

## LITERARY NOTES.

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A "Life of Macaulay," by Sir Charles and Lady Trevelyan, is in the press.

Rocheport will start *La Lanterne* in London, and lampoon the Septennat with all his former vigour.

A German translation of Victor Hugo's "Quatre-Vingt-Treize" is to appear in the Strasburg semi-official journal.

Mr. Edmund Yates is writing a new novel, and is gone to the south of France in order to depict life in a French chateau.

Sir Henry Thompson will, it is reported, take a four months' pleasure tour through America, visiting Utah, California, &c., in the course of the autumn.

Mr. Gladstone is contributing to the *Contemporary Review* a translation from the Greek, and a series of papers on subjects connected with Greek civilisation.

Charles Reade is writing a story, it is said, on the subject which has lately aroused British indignation—the sending out of overloaded and unseaworthy vessels.

Professor Owen, who has been passing the winter in Egypt for the benefit of his health, has just returned to England. He is, it is stated, much the better for his change.

M. Edgar Quinet has a work in press. The distinguished historian proposes to bring out an English translation at the same time with the publication of the French text.

Some unpublished letters by Goethe on Natural History, entitled "Correspondence on Natural History," have been brought out by a professor of the Cracovian University.

Mr. C. G. Leland ("Hans Breitmänn") and Professor E. H. Palmer, of Cambridge, are preparing a volume of ballads in the English Gipsy dialect, with metrical English translations.

Mme. Germinus, the widow of the great German commentator on Shakespeare, has (says the *Academy*) consented to become one of the vice-presidents of the New Shakespeare Society.

Professor Von Banke is engaged in re-editing his "History of the Popes," with reference to the relations between Pío Nono and the German Empire. The Professor is now more than 75 years old.

Azamat Batuk, the famous correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, has started upon a tour round the world, having arranged to contribute occasional articles and sketches to the *Pictorial World*.

One Burmeister, very learned, is engaged on a work upon the Argentine States, to be completed in twenty volumes, and the republic has granted him \$20,000 to aid him in that great pen-and-ink undertaking.

A "History of the Khivan Campaign of 1873," edited by officers of the staffs of the three expeditionary columns, and under the supervision of General Kaufmann, will shortly be published at St. Petersburg.

Dr. Livingstone's large "Diary," which Mr. Stanley brought with him, sealed, from Africa, and placed in the hands of the great explorer's family, is now, it is said, in the possession of Mr. Murray, the London publisher.

M. Gustave Doré's "London" is in course of preparation in Paris, and will be published by M. M. Hachette. Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's letterpress will be replaced by a special text from the pen of M. Louis Enault.

A long-memoried Teuton, Herr Herman Linde, professes to have the entire works of Shakespeare by heart, and has recently begun to prove his assertions by a series of recitals from the *Midsummer Night's Dream* at Cologne.

Mr. Swinburne has returned to London in fairly good health, instead of being at the point of death, as was generally reported. His new poem, "Bothwell," is finished, and is described by those who have heard it as being very powerful.

Hans Christian Andersen, the well-known Danish La Fontaine and friend of Dickens, has been dangerously ill. The *Standard* correspondent says he has had an interview with him, and, though he is better, there is little hope of a lasting recovery.

The ordinary list of Shakespeare's works, according to Mr. Collier, is incomplete. He wishes to add another play to the number. The favoured drama is *King Edward III.*—a work set down by Mr. Furnivall to be reprinted among other writings of Shakespeare's contemporaries.

The *Canadian Monthly* for May opens with a paper by a well-known Canadian writer, Mr. J. G. Bourinot, on the old forts of Acadia. Mr. Thomas Cross supplies a short article on the Iroquois, remarkable for little beyond an unusual amount of padding. The Prize Serial and three poems above the usual average complete, with the Current Events, which is always beyond praise, the quota of original matter in this number— one much below the average.

The current number of the *Penn Monthly* is unusually indigestible, but this is a fault so seldom to be found with this publication that it is pardonable from time to time. In addition to the usual monthly review and the reviews of new books the table of contents contains the following papers:—"Method of Valuation of Real Estate for Taxation," "The Under-World of the American Indians," "A Moorish Ballad," grandly resonant in its rhythm; and lengthy reviews of Bulwer Lytton's "Parisians," and Beale's "Protoplasm."

The May number of *Old and New* contains a good selection of things entertaining and things profitable. The most important one paper is the completion of Rev. James Martineau's remarkably broad and powerfully reasoned discussion of the four assumed "notes" or marks which, as the Roman Catholic Church asserts, prove its claims to divine authority. Mr. Hale's Introduction regrets the delay in paying over the Alabama Claim Money; and there are other editorials, one on the question of industrial co-operation, and one on the choice of books to read. Besides the two serial novels, there is the first half of a striking story by Turgeneff, and the whole of another story, quite fresh and graphic, by Moritz Jokai, the famous Hungarian writer; it is a tale of adventure of the days of the Turkish power in Hungary. The Rev. Mr. Tyrwhitt continues his series of papers on "Our Sketching Club," and a lady writer gives an interesting description of a short tour in Norway.

## TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

## A NEW NOVEL.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Strangers and Pilgrims," &c., &c.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

"SINCE THERE'S NO HELP, COME, LET US KISS AND PART."

Edmund Standen went back to his hotel after that last journey from Hatfield, and made all arrangements for starting by the continental train next morning. He was going to Paris, and thence on to Marseilles, and possibly to Algiers. He went to seek forgetfulness among strange scenes and a strange people, where not a feature of the landscape, not a word spoken near him, would recall the English home from which he was self-banished, or the hopes he had lost.

He went into the reading room after dinner, and turned over the day's newspapers, with but the faintest interest in anything he read in them, when something happened which changed all his plans, and put that thought of a winter in Algiers out of his head for the present.

The following brief advertisement appeared among various enigmatic appeals in the second column of the *Times* supplement—not the day's paper, but a two days' old supplement—as Edmund discovered afterwards, when he looked at the date:—

The friends of a lady now lying seriously ill at the Pier Hotel, Newhaven, are requested to communicate with the proprietress. The lady arrived by the afternoon train from Lewes, on Thursday, September 10, and has been suffering from fever and delirium ever since. Her linen is marked S.P. She wears a large diamond cross, and has in her possession a morocco hand-bag, with patent lock, supposed to contain valuables.

There could be no doubt as to the person indicated. It was half-past seven o'clock when Edmund Standen read the advertisement. He was at the London Bridge Station at eight, and at a quarter past was on his way to Newhaven. He had to wait upwards of an hour at Lewes, and it was eleven by the time he reached the end of his journey. Here he encountered only disappointment and perplexity awaited him. The landlady had a strange story to tell him.

She had sent the advertisement to the *Times* on the preceding Friday, by the advice of the medical man, who saw the possibility of the patient's fever developing into typhus or typhoid. The landlady had been terrified by the mere suggestion of such a thing, and was for removing the patient at once to the county hospital.

This the doctor had pronounced impossible. She was too ill to bear such a journey, and the most that could be done would be to remove her to some adjacent lodging, there to await communications from friends who might see the *Times* advertisement. This was done immediately, and it happened curiously that from the hour of removal the sufferer began to mend. She was calmer, and the fever considerably reduced by Saturday night. On Sunday she was able to leave her bed. The next day the improvement was still more marked: the patient was calm and sensible—opened her bag and produced a purse, from which she gave the doctor a twenty pound note for the landlady of the hotel, and a ten pound note on account of his own services. On Monday evening the nurse who had charge of the patient ventured to leave her for a little while, in order to go into the village upon some errand. According to this woman's statement, she was only absent a quarter of an hour, but on her return the patient was gone. The nurse had left her dressed and lying on the sofa. Search was immediately made, but vainly.

The time of the patient's disappearance was within a few minutes of the time at which the boat started for Dieppe, but nobody had thought of going to the pier, or suggested the idea of the patient having gone on board the steamer, till too late.

When the same steamer returned to Newhaven it was ascertained that a lady dressed in black, answering to the description of the nameless fever patient, had crossed on the last voyage to Dieppe. No one had remarked where she went, or whether she was met by anyone on the arrival of the steamer.

"I'm afraid the poor, dear young lady must be a little queer in her head," said the landlady with a sympathetic air—that twenty pound note had paid her very well for the beef teas and arrowroots made for the invalid. "Dr. Folcott says that she must have endangered her life by that foolish journey, for though she seemed to get round so quickly, she was as weak as a baby, and only keeping herself up by some inward excitement. She was just in the state for a relapse."

"There is no boat till to-morrow, I suppose," said Mr. Standen.

"No, sir; not till to-morrow morning at ten."

"Then I shall cross by that boat. Dieppe is not a large place. It will go hard with me if I do not find this lady."

If the landlady expected some enlightenment as to the circumstances of her nameless guest, she was doomed to disappointment. Mr. Standen thanked her for her care of the helpless traveller, but told her nothing. He called on the local surgeon next morning, and heard his opinion of the case. It was not cheering.

Edmund Standen was in Dieppe before dark that evening, going quietly from place to place, inquiring for the fugitive. After two hours' diligent search he found her at a third rate hotel in the town, in a small room on the fourth storey, paved with red tiles. She was lying on a narrow bed in a low alcove, with a Sister of Mercy sitting on a rush-bottomed chair by the bedside, counting her beads, and whispering prayers, while the patient lay in a slumber that seemed more restless than the most unquiet wakefulness.

Sylvia had struggled hard to go on—on she knew not whither—to Paris, or anywhere—but had broken down at the Dieppe railway station, where she found herself hardly able to stand. She tottered to the waiting room and here was seen by the good Sister of Mercy, who, finding her helpless and friendless, took her in charge, put her into a hackney carriage, and had her conveyed to the hotel where she was now lying.

Before nightfall the fever was again at its height, and the

dreaded typhoid speedily declared itself. The Dieppe doctor ordered cooling drinks, bled the patient two or three times, exercised all his skill for the one great end of reducing the system. In this he had succeeded to admiration, and the patient, thus robbed of forces which might have fought the disease, had succumbed to the fever.

One look at that wasted face—those glassy eyes which opened and looked at him without recognition—told Edmund Standen that the end was inevitable. How near, or how distant that end might be he knew not.

He telegraphed to London for the famous Dr. Crow, reckless of the sacrifice of the doctor's time and his own money, feeling very sure that it was too late for any good to be done by the wisest physician upon earth, but anxious to do the utmost for this wreck of humanity which had once been his idol.

The great doctor telegraphed a prompt reply. It was impossible for him to come to Dieppe, but he would send Dr. Daw, a star of secondary magnitude in the medical world. For Dr. Daw's arrival Mr. Standen waited patiently, but not hopefully.

He shared the sister's watch beside that sick bed, his hand held the cup of cooling drink to those parched lips, heedless of what poison might lurk in the burning breath that seemed almost to sear his face as he bent over the sufferer.

How changed she was—that lovely Sylvia, whose beauty had been so fatal a gift. The red-gold hair had been shorn close to the small-head, by the nurse's scissors—the once oval cheek was now hollowed and cavernous, the jaw square and bony, and those eyes—lamps of splendour—were now dull and lightless. Could there be keener agony than to mark such decay, and to remember how he had loved her, and to feel that he loved her still, that she was dear to him in her misery. dear to him despite her guilt?

Once during the long hours of his watch the sufferer awakened suddenly from a sleep that had been somewhat quieter than that restless doze in which she was wont to lie. The dark eyes were slowly turned towards him, and gazed at him with the gradual dawn of recognition. The words that followed denoted that although Sylvia knew her lover, she had no consciousness of late events or the place where she was.

"I thought you wouldn't leave me, Edmund, just before our wedding," she said in her feeble, tremulous voice. "But you've been away so long, and I have been lying here with that dark woman watching me—that woman over there in the black gown. Why don't you send her away? You know I detest black. I wore mourning for so long for Sir Aubrey; but that is all over now, and my wedding dress is ready. I showed it you, didn't I, Edmund? Such lovely point-lace—fit for a duchess, but not too good for your wife. I want to look my best that day. What have they done with my hair?" she cried, passing her thin fingers over her head with a weak, uncertain movement.

"They haven't cut it off, have they? They couldn't be so cruel as that. I was always praised for my hair, though some of the Hedingham girls called it red. It is all gone. Am I in prison, Edmund, for some dreadful crime? Could they put me in prison for that?"

There were fitful pauses between these broken sentences, and many of the words were imperfect and indistinct; only the keen ear of affection could have interpreted those rambling utterances of half-consciousness.

Edmund soothed and comforted the sufferer—murmured words of hope—spoke of another world, that world whose mystic gate stood ajar. Vain effort; the shallow, worldly mind was still given to earthly things—had neither care nor hope beyond earth.

"Is to-day our wedding-day, Edmund?" she asked. "Don't deceive me. I am not too ill to go to the church. Let me get up and be dressed. Where is Céline? Send that dark woman away, and bring me Céline. I know my wedding-dress has come home. Why do you turn from me like that, Edmund, and hide your face with your hands? There is no one who can prevent our marriage. Sir Aubrey is safe."

Then followed long intervals of silence, and then wandering words that had no meaning even for Edmund's attentive ear. He watched beside that bed day and night, while the patient Sister of Mercy sat in a corner behind the bed-curtain, where Sylvia could not see her, and prepared the medicines and fever drinks, and directed Mr. Standen's ministrations, and prayed with all the fervour of her simple soul for the fading sinner.

Dr. Daw came, but could do nothing except pronounce that the Dieppe surgeon had been altogether at fault, and prescribe a new mode of treatment, which, had it been adopted earlier, might have saved the patient, but which could now only prolong life, and lengthen the weariness of dying.

The life thus protracted, watched with unremitting care, lasted three or four days after Dr. Daw's visit, and then, in the quiet midnight the tired sufferer slipped almost unawares into the undiscovered country. Love watched the last breath, religion knelt by the bed, and thus the worldly soul went forth from the region of human pity and affection into the awful solitude beyond, whither no human imagination dared follow it.

Once, very near the end, there came a gleam of light. The lips which had been voiceless for many long hours, moved faintly, and Edmund, leaning down to catch the feeble whisper, heard Sylvia's last words—"Kiss me once again before I go, as you kissed me in the churchyard, before I betrayed you."

Living and dying lips met in the last kiss of a love that had been fatal.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

## LOVE IS ENOUGH.

Sylvia Perriam had been laid in her foreign grave, and Edmund Standen had gone on to Marseilles before he began to feel that he would have to pay the penalty of his devotion to the dying sinner. On the day of his arrival at the southern seaport the grip of the fever fiend fastened on him, limbs aching, head burning, fits of heat and cold, agonish shiverings. He sent for the best English doctor in Marseilles, and told him what he had been doing, and that he was in for a fever.

The doctor tried to make light of these apprehensions, yet confessed that Marseilles was not the safest place a man who had the fever-poison in his system could come to.

"Is there any one you would like me to write to in the event of your getting worse?" he asked kindly. "I don't