frog himself is lazy and stope to rest and cool himself under the shade of a forest of immense toad-stools that grow near the lake. A mighty Saurian is seated, half in the lake, half resting on a rocky island in its centre, watching the battle with enjoyment, probably determined, as soon as the Crab has conquered his enemy, to step in and settle the district as a great many nearemakers have ute, as a great many peacemakers have in European history, by swallowing both te combatants.

14. THE PISHES' CONFERENCE

14. THE PISHES' CONFERENCE.

We have reached the very bottom of the sea, a sterile, sandy plain, its level bed broken by a single tree of coral, upon whose branches a number of sea-plants are growing. A conference of fishes is assembled here. A Flying Fish is the center of the group, the cynosire of all eyes. Around it are gathered an Eagle Ray, whose long, outstretched wings give it all the appearance of an eagle just ready to fly away, chiefly dangerous on account of the sting in the still; a Red Fire Fish, with scoloped wings and long bony fine; a Sapphire Cunard or hog fish, its body red and gold, its fine blue; and an eyed Pteracles, half bird, half fish. It a corner, hidden in the shade of the corner tree, a hungry Shark is lurking, waiting and watching evidently for a fair opportunity to dash upon the other fish and secures rich booty. His mouth is open aiready in anticipation of his pray, and one can easily see within the dozen rows of teeth he boasts of that makes breakfast such an agreeable meal for him.

15. THE BALL OF THE MOLLUSES.

15. THE BALL OF THE MOLLUSES.

But a few steps off, also at the bottom of the sea, our brethren, the mollusks, descended from the same great ancestor as we, if Darwin is to be believed, are sporting merrily among the shells and corals that cover the bed of the ocean. It is a ball night, as grand a ball in this submarue kingdom as that of Reg's on earth, and all the beauty and chivalry (they always agtend balls) of the mollusk family are assembled to pass the night in joy and merriment. The band is somewhat meagre in numbers, it must be confessed, but then there is no Unitreenth Regiment stationed here, and so the mollusks for their music must depend upon the single conk-shell horn of old Purple-Heart Urchin. Seated bow-legged on an empty snall shell, the old man-a cousin to the star-fishes, it must be known—blows and blows away with all his force and energy, and manages to send a low, shrill music through the air—we forget, the water—to which the younger mollusks present can dence. Upon a large round shell is Asteria-Star-Fish, gayly waitzing it, or probably heel-and-toe-lug it, for fashion has penetrated even to these depths, with the fair Gem Pimplet, whose hair, too red to be disguised under the term of "auburn," hangs in thick ringlets, concealing her rosy-warty face.

There is another couple present; but they

thick ringlets, concealing her rosy-warty face.

There is another couple present; but they have tired of the "light fantastic" and found a sweet and cosy retreat in which to talk of love—a nice retired box, a long circular shell, far from the crowd, and where a kiss or so, if they should happen to indulge in such luxuries, will seeape too much indiscreet publication. Mr. Opelet, were one to judge of his age by the color of his hair, is an old mantoo old by far for any sentiment or firting, for his locks, thick, snaky curis, are white as snow; nor are his features those of Greelan beauty, but dwarfish, wrinkled and grotesque to the last degree, as if convulsed with laughter. Despite this fact, the fair Rosy-Feather-Star is evidently deeply smitten with his charms—of mind if not of person—and more than once throws her fair self into his arms and heaps the fondest caresess on him.

IV. FIRE,

IV. FIRE.

When the fire-bells ring out at night their wild exciting music, and then slowly toil the number of your district, you dash hurriedly—that is, unless you are slightly over-insured—to the care and hasten home; and when you flad only smouldering ruins awaiting you—house, furniture, books and papers all gone—you curse fire and wish it had never been discovered by Prometheus.

But when a Texas norther reaches the city, when the thermometer drops like a favorite California mining stock and the cold wind whistles around your ears and seems to prick you with a million needles, you fold your lister closely around you and hurry home for a comfortable place by your cheerful grate. Then is fire a biaseing.

And when again the doctor has given up 16. THE FOUR FIRES.

ored garments of various degrees of refulgroce, that of Candle being much the
soberest and least brilliant. It is here
that Rex falls into a small error of
making the light given by gas a very
brilliant one. He had evidently never
teen in a newspaper office after midnight,
when the pressure on the gasometer has been
removed and the light becomes slim and
slockly. Four pilians—or we might better
style them lamp-postes—arise at the corners where the slaves of fire stand, each
decked with the utensil that gives forth the
light it represents. A whirligig, one of
those Christmas pyrotechnics which slaways
goes the different way from what is expected,
trowns the lamp-post to which Gunpowder,
tike a Canat street "masher," is clinging.
Oil's post is surmounted by an old-fashioned
lamp of the ancient Grecian fashion; Candle's lamp of the ancient Grecian fashion; Candle with an immense chandelier, and Gas with the latest thing in gas fixtures.

17 .- THE FIRE WORSHIPERS.

17.—THE FIRE WORSHITERS.

Fire was a god among all the nations of antiquity, even the Romans worshiping it, as they evidenced by the altar on which they kept a fire ever turning in honor of Vesta; but the great fire worshipers of antiquity were the Persians and the Philistines.

The worship of Zorosster is at least without crime attached to it. The priest, a man of venerable and amiable appearance, with long, flowing white beard, has but to keep alive the eternal flames that burn upon the altar in honor of his god. Not so is it with the greedy and ineatiable Molech, god of the Philistines and Phoenicians. The ugly image of Molech, an immense god, built almost entirely of iron, has a furnace in his stomach, which the priest ever and anon stirs up until the flames leap high up out of the god's mouth and the smoke escapes from his eyes and ears. Having thus stirred up the appetite of his amiable delty, the pricet proceeds to feed him with victims, cutting up his captives into small pieces, which he drops, in the form of arms and legs, into the gaping mouth of the hungry monster.

18. THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

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We are far above the clouds. A storm is brooding over the earth, and here, in our "post of vantage," we can watch it as it breaks into life; for here are Thunder and Lightning in state, surrounded by their attendant sprites. Sheet Lightning, a queen, is seated on a throne, behind which the electric fire bursts out in every direction, lighting the whole horizon. Before her, standing on a cloud, is Forked Lightning, from every portion of whose body dart the zig-zag streaks of electricity. His two attendant spirits, Negative and Positive Electricity (both females), stand on either hand, and at their touch the Lightning springs into life and raties through the clouds.

Those two old pals, Thunder and Lightning, occupy the front of the clouds. They are evidently of German or Scandinavian birth, as they indicate by the color of their bair, flaxen and red, and their long, flowing heards, which hang down to their waisis. Their features are stern and unforgiving, as

they fire away with heaven's artillery at this unhappy world. The thunder-bott is east, and has snot its zig-zag course through the air and reached its mark, striking an unhappy tree and scattering it, bough and branches, far and wide; and then old Thunder raises the mighty hammer which he brandishes and, letting it fall, sends a noise that reverberates through the heavens to scare the children into tears, and make apprehensive and nervous old ladies seek refuge between two feather mattresses.

19. The sun's lourner.

mattersees.

18. THE SUN'S JOURNEY.

We are still salling through the heavens. The storm is over and night has come upon us. A break in the clouds shows us this globe far, far beneath. Our closs inspecting eyes at last make out the continents over which we fly, and dwell, with patriotic ardor, if only for a second, upon the little dot that marks all we can see of New Orleans. But the thick, heavy derkness that clings around the earth soon breaks—Lucifer, the Morning Star, is leading Phobus on his dally voyage around the heavens, supporting thereby in the most convincing manner the doctrine of that reverend colored gentleman, Mr. Jasper, at whom the press has been ever poking fun because he backed up Joshua in the star of day is all arrayed in piok, the mark of the early dawn, which by the way more people had an opportunity of seeing this morning than for many years. Behind this messenger rides Phobus in his sunchariot, drawn by Your Hery untained steeds of the best reading record, whose time indeed has never been beaten save by light and electricity. There is no danger here, however wildiy and rampantly these animals toes themselves, of the catastrophe that came when young Phatton stole his father's chariot and sought to steal a ride around the heavens, for the hands that hold the reins are strong and firm and direct the chariot safely over the milky way between the flery lion and the baleuiscorpion, that glare at it on either side; and thus the chariot of the flery wheels rolls on. Before it the shades of night die away, the brilliant moon melts into a "fleecy cloud," and having climbed the heavens, sailed 19. THE SUN'S JOURNEY.

20. THE HOME OF THE CONSTELLATIONS

and it is light.

20. THE HOME OF THE CONSTELLATIONS.

And having climbed the heavens, salled through the ether until the spot where Sri himself is placed to light and warm the earth, we reach the uttermost confines of the universe, that the astronomers so sigh to get but a glimpse of, the spot where the stars are set and the constellations fixed. The Mahometans believe that the vault of heaven is supported on the horns of a beautiful blue cow. Rex. though he comes from distant Nimroud, does not agree with them in this, and tells us that it rises on eight waving blue pillars, supporting a dome of blue, freckled with stars. Through each of the openings between these pillars a heavenly body looks out upon the earth; a Constellation, a Comet, Nebulæ, a Star Cluster, Sirius, a Planet, and Double, Varlable and Temporary Stars. The latter, radiant with gold, wears a long and heavy cloak, with which, when she wishes, she can hide herself from view, and seek a rest in darkness and in night. The Varlable Star, like a circus clown, is dressed, one side in red, the other in green, and as she turns around perplexes the astronomers, as the two knights of old were worried by that white-black shield they saw, as to the color of her light. Sirius, the dog star, the most brilliant of all the inhabitants of the heavens, is seated in the centre of the heavens upon a throne supported by two winged dogs, the other heavenly bodies ranged around him in a circle.

\*\*RECOPEAN CONCERT.\*\*

A EUROPEAN CONCERT.

A EUROPEAN CONCERT.

There is but a slight break in the procession and a huge palace rolls along which mounts so high in the heavens that the telegraph wires have a difficult task to keep out of its way.

It is a Concert, in which Bismarck acts as director, while all the other European Nations join in with their music. France, Eogland and Austria occupy the front seats, represented by Louis Napoleon, a joily stout Eoglish tar, and a hussar in full uniform. Behind them are ranged the other European countries; Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, and even little Monaco, each playing on its favorite instrument, and managing together to set up the greatest harmony of discord ever heard out of Pandemonium.

THE PHORTY PHUNNY PHELLOWS.

THE PHORTY PHUNNY PHELLOWS.

and when again the doctor has given up all hope, and says that the end is near, and you feel as if you wanted a little more time to fix up things." then fite becomes a dreadful—but we are wandering off from Rex to orthodoxy and Bob Ingersoil.

A mighty agent, fire, of both good and evil, now sweeping cities away, now broiling an elegant porter-house steak. All that steak, how its fragrance still hangs around! How could our prehistoric ancestors of the Stone Age have existed without fire, without broiled steaks and fried chicken? And what is there to wonder at, that when they finally discovered how to obtain this element from two filnt rocks they should have made a god and erected altars and temples to it?

But noble as were the temples of Baal and Moloch, the fire gods, they fell far short of that which Rex has erected to the destroying element.

In the centre of this edifice four phousizes support an altar on which stand, in the midst of a sea of flames, the chemical parents of fire, the latter, a dark brunette, is dressed in black trimmed llamecolor, at match, inetantaneously do its bidding—Oil, Gas, Candle and Gunpowder, each in flamecolored garments of various degrees of reful.

The PHORTY PHUNNY PHELLOWS.

Strangers who come among use say that we procession.—

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Strangers who come among use say that we procession. Particularly the latter; that we procession. Particul

barces and whisky. Upon a throne built of barrels of the choleest Bourbon and Thistles. Dew the royal couple sit in state. Brother Jonathan is no longer the thin, wiry man that the pictures and pantomimes have been wont to represent him. Good living has made him wondrous stout and rosy-cheeked—not to mention rosy-nosed. He has no sceptre in his hand—we are a republic still, even it Grant is running for a third term—but holds instead that emblem of liberty, fraternity and equality—a whisky bottle. His dame also is slightly changed, fattened out from her former regular Greetan features. Some go so far as to pretend they can detect a manifest Hibernianization in her face, as it, thanks to emigrant ships, the United States was rapidly becoming a little Irish. Her bird also is changed; for apparently the eagle has escaped or been stolen by some enterprising chicken thief and its place is supplied by that bird emblematic of American cheek, the cock. The treasures of America are pied in pyramids around the couple; boxes of Keno tobacco, Golden Thread, Durnam, La Beile Creote eigarettes and a carat of Perique, and barrels of every variety of whisky.

As a fit and proper escort to their majestles

Durnau, La Beile Creole eigarettes and a carat of Penque, and barrels of every variety of whisky.

As a fit and proper escort to their majesties cane the Continental Cavalry, armed with glgantic spurs and oressed in the frilled shirts and three-connered cocked hats of Washington's day, looking for all the world as if they army disbanded, and but recently resurrected by dirt. These damages were incurred during war, this flag having been borne at the head of the Continentals in 153 hardfought grir. The head of the Continentals in 153 hardfought grir and the continentals in 153 hardfought grir and the continentals in 153 hardfought grir and continentals in 153 hardfought. The head of the Continentals in 153 hardfought. The correct everybody to believe it—we won't take a batter of the continental of the continen

Department. Then in carriages, two to each carriage, follow the other city officers, the Lord of Assessments with a roll marked conspicuously ASS, and the Keeper of Accounts: the Chief Clubber, in M. P. uniform and with club in hand, and the Hon. Engineer of Chanties and Plugs, and last of all the Jack of Soades and the Proprietor of the Levee Bues.

A noble hummer, red and humpy, bears aloft a banner with this device: "Our Guests—The Dead Beats who never miss the occasion," with a noble army of some of the superfluous "kernels" and "majaha" around town, strong in numbers, behind it. They sport borrowed eigars and stolen umbrelias, and are looking a little fatigued and anxious for the procession to end and the free lunch, at which they fight so nobly, to begin. There is considerable illarity displayed in the crowd as they recognise in this gang the faces of several well-known gentlemen about town who have been living on the community for several years past; and more than one looker-on, whose lineaments bear too close a resemblance to those of one of the Beats, flishese up in anger, and, cllowing his way through the crowd, beats a hasty retreat from the impertinent giggles with some very profane remarks of how beastly stupid the whole thing is.

Standing on the top of a liaming roof, with squirt in hand wherewith to wash out the conflavration, comes another guest of Brother Jonathan, the representative of the fire department, in whose lineaments some pretend to discover our worthy fellow-townsman F—m O'C—nn—r. Next is our beld "meilsh," represented in the person of Gen. W—li—dish, represented in the person of Gen. W—li—dish, represented in the person of Gen. W—li—dish, represented by a small and slehy Chiomana, whom Gen. B—h—n has slain, and who lies crushed under his foot, while he utters those soul-thrilling words "Sic semper tyrammis"—death to all tyrants. A bottle and guss, set in one corner of the float, have evidently been left there by mistake, as no one would dare to suggest has tour "meilsh" in those so

sion, Section 2, led by a band, contains the va-rious foreign societies of our city. The "John Crapeau Francois Societe Benficle" leads off, its banner bearing the emblem of a frog upon

Section 2, led by a band, contains the various foreign societies of our city. The "John Crapeau Francois Societe Benficte" leads off, its banner bearing the emblem of a frog upon its pole.

A float representing Moses in the bull-rushes hunting for a germ follows. In the features of this Moses some pretend to detect Dr. S.——I Ch.—µp.—. He has flually solved the great questions of infection, bacteria, quarantine, etc., having succeeded in catching, with the aid of a fishing line, a fever germ in one of our palmetto swamps. As far as we can see, from a hasty glomes at the aforesald germ, it is a golden insect, looking much like a doodie-bug, but the mules to that float are frisky and dash off so rapidly that before we are able to get a good view of this terrible moinster, so as to identify it in case we should ever encounter it out hunting, it dashes by.

"Ye Ancient Disorder of Hibernicons" follow. They are but new arrivals in their country, however, as they evidence in their knee-breeches and long stockings, the traditional dress of Irish peasants. Their cocked bate, of the finest felt, from which the graceful snow-white plumes of the flest-footed bird of Africa hang down about their necks; their rich regala of green slik and sath, with golden harps, sun-bursts and shamrock worked upon them, and the costly bouquets of cape jasmines and geraniums that their lady admirers have presented them with, recall so musy pleasant meanories of March 17 that it is impossible for us to fall to recognize the originals of this body.

Next to the Irish come the Germans, led by their patron saint Gambrious, mounted on a throne of beer kegs, arranged in royal robes and cowned with a flowing cup of lager. In all pleasant face we trace the fineaments of that god of beer, J. B.—Itz. On the four corners of the beer float are standing four representative Americans, a Frenchman, a negro, a German and an old Irish woman, patrons all of the beer kegs.

BREVITIES. The Dumaine Street Car ompany are pro-ressive. They now give the public all-night It was universally said yesterday that R x had surpessed himself, and that his display could not be improved upon.

What beautiful photographs Washburn is

M. K. C.

Eighteenth Annual Representation of the Mistick Krewe of Comus.

A Review of the Rise and Fall of the Aztec Race of Mexico.

Their Arts, Sciences, Religion, Civiliza tion and Domestic Habits.

Night came on, and with it the same crowd that has filled Canal street all through the day. Many a one has rushed home for a dinner, devoured with such haste as to suggest a ter rible fit of indigestion to-night and hurrled down again to a place at the front, where, with one foot in the gutter, and the other supporting a 200-pound market lady, he can get a close inspection of the Mistick Krewe, and so study their apparel as to be able to tell whether they are really slik and satin, as they pretend to be, or only make-believe. Others, with still greater foresight and precaution have given up all idea of dinner, concluding to feast their eyes alone to-day, keep their eats upon some particularly soft curbstone, take from the deepest recesses of their pockets a battered, bruised and sat-on piece of bread and cheese and chuckle triumphantly over their success and the disappointment that those procrastinators who are always behind time will feel, when they come down town and find all the front seats already oc

As usual, the Mistick Krewe breaks upor its audience without warning. It comes all of a sudden, in a brilliant blaze of glory, that seems to spring from the earth, a blaze of light, which reflects far down the street the "THE AZIEC RACE."

There are some who scratch their heads a ittle at this title, and vainly search amid the old rubbish they stored there in the long ago time of their school days to discover what

Although the state of the state

2. CIVILIZATION.

Aztecs first welcome the Spanlards to their land, believing them to be Quetzalcoati's people. Under the glorious rule of this monarch the priests flourish, and the great god, Tezcatilpoca, the creator, receives far more sacrifices than he had ever enjoyed before.

The day of sacrifice has arrived, and the young indian who has played the part of the god for several months, crowned with flowers, living on the best in the land, and waited on by four of the pretitest girls in Ahamac, is about to pay the penalty for his short career of enjoyment by the most horrible of deaths.

We enter the great temple of Tezcatilpoca with the priests. It is a high pyramid much like that of Egypt, built of huge stones fliled in with earth. A long and the some trip is the journey to the summit of this temple, for the path leads all around it before one step upward is made, so that the distance is ten times multiplied. The shrine of Tezcatilpoca, "the creator," stands at the eastern end of the building. There sits the ugly image of the god, of "features horrible and lineaments too foul for human sight." A row of skulis, tokens of former victims, surround the shrine in which he stands, while around the pyramid are colled huge serpents of red and green hug, whose color, shape, indeed their very twistings, are emblematic mysteries in the eyes of the priests.

and waves It high in the air that the god may see how the oracle has been answered and the omen found. One of his companions finds a relief for his overburdened I-eliugs in music, and manages, in some inexplicable manner, to turn a barbarous tune upon a rib-bone.

Yes; the oracle has proved a true one. There, in the centre of the lake, the Aztec wanderers stopped and built their city. The houses were rude enough at first, mere mud adobes or built of cames and rushess, covered with mud, while the inhabitants who lived in these malarial dwellings and shook with swamp fever, depended for their living mainly on such fish as hooks or nets would yield them. But it was a safe retreat, so uninviting that the warlike tribes around left them undisturbed in their marshes until the little village of re-d huts had grown into a stone city, not only the largest in America, but at the time that Christopher Columbus first eighted our shores the largest in the world. And as population increased so did.

2. CIVILIZATION.

"chinampas."

A light breeze which ripples the surface of this usually quiet lake blows one of these chinampas this way. It is quite a large one, large enough to hold a dwelling; a small one, it is true, built of reeds, but gally adorned with flowers that creep and cluster all over

A Property

toward civilization. They have discovered the use of fire and the division of time.

It is a public holiday in Tenochtitian (the ancient Aztee name of the City of Mexico) and all its varied population—priest, peasant and noble—have poured out in their piraguse from this American Venice to see the wonders of their new discoveries. They are gathered before a hill where lies the greet calendar stone, by which the time, the movements of their sum and moon and stars are carmounted on a slight elevation; one has a large barrel drum, whose dull nobes can be heard any distance, and which calls to the Temple the people from fair. The other has a rored lighted by that new lire, treasured by the Aztee with as much care and forethought. As ever was the immortal fire of Vesta by the Roman virgins, and waves it to and fro.

In the front of the cilif whereon the priests are standing is the great calendar stone of clean to the control of the cilif whereon the priests are standing is the great calendar stone of the standing of a mystery. This standing is a standing is the great calendar stone of the standing is the st

From the heating of drums and the noise of trumpets it is evident that some interesting ceremony is going on its ide the house before which we stand. Our curlosity is thoroughly excited, and we glance in the door, invisible witnesses of a marriage feast. The house is divided into two rooms. In the front is a company, friends and relatives of the bride's father, who are enjoying themselves over the wedding feast. In the back room the marriage reremony itself is being performed in the presence of a gigantic image of the household goddess, she who presides over the Aziec home, cares for the wife and protects the child. The priest carries, swung round his neck as a symbol of his office, a skull, which some might think inappropriate for as feative an affair as a wedding. The household goddess, whose stupid, good-natured face looked on approvingly at the happy couple, is decked with flowers, a preity symbol of married life. On either side of her image stands an altar, also flower-crowned. The priest advances with a torch in his hands, and grasping an edge of the bridegroom's long tetmantif or white cotton clock, the life to the end of the brides dress, thus signifying that the pair are tied together for life, are man and wife, until separated by a decree of the divorce court.

In the front room, the guests are having a

8. THE GOLDEN AGE OF ANAHUAC.

The golden age of the Aztees has been reached and Quetzaicoatl, the white god of the sir, rules over them. Under him theearth teems with fruits and flowers, without the pains of culture. An ear of Indian corn is as much as one man can carry. The air is filled with inoxicating perfumes and the sweet melody of birds. Quetzaicoatl himself is tall in stature, of lair white skin, and with a long flowing beard. Finally driven from the country, he sets sail from the ungrateful shores of Anahuac (Mexico) in his skiff of screpents skins, promising his people, however, to return and visit them again when his aid was needed. It was this tradition that made the Aztees first welcome the Spaniards to their land, believing them to be Quetzaicoatl's people.

Under the glorious rule of this monarch fibe priests flourish, and the great god, trestelloca, the creator, receives far more is acrifices than he had ever enjoyed before.

The day of sacrifice bas arrived, and the young fuddan who has played the part of the god for several months, crowned with flowers, ilving on the best in the land, and waited on by four of the prettilest girls in Ahamuac, is about to pay the penalty for his short career of enjoyment by the most horrible of deaths, we there the great temple of Tezeatlipoca with the priests. It is a high pyramid much like that of Egypt, built of huge stones illied in with earth. A long and thresome trip is the journey to the summit of this temple, for the path leads all around it before one step upward is made, so that the distance is ten times.

But we must not torget the drink which

9. THE NATIVES CULTIVATING THE FELENDSHIP OF THE SPANIARDS.

The Spaniards advance into the country toward the rich city of whose wealth and glory
they have heard so much. Everywhere they
are welcomed and greeted by the natives, anxlous to proplitate these new comers.

The Spaniards are camped in a small grove
of palms. A cannon, having much the appearance of a modern Gatting gun, is placed
before the camp to awe the natives. Several
of the Spaniards are standing near it, receiving rich presents of jewels and gold ornaments that Montezuma has forwarded to
them. Two noblemen are acting as ambassadors from the Emperor and unloading these
presents. Besides these two other Aztecs are
present. One of these is a hieroglyphic
painter, whose duty it is to write out rull particulars of the new comers in his queer system of picture writing. When this is done, a
courier stands near, clad in but little clothing, so as not to incommode his movements,
who having secured the papyrus on which is
transcribed full particulars of the wite gods,
thanks a sway with lightning speed up the