

over with dust, and bleeding from fearful wounds, tried painfully to raise themselves from the ground.

Those of the Saxons who had not been struck by the terrible avalanche, fell back shuddering. When the Tyrolese saw this, their compassion at the cruel fate of the dead gave way, and with deafening shouts they burst forth from their concealment, and, mingling with the enemy, a frightful slaughter took place.

The Saxons rallied, however; courageous discipline presided over unskilled valor, and the column advanced slowly and painfully in the direction of the bridge, through a murderous fire, and surmounting the ruins which obstructed the road and covered the bodies of their comrades.

All at once exultant shouts and cheers resounded at the entrance of the defile, and the clarion-notes of martial music joined in these stirring acclamations. Fresh troops, re-enforcements of the Saxons, were coming up from the rear. The Bavarians had arrived with their artillery, which they had placed in a very favorable position; they had already taken the two farm-houses at the entrance of the gorge where the Tyrolese had taken position, and were now rushing into the defile. The Tyrolese, dismayed at this impetuous advance, retreated into the mountains.

For two days the struggle was continued in these gorges near Mittewald. For two days Saxons and Tyrolese opposed each other in this fratricidal contest, in which Germans fought against Germans in obedience to the behests of the tyrant who had subjugated all Germany, and to whom only the undaunted Tyrol still offered a stubborn resistance.

The victory was long undecided. Once the forces of the Duke of Dantsic succeeded at one extremity of the defile in driving back the sharpshooters under Joachim Haspinger, the Capuchin, and clearing a passage for the Saxons struggling in the gorge. But the Capuchin had retreated only to bring up fresh forces, dispatch messengers to Speckbacher, Peter Mayer, Andreas Hofer, and Anthony Wallner, sound the tocsin, and concentrate more armed peasants. And Speckbacher came up with his brave sharpshooters in the rear of the Saxons: Anthony Wallner and his men made their appearance like-

wise; Peter Mayer brought up fresh forces; and Andreas Hofer sent word that he would be on hand speedily. But the Saxons were likewise re-enforced, both by the French, who moved up from Brixen, and the Bavarians, who approached from Sterzing.

The contest was continued with unabated violence, and both sides struggled obstinately for the victory. But the Tyrolese fought for their rights, their liberty, their German country; the Saxons and Bavarians fought for tyranny, for the foreign oppressor, and the subjugation of their countrymen. God granted victory to the Tyrolese, and in the defile of Mittewald upward of a thousand Saxons had to atone by their death for having fought at the bidding of the French conqueror on German soil against their German countrymen.

The Tyrolese fought for their rights, their liberty, their German country; and the Duke of Dantsic, the proud marshal of France, was defeated by the despised peasants; he had to flee from their wrath, and arrived without his cloak and hat, trembling and deathly pale, on his foaming horse at Sterzing, which he had left a few hours previously with the firm conviction that he would inflict a crushing defeat upon the "haughty peasant-rabble." Now this "haughty peasant-rabble" had defeated him.

God is with those who fight for the rights and liberty of Germany. God is with those who rise boldly against French tyranny and French arrogance!

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE FIFTEENTH OF AUGUST AT INNSPRUCK.

God is with those who fight for the rights and liberty of Germany. He had granted another victory to the Tyrolese.

Animated by their brilliant successes, the patriots no longer stood on the defensive, but, flocking from all quarters to the standard of Hofer, assembled in great multitudes on Mount Isel, the scene of their former triumphs, and destined to be

immortalized by a still more extraordinary victory. Lefebvre had collected his whole force, consisting of twenty-six thousand men, of whom two thousand were horse, with forty pieces of cannon, on the little plain which lies between Innspruck and the foot of the mountains on the southern side of the Inn. They were far from being animated, however, by their wonted spirit; the repeated defeats they had experienced had inspired them with that mysterious dread of the mountaineers with which regular troops are so often seized, when, contrary to expectation, they have been worsted by undisciplined bodies of men; and a secret feeling of the injustice of their cause, and the heroism with which they had been resisted, paralyzed many an arm which had never trembled before a regular army.

The Tyrolese consisted of eighteen thousand men, three hundred of whom were Austrian soldiers who had refused to follow their officers, and remained to share the fate of the inhabitants. They were tolerably supplied with ammunition, but had little provisions, in consequence of which several hundred peasants had already gone back to their homes.

Joseph Speckbacher commanded the right wing, whose line extended from the heights of Passberg to the bridges of Hall and Volders; Hofer was with the centre, and had his headquarters at the inn of Spade, on the Schönberg; Haspinger directed the left, and advanced by Mutters.

At four in the morning, the brave Capuchin roused Hofer from sleep, and, having first united with him in fervent prayer, hurried out to communicate his orders to the outposts.

The battle commenced at six, and continued without intermission till midnight, the Bavarians constantly endeavoring to drive the Tyrolese from their position on Mount Isel, and they, in their turn, to force the enemy back into the town of Innspruck.

For a long time the contest was undecided, the superior discipline and admirable artillery of the enemy prevailing over the impetuous but disorderly assaults and deadly aim of the mountaineers; but toward nightfall the bridge of the Sill was carried after a desperate struggle, and their left flank being thus turned, the French and Bavarians gave way on all

sides, and were pursued with great slaughter into the city. They lost six thousand men, of whom seventeen hundred wounded fell into the hands of the Tyrolese, while on the side of the latter not more than nine hundred had fallen. Lefebvre had to retreat hastily toward Salzburg, where his whole army was collected on the 20th.

This great victory was immediately followed by the liberation of the whole Tyrol; and when, on the morning of the 15th of August, the sun rose over Innspruck, Andreas Hofer and his victorious host stood on Mount Isel, gazing with profound emotion on the reeking, gory battle-field, on which, two days ago, war had raged with all its horrors, and on the city of Innspruck, whose smoking and burning houses betokened the last outburst of the rage of the fugitive French marshal.*

"See how much blood it has cost, and how many wrongs had to be committed, that we might obtain our rights!" sighed Andreas Hofer, pointing to the battle-field. "My heart overflows with pity on seeing these horrors, and I implore you all to be merciful with the wounded and to treat the prisoners leniently. Among these prisoners are about one thousand Bavarians and Saxons. See, they are standing down yonder in dense groups, and our men surround them, mocking and abusing them. Go down to them, dear Secretary Döninger; tell them to be merciful and compassionate, and to bear always in mind that the prisoners are no longer their enemies, but their German brethren; that they are Saxons and Bavarians, speak one and the same language with us, and are our countrymen. Repeat this to our men, Döninger, and say to them in my name, 'Do not injure the prisoners; they are Saxons and Bavarians, and good and brave men!'"†

"They are not exactly good men," said Speckbacher, who was standing on the right side of Andreas Hofer; "no, they are not exactly good men, Andy; otherwise they would not have fought against us, who are assuredly good men and have done nothing but defend our dear country."

Instead of replying to him, Andreas Hofer turned smil-

* "Gallery of Heroes: Andreas Hofer," p. 126.

† Andreas Hofer's own words.—Ibid., p. 125.

ingly to the Capuchin, who was standing on his left side. "Brother Joachim," he said gently, "you ought to exhort our Joseph here a little, that he may comply with the Redeemer's precept and forgive his enemies. He is a very good, but very stubborn fellow; a brave and excellent soldier, but it would do him no harm if he were a better Christian."

"If we had been good Christians latterly we should never have defeated the enemy," growled the Capuchin, shaking his head. "If we were good Christians, we should have to love our enemies, do good to them that hate us, and pray for those who despitefully use us and persecute us. So long as we are soldiers, Andy, we cannot be good Christians; and I thank God for it that we fought like downright brave heathens. But after the enemy has been expelled from the country, and peace prevails again everywhere, and I have returned to my tedious convent at Seeben, I will become again a pious Capuchin, and exhort our dear brave Joseph Speckbacher to become as good a Christian as our Andreas Hofer."

"No, no, brother Joachim, we will not wait until then to show to the world that we are good Christians," exclaimed Andreas. "God stood by us in the battle of Mount Isel and made us victorious over our enemies. Let us thank Him, therefore, for His surpassing goodness and mercy; let us pray Him to bless our victory and grant a glorious resurrection to those who had to sacrifice their lives for it."

He drew his large rosary from his bosom, and, lifting his eyes devoutly to heaven, sank down on his knees.

"Yes, let us pray God to bless our victory," said Father Haspinger, bending his knees like Andreas Hofer; and Joseph Speckbacher followed his example.

And the pious Tyrolese, seeing their leaders kneeling on the height above, were filled with devout emotion; they knelt likewise; their cheers and *Jodlers*, their shouts and laughter died away; only prayers were heard from their lips, and, as an accompaniment to them, the melodious peals of the bells, with which the people of Innsbruck were celebrating the departure of the French marshals, and the approach of the defenders of the country.

At this moment the sun burst forth from the clouds, and

shed a radiant lustre on this whole sublime scene—the three kneeling heroes on the height above, and all around the Tyrolese, clad in their picturesque national costume, kneeling and thanking God, with tears in their eyes, for the victory He had vouchsafed to them.

The Bavarian and Saxon prisoners, carried away by this spectacle, knelt down like the Tyrolese, and prayed to God, like their enemies—not thanking Him, as the latter did, for the victory, but for having made them prisoners, of good and pious victors.*

All at once this pious scene was interrupted by loud cheers, shouts, and *Jodlers*, and a long, imposing procession of singing, jubilant men ascended the mountain. The new-comers were the students of Innsbruck, who came to congratulate Andreas Hofer on his brilliant victory, and accompany him on his triumphal entry into the city. Many persons followed them, and all shouted exultingly, "Where is Andreas Hofer, the savior of the country? Where is Andreas Hofer, the liberator?"

The band heading the procession of the students, struck up a ringing flourish on beholding Andreas, who had risen from his knees at their approach. But he raised his arm imperatively; the band ceased playing immediately, and the cheers died away on the lips of the students, who bowed respectfully to the tall, imposing form of the Barbone.

"Hush, hush," said Andreas, gravely; "pray! No cheers, no music! Neither I nor any of us did it; all the glory is due to Him above!" †

"But you helped the good God a little," said the speaker of the students, "and therefore you must submit to accept the thanks of the whole Tyrol, and to being called the savior and liberator of the country. We come to you as messengers of the capital of the Tyrol, and are instructed to request you to tarry no longer, but make your triumphal entry into the city."

"Yes, I will come," exclaimed Andreas, joyfully; "what I implored of the Lord as the highest boon has been realized

* Mayer's "Joseph Speckbacher," p. 196.

† Andreas Hofer's own words.—Ibid., p. 197.

now : we shall make our triumphal entry into the city, where the mean enemy behaved so shamefully. Return to Innsbruck, my friends, and say to the inhabitants that we shall be in the city in the course of an hour—old Red-beard, Speckbacher, and I—and that we shall be glad to meet all our excellent friends there again.”

And an hour afterward Andreas Hofer and his friends made their entry into Innsbruck. He sat in a gorgeous carriage, drawn by four splendid white horses, which he himself had taken from a French colonel during his flight across the Brenner. By the side of the Sandwirth sat Joachim Haspinger, the Capuchin, and beside the carriage rode Joseph Speckbacher, with a radiant face, and his dark, fiery eyes beaming with triumphant joy ; he was mounted on the proud magnificently-caparisoned charger that had borne the haughty Duke of Dantsic two days ago.

The carriage was preceded by a crowd of rejoicing peasants, and a band of fifers and fiddlers ; carpets and banners hung from all the windows and balconies ; ladies in beautiful attire greeted the conquering hero with waving handkerchiefs ; and the people in the streets, the ladies on the balconies, and the boys on the roofs and in the trees, shouted enthusiastically, “Long live Andreas Hofer ! Long live the commander-in-chief of the Tyrol !” And the bells pealed, the cannon posted on the market-place thundered, and the fifers and fiddlers made as much noise as possible.

“Listen, brother Haspinger,” said Andreas Hofer, turning to the Capuchin, while the carriage was moving on slowly, “I should really dislike to enter the city always amid such fuss and noise ; and I believe it is heavy work for princes always to look well pleased and cheerful when they are so much molested by the enthusiasm of the people. I looked forward with a great deal of joy to the day when we should make our entry into the city, and I thought it would be much more beautiful ; but now I am greatly tired of the whole thing ; I should be glad if they would cease fiddling, and clear a passage for the carriage to move on more rapidly. I am hungry, and I would I were already at the tavern of my dear friend Niederkircher.”

“Well, you must learn to put on a pleasant face when the people cheer you,” said Haspinger, laughing. “You have now become a prince too, and I think your people will love you dearly.”

“What nonsense is that, brother ?” asked Hofer, angrily.

“It is no nonsense at all, Andy ; on the contrary, it is quite true. Just listen to their acclamations.”

“Long live Andreas Hofer !” shouted the crowd, which was dancing and singing around the carriage. “Long live the commander-in-chief of the Tyrol !”

“They call me commander-in-chief of the Tyrol,” said Andreas, musingly. “Tell me, Joachim, is it necessary for me to assume that title ?”

“Yes, it is. There must be a head of the state, a man to whom the people may look up as its star, and to whom it may apply as its comfort, support, and judge. And as the people have confidence in you and love you, you must be the man to hold the whole together, lest it should fall asunder. You shall be the head, and we others will be your hands and thoughts, and will work and fight, and think for you and the Tyrol. We must have a leader, a commander-in-chief of the Tyrol, and you are the man, Andy.”

“If you say so, it must be so,” said Andreas, nodding his head gently. “Well, then, I shall be commander-in-chief of the Tyrol until order and peace are restored, and until the enemy has been expelled from the country for evermore. But see, we have arrived in front of Niederkircher’s tavern, and there is Niederkircher himself with his dear round face. God bless you, Niederkircher, why do you look at me so solemnly, and why have you dressed up so nicely ? Why, you wear your holiday clothes, and yet I think this is neither Sunday nor a holiday.”

“It is a great holiday,” exclaimed Niederkircher, “the commander-in-chief of the Tyrol, the great Andreas Hofer, is making his triumphal entry into the city. That is why I have put on my Sunday clothes and look so solemn ; for it would not be becoming for me to embrace the distinguished commander-in-chief of the Tyrol, as I should like to do under other circumstances.”

"You are a fool, old fellow!" said Andreas, encircling his friend's neck with his arm; "if I am commander-in-chief before the world, I am, before my friends, always Andreas Hofer, the Sandwirth and humble peasant. Let us go into the house, my dear friend; and you Joachim, come with us. There! Take me to the small back room which I always occupy during my stay in the city."

"God forbid!" exclaimed the innkeeper; "you never must occupy the back room again; that would not be becoming for the commander-in-chief of the Tyrol. You must take my best room with the balcony opening on the street; besides, all is there in readiness for your reception."

"Must I take it, Joachim?" said Andreas to the Capuchin, almost anxiously.

"Yes, Andy, you must," replied the friar. "You must do honor to your new dignity, and to us all."

"It is a pity that I must do so," sighed Andreas. "I was so glad that I should soon be in the old back room, where it is so cozy and quiet, and where you do not hear any thing of the noise and shouting outside. But, if it cannot be helped, let us go to the best room; but pray, if it is possible, give us something to eat there. Some sound dumplings and a glass of native wine, friend Niederkircher."

"No, no, Andreas Hofer, that will not do to-day," replied the innkeeper; "I have had all my servants at work in the kitchen ever since sunrise, and you will have a dinner suitable for the commander-in-chief of the Tyrol."

"I should have preferred dumplings and native wine in the small back room," said Andreas Hofer, dolefully, while he ascended with the innkeeper and the Capuchin to the best room on the first floor.

This was a very fine room indeed, and even though it was not as cozy as the back room for which Hofer had longed, it was at all events very agreeable to him to be once more under a hospitable roof, and enjoy a little rest and tranquillity. In the middle of the room stood a table handsomely festooned with flowers, and covered with bottles of wine, cake, and all sorts of fruit.

"Now, my distinguished friends, make yourselves as com-

fortable as possible," said Niederkircher, cheerfully; "lie down awhile on the silken divan and repose. Meanwhile I will go to the kitchen and order dinner to be served to the commander-in-chief and his two generals, Haspinger and Speckbacher."

"I shall comply with your request," growled the Capuchin, "and make myself as comfortable as possible."

He hurled his heavy, dusty leathern shoes quickly from his feet into a corner of the room; he then lay down on the carpet in front of the divan, and stretching his limbs, exclaimed, "Forsooth, I have not been able for a long while to make myself as comfortable as to-day!"

"But you, commander-in-chief," said Niederkircher, beseechingly, "I hope, will not disdain my divan? Rest there a little, Andy, until the waiters bring you your dinner."

"God forbid! I must first attend to my horses," exclaimed Andreas. "I suppose, Niederkircher, you saw my four splendid white horses? They are honest war-spoils; I will keep them forever and never sell them, although I could get a round sum for them, for they are fine animals; only the first horse on the right-hand side, I believe, is a little weak in the chest, and ought not to be overworked. Before going to dinner and making myself comfortable, I must go and feed the horses and see if they are comfortable. You know, Niederkircher, I have always fed my horses myself, and will do so to-day also."

And he hastened toward the door; but Niederkircher ran after him and kept him back.

"For God's sake, Hofer," he cried in dismay, "what are you going to do? Why, you are not a horse-trader nor the Sandwirth to-day, but commander-in-chief of the Tyrol."

"It is true, I forgot it," sighed Andreas. "Go, then, dear friend, get us our dinner, and have a large bundle of hay put into the manger of the horses.—But, great God! what dreadful noise is that in the street? Why, those men are shouting so loudly that the walls are shaking and the windows rattling! What do they want? Why do they always repeat my name? Look out, Niederkircher, and see what is the matter."

Niederkircher hastened to the window and drew the cur-

tain aside in order to look out into the street. A dense crowd was assembled in front of the tavern; it was incessantly cheering and shouting: "Andreas Hofer! Come out! Long live the commander-in-chief of the Tyrol, the liberator! We want to see him, we must thank him for delivering us from the enemy. Andreas Hofer! Andreas Hofer!"

"You cannot get around it, Andy; you must step out on the balcony," said Niederkircher, stepping back from the window. "The people are perfectly beside themselves with love and enthusiasm, and will not keep quiet until you come out and make a speech to them. Do, my friend, step out on the balcony!"

"Must I do it?" asked Andreas, dolefully, turning to the Capuchin, who was stretching himself comfortably on the carpet.

"You must, brother," said Haspinger, gravely. "The people wish to see their beloved leader, and it would be ungrateful not to accept their love."

Andreas Hofer sighed, but he yielded and approached the balcony, the doors of which were thrown open by the innkeeper.

No sooner had the thousands assembled in front of the house beheld the tall form of their favorite leader, than thundering cheers rent the air; all waved their hats and shouted, "Long live Andreas Hofer! Long live the commander-in-chief of the Tyrol!"

And now a feeling of profound emotion overcame the tender, grateful heart of Andreas Hofer; joy and ecstasy filled his soul in the face of so much love and enthusiasm, and tears of the most unalloyed bliss glistened in his eyes, which greeted the jubilant people with tender, loving glances. He was anxious to thank these kind people and give utterance to his love; and he lifted up his arm, asking them to be quiet that he might address them.

The cheers and acclamations ceased immediately, and Hofer spoke amidst the breathless silence of the crowd in a loud, ringing voice:

"God bless you, dear people of Innsbruck! As you wanted me to become your commander-in-chief, I am now in

your midst. But there are many other Tyrolese who are not inhabitants of Innsbruck. All who wish to be my comrades must fight as brave and honest Tyrolese for God, the emperor, and our fatherland. Those who are unwilling to do so must go back to their homes. Those who wish to become my comrades must never desert me. I shall not desert you either, as sure as my name is Andreas Hofer! You have seen me now, and heard what I had to say to you; therefore goodbye!"*

When Hofer had concluded his speech, thundering cheers rent again the air; they continued even after he had left the balcony, closed the door after him, and stepped back into the room.

"That was a very fine speech, Andy," said Niederkircher, shaking hands with him, and gazing tenderly into his flushed face. "It was evident that your words were not learned by rote, but came from your heart, and hence they could not but make a profound impression. But now, commander-in-chief of the Tyrol, dinner is ready. The soup is already on the table, and I myself shall have the honor of waiting on you."

"But Speckbacher is not yet here," said Andreas Hofer, "and we cannot dine without him. We fought and worked together; now we will also rest and attend to our comforts together. Do you not think so too, brother Red-beard?"

But the Capuchin made no reply, or rather he responded only by a loud and long snore.

"By the Holy Virgin! Haspinger has fallen asleep on the floor yonder," exclaimed Andreas, smiling.

"Let us waken him, then," said Niederkircher, turning to the sleeper.

"No, my friend, no, we will not do so," whispered Andreas, drawing him back. "Our faithful and brave brother Red-beard has been so long awake and at work that we must let him rest, and it would be very wrong in us to arouse him from his sleep. Let us defer dinner, therefore, until Speckbacher is here, and until Haspinger has slept enough."

"But you said you were hungry, Andreas. Why do you want to wait, then? Why do you not dine now and let the

* Hofer's own words.—See "Gallery of Heroes: Andreas Hofer," p. 126.

other two dine afterward? You are commander-in-chief, the highest officer of all, and they must do as it suits you, and you must not do as it suits them."

"Do not repeat such nonsense," cried Andreas, vehemently. "I am commander-in-chief only because it is necessary that there should be one to hold the whole together lest it should fall asunder. That is what Father Haspinger said, and it is true. But even though I am commander-in-chief of the Tyrol, I am not commander-in-chief of my friends in my intimate intercourse with them. All three of us have worked to the best of our power for the fatherland, and I have not done more than Speckbacher or the Capuchin. It is true, I am hungry, but I shall not go to dinner without my friends; moreover, it is good that they are not here yet, and that I have a little time left. The cravings of my stomach made me almost forget my duty to God, and by the absence of my friends He reminds me that I owe Him something and must come to Him. Keep your fine soup, therefore, a little while, Niederkircher; I will, in the mean time, go to the church of the Franciscans to report there to the Lord as His faithful servant and soldier."

He took his black Tyrolese hat, descended hastily the staircase, and went into the street. He had not noticed the dissatisfied air of Niederkircher, and the fact that the innkeeper had not even thanked him for his greeting; for all his thoughts were now fixed upon God, and he reproached himself contritely with almost forgetting God, owing to the cravings of his stomach.

"Forgive me, my Lord and God," he murmured, on entering the gloomy nave of the church, "for not coming to Thee at once!"

He walked up the aisle with a noiseless, hurried step, in order not to disturb the worshippers, to one of the small altars, before which he knelt down devoutly.

"Here I am, my Lord and God," he murmured, clasping his hands, "to render homage to Thee and thank Thee for delivering us from the enemy and granting victory to us. I thank Thee for it from the bottom of my heart, for Thy mercy was with us, and Thou didst lead us as a true general. Guide us henceforth likewise, my Lord and God, and stand by Thy

faithful servant, that he may not fail in the difficult task which he has now taken upon himself. Lord, Thou knowest that vanity and pride do not prompt me to become more than I ought to be; Thou knowest that I would rather be quietly at home with my wife and children, than play the distinguished gentleman here and assume an aristocratic title. But the Capuchin, who is wiser than I, says it must be so, and I must be commander-in-chief. Hence, I submit patiently, and consent to play the ruler here until Thou, my Lord and God, allowest me again to be Thy humble and simple servant, and to return to my beloved Anna Gertrude, my three little daughters, and my dear little boy. O Holy Virgin, watch with maternal care over my dear ones at home; protect them, and grant peace to their hearts, that they may not tremble for my safety. Grant peace to us all, Holy Mother of God, and—"

"Look, look, there he is!" shouted a loud voice behind him, interrupting him in his prayer. "See, there is the great hero! How humbly he is kneeling before the altar! Look at Andreas Hofer."

Andreas Hofer turned, indignant at the interruption and the words so loudly uttered in that sacred place. He saw several hundred persons thronging the aisle and fixing their eyes upon him. All crowded forward and raised their heads to see Andreas Hofer, admire his fine beard, and examine his whole appearance. They had followed him quietly, and as the news that Andreas Hofer, commander-in-chief of the Tyrol, had gone to the church of the Franciscans, spread rapidly, all had hastened thither to see him and render him homage.

But Andreas Hofer thought this homage decidedly irksome, and he was angry that the spectators had disturbed his prayer. He, therefore, made a bitter-sweet face in response to the enthusiastic demonstrations and affectionate greetings of the people, and elbowed his way hastily toward the door.

"I thank you for your attachment," he said to those who were close to him, "but I should have been better pleased if you had allowed me quietly to pursue my way, and had not interrupted my prayer. But now pray let me go home alone, and do not follow me. It may be becoming for aristocratic

gentlemen to have a large suite behind them, but I am only a simple Tyrolese like you all, and do not want to be any thing else. Moreover, I am a very ordinary-looking man, and there is no reason whatever why you should stare at me in this manner. Pray, therefore, do not go with me, but let me return quietly to Niederkircher's tavern, where I am going to dine."

They obeyed, of course, and opened a passage for him to step out of the church door. But thereupon they rushed out to look after him and shout, "Long live Andreas Hofer, the pious commander-in-chief of the Tyrol!" But no one ventured to follow him; all gazed affectionately and reverentially after his tall form, as he walked with a slow and dignified step down the street.

"There are strange people in these cities," murmured Hofer to himself, while walking along; "they do not even let me pray quietly, and are as curious as swallows. They follow me everywhere, and stare at me as though I were a wild beast. If that is being a famous man, I do not care for fame; and for the whole world I would not be an aristocratic or famous man all my lifetime. When peace has been restored to the country, and there is no longer an enemy to fight, they will forget my humble services, and I shall live again quietly at my inn in the Passeyr valley. No one will then run after the Sandwirth when he comes to Innspruck to sell horses; and I shall sit again in Niederkircher's back room, eat dumplings, and drink native wine. Ah, Holy Virgin, let it soon be so again, that the commander-in-chief may be again Sandwirth Andreas Hofer."

"Hurrah, long live the commander-in-chief of the Tyrol!" shouted at this moment some men who had recognized him, and stood still to do homage to him as though he were a sovereign prince.

Andreas Hofer accelerated his step, and was very glad on reaching the tavern soon afterward.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ANDREAS HOFER, THE EMPEROR'S LIEUTENANT.

ANDREAS ascended the staircase hastily, and entered the balcony-room.

The Capuchin had now risen from the carpet; Joseph Speckbacher was with him, and both hastened to meet Andreas Hofer.

"You have kept us waiting a long while, brother," said the Capuchin, indignantly; "you ought to have borne in mind that we have not eaten any thing, and are, therefore, very hungry."

"Yes, Father Andy," exclaimed Speckbacher, smiling, "you hung our bread-basket very high; we are quite weak from waiting and hunger."

"Now they blame *me* for keeping *them* waiting," said Andreas mildly. "And yet I think they kept me waiting, and hunger drove me to the church. Well, never mind, my dear friends and comrades; we are together now, and I am very glad of it. Look at Niederkircher and his large dish! How splendidly it smokes and smells, and how good it will be to eat! Well, Niederkircher, put the dish on the table here, and sit down and dine with us."

"No, no, commander-in-chief, it is my duty to-day to wait on you, for you are now a highly distinguished gentleman, and so are the other two; hence, it would not behoove me to dine with you."

"If you refuse to do so, I shall not eat at all," cried Andreas Hofer.

"And I shall run away," said Speckbacher, jumping up from his chair.

"I shall sit still," growled the Capuchin, "but I shall henceforth turn my back upon Neiderkircher if he allows our soup to become cold instead of sitting down at once and dining with us."

"I will do so," cried Niederkircher, moving a chair to the table, and seating himself on it. "But now my friends, permit me at least to fill your plates."