

VOLUME V—NO. 261.

AMUSEMENTS.

PARIS PAVILION CIRCUS.

MAN RICE, Manager and Proprietor.

ONE GALA DAY AT CONGO SQUARE.

Wednesday, February 14, 1872. Day and Night.

MATINEE AT 12 M.

The Grand French Opera. LORENZO MAYA.

And all the Acrobats, Gymnasts, Bonaesians and Trapeze performers, male and female, at each exhibition.

DAN RICE IN THE RING.

The Grand Duke and suite have been invited, and will doubtless be present.

Annunciation Square, First District. THURSDAY AND FRIDAY, Day and Night.

OPERA HOUSE—OPERA HOUSE

Wednesday, February 14, 1872. This (Wednesday) evening, for the Tuesday night subscription, the opera house will witness the performance of the charming LOTTA, will be present at the St. Charles Theatre to-night.

ST. CHARLES THEATRE.

THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS AND SUITE having accepted the invitation, will witness the performance of the charming LOTTA, will be present at the St. Charles Theatre to-night.

LITTLE DETECTIVE.

LOTTA IN SIX DIFFERENT CHARACTERS. SPECIAL NOTICE.—The manager takes pleasure in announcing BRUNO CARSON, a citizen of New Orleans, who has been studying some time for the stage, will make his debut on night during the week.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, February 14.—Two bar leopards: The first act of LERLINE, and second act of the Niblo's Garden burlesque: SINBAD THE SAILOR.

THURSDAY EVENING, February 15.—The burlesque success of the season, BLUE BEARD, introducing the song and chorus "His Heart was True to Polly," the duet "If Ever I Cease to Love," and the great scene from "The Two Orphans." A great comedy and burlesque bill, for the farewell benefit of Miss Thompson.

VARIETIES THEATRE.

LAWRENCE BARRETT, Sole Lessee and Manager. POSITIVELY THE LAST WEEK OF MR. EDWIN ADAMS.

ENOCH ARDEN.

MR. EDWIN ADAMS as Enoch Arden. MISS AUGUSTA L. DABSON as Annie Leigh. WEDNESDAY, LAST ENOCH ARDEN MATINEE AT 12 M.

VARIETIES THEATRE.

Friday, February 16, 1872. COMPLIMENT TO EDWIN ADAMS.

MISS ISABEL FREEMAN.

Having kindly volunteered, will appear as LADY TRIZLE, in Sheridan's sterling comedy entitled School for Scandal.

DAN RICE'S GREAT PARIS PAVILION CIRCUS.

CONGO SQUARE, Second District. Wednesday, February 14, Day and Night. ANNUNCIATION SQUARE, First District.

JEFFERSON CITY.

Saturday, February 17, Day and Night. GREINA. Sunday, February 18, Day and Night.

THEODORE THOMAS' UNREREQUALED CONCERT ORGANIZATION.

SIXTY DISTINGUISHED PERFORMERS. Pronounced by the entire press the largest and most perfect Concert Troupe which has ever undertaken a tour in this country or in Europe, will give a series of FOUR GRAND EVENING CONCERTS.

ODD FELLOWS' HALL.

Monday, February 19, Tuesday, February 20, Wednesday, February 21, Friday, February 23, and Saturday Morning, February 24.

The following celebrated Artists will appear: Miss MARI KREBS, the young and brilliant Pianist. Mr. BRENHARD LISTENANN, Violin. Mr. LOUIS SCHREIBER, Cornet & Flute.

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M. K. C.

HOMER'S TALE OF TROY

THE WANDERINGS OF ULYSSES

MARCH OF HOMER'S HEROES

The column led by Comus swept into line and began to move at the usual hour. Appearing as suddenly as if the earth had cast them up, the list of Homer's heroes, disembodied from the Iliad and Odyssey, filed through the streets in a grim and ghostly procession, bringing with them an unseen train of dim recollections, with which the olden time is laden.

HOMER'S Iliad and Odyssey.

Music. Illuminated Doric Temple. Homer's Bust. THE ILLIAD.

Helen and Paris in clouds protected by Venus. Heracles. Agamemnon. Nestor. Achilles and shield. Ajax. Priam in his chariot. Menelaus. Theatrical. Cassandra. Heleneus. King Priam. Phobus Apollo. Diana. Phobus Apollo. Mars driving a chariot. Hector. Agamemnon. Ajax. Juno retributed. Jupiter Minerva. Aurora rising from the clouds. Neptune in a shell on a rock by the sea. Attendant sea-coach driven by Nausica.

THE ODYSSEY.

Polyphemus, King of Cyclops in the act of freeing one of Ulysses' Companions. King mounted on a Throne in the act of transforming the Companions into Pigs mounted, surrounded by Harpies. The Sirens beguiling Ulysses. He chained to a Ship. Charybdis and Scylla. Calypso detaining Ulysses. Proteus at his feet. Mercury notifying Calypso to send Ulysses forward. King and Queen Aethon. Nausica at her feet. Household of Ulysses. Eumaeus, swine-herd; Euryclides, nurse; Theoclytus, the bard. Penelope weaving a web, surrounded by her suitors. Pillar with Ulysses' arms pendant. Battle of Frogs and Mice. King Puff-blow commanding his Army of Frogs in Council. King Chaw-bacon, Commanding His Army of Mice. The Peace-makers, Crabs Intervening. Hard Shell, Soft Shell, Echelon, Gumbo, Gaster and Pollex, twin brothers, Palm, Dryope and Moll.

The Doric Temple.

First in the procession, as emblematic of the times when Homer wrote, we find an illuminated Doric temple, built in the most approved style, and following Homer's "animated bust," the lofty brow showing itself as the seat of poetry and reason, the expressive eyes showing the abode of manly beauty, which no one who has read the works of this first bard can fail to accord the father of his art. The Doric temple passes away, but then comes a picture, another unreal procession in the minds of the lookers-on of fluted columns, vestibules, entablatures, corridors in which the pillars rise in number like the trees of the forest in height, straight as the pine, and all the wonders Grecian art has wrought, leaving behind a reflection of how much we all owe to these Achaeans, as Homer calls them, of what is beautiful and true.

Paris and Helen and the Census Belli.

The Iliad is the "Siege of Troy," or the poetic record of the Grecian confederate army which moved against Troy, the cause of the great quarrel being the elopement of Helen, wife of Menelaus, with Paris, son of Priam, King of Troy; and before the "declaration of war" by the confederate kings of Greece, under the leadership of Agamemnon, ten years elapsed.

Paris and Helen and the Census Belli.

Upon Helen had been bestowed the fatal gift of irresistible beauty; the prince whom she captivated, Paris or Alexander, Priam's son. The birth of this young gentleman, who was to raise such a row among his people, was attended, like the births of all extraordinary men, with untoward events. Hecuba, his mother, dreamed she had brought a fire-brand into the world (no doubt it was true), and terrible oracles afflicted the souls of the faithful, and foretold for the youngster a career of misfortune for his country. Under the full inspiration of these prophecies the infant was exposed on Mount Ida so as to insure his death while a child, without incurring the guilt of blood. This plan failed.

Paris and Helen and the Census Belli.

In the solitudes of the mountain the child grew up, a boy of wondrous beauty, the favorite of Venus. There he was called upon to decide to whom the prize of beauty, the golden apple thrown by Discord into the feast of the Immortals, with that legend on it, should be awarded. Juno, Venus and Minerva appeared as competitors for the prize—Juno offering him power, Minerva wisdom, Venus the loveliest woman upon earth. Venus got the apple, and Paris obtained her gift, the loveliest woman. It was Helen, Venus taking little into account that she had a husband already. Paris set out on his travels and left the nymph Enone alone, and proceeded to Sparta, where, at the court of Menelaus, the husband of Helen, he is received as a guest. King Menelaus leaves Paris still an inmate of his palace, and, unsuspecting, makes a voyage to Crete. While he is away, young Paris carries off Helen, and, having an eye to business, loads his ships with the spoils of the Spartan court; and so Paris and Helen arrive in Troy, are received by Priam, and notwithstanding the prophecy of Cassandra, who foretells that Mr. Paris will bring down the house upon them, entertain his son and wife.

Paris and Helen and the Census Belli.

This outrage rouses all Greece to arms, and the brother kings of Menelaus swear vengeance. Menelaus returns to his deserted home and his barren treasures, and nothing is left but to avenge the insult to his house. His first appeal is to Agamemnon, King of Argos and Mycenae, the eldest of all the brother kings, sons of Atreus, of the house of Pelops. In this muster of the brother kings, Odysseus, or Ulysses, as he is better known, "went

back" and feigned madness, so that he might not be called upon, but the cheat is discovered by a trick. While he is following the plow, his favorite child, Telomachus, is placed by stealth in the furrow, when the father turns the plow aside that he may not harm his offspring, showing method.

Achilles preferred the warrior's death and joined in the expedition to Troy, notwithstanding his father foretells his fate. He goes to Troy with his doom upon him. Achilles is Homer's hero—he never loses sight of him; endows him with bravery and all its kin of generosity, nobleness and a lion heart. The introduction to the poem of the Iliad is all the more necessary, as Homer jumps at once into the story, beginning his poem with the opening of the campaign against Troy, and leaving the unsuspecting reader in doubt as to what all this fight is about.

Agamemnon's Court.

Here comes Agamemnon elevated on his royal throne, wielding the sceptre which has descended to his grasp from the gods themselves, Nestor, of Pylos advising him on his right, and preceded by two Greek heralds, bearing the ram's horn, the symbol of their office. Then the Greek Proteus appears, with Achilles, Homer's great hero, and Ajax, with all the heroic qualities, giant strength, burly frame, strong knit limbs, proud, defiant air.

Achilles, the hero of the poem, Homer's favorite creation, endowed, so the legend runs, with invulnerable and immortal mail, stands leaning on his shield, itself a gift from the gods, forged by Vulcan. Thetis, his mother, dipped him into the invulnerable pool, holding him, however, by the tendon Achilles, Proteus, faithful benchmark of Achilles, stands near by, proud of his friend and master, while Ajax the Greater reflects the dignity of this group.

The story told in these two groups is simply this: Achilles, to whom the nymph Briseis fell as his share of the spoils, has been dishonored by Agamemnon, who, having been called to restore Chryseis, the daughter of a sun-worshiper that has fallen to his lot, sends the heralds to demand of his rival, Achilles, the other nymph, and he is obliged to yield her up in place of Chryseis, who is restored to her father. The rage of Achilles knows no bounds. Thetis intercedes on Mount Olympus in behalf of her son. Nestor's sage advice prevents open hostilities between the rivals for the honors of the Achaian host.

Then comes a flood of recollections where these characters quit their ghostliness, and in real flesh and blood appear among their fellows before the gates of Troy. Then the looker-on sees the progress of the quarrel between Agamemnon and Achilles—like all quarrels about a woman—ending in Achilles sulking out of the fray until Proteus is slain in the melee, when, swearing vengeance, Achilles rushes in and forgets the insult offered by Agamemnon. The shield, the famous shield on which he rests, was forged by Vulcan himself at the intercession of his goddess mother, Thetis. So dazzling is his brilliancy, his feet quailed before it; even his own Myrmidons could not bear its brightness. Figures, the poet, tells us, of the most elaborate design in gold, in brass, and tin and silver covered its face. Around its rim flows the mighty river which, in Homer's mythology, encompasses the earth, and on its surface was embodied an epitome of human life, such as life was in Homer's time; and the groups embossed on the shield, according to the poet, were the marvel of the age. Then one reflects on the household of Vulcan, when Thetis prayed him for the shield, where she saw automaton servants, worked with a machine soul, endowed, with voice, and animated with genius.

The Armies Move.

The harbor of Aulis, on the coast of Boetia, was the place fixed for the army to assemble. From every quarter of Greece, the wooded valleys of Thessaly, the coasts of the Peloponnesus and the islands near by, from Ithaca and Cephalonia on the west to Crete and Rhodes on the east, the chiefs of these Achaian clans were gathered. A hundred ships were manned from Agamemnon's own kingdom of Mycenae, and this "king of men" supplied also sixty ships to carry the complement of the Achaian, who had no fleet of their own. Menelaus, Nestor of Pylos, Homer's own, and Diomed of Argos, all supplied ships, which amounted to about twelve thousand men. All on board these ships were carmen when at sea and soldiers when on land. The fleet sails are broken up by storms and are forced to return to Aulis, where it is discovered that the storms are due to the anger of Diana, who must be propitiated by a sacrifice of the King's daughter, Iphigenia, which bloody deed is consummated while the wretched father hides his face in his mantle. Diana is appeased, the fleet again sets sail and arrives at Troy.

Diomed and Menelaus.

One can not see Achilles disappear without casting a lingering look as he melts into the lethe of darkness beyond. It is Diomed, the valiant, in his chariot, followed by Menelaus, that now takes the place of the past hero—Diomed, whose valor even encountered the very gods themselves, and whose skillful prowess wounded Mars. Menelaus and Paris, engage in a duel before Troy. Paris is represented by Homer to be the swiftest of those days, fond of gew-gaws, tricks and show. On his first sally out from the walls, he bursts on the lines of Greeks like a beautiful vision, a leopard skin hanging from his shoulders, and his other ornaments flashing in the sun. But he becomes a craven at the thought of meeting Menelaus, the husband he has wronged, and turns his back disgracefully. Hector, the Trojan champion, intervenes, and a duel is arranged, both armies to look on; but Paris, when the lines are drawn and he engages in the fray, is rescued from death by his protecting Aphrodite and borne off in a cloud.

King Priam and the Gods.

The heroic Diomed gives place to King Priam, supported by Diana and Phobus Apollo in all his glory, Cassandra and Heleneus appearing near, offering sacrifices to appease the anger of the gods. The gods, during the progress of the siege, frequently descended from Olympus and took sides in the fray.

Mars and Hector.

Now comes Mars in his fiery chariot, followed, too, by that fighting Trojan,

Hector, and his supporters. Hector's death is terrible. For many battles he is held to be the champion, and the Greeks are driven finally beyond their stocks. On the death of Proteus, Achilles sallies out and engages Hector, who first leads him a race around the walls, Homer magnifying the prowess of his hero, and showing that no mortal can stand against him. He finally turns and is at bay, when he is slain with Achilles' spear. Then seizing his hair, he binds him to the chariot and drags his body around the walls, notwithstanding the protests of his friends at such an indignity on a fallen adversary.

The Court of Jove.

And now comes Aurora rising from the clouds, and here, too, we have Jove with Minerva, goddess of wisdom, and Juno. While the contended Greeks lay siege to Troy the gods and goddesses frequently interfere in the fray, the thunderer sits aloft every inch a king, but with quite a mortal type of a fashionable married lady, with bare white arms, for which she is made famous by poets, is near by, wearing the marital yoke—it looks as though it would require little effort to shake it off. Homer sings of the gods, giving them human spites, piques and passions; Juno is "down on" Troy; Jupiter is grandly forgetful of the miseries of men; Minerva is the Mentor of Ulysses, and in the Odyssey pilots him out.

The following after consists of Neptune,

who also takes mortal shape in the fights before Ilium. Here he sits on a rock by the sea; Nereids drive the dolphins, his sea steeds; and the sea-god, with the customary shape, gives place to the trials of Ulysses or Odysseus, that come after in close order; the file never breaking until the classic procession has passed away.

Polyphemus' Defeat.

Here comes the giant Polyphemus, King of the Cyclops, a race of one-eyed people, and he is in the act of sending one of the companions of Ulysses, who, in accordance with the custom of those days, had sat upon the hearth as suppliants. In vain were their prayers for mercy. Futile were their appeals to Polyphemus as he entered, having shepherded his goats. He seized and tore them to pieces and swal, lowed them, Homer says, like puppies, blood, bones and all. Having satisfied his appetite, he turns to Ulysses, who, in modern style, solicits him to "take a drink," offering the good wine, with a skin of which he had provided himself. The giant washes down the raw meat with the drink Ulysses offered him, and becomes drunk, when his prisoner, sharpening an ashen spear and heating it in the flames, thrusts it into the single orb of the brute, and in this manner forever "shut his eye." Ulysses had announced himself as Noman, and when roused by the cries of Polyphemus his tribe rushed in to his support. They were very much disgusted to hear him yell that Noman had hurt him, and believed he had been bereft of what little reason such beasts of men usually have.

Perhaps one had better say little of the adventure which the hero of the Odyssey had with Aeolus, the god of all the winds, who presented him with a skinful of all the Wind family, leaving Zephyr outside to wait him safely home, which this agreeable breeze went on to do until the journey's end loomed up before the traveler in all its glory of purple shores. Short must be the narrative of his sad mishaps; for, falling asleep, his companions "went for" the skinful of winds from curiosity. Out came all the family at once, and the bark was swept out again, and the unfortunate man was once more away from home.

Circian Wiles.

Here is Circe, the charmer, in the act of transforming the companions of Ulysses into swine. Her magic art, however, fails on Odysseus.

The Bower of Calypso.

Calypso detaining Ulysses; Proteus at his feet, and the winged Mercury notifying the fair one she must send him forward to the gods. This is the succeeding group, and it expresses a pretty romance of the Grecian east. It is the fifth book of the poem, and the gods are in council, Minerva complaining bitterly that Ulysses is kept so long an exile from his home. Moved by the appeal of Minerva, Jupiter dispatches Mercury to Calypso to announce that Ulysses must be released from the toils with which she has bound him. Such his sovereign will. It must be obeyed. The description of the island grotto where Calypso dwells is in Homer one of the most beautiful. Mercury speeds on his errand and announces it; a better message to the nymph, as she has set her heart upon her mortal lover, and she denounces Olympian Jove for begrudging her this harmless fancy. Ulysses shall go, and Calypso, in announcing the message from Jove, finds him on the beach looking toward Ithaca, and, although she has not murmured at Jove, yet she is mortified to find the want of a reticence on his part to leave her. Woman like is this.

The Sirens, Scylla and Charybdis.

Then, taking its place as the succeeding group, one sees the sirens, sisters, like all sirens feminine, charming, and beguiling Ulysses to the shore, he chained to a ship which lighter grows as he attempts to follow them. The sirens lay (in the verse) couched in flowers, luring all passing mariners to their destruction by the fascination of their song. Lashed to the mast, so that he may not be beguiled or led toward the sirens, and having been forewarned by Circe what to do, he fills the ears of all his crew with melted wax so that they might not be induced by the charmed voices. Ulysses is not to be unbound under any circumstances.

Other Sirens.

"Bither, Odysseus, great Achaian name, Turn thy swift keel, and listen to our lay; Sirens never pligim to the true, how come? On black ships to the azure waves astray, But heard our sweet voice ere he sailed away." The deaf crew, however, rowed on, and away did they unbind their strain, in spite of his angry protests. Farragut, lashing himself to the mast of the Hartford, and passing the forts, is not, from this, without precedent. Next in view comes the poets' Scylla and Charybdis, with the horrible guardians that visit it, throwing around these rocks which hem in the straits all the imagery with which the small hours of the ancient day were peopled.

Court of King Aeneas.

And now comes into view the court of King Aeneas, King of the Phaeacians, sitting, according to the poet, on a golden throne, his queen Aeete beside him, in the

feminine occupation of weaving the royal purple. Nausicaa, the daughter, sits at the feet of the royal couple. In the luxurious halls of Aeneas the wanderer tarries awhile, bowing his acknowledgments, when it is suggested the hand of the fair one may be won, and only craving of his royal host the boon of sending him home. And as this section of Homer's chain moves on, there also vanishes one of the sweetest romances of the Homeric type, which, however, it would require a whole procession to spell out.

Household of Ulysses.

On the column moves, and the household of Ulysses appears in view, and with it, forthwith appear in the imagination of the looker on the dog Argus, who has all the loyalty of Eumaeus, and who, the Odyssees goes on to say, recognizes his master after his twenty years' absence, penetrating even the disguise which was lent him by Minerva. The poor brute is left on a dunghill, like all faithful dogs, to die. All the adherents of Ulysses fail to perceive their master in the shape the stranger wears, but the dying brute

"Could no longer to his lord come near, Famed with his tail, and drooping in feeble play His ears, Odysseus turning wiped a tear." A tear he never sheds, he remembered, for any thought of Penelope; Euryclides, his nurse, and Phemius, his bard, are alike blind to their master. In the guise of a beggar Ulysses appears in his own hall and takes his turn among those who solicit for alms. He meets Antinous, who bids him begone, in spite of the remark of the stranger that he has seen better days, and is now down; the same fate may befall the haughty man who orders him from the door. The scene as drawn by Homer is touching, all the young nobles, who are guests of Penelope, crying out shame at this outrage on the laws of hospitality. Euryclides discovers, by a scar on the master's foot made in the days of his youth by a boar's tusk while hunting, that it is the lost lord. Now, as Penelope comes in sight, leaving her web, surrounded by her suitors, behind looms up the column on which hangs the Ulysses' arms. Penelope has a final test to propose for all her suitors: He who can take the lord's old bow, bend and twang it, driving the arrow home, will be her future lord. Of course Ulysses is the successful winner. And here we have in Homer that foundation for scenes of a like character running through all the modern dramas and the art of novel writing.

Pluto's Kingdom.

The impressions awakened by the one-eyed giant and the adventure with Aeolus have not died away before we behold Circe, mounted on a throne, and in the very act of transforming the companions of Ulysses into swine. The hero of the Odyssey emerges from Calypso into the land of the eucharistic Circe, where he and his companions found an Oriental splendor, the walls of the enchanted palace being of polished marble, silver-studded couches and golden vessels, all making one think of the Arabian nights. All entered the hall save the prudent Euryclides, and drank of the hostess' proffered cup which the hostess presented. Then she struck them with her wand, and lo! they are swine, but with human senses. Euryclides bears the message to his master who on his way to rejoin his companions is met by Mercury, who gave him a black roset of wondrous virtue. This is the counter spell. In vain Circe administered the wine, and struck with the wand. No transformation occurred, and then Circe knew she had met the many-willed Ulysses. Here, as in Calypso, the wanderer forgot Penelope at home. These Circian wiles have passed away, and in the next glimpse one sees the Divinities of the Shades.

Behold here Pluto making known his royalty among the gods in a majestic mien, and surrounded by his harpies, who ply their avocation in their own illustrious way, while the flames of hell boil and seethe around them.

And now comes back upon memory the visit of Ulysses to the shades where Pluto reigns.

Ulysses has called on Pluto by advice of Circe, who tells him that would know his future fate there he must go. Homer's hell is the worst of all those that were painted after his verses ran their course. He goes on to say: "Sad night weighs upon them wearily." Practicing the conjuration which Circe had taught him, he was speedily surrounded with the phantoms of the dead, and finally Tiresias appeared, who was the one from whom he should receive the news of his future. Here, in the infernal regions, Ulysses interviews Agamemnon, long since dead, Patroclus, Ajax and Achilles, the latter named fighting man taking quite a gloomy view of his earthly fame, considering the circumstances with which he is surrounded. Achilles goes on to say that he would rather in the sunlight—

Serve some poor churl who drags his days in grief Than the whole leadership of the dead were mine.

Battle of the Frogs and Mice.

When the Iliad and Odyssey have faded in the distance comes the battle of the frogs and mice. Here is seen King Puff-blow, commanding his army of frogs in council assembled. For spears, they are armed with bullrushes; for shields, they have cabbage leaves.

Opposed, King Chaw-bacon rises, with his nice in council and his army ready for action.

Then come the crabs—those peace-makers—intervening to stop the row, and the representation awakens ripples of laughter wherever it moves.

Castor and Pollux.

Castor, herosman bold, Pollux, unmatched in pugilistic skill. These great twin brothers rescued their sister in her girlhood from the hands of Theus, who had been among the mighty hunters of the Caledonian bear. They finished their mortal warfare, years before the age of Troy, in Messenia, only to reappear as demi-gods, both in Greek and Roman legend, and destined to reappear in song and story for all time, Dryope and Esculapius.

Homer's Genies.

As the procession disappears from among the live men there remains behind a deep admiration for the author of these images and creations. Homer's Iliad, or the "Tale of Troy" is the first poem, and from it, with its abundant imagery, profuse and exuberant smiles are drawn, as from a well, the basis of all the ornamental and pleasing in the literature of our day. The origin of those beautiful descriptions found in Spen-

ser and in Milton, in Shakespeare and in Byron, the germ of the English images that people our daily thoughts, can be traced to their paternity in the Iliad and Odyssey. Here lies the root of all the good writing of our time. No leonoclast can shatter these idols we worship. Like the denizens of Mount Olympus, Homer's characters and creations are immortal, and as long as the human race has a tongue to wag, as long as fancy endows and imagination paints the Homeric models will be followed by all the architects in language.

To stand upon the street, and see Homer's creations fit by; to see the ideal take shape, the imagination to wear the garb of the real; to see a representation, as it were in a breath, of the men who humbled proud Ilium in the dust, is like a glimpse into the depths of the shadowy land when the veil is lifted and the prophet's mission is fulfilled. We have no men in these days. A race of pigmies now people the earth. We have no heroes of the Homer mould. The battles of the heroic age, when man met man foot to foot and face to face, not even a travesty is apparent now. Grim and bloody as Homer's warriors were, they bore the stamp of a physical manhood to which we may not aspire.

Finale.

After the Krewe had visited the earth and shown themselves to the rapt gaze of wondering mortals, they were swallowed up in the shades of the Varieties Theatre, and the world that looked on them in the streets saw them no more. But within, what a scene burst upon the beholder! All places filled—aisles, circle and galleries; a blaze of gas making a noon-day light; glitter of jewels on snowy necks and arms of fair women; the crush of satin and silks, sounding like the whisper of the forest leaves; the usual scene of a crowded ball-room, except that all the chief beauties of every ball of the season heretofore held seemed concentrated there. It was a revel of the upper crust, a scene of the wealth and wisdom, beauty and elegance of the Crescent City, and a gathering of which we may be proud.

The tableaux of