

The New Orleans Crescent

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Written for the N. O. Sunday Crescent. A Little Girl to Her Father.

Oh, on, for the future, the present is thine. The past has gone down to eternity's sea. The need to mourn, 'tis vain to repine, Or sigh for the days that have long ceased to be.

On, on, for the future! Though sorrows were known, And many reverses we live to deplore, Remember that still, if with fortitude we go, When happiness comes we will prize it the more.

Then on for the future, ne'er think of the Past, Let hope be your guide, be it by the way, That bright beaming star will shine to the last, To guide you aright to a happier day.

The Father's Reply.

Oh, on, for the future! Let hope be your guide, Repeating in staidly sinful and vain, Let the past, with its ills and its follies go by; Who would, if he could, so recall it again?

Though linked with its memories, are glimpses of joy, The sadness, and sorrow, we've known by the way, Will come so uncomplained, as sure to destroy The promise of pleasure still left us to-day.

On, on! for the future, its promise is Spring; With attentions to come—An Aurora of Joy; The life of the Past, to oblivion take wing, And leave its sweet memories, without their alloy.

'Tis vain to regret, and shroud to repine; It is folly to brood over sorrows gone by; The Past it has been, but the Present is thine; Then slip of its nettle ere fleeing it fly.

Though merciless Winter may wither your vine, Another if planted will bud in the Spring; Its tendrils will freshen and lovingly twine, And graceful festoons bright blossoms will bring.

Then back with the Past, and its symbols of sadness, The shadow with gloom the fresh hues of the heart; When the morning of youth is all radiant with gladness, That raven will pass and its black wings depart.

But still from the Past and its happier memories, Dear tokens of love can be had by the way; They will brighten the heart as the polish of emery, To shine mid the gems of eternity's day.

My child, put thy trust in the promise of Spring, Drink freely life's pleasure's while yet they are thine, And gather their blossoms before they take wing; But blend them with care in each garland you twine.

For the Sunday Crescent.

A DEFENSE OF YOUNG LADIES.

Will you permit me, Mr. Editor, to use your columns to defend my sex from a few insinuations of your correspondent "Claire," on last Sunday? From the manner in which "Claire" attacks young ladies, and draws the veil which covers the sanctuary of family conversation, I judge that your correspondent is a gentleman, and, consequently I feel considerable diffidence in writing this, lest I should incur his gentlemanly displeasure. My duty to my sex prompts me, however, and I trust I shall not be considered unwomanly or "blue-stocking"ish.

I admit, freely, that the generality of young ladies are not intelligent and learned. But intelligence is not universal in the world, and they are only a very small fraction of the great mass of the world's inhabitants who have learning in such an extended way as "Claire" would have. All minds are not endowed with intelligence, (for I look upon intelligence as an endowment), and every young lady is not constituted so as to drink deep draughts from learning's fount; nor has every sensible young lady the same taste for poetry which seems to govern "Mr. Claire." Yet, I don't think one who has not poetic, or even literary taste, should be considered on that account deficient in intelligence.

I have made a candid admission of part of "Mr. Claire's" accusation, and I will now endeavor to show how difficult it was for him to arrive at his conclusions in the manner in which he did. I judge, from the description which he gives of his friend, that the latter is one of those horrid, "crusty" old fellows who are the pests of every circle, and who are constantly railing, in a manner painfully suggestive of "sour grapes." If my opinion is correct, I hope "Mr. Claire's" intelligence will readily perceive that young ladies would not be particularly anxious to "shine" for his delectation, and I leave it to "Mr. Claire's" judgment, if his being in company with such an aged character did not injure his highbrows of good edited, "Mr. Claire" had gone alone, and visited six or seven families on every successive evening for a week, it is probable that he would be able to judge of the acquisitions of every circle in such a length of time? True worth is generally more than a very probable acquaintance with the young lady, whom he describes so well that she can scarcely fail to recognize his friendly picture, was the least intelligent of the party in which she endeavored to exhibit her acquisitions. "Mr. Claire" says that she "was astonished" when his friend told him that young ladies knew nothing! It is, therefore, very probable that "Mr. Claire" visited the circles which he addresses as a stranger; if not, he would have been acquainted with the young ladies, his astonishment at the announcement of their ignorance gives very little credit to his perspicacity and capability for judging, and in either case, the many readers of the Crescent will estimate his opinion at its true value.

"Mr. Claire" has the kindness to give young ladies a list of such poets as they should study, and includes in this list Shakespeare and Pope, but for some reason omits Byron and Moore—probably because young ladies prefer the latter, and for no other reason. If he objects to them on account of immorality, the former two are liable to the same objection. I admit that Shakespeare is Nature's exponent, and Pope was the delineator of Mind, but Byron is the idea of Passion, and Moore the favorite of Imagination and Sentiment. And would it be so probable that a writer should be ignored by his defects, in reference to the air we breathe, the food we eat, the land we inhabit, etc. So, my dear young ladies, don't you mind "Mr. Claire's" strictures, and take only so much of his advice as your own judgment deems prudent. Your judgment in dealing with society is more correct than his is supposed to be; he probably knows something about himself, but cannot be expected to know all the difficulties you have to encounter. Your course is between Scylla and Charybdis—the fear of being considered pedantic and "blue-stocking" by the unlearned, and of being "dubbed" ignorant by the pedantic. Store your minds with jewels, but be cautious to whom you exhibit your treasures. "Mr. Claire" will, I hope, acknowledge the difficulty of a young lady's selection when I tell him that from an experience of many years I think I am very liberal in saying that perhaps not more than one in one hundred of those bubbles of society, young ladies know how to appreciate intelligence and good sense.

MARDI-GRAS.

IMMENSE CROWDS ON THE STREETS

Clay Statue—The Maskers—Everything Orderly.

THE SHOW—YE MISTICK KREWE.

THE ANKLES AND THE TIGHTS.

THE APE—THE YOUNGSTERS—THE CROWD.

THE BALL.

(From Wednesday's Daily Crescent.)

Yesterday was a great day for the votaries of Shrove Tuesday. The day was as warm and sunny as an April day, and the people were all upon the streets. We can't say the turn out of masks was as numerous or as gorgeous and laugh-provoking as last year, or in years preceding, but still it was very fine, and the throngs of people on the streets returned to their homes far from disappointed.

If the full grown men were few, those of a tender age were exceedingly numerous. The principal streets were thronged with little girls, whose fair features were bedizened with outlandish masks; but the golden and flowing locks Dame Nature had endowed them with burst forth from all constraint, and would not be concealed. As to the boys, they were still more numerous, but they were less happy. The many twinkling feet, graceful and beautiful, that glanced along the pavement yesterday, from noon to dewy eve, a summer's day, were too bewildering for a lover of the beautiful to look elsewhere.

But there was an ape that deserves more than a passing notice. That ape had herculean proportions joined with the agility of the species which he represented. He must be one of the clowns or harlequins at the Academy. He climbed the iron pillars of the Crescent Billiard Hall; he leaped upon a wagon containing eleven bales of cotton, and squatted suddenly and unexpectedly upon the broad shoulders of the negro driver, and when that fear-stricken dandy jumped in his fright to terra firma, he seized the reins and drove the four male team two squares before leaving the van. He sprang into a light wagon in which there was an upright empty flour barrel, encoined him in that, and concealed himself entirely within it. Arrived at the corner of Canal street, the ape applied a lot of girls in mask, sprang from the car and started in chase of them. They screamed and ran with all their might. Their masks impeding their breathing, they tore off the masks, and lo! they were all darkies, darker than the lieutenant governor of Louisiana. As to the other maskers we saw none worthy of special notice. There was the conventional Yankee, the nigger legislator, the carpet-bagger, the Grecian bend and all the monstrosities peculiar to this unfortunate generation—but that was all. A friend of the writer, a sober-sided, quiet, but most observant man, remarked that the reason why there was not so great a celebration of Mardi Gras yesterday, is that every day now is Mardi Gras. "See that girl, for instance," he said, pointing to a young lady in sky-blue satin, from head to foot, her skirts reaching only half way down the calf, and her Grecian bend protruding like a phenomenal elephantiasis from her rear; her body bent forward at an ungodly angle, and a huge pile of foreign hair upon her head similar to the "chips" of a buffalo on the Western prairie—"If that isn't equal to any Mardi Gras, I'll lose my head—and the best of it is you will find scores just such maskers, powdered and perfumed and painted, every day on Canal street." Our friend was right, and he might have added something about tight pantaloons, monkey jackets, Grant hats, hair parted in the middle, etc., etc., etc.

The Mistick Krewe.

The reporter of the Crescent went on a wild-goose chase all day yesterday, in order to learn the starting place and the route of the Mistick Krewe. Some told him they were to start from the Jackson railroad depot; some from the St. Louis Hotel; others from the St. Charles, and others again from the Pickwick Club on Canal street, corner of Exchange Alley. Ye reporter thought the last named the safest and surest. After looking all day long at the varied maskers that marched their throngs along the streets of the city, and doing naught else; and after partaking of a particularly good dinner with two and a half bottles, he set himself to work in dead earnest. He installed himself, about half-past six o'clock at the pedestal of one of the columns of the Bank of America, *Solus ad quos rotundus*, determined to await the approach of the Krewe, even if they approached like the rugged Russian bear, the armed rhinoceros or the Hyrcan tiger. He waited and—along came a covey of good Samaritans who invited him to the *Genes*. The songs and the hew gags were not audible, and he thought that, consistently with duty, he could charge the bank watchman to keep his seat until his return. He found the seat occupied, on his return, by an individual bearded like the bear, and judged from one glance of his eye that he was sudden and quick in quarrel—also that he was of Gallic origin, and would make reprisals in the morning. He therefore left Whiskerado to the quiet enjoyment of the seat, and stood on the edge of the curb, midway between the bank and the corner of Royal street. He waited and waited. To and fro went the crowd—but there were few maskers. One young gentleman, with two young ladies clothed in purple and blue lines, and with their dainty feet and ankles covered with the whitest stockings and the finest little shoes—she rushed—they tripped—from Royal to Exchange and from Exchange to Royal, six times between twenty minutes after 7 and half-past that hour. What became of that party, deponent knoweth not. Carriages and cabs, omnibuses and furniture vans had their living freight, principally women and children, all breathless, to see the Mistick Krewe. Nobody knew which way or by what street the Mystical Krewe were to make their appearance. Such rumoring and to fro, such uncertainty, amounting almost to a panic, we never saw outside of a surprised army or a threatened town. The blast of an oyster horn towards the levee or the bray of a car mule would start the entire crowd to swaying, and like an immense flock of sheep, where one went, thither went all the others.

Finally, about 8 o'clock, looking away down Canal street, a glare lighted up the sky above and above upon the neighboring buildings. It was the Mistick Krewe. It is, it is the Comus Krewe, was whispered on every side. Then came a tremendous pressure around the statue, whilst old bronze Harry Clay looked down complacently upon the surging multitude, whilst they crowded and quarreled, and uttered curses not loud but deep against each other. The reporter stood still to witness the gorgeous pageantry of Comus over the mass of people that were in front of him. What he saw he is unequal to describe, but as it is his office to attempt a description, here goes:

First came an ambitious horseman, a dark visaged, bewhiskered son of Spain or Sicily, (mind he was no son of Comus,) and after him came half a dozen eads, barouches and carriages. They started incontinent down Royal street, and such a scurrying to head the procession on Bienville, Conti and St. Louis was hardly ever witnessed outside of Stonewall Jackson's corps in the valley of Virginia. The Crescent reporter

was one of the fools who went with the crowd. But the huge lighted obelisk in the rear of the procession, and what followed, proved how false were the prognostics of the general. The Krewe passed up by the statue, by the Pickwick Club—and there it was that a small mouse was smelt by the knowing ones assembled; the krewe, wafted by the Misticks in sheep's clothing, to the gentlemen on the Pickwickian gallery, showed—what? "Ask not to know!"

The Krewe proceeded on their way up Camp street to Julia, down the latter street to St. Charles, and down St. Charles to the City Hall, where they made a

Call Upon the Mayor.

As time honored a ceremony as the parade of the Krewe itself is the call made upon the mayor by its esteemed head King Comus. People know this and as a consequence, flocked to the neighborhood of the City Hall. By half-past seven o'clock the steps, colonnades and windows were all crowded, while on the railings and in the trees of Lafayette square expectant observers were numerously perched. New Orleans citizens for the crowd also can gather at short notice, but never did she send forth a denser mass of populace than that which waited to see King Comus enter to pay his salute to the chief municipal officers.

And when, around the corner of the Moresque Building, flashed the lights and glittered the pageantry of the procession passing up Camp street toward Julia, the crowd was all alive with anticipation, and on its outskirts ebbed and surged in that direction. A few minutes more and the head of the column turned into St. Charles. Then all was expectancy. "There they come! there they come!" shouted the juveniles, cried the old women, whispered the pretty girls, and sure enough there they did come. Those who had the privilege hurried into the mayor's parlor, the better to observe the coming interview. A squad of policemen kept open on the steps a passage way for his majesty. Inside the mayor's office, books and records had been for the nonce laid aside, and lo—in their place were festive bowls of punch and iced cakes, rich and tempting. In waiting to receive the illustrious potentate to whom we all of us, on the principle of laugh and grow fat, doubtless owe whatever competency we may possess, were gathered a good number of the city fathers and the mayor with his secretaries, Messrs. Overall and Bower. Quite a number of ladies and children were also present. When lo—in the doorway appeared a demonaic figure, with grotesque features, jaws wide open, protruding tongue, caudal appendage coiled upon his back, a crown of huge spikes radiating from his cranium. This was the first arrival. After him came more, three or four, of the same ilk, all ferocious looking fellows, yet good-natured as could be; and last of all Comus came also, a great, strapping fellow ten feet high, of rubicund visage, shadowed by locks of coarse hair falling far below his portly waist. He bowed; they all bowed. Spoke then the first visitor, he of the protruding tongue and coiled caudal. Said he, "Mr. Mayor, we have called to pay you the respects of King Comus, in accordance with the annual custom." The mayor expressed his satisfaction at so high an honor. "We regret," continued the spokesman, "that our costumes prevent a visit by a larger delegation, but hope at some future time to call upon you more numerously." The mayor was pleased to see them all—tendered them the hospitalities of the city, and hoped to be the recipient of their own at the Opera House that same evening. Then the distinguished guests withdrew, the procession resumed its march, and the vast crowd dispersed in a twinkling in all directions.

The Opera House.

Long before 8 o'clock, the hour at which it was announced that the doors of the Opera House would be opened, the crowd who had collected around there was so great as utterly to preclude the idea that any one, however hardy and however ready to throw looks of protestation and words of exhortation, could approach the magic portals. Ladies were there—refined and delicate ladies—who were pushed, smashed, shoved, and had their dresses torn—more, "mashed," but who heroically through it all held on to the places they had won, refusing to yield to the pressure of the surging crowd, who every moment grew larger, holding all their waiting and all their trouble cheap if they could only obtain that for which their soul longed—a good seat. Those of our readers—and they are not a few—who have ever been at one of the similar crowds which for years gathered every Mardi-Gras evening around the doors of the Varieties can imagine the scene in front of the Opera House last night. If possible, it was a little worse, for the larger capacity of the Opera House had induced the issue of a greater number of tickets than usual, so the crowd was a more numerous one, every element of confusion and push in it being thus multiplied. But at last the moment came, the doors were opened, and with a rush such as the damned night-marks were the gates of Paradise thrown suddenly open to them (excuse me, ladies, this rather uncomplimentary comparison, but really it is the only simile which is applicable), the crowd surged into the theater, and hurrying pell-mell up stairs, the fortunate and much enduring ones at last obtained so manfully the positions for which they had struggled so manfully. Then commenced the influx of a steady stream. As each party came up the stairs, it was divided by the ruthless decree of the Krewe, the ladies seeking seats in the first and second tiers, the gentlemen being allowed a choice between the galleries and the space immediately around the boxes. There was no cessation in the arrivals until the Krewe, having finished their procession, entered the Opera House, when, as the doors were closed, those coming afterwards could only knock and bewail their own lack of punctuality.

As to the scene within the Opera House just before the curtain rose, what shall we say of it? The dress circle and second tier were filled with ladies, not a black spot in the shape of a mason-line being visible to mar the splendor of the picture. Dresses many colored, faces many-phased in their beauty, gaitlights repeated everywhere by the jewels numberless, a sea of fans moving, not in the breeze, but to make a breeze, formed a sight alone in its peculiar gorgeousness, and never to be seen but at the entertainments of the Mistick Krewe of Comus.

Before we go further, though, we should notice some of the arrangements of the house which were well calculated for the comfort and convenience of the Krewe's guests. The former method of descending from the premises had been done away with and the orchestra was placed immediately in front of the first row of the open boxes. The fourteen boxes on either side of and on a level with the parquette and orchestra instead of being concealed as formerly, were together with the parquette, open for the accommodation of several hundred persons, who otherwise might have been deprived of even a standing position. Additional chairs were also placed in the alleys between all the boxes. The ball-room was reached through the *colonnades* of the parquette by a pair of stairs on either side.

Every face was lighted with anticipation, and every eye was constantly turned to the stage, as though fearing the curtain should suddenly rise without the observer's noting the fact. But why dwell upon the audience? We have told of them as well as we could, pages could give no fuller idea, for it would take volumes to enumerate each beauty of each lady, which made the beauty of the whole, and that would be the only manner in which we could better describe the scene. Turn we, therefore, now to the tableaux, to behold which so many of the fairest of the New Orleans fair had assembled—the tableaux which have been so eagerly looked forward to, and from which so much enjoyment had been expected.

The Tableaux.

At last, while the hearts of the fair almost stood still with expectation, the great and consummate

hour having at last arrived, the heavy curtain slowly rose and revealed, grouped upon the immense stage, the figures comprising the

THE FIRST TABLEAU.

This was an immense human face, the five organs, eyes, ears, nose, mouth and hands being so arranged as to compose a man's countenance. This, however, was but an indication of what was to come—what was also expressed in these lines, which were upon the programme: "And only five the senses' organs be; 'Tis in these five all things their forms express, 'Which we can Taste, Feel, Smell or Hear and 'See.'"

VISIT TABLEAU.

This represented typically the Sense of Sight and its Objects, the great receiver of the sensation and the things which create the sensation. On a raised platform in the center of the stage and to the rear, above the others and forming the central figure was Phobus, god of the morning, deity of light, to whom the ancients gave divided reverence with Aurora, until Aurora's glories were faded in the face of the mid-day sun, when he claimed sole worship. He was standing in a triumphal chariot drawn by the four winged horses of the Sun, whose prancing forms and first-rising hoofs, whose glaring eyeballs and manes dripping light, might well fit them to represent the steeds who curd the andacity of Phetion, the rash. Immediately to the front of the stage, and in the center, were two immense Eyes, a male and female, which, as Phobus had represented the poetry of vision, impersonated the material means of it. Between Phobus and the Eyes stood three maidens, arms locked in arms, representing severally the Emerald, the Topaz and the Ruby, each bearing some distinctive mark on her dress to indicate the jewel; near them on one side was Sapphire, a warrior with glittering sword, and on the other Diamond, an eastern king, whose garments and crown and jewels glittered with the radiance of a veritable Koh-i-noor. Near him to the right was Rainbow, Iris, the fair goddess, who brought down with her from heaven that for which she claimed honor to be paid; to the left of Sapphire stood Chandelier, lighting his part of the stage. In the front of the stage, to the right of the two Eyes, were Jason, he of the golden fleece, who represented the most precious of metals, and clasping around the waist, Pearl; to the left of the Eyes were Silver, bearing as his crest on his stomach—a curious place—a specie half dollar, the sight of which alone was worth the trip to the Opera House—and by his side Pride, decked in peacock feathers, as she ever seeks to be seen. Two figures to the extreme right and left of the stage represented respectively a Clock and Optical Instruments. Add to these four butterflies impersonating Europe, Asia, Africa and America, which hovered around the car of Phobus, and the list of figures in the tableau is complete. As to the taste and consummate art displayed in their grouping, that we can only praise, we cannot reproduce it upon paper.

THE SECOND TABLEAU.

Was the sense of Hearing and its ministers. Over this, on a raised dais, as in the first tableau, presided Orpheus, the man-god, "whose heart-strings were a lute," whose voice charmed all earthly creatures, and even lured into pity the fierce passions of Hades' king, when he besought for the release of Eurydice, his beloved, but whose tender heart, brooding no delay, lost the light of his life by haste to feast his eyes upon her face. He had his lyre in his hand, while near him crouched a mighty Lion, the king of the beasts, who, subdued by his wondrous strains, became submissive to his will, and followed his beck and call as a very dog. To the right and left of the stage were two immense Ears, the material representatives of the sense. Grouped about were the Cricket, sweet symbol of the music of domestic affection, which fills so many hearts and homes with melody, less only in degree than the strains of adoring love with which Heaven's court is filled. Musical instruments of various kinds, the Drum, the Flute, the Horn, the Clarinet. There was also, King David, the sweet singer of Israel, who, as Orpheus, represented love, mortal and human, well impersonated love, devotion and adoring. There, too, were cow bells (this, it is to be supposed, is in compliment to the Cow-bellions of Mobile), Scotia's bagpipes, Spain's bells rung by a veritable Chinese juggler, China's guitar, emblems of romance and suggestive of "music and moonlight and flowers." Nor was there lacking a representative from the humbler walks of the divine art, for a genuine monkey was there with the traditional hand-organ. Directly in front of the figure of Orpheus was a mighty bell, whose handle was four-headed, even as the church bell has a fourfold office to fulfill—the joyous baptism anthem, the merry wedding peal, the wild, fierce alarm of fire, and the solemn, sombre funeral toll.

THE THIRD TABLEAU.

Was dedicated to the setting forth typically the pleasures of Smell. The central figure was of course Flora, goddess of flowers, to whom we owe almost all that is agreeable of our perfumes. She occupied the same elevated position that had been assigned to her mythological predecessors, and from her cap, which was full of earth's most beautiful productions, she showered down upon the heads of her subjects handfuls of God's earthly jewels. Around her were grouped representatives of the flower kingdom, seeming together a very flower garden got up to order to fit the stage of the Opera House. There were Tulip, Honeysuckle, Dahlia, Fuchsia, the stargazing flower, and the less pretending Morning Glory, Rose the Queen and Violet worthy to share her throne; Poppy, the sleep producer, and Hebe, the dear to lovers. In the front center was a gigantic Nose—great Heavens! what a nose that was! It was such a nose as we have read about in fairy tales when Prince Noses, the immortal, lived and flourished, but such a nose as will never more exist, unless the Mistick Krewe set to work to create a bigger one, when doubtless it will be forthcoming. The nose was standing—fit pedestal for such a monarch—on a box of fragrant Havana, and seemed to derive ineffable satisfaction from the presence of an object so gratifying to his peculiar tastes. Standing near him was Tobacco, who, with a courtly grace, presented him with a snuff box, out of which he regaled that Nose.

THE FOURTH TABLEAU.

Represented Taste, its pleasures. Ceres, goddess of Agriculture, with the boy-god, Bacchus (though potent his sway, and more extended, but more he be, than many other divinities) at his side, ready to stimulate her votaries should they flag in their devotion to her. The central figure was an immense Mouth, opened to receive what good things were set before it, and capacious enough to have consumed all the other characters of the picture. On a platform, a little lower than that whereon Ceres sat, was a fountain, which was very like life. Mellon, Pear and Sugar-cane; also the condiments, with the gourd and makes good things better. Poppy, Salt—represented by the unfortunate Mrs. Lot, of whose untimely entrance into the salt market our readers are already aware—and Mushroom. The train—Apple, Cherry, Pine Apple, Peach and Banana—occupied the front of the stage, directly in the center of which was Wheat, the emblem and scepter of Ceres, who was being made violent love to by young Strawberry, while immediately to his right was Grape, represented by the young Bacchus astride a barrel, revelling in the fruits of his kingdom.

THE FIFTH TABLEAU.

This was the Sense of Touch, and in its conception and execution must be styled, with the first tableau, pre-eminently the feature of the evening. The touch was Venus, born of the sea. Below her were ranged the representatives of the five orders of architecture which the world has known—the

Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, Composite and Egyptian—the latter represented by the Sphinx of the land of the Nile.

Two great hands in the center of the stage and in front, displayed impressively and plainly what the scene represented. To the rear of the stage were two gigantic figures representing, the one Heat, with flaming locks and a dire aspect, with a crown of shining gold and a scepter of fire; the other Cold, an icicle as his baton, his beard covered with frost, his hair stiff with snow, his eyeballs fixed and glaring.

Directly in front of Venus was a globe, a map of the world, belted with the magic wires of the electric telegraph, by whose mystic means a single man with a single touch can put a girle round the earth quicker than Ariel, the sprite, could make the journey. In line in the front of the stage were the mechanical arts, which, relying solely upon touch, its accuracy and delicacy, of course deserved a place in the tableau. Sculpture and Painting, those two arts to the votaries of which it is given through their hands to transfer thought to marble and canvas, to make stone speak, and by the weaving together of a few colors, to tell the story in a second to the eye that volumes must be needed to speak to the ear. Thistle, Wasp and Scorpion were to the left, each, it is too well known to many, objects whose touch is felt too often for humanity's pleasure. Two more figures claim our attention, the one the Pen, which, armed with a quill, was controlling the very revolutions of the globe itself, was pointing the path for the telegraph, and with a scroll in his other hand, wherein were locked the secrets and the powers of Nature, was with a face of conscious might, though withal careworn and pinched, watching the direction of the events which he had himself originated. The other was Death, the final touch which all of us must feel, whose clammy hand shall clasp those of ours, in whose embrace we shall all sink. He, too, was watching the World, which he, too, as surely as the Pen, had marked for his own, only his face was more determined and his power visibly greater.

THE SIXTH TABLEAU.

Was the Revel of the Senses. As the curtain rose it discovered all the figures which had formed the other tableaux artistically grouped about the stage. There they remained for some little time, allowing the audience to feast their eyes upon them, until the hand struck up a march when they slowly formed a line, and advanced into the floor formed by the boarding over of the parquette, then the ladies commenced to pour upon the stage, the music struck up, and away went the Krewe and their guests, in the whirling mazes of the dance. Many were the amusing scenes that occurred. Many were the recognitions and fancied recognitions of their friends, and much was the merriment consequent thereon. Several wives knew, yes, just knew, that they saw their husbands, notwithstanding that the said husband had that very evening pleaded the necessity of sitting up with a sick friend as a reason for not escorting them to the ball. Many young ladies affirmed most strongly that some of the Krewe danced strangely like Fitts Poodle or Smith, both of whom, however, had asserted a thousand times most vehemently that they had never even the most distant idea of becoming a Mistick.

And so the ball continued, until as midnight approached nearer, the maskers became less and less, and when the first stroke of 12 was sounded, not one of Comus's band was to be seen; they had all taken to themselves wings and flown to that mysterious and altogether incomprehensible place where they reside for 364 days of every year, and whence they emerge on the 365th to delight and charm the good people of the Crescent City; and thus, with a last good night, they left their guests to enjoy yet a few more hours of the carnival.

That we now have more to say of this is that it was one of the most elegant and superb affairs that the whole season has produced. The lateness of the hour at which this is written precludes the statement of anything further than that as every element—youth, beauty, fashion and elegance—necessary to a magnificent entertainment was there, it could not but have been an affair marked with brilliancy and éclat. On a subsequent occasion we may give a fuller account.

The Ball.

A sight we may never look upon again was the array presented by the amphitheater, which alone was packed as closely with ladies as flowers in a huge bouquet, as varied and beautiful in their attire as their trimmings prototyped.

As the Krewe's march ended, there was an audible breath of satisfaction at the prospect of shaking off the numbness consequent upon the long sitting during the tableaux and the desire to mix upon the magnetic boards of the ball room and give free scope to the expressions of delight which had for hours been suppressed behind the lips of the sex whose gossiping qualities were not renewed in this climate alone but the whole world over.

The amphitheater was now transformed into a living kaleidoscope, by the evolutions of the fair ones in their attempts to extricate themselves from the throng and find an issue which would lead them into the ball-room. Many disappeared like meteors through the entrance doors amid the clamor of the jubus uttered, bawling out at the top of their voices for the carriages of those whose fortitude or tastes precluded them from mingling with the votaries of Terpsichore; in the opposite direction throngs of ladies who had now not with expensively gotten up cavaliers, were ascending the steps leading from the vestibule into the ball-room, which was soon so crowded that in vain did they strive to dance or even walk.

Our object at this moment was to observe and scrutinize the toilets of the fair 'stores of Olympus, Sophie Boutron, Sophie Secura, Mrs. Washington and other noted milliners of Canal street; but the chaos of color and the dazzling brilliant effect of the scene rendered it almost impossible to fix the bewildered eye upon any one of the many magnificent costumes. Our task became truly difficult; for, hundreds of the wearers had been unable to reach the ball-room floor, while many of the more beautiful ones had, as we state above, left the festivity with the departure of Comus. But gathering our whole object we made a bold effort to accomplish our object of noting the most remarkable features of the lovely dancers, and lo! in our endeavor, placed our foot upon a rich blue silk dress profusely trimmed with costly flosses of point applique, worn by the fair and queenly Mrs. S—g, of Harp part street, whose research toilette won the meed of admiration which is ever awarded. However, the first step, although an awkward one, was made, and we began to distinguish shapes, colors and forms, and cast our eyes upon the Kentucky delegation, represented first by Miss A—B—m, with her cherry-colored silk dress, on a train, with a panier of lace tulle, caught up in puffs by strings of tiny roses, a rich necklace of diamonds encircling her white throat and her hair dressed in the style of "artless art," now so much in vogue. She was the observed of all observers. Then comes her friend Miss J—m—e, of Louisville, also a blonde, of exquisite features, wearing a very handsome pink silk cut low in the neck, an under waist of puffed lace modestly covering her graceful shoulders and fastening at the white throat; her hair, fine as gossamer threads, floating in light curls, and adorned with a wreath of pink roses. Mrs. M—e, at her side, attired in white silk, with bare, splendid shoulders, her dark hair elegantly arranged, and her dress draped with rich silk, was beautiful. We noticed another fair lady in pink satin, trimmed with flosses of Point d'Aleron of great value, and adorned with much taste.

The whole giving her an ethereal appearance which we did not notice in the many other pretty attendants.

Miss B—g, a dignified looking visitor from Buffalo, wore the garb of affliction, which was none the less rich and becoming for its austere appearance, and consisted of a black more antique under-dress with over-dress of black tulle. The hair was adorned correspondingly with jet ornaments.

Kariffs was also present, and wore a simple but very rich striped and flowered silk dress. She did not mingle much, if at all, with the dancers, but no doubt enjoyed and improved the occasion. Unfortunately her bright and fair daughter Cora, whom she so well knows how to set to advantage, was absent.

We also noticed the two Misses P—m—c, of this city. Misses B—r and Ch—n, of St. Louis, were also arrayed with excellent taste, but we failed to obtain a description of their costumes. Mrs. P—m—c, of Royal street, could be seen in a box, her elegant form closely wrapped in a corsage of rich black velvet under a bertha of lace, and a jupon of black velvet trimmed at the front, from the waist down, with two rows of deep leaves. Hair dressed with roses and a diamond bracelet en agraffe. Mrs. B—r, of Burgundy street, wore a rich, white glacé silk dress, profusely trimmed with rich lace puffs, which was one of the beauties of the military art.

In one of the stage boxes there was a lovely young girl, Miss A—m—e, a fair blonde from the North, with the clear, bright complexion peculiar to that climate. There was one of those sweet, pure faces it refreshes the eyes to look upon. She wore a dress of white tulle, with a pink tulle of the same, and reminded one of a May rose bud. In the same box Miss J—m—e, a D—r, also from the North—a beautiful brunette—splendid eyes, rich complexion, sweet pea blossoms in her midnight hair, and an exquisite toilet of white, with pink flosses.

A lady whose name we did not learn, but a resident of the Fourth District, was very stylish and elegant in appearance, and gracefully wore a white satin dress trimmed elegantly with black lace; her hair handsomely arranged and partially concealed by a Spanish veil hanging at the back and falling gracefully over her beautiful round shoulders. A splendid set of diamonds completed the costume. The dress, we are assured, was ordered from Paris expressly for this occasion.

Miss A—m—e, on a visit to this city from New York, her present place of residence, but whence she must return, leaving us by whom she cannot be spared—a snowdrop, a lily of the valley she would have seemed; one of those intelligent and sympathetic girls to whom might be addressed all the elegies of Byron and Moore and the love songs of Hugo, was tripping it on a pair of tiny feet which would have shamed the glass slippers of Cinderella. In point of richness and elegance her toilet was surpassed by none and equaled by a few only, and consisted in a short white satin underskirt trimmed with three narrow flosses of erpe; an over dress or tunic of emerald green, cut leaf-shaped below the belt and trimmed with light pearl leaves; a wreath of pearl grapes and green velvet leaves crossing the waist and falling over the tunic; a spray of white and green in her beautiful hair completed the attire and rendered her lovely.

A quartette of beautiful blondes were also noticeably lovely, and attired with such perfect taste that it would be an injustice to withhold the expressions of admiration accorded them, viz: Miss N—e McN—y, of Nashville, Tenn., was most attractive and fascinating. She wore a magnificent train dress of pink glacé silk. Across the front and side gored was a deep floss of blue and blonde, divided near the top by a leaf-puff heading of the same. The train very long and puffed, low corsage with small puffed sleeves, the bertha trimmed with leaf-puffs and silk; the panier was trimmed to correspond and looped at the front and sides beneath with rosettes. A trailing spray falling at each side; solitary ear drops and head-dress of exquisite order.

Miss M—e, of Honteville, was also elegantly attired. The lower skirt was of white silk trimmed at the bottom with a floss of costly white lace, headed by a ruche of jonquill colored silk, ornamented with small bouquets of églantine and scarlet leaves. The upper skirt of jonquill colored silk, forming a square tunic edged with fine quilting and rouches of jonquill silk. The back of this skirt, en train, caught up at each side of the square tunic and fastened by bouquets of églantine, with scarlet leaves. Head-dress of églantine with scarlet leaves. No jewels.

Miss A—m—e, of Mississippi, was charming in her exquisite pearl gray silk dress en train, bordered over deep flosses of point d'Angleterre; the over dress was of rich brocade of the same shade, delightfully puffed and raised at each side with rich fringe. The bodice opened in front quite to the waist over a plastron of white lace. In the hair a white rose—no jewelry.

Miss S—D—y, of Georgia, last but not least, of the four, was magnificently dressed in a lower skirt of white silk without trimmings. The sides and back of the upper skirt of sky blue silk, pointed and trimmed with a floss of white lace and headed by a bias of blue silk