

The Theatre Hall was fairly filled. The play, a comic one took well with most of those present. The music of the orchestra was excellent. The Grand Hotel party, as well as Ancilla De Montes, with her boarders from the Combination, limited, were all present. Dick Darrell, who, by the way was an actor of no mean order, graced the boards that evening and was loudly applauded by all. He handled his part with the tact and gracefulness of an experienced actor. It is not necessary to itemize the programme, one accustomed to the opera or theatre would not thank us for a description. Suffice it to say, the toilet of the ladies, as is generally the case on occasions of this kind, were charming. At eleven o'clock the entertainment closed. Every one felt like going home and retiring to rest. The night was dark and heavy; a slight drizzling rain having set in.

We must now draw the threads of our story more closely together. Lady Primrose left for a distant state of the Union, and was followed, it is said, by the Marquis, who fell deeply in love with her at the Grand. Mr. and Mrs. Carew are enjoying society at Monterey. They have appartments at the Hotel Del Monte. Mr. Templeton, when last heard from, was at Long Branch; but news was received lately that he was wintering at Montreal, in Canada. Mr. Clifton was reported as being at Portland, Oregon, and Mr. St. Barbe had settled in Victoria, British Columbia, and was to go into business the coming spring with Mr. Templeton, who was expected from the East about that time. The Scribe, with Leggins and Grubshanks, Sails with the indispensable Rudder, still remain in the same place, and probably always will. Nothing was heard of Bulstrode after he left, but it is thought he left for the Sandwich Islands. It is also rumored that Southern will go East with Templeton, to remain away several months. They will visit Chicago, St. Louis, New