



RELIABLE PROPHETIC PORTRAIT OF
THE NEXT PREMIER.

TEARS FOR EGYPT.

To MR. GRIP.—SIR,—The hot tears are running down my cheek, my heart is heavy, and my breath comes in hysterical gasps. I must give my sorrow words, and into whose tender bosom shall I more fittingly pour my griefs than into yours, O great master of the emotions!

Sir, I weep for Egypt. Do not tell me O learned doctor, that I might as well let Egypt do her own weeping, for I am persuaded that never before was that historic mystery thrown upon the pages of letter-press with such overpowering effect as in *Varsity* this week, by the genius of the renowned and altogether too too poet of the electric light century, "Huron."

Listen, sir, for a moment to the mournful numbers, and then say if you can forbid the scalding tears from flowing, nay will you not rather join me in that sad pleasure, and in the touching lines of "Huron" bewail dead Egypt's misery. List, oh! list!

"Sleeping, dreaming, and silent,
By the great sea."

You perceive, sir, that Egypt no longer talks in her sleep, she is "silent," if "sleeping" and "dreaming."

"Dead, and hushed in hot vapors."

Dead, sir, dead! though "sleeping, dreaming, and silent." Wonderful figure! powerful allegory! And, sir, the "dead, sleeping, dreaming and silent" Egypt is "hushed in hot vapors" and in the midst of our sorrow we cannot fail but derive comfort from the consciousness that being "dead," the "hot vapors" won't hurt her, don't matter a cent, in fact. To proceed,—

"Ruins Ionic and barbaric,
Hushed in repose."

How dreadful! Yet knowing the ruins occasioned by barbaric wire fences how can we withhold our pity, or cease to be thankful that the necessarily powerful oburgations incepted by such ruins are "hushed in repose." We may also stop to consider which is the

happier, the "ruins" hushed in "repose" or the "sleeping" etc., hushed in "hot vapors." It appears to me that "repose" has it.

And, sir, how ought we to congratulate ourselves that we are not the lotus leaves which "Huron" so recklessly drags into public notice. Listen, I beseech you, sir:

"Nubian temples of Isis,
Nubian streams,
On whose dead breasts in the midnight,
The lotus leaf dreams."

Sir, the dead breasts of a stream, albeit a Nubian stream, must be anything but a comfortable place for the dream of a lotus leaf. But that is not the worst of it:—

"Pyramid, temple, and obelisk,
Shadowy stand,
As ones that there in the evening
Point with the hand
Into the night and the future,
Over the sand."

Horrible! most horrible! it is beyond endurance. Always nervous and excitable, it really is almost more than my imagination can bear, to attempt to realize what the effect must be of those

"ones that there in the evening
Point with the hand."

I beseech you, sir, with your magic powers conjure away the horrid vision. Dead! dead!! dead!!! all dead. O Egypt, can I fail but mourn for thee! Can all the arts of thy necromancers, even of the wise men who rivalled Moses in the courts of thy Pharaoh, ever restore thy life when "Huron" has taken such pains to assert the fact of thy death?

"Rivers, where never a ripple
Dies on dead shores."

(which is lucky for the ripple, at least, if not also for the people of the neighborhood.)

"Where the dead East to the new world
Opens her doors."

Most marvellous! most wonderful! The dead East opening doors! *Mirabile dictu!*

"Dead, all dead, but their memories,
Sheathed in their rest."

though, sir, we must admit that "Huron" uses a rather intangible and therefore not very promising kind of mummy cloth, if we consider it in relation to comfort.

"Dead to all else but thy slumber,
Child of Earth's morn,
Swathed in thy dream of smoke vapors."

Unhappy Egypt! not only "swathed" in "rest," but also "swathed" in "dream of smoke vapors," gently contemplating, as it were, the delightful results that Capt. Marryatt describes as arising from the science of fumology, by which you can tell what your neighbor has for dinner. Is this what "Huron" would insinuate? And is dead Egypt only in a trance, a sort of syncope, in fact, in which, while unable to act herself, she yet knows all that is going on around her, is "wrapped in contemplation" as in another variety of cerecloth, and looks yellow, as a properly-constituted mummy should, from the effect of the "smoke vapors" of her "dream." Ah, no! that is not what he means, for he says:

"Sphinx-eyed in scorn,
Till the hot levanter of ages
Husheth his storm."

Poor Egypt! no one to put the pennies on her eyes at her decease, and so people can see she is "sphinx-eyed." Could "cross-eyed" be worse? And so she must remain, poor thing, until the "hot levanter" levants, and she can be at peace to follow "Huron's" impassioned adjuration:

"Strange mummy of all the world's phantoms,
Ghost of antiquity,
Draw closer the cloak of thy darkness;
Land where no tree
Shades the red heat from the sand bars
Down by the sea."

Ah, dear MR. GRIP, I am sure that by this time the tears are running down your cheeks as they are down mine, and that if dead Egypt finds herself unable to "draw closer the cloak of her darkness" over her "rest" and "smoke vapor" swathing, you will be quite ready to help her to do it, especially in view of the

"red heat from the sand bars,
Down by the sea."

Yours in very low spirits,

MARA.

THE MYSTERIES OF PARIS (ONT.)

BY HUDGE GIN SEW.

VOL. I.

Ralph Abercrombie was ruined. Yet at five-and-twenty even ruin does not take all the zest out of existence to one who has never known a headache nor a heartache, is well-dressed, and is possessed of a reserved capital of fifty cents. So Ralph walked down King-street as gaily as if rich enough to purchase at will the most expensive luxuries from its glittering stores. Suddenly his career was arrested by one whom he had not met for years, when they were pupils at the same school. "I know that you are ruined," was his friend's greeting. "Last night you risked and lost your last dollar at the Faro bank in Jarvis-street, you have neither energy nor strength to work, but if you will join our society you may at least be enabled to live in comfort for the rest of your days." It was arranged that Ralph should dine that evening with his friend at the Rossin House; next day they proceeded by railway to Paris, where Ralph was introduced to the Society of the Six Recluses. They lived together in a large house some miles from the village, its garden surrounded by a high wall which effectually secluded the society from observation or intrusion. The house was neatly but not luxuriously furnished, the garden well stocked with all manner of vegetables and fruits; the six brethren lived in entire seclusion from the people of the neighborhood. Ralph was kindly received, and for a year lived a monotonous but not uncomfortable life; once a month he was despatched to the village store to procure supplies, this being the only communication held by the society with the outside world. At length an epidemic of typhoid fever visited the neighborhood of Paris; one after another the brethren were attacked and died, the last to succumb being the brother who had introduced Ralph to the community. He informed Ralph that he should inherit the property of the brethren, all of which he was at liberty to dispose of at pleasure, with the exception of the contents of the iron safe in the basement storey, the key of which he wished to have buried with him.

VOL. II.

After the solitary and monotonous life of these strange recluses, Ralph was glad to return to the city. He found plenty of ready money in the local bank deposited in the name of the society, to which he had no difficulty in establishing his claim. But the mystery of the iron safe was forever in his thoughts. Contrary to the request that its key might be deposited in the grave of the last survivor of the community, Ralph had kept it in his waistcoat pocket with a constantly increasing longing to use it. At length he could not help descending to the basement, as if in obedience to an impulse superior to his own will; he drew forth the key; almost at a touch the iron door of the safe flew open. Ralph found a morocco case containing a miniature in ivory representing a young lady of very exquisite beauty and richly dressed, sapphires and diamonds sparkling amid her golden hair, ruby-eyed serpents coiling round lovely arms which were bare to the shoulders. With the portrait