

Senior de la Barrera, the Spanish bibliographical writer, is about to publish a new life of Lope de Vega, founded on documents, hitherto unknown, and comprising a series of the poet's autograph letters, lately brought to light from the Archives of the Conde de Altamira. It is said, however, that the publication of these letters will be opposed, because they reveal that, even after he became a priest, Lope was somewhat given to the vanities of the world.

Dr. William Howard Russell promises us a novel. It will bear the title of "Dr. Brady."

Capt. Mayne Reid, has just brought out "The Bandolero," which, we doubt not, will be as popular with your younger readers as "The White Chief," and other stories of life in Mexico and the Southern States of America from the pen of this amusing and facile writer.

The pastoral literature of the French episcopacy is being narrowly watched by the *Journal des Débats*. In an address just published by the Archbishop of Paris, in reference to the Festival of the Assumption, the prelate styles the Virgin as "the most perfect of creatures," "our sister, born in Adam as we are born," "but now in heaven, to which men may attain by two means, Grace and Liberty." The *Débats* looks upon this as a disavowal of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

Mr. Keith Johnston, and other gentlemen engaged in the exploration of Palestine, have discovered at Tell Hum, the ancient temple of Capernaum, nearly if not quite entire. The interest of this discovery is very great, since there is no other building at the present day which can be identified as one of those in which Jesus actually was.

The *London Review* speaking of *Punch* says: We cannot refrain from noticing with regret the badness of the illustrations, which, at one time the very perfection of comic art, are now, for the most part, neither comic nor artistic. Even Mr. Tenniel's cartoon is poor this week, and the large social illustrations are execrable. When we look back to the days of Leech and Doyle, we are conscious of a decline into something like barbarism—the result of a vicious style of drawing obstinately adhered to.

During the popular effervescence created by the cholera last year, Luisa Colet, the French writer, was exposed to danger in the island of Ischia. The ignorant multitude regarded her as one of the agents employed in sowing the seeds of the prevalent disease, and the local force was found insufficient to protect her. Since then she has been residing at Santa Lucio, near Caserta, and the results of her literary labours will see the light shortly in the form of a romance, entitled "Cibèle et les Derniers Abbés." The scenes of the Romance are selected in Terra di Lavoro, Monte Casino, and Monte Vergine, sites full of romantic interest.

MUSICAL ITEMS.

A fluteless flautist is spoken of in Havre as performing wonderful things. He makes a flute out of his left hand, which he holds in his mouth, using the right in lieu of stops. The notes he produces are not to be distinguished from those of the real instrument. His name is Fereyra.

The grand-niece of Mozart is found to be existing in a most abject state of poverty in Germany. A subscription has been set on foot on her behalf by the leading musical journals of Prussia and Austria.

Great things are reported, in a Cologne musical paper, of a young Englishwoman, Miss Victoria Rosenfeld, who has been studying in the Musical Conservatory of that town. She is said to be one of the ablest piano players that have received their training at that institution. She is also said to possess a very considerable general talent for music—a talent that assisted her in profound studies on the science and theory of the art.

A member of a fashionable church in New York electrified a music-dealer the other day by

inquiring for Solomon's Song, saying his rector had spoken of it as a production of great genius and beauty, and that he wanted his daughter to learn it.

Verdi's new opera, "La Ferza del Destino," has just been brought out, with great success, at Colon, in Central America. It has not yet been heard in England.

Madame Rudersdorf, who is now in America, is said to be engaged in the composition of a grand opera.

Madame Anna Bishop, with several other members of an English Opera Company, while on a musical tour, going from San Francisco to Hong Kong, suffered shipwreck in March last, being cast on an uninhabited and dangerous reef, called Wake Island, in the China seas. After remaining there three weeks, and finding no water, both passengers and crew put off in two boats for the Ladrone Islands, 1,400 miles distant. At the date of the news, only one boat had arrived at its destination, after thirteen days and nights of great danger and horrible suffering. It is supposed that the second boat, containing the captain and crew, had gone down.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

Continued from page 58.

"You appear to forget, Mr. English, that my brother and his wife are both dead."

"Is Mrs. Kreefe dead?" said John in a tone of disappointment. My hopes lay in finding her still alive."

"She died shortly after her husband—seven years ago," said the widow, telling the lie boldly. Barbara Kreefe had only been dead a few months. "Besides which, they removed from Willsburgh sixteen or seventeen years since, and have doubtless been forgotten long ago."

"Then my hopes in that direction are crushed into a very small compass; said John.—"I need not detain you any longer, Mrs. Winch," he said as he rose. "I suspected you wrongly, and I am sorry for it."

"Pray do not speak of it, Mr. English," said the widow graciously. "If I can assist you in any way in this matter, I'm sure I shall be happy to do so."

John English took up his hat.

"Is your stay in Normanford likely to be a long one?" said the widow carelessly, as she proceeded to fold up the work on which she had been so busily engaged.

"I can hardly tell," said John with hesitation; I have little to stay for now, and you may expect any day to hear that I am gone."

"You will not go without saying good-bye, I hope," said the smiling landlady.

Scarcely had John said good-bye for the time being, and left the room, than the widow rose, and with flashing eyes, and her hands crossed over her bosom, as though to keep her excitement within bounds, began to pace the little apartment with rapid strides. "The danger is over, thank Heaven!" she exclaimed fervently; "but on the edge of what a precipice we have been standing—my Lady and I! How strange that he, out of all the millions now living in the world, should turn up at this out-of-the-way spot, without either instinct or memory to guide his footsteps hither! Who can say with surety that the evil they have done, be it ever so long ago, shall never be brought to light? What a straightforward, frank, handsome fellow he is! Ah, if he only knew all! But I dare not imagine such a possibility. No, we are safe now, my Lady and I—safe—safe—safe!"

Hardly had the last word escaped her lips, when the door was re-opened, and John English stood again before her. Some fine instinct warned her of coming danger, even before he had spoken a word, and she was on her guard in a moment. "I think, Mrs. Winch, said John—and there was a change in his tone which she did not fail to detect—"I think you stated most

positively that the fact of your brother having taken a child with him to America was entirely unknown to you?"

"Precisely so. I had no knowledge of the circumstance whatever."

"What port did your brother sail from?"

"From Liverpool, I believe."

"Did you not go to Liverpool with your brother to see him off?" demanded John.

"By what right do you catechise me in this way, Mr. English?" said the widow haughtily. All her efforts could not keep the tell-tale colour out of her cheeks.

"By the right of a man who has been foully wronged," replied John. "Answer me a straightforward question in a straightforward way, Mrs. Winch, did you, or did you not, accompany your brother to Liverpool, and see him safe on board ship?"

"I did," said the widow.

"Then most certainly you must be aware that your brother took a child with him in the vessel."

"I am aware of nothing of the kind. I am positive that there was no child there."

"Let me refresh your memory: and remember I have my information from an eye-witness who is still alive. You and your brother, together with his wife and a boy about five years old, were driven in a cab to the dock, in which the vessel they were to sail in, was moored. You bade them good-bye there and then. Dr. Kreefe, his wife, and the lad then went aboard; and after a last wave of the hand, you turned away, and were driven back in the same cab by which you had come.—Who was that boy?"

"I will answer no more questions," said the widow huskily. She was pale enough now.

"Then you refuse to answer the question I have just asked you?"

"I do."

"Consider well before you finally decide. You have been prevaricating with me from the first, and that you took a prominent part in the black piece of work which tore a helpless child from his home, and deprived him of his name, I can no longer doubt. But much of this evil may still be undone by a free and frank confession. I warn you, however, that should you still refuse to furnish me with the information I want, I will use my utmost efforts—ay, though it should cost me twenty of the best years of my life, and every penny I possess—to bring this crime to light, and punish the perpetrators of it. Once more I ask you, whose child was it that was taken aboard?"

"The child of a friend," said the landlady slowly and coldly, "which my brother agreed to take out to some of its relatives in America. It died during the voyage; and that is all I know of the matter."

"Woman, you lie!" said John savagely. "I see plainly that you will not speak the truth. I have given you fair warning; and when the day of retribution comes, I will not spare you."

"And I warn you, John English, not to meddle further in a matter that in no wise concerns you," said the widow. "You know not whither it may lead you. As for your threats I laugh at them—a young man's empty bravado!—nothing more.—He is gone, and does not hear me. Oh, my lady, my lady! What evil day is this coming surely upon us!"

John English, on leaving his lodgings to walk up to the hotel, had had a note from old Mr. Edwin put into his hands. It was a simple invitation to John to go and smoke a friendly pipe with the old gentleman that evening, if not otherwise engaged, but concluded with a postscript, couched in the following words: "I forgot to mention, when I was telling you the other evening about that affair of Kreefe's, in which you seemed so strangely interested, that Mrs. Winch of the *Hand and Dagger* was at the docks that day, at the same time that I was, and saw the doctor, his wife, and the strange child on board the ship." The postscript then went on to give the further details as recounted by John to Mrs. Winch.

John, on receiving the note, had opened it; and having taken in the contents with one careless glance without noticing the postscript, had then thrust it into his pocket, his mind being anxiously