

CHAPTER VI.

ANDREAS HOFER.

THE streets of Vienna were silent and deserted; all houses were dark; everywhere the note of life had died away, and only here and there a hackney-coach was heard to drive slowly through the lonely streets, or a belated wanderer was seen to return home with a weary step.

Vienna slept and dreamed of the welcome news which, despite the late hour, had spread like wild-fire from the concert-hall through the city—of the joyful intelligence that war against France was resolved on, and that the time was at length at hand when the wrongs perpetrated by Napoleon were to be avenged.

Vienna slept and dreamed; only in the wing of the imperial palace where lay the rooms occupied by the Archduke John, the lights had not yet been extinguished, and at times dark figures were seen moving to and fro behind the windows.

The Archduke John did not sleep yet, but he had already dismissed Conrad, his valet de chambre; he had permitted the other footmen to retire from the anteroom to their bedchambers, and had then himself locked the door of the outer anteroom.

"I do not trust Conrad, my valet de chambre," he said to Count Nugent, who was with him in his cabinet; "it is he, doubtless, who has been placed as a 'guardian angel' by my side, and is to report regularly all I am doing."

"Your highness ought to discharge the fellow forthwith," exclaimed Count Nugent, indignantly.

"I shall take good care not to do so," said John, smiling; "on the contrary, I shall try to keep Conrad as long as possible in my service, for I know him, and shall be able to mystify him. I shall always have to suffer a spy by my side, for the love and solicitude of my imperial brother will never leave me for a single moment without close surveillance; and Conrad is less distasteful to me than another spy probably would be. Still, I did not want him to report any thing about

the visitors who will be here to-night, and therefore I dismissed him for the night."

"But he will probably stand in the street to watch his master's windows," said Nugent, with a shrug; "and the shadows which he will see he may distort into all sorts of spectres which will be mentioned in the emperor's police report to-morrow morning."

"Oh, I am not afraid of that at this hour," exclaimed John. "The emperor knows that I am to receive the delegates of the Tyrolese; I myself told him so to-day, and he approves of it. But harm might befall my Tyrolese at their homes, if their plans were discovered previous to their deliverance from the Bavarian yoke. But hush, did you not hear a rustling sound in the corridor?"

"Yes, I did; it is drawing near—it is at the door now, and—somebody raps already."

"Our friends are there," exclaimed John, hastening to the door, and drawing back the bolt.

The archduke was not mistaken; his friends were there, and entered his cabinet now by the secret door. They were headed by Baron von Hormayr in his brilliant gold-embroidered uniform, which rendered doubly conspicuous the beauty of his slender yet firmly-knit form, and the noble expression of his prepossessing, youthful face. He was followed by three Tyrolese, clad in their national costume, and holding their rifles in their arms.

The first of them was a man about forty years old. His frame was Herculean, his shoulders broad, his strength immense; his head was covered with dense black hair, his bronzed face was radiant with kind-heartedness and good-humor. His dress was the common habit of the country, with some trifling variations: a large black hat, with a broad brim, black ribbons, and a dark curling feather; a green jacket, red waistcoat, broad green braces crossed on the breast; a black leathern girdle, adorned, according to the Tyrolese custom, with all sorts of ivory and other ornaments; black breeches, red stockings, and black shoes with buckles. About his neck was always to be seen a silver crucifix fastened to a heavy gold chain, and over it, down to the girdle, flowed his

large black beard, which imparted a strange, fantastic air to his whole appearance. This man was Andreas Hofer, the innkeeper of Passeyr, to whom the Italian Tyrolese, on account of his long beard, had given the name of "Barbone."

The second of the Tyrolese who entered the archduke's cabinet was a man of no less imposing appearance, dressed entirely like Andreas Hofer; only the long beard was wanting to him, and, instead of a black hat, he wore the pointed green Tyrolese hat, adorned with hunting ornaments. His face, less good-natured and serene than that of his friend, was expressive of energy and resolution; courage and shrewdness beamed from his black eyes, and a peculiar expression of defiance and scorn played around his full lips. This was Joseph Speckbacher, known by every inhabitant of the northern Tyrol as "the bold chamois-hunter."

He was followed by a third Tyrolese, as proud and strong, as robust and fine-looking, as his two companions. It was Anthony Wallner, the innkeeper of Windisch-Matrey, and, like Speckbacher, Hofer's intimate friend.

The archduke advanced to meet the Tyrolese, and shook hands with each of them.

"Welcome, my Tyrolese, welcome!" he said, in a deeply-moved voice; "may God and the Holy Virgin grant that no harm result from your visit to me! You know that I have never ceased to love you, and that when, in the year 1805, I had to bid farewell to Andreas Hofer and the dear Tyrol, my heart almost broke with grief and despair."

"Look, look!" exclaimed Andreas Hofer, turning with a radiant smile to his two friends; "he is indeed the same man who bade us farewell at that time in Brunecken, and was not ashamed of embracing Andreas Hofer and shedding tears on his shoulder for the poor sacrificed Tyrol."

"And who is glad to-day to be able to embrace Andreas Hofer again," said the archduke, encircling the Herculean form of the Tyrolese innkeeper with his arms. "But I will shed no tears to-day, Andreas, for I hope the time of tears is over, and you have come to tell me so, to bring me love-greetings from the Tyrolese, and the hope of better times. Say,

you three brave men from the Tyrol, Andreas Hofer, Joseph Speckbacher, Anthony Wallner, is it not so? Have you not come to tell me that the Tyrol is longing for her emperor and desirous of getting rid of the Bavarians?"

"Yes, we have come to say this to our dear John," exclaimed Andreas Hofer.

"We have come to ask if Austria does not intend to call upon her Tyrol to rise and fight under her banners," said Joseph Speckbacher.

"We have come to ask our Archduke John if he will help us with his troops and cannon in case we Tyrolese should rise now to expel the Bavarians from the country," said Anthony Wallner, with flashing eyes.

"We have come to ask our John, Is it time?" exclaimed Andreas Hofer.

The archduke held out his hand to him with a firm and resolute glance. "Yes," he said, "yes, Andreas Hofer, it is time! Yes, Anthony Wallner, Austria will assist the Tyrolese with her troops and cannon in expelling the Bavarians and French from their country. Yes, Joseph Speckbacher, Austria intends to call upon her faithful Tyrol to rise and fight under her banners; she will engage in a mortal contest for you and with you!"

"God grant success to our united efforts!" said Andreas Hofer, folding his hands over the crucifix on his breast. "During all these years I have prayed every day to the Holy Virgin to let me live and see the day when the Austrian eagle shall once more adorn our boundary-posts, and when we may again fondly and faithfully love our Emperor Francis as our legitimate sovereign. The good God in heaven, I hope, will forgive me for having been a very bad and obstinate subject of the King of Bavaria. I would never submit to the new laws, and could not discover in my old Austrian heart a bit of loyalty or love for the ruler who was forced upon us."

"No, you were a stubborn disloyalist, Andy," said Hormayr, "and, as spokesman of your whole district, you raised your voice against every new law which the Bavarian government promulgated in your country. But, it is true, the Tyrolese love their Andy for this, and say that he is the most

honest, faithful, and reliable man in the whole valley of the Adige."

"To be courageous is not so difficult if the cause which you fight for is a good one," said Andreas Hofer, calmly. "God Himself engraved on my heart the commandment to be loyal to my emperor, my country, and its laws; and if you call me reliable, dear friend, you merely say that I do my duty as a Christian, for the Bible says, 'Let your communication be Yea, yea; nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of sin.' Therefore, do not praise me for that which is only my duty, and which Speckbacher and Wallner, and all our dear friends in the valley of the Adige, do just as well as I. For the rest, I must tell you, gentlemen, it is not so strange that we should be attached to the emperor; for the Bavarians are governing our country in such a manner as if they were intent only on making us love our emperor every day more and more, and long for him more intensely."

"It is true, Andy is right," exclaimed Anthony Wallner; "the Bavarians oppress us fearfully, and we will not stand it any longer; we will become Austrians again, as our fathers were, and will fight for our liberty and our old privileges which Bavaria solemnly guaranteed, and which her authorities basely intend to overthrow."

"Which they have already overthrown," cried Joseph Speckbacher, his eyes flashing with anger. "The court of Munich seems intent only on making the utmost of their new acquisition. Our old constitution has been overthrown by a royal edict; the representative estates have been suppressed, and the provincial funds seized. No less than eight new and oppressive taxes have been imposed and are being levied with the utmost rigor; the very name of our country has been abolished; the royal property has all been brought into the market; new imports are daily exacted without any consultation with the estates of the people; specie has become scarce, from the quantity of it which is being drawn off to the Bavarian treasury; the Austrian notes have been reduced to half their value; and, to crown all these wrongs, compulsory levies are held among our young men, who are to serve in the ranks of our oppressors! No, we must break the yoke weighing us

down—we will become freemen again—as freemen we will live and die—as freemen we will belong again to our beloved Emperor Francis, whose ancestors have ruled over us for so many centuries past."

"If all the Tyrolese think and feel as you three do," said the Archduke John, with sparkling eyes, "you will recover your liberty and your emperor, despite the Bavarians and French."

"All feel and think as we do," said Hofer, thoughtfully; "we have all vowed to God and the Holy Virgin that we will deliver the Tyrol from the enemy; and every man, every lad in our mountains and valleys, is ready to take up his rifle and fight for his dear Emperor Francis."

"We are here as delegates of the whole Tyrol," said Anthony Wallner, "to ascertain the wishes and intentions of the emperor and his government, prefer our bitter complaints, and declare the firm resolution of the Tyrolese to shrink from no sacrifice in order to be reunited with Austria and to reconquer our ancient rights and liberties."

"But we need assistance for this purpose," added Joseph Speckbacher, "speedy and vigorous assistance; above all, we need troops, money, ammunition, and supplies. Will Austria give them to us?"

"She will," said the archduke. "She will send you a *corps d'armée*, money, ammunition, and supplies. Only you must be ready and prepared to rise as one man when we give you the signal of insurrection."

"We are ready!" exclaimed Andreas Hofer, nodding joyously. "But you must not delay the signal very long, for delays are highly dangerous under the present circumstances. We and our friends have prepared the insurrection, and it is as if a large torrent of fire were flowing secretly under the surface of the Tyrol; if some shrewd Bavarian should scratch away some of the earth, he would discover the fire, fetch water, and extinguish the flames, before the Austrians reach the country and prevent him from so doing. A secret known to a great many is seldom well kept; it is, as it were, a ripe fruit which must fall from the tree, even though it should hit and crush the head of the owner of the tree."

"Yes, what is to be done must be done soon," said Anthony Wallner. "The men of Passeyr, Meran, Mays, and Algund, are ready, and have entered into a secret league with the whole valley of the Inn. The district of the Adige, too, has joined us, and the German and Italian Tyrolese, who formerly never liked each other, have now agreed to stand shoulder to shoulder and rise on one day and as one man, in order to drive the Bavarians and French from their mountains."

"We are waiting only for Austria to give the signal; pray do not keep us waiting too long, for we men of the Lower Innthal, too, are all ready and armed. An enormous worm of insurrection, as it were, is creeping through the Lower Inn valley, and the worm has four heads, which look toward all quarters of the world. One head is Rupert Wintersteller, of Kirchdorf; the second is Jacob Sieberer, of Thiersen; the third is Antony Aschbacher, of Achenthal; and the fourth is I, Joseph Speckbacher, of Kufstein."

"In the Puster valley, too, a storm is brewing, and all are ready and impatient to rise in insurrection," said Hofer. "Therefore, dear brother of our emperor, give us good news, that we may take it home to the men of the Tyrol, for their hearts are longing and crying for their sovereign the emperor."

"And the emperor, on his part, is longing for his Tyrolese," said the archduke. "The time has come when that which belongs together is to be reunited. Let us consult and deliberate, then, my friends, what we should do in order to attain our great object, and reunite the Tyrolese with their emperor."

"Yes, let us consult," said Hofer, solemnly; "and let us pray God and the Holy Virgin to enlighten our minds."

He raised the crucifix from his breast to his face and bent over it, muttering a prayer.

"Now I am ready," he said, slowly dropping the crucifix; "let us deliberate. But I tell you beforehand, I am no military hero, nor a wise man in council. I am resolved to do all that is necessary to deliver my dear Tyrol from the enemy, and to strike and fire at the Bavarians and French until they run away terror-stricken, and restore us to our dear Emperor Francis. But I am unversed in negotiations and devising

shrewd tricks and stratagems. I am only a plain peasant, who has a great deal of love and fidelity in his heart, but only few thoughts in his head. Baron von Hormayr and the archduke may do the thinking for me. They shall be the head, and I the arm and heart. Speckbacher and Wallner yonder have good heads too, though I do not wish to say that their hearts are not also in the right place; on the contrary, I know that they are. Let us consult, then, and bear in mind that God hears us, and that the Tyrolese are waiting for us."

"You are an excellent man, Andy," exclaimed John, holding out his hand to Hofer with a tender glance—"a childlike soul, full of love, fidelity, and tenderness; and, in gazing at you, it seems as if the whole dear Tyrol, with its mountains and valleys, its Alpine huts and chapels, its merry singers and pious prayers, were present before me. Come, then, Andy, and you other dear friends, come, let us be seated and hold a council of war."

They seated themselves around the table standing in the middle of the room.

Day was already dawning, the candles had burned down very low, the streets began to become lively, and still the Tyrolese remained in the archduke's cabinet, their faces glowing with defiance and resolution, and their eyes flashing with boldness and enthusiasm. For every thing was settled and decided now; each of them had received his instructions and been informed of the part which he was to play in the struggle. War with the Bavarians and French, and liberty for the Tyrol, was the battle-cry and goal.

"The plan is settled, then," said the Archduke John, nodding kindly to the Tyrolese. "Eleven points, especially, have been agreed upon, after mature deliberation; and it would be good for us to repeat them briefly."

"Let us do so," said Andreas Hofer. "First, then: The Tyrolese will rise against the Bavarians, in order to be reunited with Austria. We shall enlist as many soldiers for the insurgent army as possible, and try to make all Tyrolese our fellow-conspirators. They will meet on Sundays at the taverns, and the innkeepers in the valleys and mountains are the leaders of the conspiracy; they will call the meetings and

facilitate the intercourse of the conspirators with each other. If it please God, the insurrection will break out on the 9th of April, when the Austrian troops will cross the frontier of the Tyrol and hasten to our assistance. This is the best point, and God grant that it may be well executed!"

"The second point," said Joseph Speckbacher, "is as follows: No written communication whatever shall be permitted among the conspirators, and those who violate this order shall be severely punished. The secret messages will be carried by reliable and well-trying messengers from court-house to court-house and village to village. To this the third point adds the following: The oldest men in the villages will establish secret tribunals to try and punish those whom fear, self-interest, or bribes may induce to turn traitors. The families of suspicious persons, and those who betray our secrets from weakness or in a state of intoxication, must be closely watched, and they themselves will be sent to distant Alpine huts and into the mountain fastnesses, where they will be kept in close confinement."

"Fourth," said Anthony Wallner: "Every innkeeper must strive to amass provisions, forage, wine, and ammunition; for the inns in the mountains are, as it were, small fortresses for the Tyrolese, and the enemy can reach them only slowly and after surmounting a great many difficulties. Besides, the innkeepers must arrange target-shootings every Sunday, that the men from the neighborhood may assemble at their houses and join the great league of the defenders of the country. The innkeepers at very important places will receive for these purposes bills of exchange on Salzburg, Klagenfurth, and Trieste; and each of us three, Hofer, Speckbacher, and I, will take home with us one hundred and twenty ducats to be distributed among the innkeepers. Fifth: The intercourse between the mountain districts, on one side, and the plains and towns, on the other, must henceforth become rarer and rarer till the hour of the outbreak. But the mountaineers must send out, at intervals of four days, spies to ascertain the state of affairs in other parts of the country."

"Sixth," exclaimed the Archduke John, with beaming eyes: "On the day when the insurrection is to break out, Field-

Marshal Jellachich will arrive in front of Innsbruck, and the vanguard of Field-Marshal Chasteler will march through the Puster valley to the heights of Schwabs and Elbach toward Brixen, and advance the head of his column beyond the Brenner as far as Botzen. Seventh: All the forces of the enemy moving toward Germany must be chased between these two columns of the Austrians and pursued and fired at incessantly by the mountaineers; they must be prevented night and day from obtaining rest and food; the best marksmen must pick off their officers and blow up their ammunition-wagons. The Tyrolese should chase the Bavarians and the French in this manner from Botzen to Brixen, up the Brenner, and thence down to Trent. Now, friend Hornmayr, repeat the remaining four points."

"The eighth point is: The removal of the Bavarian treasure must be prevented by all means. Ninth: The Tyrolese living on the rivers must prevent the enemy by all means from destroying the bridges and roads, so that the Austrians may be able to succor them more rapidly; but they must also hold men and tools in readiness, that, after the Austrians have arrived, they may destroy the bridges in the rear of the enemy, and render the roads impassable, by obstructing them with piles of wood and rocks. Tenth: The Tyrolese will try cautiously to bring about an understanding with Switzerland, and establish connections with the Lower and Upper Engadine, Chur, Appenzell, and St. Gall; for thence will come the English agents who will convey arms and money to the Tyrolese. Eleventh—"

"Ah, let me state the eleventh point," exclaimed Joseph Speckbacher, with flashing eyes. "I intend to take part in carrying out this point of the programme. It is, to take the fortress of Kufstein on the frontier by a nocturnal *coup de main*. Field-Marshal Jellachich will move several companies of riflemen as close up to the fortress as possible, and Jacob Sieberer and Joseph Speckbacher, who will beforehand enlist assistants in the town and spy out every thing, will join them. The capture of Kufstein is to commence the glorious struggle; it is to be the first hymn of liberty which the Tyrolese will send up to heaven like a lark in spring, and by which they

will bless and praise the good God. The eleventh and last point is Kufstein. God protect us in carrying out these eleven points!"*

"Amen!" exclaimed Andreas Hofer, raising his crucifix and pressing it to his lips. "We have, then, resolved here in council with our Archduke John, and I hope also in council with the good God above, that the Tyrol is to be restored to its beloved imperial house. The work is to begin on the 9th of April, and we must be ready to rise on that day. On the 9th of April the Austrians are to cross the frontier, and on the previous evening they will inform us by firing off three rockets that they are at hand. At the same time bale-fires will be lighted on a hundred hills, and on the following morning we shall throw large quantities of blood, flour, or charcoal, into our mountain-torrents, that their blood-red, flour-white, or coal-black waters, flowing into and out of the country, may proclaim to the people that the time has come when all must rise, rifle in hand, to conquer or die for the dear Tyrol and the good Emperor Francis."

"And I, too, am ready to conquer or die for the Tyrol and the emperor, and so is the corps whose commander I am," exclaimed the archduke enthusiastically. "The emperor, my gracious master, intends to intrust me with the command of the army which is to fight with and for the Tyrol, which will check the advance of the enemy approaching the Tyrol from the Italian frontier, and will second and strengthen the insurrection of the Tyrolese. Now, then, my friends and comrades let us prepare the great work bravely, prudently, and carefully. Collect your forces, as I shall collect mine; make all your dispositions, and exhort all to behave as true sons of the Tyrol. Above all things, be cautious. Keep in check not only your tongues but your faces, especially here in Vienna. For if the Bavarian spies here ferret out that Andreas Hofer, Speckbacher, and Wallner are in Vienna, and that I have had an interview with them, their keen noses will scent at once what

* These eleven points were settled in this manner at Vienna by the delegates of the Tyrolese, the Archduke John, and Baron von Hormayr, and noted down by the latter.—See Hormayr, "Geschichte Andreas Hofer's," vol. i., p. 193 et seq.

is going on, and they will send, even before we reach the Tyrol, so many Bavarian and French soldiers into your country, that you will be tied hand and foot, and cannot raise your arms on the 9th of April to seize your rifles. Therefore, I repeat it, keep your faces in check, and do not allow yourselves to be seen in the streets of Vienna in the daytime. Your beard, Andy, especially is a treacherous thing, and it would really be best for the Barbone to shave off his long mourning-flag."

Andreas Hofer seized his beard with both his hands, almost in terror, and drew it caressingly through his fingers.

"No," he said, "my friends and countrymen know me by my beard, and the Barbone is a welcome guest in the Italian Tyrol. They would not recognize me if I should appear among them with a smooth chin; and they would doubt if it was Andreas Hofer who talked with them about the great conspiracy and insurrection in case they did not see his black beard."

"No, archduke," said Speckbacher, smiling and winking, "you must not object to our Andy's beard, for it is the flag round which the Tyrolese will rally, and with which the Tyrol will adorn itself on the day of insurrection, as they put on their best clothes on the day of Assumption. Moreover, Andreas Hofer must not be ungrateful; and he would be ungrateful if he should cut off his beard and throw it away, for his beard gained him one day a couple of fat oxen."

"Is that true, Andy?" asked John, laughing.

"It is," said Andreas Hofer, gravely. "My beard did gain me two oxen. It happened as follows, archduke: I was quite a young man yet, and had married my wife, Anna Gertrude Ladurner, only a year before. I was very fond of my little wife, and did not like to sit for hours in the tavern, as I had done heretofore. I stayed at home often enough instead of attending to my business, and going down to Italy or Germany to carry on my traffic in corn, wine, horses, and oxen, by which I had made a great deal of money. My friends sneered at my staying so much at home, and said: 'Andy Hofer, the Sandwirth, is a henpecked husband, and his wife is master of the house.' This was very disagreeable to me, for, although I love

my Anna Gertrude from the bottom of my heart, I have always been the master ; and she has been obedient to me, as the Bible says it should be between husband and wife. Well, one day I sat at home with a few friends; we were drinking wine in the bar-room. Suddenly there entered the room an old beggar with a tremendous beard reaching down to his girdle. I laugh at the beard and rejoice over its enormous length. One of my friends, Anthony Waidlinger, the rich Amselwirth, asks me : 'Well, Andy, would you like to wear as long a beard as that?' 'Why not?' I reply merrily. 'Ah,' exclaims Anthony, laughing, 'you must not talk so saucily. You must not wear so long a beard. Your wife will not permit it, Andy!' This makes me very angry ; I start up, and hardly know what I am doing. 'What!' I cry, 'my wife? She must obey *me* whether she likes it or not. What will you bet I will not shave my beard for a whole year?' 'I will bet you two oxen,' says Anthony ; 'but let me warn you, Andy, you will lose the oxen ; for I stick to it, your wife will never permit you to become the laughing-stock of the children by appearing in the streets with such a lion's mane. Therefore consider the matter well, Andy, for there is time yet. Admit that you will not win the bet, for two oxen are at stake!' 'I have already considered everything,' I say ; 'and as for the two oxen, they will be just what I want. A year hence you will bring them to me, Anthony Waidlinger.' And this prediction was fulfilled. I did not shave my beard, and Anna Gertrude, my wife, rejoiced at her Andy's beard instead of being angry at it, and thought it made her husband look a great deal better. When the year was up, Anthony Waidlinger drove his two oxen with a sullen air into my stable, and said : 'Now you may cut off your fur and have a pillow made from it for your wife.' 'I need not cut off my beard for that purpose,' I replied ; 'it may be my wife's pillow even while it hangs down on my breast. For she is a good and dutiful wife, and I am fondly attached to her.' That, archduke, is the story of my beard, which I have worn ever since, and which has often been a pillow when my little boy and my three girls fell asleep on my lap, and under which they have often concealed their little heads when their mother was looking for them. You will

ask me no more to cut off my beard—the pillow and plaything of my children."

"No, Andreas," said the archduke, kindly, "I will not. Wear your fine beard as you have done hitherto; may it be, notwithstanding its black color, the victorious flag round which the royal Tyrolese shall rally on rising for their lord and emperor! And now, farewell, my friends; it is dawning, and it is time for us to repose a little. Go home, therefore, and what remains to be settled you may talk over to-morrow with Baron von Hormayr, who will give you money for travelling expenses, and for distribution among the innkeepers. Day after to-morrow you will set out for home, and bring to all loyal Tyrolese the joyful news that war will break out."

"Yes, yes, war will break out!" exclaimed the three Tyrolese, exultingly.

"Hush, for God's sake, hush!" said John, laughing. "You must keep quiet, and, instead of doing so, you shout as jubilantly as though you were standing on a crest of the Brenner, and had just discovered the hiding-place of a chamois. Let me therefore tell you once more it is necessary that the people of Vienna should not find out that you are in the city. Pledge me your word, then, that you will not go into the street to-morrow in the daytime, nor allow any one to see you."

"We pledge you our word!" exclaimed the Tyrolese, with one accord; "we will not appear in the street to-morrow in the daytime, and day after to-morrow we shall set out."

"Yes, we shall set out then," repeated Andreas Hofer, "and return to our mountains and friends, and wait patiently and faithfully until the day when we shall see rising to the sky the signal which is to tell us that our dear Archduke John sends us his soldiers to assist us in delivering our country from the enemy, and restoring it, with our mountains, our love, and our loyalty, to our dear Emperor Francis. God grant that we may succeed in so doing, and may the Holy Virgin pray for us all, and restore the Tyrol to the emperor!"