



SCENE FROM THE OPERA OF "OTELLO," AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

SCENE FROM OTELO.

The Duke (*Elmiro*) denouncing his daughter (*Desdemona*) is perhaps, as treated by Lablache and Grisi, the most splendid lyric-tragic passage upon the Opera or indeed any other stage. The prostration of Grisi before the lightning blast of Lablache's malediction is truly awful. We thought we almost heard the dreadful lines from "Troilus and Cressida" issue from the angry father's lips:

Now Hell's bluest plagues
Receive her quick, with all her crimes upon her:
Let her sink spotted down: let the dark Host
Make room, and point, and hiss her as she goes:
Let the most branded Ghosts of all her sex
Rejoice and cry, *Here comes a blacker Fiend!*

The terrible fierceness of Lablache is in those lines. Mario as the Moor serves but as an accessory to the picture: he cannot stand out in any great prominence against the other mighty portraits. Garcia was the only *Othello* who could have withstood Lablache's *Elmiro*: but still Mario is very charming in the part and sings its music beautifully.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

A drama founded upon Boz's "Martin Chuzzlewit" was produced at this house on Monday last, and was completely successful. To describe the intricate and ever-changing plot of the novelist would be needless, and that of the dramatist (Mr. E. Stirling) is pretty nearly the same thing. Suffice it to say, that the principal features in the narrative are made to stand out very prominently in its stage adaptation. *Pecksniff* and *Tom Pinch* are admirably personated by Messrs. F. Mathews and Meadows. *Mary Graham* is rendered still more interesting by Miss Fortescue's representation of her, and *Master Bailey*, the *Boots* at *Mrs. Todgers'* boarding-house, is irresistibly impudent and droll as performed by Mrs. Keeley, himself, was immense in the part of *Old Mother Gamp*, the monthly nurse.

The drama has been "got up" most excellently. The following neat prologue, written by Mr. Albert Smith, was well delivered by Mrs. Keeley, and much applauded:—

No ghostly legend from some mould'ring page
And "carefully adapted to the stage;"
No grand romantic drama, deep and dire,
Filled with "terrific combats" and red fire,
Boast we to night. No flimsy plot shall trench
Upon our scene "translated from the French;"
But one in deep emotions far more rife,
The powerful romance of common life.

We owe this story of the present hour
To that great master hand, whose graphic power
Can call up laughter, bid the tear-drop start,
Or find an echoing chord in every heart.
Whom we have learned to deem an household friend,
Who, 'midst his varied writings, never penn'd
One line that might his guileless pages spot,
One word that "dying he would wish to blot."

We know there is around his simple name
A prestige thrown, your sympathies to claim;
But our poor playwright, feeling well his task,
Has sent me forth your clemency to ask.
And some old friends, selected from the rest,
Of human kind the sweetest and the best,
Crowd forth, your patient hearing to implore,
Presuming on the fellowship of yore.

Good Mr. Pickwick first with smiling face,
And kindly heart implores your patient grace:
Then arm in arm, led onwards by one will,
The Brothers Cheeryble endorse our bill,
And warm by kindness ever both alike,
The timid hopes of poor neglected Smike,
Whilst not unmindful of your past kind deeds,
Oliver Twist next for indulgence pleads.



SCENE FROM THE NEW DRAMA OF "MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

Dick Swiveller, who has crept here quite by stealth,
"Passes the rosy" ere he drinks your health,
Surrounded by those friends we know so well,
Watch'd over by the shade of Little Nell.
Next laughing at Joe Willett in our train
Dear Dolly Varden flirts, and laughs again
And hopes your pleasure will not be alloyed
Because she knows that Miggs will be annoyed.

And lastly, whilst around both cot and hall
The echoes of the Christmas Carol fall,
Bob Cratchet on raised wages, spruce and trim,
Leads forward, with his crutch, poor Tiny Tim.
The others are to come. In anxious state
Behind the scenes your fiat they await.
Be satisfied, for yours and their behoof,
They'll do the best they can; now to the proof.

The piece was announced for repetition till further notice by Mr. Keeley.

MUSIC.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The eighth and last concert for the season took place on Monday night last, at the Hanover-square Rooms, and proved to be one of the most interesting of the series. The following was the programme:—

- PART I.
- Sinfonia Eroica Beethoven.
 - Song, MS. "Ach Herr," Herr Staudigl Nicolai.
 - Trio, two violoncellos and double bass, Messrs. Lindley, Lucas, and Howell Corelli.
 - Scene from "As You Like It," Miss A. Williams, Miss Dolby, Mr. Allen, and Herr Staudigl, with Chorus H. Smart.

- PART II.
- The First Walpurgis-Night, Miss Dolby, Mr. Allen, and Herr Staudigl (first time of performance in this country) Mendelssohn.
 - Concerto Violin, M. Sainton Sainton.
 - A Selection from "The Ruins of Athens," Miss A. Williams and Herr Staudigl, with Chorus, MS. (first time of performance in this country) Beethoven.
 - Overture to "Oberon" Weber.

This concert, conducted by Mendelssohn, and led by T. Cooke (who, by the way, conducted to more than half the effect by his precise and steady leadership), went off beautifully. It will be seen by the programme that the directors are now acting more liberally than in former years; witness the production of Smart's "Scena" (a beautiful composition), and the names of English vocalists in the scheme. This is as it should be—a glorious change has taken place; we have begun to "dare to have sense ourselves," and the happiest results have been the consequence.

The "Sinfonia Eroica" was exquisitely performed. Staudigl sang a version of one of David's Psalms most admirably: he was in better voice than he has been for some time back. Corelli's "Trio" is beginning to be a little tiresome. H. Smart's composition, which gained the prize offered by Mr. Macready two years ago for the best finale to "As You Like It," is full of chaste and beautiful writing.

The second part opened with a composition by Mendelssohn, so full of poetry of the highest order that we cannot find words to adequately describe it. Wildness, Strength, and Beauty seem to have been the composer's adopted Graces, while, on the other hand, he must have multiplied the muses by their own number, for he seems ninety-nine times greater in this work than in any he has produced before. He has gone hand-in-hand with his poet Goethe, and done him ample justice. The choruses are of a most impressive character: that of the Druid Guards "Disperse, disperse, ye gallant men," was enthusiastically encored, and the reception of another, between the said guards and the people feigning to be witches, cannot be described. We never witnessed more delight on the part of an auditory. Staudigl as a kind of *Orovoso* was magnificent, and the whole terminated with a chorus of Druids worthy of the loftiest inspiration of Handel. Though the season be near its close, we mean the musical season in general, we hope to hear this stupendous work again. M. Sainton played a very clever concerto on the violin, his own composition, in a neat and finished style. Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens," like the generality of his works, must be heard often before it can be duly appreciated; still many pieces excited considerable applause. Weber's overture, with which the concert terminated, was heard to the very echo of the last chord, when vehement cheering for Mendelssohn proved how highly his services are estimated by the subscribers to these now truly classic concerts.



MADLE. FANNY ELSSELER DANCING "THE SARAGOSSA." IMPROMPTU TO MADLE. FANNY ELSSELER, ON HER DANCING THE SARAGOSSA.

With such a form of beauty and such face,
'Twere easy to mistake thee for a Grace,
But that one only of the Sisters Three
Could not reveal thy various symmetry!
The air is musical where'er thy feet
In mazy turnings cause vibrations sweet—
Their echoes, than the sounds to which they move
More exquisite—more soul-inspiring prove,
And make us think that ev'n the Muses Nine
To make Thee *One* their sister charms combine!