

method for ensuring harmony is equally concisely put in the domestic history of Jack Spratt and his Wife. When it was found that he could eat no fat and she no lean, these two kindly and tolerant yoke-fellows arranged each to allow the other's preference free scope, and, as we all know, the happy result was that "between them they licked the platter clean," and so enjoyed at once the blessings of domestic affection and domestic economy. Their secret is a simple one—yet which some of us miss,—they could sympathize with tastes they did not share.

People talk of sympathy as if it could only be extended to feelings which are our own—that is in fact, as if we could only sympathize with ourselves; but if sympathy is worth owning as a lesson to us of what may be in other lives, and an atom of kinship with all our kind, it must be able to take us outside ourselves. There can be sympathy in dissimilarity as well as in unity; and such a sympathy is likely to make those who cultivate it as much more useful as much more agreeable than any infallibility can do.

#### A MUSICAL TRIUMPH.

The Symphony Orchestra concerts proved a great success. The orchestra under the leadership of Mr. Damrosch's magic baton, simply excelled themselves. The audience, which filled the house to overflowing on both evenings, enthusiastically received each number, and fully appreciated the merits of the performance. If one may be allowed to express a preference where all was so good, we must say that the rendering of the "Adagio" from Beethoven's "Septuor" at the second performance was the sweetest morsel of the night. The 'cello playing of Anton Hekking was faultless. He gave the ever welcome "Traumeri" as an encore. Miss Blauvett's voice was a rich sympathetic contralto of great purity and range, and was heard to great advantage in "Les filles de Cadiz" which was the encore to "Le Cid." Of Mr. Geo. Riddle it can only be said that he simply carried his audience along with him in his recitation of Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," the music to which was seldom or never rendered more artistically. Herr Conus used at the first and second concerts

a violin belonging to Mr. J. E. Whitney of this city, the well-known amateur.

#### THE MENDELSSOHN CHOIR.

It is difficult to say anything new in praise of the Mendelssohn Choir. As long as its leader, Mr. Gould, has them in hand the musical public are certain to enjoy an artistic treat. The whole of the choruses were excellent examples of the different schools and were beautifully rendered. Mr. Gould always provides some other sterling attraction besides his choir. On Wednesday night this consisted of the New York Symphony Quartette, Messrs. Brodsky, Hekking, Novarek and Jan Koert. The quartette chosen was Schumann's ever welcome "Quartette in A Minor," and was faultlessly played. Mr. Brodsky played Vieuxtemps' "Reverie" and Bazzini's "Ronde des Lutins" the latter showing his marvellous technical skill and execution. The piano accompaniment to the "Reverse" deserved high praise. Mr. Hekking again showed his thorough mastery of the instrument in his playing of Goltermann's, "Cello Concert." Mr. Gould must be congratulated on the great success of the performance throughout.

#### MRS. McDOWELL'S BENEFIT.

It is not always fair to take an amateur performance au serieux, but the McDowell benefit entertainment will bear the closest criticism. The greatest credit is due to Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Varney, who played the leading roles. Mr. Burgess was very clever. Mrs. Burgess, too, had little to do, but she did it well. The others played their respective parts with success, while all did their level best, which was admirable.



#### POT-POURRI.

"SI JEUNESSE SAVAIT!—"

I plunge my hand among the leaves;  
(An alien touch but dust perceives,  
Nought else supposes;)

For me those fragrant ruins raise  
Clear memory of the vanished days  
When they were roses.

"If youth but knew!" Ah, "if," in  
truth—

I can recall with what gay youth.  
To what light chorus.

Unsobered yet by time or change,  
We roamed the many-gabled grange.  
All life before us;

Braved the old clock towers' dust and  
damp

To catch the dim Arthurian camp.  
In misty distance;

Peered at the still room's sacred  
stores,  
Or rapped at walls for sliding doors  
Of feigned existence.

"Vogue la galere!" What need for  
cares!

The hot sun parched the old parterres  
And "flowerful closes;"

We roused the rooks with rounds and  
glees,

Played hide-and-seek behind the trees,—  
Then plucked these roses.

Louise was one—light glib Louise,  
So freshly freed from school decrees  
You scarce could stop her;

And Bell, the beauty, unsurprised  
At fallen locks that scandalized  
Our dear "Miss Proper:—"

Shy Ruth, all heart and tenderness,  
Who wept—like Chaucer's Prioress,  
When Dash was smitten;  
Who blushed before the mildest men,  
Yet waxed a very corday when  
You teased her kitten,

I loved them all. Bell first and best:  
Louise the next—for days of jest,  
Or madcap masking;  
And Ruth, I thought,—why, failing  
these,

When my high-mightiness should please,  
She'd come for asking.

Louise was grave when last we met;  
Bell's beauty, like the sun, has set;  
And Ruth, Heaven bless her,

Ruth that I wooed,—and wooed in  
vain,  
Has gone where neither grief nor pain,  
Can now distress her.



#### OBSERVATIONS.

You can make an enemy more miserable  
by tickling his feet with the feather of  
satire than by pounding him (with the  
sledge-hammer of coarse abuse.

You never know how dear things are  
until you buy them, nor how cheap they  
are till you sell them.

"You never sit and talk to me as you  
did before we were married," sighed the  
young wife.

"No," replied the husband, who was a  
draper's assistant, "the gov'nor told me  
to stop praising the goods as soon as the  
bargain was struck."

#### THE INNATE MODESTY OF MAN.

When a man finds a woman that there  
is nothing too good for he wants her  
to take him.