

There were times when the Captain was almost frantic, so exasperating were his thoughts, and nothing but the strict discipline of a man-of-war could have prevented a violent outbreak. It was specially galling to Aleck to feel that he was coming more and more within the power of the man he had come to hate; his wound was growing day by day more troublesome for the want of proper treatment, and the fever of the climate had made its appearance on shipboard—either might bring him into the Doctor's hands any day. And they came at last, both together; the wound broke out afresh, and delirium and fever came upon him; his heart had been taxed too far. After he was transferred to the ship's hospital the fever ran higher, the bounding pulse became sharper each day, till two of his brother officers twice stood over him, watching for the last breath. But Le Compte, who had tended him faithfully, assured them that the worst was yet to come—when the raging fever had burned out, and he should come to himself; and his words proved true. That night was the turning point; three times the nurse said he was gone, but Le Compte plied him with stimulants, and to his unwearied efforts he owed his life. The first glimpse of returning reason was shown in the averted face, when the surgeon stooped over him with the necessary draught. The Doctor saw this, and withdrew at once, leaving the close care with the nurse, and only appearing when the Captain was sleeping, and withdrawing altogether as soon as he was able to speak. The first word was "letters," but when the package was given him, he could only hopelessly touch them. The alcove where his cot was placed was in a dim and darkened corner, and he held the letters near him many days, till he was able to ask for more light. A mirror hung opposite, and the reflection of his unshorn, emaciated face amazed him; he hardly knew himself. To recall his identity he raised his hand to stroke his unclipped beard, when he started as if a serpent had stung him, though the curtains were down, and no human eye was upon him, for there, on the fourth finger of his left hand, above the seal ring which he always wore, was a plain gold ring; there could be no mistake, for in spite of the tremor which seized him, he drew it from his finger, and read, "*Vincet omnia, vincit amor.*" He ground his teeth with rage, not against Le Compte, but against the false, degraded, worthless woman who could part with that ring; it was burning, searing proof of her infidelity. Her whom he had trusted through all, had restored to his shaken confidence when all but he frowned upon her; he needed no further proof, his decision was made.

The disclosure carried him into a relapse, and for many days he lay speechless, taking no notice of anyone. Captain Jones came to him again, when Le Compte had by assiduity brought Hartland where he could think and speak. With a wayward, way-worn heart, he felt no gratitude for his recovery, he wished he had been carried out with the dead.

"Read these for me," he said to Captain Jones, pointing to a package of home letters, "and put these into an envelope, and return them unopened to Mrs. Laura Hartland," he added, sternly; they had come from his wife during his illness. The letters from his father's hand, full of paternal love and solicitude, were evidently written with a perfect knowledge of the most minute circumstances of his son's position. "Thank that friend" (he wrote more than once), "whoever he is, who writes so particularly to relieve our anxiety."

"Le Compte," said Aleck, very decidedly, when Captain Jones looked up from the sheet, as if he would inquire who was this friend.

"Impossible!" replied the Captain, equally decided in his tone. "I feel it, I see it," said Hartland; "I am under infinite obligations to him, Jones; obligations I can never repay; he has not only saved my life, for that I almost hate him, but he has opened my eyes, and for that I cannot be too grateful."

"And you believe the rascal?" questioned his friend with surprise.

"The proof is unquestionable, not a word has passed between us, but he—say no more," he added, feeling he was taxing himself too far, "henceforth, I am a free man."

His decision was irrevocable, his tone was frigid, so severe, that his friend did not argue. From that day the relation between the Surgeon and his Captain was an amicable one. Although Aleck Hartland was quiet and cold, there was nothing of hauteur or revenge in his manner towards Le Compte. He even talked with him sometimes when there were many listeners, on the common topics of the day, but he carefully avoided meeting him alone.

The Captain's fever and his still open wound had left him unfit for duty, and he only waited orders from the Department for a furlough, and looked forward ultimately to a discharge from the service, with a feeble body and blighted hopes.

### HOGARTH'S MASTERPIECE.

HOGARTH was once applied to by an exceedingly wealthy, but very penurious old nobleman, to paint the main hall of a new mansion with an historical piece—a style of embellishment much in vogue among the aristocracy of the period. Hogarth was open to the proposition, and was asked what he would charge to paint upon the walls of the hall a representation of the passage of the children of Israel across the Red Sea, pursued by Pharaoh and his host. The painter viewed the hall, and replied that he would do it for a hundred guineas. The miserly old nabob turned up his nose in amazement at the enormous charge. He would give twenty guineas for the work, and that was more than he deemed it worth. Hogarth, as may well be supposed, was both vexed and mortified by this estimate of the value of his labor; but he nodded and held back his temper, and finally said, if the sum were paid to him in advance, he would undertake the job. The close-fisted nobleman consented to this arrangement, and he could not repress a chuckle

of inward satisfaction in view of his grand bargain as he paid over the money. Hogarth pocketed the twenty gold pieces, and promised that he would commence work on the morrow. Bright and early on the following morning the artist appeared at the mansion, accompanied by a stout assistant, who bore a huge bucket of common red paint; and at once they proceeded to daub the walls of the hall, and the panels, and the dadoes liberally with the glaring pigment. An hour before noon, just as the nobleman was getting up from his bed, Hogarth knocked at his door, announcing when the host appeared: "Well, sir, the work is done." "Done!" cried the astonished aristocrat. "What is done?" "Why the painting of your wall, sir," not knowing what to make of this marvellous explanation, the old nobleman threw on his dressing-gown and went down to view the result of the artist's labors; and his consternation can be better imagined than described upon beholding the unbroken and unrelieved brick red hue that covered walls, and cornice, and wainscot. "What in the name of wonder is this?" he cried, rubbing his eyes, and gazing from the daub to the dauber. "That, sir," replied Hogarth, with a low bow, and with a serious look, "is the Red Sea!" "The Red Sea! But—but—where are Pharaoh and his host?" "Why, sir, they are all drowned!" replied Hogarth. "Well, and where are the children of Israel?" "They" said the painter with an assuring nod, "have all crossed over on the other side?" The old niggard found it in vain to complain; and for producing the host of Egypt and the Israelites Hogarth finally received his hundred guineas.

### GYPSIES AND THEIR FRIENDS.

WHERE did the gypsies really come from? In what country was the cradle of this race of wanderers? A question which has been answered in a hundred ways; the wildest theories have been advanced, and on the slenderest grounds. They wandered from the province of Zeugitana, in Africa; they were fugitives from the City of Singara, in Mesopotamia, driven out by Julian the Apostate; they came from Mt. Caucasus; their name, "Zigeuner," is a corruption of Saracener; they are the Canaanites whom Joshua dispossessed; they are Egyptians; they are Amorites. All these theories are based upon their names. Other origins are assigned them from the peculiarities of their customs and language; they are faquirs! they are the remains of Attila's Huns; they are the descendants of Cain; they are German Jews, who, during the dreadful persecution of the fourteenth century, betook themselves to the woods and remained there till the troubled times passed over? they are Tartars, separated from Timur's hosts about the beginning of the fifteenth century; Circassians, driven away from their homes by this very Timur with his Tartars; they are Bohemians; they are Sudras from India. All these opinions and many more are enumerated at length in Grellmann, and quoted by every body who has written on the subject. As we write these lines, we read that M. Bataillard, who has made the gypsies his study for many years, has in the press a paper in which he attributes altogether a new origin to them. Mr. Charles Leland's opinion is that they are the descendants of a vast number of Hindus of the primitive tribes of Hindustan, who were expelled or emigrated from that country early in the fourteenth century, and that they were identical with the two castes of the Doms and Nats—the latter being at the present day the real gypsies of India. The people have drawn around them a whole literature of inquiry and research. The names of Simson, Borrow, Pott, Grellmann, Liebiel, Paspatis, Smidt, which are readiest to our hand, have been quite recently supplemented by the addition of Mr. Charles Leland and Professor E. H. Palmer. Rommany literature is like the Homeric ballads, inasmuch as it is entirely oral—unlike the Iliad, it is extremely limited in extent. Borrow, in his latest work, gives a few songs and pieces in verse, but the Rommany folk are not given to poetry.—Temple Bar.

### REFORM OF CHURCH MUSIC IN GERMANY.

THE ecclesiastical authorities in Germany, despite the innumerable obstacles in their way at the present time, are still actively engaged in enforcing the reform of Church music. In the Arch-diocese of Munich and Freising particularly the work has been pushed on vigorously, and within the last year or so two Pastorals have been issued to the clergy on the subject, in consequence of which a considerable increase has taken place in the number of Cecilian choirs or societies. The Pastoral issued on the 19th June last by the Vicar-General of Eichstädt is a good specimen of the instructions issued by the German ecclesiastical authorities, and we will therefore give an extract from it here:—"The periods of regeneration in the Church have at all times had near them a history of the reform of Church music. The Council of Trent, which is the nearest to us, attached great importance to the improvement of Church music, as well as to the reform of morals. And Providence has always at the right time sent men who were in a position to carry out such a reform. Popes like Gregory, Princes like Charlemagne, Bishops like Ambrose, tone-poets like Palestrina. It was never a mere question of music that occupied the Church, but it was always a question of Divine worship that roused her into activity. Founded by the Divine Redeemer Himself in order to unite men together throughout all ages in the worship and service of God, and thus to guide them to a blessed futurity, the Church, in admitting the arts into her sanctuary, can only give them the position held by those blessed spirits who surround the throne of God, adoring and serving Him, proclaiming to men His sanctity or His will, and deriving from this their own beauty and blessedness. The Church adores and serves God by celebrating her Liturgy. The object then of the arts must be identical with that of the Church, and they take their rank and dignity according to their relation to the