

And before he was able to prevent it, or even know it, she glided to the small door leading from the vestry into the street.

Ulrich heard the jar of the door, and opened his eyes. Eliza stood in the open door, and cast a last, parting glance on him. Joachim Haspinger stood behind her.

"Eliza," cried Ulrich, hastening to her, "you will leave me?"

He would have seized her hand, but Haspinger stepped between them. "Go to your bride, sir," he said, imperatively. "Eliza will accompany me and go to her father!"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE TREATY OF PEACE.

THE Emperor Francis was still at Prince Lichtenstein's castle of Totis, in Hungary, but for some days past there had no longer reigned there the profound silence and calm monotony which had prevailed during the first days of the imperial sojourn. Couriers came and went, equipages rolled up, and conveyed to the castle some of the Austrian diplomats, with whom the emperor conversed a long while in his cabinet, whereupon they departed again. Even Baron von Thugut, the all-powerful ex-minister, had been drawn from his tranquil retirement, and called to the headquarters of the Emperor Francis at Totis. Francis had locked himself up with him in his cabinet, and conversed with him in so low a tone that Hudelist, although he had applied his ear to the keyhole, had been unable to hear a single word of importance; and the emperor was so reticent as to the subject of his conversation with Thugut, that the Empress Ludovica, although, after Thugut's departure, she had sought frequently to fathom the meaning of his presence there in her interviews with the emperor, did not receive the slightest information from her husband.

Great commotion reigned at Castle Totis already early in

the morning of the 12th of October. Prince Lichtenstein had arrived in the first place, and Count Bubna had come soon afterward. The emperor had gone with the two diplomatists to his cabinet; they had left it several hours afterward, and departed immediately.

Count Metternich had likewise arrived at Totis, and repaired at once to the emperor's rooms. The count ordered the footman in the anteroom to announce him to his majesty, but the servant shook his head with a polite smile.

"It is unnecessary for me to announce your excellency," he said. "His majesty ordered me to conduct your excellency at once to his cabinet. Be so gracious, therefore, as to follow me, your excellency."

And he hastened, with a noiseless step, through the apartments. Count Metternich followed him quickly, and an imperceptible sneer played over his fine youthful face as he was walking through these sumptuous rooms, whose deserted appearance was the best proof of the precarious situation of the emperor.

The footman stood now before the door of the imperial cabinet; after waiting until his excellency had come close up to him, he opened this door, and said, in a loud voice, "His excellency, Count Metternich!"

When the count entered the cabinet, the emperor was sitting at his writing-table, and holding in his hand a paper which he had read, but which he laid down now, to rise and greet the count. It did not escape Metternich's keen, prying eyes, that the emperor's face was more serene to-day than it had been for a long time past; and, on bowing deeply to his majesty, he asked himself what might be the cause of this unusual serenity, and who might have brought the glad tidings which had awakened so remarkable a change.

"Welcome, count, welcome!" said the emperor, in his sonorous voice, and with a graceful smile. "I sent for you because I am exceedingly anxious to learn the progress of your peace-negotiations at Altenburg. Is there no prospect yet of a speedy termination of this abominable war?"

"Your majesty, I regret to say that the negotiations are progressing very slowly," said Count Metternich, mournfully.

"The Emperor of the French persists with stubborn petulance in all his demands, and refuses firmly to abate them."

"Indeed, is Bonaparte so stubborn?" asked the emperor, kindly. "How far have you advanced in your conferences with Minister Champagny?"

"Your majesty, we have not advanced yet beyond the difficult questions concerning the contributions in money and the fortresses. France refuses obstinately to take less than two hundred and thirty-seven millions of francs, and insists on the cession of the fortresses of Gratz and Brünn, which her troops have not even occupied up to this time."

"That is to say, you have not advanced in your peace negotiations beyond what both sides were willing to concede at the outset?"

"Pardon me, your majesty. In the beginning of the negotiations we were entirely ignorant of the demands of France, while we are familiar with them now, and know what course to adopt in regard to them. After learning the adversary's intentions, one may more easily devise ways and means to frustrate them."

"But you have been devising them a long time already without obtaining any results," said the emperor, shrugging his shoulders. "Well, what do you think, my dear count, will be the upshot of your peace negotiations?"

"Will your majesty permit me to tell you the truth?" asked Count Metternich, with his most winning smile.

The emperor nodded his head.

"Well, then, your majesty, I believe that war will be the upshot of all these peace negotiations. The demands of France are so exorbitant that Austria cannot submit to them. Austria's *honor* will compel us to resume hostilities; for a government may, if need be, acquiesce in the loss of some of its territories, but it must never submit to a violation of its honor."

"But do you know that a resumption of hostilities will endanger not only some of our territories, but our existence? Our armies are disorganized, disheartened, and without a competent commander-in-chief; and my distinguished brothers, who are at the head of the different corps, are quarreling

as though they were old women, and not princes. Besides, money, the best general in war times, is wanting to us."

"Only declare your determination to resume hostilities, your majesty, and money will not be wanting to you. Your people will gladly sacrifice all their property for this purpose, for your people hate Napoleon and desire vehemently that hostilities should be resumed."

"See here," exclaimed the emperor, almost menacingly, "let me advise you not to allude to my people, if you want me to remain on good terms with you. I have no people; I have subjects, and want only subjects.* If I need money, I shall impose additional taxes on my subjects, and they will be compelled to pay them; but they need not offer me any presents, for I think it would be incompatible with my imperial honor to accept them. An emperor must not accept any thing as a present at the hands of his subjects, not even their love, for it is the duty of the subjects to love their emperor. Bear this in mind, count, and do not repeat again this new-fashioned word 'people'; I cannot bear it, it smells so much of the republic and guillotine. Well, I have told you that, if we resumed hostilities, we should be destitute of three very essential things, namely, a good army, a great captain, and money. There is no doubt whatever that we should lose the first battle again; and if we were compelled then to sue for peace, Bonaparte would impose still more rigorous terms upon us: we should be obliged to accept them, and should lose both territories and honor. Now you know my views, count, and you shall know also the principal reason why I sent for you. Look at this paper. Do you know what it contains? The treaty of peace!"

"The treaty of peace?" cried Metternich, in dismay. "Your majesty does not mean to say—"

"I mean to say that I have made peace with the Emperor of the French. Here is the paper; take it. The whole thing is done now."

"Your majesty," exclaimed Metternich, looking at the paper which the emperor had handed to him, "it is really true, then? You have already signed the treaty without be-

* Schlosser's "History of the Eighteenth Century."

ing so gracious as to employ your ministers or even inform them of it?"

"Yes, I have, for I thought we needed peace; hence, I signed the treaty, and Prince Lichtenstein and Count Bubna have taken a copy of it to the headquarters of the Emperor Napoleon at Schönbrunn, and I believe he will sign it also. Well, do not look so dumbfounded, count, and do not wonder any longer that I succeeded in making peace without your assistance. I allowed you and Stadion to go on with the negotiations, and did not prevent you from displaying your whole diplomatic skill at Altenburg against Bonaparte's minister, Champagny; but all this could not prevent me either from promoting the affair a little here at Totis, after my own fashion, and now all is over. For the rest, my dear count, bear in mind what I now say to you. I appointed you my minister, because you are an able and clear-headed man, and an industrious and reliable functionary. I shall let you act, decide, and govern, and not complain if people say that you are all-powerful in Austria, and that your will alone guides the ship of state. Let people say and think so, but *you* shall not think so, count; you shall know once for all what our mutual position is. I allow you to govern so long as you govern in accordance with my views; but if I am not satisfied with the course you are pursuing, I shall pursue my own course, and it will only remain for you to follow me, or retire from public affairs. Now decide, my dear count; will you follow me, or—"

"Sire, there is no 'or,'" interrupted Count Metternich. "It is your majesty's incontestable right to lead the way, and indicate to me the course I am to pursue."

"That is right; I like to hear that kind of language!" exclaimed the emperor, holding out his hand kindly to the count. "You may depend upon it now that we two shall remain yet a long while together, and that, since we are going to have peace in the country, we shall rule together in tranquillity and harmony. There, take the paper now to your room, and read it attentively, that you may become thoroughly familiar with it; above all things, do not forget the secret articles, for you know they are always the most important of all. Pray

return to me in an hour from now; we will then work together."

"Sire, I shall be here punctually," said Count Metternich, bowing deeply, and walking backward to the door.

"I believe he *will* be here punctually," said the emperor, smiling, after Metternich had left the room. "He is afraid, if he should not be promptly at my door, it might never open to him again. I want them all to feel that I am their master and emperor—I alone! Now I am through with Metternich, and it is my brother's turn. I will give him to-day a lesson which he will not forget all his life long."

The emperor rang the bell. "Has my brother, the Archduke John, not yet arrived?" he asked the footman who entered the room.

"Your majesty, the archduke has just arrived, and is waiting for your orders."

"I request my brother to come to me immediately," said the emperor. After the footman had glided noiselessly out of the room, Francis walked repeatedly up and down, and his face assumed a gloomy expression. "He shall learn now that I am his master," he murmured; "I will break his haughty spirit, and humiliate him so deeply that he will never think any more of plotting against me."

At this moment the door opened, and the Archduke John, whom the footman announced, entered the room. He looked pale and sad; the last months, full of care and grief, had gnawed deeply into his soul, and deprived his eyes of their fire, and his form of its youthful fulness.

The emperor saw it, and a sardonic smile illuminated for a moment his features, which, however, quickly resumed their gloomy expression. "Ah, brother," exclaimed the emperor, greeting the archduke with a slight nod of his head, "we have not seen each other for a long time; hence, I sent for you. I wish to communicate important news to you. The war is at an end. I have concluded peace with the Emperor of the French."

"Peace?" asked John, incredulously. "Your majesty condescends to jest, and that is a good symptom of your majesty's excellent health."

"I never jest with you," said the emperor, dryly. "I tell you in dead earnest, I have concluded peace with Napoleon. Austria loses a great deal by this peace; she cedes one-third of her territory, and pays, moreover, besides the contributions imposed heretofore, the sum of eighty-six millions of franc."*

"But what of the Tyrol?" asked John. "I am sure your majesty will keep the faithful Tyrol?"

"No," said Francis, looking his brother full in the face, "the Tyrol will be divided; one part of it will be restored to Bavaria; the other part will be given to the Viceroy of Italy, and become a province of French Italy."

"That is impossible!" cried John, in dismay; "that cannot be your will—"

"And why not? Why is it impossible?" asked the emperor, sternly.

"Your majesty," said John, facing his brother boldly, "you pledged your word to the Tyrolese solemnly, in the face of God and the whole world, that you would not conclude a peace which would separate the Tyrol from your monarchy."

"Ah, you dare to remind me of it?" cried Francis, in a threatening tone.

"Yes, I do," said John, vehemently; "and I have a right to do so, for it is I who pledged my honor that the imperial promise would be redeemed. It was I who stirred up the insurrection of the Tyrolese, who repeated the promises of their beloved emperor to them; it was I who called upon them in the emperor's name to organize a conspiracy and rebellion, and who induced them to draw the sword and fight for their liberty. Your majesty, thousands of the noblest Tyrolese have lost their lives in this contest; thousands lie wounded and in great pain; the soil of the Tyrol, formerly so tranquil and peaceful, is reeking yet with gore; the fields are not cultivated; where prosperity formerly reigned, there is now distress and starvation; where peace and tranquillity prevailed, there rages an insurrection; where merry and happy people used to live, and where nothing was heard formerly but the ringing notes of the *Ranz des Vaches* and the merry *Jodlers* of the herdsmen, there are to be seen now only pale, mournful

* Napoleon signed the treaty of Schönbrunn on the 14th of October, 1809.

invalids, tottering along painfully, and nothing is heard but the booming of artillery and the lamentations of the impoverished and starving mountaineers. And yet, despite all their disasters and privations, the faithful Tyrolese stand firm, for their hearts are full of hope and love for their emperor. They risked all in order to become Austrians again; and even now, when the deplorable armistice has compelled your troops to sheathe their swords, the faithful and confiding Tyrolese continue their struggle for their emperor and the liberty of their beloved country. All Europe gazes with astonishment and admiration upon this heroic people, which alone is yet courageous enough to resist the French despot, which alone does not yet bow to his decrees, and still draws its sword against him, while all Europe is crouching before him in the dust. Oh, your majesty cannot and will not abandon this faithful people, which loves you and believes in you. It would be high treason to think your majesty capable of such a step, for you pledged your word to the Tyrolese, and never will an Emperor of Austria break his word and incur the disgrace of perjuring himself."

The emperor uttered a cry of rage, and, entirely forgetful of his assumed calmness, rushed upon the archduke with flashing eyes and uplifted arm.

"You dare to insult me!" he cried. "You are impudent enough to charge me with perjury! You—"

The archduke on seeing his brother so close before him, furious and with clinched fist, started back a few steps. "Your majesty," he said, "I am sure you do not intend to insult your brother. Pray take your hand away, for if it should touch my face, my forehead, I should be obliged to forget that you are the emperor, that you are my brother, and should demand satisfaction of you."

"The emperor would not give satisfaction to a rebel," said Francis, dropping his arm slowly; "he would crush the rebel by a word, and deliver the traitor into the hands of his judges."

"Well, then, do so," exclaimed John; "punish me, let me expiate with my blood the boldness with which I reminded you of the sacred promise which you gave to the Tyrolese. But do

do not forget your word ; do not abandon the faithful Tyrol ; do not destroy the only hope of these honest, innocent children of nature, who confide so touchingly in their emperor ! Oh, your majesty, let us both forget the vehement words which anger and grief caused us to utter just now ! I implore your majesty's forgiveness—I confess that I sinned grievously against my emperor. But now have mercy in your turn ! See, I bow to you, I kneel down before you, and implore you, by your imperial honor and in the name of the Tyrol, do not abandon the Tyrol and its commander-in-chief, Andreas Hofer, and do not forget your solemn promise that you would never consent to a treaty of peace that would not forever incorporate the Tyrol with your states. You want to make peace with Napoleon ; but the treaty has not been proclaimed yet, the world does not know of it yet, and it is still possible for your majesty to break off the negotiations. Oh, do so, your majesty ; redeem the word you pledged to the Tyrol, and do not conclude a peace which will not indissolubly unite the Tyrol with your monarchy. Permit the Tyrolese at least to conquer their liberty once more, and, after they have done so, protect it. Send me to the Tyrol, permit me to place myself at the head of the brave mountaineers, and you shall see that the Tyrolese will rise as one man and fight with the courage of lions. Oh, your majesty, send me to the Tyrol, that the Tyrolese and the whole world may learn that the emperor of Austria keeps his word and does not abandon them, and that he sends his own brother to them in order to tell them that he will not consent to any peace which will not incorporate their country with Austria !”

The emperor burst into loud and scornful laughter. “Ah, you are very shrewd, brother,” he said ; “you think I myself should give you permission to go to the Tyrol and play there, with redoubled splendor, your part as savior and liberator of the province. You think I am ignorant of your nice little plan, and do not know why you wish to go to the Tyrol, and what intentions you entertain in regard to it. Yes, sir, I know all ! I am aware of your plans. I know that you are a revolutionist and rebel. You wanted to make yourself sovereign of the Tyrol. That is the reason why you incited the people

to rebellion, and intrigued and plotted until the poor peaceable peasants became insurgents and rebels against their Bavarian king, and unfurled the banner of blood with frantic fanaticism. You say thousands have fallen in the Tyrol in the struggle for liberty ; you say thousands lie wounded on the gory soil of their native country ; that prosperity has disappeared, and poverty and starvation reign in the Tyrol ? Well, then, all this is your work ; it is your fault. You stirred up the insurrection, and committed the heavy crime of inciting a people to revolution. The Tyrol belonged to Bavaria ; the Tyrolese were subjects of the King of Bavaria ; nothing gave them the right to shake off the rule of their king and choose another sovereign. And you think I should be so weak as to approve of the bad example set by the Tyrolese, and encourage the crimes committed by the revolutionists ? You think I should sanction your work and consecrate your traitorous schemes by permitting you to go to the Tyrol in order to preach insurrection once more, make yourself sovereign of the Tyrol, come to an understanding with M. Bonaparte, and be recognized and confirmed by him as Duke of Tyrol ?”

“Brother,” cried John, in dismay, “I—”

“Hush,” interrupted the emperor, imperiously ; “no one has a right to say a word when I am speaking. I am not speaking to you as your brother, but as your emperor. And as your emperor, I tell you now, you will not go to the Tyrol, you will not dare to cross again the frontiers of the Tyrol without my permission ; and I promise you that you will have to wait a long while for this permission. And as your emperor I order you further to inform the Tyrolese that I have concluded peace with France, and to call upon them to lay down their arms and submit to their fate.”

“Your majesty, never, never will I do that !” cried John.

“Oh, you think the good Tyrolese would then begin to doubt the honesty of their adored archduke, and withdraw from him their love, which was to erect a throne for him ?”

“No, your majesty,” said John, looking him full in the face ; “I mean that I have pledged my word to protect the Tyrolese, and help and succor them in their struggle for liberty and for their emperor, and that I will not incur the dis-

grace of having cheated a whole people and abused their confidence and love in the most revolting manner."

"Oh, you want to intimate to me once more that I have done so—that I have abused the confidence and love of the Tyrolese in a revolting manner?" asked the emperor, with a freezing smile. "No matter, keep your opinion; but you shall surely obey me, and do it at once in my presence. Seat yourself at my writing-table yonder. You are a scholar, and know how to wield the pen quickly and skilfully. Write, therefore. Inform the faithful Tyrolese that peace has been concluded; order them to lay down their arms and submit obediently to their new master."

"I cannot, brother," cried John, mournfully. "Have mercy upon me! I cannot deliver a whole people to the executioner's axe. For, if you withdraw your hand from the Tyrol, if you surrender it to the tender mercies of the Bavarians and French, they will wreak a fearful revenge on the Tyrolese for all the defeats and humiliations which the heroic mountaineers have made them undergo."

"That will deter the mountaineers from entering into any more conspiracies and revolutions, and teach them to be patient and submissive; and they will thereby become an awful example to my own subjects. Do not disobey me any longer. Seat yourself and write, archduke!"

"No," cried John, vehemently, "your majesty may punish me as a rebel, take my life, or sentence me to everlasting imprisonment, but I cannot obey! I cannot write such a proclamation!"

"I shall not punish you as a rebel," said the emperor, shrugging his shoulders; "I shall not take your life, I shall not sentence you to everlasting imprisonment; but I will withdraw my hand entirely from the Tyrol. I will not, as I had resolved and stipulated expressly, give the fugitive Tyrolese, if they should succeed in crossing the frontier, an asylum here in Austria, and protect them to the best of my power; but I will deliver them as escaped criminals to their legitimate sovereigns, that they may punish them according to their deserts. Nor shall I, as I intended to do, stipulate in the treaty of peace that the ancient constitution shall be con-

firmed and guaranteed to the Tyrolese; nor shall I, finally, as I had resolved to do, appoint a commission which will afford relief to the fugitives who escape with their families to Austria. It will be your fault if the poor Tyrolese are deprived of these boons, and you will expose the deserted people to the most fearful persecutions."

"No, your majesty; no one shall ever be able to say that," cried John, profoundly moved. "I will obey your order and draw up the proclamation."

He hastened to the writing-table, and, throwing himself on a chair in front of it, uttered a deep groan and dropped his head on his breast as though he were dying.

"Well, do not reflect so long, brother," said Francis, "but write!"

John took up the pen, and, restraining the tears which filled his eyes, wrote quickly a few lines. He then rose as pale as a corpse, and, approaching the emperor slowly, handed the paper to him.

"Your majesty," he said, solemnly, "I have complied with your order. I inform the Tyrolese that peace has been concluded, and exhort them to submit. Will you now fulfil the conditions, on account of which I have written this to the Tyrolese? Will you grant an asylum here in Austria to those who shall succeed in escaping their tormentors and executioners? Will you appoint an imperial commission which will afford relief to the fugitives and their families? And last, will you see to it that the ancient constitution is guaranteed to the Tyrolese in the treaty of peace?"

"I pledged you my word that I would do so, dear brother," said the emperor, smiling; "and you yourself said a while ago, 'Never will an Emperor of Austria break his word and incur the disgrace of perjuring himself.' Well, read to me now what you have written. I should like to hear it from your own lips."

The archduke bowed and read in a tremulous voice:

"DEAR, BRAVE TYROLESE: The news that peace has been concluded will soon reach you. The emperor has ordered me to confirm this intelligence to you. The emperor would have

done every thing to fulfil the wishes of the Tyrol, but, however great an interest the emperor takes in the fate of the honest and excellent inhabitants of that province, he has had to submit to the stern necessity of making peace. I inform you of this by order of his majesty, with the addition that it is his majesty's wish that the Tyrolese should keep quiet and not sacrifice themselves needlessly.

"The Archduke JOHN."

"H'm!" said the emperor, taking the paper from John's hand and contemplating it attentively, "it is written quite laconically indeed. But, no matter, you have complied with my order and done your duty."

"I thank your majesty for this acknowledgment. And now that I have done my duty, I request your majesty to be so gracious as to dismiss me from your service, and permit me to retire from the court into private life. I feel weak and exhausted, and need repose. Moreover, since we have peace now, my services are superfluous and may be easily dispensed with."

"And you wish me to dismiss you very speedily, do you not?" asked the emperor, sarcastically. "You would like to retire as quickly as possible into private life, that the whole world, and, above all, the dear Tyrolese, may perceive that the noble and beloved Archduke John is dissatisfied with the treaty, and has therefore withdrawn in anger from the court and service of his emperor? I am sorry that I cannot afford you this satisfaction. You will remain in the service; I do not accept your resignation, I do not permit you to retire into private life. You should devote your abilities to the state; you are not allowed to withhold your services from it at this juncture."

"Your majesty, I can no longer be useful to the state. I am exhausted to death. I repeat my request in the most urgent manner: dismiss me from the service, and permit me to retire into private life."

"What!" cried Francis, vehemently. "Your emperor has informed you of his will, and you dare to oppose it? That is a violation of subordination, for which the emperor, as su-

preme commander of his army, would punish his rebellious general rigorously, but for the fact that this general unfortunately is his brother. I repeat it, I do not accept your resignation. You remain in the service; I demand it as your general-in-chief; I remind you of the oath of allegiance which you have sworn to me, your emperor and master."

"Your majesty does right in reminding me of the oath I took," said the archduke, with freezing coldness. "It is true, I swore that oath; and as I am in the habit of keeping my word, and as it is disgraceful for any one to break his word and perjure himself, I shall fulfil my oath. Hence, I shall obey my emperor and general-in-chief, and not leave the service. But now I ask leave of your majesty to withdraw for to-day, if your majesty has nothing further to say to me."

"Yes, I have something else to say to you, my dear brother," said the emperor, smilingly. "I will give you a proof of the great confidence which I repose in you, and with which I count upon your discretion. I will communicate to you a family secret which is known at present only to the Emperor Napoleon, Baron von Thugut, who acted as my agent on this occasion, and myself."

"What!" asked John, in surprise; "the Emperor Napoleon is aware of a family secret of your majesty?"

"As it concerns himself, he must be aware of it," said the emperor. "Napoleon intends to marry a second time."

"A second time? Has his first wife, the Empress Josephine, then, died suddenly?"

"No, she still lives, and is acting yet at this moment in Paris as the emperor's legitimate consort. But Napoleon, immediately after his return from Germany, will annul this marriage, which was never consecrated by a priest; he will divorce himself solemnly from his wife, and have then the right of marrying a second time. He requested my secret agent, Baron von Thugut, to ask me if I would consent to a marriage between him and an archduchess of Austria. I replied in the affirmative, and this agreement forms one of the secret articles of the treaty of peace."

"An archduchess of Austria is to become the consort of the French despot!" cried John, in dismay. "And who,

your majesty, is to be sacrificed to the Minotaur? Which of your sisters or cousins will you let him have?"

"None of my cousins or sisters," said Francis, calmly, "but my eldest daughter, Maria Louisa, is to become the consort of the Emperor Napoleon."

"Maria Louisa!" cried John, with an expression of dismay. "Maria Louisa!"

And John staggered back several steps, as pale as a corpse, and grasped the back of the chair in order not to sink to the floor.

Francis did not seem to perceive this. "Yes, Maria Louisa will be Napoleon's second consort," he said. "Every thing is settled already, and the marriage will take place next March. I think, brother, you may stand proxy for Napoleon on that occasion."

The archduke gave a start, and pressed his hands to his temples as if he were afraid lest this dreadful "family secret" would burst his head.

"Your majesty," he said, in a tremulous and almost inaudible voice, "I beg leave to withdraw."

Without waiting for a reply, the archduke turned and left the room with a tottering step, and leaning now and then against the wall in order not to sink to the floor.

The emperor looked after him, smilingly. "It seems Huelist was not mistaken," he said. "My dear brother really loved Maria Louisa, and intended to become my son-in-law. What a nice idea! But he must give it up now. He—Holy Virgin! What noise is that in the anteroom? What fell to the floor there?"

The emperor stepped quickly to the door and opened it. "What is the matter here?" he asked.

"Your majesty," exclaimed the footman, who hastened to him, "the archduke fainted and fell to the floor, striking with his head against the corner of a chair, and wounding his forehead, which is bleeding copiously."

"Well, I hope it is only a slight scratch," said the emperor, composedly. "Carry the archduke to his bedchamber and send for my surgeon. I will afterward call on him myself."

Without taking any further notice of the archduke, the emperor returned into his cabinet and closed the door after him.

"He fainted," said Francis, triumphantly. "Henceforth he shall be entirely powerless. No one shall have any power here but myself. Ah, I have broken his pride, bent his will, and prostrated him at my feet. All my brothers shall bow to me, acknowledge me as their master, and obey me. Ah, I believe I have played a bad trick on my brothers. The Archduke John will not become Duke of Tyrol; the Grand-duke Ferdinand of Würzburg will not be Emperor of Austria, for Napoleon will become *my* son-in-law, and he will take good care not to deprive his father-in-law of his throne. I alone am, and shall remain, Emperor of Austria."

CHAPTER XL.

DREADFUL TIDINGS.

ALL the Tyrolese were in the highest excitement and terror. Pale faces were to be seen everywhere, and nothing was heard but the anxious query: "Is it true? Has our emperor really made peace with Bonaparte? Is it true that he has abandoned us entirely, and that we are to become again subjects of France and Bavaria?"

And some of the timid and disheartened sighed: "It is true! We read so yesterday in the *Innsbruck Gazette*, and the Viceroy of Italy has sent two messengers through the Puster valley to proclaim that the Emperors of Austria and France concluded a treaty of peace on the 14th of October, and that the Tyrolese are to lay down their arms and become again subjects of France and Bavaria."

"It is not true!" cried the bold and courageous. "The Emperor Francis has not made peace with Bonaparte; and if he has, he has certainly not abandoned the Tyrol, but stipulated that we remain with Austria; for he pledged us his word that we should, and the emperor will redeem his promise."