

izing by so invidious a term the attempt made by Mr. Cowen and Mr. Henry Hersee, to turn "*The Lady of Lyons*" into an opera entitled "*Pauline*," yet until we can see the score, and judge for ourselves, we feel doubtful of the result. The scruples which would have attended us in such a case seem to have also communicated themselves to Mr. Hersee, for, in the preface to his libretto, he writes in the most apologetic strain of the eliminations and reconstructions of the play, "which have been unavoidable in the compression of a five-act play into a four-act opera, with a limited dramatis personæ," and, he adds, "the task was a delicate and difficult one." The opera has been well received, and doubtless Mr. Cowen's first dramatic work of any importance is one on which he may well be congratulated, as far as his musical ability entitles him. The part of Melnotte is assigned to a baritone, queerly enough, a contemporary thinks, and truly; the part of a "premier amoureux," seems to suit a tenor better, only it is remembered in time that Mr. Southey is the chief operatic vocalist of the Lyceum Theatre, where "*Pauline*" was produced, and therefore such a consideration was set aside. The conductor, Mr. Carl Rosa, may be regarded as the prime mover in all efforts of this kind; it is clear that he has English Opera on the brain, and that he will never rest until a long line of operas by native composers exists. In the interim, he is really doing a good work in bringing out the few English operas that are worthy of the name, in most excellent style, and with great success; while an English adaptation of "*Fidelia*," lately given under his direction, may be referred solely to his zeal and enterprise. It is not easy to tell if England is ever likely to produce even one composer of the very highest rank, the equal of Beethoven in chamber-music, or of Rossini in opera,—an originator, not an elaborator, and it therefore behoves us to take the very greatest care of whatever talent, it may be genius, exists in our midst. To return to "*Pauline*," we shall take great pleasure in reviewing, at some future date, Mr. Cowen's musical setting, and should the result be, from what we know of his songs and cantatas it very likely will be, highly pleasing and greatly creditable to his ability and industry, we may be persuaded into forgiving the ravages made on Bulwer Lytton's beautiful play.

"What are we to have this winter in the line of musical treats?" This is a question which is unfortunately only too easily answered. Whatever the reason is, there are comparatively no European or English artists visiting America this year. Having been defrauded of Mlle. Tietjens and Von Bulow last season, we sincerely hope that Mme. Essipoff, at present delighting the lovers of good music in the United States, will take pity on our forlorn condition. We are promised Belocca, who we have no doubt would receive a most cordial and even enthusiastic welcome here, although on the other side of the line she has not been altogether successful, owing to other attractions, and the unfortunate season selected for her debut in New York. We do not see how her singing can be characterized other than charming; her rendition of Mignon's song, "*Connais tu le pays?*" is particularly fine, and, in its peculiar expression of the yearning which must have filled the heart and mind of Goethe's lovely creations, unsurpassed. We are not, however, wholly dependent on foreign or American artists, having such talent, individual and organized in our midst as, we think, has not been equalled for years.