

An old gentleman who was standing on one of the balconies, attracted the notice of a party in a carriage, who drew the attention of the crowd towards him by pointing their fingers and shouting in a most ludicrous manner. He immediately retired, but as quickly reappeared, armed with a large basket of oranges, which he distributed among his friends; they now commenced a regular bombardment at the original assailants, one of whom, a lady, received a blow on the crown of her bonnet which completely put it out of shape. This unexpected salute was returned by a volley of hard boiled eggs, and three panes of glass were smashed; having taken their revenge they went on their way rejoicing. Several other scenes of this description took place, and at three o'clock the Carnival was at its height—the beating of drums and sounds of martial music announced the approach of the *bœuf gras*. Two enormous oxen, bending under an unconscionable load of fat, and crowned with garlands and streamers, came waddling along like overgrown aldermen. The poor animals had been pedestrianising nearly the whole day, and could now hardly put one leg before the other; a large number of butchers, fantastically dressed, and mounted on handsome steeds, formed a gallant escort, and as they moved past, the admiring crowd rent the air with repeated and continued cheerings.

• Towards five o'clock, the dinner hour, be it remembered, hardly a soul was to be seen on the ground that but so short a time before was rife with the noisy fooleries and extravagant proceedings of thousands. A cessation from the gaieties continued until midnight, when public balls were opened at the theatres and other places of public amusement. In company with several of my friends, I repaired to the *Variétés*, a second rate but very popular theatre on the Boulevards—a temporary flooring had been erected over the pit, on a level with the stage, which at the time of our arrival was crammed to excess; the boxes were occupied by respectable families who did not participate in the amusement, but were content to be simple spectators. Notwithstanding our *déguises*, it was not long before we became the objects of general persecution, and cries of *Jean Bull, rosif, dey speck English, dey eat pommes de terre, God dem*, and similar phrases indicative of national dislike, were showered down upon our devoted heads.

One of our party was much annoyed by an old hag who threw herself in his arms, and then insisted on his making an apology for the liberty he had taken—it was in vain that he attempted to escape, she followed close at his heels, screaming, yelling, and stamping the ground in a paroxysm of fury, at length losing all patience, he doubled his fist and saluted her with a volley of sturdy English oaths, whereupon the pretended woman got behind another mask, and in a trembling voice begged for protec-

tion. A harlequin having planted himself before me delivered himself with ineffable gravity of a long speech of gibberish, and concluded with saying “Jean Bull, dat is very good English!”

The music now struck up, and our facetious tormentors left us to join in the dance. When a Frenchman dances, it is with his whole soul, that ethereal creation seems to quit his head, and descend for the time into his legs, which, conscious of the honour, move with energy of a frog's limbs under the influence of galvanism—perhaps that might be one among other reasons, why in the neighbouring country he has received the elegant soubriquet of *Johnny Crapeau*. They arranged themselves into not less than thirty or forty different quadrille sets, and, as may be imagined, the space occupied by each was exceedingly limited. The effect of the whole, as seen from the lofty site of the gallery, was in the highest degree singular; it looked not unlike an animated chessboard.

At five o'clock the next morning, the balls every where broke up, and the masks repaired to the *Barrière de Bellevue*, where they collected, I was told, to the number of 30,000 previous to making a solemn procession through the Boulevards, which they did in broad daylight. This is the winding up of the Carnival. The procession exceeded a mile in length; a regiment of infantry stood under arms during the assembling of the crowd, and the municipal cavalry escorted them when they marched on, to prevent disturbances from taking place.

INFANT THEATRE.

The little denizens of Paris, for whose gratification a Lilliputian theatre has been established, are early initiated in the mysteries of the drama, and a taste for this amusement is acquired which, in later years, not merely subserve to the passing pleasure of the hour, but entwines itself with the every day actions of their lives. A large room in the Palais Royal has been appropriated to this purpose, and displays to the eye of the visitor the complete internal arrangement of a theatre, in which the diminutive proportions are so well preserved, that it seems rather the work of magic than a reality.

The audience consisted of very young ladies and gentlemen, who were seated in rows on low benches rising in tiers like an amphitheatre; they were, unfortunately “for the effect,” attended by their Normandy nurses, who, with their high caps of starched linen, appeared like giantesses among their little charges. During the interval that preceded the drawing up of the curtain, their behaviour corresponded entirely with that of grown up people under similar circumstances; they gave themselves up to lively conversation and the room resounded with their gay laughter and noisy prattle, but the moment the orchestra began the overture, all was silence and decorum. The musicians, with the