

(From Punch's Pocket-book.)

"THE VERY LAST IDYLL."

THE FEAST.

When good King Arthur ruled this land, he ruled it
like a King,
He stole three pecks of barley meal to make a bag pud-
ding:
A bag pudding the King did make, and stuffed it well
with plums,
And in it put great lumps of fat as big as his two
thumbs.
The King and Queen they ate thereof, and Noblemen
beside,
And what they could not eat that night, the Queen next
morning fried.

Legend.

Then, dinner ended, spake the blameless King
Unto his knights, and unto Guinevere,
Who sat as one had dined, yet discontent,
Moulding her napkin into many forms.
And smiling at them all: "The truth is this:
Our cook, though very worthy, O my Queen,
Hath bought of gentles, and we dine to-day
As yesterday and many yesterdays.
And no new order takes the place of old.
Thou dost not make this meal so sweet to me
That I the King do greatly care to eat."

Then in her shrewish way muttered the Queen:
"My fault, my fault, and evermore my fault!
That dish is never grinded the Table Round.
Lo, thou art King, and that should mean 'Can do.'
Canst thou do nought in the provision line?"

"Yea," said the King, and that time said no more,
But winked at Lancelot, as a man should say.
Small triumph wins a husband when he chides,
And Lancelot dropped his eyes, and sat demure,
Unwilling to offend or Queen or King.
And mindful, maybe, of the woeome fate
That came on him, who, daring to come in
When man and wife had passed from word to blow,
Bore two black eyes off one conferred by each.

But Arthur ruling, ruled it like a King.
And girding on Excalibur, went forth,
Followed by wily Vivien, caring not
That wink and jest pursue her to the door,
Which reached, she cried, "O Arthur, O my lord,
I know thy thought, and, humble though I be,
A humble bee may guide you. May I speak?"

He cared not much for her companionship,
Less for herself, yet gently answered, "Speak!"
And Vivien answered, smiling wickedly,
"Sweet are stolen waters, stolen kisses sweet
(If that the blameless King permit the words),
And why not stolen meal? Beyond you hedge
A hermit dwells, an awful humping too,
Loud in his prayers, but louder in his cups,
And prompt to kneel, but never half so prompt
As when he cannot stand. By this the cheat
Hath drunk his dearest, and sent up his snore:
He hath great store of meal, which simple fools
Bring to adulterate his fancied woe."

"Tis not the meal that the miller craves,"
"Twere very meet that you should steal the same."
And Arthur, making answer, said, "I will."
Then laughed the wily Vivien to herself,
"Easy to theft is moved the blameless King;
But he and all his knights and the sweet Queen
Have hollow hearts which wear transparent masks.
It glads my own to see." And then they went,
Arthur and Vivien, raised the hermit's latch,
Entered the cottage where the good old man
Lay grunting like a swine, and from his hoards
They took three pecks of choicest barley meal,
And proudly bore them to the Table Round.

There Guinevere still gazed on Lancelot.
But that most noble knight, large Lancelot,
Seemed for the time less noble than himself,
And suffering from supper of the wine
(Brought there from France by one called Gildred
Helm,
Knight of the Stone of Gladness) or the pang
Of conscience that he dined with his Queen,
At grumpy, nor returned her pleasant gaze,
But stuck his fork right through the table-cloth,
As he were stabbing some displeasing friend.
Laying the meat-sack on the Table Round,
And not displeased to see that Lancelot sulked,
Thus to his Queen spake forth the blameless King:
"Lo, I, the King, have shown what I can do,
Do thou thy part, and help."

"Yea, lord," she said,
"Your will is mine." And saying that she choked
(Her wine, it may be, gone the wrong way),
And sharply turned about to hide her face,
Moved to the kitchen, and flung down the meal.

Then Arthur, baring both his manly arms,
Made a bag-pudding, stuffing it with plums,
And putting in sweet lumps of richest fat
As large as two of his big royal thumbs:
Then trying it, the Queen with vehement act
Dashed it within a splendid silver pan
(Like Lancelot's helmet, bitterly the thoughts,
And set it brim on the vigorous hermit)
"Where I could set him," bitterly she said,
"O madman!" cried the little maid hard by,
"Who spoke to you?" she said, and smote her ears.

And when the fullness of the time was come,
And emptiness for hunger, came the knights,
And with them Lancelot and the blameless King,
And also Guinevere with lily hands,
Gleamed in fair water of the kitchen smirch,
And sat to supper, and the Pudding came,
Whereat the young knights gave forth a shout
Had split the Eddon Hill into three parts.
But that the trick had been already done,
And all fell to, the blameless King, and Queen,
They ate thereof, and noblemen beside,
And Vivien dined to taste, but scolding said,
"The full-fed lards feed on stolen meal."
And gentle Arthur had the wine cup flow,
Not now with Gild Helm's mixture, but a draught
(Imported by a knight of Burgundy)
So rich, so radiant, and so ravishing
That four score silver pieces scarcely bought
As many flagons as the year had months,
And the good Rabelais had said, if there,
"O sweet and heavenly sound to hear them laugh!"

Then with regained fine temper, said the Queen,
Taking her husband's hand into her own
(It may be, glad that Lancelot was riled),
"Dear Lord, and is thy wife so ill a cook?"

Then Arthur, pulling at her golden hair,
As one instructs a kind but wayward child,
"Thou!" said the King. "Well, I may call that
cheek."
Yet will not, looking on that cheek of thine,
Thou hast done well, my Queen, and very well,
And I, the King, for self and company,
Remain thy much obliged and humble servant,
And drink thy health!" Then the old rafters rang,
"Our Queen and Pudding!"
And the blameless King,
Rising again (to Lancelot's discontent,
Who held all speeches a tremendous bore),
Said, "If one duty to be done remains,
And 'tis neglected, all the rest is nought.
But Dead Sea apples and the acts of Apoc."
Smiled Guinevere, and begged him not to preach;
She knew that duty, and it should be done,
So what of pudding on that festive night?
Was not consumed by Arthur and his guests.
The Queen upon the following morning fried.

Art and Literature.

Thalberg's body has been embalmed for his
widow.

Schiller's youngest daughter has just died in
Germany.

Offenbach has taken the Paris Gaité, and in-
tends to make music and opera bouffe the prin-
cipal features of his management.

The widow of the celebrated French writer
and critic Proudhon, is said to make a precarious
living as a washerwoman in Paris.

Courbet, the Communist painter, has just
finished a picture of "The Arrest of Bergeret."
The *Gaulois* asserts that the Antwerp Academy
of Fine Arts has made him an honorary
member.

A son of Paganini, Achille by name, has ad-
dressed from Parma, where he resides, a circular
to the Italian music-sellers, offering to sell a
certain number of the unpublished works of
his father.

A new picture by Greuze has been discovered
in the church of St. Laurent, Paris. It portrays
the martyrdom of St. Laurence, and, though
somewhat out of the painter's usual style, is of
indisputable authenticity.

It is reported that Mme. Nilsson-Rouzeaud
lost property valued at \$51,990 by the Boston
fire. Mme. Rindersdorf has given a concert in
aid of the fund for the relief of 25,000 sewing
girls, thrown out of employment by the fire.

Mr. Reid, the present keeper of the prints
and drawings at the British Museum, is about
to publish "A History of the Print Room of the
British Museum," with some account of its con-
tents and biographical notices of its successive
keepers.

A Marseilles bric-a-brac dealer has discovered
two curious sets of tapestries formerly belong-
ing to Madame de Sevigné's Château de Grignon.
One represents the loves of Anthony and Cleo-
patra—two large compositions in the style of
Paul Veronese, bordered with garlands and
figures, while Eneas and Dido form the subject
of the others.

A communication has been received by Mr.
Smith, of the British Museum, the translator
and transcriber of the records discovered on the
Assyrian stones, from the proprietors of one of
the morning papers, offering him *carte blanche*
to proceed to the East for the purpose of pro-
cessing a search in those localities in which it is
probable other stones containing ancient Assy-
rian records may be discovered. It is under-
stood that the offer made to Mr. Smith will be
laid before the trustees of the British Museum,
as in the event of his acceptance of it he will
have to obtain leave of absence for a long period
from his duties at the Museum.

A very distinguished musician, Giovanni Ta-
dolini, has just died at Bologna aged seventy-
nine. Tadolini has left no works of any im-
portance; but his talent was so fully recognized
by Rossini that when the great Italian com-
poser was unable from illness to complete the
"Stabat Mater," promised for a particular occa-
sion, it was to Tadolini that he applied for no
fewer than four pieces still wanting. After-
wards when, in the year 1812, the "Stabat
Mater" was brought out in Paris, Tadolini's
contributions to the work seem to have been
omitted. It would, at least, be difficult now to
point out any portion of the "Stabat" which
does not bear the impress of Rossini's own
genius. Tadolini's pieces are said to have been
performed only once at Madrid; and whether
they were composed on motives furnished by
Rossini (in which case, retouched by the master,
they may still be retained in the existing score)
or were wholly the invention of Tadolini, it is
certain that their composer never had the satis-
faction of hearing them as they proceeded from
his pen. The chief sphere of Tadolini's activity
was the Italian Opera of Paris, where he offici-
ated as conductor during Rossini's brief period
of management, and for many years afterwards
as singing-master or *répétiteur*. Among the
many distinguished artists to whom he taught
their parts in every new work that was brought
out may be mentioned Grist and Persiani, Ri-
bini, Tamburini, and Lablache.—*Pull Mall
Gazette*.

ASTHMATIC BRONCHITIS.—ONE YEAR'S

STANDING CURED BY THE SYRUP.

ST. JOHN, N.B., 11th August, 1869.

MR. JAMES I. FELLOWS, Dear Sir: I consider
it my duty to inform you of the great benefit I
have received from the use of your Compound
Syrup of Hypophosphites. I have been for the
last nine years a great sufferer from Bronchitis
and Asthma, at times so ill that for weeks I
could neither lie down or take any nourish-
ment of consequence, and during the time suf-
fering intensely. I have had, at different times,
the advice of twenty-two physicians.

The least exposure to either
damp or draught was sure to result in a severe
attack of my disease. Finding no relief from
all the medicines I had taken, I concluded to
try your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites,
and have great reason to thank God for the re-
sult. I have, in all, taken twelve bottles, and
now I feel as strong and well as ever I felt in
my life, and for the last year have not had one
moment's sickness, and neither does dampness
or draught have the least effect upon me. Were
a to write upon the subject for hours, I could
not say enough in praise of your invaluable
Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, or give an
adequate idea of my sufferings.

You are at liberty to make what use you
please of this letter, because I hope its publicity
may be the means of benefiting other sufferers
such as it has me. I remain yours respect-
fully,

MRS. HIPWELL, Exmouth St.

(Written for the "Canadian Illustrated News.")

MARRIED FOR MONEY.

Through the windows many tinted crept the crimson
evening light.
Wreathing round the white-haired bridegroom, and
the bride arrayed in white.

Standing still before the altar, while the priest, with
reverent air
Unto each proclaimed his "Wilt thou?" over both
pronounced his prayer.

Faltered somewhat in the saying that low "Yes"
that bound her life.
Fettered fast to his beside her, chained her there, his
wedded wife.

From the fair Cathedral windows 'ere the solemn rite
was done,
Faded all the royal beauty of the crimson setting
sun,

As though only shade and darkness eared upon the
scene to gaze.
While the devil's work was doing in the courts of
sacred praise.

Love? Why, once the maiden fancied one had loved
her passing well:
Love? This was old man, her husband, viewed it
as a bagatelle.

He with all the world behind him, sated with its
vies
and sin—
She, a novice on the threshold, angel kept from enter-
ing in—

She, with only sweet girl memories written on her
dower-like face:
He, with years of Mammon service searing every
inner grace.

He, whose very dreams affrighted, shuddered at his
youth's desert:
She, whose lily hand, back reaching, clasped her
childhood's doting skirt!

Marry these? Wed truth and falsehood? Bind the
living and the dead?
Tie the white dove to the vulture with a prayerable
them said!

Where, O parents, was your tender love that entered
no protest:
While like some poor slave you sold her, sweetest
bride in your nests.

How you'll listen for her singing when her voice of
song is fled!
How you'll miss her ringing laughter when her soul
of mirth is dead.

She will be a stately lady—gems will deck that lily
hand—
Will she be a happy woman? Nay, not fathers spend
their grand.

Can shut out one thought of heart-break—can keep
out one youthful face,
Haunting with its loving memory every year and
every place.

H. C. de Vries.

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THE NEW MAGDALEN.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

SECOND SCENE—Mablethorpe House.

CHAPTER XVI.

THEY MEET AGAIN.

Absorbed in herself, Mercy failed to notice
the opening door or to hear the murmur of
voices in the conservatory.

The one terrible necessity which had been
present to her mind at intervals for a week
past, was confronting her at that moment.
She owed to Grace Roseberry the tardy justice
of owning the truth. The longer her con-
fession was delayed, the more cruelly she was
injuring the woman whom she had robbed of
her identity—the friendless woman who had
neither witnesses nor papers to produce, who
was powerless to right her own wrong. Keenly
as she felt this, Mercy failed nevertheless to
conquer the horror that shook her when she
thought of the impending avowal. Day fol-
lowed day, and still she shrank from the un-
deniable ordeal of confession—as she was
shrinking from it now!

Was it fear for herself that closed her lips?
She trembled—as any human being in her
place must have trembled—at the bare idea of
finding herself thrown back again on the
world, which had no place in it and no hope
in it for her. But she could have overcome
that terror—she could have resigned herself to
that doom.

No! it was not the fear of the confession it-
self, or the fear of the consequences which
must follow it, that still held her silent. The
horror that daunted her was the horror of
owning to Horace and to Lady Janet that she
had cheated them out of their love.

Every day, Lady Janet was kinder and
kinder. Every day, Horace was fonder and
fonder of her. How could she confess to Lady
Janet how could she own to Horace, that she
had imposed upon him? "I can't do it. They
are so good to me—I can't do it!" In that
hopeless way it had ended during the seven
days that had gone by. In that hopeless way
it ended again now.

The murmur of the two voices at the fur-
ther end of the conservatory ceased. The
billiard-room door opened again slowly, by an
inch at a time.

Mercy still kept her place, unconsciously
of the events that were passing round her. Sink-
ing under the hard stress laid on it, her mind

had drifted little by little into a new train of
thought. For the first time, she found the
courage to question the future in a new way.
Supposing her confession to have been made,
or supposing the woman whom she had per-
sonated to have discovered the means of ex-
posing the fraud, what advantage, she now
asked herself, would Miss Roseberry derive
from Mercy Merrick's disgrace?

Could Lady Janet transfer to the woman
who was really her relative by marriage the
affection which she had given to the woman
who had pretended to be her relative? No!
All the right in the world would not put the
true Grace into the false Grace's vacant place.
The qualities by which Mercy had won Lady
Janet's love were the qualities which were
Mercy's own. Lady Janet could do rigid jus-
tice—but hers was not the heart to give itself
to a stranger (and to give itself unreservedly)
a second time. Grace Roseberry would be
forcibly acknowledged—and there it would
end.

Was there a hope in this new view?
Yes! There was the false hope of making
the inevitable atonement by some other
means than by the confession of the fraud.

What had Grace Roseberry actually lost by
the wrong done to her? She had lost the
salary of Lady Janet's "companion and
reader." Say that she wanted money, Mercy
had her savings from the generous allowance
made to her by Lady Janet. Mercy could
offer money. Or say that she wanted employ-
ment, Mercy's interest with Lady Janet could
offer employment, could offer anything Grace
might ask for, if she would only come to
terms.

Invigorated by the new hope, Mercy rose
excitedly, weary of inaction in the empty
room. She, who but a few minutes since, had
suffered at the thought of their meeting
again, was now eager to devise a means of
finding her way privately to an interview
with Grace. It should be done without loss
of time—on that very day, if possible; by
the next day at latest. She looked round her
mechanically, pondering how to reach the end
in view. Her eyes rested by chance on the
door of the billiard-room.

Was it fancy? or did she really see the door
first open a little—then suddenly and softly
close again?

Was it fancy? or did she really hear, at the
same moment, a sound behind her as of per-
sons speaking in the conservatory?

She paused, and looking back in that di-
rection, listened intently. The sound—if she
had really heard it—was no longer audible.
She advanced towards the billiard-room, to set
her first doubt at rest. She stretched out her
hand to open the door—when the voices (re-
cognisable now as the voices of two men)
caught her ear once more.

This time, she was able to distinguish the
words that were spoken.

"Any further orders, sir?" inquired one of
the men.

"Nothing more," replied the other.

Mercy started, and faintly flushed, as the
second voice answered the first. She stood
 irresolute close to the billiard-room, hesitating
what to do next.

After an interval, the second voice made it-
self heard again, advancing nearer to the
dining-room. "Are you there, aunt?" it
asked, cautiously. There was a moment's
pause. Then the voice spoke for the third
time, sounding louder and nearer, "Are you
there?" it reiterated, "I have something to
tell you." Mercy summoned her resolution,
and answered, "Lady Janet is not here." She
turned, as she spoke, towards the conservatory
door, and confronted on the threshold Julian
Gray.

They looked at one another without ex-
changing a word on either side. The situa-
tion—for widely different reasons—was equally
embarrassing to both of them.

There—as Julian saw her—was the woman
forbidden to him, the woman whom he loved.

There—as Mercy saw him—was the man
whom she dreaded; the man whose actions
(as she interpreted them) proved that he sus-
pected her.

On the surface of it, the incidents which
had marked their first meeting were now ex-
actly repeated, with the one difference, that
the impulse to withdraw, this time, appeared
to be on the man's side, and not on the
woman's. It was Mercy who spoke first.

"Did you expect to find Lady Janet here?"
she asked, constrainedly. He answered, on
his part, more constrainedly still.

"It doesn't matter," he said. "Another time
will do."

He drew back as he made the reply. She
advanced desperately, with the deliberate in-
tention of detaching him by speaking again.

The attempt which he had made to with-
draw, the constraint in his manner when he
had answered, had instantly confirmed her in
the false conviction that he, and he alone, had
guessed the truth! If she was right—if he
had secretly made discoveries abroad which
placed her entirely at his mercy—the attempt
to induce Grace to consent to a compromise
with her, would be manifestly useless. Her
first and foremost interest now, was to find out
how she really stood in the estimation of
Julian Gray. In a *flash* of vision, that
turned her cold iron head to foot, she stopped