The olio, with such agglomerations of talent that space and time fail us for description.

There have also been performances of no mean order at the minor theatres. We have had Italian opera, Italian drama, and Italian oratorio; we have had likewise opera, drama, and oratorio, in our mother tongue; and we have understood that the Bostonian stage has been dignified by the enactment of French opera,—though we were unable to attend.

This long succession of notable events was finally concluded on Tuesday evening, May 1, by a grand climacteric performance by renowned artists from all countries of the known world, and from Salem. Our reportorial pen is unequal to the task of doing justice to this occasion. To those who attended, all comment will be superfluous; to those who did not attend, a full account of the wonders and witticisms would be but a rankling aggravation, and we forbear.

The enthusiasm of the audience was overpowering, the floral tributes were most beautiful, the orchestra was in its best wind, and the scenic effects were gorgeous. A startling naturalness attended the action of the Marquis Guillaume upon his encore, after his almost superhuman exertions in his corporeal convolutions of an obfuscating nature. After bathing his heated forehead in the limpid stream that meandered about the country in the background, he advanced with characteristic grace and elegance to the very front of the stage, and gave evidence of his physical exhaustion by wiping the perspiration from his ebonite brow, and dashing the drops upon the floor with a report like that of a pistol.

The opening olio was a marvel. The jokes were new, well told, and not tedious; though some were possibly a little too long drawn out. The songs and dances were greatly relished, and bouquets in profusion were presented to the actors. Mr. Homer's bass song deserves special mention.

The interlude, Bounce & Go, describing the misfortunes of Herr Leinhardt, was ludicrous in the extreme, due to the capital characterisation of the actors. Mr. Harding being especially enjoyed.

The zither solo by Mr. Richardson was loudly encored, and the banjo duet by Messrs. Perkins and Kingsbury was well received by the audience, which was satisfied only by a second appearance of these gentlemen.

Messrs. Riley and O'Brien as mimetic artists were recalled to give a representation of the first attempts of two clog dancers on the stage.

The most interesting performance of the evening was the exhibition of Mr. Spaulding's marvellous dexterity with the bones. The gentleman was received with applause, which redoubled when the last click had ceased, and the enthusiastic audience could only be quieted by a second and third performance by the "Boney Billie."

The final sketch, "Old Ephs Return," with Messrs. Tenny, Harding, and Richards in the major parts, was a good bit of character acting and was warmly applauded as the curtain fell in the midst of the "General Walk-around."

The complete success of the whole entertainment was apparent as the audience rose to depart, and many were the congratulations and laudatory remarks upon the artists: "Did n't know Charley had so much in him!" "Well, William did wind those legs about in good shape!" "Jack was good, was n't he?" "Capital!" "Pretty good, that of Ten's about 'his girl,' rather interested some of the young ladies on the front seats!" "Good joke of Ike's!" "Little heavy on Len, was n't it?" and so on, until the street was reached, and the company broke up into groups of twos who continued to discuss the relative merits of the amateurs until the doorstep was reached and the head of paterfamilias appeared at the upper window to see that the good-night parting was discreet.

A clean score. First party,—"Madame, permit me to introduce my friend, who is not nearly the fool he looks." Second do.,—"That is where my friend differs from me, madame."—Ex.