

ROSETTE.

(Translated from Béranger.)

Unmindful of your blooming youth
Why talk of love to me, forsooth,
To me, whose ardour disappears,
Chilled by the frosts of forty years?
A pretty face of old, I vow,
Sufficed to fire my heart, but now—
I cannot love you, I regret,
As once, long since, I loved Rosette.

Whirled in a carriage you display
A brilliant toilet, day by day:
Rosette, arrayed in simple white,
Smiled as she tripped with footstep light:
And, though her quick coquettish eye
Provoked the gaze of passers-by,
I cannot love you, I regret,
As once, long since, I loved Rosette.

In this boudoir with satin hung
Your smiles are back from mirrors flung;
Rosette could boast one glass alone—
To me it seemed the Graces' own.
No curtains veiled her sleep by night,
The daybreak woke her with its light;
Ah! wherefore can I love no more,
As once I loved Rosette of yore?

Your wit, that sparkles, well may claim
A more than transitory fame;
Without a blush I own, Rosette
Could scarcely read the alphabet.
When words to tell her thoughts were weak,
Love's silent language she would speak—
Ah! wherefore can I love no more,
As once I loved Rosette of yore?

What, though her charms than yours were less,
What, though she lacked your tenderness;
What, though she turned a glance less sweet
Than yours on lovers at her feet!
She had my youth—my youth that yet
I sigh for with a fond regret—
Ah! wherefore can I love no more,
As once I loved Rosette of yore?

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

GEIER-WALLY:

A TALE OF THE TYROL.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

BACK TO THE FATHER.

Wally raised herself to see what startled the bird. There, across the smooth sea of ice, with its reefs and chasms, came a human figure, advancing straight toward the rock where she lay. Wally recognized the dark eyes and black moustache, saw the cap waved in joyous greeting, and heard the loud *jodel* he uttered, as once before, long ago, she had heard it when she looked down from the Sonnenplatte, and saw him guiding the traveller through the ravine; she herself then a hopeful, innocent child—not yet cursed and disinherited by her father; not yet an incendiary; not yet a murderer. As a whole landscape, illuminated by a flash of lightning, suddenly looms up, with all its heights and depths, from the gloom, now, at a single stroke, the chain of incidents rose before her mind, and she beheld with a shudder the depth of her fall.

What was she then—and what was she now! What did he, who had not sought her in the old days, now seek with the criminal—the living dead?

She gazed at him with unutterable horror.

"Oh, God! he is coming!" she shrieked aloud, clinging in mortal terror to the cliff, as if it were the hand of her stony father. "Joseph, stay below; don't come up here. For Heaven's sake, turn back—go away; I cannot, I will not see you!" But Joseph had hastily bounded up the rocks, and was rapidly approaching her. Wally pressed her face against the hard stone and waved the intruder back. "Is there no place in the whole world where one can be alone?" she cried trembling from head to foot. "Don't you hear? You must leave me. You have nothing to do with me! I am dead; the same as dead! Oh! can I not even die quietly?"

"Wally, Wally, have you lost your senses?" exclaimed Joseph, raising her from the rocks in his strong arms, like a piece of moss that clung to the cliff. "Look at me, Wally, for God's sake! Why do you not wish to see me? It is I, Joseph, whose life you saved; we don't do such things for those we hate!"

He held her clasped in his arms; she had sunk upon one knee; she could neither move forward nor back; she could not defend herself. She was no longer the Wally of former days, but a weak, feeble girl. With dim eyes she bowed her head, like a victim about to receive a death stroke.

"Holy Virgin, lass, how you look! as if you were going to die. Is this the proud Höchsbauerin? Wally—Wally, speak—come to your senses. This comes from living like a wild animal. I should forget how to use my tongue at all up here! You have grown very weak; come, lean on me, I'll help you down to your hut. To be sure, I'm not much of a hero, but I've rather more strength than you. Come—it's enough to make one giddy up here—and I've a great deal to say to you, Wally, a great deal." Wally almost unconsciously let him lead her down, step by step. Without uttering a word, he guided her tottering feet over the sea of ice, and down to the hut. But the shepherd lad was standing at the door, so he stopped, and gently seated his companion on a patch of mountain grass. She sat there silently and submissively, with her hands clasped in her lap. It was doubtless God's will that she should endure this trial also, and she prayed only for firmness.

Joseph threw himself on the grass beside her, rested his chin on his hand, and gazed with

ardent eyes into her grief-worn face. "I have much for which to make amends to you, Wally," he said, gravely; "and I should have come long ago, if the doctor and priest would have let me; but they said it might cost me my life if I went up the mountain too soon, and I thought that would be a pity, for now I should like to live, Wally"—he took her hand—"since you have saved my life!—for when I heard the story I knew how matters stood with you—and they are just the same with me, Wally!" He gently stroked her hand.

Wally snatched it away, in sudden terror, and almost gasped for breath.

"Joseph, now I know what you mean! You think, because I saved your life, you must out of gratitude love me and leave Afra in the lurch! No, no, you dare not do that, for so surely as there is a God in Heaven, I am base and wicked, but not wicked enough to accept a reward I don't deserve, or have a heart given to me like a traveller's fee—a heart which, moreover, I must steal from another. No, Geier-Wally has not yet come to that. Whatever she may have done, thank God, there is still one evil deed of which I should not be capable," she added, under her breath. Then, summoning all her strength, she rose and attempted to go to the hut, where the shepherd sat whistling a song. But Joseph held her firmly with both arms. "Wally, listen to me first!"

"No, Joseph," she said, with pallid lips but haughty bearing; "not another word. I thank you for your kind intentions, but you don't yet know me!"

"Wally, I tell you you must listen—do you understand? You must!" He laid his hand on her shoulder, and his eyes rested upon her with such an imperious expression that she sank down, as if utterly conquered.

"Speak then," she said, faintly, sitting down on a rock some distance off.

"That's right; now I see you can obey," he said, with a pleasant smile.

He stretched his handsome limbs upon the turf, put the game bag he had removed under his elbow, and leaned upon it. His warm breath fanned Wally's face. She sat motionless, with downcast eyes; the conflict within gradually flushed her pale face, but outwardly she remained calm, almost stolid.

"I'll tell you everything just as it happened," Joseph continued; "I never could bear you, though I didn't know you. People talked so much about your fierceness and hardness, that I had a very bad opinion of you, and wanted to know nothing at all about you. Of course I always saw that you were a beautiful lass, but I wouldn't see it. So I always kept out of your way, till your quarrel with Afra; but I couldn't let that pass. You see any wrong done to Afra is done to me, and when Afra is hurt it cuts me to the heart, for, you know—well it must come out now—my mother will forgive me in her grave: Afra is my sister!"

Wally started and gazed at him as if in a dream. He paused a moment, and wiped his forehead with his shirt-sleeve. "It's not right for me to tell it, but you must know and will never repeat the secret. My mother told me on her death-bed that before she knew my father, she had had a child in Vintschgau, and, with my hand in hers, I promised to provide for the girl as a brother; that's why I brought her from the other side of the mountains and put her at service in the Lamb. But we promised each other to keep the secret, and not let our mother be disgraced in her grave. Don't you see that I couldn't let my sister be insulted without revenging it, and was forced to stand up for her when any one injured her?"

Wally sat like a statue, fairly gasping for breath. It seemed as if the mountains and the whole world were reeling around her. Now everything was clear: now she understood what Afra had said at Joseph's bedside! She pressed both hands on her head, as if she could not grasp the thought. If this were so how terrible became her guilt! It was not the heartless man, who had insulted her for the sake of a low born servant, she had sought to kill, but the brother, who was only fulfilling his duty to his sister, in an outburst of blind jealousy. She would have robbed a poor orphan of her last support. "Oh! God, if that had happened!" she said to herself. Her head swam; she buried her face in her hands and a hollow moan escaped her lips.

Joseph, who had not noticed her emotion, continued:—"So I swore in the Lamb before all the people that I would humble your pride and insult you as you had insulted Afra, and we hatched the plot together, in spite of Afra, who did not want it to be done. And it all succeeded; but when we wrestled together, with your beautiful breast pressed against my heart, and I kissed you, it seemed as if my veins were on fire. I did not like to say a word, because I had been your enemy so long; but it grew worse from hour to hour, and at night I clasped my pillow in my sleep, fancying it was you, and when I awoke, called your name aloud and sprang from my bed."

"Stop, you are killing me," cried Wally. The young hunter eagerly continued:—"So I went out in the darkness, and wandered upon the Sonnenplatte. I meant to knock at your window before daylight, and was just thinking how beautiful it would be when you put your sleepy little face out and I took it between my hands and kissed it and asked your pardon a thousand, thousand times! And then, just at that moment, a bullet whistled past my head, and the next instant one struck me in the shoulder, and as I staggered some one sprang

from behind and flung me over the precipice. And I thought my love and life were at an end. But you came, you angel of a girl, and took pity on me, brought me out of the chasm and took care of me—oh Wally!" He threw himself at Wally's feet and laid his clasped hands on her lap: "Wally, I can't thank you as I should like to do; but if all the love of all the people in the whole world were gathered together, it would not be so much as mine for you!"

Wally's strength gave way. With a heart-rending shriek she pushed Joseph back and threw herself, face downward, on the earth, in wild despair. "Oh! I might have been so happy, and now all is over—all, all!"

"Wally, for God's sake, I really believe you are mad! What does this mean? If you and I love each other, surely it's all right!"

"Oh! Joseph, Joseph, you don't know. There can never be anything between us two; oh! you don't know; I am cast out and condemned. I dare not be your wife. Trample on me, kill me, kill me; it was I who caused you to be hurled over the cliff."

The terrible words made Joseph recoil. He still thought she was raving. Starting to his feet, he gazed at her in horror.

"Joseph, she murmured, clasping his knees; 'I have loved you ever since I knew you; for your sake my father sent me to the Hochjoch; for your sake I set his barn on fire; for your sake I wandered three years in this wilderness, starving and freezing, and preferred to die rather than marry any other man. I was almost mad with jealousy of Afra, because I thought she was your sweetheart and was taking you away from me! At last, after long, long years of waiting, you asked me, like a betrothed bridegroom, to the dance, and I thought my heart would burst with joy and allowed you to kiss me as if I were your betrothed, but you—you insulted me before all the people—insulted me, in return for all the love and faith with which I had waited for you, for all the misery I had endured for you—then my love was transformed to hate, and I told Vincenz to murder you.'"

Joseph covered his face with both hands. "This is horrible!"

"That night I repented," Wally continued; "I went out and tried to prevent it; but the crime had already been committed. And now you tell me that you would have loved me, and all might be well, if I could stand before you with a clear conscience. And all this I have brought upon myself by my blind rage and malice! Oh! I thought there could be no greater sorrow than that you have already caused me, but it was nothing to what I have inflicted on myself. But it serves me quite right; it serves me quite right!"

There was a long silence. Wally had pressed her forehead, damp with the sweat of agony, against Joseph's knee; her whole body writhed with pain. An anxious minute elapsed. Then a hand was placed under her chin, gently raising her face, and Joseph's eyes gazed at her with a strange expression: "My poor Wally!" he said softly.

"Joseph, Joseph, don't treat me so kindly!" she cried, imploringly; "take your gun and shoot me. I will not move an eyelash, and thank you for the favor."

He raised her in his arms, laid her head on his breast, stroked her tangled hair, and kissed her, warmly and passionately. "But I love you still!" he exclaimed, in a loud, joyous tone, that echoed exultantly from the dreary walls of ice.

Wally stood, almost unable to believe her senses, silent and almost crushed beneath the flood of happiness that poured upon her.

"Joseph, is it possible; can you forgive me—can the dear God can forgive me?" she murmured, breathlessly.

"Wally! he who could hear all this and look at your pale face, and still be angry with you, must have a stone instead of a heart in his breast! I'm a hard fellow, but I can't do it!"

"Oh! God," exclaimed Wally, tears gushing from her eyes; "when I think that I wanted to still that heart"—she wrung her hands, despairingly. "Oh! you dear lad, the kinder you are to me, the more terrible is my remorse! Oh! I shall never find rest on earth or in Heaven. I'll be your servant, not your wife. I'll sleep on your threshold, not by your side. I'll work for you, serve you, and read your commands in your eyes. And if you beat me, I'll kiss your hand, and if you trample upon me, I'll clasp your knees, and beg and pray till you are kind once more. If you give nothing but a look and a word, I'll be satisfied: it will be more than I deserve!"

"And do you suppose I should be satisfied with that?" asked Joseph eagerly; "do you suppose a look and word would be enough for me? Do you suppose I could bear to have you sleeping on the threshold, and I within? Do you suppose I should not open the door and call you? And do you suppose you would remain outside if I called you in?"

Wally tried to escape from his embrace.

"Be calm, dear lass," Joseph continued, in his deep, musical voice, drawing her on his knee. "Be calm, and joyfully accept the happiness our Lord sends. You must, for you have honestly atoned for your fault. Never torment yourself with reproaches; for, by Heaven, I too have bitterly wronged and irritated you—rewarded your long years of love and faithfulness with mockery and contempt. It's no wonder you at last lost patience. How could you help it? You are Geier-Wally. But you instantly repented and brought me out of the chasm at the risk of your life, when no man had courage to

venture down, and ordered me to be placed in your own bed, and nursed me till that foolish Afra came and drove you off, because you thought she was my promised wife. Then you went away, and wanted to give us your whole property that I might marry Afra. And you retired in the wilderness with your heavy sorrow. Oh! you poor soul; I have caused you nothing but pain ever since you knew me; and am I not to love you, that we may be happy together? No, Wally, if the whole world were against you I would not care, I'd take you in my arms and no one should injure you!"

"Then it is really true, you will take me from misery and disgrace to your heart, your good, noble heart? You won't fear the wild Geier-Wally, who has done so much mischief?"

"I fear Geier-Wally—I Bären-Joseph? No, dear child; and even if you were far more untamed than you are, I would not fear you. I would still conquer you, as I have already told you—at that time I spoke in hate, but now I utter the words in love! And even if I could not conquer you, and knew you would kill me within the next fortnight, I wouldn't let you go: I could not part from you. A hundred times I've climbed down the rocks for a chamois when I knew that a single false step might cost me my life, and I would not stop; and are not you, my beautiful lass, worth as much as a chamois? Ah! Wally, I would gladly die for one hour in which you looked at me and clung to me as you are doing now!" He clasped her in his arms so passionately that she could scarcely breathe. "Two weeks from to-day you will be my wife, and then you will never kill me. I know that, for I know your heart."

Wally started up and raised her clasped hands to Heaven. "Oh, merciful God, I will thank and praise Thee all my life, for this is more than any earthly happiness: it is the message of pardon Thou sendest!"

Evening had come—a mild face looked kindly down upon them from above—the full moon was sailing over the mountain. Twilight shadows rested on the valleys; it was too late to go down from the heights. They went into the hut, lighted a fire, and sat down by the hearth. How happily they talked after their long years of silence. The eagle dreamed on the roof—it was building a nest; the night wind sighed like the notes of a harp, and a star peeped through the little window.

The next morning Wally and Joseph stood before the door of the hut, ready for their return home.

"God be with you, Father Murzoll!" said Wally, and the first ray of the morning sun glittered on a tear that ran down her cheek. "I shall never come back to you again; may happiness will now be down below; but I thank you for having so long given me a home when I was homeless; and you, old hut, you will now stand empty; but when I am sitting with my dear husband in a warm room, I will think of you: how I shivered and wept through the lonely nights under your roof, and then I shall always remain humble and grateful!"

She turned and placed her hand in Joseph's arm. "Come, Joseph, or we shall not reach the good priest in Heligkreuz before noon."

"Yes, come; I will guide you home, my beautiful bride. Look, happy maidens, I have her, and she belongs to me, in spite of you and all other spirits of evil!"

And he uttered a loud *jodel*, which resounded from the cliffs like the exultant shouts of the redeemed on the Resurrection Day.

"Oh! hush," said Wally, in terror, laying her hand over his mouth. "Don't defy them!" Then she smiled, with a bright, clear look in her joyous eyes. "Ah! no, there are no happy maidens and evil spirits; there is only God!" She turned once more. The snow-capped mountain peaks were crimsoned by the morning sunlight.

"It was beautiful on those heights!" she said, with lingering steps.

"Are you sorry that you must go down with me?" asked Joseph.

"If you descended into the deepest chasm in the earth, where no ray of sunlight ever shone, I would go with you, and neither ask questions nor complain!" she said, and her voice had such a strange gentleness that Joseph's eyes grew dim.

Suddenly a rushing sound came from the roof of the hut. "Oh! my Hansel, I had almost forgotten you," cried Wally. "You must be reconciled," she said, turning to Joseph, with a smile; "fate has made you brothers: I brought you from the cliffs as well as Hansel!"

So they went down together. It was a very small bridal procession, with no pomp, except the golden crowns the morning sunbeams wove around their heads; no attendants, except the eagle, circling far above them; but dearly-bought, unutterable happiness in their hearts.

On the dizzy heights of the Sonnenplatte, where once "adown the rugged steep gazed the mountain maid," and where she afterwards descended into the gray abyss to save the man she loved, a lonely cross now rises into the blue air—a monument, erected by the parish, in memory of Geier-Wally and Bären-Joseph, the benefactors of the whole neighborhood.

Wally and Joseph died young, but their names live on and will be praised as far and as long as the Asche flows. The traveller who passes through the ravine late in the evening, when the vesper bell rings and the silver crescent of the moon rises above the mountains, will probably see a gray-haired couple kneeling there. It is