

French and Bavarian troops which advanced to-day from Steinach to Wiltau; the following terms were accepted:

"*First.* The French and Bavarian soldiers lay down their arms on the spot now occupied by them.

"*Secondly.* The members of the whole eighth corps are prisoners of war; and will be delivered as such to the Austrian troops at Schwatz, whither they will be conveyed immediately.

"*Thirdly.* The Tyrolese patriots in the custody of these troops will be released on the spot.

"*Fourthly.* The field and staff-officers of the French and Bavarian troops will retain their baggage, horses, and side-arms, and their property will be respected."

"You see, sir, it is impossible for me to sign this," cried General Bisson. "You cannot expect me to subscribe my own disgrace."

"If you refuse to subscribe the capitulation, you sign thereby not only your own death-warrant, but that of all your soldiers," said Teimer calmly. "See, general, here is fortunately a table, for this is the place where the people of Wiltau assemble on Sundays, and dance and drink. Fate placed this table here for us that we might use it for signing the capitulation. There is the capitulation; I have already affixed to it my name and title as commissioner of the Emperor Francis. I have also brought pen and ink with me, that you might have no trouble in signing the document. Subscribe it, therefore, general, and let your staff-officers do so too. Spare the lives of your poor soldiers, for you see every minute's delay costs you additional losses."

"I cannot sign it, I cannot!" cried Bisson, despairingly. He burst into tears, and in his boundless grief he struck his forehead with his fist and tore out his thin gray hair with his trembling hands. * "I cannot sign it," he wailed loudly.

"Sign it," cried his officers, thronging round the table. "You must refuse no longer, for the lives of all our soldiers are at stake."

"But my honor and good name are likewise at stake,"

* Hormayr's "Andreas Hofer," vol. i., p. 257.

groaned Bisson, "and if I sign the capitulation, I shall lose both forever."

"But you will thereby preserve to the emperor the lives of upward of three thousand of his soldiers," exclaimed the officers, urgently.

"Never will the emperor believe that this disaster might not have been averted," wailed General Bisson. "Even were I merely unfortunate, he would impute it to me as a crime. He will forgive me no more than Villeneuve and Dupont. His anger is inexorable, and it will crush me."

"Then let it crush you, general," said Teimer, calmly. "It is better that you should be crushed than that several thousand men should now be crushed by the Tyrolese."

"Sign, sign!" cried the French officers, stepping close up to the table, taking up the pen, and presenting it to the general.

"Then you are all determined to sign the capitulation after I have done so?" asked General Bisson, still hesitating.

"We are," cried the officers.

"We are ready to do so," said Major Armance, "and in proof hereof I affix my name to the capitulation before you have signed it, general."

He subscribed the paper with a quick but steady hand. Another staff-officer stepped up, took the pen, and also wrote his name, "Varin."

"Now, general," he said, presenting the pen to Bisson.

The general took the pen, cast a last despairing glance toward heaven and then toward his soldiers, bent over the paper, and signed it.

The pen dropped from his hand, and he had to lean against the table in order not to sink to the ground. Major Teimer drew a white handkerchief from his pocket and waved it in the air. The Tyrolese ceased firing immediately, and deafening cheers burst forth on all sides.

"You see, general, you have saved the lives of your soldiers," said Teimer.

Bisson only sighed, and turned to his officers. "Now, gentlemen," he faltered out, "give orders to the troops to lay down their arms on the spot now occupied by them."

The officers hastened away, and General Bisson started to leave likewise, when Teimer quickly laid his hand on his arm and detained him.

"General," he said, "pray issue still another order."

"What order, sir?"

"You have of course brought your carriage with you; order your coachman to drive up with it, and permit me and these gentlemen here to enter it with you, and ride to Innsbruck."

"That is to say, I am your prisoner, and you wish to make your triumphal entrance into the city with me?"

"That is about my intention. I should like to return to the city seated by your side; and as the good inhabitants of Innsbruck are very anxious to see a French general, one of Bonaparte's generals, who does not come with his troops to devastate the city, to rob and plunder, I request you to let us make our entrance in an open, uncovered carriage."

"We will do so," said Bisson, casting a sombre glance on Teimer's shrewd face. "You are merciless to-day, sir. What is your name?"

"My name is Martin Teimer; I hold the rank of major in the Austrian army, and Archduke John has appointed me commissioner for the Tyrol."

"Ah, one of the two commissioners who signed the 'open order,' with which the country was instigated to rise in insurrection?"

"Yes, general."

"And Andreas Hofer, the Barbone, is the other commissioner, is he not? I will remember it in case we should meet again."

"You will then take your revenge; that is quite natural. But to-day *we* take our revenge for the long oppressions and insults which we have endured at the hands of the French. Come, general, let us ride to Innsbruck."

An hour afterward a long and brilliant procession moved through the triumphal arch. It was headed by the band of the captured Bavarian regiment, which had to play to glorify its own disgrace to-day; next came an open carriage in which Martin Teimer sat with a radiant face, and by his side General Bisson, pale, and hanging his head. In another carriage

followed the staff-officers, escorted by the municipal authorities and clergy of Innsbruck, and afterward appeared the whole enormous force of the Tyrolese conducting the disarmed prisoners in their midst.*

All Innsbruck had put on its holiday attire; at all the windows were to be seen gayly-dressed ladies and rejoicing girls, holding in their hands wreaths, which they threw down on the victors. The bells of all the churches were ringing, not the tocsin, but peals of joy and thanksgiving.

For the task was accomplished, the Tyrol was free! In three days after the insurrection broke out, the Tyrolese, by means solely of their own valor and patriotism, aided by the natural strength of the country, had entirely delivered the province from the enemy. The capitulation of Wiltau crowned the work of deliverance, to the everlasting glory of the brave Martin Teimer, and to the disgrace of General Bisson and the French and Bavarians.†

There were great rejoicings in Innsbruck all the day long; glad faces were to be met with everywhere, and all shouted enthusiastically: "We have become Austrians again! We are subjects of the Emperor of Austria again! Long live the free Tyrol! Long live the Emperor Francis!"

The streets presented a very lively appearance; all the painters of the city were occupied in removing the hateful Bavarian colors, blue and white, from the signs and houses, and putting on them the Austrian, black and gold; and the Tyrolese marksmen held a regular target-shooting at the Bavarian lion, which, to the great disgust of the Tyrolese, had been raised four years ago over the entrance of the imperial palace. Prizes were awarded for every piece which was shot from it, and the principal reward was granted to him who pierced the crown of the lion.

Yes, the northern Tyrol was free; but the South, the Italian Tyrol, was groaning yet under the yoke of French oppression, and Andreas Hofer intended to march thither with his

* Hormayr's "Life of Andreas Hofer," vol. i., p. 259.

† Major Teimer was rewarded for this capitulation of Wiltau with the title of Baron von Wiltau, and with the order of Maria Theresa. The Emperor of Austria, besides, presented him with valuable estates in Styria.

forces, as he had concerted at Vienna with the Archduke John and Hormayr, in order to bring to the Italian Tyrolese the liberty which the German Tyrolese had already conquered.

Hence Andreas Hofer, though his heart yearned for it, had refrained from making his solemn entrance into Innsbruck, and had gone on the 17th of April to Meran, where he was to review the *Landsturm* of that town and its environs, the brave men who were to accompany him on his expedition to the Italian Tyrol.

The Tyrolese were drawn up in four lines; at their head was to be seen Hormayr, surrounded by the priests and civil officers who had been exiled by the Bavarians, and who were returning now with him and the Austrian army.

A cloud of dust arose from the neighboring gorges of the Passeyr valley, and a joyous murmur ran through the ranks of the Tyrolese. Deafening cheers rent the air then, for Andreas Hofer galloped up on a fine charger, followed by the men of the Passeyr valley. His face glowed, his eyes beamed with delight, and his whole bearing breathed unbounded satisfaction and happiness.

He shook hands with Hormayr, laughing merrily. "We have kept," he exclaimed, "the promises we made at Vienna, have we not? And our dear Archduke John, I suppose, will be content with us?"

"He sends the best greetings of his love to his dear Andreas Hofer," said Hormayr, "and thanks him for all he has done here."

"He thanks me?" asked Hofer, in surprise. "We have done only what our hearts longed for, and fulfilled our own wishes. We wished to become Austrians again, for Austrians means Germans; we wanted no longer to be Bavarians, for Bavarians meant French; hence, we were anxious to rid our mountains of the disgrace and make our country again free and a province of Germany. We have succeeded in doing so, for the good God blessed our efforts and helped us in our sore distress. Now we are once more the faithful children of our dear emperor, and the dear Archduke John will come to us and stay with us as governor of the Tyrol."

"He certainly will, and I know that he longs to live again in the midst of his faithful Tyrolese. But for this reason, Andy, we must help him that he may soon come to us, and aid him in delivering the Southern Tyrol. I have great news for you, Andy, from the Archduke John. I wished to communicate it to you first of all. No one was to hear of it previous to you."

"I hope it is good news, Baron von Hormayr, said Andreas Hofer, anxiously. "The dear archduke, I trust, has not met with a disaster? Tell me quick, for my heart throbs as though one of my dear children were in imminent peril."

"You yourself are a child, Andy. Do you suppose I should look so cheerful if our dear archduke had met with a disaster? And even though such were the case, would I then be so stupid as to inform you of it now, at this joyful hour, when it is all-important that we should be in high spirits? No, Andy, I bring splendid news. The Archduke John achieved yesterday a glorious victory at Sacile over the Viceroy of Italy, Eugene Beauharnais; it was a great triumph, for he took eight thousand prisoners, and captured a great many guns. But amidst this triumph he thought of his dear Tyrolese, and dispatched from the battle-field a courier who was to bring to me the news and his order to tell his dear Tyrolese that he defeated the French yesterday."

Andreas Hofer, overjoyed and with his countenance full of sunshine and happiness, galloped down the long line of his sharpshooters.

"Hurrah! my dear friends and brethren," he shouted, "the Archduke John sends his greetings to you, and informs you that he defeated the French yesterday at Sacile and took eight thousand prisoners and a great many guns. Hurrah! long live the Archduke John, the future governor of the Tyrol!"

And the Tyrolese repeated, with deafening cheers: "Hurrah! long live the Archduke John, the future governor of the Tyrol!"

"And I have to bring you still another greeting from the Archduke John," shouted Baron von Hormayr. "But you shall not hear it here in the plain, but up at the ancient castle

of Tyrol. It is true, the Bavarians and the miserable French have destroyed the fine castle, but the ruins of the ancient seat of our princes remain to us. We will now ascend to those ruins, and up there you shall hear the message which the Archduke John sends to you."

The whole force of the Tyrolese thereupon moved up the mountain-path leading to the castle of Tyrol, headed by Andreas Hofer and Baron von Hormayr.

On reaching the crest of the hill, Hofer stopped and alighted from his horse. He knelt down amidst the ruins of the castle with a solemn, deeply-moved face, and holding the crucifix on his breast between his hands, and lifting his eyes to heaven, he exclaimed with fervent devotion: "Thanks, Lord God, thanks for the aid that thou hast hitherto vouchsafed to us! Thanks for delivering the country and permitting us to be Austrians again! O God, grant now stability to our work—and preserve it from falling to ruin! If Thou art content with me, let me further serve and be useful to my native country! I am but a weak instrument in Thy hand, my God, but Thou hast used it, and I pray Thee not to cast it aside now, but impart to it strength and durability, that it may last until the enemy has been driven from the country, and the whole Tyrol is free again for evermore! I kiss the dear soil where our princes walked in former times, and where they swore to their Tyrolese that they should be freemen, and that their free constitution should be sacred for all time to come!"

He bent down, kissed the moss-grown stones, and encircled them tenderly with his arms as though they were an altar before which he was uttering devout vows and prayers. The Tyrolese, who had gradually reached the summit, had silently knelt down behind Andreas Hofer, and were praying like him.

One sentiment animated them all and illuminated their faces with the radiant lustre of joy: the Tyrol was delivered from the foreign yoke, and they, the sons of the country, had alone liberated their beloved fatherland.

"Now, men of the Tyrol," shouted Hormayr, "listen to the message which the Archduke John sends to you."

And amid the solemn silence of the Tyrolese, and the peals of the Meran church-bells penetrating up to them, Hormayr read to them a document drawn up by the Archduke John, by virtue of which he resumed possession of the Tyrol in the name of the emperor, declared it to be incorporated with the imperial states, and solemnly vowed that, as a reward of its loyalty, it should remain united with Austria for all future time. At the same time, the ancient constitution and the former privileges were restored to the Tyrolese, and Baron von Hormayr was appointed governor of the Tyrol.

CHAPTER XX.

ELIZA WALLNER'S RETURN.

ALL Windisch-Matrey was again in joyful commotion to-day, for a twofold festival was to be celebrated: the return of the men of Windisch-Matrey, who had so bravely fought for the country and so aided in delivering it; and then, as had been resolved previous to their departure, Eliza Wallner's wedding was to come off to-day.

She had redeemed her pledge, she had proved that she was a true and brave daughter of the Tyrol, and Anthony Wallner, her father, was no longer angry with her; he wished to reward her for her courage and intrepidity, and make her happy. Therefore, he had sent a messenger secretly and without her knowledge to Windisch-Matrey, and had ordered his wife to decorate the house festively, and request the curate to repair to the church and perform the marriage rites. The returning Tyrolese were to march to the church, and, after thanking God for the deliverance of the Tyrol, the curate was to marry Eliza Wallner and her lover in presence of the whole congregation.

Since early dawn, therefore, all the married women and girls of Windisch-Matrey, dressed in their handsome holiday attire, had been in the street, and had decorated the route which the returning men were to take, and adorned the church with wreaths and garlands of flowers.