the cannon-balls and roll them about the street, as coolly and carelessly as if it were a skittle-ground. Meanwhile, the magistrates, with a view to the protection of property, had solicited Kinkel to allow some attempt at negotiation to be made. Kinkel gave a curt refusal; later in the day, however, when the city was fiercely pressed by the ever-advancing tide of the enemy, they were empowered to secure the garrison an honourable retreat. A white flag was accordingly displayed, and a deputation sent; but the peasants mistrusted the overture, and were unwilling to lose time; the Bavarians, moreover, would not have consented to evacuate the town without their arms, and such terms the magistrates felt convinced they could not obtain. The insurgents now attacked the barracks near the bridges, disarmed all they found, and seized the military stores. None but an eye-witness could form an idea of the scene of confusion which prevailed in the city, interpenetrated and gradually flooded, as it were, by the whole armed population of the neighbourhood. The communication between the different bodies was everywhere intercepted, so that resistance, however courageous, could serve but to prolong a fruitless contest. Colonel Karl Baron Von Dittfurt fought with a valour partaking more of the character of frenzy than of heroism; full of the bitterest contempt for the enemy, whose hatred he had richly merited, to be overcome by the men whom he had esteemed as the dust under his feet, was a disgrace in his eyes worse than death. As the storming party from Iselberg chased the soldiers before them along the Neustadt, Dittfurt, already wounded in two places, rallied his flying troops. Entreaties, commands, flattery, threats—nothing was spared to animate his men to fresh exertions: placing himself at their head, he led them back furiously to the deadly contest. The peasants had gained possession of the Spital and occupied the cemetery; from which, as well as from the doors and windows of the building, they poured a destructive fire upon the closely-packed masses of the enemy.

Here Dittfurt received a third ball in his breast ; and as the blood gushed from his mouth, he fell from his horse, and sank on one knee. Some peasants rushed forward to take him prisoner ; but shame and rage seemed to lend him fresh strength ; he started to his feet, hurling curses and imprecations at his intimidated troops, and sprang with the fury of a wounded tiger towards the gate of the Spital, through which a shower of balls were pouring. A fourth bullet, striking him in the head, laid him helplessly prostrate. He was borne into Kinkel's house close by, sorely against his will, for he would fain have died on the battle-ground ; and so strong was his grasp of his sword, that it was with difficulty disengaged from his hand. He was almost immediately, however, removed to the Spital ; for Kinkel's house was soon occupied, the guard-house won, and the General himself captured by the Tyrolese. Surrounded by a mingled throng of captured officers and of the victorious peasantry, amidst whom a priest might be seen watching for an opportunity to minister to the dying man, Dittfurt opened his eyes, and looking wildly round him, inquired *who was that person who had led on the peasants to the storming of the town.* "No one," was the reply ; "we had no leader. The same spirit animated us all. We fought for God, for the Emperor, and for our country." "*Strange,*" rejoined the wounded man, "*I saw him mounted on a white horse.*" This assertion of their dying enemy produced a wonderful effect on the peasants, and convinced them more deeply than ever that they were under the peculiar protection of Heaven. Dittfurt had beheld their patron Saint, St. James, fighting for them, as of old he was seen doing battle for Spain against the Moors. The wounded man survived a few days, when he expired, more of the raging fever that had been kindled in his veins than from the mortal nature of his wounds."

The same historian describes the scene that ensued in these words :

"The jubilee amongst the peasants when the victory was won baffles all description. The imperial eagles, decked with ribbons, were borne in procession through the town amidst thundering shouts of exultation, and were finally displayed in

front of the post-house, with a notice directing all passers-by to take off their hats. The pictures of the Emperor, and of the Archduke John, received honours little short of religious, and were hung up over the Triumphforte ("Triumphal Gate") erected by Maria Theresa, surrounded with burning candles in the full blaze of sunlight. Old and young who had together fought on that day, embraced each other in transports of joy; many poured into the churches to offer up their thanksgivings; the people sang, danced, drank, and made merry, till from sheer exhaustion they sank to sleep, each where he could find room to stretch his limbs."

CHAPTER VI.

AN HOUR OF FREEDOM, CLOSED IN GLOOM.

Early next morning the alarming news spread through the just liberated capital that a French and Bavarian force was in view, coming from over the Brenner; but if the Tyrolese only knew all, they would know the advancing force had far more real cause for dismay; for this was the harassed remnant of the force under Wrede and Bisson, whose passage through the Brenner we have already noticed, and who now fondly looked forward to security and repose, at least in the capital. They never discovered their disappointment until they had got close to the city, and found themselves as it were in a trap. Retreat they could not; for their route was dogged all through by the peasantry hanging on rear and flank, capturing baggage and stragglers, and cutting off all communication. There was nothing for it but capitulation; bitter, bitter alternative for a General of France—capitulation to mere peasants, "Brigands," as Bisson styled them. He tore his hair, and wept like a child. "How shall I," he exclaimed, "ever be able to justify to my Emperor, so disgraceful a capitulation? Where shall I hide my gray head, laden with shame and contempt? I shall never survive this day." But there was no help for it. The French

Imperial and Bavarian army unconditionally surrendered, and *North Tyrol was free.*

The victory was all the peasants' own. The advancing Austrians had not yet come up. At last they arrived. On the morning of the 14th an Imperial quartermaster, preceding the army, was discerned entering the city. "His appearance," says a historian, "was hailed by a burst of unmeasured joy ; deafening acclamations resounded along his path, while the peasants affectionately clustered and clung about his horse, upon which they bestowed countless kisses in the wildness of their delight. The honest heart of the quartermaster was quite touched. He began to cry outright, and his tears trickled down his soldier's beard on to the very horse-cloth. Both rider and crowd had now come to a dead-lock from the pressure of numbers ; for, behold, to meet and do him honour, rushes an opposite tide of peasants, carrying two old Austrian standards, upon which they had hastily laid their hands.

"About noon, an officer with a small body of cavalry and yagers, detached from the vanguard, entered the town. The bells pealed forth from every steeple and tower, firearms were discharged in all directions, and it seemed as if the lungs of the populace would never be wearied, so interminable were their shouts of rejoicing and their enthusiastic 'vivas.' Grey-headed peasants were to be seen crying and kissing each other in the market-place, like great children : it was the spectacle of a whole people gone mad with the exuberance of happiness. The main body of the army, 6,000 men in all, followed on the steps of this first detachment ; and as Chasteler rode through the Triumph-forte, he was met by Major Teimer, who, with due solemnity, presented to him the sword of the French General."

By the 11th of April the men of Meran were in arms, and before the Bavarian authorities had any clear knowledge of the true state of affairs, the rising was proclaimed in the ancient capital. By next day the insurgents had surrounded Botzen, and Hofer's untiring activity had the whole of Southern Tyrol in arms before the 12th. The French at Botzen and at Trent, under General Baraguay d'Hilliers, retreated southward ; followed and surrounded by a Tyrolese and Austrian force under

Hofer and Chasteler. The retreating foe succeeded in giving their pursuers a smart check on the 24th; but on the 26th they decamped across the southern frontier, and entered Lombardy.

Tyrol from North to South was free.

Free, indeed; but only for an instant. Unfortunately, while all was going so cheerily in "the Im-Giberge," elsewhere things were going badly with Kaiser Franz. Austria received no help in her daring and chivalrous grapple with the great European Dictator. The time had not yet come. "Germany's subjection and Napoleon's ascendancy were yet to endure for three long years. The bloody fields of Ebensberg, Ecmül, and Regensburg, on the 20th, 22nd, and 23rd April, forced the bulk of the Austrian armies under the Archduke Charles to retreat across the Danube into Bohemia, and laid open the way to Vienna. The Austrian army of Italy at the same time retiring through Carinthia into Hungary."

"The ill news soon spread through Tyrol, turning a brief joy into oppressive gloom and sore anxiety. The French and Bavarians were about to return in their might and efface the remembrance of their late disgrace in fire and blood. An overwhelming force was gathering on every point of the frontier to fall on the devoted land. Marshal Lefebvre, Duke of Dantzig (a rough and brutal soldier), received Napoleon's orders to reconquer Tyrol, to avenge the affront which had been offered to the eagles of France, *and to put to the sword every man found with arms in his hands.*" At six different points Tyrol was to be entered by a combined force of no less than 40,000 men; well-appointed, well-disciplined troops; provided with all the munitions of war, commanded by experienced, bold, and ruthless generals, flushed with victory, fit instruments of the vengeance of Napoleon.

Before this awful billow of war—sufficient to overwhelm an empire, much less a little community of simple mountaineers—the Tyrolese, so far from quailing, instantly and with undaunted heart prepared for *resistance and defiance!* They had now but themselves alone to rely upon; for the main portion of the Austrian troops had been withdrawn, with the exception of some

portions of regiments that had become so attached to the people of Tyrol, that they mutinied or deserted in companies rather than abandon their heroic comrades in the desperate struggle now at hand.

The storm soon burst. From all points the Tyrol was penetrated by masses of troops. Every defile was contested; every crag was a fortress from whence death and destruction poured on the advancing foe. But the invaders came in numbers that seemed to defy destruction. Though their footsteps were marked by heaps of slain, they had still an overwhelming force. At the pass of Strub—"the blood-stained pass of Strub"—the heroic Oppacher, with a few hundred men, for nine hours fought and eight times hurled back the Bavarian force of 14,000 veterans of war with a tremendous array of artillery. When at last the ammunition of the Tyrolese was exhausted, "they called mighty nature to their assistance; rocks and trees were hurled down upon their adversaries, who fell crushed alive beneath their weight, on the bloody bodies of their comrades which already choked the narrow chasm." It was a Thermopylæ unsung; for that handful of Tyrolese heroes held the pass till, surrounded, cut off, and overpowered, they were massacred on the spot to a man.

Lefebvre and Wrede marked their track through the country by slaughter and devastation. The churches were broken open, the tabernacles rifled, and the Adorable Eucharist trampled on the ground. The sack of Schwaz was a horror which we dare not pause to narrate. Neither man, woman, or child was spared from a brutality at which the heart sickens. "So appalling was the scene of plunder, violence, and sacrilege, that it is recorded that a Bavarian soldier, still alive to the feelings of humanity, leant back against a wall, overcome with horror at the hideous spectacle, and shudderingly exclaimed—'Great God! Thou art righteous! These dreadful abominations thou wilt surely avenge!'"

Like events followed the invasion at the other points. Brave resistance: heroic self-immolation on the part of the Tyrolese: unheard-of brutality on the part of the invaders. And now came the news that Napoleon was once more at Vienna; that

peace must therefore soon be concluded by the defeated Kaiser ; and, beyond hope of aid, Tyrol was once more to be given up to Bavaria. Conflicting counsels now began to prevail amongst the Tyrolese. "The country people were in favour of vigorous and even desperate measures ; to break up and barricade the roads ; to desert their villages and remove their families to the hills, &c. ; while the less energetic inhabitants of the town were for submitting to the victor and capitulating on the best terms that could be obtained, 'seeing,' as they said, 'that God for some inscrutable purpose had given up the world into Napoleon's hands.'" As a matter of fact, most of the towns did capitulate ; and the conquerors entered Innsbruck on the 19th. Once more, untaught and unteachable by experience, they seemed to conclude that the submission and possession of the capital meant the submission and possession of Tyrol. But this was far from being so in a land of heroic patriotism. The Tyrol was never farther from being subdued.

CHAPTER VII.

ON THE BERG ISEL "FOR GOD, THE EMPEROR, AND DEAR
FATHERLAND."

Though Napoleon was now indeed at Vienna, his position was as yet far from secure ; and the terrible blow dealt him at Esling, where he lost 30,000 men and the intrepid Marshal Lannes, while it proved but a momentary flash of victory and glory on the Austrian arms, yet caused the French Emperor to call in quickly, though secretly, the division of Lefebvre from Tyrol. "The intelligence was kept carefully secret at Innsbruck ; the Tyrolese were not altogether ignorant of what was going on. Hofer had information of the movements of the enemy which he knew meant retreat of the French. All Vintschgau rose at his call. Speckbacher meanwhile was rousing the Innthal with an enthusiastic response." On



Fighting in the Pass.

the night of the 21st, some of his followers intercepted a French despatch at Volders ; but they could not read French. They, however, brought the document to a priest in the neighbourhood ; and who can describe their sensations when he read its contents to them ! It was a despatch from Napoleon urging the immediate withdrawal of the main body of the army as soon as the subjugation of Tyrol was effected, as he stood much in need of its co-operation at Vienna. This was glorious news to Speckbacher. On the 22nd he set off southward to Hofer with the news ; and at a conference between the two leaders and the commanding officer of the small Austrian corps still left, it was agreed that, God willing, they would give the enemy battle on the Berge Isel before Innspruck on the 25th. The interval was well employed by all. Everywhere the call to arms was received with joy, and like the hundred streamlets that pour down to form a mighty river, so did the peasant bands pour down from every valley and mountain to swell the patriot army, as they marched along under Hofer's command. The attack was made early on the 25th ; but after prodigies of valour the combat ended with night, neither party being able to claim much advantage ; the Tyrolese being brought to a stand-still mainly by lack of ammunition. Hofer was hourly expecting reinforcements as well as a convoy of ammunition promised by the Austrians ; but as yet neither came in view. In the meantime a council of war was held. Speckbacher was for instantly renewing the fight ; others were for awaiting the expected reinforcements, and the ammunition. Hofer was silent. At this moment it is said an aged man of low stature, and with hair as white as the mountain snow, came forward, no one knew from whither, into the circle. He stepped up to Hofer, and looking him in the face, uttered these words in a hollow solemn tone of voice, but with deep earnestness :—" *You must not give battle before the 29th May, the Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. I tell you this in the name of God and of the Holy Virgin. On that day fight, and I promise you the victory.*" After pronouncing these words the old man withdrew, and was no more seen. None knew him, whence he came nor whither he retired. All gazed in silence and astonishment on one another. But upon Hofer's soul the

appearance and the words of the venerable stranger had made the deepest impression. He rose from his seat, his whole countenance beaming with enthusiasm : ‘As the old man has said’—he exclaimed—‘so shall it be.’ Then raising his hands and eyes aloft, he prayed the Lord of Heaven and earth to grant victory to their arms ; and vowed that the Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus should thenceforth be solemnly celebrated throughout the land in thanksgiving for the grace which, as he firmly hoped, would be vouchsafed to them.

“The report of the wonderful old man and of his prophecy spread rapidly through the peasant host, and raised the hopes of this religious people to the highest pitch of confidence.” There is extant a letter of Hofer, which on the 28th he addressed to the people of the Oberinnthal. It runs as follows :—

“—‘Dear Brothers of the Oberinnthal—To-morrow, for God, the Emperor, and dear Fatherland, we rush to the assault. We mean with the help of the Mother of God to capture or beat the Bavarians ; and we have espoused ourselves to the sweetest Heart of Jesus. Come you to our help ! If, however, you choose to be wiser than Divine foreknowledge, *we shall bring it to pass without you.*”

“‘ANDREAS HOFER,

“‘Commander-in-Chief.’”

What wonder that such men—men animated by such a spirit as this—gained a glorious victory on the promised 29th May ? Of that great combat many pens have written descriptions ; and it would be impossible within our limits to narrate the varying fortunes of the day, between dawn and evening, as victory seemed to lean now with one side and now with the other. It was rather a series of pitched battles fought along the whole line. Hofer was in chief command, one wing being placed under Speckbacher, Father Joachim leading on another. Father Joachim wore the habit of his order, the brown robe and the cord of St. Francis ; a small black crucifix which he used in his ministrations to the dying was enclosed in a little purse or bag carried about his neck. That cross saved his life that day, and turned away the only bullet that struck the heroic monk. A tall mountain staff with an image of St. Francis carried on the top was his sole weapon. Foremost in the post of danger, where-

ever the rain of bullets fell thickest, might this holy standard be discerned while the fight lasted. Once, when a body of the peasants, broken by a terrible shower of grapeshot, began to fall back, he flung himself wildly into their midst, shouting in a voice of thunder, "Was this your promise at the altar this morning? *Farewell, perjured men; I shall meet you yonder to accuse you at the tribunal of God. Farewell for ever,*" and he rushed himself forward amidst the rain of fire. The men, turning, shouted, "*No! never! Father, never!*" and like furies rushed upon the Bavarian guns, and absolutely bore all before them. "But not for an instant," says the historian, "did Father Joachim forget his higher vocation in the exciting exercise of the strange calling which circumstances had forced upon him; one moment leading a furious charge into the very cannons' mouth, the next on his knees upon the bloodstained ground, whispering in the ears of the dying man the last words of consolation and forgiveness, and holding before his eyes the image of the Redeemer. No, never for one moment did he forget the priest and the religious in the soldier and the patriot."

On the wings, the Tyrolese by midday were successful: but in the centre matters were critical in the extreme. The main body of the Bavarians finally made a furious and at first a successful charge on the Tyrolese position. "Hofer," says the chronicler, "in that moment of danger displayed an heroic energy and courage which were decisive of victory, yet, as it were, trembling in the balance. Messengers were despatched in every direction to Ampass and to the Gallwiese to summon all up to a general attack. With his sword in one hand, and his rosary in the other, Hofer in person led his followers to the charge. Their enthusiastic valour bore down all opposition. With the cry, 'For God, for Tyrol, and the Emperor!' the heroic peasantry rushed forward, and the same cry burst from the lips of those who fell. The main body of the enemy were driven back upon Wiltau, while shouts of victory from both right and left witnessed to the success of the Tyrolese in all quarters."

This crowning victory was followed by like success in the east and south. Tyrol was once more free; but again free for but

a flash of time. Fortune had once more turned in Napoleon's favour, and by the truce of Znaim the Tyrolese were again abandoned into the hands of their powerful and merciless foes. The truce was, of course, only the prelude to a formal treaty of peace. It had, however, for the Tyrolese the fatal effect of setting free for use against them the full force of their foes ; and once more upwards of 50,000 marched upon Tyrol. But not even now were the Tyrolese appalled ! It amounted merely to this, that they had to begin once more, and win all their victories over again—which they did, many of them on the same ground, the Berg Isel notably, which in all the risings was the scene of the culminating combat.

This, known as *the third rising*, is a glorious page in the history of Tyrol ; for its brave people on this occasion—alone and unsupported—not only resisted but swept out of the land a force of tenfold their numbers, and with one hundredfold their resources. Again was Lefebvre ignominiously driven into retreat ; again was the Berg Isel the scene of victory, and again Innspruck the capital cleared of the foe.

CHAPTER VIII.

TYROL BETRAYED. HOFER CAPTURED.

Hofer was now by joyful acclamation installed as ruler—Viceroy for good Kaiser Franz—until the Emperor should be in a position to formally appoint and send thither his representative. For the peasant-Viceroy, once the hour of danger to his country was over, and the roar of battle hushed, longed for the retirement of his own humble home, and yearned to change the lofty position and serious duties of governor for his own simple and laborious avocations. Though a *truce*, as we have noticed, had been agreed to between France and Austria, no *peace* had as yet been concluded ; and the Tyrolese never once doubted—indeed, it is but too plain they were encouraged to believe—that Kaiser Franz (true to the promise he had made

them when this struggle began), would never again sign a peace that would hand them over to a hated rule. Either he would sign a peace securing them their hard-won rights, or he would, when the truce fell out, renew the struggle ; and in either case, they, by freeing Tyrol of the foe, were anticipating their duty !

Alas ! not only was that Royal pledge not kept—no doubt, it was impossible to keep it—but, far worse, the hapless Tyrolese were in effect lured to their ruin. While the treaty of peace was being negotiated, and while, if they had but been made aware of the truth, they might have shaped their own course so as to secure for themselves perhaps honourable and advantageous terms—they were not only not informed of what was in progress, but were encouraged to maintain their defensive and defiant attitude. Even long *after* the peace had been concluded and signed, they were left uninformed of the fact. They were left to hear of it first in proclamations of the enemy. They laughed these to scorn, as base falsehoods, devices put forward to deceive them. If any such peace had been signed, they said, early word would have been sent to them. No word had reached them, therefore it was all a lie ; and to every summons to lay down their arms (and, unquestionably, favourable terms were offered on these conditions by the French commander) they replied only by messages of the most deadly defiance. They would not receive flags of truce ; they answered the most amicable messages with a swoop upon the advancing enemy, who was thus, they said, belying Kaiser Franz, and endeavouring to lure them into desertion of his cause !

Brave, noble, people ! Faithful amongst the faithless. True of heart themselves, they were incapable of understanding vacillation like that displayed by the Austrian officials. We may well ask to be excused if we pass quickly over this sad portion of our story ; the last despairing struggle—the wild, hopeless effort of desperation—that consummated the sacrifice of the betrayed and abandoned Tyrol. Accordingly as belief in the authenticity of the fatal treaty began to penetrate, resistance became more and more desultory, and partook less and less of the character of an organised national defence. Hofer, his soul torn with anguish, knew not what to believe or whom to

credit; one hour persuaded that the Emperor *had* signed the peace, and that therefore it was best to lay down arms; another, ashamed of his weakness in crediting such a story, and resolving to go forth and perish amidst the ruins of Tyrolean liberty. It is unquestionable that this horrid uncertainty, this conflict of intelligence, caused the patriot to act in a manner highly calculated to exasperate the invading commanders; one of whom at least, General Baraguay de Hilliers, showed undoubted anxiety for a policy of clemency and kindness towards a people whose bravery had won his admiration, albeit it was displayed against his own flag. At last, Hofer sent forward an overture of submission "in obedience to his dear Emperor's will expressed in the treaty of peace;" but when the messenger returned to conclude the surrender, he found Hofer not only of a different mind, but leading his men to attack the French position! Finally, when after much of this uncertainty and vacillation his own judgment had become fully convinced that the peace had been signed, and that submission was the wisest course, we find him absolutely coerced, morally if not physically, by the excited and desperate people, to hold his place at their head, as they would not hear of anything like surrender! They had beaten the foe often before, and why should they not beat off the foe again, if he would but lead them as of old!

But, alas! it was not to be; and soon the last glimmer of hope died out in the heart of the boldest, and despair heavy and chill darkened every soul. In the wild infatuation of men driven desperate and reckless, they had spurned every olive branch; and now a war torch—merciless, unsparing, ruthless—desolated the land. The patriot leaders of the Tyrol were outlaws in the hills, with a price upon each head; "and he, the noblest of them all," scorning flight, scarcely cared to hide. Friends adjured him to escape while yet there was time: No—Hofer, with a sorrowful dignity declined to fly. He evidently little wished to survive the ruin of his country. To all entreaties he simply answered that he could not leave his wife and children in the hands of the enemy. "*My* head alone," said he, "is menaced; and if it fall, my family will be spared." It is said that even a private message from the Emperor in Vienna

reached him, urging him to effect his escape into the Austrian dominions, and to come on to Vienna, where not only security, but grateful reward, honour, and ease, would be his for evermore. But a strange mysterious power seemed to chain him to the soil of Tyrol. He would not quit it. His only reply to the Emperor's message was to write a letter to the Kaiser stating his resolution not to choose an exile's life, and beseeching his beloved Emperor to exert his influence to save him from the fate that now but too surely menaced him at the hands of Napoleon.

That dark and mournful fate was now near at hand. It is said that the magisterial functionaries of the district within one of the valleys of which Hofer had retired, were long aware, "unofficially," of his presence; but they would fain be blind and deaf and dumb on such a subject as long as possible; though fully conscious that Government vengeance might fall on themselves if it became known they had hesitated to "do their duty." At length a Judas was found to clutch the Bavarian blood-money; and now the magistrates, secretly hating the wretch on whose information they were bound to act, were left without excuse. They forwarded the traitor and his depositions, as in duty bound, to the French General Huard at Meran, who instantly ordered out a strong detachment of Italian soldiers to accompany him and effect his victim's capture.

"In the night of the 27th January, 1810, a party of these men, leaving their companions in the bottom of the valley, toiled up the heights, through the deep snow which shrouded them." It was four o'clock in the morning when they reached the little mountain hut where Hofer, his devoted wife, his little son John, and a faithful companion (his secretary, Sweth) lay. The military effectually surrounded the house; but some rustle of their accoutrements caught the watchful ear of the faithful Sweth. He and little John sprang from the bed and rushed out through the door to see. They only rushed into the arms of the soldiers, who seized them fast and bound them. Their cries aroused the others inside. They did not agitate Hofer; whose heart unerringly told him at the first sound that his hour had come. Calmly he stepped forward to the soldiers,

and addressing the commander, said—"I am the man for whom you seek. I am Andreas Hofer. Do with *me* what you list ; but these are guiltless." It might have been thought that Hofer's noble and calm demeanour would have won for him the admiration and respect of his captors ; but, irritated by the bloody resistance they had encountered in the Tyrol, and brutalised by the system of savage licence and retaliation in which their commanders had encouraged them, these men seemed dead to the feelings of humanity or of military honour. The captives were treated with shocking brutality. A rope was thrown around Hofer's neck and he was cast down on the snow ; the wretches actually tearing out handfuls of his venerable beard till his face ran down with blood. Casting his eyes, says the narrator, on the Secretary and his little son, Hofer said—"Let us bear patiently, so may we thereby expiate some of our sins." The captives were brought along with much display of force : muskets loaded, a cannon with an artilleryman and lighted match ; and so, like a sheep in the butcher's hands, led to slaughter, the Father of his country was dragged ignominiously through Passeyer, as the early sun was gilding the silent hills. When the news of the capture spread, a mournful wail went over the land ; a wail of bitter poignant grief, and broken pride of manhood, that Tyrol had seen this day of helpless agony and shame.

General Baraguay de Hilliers gave way to manly and honourable anger when he heard how the Patriot had been treated ; and thenceforth Hofer was treated with kindness and consideration. At Botzen he parted from his wife, Anna the true-hearted—and his little children. Ah ! Here he was conquered for a moment ! Here the great soul so calm amidst every terror was overcome ! For Hofer was a father and a husband, wrapped in the existence of his little family. However, he had long been prepared for this moment. Neither of them—the brave wife nor he—disguised from the other that they were parting for ever in the world. No vain clutching at idle hope tortured them with suspense. In this hour, as at all times, Hofer turned to God with a resignation for which the annals of Christian martyrdom alone disclose a parallel.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MARTYRDOM.

He was sent off under heavy escort to Mantua. Only in that iron fortress, removed beyond the frontier of Tyrol, could his captors deem their prey secure. On the road, stopping a night at Ala, the house wherein he and his guard were quartered caught fire. In the confusion there was no attempt to watch the prisoner, and he might at any moment easily have gone off. So far from so doing, however, Hofer exerted himself with daring courage in checking the fire. Some well-wishers entreated him to profit by the accident and escape; but he rejected the idea as most dishonourable; and when the French officers, struck with admiration of his noble conduct, thanked him for his services, Hofer in the simplicity of his soul could not conceive that he had done anything extraordinary; "Sure," said he, "every Christian is bound to help in putting out a fire."

On the 5th February, they reached Mantua. Hofer was at once arraigned before a Court-Martial; the president being that same General Bisson whom Hofer's Tyrolese had compelled to capitulate at Wiltan in the early days of the struggle. Bisson, however, to his eternal honour, so far from allowing this recollection to embitter him against the illustrious patriot now a prisoner before him, acted with a generosity that showed him to have a feeling heart. The court was divided. Two had the courage to vote for his absolute acquittal. As to the punishment, the majority were for simple confinement; a minority for pronouncing sentence of death. This want of unanimity induced the president, Bisson, who is said to have been much impressed by the union of simplicity, fortitude, and gentleness which Hofer displayed, to refer the matter to the Viceroy at Milan for instructions. But Napoleon himself saw that in a day or two he was sure to have an embarrassing application from his father-in-law the Emperor at Vienna, to spare the Tyrolese leader's life; an application he would find it hard to refuse, but with which he was resolved not to comply. There was one way out of the difficulty; and that was to put Hofer's life beyond

recal, before the inevitable interposition from Vienna could have time to be exerted. Accordingly—on the 19th—Bisson received a brief telegraphic despatch ordering *the prisoner to be shot within twenty-four hours.*

Hofer received the dread announcement with sublime equanimity ; and four hours before his death penned the following letter to his brother-in-law, Herr Puchler, of Newmarkt :—

“ MY VERY DEAR BROTHER—It is the will of God that here, at Mantua, I change a mortal for an eternal state. But, thanks be to God, the step seems to me as easy as if I were taking an ordinary journey ; and, doubtless, He will support me, and give me grace until the end, that my soul may join the company of the elect, in that place where it may be permitted me to implore His mercy for all who were dear to me here below, especially my benefactors. You, my very dear friend, and your spouse, are included among the latter ; and my acknowledgments are due to you for the little book [a prayer-book], and for many other kindnesses. Pray for me—you and all the good friends who yet live in the world I am going to leave—pray for me, that I may be delivered from the Purgatory where, perhaps, I must expiate my faults.

“ My beloved wife is to have Mass said for my soul at the Church of St. Martin's. She is to have me prayed for in both parishes ; and to let the under-landlord give my friends soup, meat, and half a bottle of wine each.

“ My dear Püchler, go yourself to St. Martin's, and give directions to the under-landlord ; he will do what is necessary, but do not say a word to any person of the affair.

“ The money I had with me I have distributed to the poor ; as for the rest, settle my accounts with the people as justly as you can.

“ All, in this world, farewell, till we meet in Heaven to praise God eternally. I entreat all my acquaintance, and all the inhabitants of the Passeyr, to remember me in their prayers. Let not my wife afflict herself too much on my account ; I will pray for her and all in the presence of God.

“ Adieu, passing world ! death appears so sweet to me that my eyes are not once been wet on account of it.

“ Written at five o'clock in the morning ; and at nine o'clock I set off, with the aid of the saints, on my journey to God.

“ Thy beloved in this life,

“ ANDREAS HOFER,

“ Of Sand, in Passeyer.

“ Mantua, February 20th, 1810.

“ In the name and by the help of the Lord I undertake this journey.”



Death of Hofer.

His judges—yea, even the iron-visaged men of battle—were moved to tears as they passed the sentence. Indeed Hofer himself alone of the group seemed calm, resigned, tranquil. They asked him had he any request to make, that they might gladly grant or religiously obey it, since they could do no more. Yes, he had : *one—but* one request—and that he would indeed beseech them to concede. It was that he might have a priest to attend him in his death-hour. Oh, noble, glorious Hofer ! Oh, true hero ! Immortal example of Christian patriotism ! As he lived so would he die : for God and his dear Tyrol !

Father Joham Jacob Manifesti, who prepared him for death, and who never left him till the sentence had been executed, stated afterwards that so great was the strength of faith and the gladness of spirit evinced by him in his last hours, that there seemed no need to administer comfort to one who went to death with the joy of a willing martyr. He committed to the good father all the money he had about him (consisting of about 500 florins and his silver snuff-box) for distribution amongst his poor fellow-prisoners and countrymen in Mantua, asking only that they would remember in their prayers the soul of Andreas Hofer, Innkeeper of the Passeyer.

The fatal morning came when Hofer was to look his last to earth and sky. They led him forth upon an open bastion of the fortress, the military band playing a march ; and a detachment of soldiers preceding and following the prisoner. Hofer, we are told, walked rapidly and firmly, kissing the crucifix which he held in his hand. As he passed close to the barracks of the Porta Molina where other of the Tyrolese were confined, he cheerfully saluted them in his own kindly manner. They were all upon their knees, weeping and praying aloud. Some of them petitioned the escort to let them approach, and for the last time kiss the hand of their beloved chief. The commandant, himself not a little affected, granted the request ; and the escort halted whilst Hofer embraced the weeping group who knelt before him, kissing his hands, bathing them in tears, and asking his last blessing. He gave them his blessing, and bade them all farewell ; telling them to be of good heart ; that the just God

still lived, and that ere long the fatherland would return to the beloved Kaiser Franz. There was not a dry eye even amongst the rough soldiery who witnessed this touching scene.

On the broad bastion not far from the Porta Ceresa the grenadiers formed a hollow square. When Hofer reached the fatal spot, he knelt down and for a while remained deeply absorbed in prayer. Then rising he turned to Father Manifesti who stood by his side, and grasped his hand in farewell ; giving to him as a memorial his little silver crucifix which he always wore upon his bosom, and his rosary—that holy weapon on which Hofer had even more firmly relied than on his sword for protection, and which had been waved so often aloft on the battlefields of his country. He had naught else to give ; and, said he, “ I need no more now. My wife and family I leave to the Emperor.”

Two orderlies approached with a white kerchief to bandage his eyes. “ No, no,” said Hofer, “ I have been used to look death in the face. I will not shrink now.” He likewise refused to kneel, according to custom, ere the word was given : “ I stand before Him who created me ; and standing I will render up my soul to Him.” He also informed them that he himself would give the word to fire. He then charged the corporal of the firing party to see that he and his men performed their duty well ; presenting him with a twenty kreutzer piece which he had retained for that purpose. And now the last moment had come. There was a silence broken only by the stifled sobs from some weeping attendant, and the cold click of the triggers as the muskets came to the aim. For a moment there was a pause : all eyes were fixed on Hofer, whose erect manly form stood up against the sky. Lifting his hand above his head, in a voice as clear and loud as that which often woke the echoes of his native hills, he raised one last hurra “ for Kaizer Franz and dear Tyrol ”—the heart’s devotion strong in death ! Then for an instant clasping both hands upon his breast, he looked to Heaven and moved his lips in prayer. Suddenly flinging them out extended wide apart, he thundered out the signal “ FIRE ! ” One crashing volley—the smoke lifts up ; the soldiers, too much agitated by their emotions, have not

aimed well. Hofer is seen bending faintly on one knee. A second volley stretches him on the ground—yet even still he is seen to live, and makes an effort to rise. A corporal advances, and mercifully places the muzzle of his gun to the dying patriot's head, and fires. All seems ended now. The lifeless body is lifted tenderly from the ground; for the French are anxious to pay the heroic Tyrolese a soldier's last honours. They place the remains reverentially on a bier, and, covered with a black pall, bear them in sorrowful procession into the Church of St. Michael, where a requiem Mass is forthwith begun. As the book is being removed for the first Gospel, the beholders observe, with feelings impossible to describe, that the body stirs beneath the pall! At the offertory a slight convulsive motion agitates the bier; but in a moment all is still, and when the Mass is done, and they lift the pall, they see with ample certainty at last that all is over. The pale cold face upturned to their own, will never move again. The Sandwirth's voice no more will rouse Tyrol. His last fight is fought; his last prayer said. By a strange and solemn circumstance the Martyr Patriot has expired while over his bier the Holy Sacrifice was being offered for his soul!

The body was allowed to lie in state; and a guard of honour was appointed to watch by the catafalque. The whole garrison—foes as they were in war—with noble generosity united in offering honour and reverence to the remains of the brave and heroic Sandwirth; and with every mark of sorrow, followed him to the grave.

The hallowed spot became a place of pious pilgrimage for his countrymen, when his prophetic words came true, and Tyrol had once again returned to the rule of Kaiser Franz. The Emperor himself paid a tribute of gratitude to the memory of his devoted adherent by a visit to his tomb. Tyrol, however, claimed her own. A battalion of Tyrolese riflemen returning home from service in Italy in 1823, passing through Mantua, resolved to bring the remains of their hero back to his native mountains. They raised the coffin despite the energetic opposition of the parish priest within whose family enclosure Hofer had been laid. The commandant of the fortress sent word to

Vienna ; “ but,” says the writer whom I quote, “ not only was the act of pious violence unrebuked, but the Emperor favoured the desire of the Tyrolese.” Accordingly six of the patriots, old comrades, accompanied by the whole battalion, carried his remains to Innspruck, where, on the 21st of February, they were solemnly deposited in the Cathedral in presence of an immense concourse of people. The Emperor caused a statue of white marble, from Ichlanders, executed by a Tyrolese sculptor, to be erected to the patriot’s memory in the same church.

Nor was his last behest to the Kaiser a misplaced confidence. Already in 1809 the Emperor had signed a patent of nobility for Hofer. He now allotted a pension of 500 gulden to his widow and 200 to each of his four daughters ; undertaking the charge and education of his son. Down to our own days that sacred debt of gratitude is owned by the Austrian monarch to the children’s children of the Sandwirth.

It would be interesting to trace the eventful chapter which forms the sequel to the life of Hofer ; and to follow the fortunes of the lion-hearted Speckbacher, and the warrior-priest, Father Joachim. But our allotted space has been all too little for the great events we have endeavoured to describe—merely epitomising what competent and authentic writers have more copiously related. Suffice it that scarcely had Hofer lain four years in his exile grave, when Tyrol once more returned to her rightful Prince ; and when, in 1848, the foes of Austria again assailed her, Tyrol, as of yore, sent forth her hardy sons to fight the good old fight ; the student volunteers of Innspruck being led to battle by the age-bowed but still brave-hearted patriot priest, Father Joachim.

The Death of Hofer.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS MOSEN,

By "ERIONACH" IN THE "NATION."

I.

In Mantua, in fetters,
The gallant Hofer lies,
In Mantua foes muster,
For at the noon he dies.
Great Germany 'neath sorrow bends—
But, ah ! what bitter anguish rends
Thy breaking heart, Tyrol !*

II.

See ! now in chains comes Hofer
From out his dungeon drear,
With mien so firm and dauntless,
Of death he has small fear—
Of death !—which he a hundred times
Hurled down on foemen red with crimes,
From thy great hills, Tyrol !

III.

And as his warrior-brethren
From many a grated cell
Stretch forth their hands to bid him
One loving, last farewell,
His words fall clear : "God be your helm,
God guard our knave-sold German realm,
And bless our own Tyrol."

* It may be necessary to observe that in pronouncing the name 'Tyrol,' the accent is on the last syllable; the 'o' being long, as in 'role.'

IV.

Grim, marshalled stand the soldiers ;
Their clangour cease the drums,
As under the gloomy gateway
Lo, gallant Hofer comes—
Lo, on the bastion broad stands he
In fetters—yet in fetters, FREE—
The Hero of Tyrol !

V.

They whisper : “kneel down lowly,”
He speaks. “I’ll do it not ;
I’ll die, as now, upstanding,
I’ll die *as I have fought* :
And, dying, on this bastion grey,
Long life to good King Franz, I pray,
All glory to Tyrol !”

VI.

They strike the clanking irons
From off the patriot’s hands,
And earnestly prays Hofer
His last prayer where he stands ;
Then, turning, rings his firm voice higher—
“Aim well, foes—fire ! How ill ye fire !
Farewell—farewell—Tyrol !”

Religion in the Tyrol.

REMARKABLE TESTIMONY OF A PROTESTANT.

A writer in the London *Spectator*, signing himself "Vacuus Viator," gives his impressions of Tyrol and the Tyrolese as follows:— I had expected to find them a people much given to the outward forms and ceremonies of religion, at any rate—every guide-book tells one thus much; but I was not at all prepared for the extraordinary hold which their Christianity has laid upon the whole external life of the country. You can't travel a mile in the Tyrol, along any road, without coming upon a shrine—in general by the wayside, often in the middle of the fields. All bore marks of watchful care; in many, garlands of flowers, or berries, or an ear or two of ripe maize, were hung round the figure on the cross. Then in every village in which we slept the bells began ringing for matins at five or six, and in every case the congregation seemed to be very large in proportion to the population. I was told, and believe, that in all the houses, even in the inns of most of these villages, there is a family worship every evening at a specific hour, generally at seven. The ostlers and stablemen have the same habit as our own, of pasting or nailing up rude prints on the stable doors, and of all those which I examined while we were changing horses, or where we stopped for food or rest, there was only one which was not a sacred object. In short, to an Englishman accustomed to the reserve of his own country on such subjects, the contrast is very startling. If a Hindoo or any other intelligent heathen were dropped down in any English county, he might travel for days without knowing whether we have any religion at all; but, most assuredly, he could not do so in the Tyrol. Now, which is the best state of things? I believe her Majesty has no stauncher Protestant than I amongst her subjects, but I own that a week in the Tyrol has made me consider a thing or two. Our bills were the most reasonable I have ever met with, and I could not detect a single attempt at imposition in the smallest particular. I went into the fruit market at Meran, and, after buying some grapes, went to an old woman who was selling figs. She was wholly unable to understand my speech, so, being in a hurry, I put a note for the magnificent sum of ten kreutzer (or 3d sterling) into her hand, making signs to her to put the equivalent in figs into a small basket I was carrying. This she proceeded to do, and when she had piled eight or ten figs on the grapes I turned to go, but by vehement signs she detained me till she had given the full tale, some three or four more. She was only a fair specimen of what I found on all sides. They may be educated in time into buying cheap and selling dear, but as yet that great principle does not seem to have dawned on them. There may be some danger in superstition in this setting-up of crucifixes and sacred prints by the wayside and on stable doors; but, on the other hand, the figure on the cross, meeting one at every corner, is not un-

likely, I should think, to keep a poor man from the commonest vices to which he is tempted in his daily life, if it does no more. He would scarcely like to stagger by it drunk from the nearest pot-house. If stable boys are to have rough woodcuts on their doors, one of the Crucifixion or of the Mater Dolorosa is likely to do them more good than the winner of the Derby or Tom Sayers. Those words of the old middle-age hymn seemed to be singing in my ears through all the Tyrol :—

Fac me vero tecum flere
Crucifix condolere
Donec ego vixero.

I shall never find a country in which it will do one more good to travel.

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
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
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