

pervade the town has carried the day against Nonconformity within its church as completely as wealth has done in many of our Dissenting communities at home.—The picture presented by the Sabbath-morning service there had nothing bleak, forbidding, or suggestive of a worship the spiritualities of which are to be attested by poverty of adjuncts. It was like a meeting with Calvin, not vested in all the laces and brocades which his Catholic antagonists lavish on their backs, but going a discreet length in fine clothing and decoration.—There is colour on the walls and ceiling taking the form of painted tracery. There is gilding—and a good deal of it—round the pulpit. There are parti-coloured tiles on the floor. There are saints painted on the windows; and the tabernacle of the organ is so florid and resplendent as to indicate something precious, on the decking of which care and cost have been expended. The organ, however, proved to be not the patriarch, the hope of hearing which had lured me to Winterthur, but a modern instrument erected a few years ago by a builder since deceased, and recently enlarged. It is on the same scale as the organ at Constance; generally rich and brilliant in full tone, one wolfish and screaming *mixture* stop allowed for; and the *solo* stops are tuneable and various. But the Professor who has it in charge—described as a sound musician—was absent, and his deputy was so far beneath mediocrity that to attempt a near survey of the instrument was impossible for any one unable to approach the player with a compliment.

The concert, held in the church at half-past three P.M. on Sunday, was one of the most singular transactions of which I was ever a witness; for a transaction it was rather than an entertainment. It seemed curious to enter, by favour of a "*parterre*" *billet*,—relic, doubtless, of some past theatrical speculation. The men and women were separated for the concert precisely as they had been for divine worship—the former standing up in their stalls as they had stood during morning prayers,—after which the clapping of their seats, as they turned them down to sit, had produced so harsh and irreverent a discord. The Pastor in his black cap was in the place which he had in the morning occupied on leaving the pulpit, to superintend the orderly "skailing" of the church,—overlooking the transaction. The silence was complete; and when the performance was opened by one of Beethoven's Sacred Songs, not particularly well harmonized and not particularly well sung, by a male amateur chorus, I naturally supposed that in Switzerland a concert like this must be considered—as an Oratorio was by many excellent persons in England long considered—to be an act of devotion.

The next item in the *programme*, however, was calculated to change such an opinion. Down from the organ-loft came the amateurs, to take their places in their stalls: then a young Lady was brought forward; raised on a stool, that she might be well seen; and ungallantly left alone, that she might be well heard—in an *aria* by Donizetti. The happiest of guessers will hardly divine which *aria* had been chosen:—positively nothing more Puritan than *Smeton's* ballad, 'Deh non voler stringere,' warbled by the love-sick Page in 'Anna Bolena,' at the feet of his heart's mistress, the pre-occupied and melancholy Queen!—to make the unsuitability worse, if worse it could be, this *aria* was originally written for a harp-accompaniment, and was thus as fit for an organ-concert as it was decorously adapted to a sacred building. The Lady set about her task seriously, though in fear; and did as much as her amount of cultivation and degree of taste permitted, with an *alto* voice which seemed to be naturally resonant and mellow. She was more fortunate, subsequently, in a performance of Cherubini's 'Ave Maria' transposed, and also in the *solo* part of a Psalm by Mendelssohn.

Dead silence prevailed when the *opera-romance* was over,—the Pastor, in his black cap, still looking on. The contribution to this strange concert which came next was little less strange. I had already been startled by the sight of the performer; since in the flow of his thick, long hair, the cut of his coat, and his peculiar manner of bearing a figure, the angular proportions of which recalled

some Egyptian bas-relief, he presented a fac-simile of Dr. Liszt,—so close, that the one might have played *Antipholis* to the *Antipholis* of the other. Never saw I mortal so whimsically aped by mortal,—never was personal remark more obviously courted. But my friend (perhaps, after all, it was Dr. Liszt, and no double!) performed on the violin—no piece of Wagner music, but the *andante* to Mendelssohn's violin *Concerto*,—and performed it not amiss. Here, again, supposing the composition warrantable for a church, hardly could there be music less fit to be given with organ accompaniment.—Of other amateur performances it would be hypercritical to speak. A Swiss Psalm—no more psalmodic in character than the commonest *Liedertafel* ditty—by Herr Zwysig, was the best performance of the afternoon: perhaps because it was sung by the gentlemen without accompaniment, and because the silence of the organ, managed as it was with obtrusive clumsiness, was felt to be a relief.

Had I dropped without warning or notification into the midst of this ceremony, its utter strangeness, I repeat, would have been bewildering. But how much more was its singularity calculated to strike a person well aware that he was in no land of clearings and "pine barrens," nor even in the depths of England, where very odd music, we know, used "to come up,"—but that the transaction was taking place among a people so intelligent, enterprising, and conversant with foreign arts and usages as the Swiss,—and in a town rich enough, I am assured, to make the appointments of its chief organist more lucrative than those of the Professor who exhibits Mooser's organ at Fribourg. Who shall number or account for the inconsistencies of civilization and progress?—and they are more numerous, perhaps, in the art of Music, when considered in its connexion with other arts, and in its illustration of manners, than in any other province of Imagination. C.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—The Musical Festivals at Worcester and Norwich are now over. The former is described as having been the most profitable meeting of the Three Choirs which has been held for many years past:—such fact being rendered more extraordinary by the absence of any novelty in the music performed;—by the increased means of intercourse during late years, which has brought the provincial amateur within such easy reach of London music;—and also by the circumstance that no provision seems to be made on these occasions to bring the music within the means of being enjoyed by local audiences, who have no access to the Exeter Hall oratorios.

"*Quem Deus vult perdere,*" that oldest and most hackneyed of all quotations, is, nevertheless, the motto best suited to the operations of those who attempt the establishment of Opera in Drury Lane. The selfsame pages of last week's journals, which reported in the proceedings of the Bow Street Police Court the losses of the last two managements, included an advertisement that Drury Lane Theatre was to open on Monday last, for three weeks only, under an entirely new direction,—with the 'Maritana' of Mr. Wallace by way of opera, Madame Rudersdorff as *prima donna*, and for principal gentlemen of the company, Mr. Eliot Galer and Mr. H. Corri. It seems difficult to conceive that any one of the "undertakers" concerned in the new scheme can look for anything except funeral result.—At a later period of the autumn Promenade Concerts are to be resumed at Drury Lane, under the auspices of Mr. Gye and M. Jullien.

Madame Thillon has returned to England, after a three years' absence in America.

It is with much regret that we announce the sudden death of Mrs. Fitzwilliam, from cholera. On Monday morning she attended rehearsal at the Haymarket Theatre, when she first became conscious of the attack;—and died in a few hours. One of the most popular of modern actresses, she occupied a place which will not easily be supplied. Her range of character was wide though natural. Vivacious without being vulgar, she represented characters of humble life and domestic feeling

with peculiar *naïveté*, and to the end of her career preserved her style pure from the affectations and artificialities too common on the stage. This unbought charm attached itself to every character that she undertook, and made her a most successful actor of new parts. We have no recollection of her failing in any; her course was indeed one of undeviating favour with the public, who placed implicit faith in her impersonations. The daughter of Mr. Robert Copeland, a manager, she is stated to have made her *début* on the stage at two years of age, as one of the children in the play of 'The Stranger.' At fourteen she came to London, and appeared as a singer at the Haymarket; at the Surrey Theatre she took higher rank, appearing as *Bianca* in 'Fazio'; she also performed as the heroine in 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian,' and in the character of a French ballad-singer in the *chanson* 'Portrait Charmant.' At Drury Lane, subsequently, she performed in a farce, since known as 'The Married Bachelor.' During this engagement she married (2nd Dec. 1822) Mr. Fitzwilliam, and was then engaged by Mr. Webster, for the Haymarket, where she remained until her departure for America. She returned to England with increased reputation, and again delighted the audiences of The Little Theatre. Her triumphs there have all been recorded in this journal. Mrs. Fitzwilliam was born in 1802. For nearly fifty years therefore she may be said to have been on the stage;—her early acquaintance with which may account for the facility of style, the ease and gaiety of manner, by which her acting was distinguished.

A new comedy by Mr. Troughton, the brother of the Author of 'Nina Sforza,' was to have been produced at the Haymarket on Wednesday; but it has been unavoidably deferred on account of the sudden death of the leading actress. The piece is said to consist of five characters, two male and three female.

Mr. Charles Kean has been indisposed, and in consequence the re-opening of the Princess's Theatre will be deferred until the 25th instant. The new season will commence with a new drama, in which Mr. Ryder is named as the representative of the hero. Mr. Kean will not appear for a month.—The Adelphi will re-open on Monday week.—At Sadler's Wells, a benefit in aid of Mrs. Warner, suffering from the painful and incurable malady which has so long prevented her from acting, was, during the week, announced for Friday (yesterday) evening. At this Miss Cushman was to appear. The prices were doubled for the occasion.—The doubtful Shaksperian drama, 'Pericles,' is about to be produced at this theatre—Mr. Phelps personating the hero, and Miss Edith Heraud *Marina*.

At the Standard Theatre, Norton Folgate, Mr. Anderson has been playing during the last week or two, for the most part in five-act tragedies. His *Richard the Third* has commanded large audiences; and certain new dramas are announced in connexion with his name.

The Paris musical season may be said to have already recommenced, by the re-opening of the *Grand Opéra*. On this occasion 'La Favorite' was played, and Madame Stoltz, the original *Léonore*, appeared, after an absence of seven years. The *Gazette Musicale* assures us that Madame Stoltz, without having lost power as an actress, has gained in grace as a singer; but a commentary on her success is to be found in the *début* of Mlle. Sannier, yet another *mezzo-soprano*, in 'Le Prophète.'—An *operetta*, by M. Varney, 'L'Opéra au Camp,' has just been produced at the *Opéra Comique*, where, also, more important works by MM. Adam, Réber and Masse are announced as shortly forthcoming.

The *programme* for the winter campaign of the Italian Opera at Paris, about to open on the 1st of October, with 'Semiramide,' has been published. The *soprani* engaged are Mesdames Frezzolini, Bosio and Gassier. The *contralto* is to be Madame Borghi Mamo; the principal *tenor*, Signor Beauccarde; and the new *baritone*, M. Gassier. The direction intends to produce Signor Verdi's 'Rigoletto' and 'Il Trovatore,' Signor Pacini's 'L'Ultime di Clodovei,' Signor Mercadante's 'Leonora,'

The Athenaeum.

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