

The yard was empty now. Schröpfel slept soundly in his bed-chamber up-stairs, and Phylax was revelling in epicurean joys in the larder.

The yard was empty now, but not long, for the door of the house opened noiselessly, and a human form stepped out. For a moment it stood still near the door, and two voices were heard whispering in a low tone.

"Good-by, dearest mother," said one voice. "It is time now, I must go."

"God and the Holy Virgin will protect you, dear Lizzie," said the other voice: "for that which you are going to do is right and noble; and father himself will see before long that you did right. Go, Lizzie, and return safely."

"I shall be back at eight in the morning," whispered Lizzie. "Until then, you must say nothing about it, dear mother, but tell father I wished to be alone in my chamber till the wedding-hour. Good-by until then."

She imprinted a kiss on her mother's lips, and hastened into the yard. The door was closed softly. At this moment the church-clock struck two.

Eliza glided noiselessly across the yard toward the large ladder leaning against the stable. She lifted it up with vigorous hands, carried it across the yard, and placed it against the dwelling-house, so that its top reached the open window of the prisoner. She examined if the ladder stood firm, laid a few stones at its foot, to prevent it from sliding, and then ascended it with cat-like agility, carrying a small bundle on her arm, while she had put down another in the yard.

Now she had reached the captain's window,

"Are you awake, sir?" she asked, in a low voice.

"I am, Eliza," whispered a voice inside. "I have been awake and waiting for you an hour."

"Take this, sir," she said, handing the bundle into the window. "It is a suit of clothes which you must put on. It is my father's holiday dress, for you must not wear the Bavarian uniform now. You must put up for a few days with being disguised as a Tyrolese. Put it on quickly, and then wrap up your uniform in the blanket in which I brought the suit of clothes. But make haste, and when you are ready,

descend the ladder, and come down into the yard, where I shall await you. Bring the package with the uniform with you, and, above all things, make haste."

She gave the captain no time for reply, but glided rapidly and noiselessly down the ladder. On arriving in the yard, she took the haversack which she had left there, hung it over her shoulder, and took up the rifle. Then she seated herself quietly on a large log close to the ladder, and looked up to the moon, which illuminated her face and her whole form. Her face wore a wonderfully calm expression; only round her crimson lips quivered at times something like hidden grief, and a tear glistened in her large, dark eyes. But when this tear rolled down her cheek slowly, Eliza shook her head indignantly, and brushed it away with her hand.

"Foolish girl!" she murmured, "how can you weep now? You must bravely take your heart in your hands now, and hold it so firmly that it can neither cry nor tremble. You must be proud and stiff, and never forget what is due to your honor, and what you owe to your friend Elza. Therefore, do not weep, but be a brave Tyrolese girl. To-morrow night you may weep in your chamber, for nobody will see you there; but not to-night—no, no, not to-night!"

She shook her head violently, forced herself to smile, and gazed pleasantly up to the moon. "God bless thee, golden, rapid wanderer!" she said. "Thou shalt accompany us to-night, and pray, dear moon, send all clouds home, and remain as bright and clear as now; for our route is a dangerous one, and if thou dost not help us, we may easily fall into an abyss, and— Hush, hush, he is coming."

She rose and looked up to the window, whence the captain emerged at this moment, and appeared on the ladder.

"Throw down your package, sir—I will catch it," whispered Eliza.

"Thank you, I can carry it myself," said Ulrich, in a low voice; and he was soon at the foot of the ladder, and standing in the yard close to Eliza.

"Now come," she said; "tread lightly, and do not speak, but go softly behind me."

She left him no time for reply, but walked across, opened

the door of the small shed, which was ajar, went quickly through it, and passed through the opposite door into the orchard lying behind it. She stood still in front of the door of the shed, and when Ulrich had emerged from it, she locked it, and put the key into her pocket.

"Now let us walk as fast as possible, sir," she whispered. "We must walk for three hours. Keep your eyes on me, and follow me wherever I go."

"I will follow you, Eliza," said the captain, earnestly, "wherever you go. You see I have implicit confidence in you, for I do not even ask whither you intend to conduct me, or what you wish to do with me. I place my life and my future in your hands, and shall do whatever you want me to."

"It will be the best for you," she said, nodding her head slightly. "Now come."

And with the quick, firm step peculiar to the Tyrolese, she advanced through the garden, out of the gate, and into the narrow path leading through the valley and up to the mountains rising on the opposite side. The moon still shone brightly upon the valley, and illuminated the two forms rapidly walking behind each other, casting their long, dark shadows on the side of the road.

Ulrich von Hohenberg saw in the moonlight that Eliza was carrying the haversack and rifle; he therefore advanced quickly until he stood by her side, and laid his hand on her arm.

"Eliza," he said, vehemently, "pray let me carry the rifle and the haversack; let me take your burden upon myself."

She looked at him with a singular expression. "Every one has to carry his own burden," she said; "you have yours, and I have mine."

"But what are the arms for, Eliza? You have armed yourself against me?"

She shrugged her shoulders carelessly. "Were I afraid of you, I would not allow you to walk behind me. But grant me one request, will you?"

"Speak, Eliza, and whatever it may be, I will comply with it."

"Well, then, sir, be so kind as not to speak with me.

Speaking exhausts us and makes us absent-minded. We have a long march before us, and must save our breath, and devote our whole attention to the route; for it will lead us over the narrow paths of the chamois-hunters, and a single false step may hurl us into an abyss. Therefore, sir, pray do not address me until I speak to you."

"I will obey," said Ulrich, humbly. "Lead the way; I will follow."

She nodded to him, and advanced through the narrow valley. The road soon became steeper, and led them past precipices, from one rock to another, all of which were spanned by narrow planks, under which unfathomable chasms yawned. Then it led through thickets of shrubbery and pine-forests, or down precipitous slopes, and over small fragments of rock, which gave way at every step, and rolled into the depth. Eliza suddenly stood still and broke the silence for the first time.

"You must not go behind me here, sir," she said, "for the loose stones would not permit you to advance. Come to me, and give me your hand. We must walk side by side."

He was immediately by her side, and took her hand. "May I speak now, Eliza?" he asked.

"No," she said, imperatively, "we have no time for chatting. Forward!"

And they continued ascending the mountain. The valley, and even the mountain-forest, lay already deep under them. Only scattered and stunted trees stood here and there, and finally even these disappeared entirely. The moon commenced paling in the heavens, and yet it did not become darker, for the gray twilight was lit up at times with a purple lustre; the small, scudding clouds began to turn red; the pale, foggy mountain-peaks colored, and a strange whispering passed through the air.

Now they had reached the summit, and the peak on which they were standing afforded them a strikingly beautiful view.

"This is the place where we may rest," said Eliza, drawing a deep breath.

"And may I speak now, Eliza?" asked Ulrich.

"No," she said; "do you not see that God is speaking now?"

And she pointed to the part of the horizon which, radiant in its crimson lustre, lay at the end of the lovely valley opening before them. Gazing at it, Eliza sank noiselessly down on the fragment of a rock, and clasping her hands on her knees, she contemplated the glorious spectacle by which God speaks to man every morning.

The valley was still wrapped in the gloom of twilight, but behind the flat and gently-rounded mountains yonder rose the flaming glow of radiant crimson, and sent a few purple clouds as heralds of the approaching majesty into the azure sky. A rosy hue covered the glaciers of the Venediger and Gross-Glockner, which looked down in proud majesty on the mountains bordering the valley, and which had hitherto wrapped their summits in veils of glistening silver. On beholding the divine majesty of the sun, they dropped their veils, their summits crimsoned and loomed up to the sky in dazzling splendor. The rays gilding them shed a lustre on the lower wooded mountains, greeted the spires of the churches rising amidst the villages, dissipated the mist which had hitherto filled the valley, and converted the waters of the foaming Isel, meandering through the valley, into liquid gold. The gloom entirely disappeared, and the whole landscape was radiant in its morning beauty. God had willed that there should be light, and the earth lay smiling and surpassingly beautiful under the first glowing rays of the sun.

Eliza gazed with a rapt smile upon the sublime scene; the clouds had disappeared from her brow also, and the gloom had vanished from her eyes.

"Oh, how beautiful is the world! how beautiful is my dear Tyrol!" she exclaimed, fervently. "I greet you, beloved mountains guarding our frontiers! I greet you, Gross-Glockner and Venediger! Yes, gaze upon the Tyrol, for now you may rejoice over it! The enemy is no longer in the country, and I am bringing you the last Bavarian who is still here, that you may send him across the border. Sir," she added, turning her face, illuminated by the sun, slowly to the young man, who had not contemplated the sun, but only her face,

"we must part here. I only intended to conduct you hither, to the Kals Thörl. You will now descend to the village of Kals, which you see in the valley yonder. Look, back there, its red roofs are rising out of the green shrubbery. You will go to the inn there, and give this letter to Lebrecht Panzl, the innkeeper. He is my mother's brother, and she writes him in this letter to give you a reliable guide, who is to conduct you over the Pruschler Thörl and the Katzenstein to Heiligenblut. You will reach Heiligenblut in seven hours. Its inhabitants speak Bavarian German; your Bavarian dialect will not be suspicious to them, and you will easily find there a guide to conduct you wherever you wish to go. You will find some food for to-day in the haversack here, and also some money, and powder and lead. Take it, sir; here is the rifle, and here the haversack. Unless you have them with you, no one will take you for a genuine Tyrolese. There. Put your clothes into the sack, you can carry them better that way; hang the rifle round your shoulder, and then adieu!"

"And you think, Eliza, I can accept all this kindness and magnanimity?" cried Ulrich, vehemently; "you think I can accept at your hands food, money—nay, more, my life, my honor, and leave you with a cold 'thank you,' after denying and insulting you in the despair of my wounded military honor? No, Eliza, you have mistaken my character. I will not go, I will not leave you. I followed you here to see how far your magnanimity and noble self-abnegation would go; but now I shall return with you to Windisch-Matrey. Your father invited to the wedding the men who wished to kill me yesterday; they will await us at the church at nine this morning, and they shall not wait in vain. Come, Eliza, let us return to Windisch-Matrey; for all your kindness and magnanimity I shall give you the only thing I have to give, my name. You will, you shall become my wife! Come, your father and your friends await us at the church; I will conduct you thither and to the altar."

"I will not do it," she exclaimed proudly; "for, as sure as there is a God in heaven, I should say 'no' before the altar, and reject your hand."

"Well, then, do that," he said, gently; "I have deserved this humiliation; I owe you an opportunity to wreak your vengeance on me."

"I do not want to avenge myself. I have sworn to myself and to my dear Elza to save you, and I will. Go, sir; time is fleeting, and you have a march of seven hours before you."

"No, I will not go," cried Ulrich, vehemently; "I cannot go, for I love you, Eliza. Oh, I have loved you a long while, but my haughty heart revolted at this love, and would not yield to it; and yet I was deeply, passionately enamoured of you. But my heart did not know itself, it believed at last that it might hate you, when all at once your generosity, lenity, and magnanimity dissipated all mists concealing my heart from my eyes, and I perceived how passionately I loved you. Oh, Eliza, beloved girl, do not turn from me! Give me your hand; let us go home; accept my hand, become my wife! Love beseeches of you now what pride refused to you before: accept my hand, my name! Let us descend into the valley, go to the church, and be married."

She shook her head slowly. "I have already told you," she said, "that I should say 'no' before the altar. We do not belong together. You are a nobleman, and I, as you have often called me in your anger, am a peasant girl; you are a Bavarian, and I, thank God, am again an Austrian. We do not belong together, and I believe it would not behoove you to appear with me now before the altar and marry me. For every one would think you took me only to save your life, and your honor would be lost, not only in Bavaria, but also here among us. The brave men would despise you, and contempt—I felt it when you looked at me so disdainfully yesterday—is worse than death. Go, therefore, my dear sir; your honor requires it."

"Well, then, you are right; I will go. I see that I must not apply for your hand at this juncture. But I shall return so soon as peace is restored to the country, and when all these troubles are over. Promise me, Eliza, that you will wait for me and not forget me. For I swear to you, I shall return and marry you, in spite of the whole world."

"You will not," she said, shaking her head, "for I shall not take you. I do not love you."

"Eliza," he cried, seizing her hand impetuously, and gazing deep into her eyes, "you are just as much mistaken as I was myself. I loved you a long time without knowing it, and thus, sweet one, you love me too!"

"No," she exclaimed, vehemently, and turning very pale, "no, I do not love you!"

"Yes, you do," he said, tenderly. "I felt it, and knew it by the tone in which, stepping before me, and shielding me with your body, you exclaimed yesterday, 'If you shoot him, you shall kill me too.' Pity and compassion do not speak thus; only love has such tones of anguish, despair, and heroism. I felt it at that moment, and the blissful delight which filled my heart on recognizing it, made me at length conscious of my own love. I confessed to myself that I never should be able to love any other woman on earth, and never would marry any other woman than you. Oh, Eliza, let us no longer resist the happiness that is in store for us. Let the whole past be buried behind us. Let the future be ours, and with it love and happiness!"

She shook her head slowly. "You have read badly in my heart," she said; "you do not understand the letters written in it, and what you spell from it is false. I do not love you, and would never consent to become your wife. Let us drop the subject. We two can never be husband and wife, but we may remember each other as good friends. And so, sir, I will always remember you, and shall be glad to hear that you are well and happy. But let us say no more about it, and go. You have a march of seven hours before you; I must be at home again by eight o'clock, in order not to keep the men waiting. Let us part, therefore."

"Well, then," sighed Ulrich, "it is your will, and we must part, but not forever. I swear, by God Almighty and my love, I shall return when the war is over, and when the quarrels of the nations are settled. I shall return to ask you if you will be mine, my beloved wife, and if you will at last crown my love with happiness. Hush, do not contradict me, and do not tell me again that you do not love me. I hope in

the future, and we shall see whether it will bring me happiness or doom me to despair. Farewell, then, Eliza; and if you will yet give to the poor wanderer, to whom you have given life, food, money, and clothes, a priceless treasure, a talisman that will shield him from all temptations of the world, then give me a kiss!"

"No, sir; an honest Tyrolese girl never kisses any man but the one whose wife she is to be. You see, therefore, that I cannot give you a kiss. Go, sir. But have you no commissions to give me for your uncle and my dear Elza?"

"Greet them both; tell them that I love you, Eliza, and that you rejected my proposals."

"That does not concern anybody, and only we two and the good God shall know it, but no one else. But, sir, give me a souvenir for Elza; it will gladden her heart."

"I have nothing to give her," he said, shrugging his shoulders.

She pointed to the crimson Alpine roses blooming at their feet amidst the grass and moss.

"Gather some of these flowers, and give them to me," she said; "I will take them to Elza, and tell her that you gathered the flowers for her."

He knelt down, gathered a handful of Alpine roses, and tied them together with a few blades of grass. "I would," he said, still kneeling in the grass, "they were myrtles that I was gathering for you, Eliza, for you, my affianced bride, and that you would accept them at my hands as the sacred gift of love. There, take the bouquet for Elza, and give it to her with my greetings."

She stretched out her hand to take it; but Ulrich, instead of giving it to her, pressed the bouquet to his lips, and imprinted an ardent kiss on the flowers; then only did he hand it to Eliza.—"Now, Eliza," he said, "take it. You refused me a kiss, but you will carry my glowing kiss home with you, and with it also my heart. I shall come back one day to demand of you your heart and my kiss. Farewell! It is your will, and so I must go. I do not say, forget me not; but I shall return, and ask you then: 'Have you forgotten me? Will you become my wife?' Until then, farewell!"

He gazed at her with a long look of love and tenderness; she avoided meeting his look, and when he saw this, a smile, radiant as sunshine and bliss, illuminated his features.

"Go, sir," she said, in a low voice, averting her face.

"I am going, Eliza," he exclaimed. "Farewell!"

He seized her hand impetuously, imprinted on it a burning kiss before she was able to prevent him, dropped it, and turned to descend the slope with a slow step.

Eliza stood motionless, and as if fascinated; she gazed after him, and followed with an absorbed look his tall, noble form, descending the mountain, surrounded by a halo of sunshine.

All at once Ulrich stood still and turned to her. "Eliza," he shouted, "did you call me? Shall I return to you?"

She shook her head and made a violent gesture indicating that he should not return, but said nothing; the words choked in her breast.

He waved his hand to her, turned again, and continued descending the slope.

Eliza looked after him; her face turned paler and paler, and her lips quivered more painfully. Once they opened as if to call him back with a cry of anguish and love; but Eliza, pressing her hand violently upon her mouth, forced the cry back into her heart, and gazed down on Ulrich's receding form.

Already he had descended half the slope; now he reached the edge of the forest, and alas! disappeared in the thicket.

Eliza, uttering a loud cry, knelt down, and tears, her long-restrained, scalding tears, streamed like rivers down her cheeks. She lifted her arms, her clasped hands, to heaven, and murmured with quivering lips: "Protect him, my God, for Thou knowest how intensely I love him!"

She remained a long time on her knees, weeping, praying, struggling with her grief and her love. But then all at once she sprang to her feet, brushed the tears from her eyes, and drew a deep breath.

"I must and will no longer weep," she said to herself in a loud, imperative voice. "Otherwise they would see that I had been weeping, and no one must know that. I must descend in order to be at home in time, and then I will tell

father and the other men that Ulrich never was my betrothed, and that I said so only to save his life. They will forgive me for helping him to escape when I tell them that I never loved him nor would have taken him, because he is a Bavarian, but that I saved him because he is a near relative of my dear Elza. And after telling and explaining all this to the men, I shall go to Elza, give her the flowers, and tell her that Ulrich sent them to her, and that his last word was a love-greeting for her. God, forgive me this falsehood! But Elza loves him, and it will gladden her heart. She will preserve this bouquet to her wedding-day, and she will not notice that I kept one flower from it for myself. It is the flower which he kissed; it shall be mine. I suppose, good God, that I may take it, and that it is no theft for me to do so?"

She looked up to heaven with a beseeching glance; then she softly drew one of the flowers from the bouquet, pressed it to her lips, and concealed it in her bosom.

"I will preserve this flower while I live," she exclaimed. "God strengthened my heart so that I was able to reject him; but I shall love him forever, and this flower is my wedding-bouquet. I shall never wear another!"

She extended her arms in the direction where Ulrich had disappeared. "Farewell!" she cried. "I greet you a thousand times, and my heart goes with you!"

Then she turned and hastily descended the path which she had ascended with Ulrich von Hohenberg.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

#### THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH.

It was a wondrously beautiful morning in May; the sun shone clear and bright; the birds sang in all the shrubs and trees, and the gay spring flowers exhaled their fragrant odors in all the gardens. Nature had donned its holiday attire, and yet humanity was in mourning; the sun shone clear and bright, and yet the eyes of men were sombre and lustreless,

and instead of rejoicing over the fresh verdure and the blossoms of spring, they grieved, and their hearts were frozen with care and pain.

For the Emperor Napoleon had raised his proud hand again against Germany; he had defeated the Austrians at Ratisbon and Landshut, and made his triumphant entrance into Vienna on the 12th of May, 1809.

For the second time the imperial family, fleeing from the victorious Napoleon, had been compelled to leave the capital; for the second time the foreign emperor occupied the palace of Schönbrunn, and Vienna had to bow again to the will of the all-powerful conqueror. The Emperor Francis had escaped with his wife and children to Hungary, and Vienna, whose inhabitants had at first sworn enthusiastically to defend their city to the last man, and lay it in ashes rather than surrender it to the French, had nevertheless opened its gates already on the 12th of May to the Emperor Napoleon and his army. It had to bow to stern necessity, for during the previous night the Archduke Maximilian, with the weak forces with which he had been ordered to defend Vienna, had evacuated the city, had burned the great bridge of Thabor to prevent Napoleon from pursuing him, and had succeeded in escaping, leaving it to the Viennese to make terms with the conqueror and invoke his clemency and generosity. They had thus been obliged to conceal their rage and exasperation in their hearts, and surrender to the tender mercies of the French emperor; they had opened their gates to the enemy, but not their hearts. Their hearts were filled with boundless rage and shame, which brought wild imprecations to the lips of the men, and tears to the eyes of the women.

Joseph Haydn, the silver-haired octogenarian, had still the heart of a fiery man in his bosom, and his trembling lips cursed the conqueror, the relentless foe of Austria, and called down the wrath of Heaven on the French emperor, who always spoke of peace and conciliation, and always stirred up quarrels and enmities. The latest reverses of Austria had produced a most painful impression upon the aged *maestro*, and the ravishing joy which had illuminated Joseph Haydn's face at the performance of "The Creation," had long since disap-