

church still, a quiet quaint old church, but the noble dome of the Invalides had faded from my sight, and only the pointed arches of a Gothic roof were above my head. Here there was a tomb, the tomb of an emperor, with many colossal figures standing near; but these were no longer the statues of angels carved in Carrara marble, but the bronze effigies of heroes and heroines of old; neither were they grouped around the tomb as in the Invalides, but were placed on either side of the nave, forming a very avenue of statues.

The darkness, too, had passed away, and the full light of the noonday sun was shining in upon the scene. It needed no second glance to tell me that I was standing in the Church of the Holy Cross at Innsbruck, and that the beautiful mausoleum at the end of the nave was the monument which a grateful country has erected to the memory of the good Emperor Maximilian, the husband of Mary of Burgundy and the grandfather of Charles V.

It was not easy to mistake it; for though I had only seen it once before, each one of its "marble pictures" was indelibly engraved on my memory.

But it was not to this mausoleum, beautiful work of art as it is, that my attention was attracted now. I was standing in the northern aisle, before another and a simpler monument—a plain marble tomb, surmounted by the figure of a man dressed in the picturesque costume of the country. He was bare-headed, for his peasant's hat was lying on the ground at his feet; across his shoulders a rifle was slung, and resting on his right arm was the unfurled banner of Austria and Tyrol.

No king, no emperor was this; not even a man of princely lineage. He laid no claim to titled ancestors, and yet he came of a royal race for all that. He was one of the honourable of the earth, one of Nature's true noblemen, cast in her own pure unsullied mould; and his patent of nobility is written on the grateful hearts of those countrymen for whose sakes he was well pleased to live and die. High in the ranks of Christian heroes is Andrew Hofer's name enrolled. What need for me to sing his praises? That name is dear to bearded men, to tender women; far and wide it is beloved, wherever there is a loyal heart beating with generous sympathy for what is truly great and good.

Even little children love to hear and to tell in lisping accents the touching story, fraught with all the interest of a romance, of Hofer's life and death—of how this man, who was at first but a simple innkeeper, was chosen to be the leader of that heroic effort which his country made to free herself from the tyranny of usurpers; and of how, when the good cause failed, and God in His mysterious providence suffered the oppressors to triumph for a season, he, the peasant leader, was contented to lay down his life for that cause, and, a true hero to the last, suffered cheerfully even a traitor's death out of very love for the country which, living, he had served so well.

I knew that story almost by heart, and it all came back to me now as I stood gazing upon the strong stalwart form and the grave beauty of those sad yet noble features.

The quiet home in the Passeyerthal, where from his childhood he had learnt to grow familiar with the most beautiful scenery in the Tyrol; that humble hospitable cottage, almost hidden amongst the mountains, from which only a bridle-path led to beautiful Meran, the capital of Tyrol proper, the stronghold of Tyrolean freedom; the calm delights of his domestic life; the happiness of the husband and father, enabled by the manly piety of the Christian. Then came the call to arms—when innumerable acts of cruelty and injustice committed by the Bavarian usurpers had aroused even the meekest to the conviction that the time for resistance had come at last—and one sad day Hofer, who would have sacrificed all but honour to keep the peace, was singled out by his companions to be their leader in the war. It was a sad duty truly; for very soon the beautiful land was laid waste and desolate by the march of contending armies; the peaceful valleys of the Jaufen and the Pusterthal, the defiles of the Brenner and the Iselberg, rang with fierce battle-cries, and with the shrieks of wounded and dying men. Very soon the Inn, as it leaped and foamed beneath the stupendous rocks of the Finstermunz, the Adige, the Eisach, and many other beautiful rivers of the Tyrol, were running red with blood, the blood, alas! of her own children as well as of their enemies. Several battles were fought with varying success; prodigies of valour and daring were performed by the Tyrolean mountaineers, who were among the most skillful marksmen of the day. The capital was taken, to be lost and recaptured by them within the short space of a few months; while, to the superstitious consciences of the invaders, it seemed as if the saints themselves were fighting against them on the side of liberty.

But the peasants fought against fearful odds. Of what avail was all their skill and energy and courage against the close and serried ranks, the disciplined thousands, which Bavaria and France poured in upon their devoted land? The unequal struggle could not last for ever. Austria, bowed down beneath the iron yoke of Napoleon, cared not and dared not to send help to the little band of heroes who were pouring out their very life-blood in her cause. None of the other countries of Europe had aroused themselves in time to strike a blow in favour of Tyrolean freedom. Even England stood passively aloof till the time for help was past. And so the brave deeds that had been done had all been done in vain, and presently the hosts of armed men

were disbanded as speedily and as mysteriously as they had been raised; and it only remained for their brave leaders to elude the vengeance of their now exasperated enemies by seeking such shelter as their beloved mountains could afford.

And Hofer? As he had been unspoiled by prosperity, so now he showed himself undaunted in adversity. The hour which had seen him called to the post of honour and power, had been to him no mere moment of gratified pride or awakened ambition; it had only been marked in his life's calendar as the beginning of a season of greater watchfulness and prayer. And as during the time the struggle lasted he had trusted in no arm of flesh, but in the help of the God of battles, so now that it was ended, and had proved worse than vain, he committed himself with the trustful confidence of a child into the hands of his loving Father to do and to suffer His good pleasure.

For many months his fate hung in the balance. There came a long cruel winter, which he spent in the snow-hidden chalet on the Timpler Jach, about twelve miles from his home—a long trying season of cold and privation and suspense, cheered only by the sweet companionship of his loving wife and devoted children. But even there the patriot was not safe. Not by the energy or perseverance of his enemies, but by the cold-blooded treachery of one who pretended to be a friend, was Hofer tracked to his last asylum. A false priest, one who had received many kindnesses at the hands of the man he was about to betray, found it in his heart to compass the destruction of his benefactor. He was one of the very few who knew the secret of that safe retreat; and one cold morning in January, long before it was light, he guided the bloodhounds of France step by step along the narrow path which led to the chalet, and Hofer was surprised and captured before he had even time to think of escape. What wonder that to this day the name of Douay is execrated throughout Tyrol!

Then came the last sad scene upon the ramparts at Mantua. At daybreak one morning, only a few days later, whilst the winter sun was still struggling through the mists which overhung the Adriatic, a party of soldiers issued forth from the prison by the Molina gate, and conducted Hofer to the place of execution.

He walked with his head erect and with firm unflinching footsteps, his tall stalwart figure showing to the best advantage in the picturesque costume of a Tyrolean peasant. His road lay by the Molina barracks, where many of his countrymen, some prisoners like himself, were assembled, and they fell on their knees and with tears and sobs begged for a last blessing as he passed.

The appointed spot was reached, a bastion near the Porta Ceresa; and we may well imagine that in those last moments Hofer's eyes turned with a longing lingering look towards the east, where in the extreme distance the Adige was flowing, a broad calm stream, through the plains of northern Italy, for he knew that that same river was even then winding like a silver thread through the beautiful Etch Thal, which lies at the foot of the Castle Tyrol, so very near to his home amongst the mountains which he would never see again.

The prisoner was commanded to kneel, but he refused. "I have always worshipped my Maker standing," he said, "and thus will I enter His presence now." So, too, when they would have bound his eyes with a handkerchief, he again resisted. "Think you that I fear to face death?—I who have looked into the mouths of cannon?"

With a voice that never faltered he himself gave the word to fire.

But his noble bearing had unnerved the hearts and hands of his executioners, and the first discharge was cruel, for it did not kill. Hofer was only wounded, and fell upon one knee.

There followed a few moments of intense agony and suspense, and then one hand, more merciful than the rest, took fatal aim. Another instant and all was over. A helpless mangled form had fallen heavily on the ground, but a pure and guileless spirit had taken its flight to the world above—to that home in the eternal heavens "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

And Napoleon could have saved this man; one spoken word, one stroke of the pen, and Hofer need not have died. Oh, the strong should be merciful! He who in the hour of triumph fails to show mercy to a fallen foe forgets that he is robbing his own crown of one of its brightest jewels.

Amongst those who surrounded the Emperor of France, a few brave spirits had not been wanting who had ventured to risk their own favour by pleading for the life of the Tyrolean patriot. Eugene Beauharnais' kindly voice had been raised, as it was always raised, upon the side of justice and mercy; but the Man of Destiny turned a deaf ear to all their entreaties, and Hofer was left to his fate. But for once even a cold selfish world exclaimed against this act of needless tyranny, judging rightly that a true man and no traitor had been sacrificed in that dark morning's work upon the walls of Mantua, and many were the hearts that throbbed in sympathy with Hofer's widow, who, when she was offered some time after a safe asylum in Austria, refused the proffered honour that had come all too late, and chose to live on in the Passeyer valley, in that quiet home endeared to her by its associations with the past and with her murdered husband, waiting, patiently waiting, till her own time should come.

Once more the scene had changed. This time

it was a garden, and a chapel in the garden, and in the chapel two sleeping marble figures. It was the garden of Charlottenburg,\* and the figures were those of Frederick William III., King of Prussia, and of Louisa his wife.

She looked so calm and peaceful as she lay there in her last deep sleep by the side of her royal husband. This was she who once selected these words as the most fitting epitaph for her tomb: "She suffered much and endured patiently."

Truly sorrow and suffering did their worst in her lifetime upon the fair Prussian queen, but they are powerless to harm her any longer, now that she has passed away from this world of trial, and is "resting from her labours" in the house of many mansions in her Father's kingdom. Nothing can ever again disturb "the rapture of repose" seen upon those expressive features, the perfect serenity of that noble brow, or the smile of angelic sweetness which still lingers on those chiselled lips.

Thanks be to the wondrous art of the sculptor\* whose genius has given such spiritual beauty to the mere lifeless marble, and has preserved to us so touching a memorial of one whose sad but noble story moves even the hardest hearts to feeling of pity and admiration.

Sleep on, gentle lady, true wife, loving mother; no bitter taunts, no cruel insults, can ever reach you more. Never again will you have cause to blush for Prussia's weakness and disgrace, or to weep at the thought of your beloved country low and wasted beneath the conqueror's iron yoke.† Magdeburg is restored now, though he, no chivalrous soldier, could resist your pleading.

Sleep on, gentle lady, so loving and so loved. It is well that there are no royal robes here, no earthly crown, to tempt one to forget the woman in the queen. Rather would we think, while gazing on her saint-like beauty, of that "crown of life" which, faithful unto death, she is wearing now, and trace in the faded garlands which her children's hands have hung around her tomb the records of the love she inspired in her lifetime—not fleeting and transient as the breath of popularity, but lasting and unchangeable as eternity itself.

Suddenly and with a start I awoke. Yes, it had been all a dream, and I was still standing in the dim twilight beneath the dome of the Invalides.

The sober realities of the scene recalled me to myself, and I found that I had lingered far longer than I had intended.

I turned at once to leave the church, but with what changed feelings! The blind enthusiastic admiration which but an hour ago I had entertained for Napoleon was gone, and in its place there was a feeling of almost scornful aversion towards one who had proved himself so pitiless to a brave enemy, and had acted so cruel and insulting a part towards a woman and a queen.

I was walking slowly down the aisle, when my attention was attracted by a little lamp burning at the side of one of the pillars, underneath which these words were written: "Tronc pour la charité." I paused for a moment, and then dropped one or two small coins into the box.

And once more I found that this trifling act had changed the nature of my feelings. The words I had read beneath the lamp recalled to my thoughts that higher charity of which almsgiving is so small a part—that Christian charity which indeed "covers a multitude of sins"—which, if it cannot blind a man to a brother's faults, at least teaches him to extend to those faults the pity and pardon which he daily needs for his own. And as I left the church, and once more stood without, amidst the glare and tumult of the great city, this was the thought uppermost in my mind: "Oh, that men would learn to read the lesson of Napoleon's life and death aright, and take warning to themselves from the sad example of mingled strength and frailty which it holds up to the world, learning with humility the lessons it should teach, but leaving all judgment with his God."

#### ATTEMPTS TO ANNIHILATE AN ORGAN-GRINDER.

He was a high-toned young man, but he had been looking upon the wine when the adder was there and as he rushed out of a saloon on Seventh street, he brandished a gold-headed cane and cried, "I want to destroy some one." A man who stood by listening to a hand organ turned upon him and inquired: "Have you any preference as to the social standing or business occupation of the victim?"

"Anything, anything that's (hic) human," and he cut the air with his cane in a manner that indicated great earnestness.

"Then tap that grinder on the head," said the old man, "and the world will call you blessed," and the young snob waltzed up to the organ grinder and got a very painful bump placed over his eye. When he picked himself up from the pavement he looked mournfully sad at the man and shouted, "You old wig-headed betrayer, give me an easier one," and then reeled around the corner just in time to run into a policeman, who subsequently told the judge that it was an ordinary street affray, and the regular fine was accordingly imposed.

\* In the outskirts of Berlin.

\* Rauch.

† Napoleon at Tilsit, on one occasion, offered to the Queen of Prussia a beautiful rose. She accepted it after a moment's hesitation, and said, smiling, "Yes, but at least with Magdeburg." "I must observe to you, madame," replied the Emperor, "that it is my part to give, and yours only to receive."

#### CENTENNIAL STATISTICS.

The American Republic commenced in 1776, 100 years ago, with thirteen States and 815,615 square miles of territory, which was occupied by about 3,000,000 of civilized human beings. It has now a population of 43,000,000, who occupy thirty-seven States and nine Territories, which embrace over 3,000,000 of square miles. It has 65,000 miles of railroads, more than sufficient to reach twice and a half round the globe. The value of its annual agricultural productions is 2,500,000,000, and its gold mines are capable of producing \$70,000,000 a year. It has over 1,000 cotton factories, 580 daily newspapers, 4,300 weeklies, and 625 monthly publications.

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

COLONEL MAPLESON the London impresario, arrived in New York some days ago and immediately proceeded West. According to the World, he is the husband of Mlle Titienis, but that is a mistake.

DION BOUCAULT sails for the United States in February. He intends while there to renew the agitation he created in England in favor of the release of the Fenian prisoners. He will play at Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, and Chicago, the proceeds of the performances at these cities to be for the benefit of the imprisoned Fenians.

ATTACHED to the new London Opera House will be class-rooms, and a regular conservatory is to be formed. Each of these rooms is to have a stage, and on this the aspirant will be required to move about in order to gain that ease which is indispensable. Thus when a singer does a serenade he will be dressed in the costume of the character, and carry a guitar. That is the only true way to help educate the lyric aspirant.

THE *Athenæum* says that in his three fairy comedies Mr. W. S. Gilbert has presented himself in as many different lights. In "The Wicked World" he is a satirist, in "Pygmalion and Galatea" he is a humorist and in "Broken Hearts" he is a poet. The three plays together form the most important contribution to fairy literature that has been supplied by any dramatist, or indeed, any writer, since the commencement of the seventeenth century.

THE decadence of the vocal art and the methods of instruction ever form fertile subjects of discussion in English and foreign musical circles. Two enthusiastic Frenchmen have accordingly resolved to study the various methods of the old masters, and to make an historical analysis of the musical principles of the last three centuries. The researches will be embodied in a *Histoire de l'Art du Chant*, which will include an abstract of all ancient and modern treatises on singing, a careful survey of the various conservatoires and methods of instruction, and an historical comparison of the French and Italian schools.

MAPLESON says of Titienis: She has a wonderful memory, and does not need to go so much as glance over the score of an opera before going to rehearsal. She is a wonder on that account to Sir Michael Costa, who cannot understand how she can retain the music of sixty-eight operas—for her repertoire is so extensive—in her mind. She only taps her forehead, and says, "They are all there," but she can't tell how. It is long since she sang *Norma*, but the other day she went to rehearsal and rendered it without glancing at the score. And what is more, she not alone knows her own role, but that of everybody else.

THE great organ of the Metropolitan Methodist Church, Toronto, has been inaugurated, Mr. F. H. Torrington presided. The organ is the largest in the Dominion, and the third largest in America. It is the workmanship of Messrs. S. E. Warren & Co., of Montreal, and is a wonder of Canadian skill and workmanship. The organ contains, with the clock escapement (or Bell Stop), 3,315 pipes and notes, and has three manuals and pedals. The total cost is about \$15,000. This organ has 53 speaking stops; Strasbourg Cathedral has 46; Temple Church, London 47; Westminster Abbey 32; Birmingham Hall 53.

MAPLESON says that Mlle. Chapuy is certainly a wonderful singer. Sir Michael Costa, who seldom if ever praises anybody, and who has always recognized in Mlle. Titienis the last of the great race of *prime donne*, remarked at Mlle. Chapuy's first rehearsal in London, "There you have a star!" This truly great praise from a man who swears by recollections of Bosio, Persiani, Malibran, was proved on her appearance in "Traviata." Sir Michael, who never allows *encores*, actually permitted her to respond to four during the evening. Her singing is indeed perfection. You may form some idea of it when I tell you that she can perform all the Di Murska feats and clothe them in wonderful richness of tone. She took the gold medal in Paris for histrionic ability, for she was originally intended for an actress.

THE wheel skates used for skating on rinks were invented indirectly by Meyerbeer. While "Le Prophète" was in rehearsal at the Opera in Paris, the composer mentioned to the manager that he should have been glad to introduce a skating scene into the second act; but his idea was only that skaters should be seen to flit by rapidly in the background of the stage. M. Duponchel turned the matter over with the maître de ballet, who, after a night of anxious musing, hit suddenly upon the grand notion of skates mounted on wheels. A skate maker was taken into confidence, and the result was a pair of admirable patins, which the maître de ballet bravely shod and sprawled with over an oilcloth matting, until, having paid his tribute to the centre of gravity by the inevitable succession of tumbles, he declared himself capable of skating. All that remained to do was to make the members of the corps de ballet serve the same apprenticeship as their master, and this having been done to everybody's great satisfaction, Meyerbeer composed that musical gem, the "Skating Galop." It is worth recording that in the first public performance of the "Prophète" one too energetic couple of skaters—lady and gentleman—starting with an excess of speed, were unable to check themselves at the footlights, and took headers into the orchestra, which caused Rossini, who was present, to remark drily that Meyerbeer's was music à tout casser.

#### ARTISTIC.

THE Count de la Rochefoucauld, who has instituted excavations at Pompeii in a new direction, hitherto rather discouraged by the archaeologists, has been amply rewarded recently. He has discovered two skeletons, one of a man and the other of a woman, both in a perfect state of preservation. At their sides were found a pair of gold ear-rings, a golden purse, and a piece of gold net work, and near by were some pastry moulds, four spoons, eight drinking cups and four plates, all of silver.

NEAR the Walter Scott monument, in Grey Friar's churchyard, Edinburgh, stands a red granite fountain, erected in memory of "Bobby," a Scotch terrier, of whom the church sexton tells this story. For thirteen and a half years the dog staid by the grave of his master, day and night, until he also died, and was buried in the same yard. Regularly at the ring of the castle gun at 1 o'clock, he went to a butcher's near by where he was fed, and then he returned to the grave of his master. When the Baroness Burdett Coutts heard this story she had the monument erected at a cost of 1,000 pounds sterling.