

bauerin was going to the dance with Joseph Hagenbach. The street was crowded, and the host of the Stag had ordered musicians from Lust.

One of the maid-servants stood at the attic window, watching the path by which Joseph must come.

Wally was in her own room; her pulses beat like hammers, her cheeks burned, her hands were cold as ice; she pressed to her heart the neatly folded white handkerchief she held in her hand, her mother's bridal handkerchief.

Joseph's pipe and the ring were concealed in her pocket. She waited minute after minute without moving, and this quiet waiting, while she almost gasped for breath in her impatience, was probably the hardest task of her life.

"They are coming—they are coming!" called the maid; "Joseph and a crowd of lads from Selden and Zweifelstein, and the landlord of the Lamb—a whole procession."

Every one ran into the farm yard; the footsteps of the approaching party were audible in Wally's room. The latter now came out, and all uttered a cry of admiration.

At the same moment the procession, headed by Joseph, appeared at the gate.

Wally went forward to meet him with the radiant dignity of a bride, who is proud of her bridegroom—proud of having been chosen by such a man.

"Joseph, is it you?" she said, and her voice sounded soft and gentle, as it had never done before. Joseph looked at her with a strange, almost timid glance, and then lowered his eyes.

Wally started. Was it accident or design? Joseph had put the feather in his hat upside down, as is the custom of the peasants when seeking a quarrel. But it was surely only an accident to-day.

All stood watching her. She felt so embarrassed that she could say nothing more; and he, too, was silent. She looked at him with eyes full of tender love, but he avoided them; he was probably confused like her.

"Come," he said at last, offering her his hand. She placed hers in it, and they walked silently to the Stag. The strangers and servants closed the procession.

As, when we look at the sun, a mist often darkens our eyes even in broad daylight, a cloud suddenly, in the midst of her happiness, shadowed Wally's soul. She knew not why; her brain was confused and she could no longer think clearly. Everything was so different from what she had imagined.

When they entered the Stag the musicians were loudly playing a contra dance, and as Wally joined the ranks with Joseph, she heard murmurs of "There isn't a handsomer couple in the whole world."

She now noticed, for the first time, how many strangers had come with the young hunter and perceived that all her rejected suitors were present. Wally secretly compared them with Joseph, and said to herself that there was not one who could vie with him in strength and beauty. He was a king among the peasants, a man of a very different stamp from ordinary mortals. She cast a delighted glance at the tall figure, and her eyes wandered from the broad breast to the slender knees and ankles. Any one who saw him so must understand that she could love no other man.

As she looked up she met two piercing black eyes fixed like daggers upon Joseph; they belonged to Vincenz, who stood wedged in among the crowd; and not far off was another mournful face, that of Benedict Klotz, who was gazing at her thoughtfully. As she passed him he caught her sleeve and whispered, "Have a care, Wally, they have some design upon you. I don't know what it is, but I fear they mean you no good!"

Wally carelessly shrugged her shoulders. Who could harm her when Joseph was by her side?

The dancers took their places, with Wally and Joseph at the head; they wanted to see them dance together. No couple had ever been watched with such envious eyes as these two stately figures.

But Joseph suddenly dropped Wally's hand and stood before her, almost solemnly. "Wally," he began, and at a sign from the host of the Lamb, who stood behind them, the music ceased. "I hope, before we dance, you will give me the kiss none of your suitors has obtained!"

Wally blushed and replied, in a low tone, "But not here, Joseph, before all the people."

"Here, before all the people!" said Joseph, emphatically.

Wally struggled a moment between inclination and embarrassment. To kiss a man before all this assembly was a difficult task for her chaste nature. But there stood the object of her ardent love; the moment for which she would have joyfully sacrificed years of her life; nay, life itself, had come. And was she to refuse him for the sake of a few spectators, who certainly could not reproach her for kissing her betrothed husband? She raised her beautiful face to his, and his eyes rested a moment on the pouting, scarlet lips; then, with an involuntary movement, he pushed her gently back, saying: "No, not so! No true hunter ever shoots his game except when leaping or on the wing; I've already told you so! I'll fight with you for the kiss; I won't have it given to me! And, if I were a girl like you, I wouldn't give myself away so cheaply. Defend yourself, Wally, and don't make it easier for me than you've done for others, or I shall think it no honor."

A flush of shame crimsoned Wally's face.

She would have liked to sink into the earth. Had she so completely forgotten what was due her that her suitor was obliged to remind her of it? A red mist flitted before her eyes. It seemed as if a wave of blood closed over her head. Drawing herself up to her full height, she gazed at him with flashing eyes: "Very well!" she cried; "you shall have your wish. You, too, must know who Geier-Wally is. See if you can get the kiss now!"

She felt as if she were stifling, and, tearing off the kerchief, stood before him in her silver-laced velvet bodice and white undervest. Joseph's eyes rested on the snowy neck in astonishment. "You are beautiful—as beautiful as you are wicked," he murmured: then sprang upon her as a hunter springs upon the game to which he seeks to give the death blow, and threw his strong arm around her neck. But he did not know Geier-Wally. With a powerful jerk she released herself, and a mischievous peal of laughter from all who had once fared no better rang on the air, and roused Joseph to furious indignation. He now seized the girl around the waist in an iron grasp, but she gave him such a thrust in the pit of the stomach that he staggered back with a cry of pain. Another peal of laughter burst forth. By this thrust, whose effect she well knew, she had always defended herself against all assailants, for no one could endure it. Joseph stifled his pain, and, throwing himself upon the girl with redoubled fury, seized her by the arms with both hands, and tried to press his lips to hers; but, in the twinkling of an eye, she bent on one side, and now ensued a breathless struggle, up and down, to and fro, in utter silence, only interrupted by an occasional imprecation from Joseph. It no longer resembled a love contest, but a mortal conflict. Three times he pressed her to the ground, and three she sprang up again; he raised her in his arms, but she twisted so that he could not touch her lips. Her delicate linen undergarment hung in tatters, her silver ornaments were shattered in pieces. Suddenly she released herself and darted toward the door, he overtook and strained her to his breast. The embrace seemed like an outburst of anger. His breath fanned her cheek like hot vapor. She rested on his breast, felt his heart throb against her own, and her strength failed; she sank on her knees before him, and, as if fainting with anguish, shame and love, murmured, "You have conquered!"

(To be continued.)

METASTASIO AND THE ITALIAN DRAMA.

Metastasio is considered by the greatest of his native critics to have surpassed all the other dramatic poets of Italy in the delicacy with which he has painted the passions, and the refinement with which he has expressed the affections of his *dramatis personæ*. There is no depth of the soul which his eloquence does not reach, no secret feeling which does not respond to his touch, and on this account he was prized by all readers, of all ages, and all conditions of life. This tender feeling may be said to be the leading feature of all his poetical works; but although his lyrics would alone have won for him distinguished laurels, his fame really rests upon his dramas, which of their special kind are models of excellence. The plot of each drama naturally and simply unfolds itself—a verse, a word even, often suffices to make it clear. From the very beginning he is careful to inform the audience what it is needful for them to know, explaining the past and present, and preparing the way for the future with an ease and a dexterity quite unrivalled by any other dramatic poet. The opening scenes of the "Tornatore" and the "Artaserse" are worth referring to as specimens of this peculiar merit. The dialogue is smooth and rapid, avoiding equally the long narratives of the tragedians of the sixteenth century and the ambitious ornaments of the modern French school, and bringing that vivacity of action on the scene which is the very life of dramatic representation. The plots are so carefully worked out that even those melodramas which were prepared with an especial view to musical rendering can be given equally well and with the same effect when merely recited. He has left his own opinion on record as to the secondary place which music should occupy in the melodrama. "When music," he says, "aspires to hold a position of equal importance with poetry in the drama, it ruins the drama as well as itself. It would be as great an absurdity to suppose that the dress of the person is of as much consequence as the individual himself. My dramas are proved, throughout Italy, by daily experience, to be more sure of a good reception when recited by actors than when musically rendered." In this same letter he refers to the amount of music employed in the old Greek tragedies, a subject upon which he enlarges at full length in his careful extract from the "Poetics" of Aristotle. This extract, or rather analysis, was made in the first instance for his own instruction, to guide him in the composition of his dramas, according to those strict rules of art which he was always careful to maintain. It was afterwards printed at the request of his friends. The operas which are best known to have been also declaimed are the "Didone," the "Clemenza di Tito," "Siroe," "Catone in Utica," "Demofonte," and "Alessandro nelle Indie." Goldoni, in his youth, was asked, when at Faltre, to choose a drama for representation, and he selected the "Didone" and the "Siroe," which were accordingly repre-

sented, but *senza musica nisi soltanto le arie in recitativo*. On these occasions the final choruses were omitted, but the airs were retained as connecting links of the dialogue. Indeed, the Italian language, whose very prose is poetry, and whose poetry is music, almost naturally falls into recitative, and the ease with which Metastasio's compositions adapt themselves either to the opera or the drama would seem to prove this point. Again, the constant transposition of the parts of speech gives the Italian language an immense advantage, when employed either in oratory, poetry, or music, because the arrangement of the words is not governed by the natural order of the ideas, but according as the rounding of the period best pleases the ear.

BISHOP CRIDGE.

The Right Rev. Bishop Edward Cridge, of Victoria, B. C., whose portrait we give this week, is the first Canadian clergyman consecrated to the Episcopate of the Reformed Episcopal Church. Bishop Cridge matriculated at Cambridge, Eng., October, 1844, where he took his degree of B. A., standing third class in mathematical honors in 1848, and was Gishorne Scholar of his college (St. Peter's); he was ordained to Deacon's orders in the Church of England by the Bishop of Norwich (Stanley) in February, 1848, and appointed Assistant Curate and second Master of the Grammar School at North Walsham; was ordained, in the autumn of 1849, "Priest" at Norwich by the Bishop of Norwich (Hind); appointed Assistant-Curate of West Ham, near London, in February, 1841; and licensed shortly after to the incumbency of Stratford Marsh (district parish) in West Ham; appointed by the Hon. Hudson's Bay Company to Victoria District Church (Christ Church) V. I., in 1854. This was the first church in Vancouver's Island; it was completed in August, 1855, at which time he commenced his labors in it, and continued in the same until October 1874. He was appointed Dean in December, 1865, the church of which he was Rector having been made the cathedral of the diocese of Columbia just before. On the 1st November, 1874, the congregation of Christ Church almost unanimously decided to unite with the Reformed Episcopal Church, and appointed the subject of the present notice their Pastor. Bishop Cridge was elected as a Missionary Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church by the General Council of May 1875, and was consecrated in Emmanuel Church, Ottawa, Ont., on the 5th Sunday after Trinity (16th July, 1875), by Bishop Cheney presiding, Bishop and Bishop Nicholson, assisted by several leading Presbyters of the Reformed Episcopal Church, by Bishop Carman of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada, and by Presbyters of the Presbyterian and Canada Methodist Churches. Bishop Cridge was appointed by the General Council of the R. E. C., which assembled in Ottawa in July last, a delegate to the Free Church of England, and on the 15th of August last addressed the Convocation of that body in Christ Church, Teddington, and on the same day consecrated Bishop Price, which was joined in by the Presbyters present. Also on Sunday, August 20th, at Christ Church, Lambeth (Rev. Newman Hall's), the Rev. John Stugden was consecrated to the Episcopal office by Bishops Cridge and Price. During his stay in England Bishop Cridge attended a meeting in London of the Committee of the English Prayer Book Revision Society, held at the town residence of its President, the Rt. Hon. Lord Ebury. Bishop Cridge having fulfilled his mission to the Free Church of England, sailed on the 5th September for New York on route for Victoria, B. C., and arrived at his home in Victoria on the 4th of October, having travelled about 15,000 miles in the round journey. Bishop Cridge is now about sixty years of age, and vigorous in health and intellect. His field of labor is known as "the Missionary Jurisdiction of the Pacific Coast" in which is included the Province of British Columbia.

THE CRAIG STREET TUNNEL.

After contemplating, for some years, the subject of main drainage, Montreal decided to construct a principal sewer from end to end of the city, parallel to the river, and along a line of low ground occupied originally in the eastern part by a small stream, and in the western part by a marsh. The western portion has been constructed, and the eastern, or lower portion, is in progress, and the works are shown in our illustration. The outlet of this sewer, or tunnel, is near the jail, where it joins another large sewer, and both are discharged in the St. Lawrence. The work has progressed along Craig St. for a little more than one-third of a mile. The size of the tunnel is 8 feet high and 8 feet wide inside, the upper part being a semi-circular arch, and the lower part a slightly curved invert with curved sidewalks. The depth of the excavation at the east end was about 40 ft., which has diminished to about 35 ft. where the works now are. The upper part of the left side of the illustration shows the appearance presented in the street consisting of numerous derricks used in hoisting the excavated material to the surface. On the right hand is an engine-house belonging to a pumping engine, and the pay-office with the men beginning to assemble on pay-day. On the left, below, is a view of the excavation which is 14 ft. wide and 35 or 36 ft. deep. It is completely sheeted or lined with timber, with a great number of strong cross-beams to keep the sides

from pressing together. At the lower part, upright piling takes the place of horizontal planking. The lower part of the excavation, not visible in this sketch, is shown on a larger scale on the right-hand side of the page, where the tunnel may be discovered with the bricklayers at work. The chief difficulty in executing this important work is the presence of quicksand for 10 to 15 feet in depth at the lower part of the excavation. This sand, when dry, presents no peculiarities, and in fact is the sand of the moulder in the foundries; but when mixed with water, it is almost irresistible in its pressure, and is so subtle as to penetrate perseveringly through the smallest crevice. If a man stands in it till ankle deep he is fastened so tight as to require skilful and determined efforts to uproot himself, and pumping is almost always impossible. Sometimes the pressure is so severe on the sides of the cutting that the strong timbers bend and break and double timbering becomes necessary. At the bottom the sheet piling is at times bent inwards, in which case powerful screws are used to force it back so as to widen the space sufficiently to receive the brickwork. The invert or bottom of the tunnel is not laid on the ground, which is often semi-fluid sand, but on a cradle or bed of boards attached to ribs which give it shape. When the cradle is adjusted and secured, all hollow spaces under it are filled, and the brickwork is commenced; and when the arch is completed the earth is filled in above, all the planking and cross-timbers being left in the ground, the pressure on them being too great to admit of their being taken out. Mr. Geo. D. Ansley, City Surveyor, is the chief engineer of this work, while the execution of it is under the care of Mr. F. P. Mackelcan and Mr. James Lowe, the first as engineer in charge, and the second as inspector of sewers and principal executive officer. They are all men of ample experience and tried abilities.

HUMOROUS.

THE weather has been so fine down in Virginia that the telegraph poles began to bud.

A certain young musician is so squeamish that he refuses to play on anything but an upright piano.

It has been said that any lawyer who writes so clearly as to be intelligible is an enemy to his profession.

You can never tell what a boy will do within an hour after you lose sight of him, but you can safely bet he will not do what you want to have him do.

THERE is a growing conviction that two pictures of the same fellow in a young lady's album mean something more than friendship for the old man.

NOTHING in the world will more quickly inspire a boy with a desire for Bible teachings than the approach of the Christmas-tree season.

A St. Louis editor who undertook to interview an oyster remarks that the oyster does not say much, but how tenderly he looks one in the eye!

THERE is nothing more suggestive to the thoughtful mind than the terrible earnestness with which a man in haste to catch a train, stops to tie his shoe-string.

BRUCE had recourse to the sword, Tell to a bow and arrow, and Washington appealed to the God of battles, but when a woman strikes for liberty, she uses anything she can lay her hands on.

"WHAT did the Puritans come to this country for?" asked a Massachusetts teacher of his class. "To worship in their own way, and make other people do the same," was the reply.

"I am glad," said a missionary to an Indian, "that you do not drink whisky; but it grieves me to find that your people use so much of it." "Ah yes," said the red man, and he fixed an impressive eye upon the preacher, which communicated the reproof before he uttered it: "we Indians use a great deal of whisky, but we do not make it."

Horace Greeley used to tell this story. He once sent a claim for a collection to a Western lawyer, and, regarding it as rather a desperate demand, told the attorney if he collected it he might reserve half the amount for his fee. In due time Mr. Greeley received the following epistle:—"Dear Sir, I have succeeded in collecting my half of that claim. The balance is hopeless."

HYGIENIC.

A certain cure for corns is tincture of iodine and muriated tincture of iron, of equal parts. Apply to the corns every night with a camel-hair brush.

Sulphite of soda is recommended by Dr. Minich, of V. nice, as an antiseptic in dressing wounds, the solution being made of one part to nine of water and one of glycerine.

From infancy to old age there is nothing better for the teeth than water. If a tooth-brush be used nights and mornings without exception, all powders and tooth preparations will be found needless.

Charcoal has been discovered to be a sure cure for burns. By laying a small piece of cold charcoal upon the burn the pain subsides immediately. By leaving the charcoal on one hour, the wound is healed, as has been demonstrated on several occasions.

Dr. Allichein, an eminent London physician, has frankly avowed, in an address to students, that "of all scientific pursuits which practically concern the community, there is none perhaps which rests upon so uncertain and insecure a basis as medicine."

ARTISTIC.

Earl Cathcart proposes to erect a granite memorial on the Court Knave, where Queen Mary stood and viewed the battle at Langside, May 13, 1568, just before her flight into England.

A discovery has been made of what appears to be a robbery in Durham Cathedral. One of the officials in examining the new marble pulpit designed by Sir Gilbert Scott, found that one of the precious stones, an amethyst, which were inserted in various parts of it at the time of its erection, had been removed, apparently by the aid of a knife.