

WOMEN COMPOSERS.

BY RUPERT HUGHES.

ONLY yesterday it was being said how strange it was that women could not write music. To-day, their compositions make up a surprisingly large portion of the total publication. The worst of these not even gallantry could approve; it need not be invoked for the best. Yet, even if women had not recently produced good work in certain individual instances, the comparison of their former absence from the field with their present zeal there should serve both for an explanation of previous failures and a hope for future success.

The mistake of those who dogmatized upon woman's inability to compose was the old fallacy, What has not been done cannot be done.

Now, music was the latest of the arts to be evolved into anything approaching maturity. The modern world does not hope to surpass the Iliad, the «Antigone,» or the Parthenon; nor does it hope to surpass the achievements of the Father of Music: but between the ripening of a Phidias and a Bach stretch epochs of art and the long twilight of the middle ages. The music that had run along with these other arts, *haud passibus æquis*, was childishly limited in resources.

It has, then, taken men whole centuries to learn music. They do not yet seem able to write it well in isolated communities without the benefits of association with old and new masters, and a chance for the publishing of ambitious work to a competent audience. America, through pilgrimages to Europe, is only now giving hope of a national school of music.

Women have been, as a sex, just such an isolated community. While it may be said that they have never been positively debarred from effort, it is only the present century, with its wonderful impulse to public activity, that has given them the positive encouragement necessary.

Women wrote at music long ago. The last

century and the earlier part of this saw a few composers who aroused a certain curious interest in their own little day; and their work is probably no more completely forgotten than that of most of their highly accepted male contemporaries.¹ But these were only individuals, and they did not indicate any general movement; nor had they the support of such a movement.

It is commonly believed that woman is more emotional than man. At the first glance it would seem, then, that she should take the foremost place in music, which is more entirely the voicing of emotion than any of the other arts. But the evolution of music has made it so complex that it demands, first, a special aptitude for invention, which has been rare among women; then, a sort of histrionic ability to study one's own feelings objectively, which is not so rare a feminine trait; third, the architect's aptitude for high elaboration of details within close bounds of consistency; fourth, the skill of a chess-player, or a strategist, for a definite and direct, yet veiled, plan of movement; and, finally, a long, hard training in the manipulation of the materials at hand. And it seems almost vital for the existence of composers, that they should have a dense musical atmosphere.

It is not necessary to say that woman has been enslaved, to excuse her for her little writing of good music; but it is only fair to confess that she has had little encouragement in developing any innate ability into the erudition and technic necessary to great composition. Fanny Mendelssohn, who wrote graceful music, was ashamed to publish it under her own name, and it was absorbed into her brother's renown.

Rubinstein did not hesitate to say that the sex had written no good music at all, and could not write it. He sneered especially at its failure to write one good love-song or to express mother-love in one true lullaby. But Rubinstein's creed is not necessarily gospel;

¹ Among them could be named De Baur (born at Stuttgart in 1776), Louise Bertin (born in 1805 at Roches, composer of three operas publicly presented), Caccia (born at Rome in 1759), Mme. Dussek (born at Edinburgh in 1775, and wife of the famous virtuoso), Carlotta Ferrari (born at Lodi in 1837, composer of several

works publicly produced), Mme. Gail-Garré (born at Paris in 1775, composer of four operas publicly produced, as well as a collaborator with Boieldieu), La Roche (who lived in the last century), and Reise (born at Berlin in 1796, and greatly praised by the historian Fétis).

for instance, he was blind to the greatness of Wagner. He died, too, at the very dawn of what I believe is to be a great epoch of composition by women.

Music belongs to woman at least as much as to man. Her sentiments are more the marrow of her being than is the case with man; her love is more nearly the total of her

last obstacle in the way of her devoting her life to her chosen ambition. She has always exerted a vast influence upon the music made by men. She is now awake to the possibility of influencing the world through her own music.

A prominent publisher tells me that where, some years ago, only about one tenth of the



PHOTOGRAPHED BY BENQUE.
MLLE. CÉCILE CHAMINADE.

interest; her sorrow is intenser and more helpless; her tact and delicacy are finer; the pursuit of grace and beauty, and the fancy for subtleties and nuances, play a more vital part in her life than in that of man. The present awakening of interest, one might almost say excitement, among all woman-kind both in the arts and industries, and the general interest of the whole world in the work of woman, have removed almost the

manuscripts submitted were by women, now their manuscripts outnumber those of the men two to one. While this ratio will not hold in published compositions, the rivalry is close even there. Women are writing all sorts of music. A few of them have already written in the largest forms, producing work of excellent quality and still better promise. It is in the smaller forms, however,—in instrumental solos and short songs,—that they



MILLE. AUGUSTA HOLMÈS.

have naturally found their first success. So good has their work been here that honesty compels the admission that hardly any living men are putting forth music of finer quality, deeper sincerity, truer individuality, and more adequate courage than the best of the women composers. Besides these, there is a number of minor composers writing occasional works of the purest quality; and in art quality is everything.

As to nationality, one finds best represented the three countries that are now working along the best lines of modern music: Germany, of course (whose Clara Schumann wrote much that was worthy of serious consideration), France, and America; for America, whatever its musical past, is surely winning its right to the place in this triumvirate of modern music. Its tendencies are toward the best things. Italy has recently had a flurry of new life, and of growth away from the debilitating mawkish-

ness into which it had drifted, but has not yet produced a notable woman composer. The other Continental countries seem even more torpid; and though Englishwomen have written much, they have not got beyond the prevailing cheapness of the English school, except perhaps in certain of the compositions of Mrs. Marie Davies and Miss Maud Valerie White.

THE most prominent woman composer, and on many accounts deservedly so, is Mlle. Cécile Chaminade. Many musical people who were familiar with the compositions of «C. Chaminade» have been surprised to learn that music of such ability belongs to a woman.

Mlle. Chaminade was born in Paris, of a seafaring family. She still lives within easy reach of the city, and her works show how thoroughly Parisian she is by birth and breeding. She displayed the precocity usual to those that achieve much in music. At

the age of eight she composed a few religious pieces which won praise from Bizet. He predicted a future for her, and advised her parents to put her to serious work, promising to oversee her studies himself. Her first masters were Le Couppey, Savard, and Marsick; finally Benjamin Godard taught her composition. Mlle. Chaminade has written, in the large forms: «Les Amazones,» a lyric symphony with chorus, which was given at Antwerp; «La Sévillane,» an unpublished comic opera in one act; a number of successful suites and various other pieces for orchestra; two trios for piano, violin, and violoncello; a ballet, «Callirrhoë,» which was presented with great success at Marseilles in 1888, and at Lyons in 1891; and a fine *Concertstück* for piano and orchestra, which was played by the composer, under the auspices of Lamoureux. A persistent figure in the piano, at first unaccompanied, but gradually enmeshed in the whole orchestra, is a curious feature of the work. The scoring is not complex.

Mlle. Chaminade is a virtuoso as well as a composer. The highest praises of her are heard from abroad; and America is to have an opportunity of judging for itself. The qualities of facility, brilliance, force, and felicity can be read in her compositions to a degree that must be reflected in her performance. She is a modern of the moderns, and above all a Parisian. Her identity is shown nowhere more plainly than in what she writes in the rococo forms. Thus, while she occasionally works in clear old harmonies that one of the Bachs might have used, there are other bits that could come only from the Paris of to-day. Her toccata has about the general emptiness of this form, which is as repetitive and thin as a bagpipe, maugre what Browning claims to have found within that «toccata of Galuppi's.»

She is better at home in the more romantic forms. Her «Arabesque, Op. 61,» is one of the finest examples of her melodic facility. An early «Barcarolle, Op. 7,» is inconsequential; but her «Sérénade» expresses a



PHOTOGRAPHED BY LOUIS SAUVAGE.
MME. DE GRANDVAL.

tender and yearning timidity. Some of Chopin's colors and touches appear in her «Valse Caprice,» though the spirit is quite dissimilar.

The influence of Chopin is seen more plainly in the scherzo which is the first of six concert studies grouped in Opus 35. Its lusciousness goes near to justifying that old pope who called the key of C «lascivious,» though we think it the palest of all keys. This scherzo is Chopinesque, too, in its lack

and tender, as any one should know who has ever seen a woman in anger or great grief, or, failing that, has ever heard of her achievements in history. The fourth of these concert studies is an unusual example of a rage of grief that is yet a womanly outcry: not hysterical, but fierce, and ending in terrific bitterness.

Mlle. Chaminade's «Impromptu,» with its constant use of pedal-point, shows a schol-



PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHARLES L. LEWIS.
FRÄULEIN ADELE AUS DER OHE.

of humor; for though Beethoven and a few others made of the scherzo a work of great comicality, Chopin was quite lacking in this spirit.

The second of the concert studies is called «Autumn,» and is full of the autumnal mood. Beginning with a somewhat slow song, it arrives at the necessary «concert» brilliance in an outburst of passionate regret. It ends, uncharacteristically enough, in rich simplicity.

Music, to be womanly, need not be delicate

arly excess, as does her «Étude Symphonique,» where incommensurate rhythms are wrought beyond the point of moderation. In throwing three notes against four, and five against three, and the like effects, there is a tantalizing fascination; but after this is carried to a certain distance, fascination exists only for the composer, and not for the distraught hearer. Perhaps the most perfect examples are Schumann's «Eusebius»—but this is only one page long—and Chopin's Fifth Valse, delicious by the simplicity and

brevity of its use of these effects. In this elaborate étude Mlle. Chaminade has carried the tangle too far. The good features of her rhythms, however, here as everywhere, are their spontaneity and originality.

Besides certain shows of virtuosity, Mlle. Chaminade has written several graphic character studies of fauns and clowns. Her «Flatterer» («La Lisonjera») has had wide popularity; but in spite of its dangerously

strongly discordant, unprepared secondary sevenths over a raucous pedal-note. Now, after a tentative preparation, there is an outbreak of sprightliness that melts into seductive entreaty, and turns strenuous, until the main dance-motif is caught upward most fascinatingly from a downward rush. A sort of woodland scene intervenes, as if a rout of nymphs surrounded the *première danseuse*; then the same fantastic cry, in



PHOTOGRAPHED BY ELMER CHICKERING.
MRS. H. H. A. BEACH.

instantaneous catchiness, it expresses just the sentiment of flattery in all its shades, from pleading to deprecation.

In many respects Mlle. Chaminade's greatest achievement for the pianoforte is the group of half a dozen «Airs de Ballet,» No. 1 being easily the first in value as in precedence. It is not an empty dance-tune, but such a drama as Carmencita enacts. It begins with an *entrada*, a cymbal-like jangle of chords over one long, deep horn-tone. These chords (formally, chords of the eleventh, with the third omitted) have the effect of

chords of the eleventh, announces a wild repetition of the main ballet. Throughout are daring harmonic and melodic *tours de force*. This is Mlle. Chaminade's best piano work surely, and is to me the finest thing of its sort ever written. A rapid and amorous «Scarf Dance,» with a coquettish interlude, is one of the most spontaneous of her works, and deserves its great popularity.

Successful as she is in her piano pieces, it is hardly safe to credit them with more than a remarkable ability and invention; but of certain of her songs I do not hesitate to say

that they breathe the very fire of genius, and deserve a place among the greatest lyrics. Mlle. Chaminade's accompaniments are not usually independent of the song, though they are given a unity of their own; nor are they often contramelodic. They are gorgeous streams of harmony. Some of them have an impressionistic richness equal to a sun-thrilled poppy-field of Monet's. Their high scale of color is emphasized now and then by striking dissonances that are not mere foils to the concords, but have a meaning of their own. Mlle. Chaminade finds a charm even in those discords that are so pro-

of naïve gaiety, and «L'Anneau d'Argent,» which is as exquisitely tender as Schumann's «Wenn ich früh in den Garten geh'.» Its refrain, «Oh, the little silver ring that once you gave to me!» is fairly haunting. A few songs I find rather dull and trivial; but Mlle. Chaminade rarely speaks without something to say. About the only instance in which she has condescended to *floritura* is «L'Été.» «Sur la Plage» is a song of the sea-shore, with some big modulations that give it power without bathos. I am tempted to call it virile; but Mlle. Chaminade does not need to ape masculinity to acquire strength.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY HOLLINGER & ROCKEY.

MRS. MARY KNIGHT WOOD.

nounced that their beats are strongly felt, and at these places writes down *vibrato*, or even *vibrato dolce*.

A success characteristic of her abilities and passion is her setting of «Le Noël des Oiseaux.» In this dainty lyric Armand Sylvestre prays kind Heaven to send even the wee birds a pleasant Christmas. The theme is so frail that adding music would ordinarily wreck it in namby-pamby; but Mlle. Chaminade has given it an accompaniment, with neat touches of ecclesiasticism and a climax that save it. Two songs in folk-tone show a winning simplicity—«Collette,» a moment

«L'Idéal» shows the courage of this ambitious woman in its very failure, which is due to the attempt upon a problem too abstract for music.

Mlle. Chaminade is constantly hunting novel effects, and even in her least inspired work one is likely to find some trace of her inventiveness and courage. Though her songs have a very discernible individuality, they are really managed with much versatility. Her sentiment ranges from bizarre studies in foreign color, like «Sombrero,» a dashing thing with a good use of raw consecutive fifths, through songs like the



PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. MARSHALL.

MISS MARGARET RUTHVEN LANG.

«Chant d'Amour,» which has the repose of Jensen, to works like «Trahison,» which has the fire of Schumann's «Ich grolle nicht.»

Two choruses for women's voices are noteworthy also, particularly the «Angelus,» which has an unusual development of pedal-point effects, now for a clangor of church-bells in the accompaniment, and now for a chanting monotone of the contraltos under the hymning of the other voices.

Three of her finest songs are a «Madrigal,» «Si j'étais Jardinier des Cieux,» and a «Ritournelle.» The accompaniments of the latter two songs are exquisite, and the «Ritournelle» has one indescribable effect of dropping a half-tone, that gives Coppée's lyric a thrill of beauty. A review of the work she has accomplished already in her brief career justifies the exclamation of Ambrose Thomas: «This is not a woman that writes music: this is a composer!»

Another Frenchwoman who has written well is Mme. la Vicomtesse de Grandval. Her

music has not caught America as has Mlle. Chaminade's, but she is very highly thought of in Paris. Beginning her musical studies under the rather shallow composer of «Martha,» she was reformed under Saint-Saëns. She has had half a dozen operatic works produced, beginning in 1859. The chief of these is «Mazeppa,» which scored a genuine success. Her religious writings are also important, including an oratorio and many masses.

Mlle. Augusta Holmès is of Irish origin, and has gained much attention in Paris. She was a pupil of César Franck. Eugène de Solenière, who has written a curious little pamphlet, «La Femme Compositeur,» says of Mlle. Holmès: «Her music is a cry of war or a song of love. There reigns in it a constant opposition of *ff.* and *pp.*» She has written several politico-musical compositions, like «Ireland,» «Ludus pro Patria,» and «Poland.» Another noteworthy work of hers is «La Montagne Noire,» which

stirred up much discussion. Mlle. Holmès has been an ardent Wagnerian, and a radical generally. Her songs do not show these qualities particularly, being rather studious of rhythmic effects and nuances, that sometimes show what might be called a touch of blarney. «En Chemin» is an example of her high-keyed harmonies, though it seems

written some excellent songs and a comic opera.

Germany is well represented by the compositions of Fräulein Adele aus der Ohe. Her preëminence as a pianist has left her little time for composition; but the quality of what she has done is very high. When she was a pupil of Liszt, he grew so much in-



MRS. CLARA KATHLEEN ROGERS.

to me a pity that women write so many songs supposed to be sung by a man to a woman. Artificiality is inevitable in such works, and yet they really make up a majority of feminine compositions. Some of Mlle. Holmès's songs are almost spoiled by repetition after repetition without the slightest variance. This effect is justified in her weird «Fleur de Neige.» Possibly her best song is «L'Amour,» a superb lyric, with an accompaniment that is complicated but progressive and highly interesting.

None of the other numerous women composers of Paris need be mentioned, except Mme. Gabrielle Ferrari, who has

interested in her improvisation that he requested her to make a volume of preludes and dedicate them to him. Upon their completion, he wrote her a complimentary acceptance of the dedication. The preludes have not yet been published.

Fräulein aus der Ohe's compositions possess the substantial and vigorous qualities of her playing. Her most important work is a «Suite for Pianoforte, Op. 2.» It has made a deep impression upon severe critics, and is indeed a real achievement. Written in the old style, it is remarkable for catching the very spirit of that music. It is not a mere happy imitation, but an expression so spon-

taneous and personal that Bach himself might have been proud of it. Here is pure music that is at the same time full of life. Even better than the sturdy gaiety of the «Bourrée,» the stateliness of the «Sara-bande,» or the crystalline cheeriness of the «Menuet» is the «Gavotte,» contrasting as it does the hauteur of the principal movement with the sprightliness of the «Musette.»

Another important work is an «Étude de Concert,» highly praised by Tschaikowski. It is an ideal bravura study, because its great technical difficulties do not seem to be dragged in for their own sake, but rather to be caught up and swept along in one tempestuous idea. It is also published in a simplified edition. These are the chief of Fräulein aus der Ohe's published works for the piano; but I have had the honor of hearing her play from the manuscript several others, notably a fiery «Polonaise» that promises to be one of her best works; and two melodies, one in F that is very fluent and ends deliciously, and one in G of deeper import. There is a soothing «Berceuse,» and a «Bauerntanz» which is rather programmatic; it opens somewhat like that other peasant festival, Grieg's «Wedding March,» with a thumping of stout fifths; a rollicking, boisterous dance ensues, followed by a moment of regretful farewell; then with a dash it is all over.

Fräulein aus der Ohe has published settings to several American lyrics. Four songs make up the first group: «A Birthday Song,» with a beautiful figure repeated in the accompaniment, and a fluty bird-lyric. The third has a somberness of treatment that gives its love-message a religious fervor; its postlude is happily given to a voice that seems to answer the song. The last is «Thistle-down,» and, save for a dramatic moment, it has all the airiness of its subject. Of her other published songs the best is possibly a deeply tragic setting of the poem, «Silent, Silent Are the Unreturning.» Another has a rich glow, but an irrelevant and uncharacteristic postlude in arpeggios. There is a conventional cradle-song, and one lyric in a woodland mood with bugle effects and a striking vocal skip of a tenth. «Winds to the Silent Morn» is also strenuous and vigorous. A dainty humoresque from the Servian is «I Begged a Kiss of a Little Maid.» Two specially good lyrics are a serenade, «I Grieve to See These Tears,» which has a bitter pathos and a wailing refrain, the guitar idea being developed freely in the accompaniment; and Chamisso's «Die Waise,» in which the plaint of an orphan is wrought up to a wild climax.

Two other German women are mentioned as writers in the larger forms: Ingeborg von Bronsart and Cornélie van Oosterzee. Two symphonic poems by the latter were thought worthy of performance by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under Nikisch. They are based on two of Tennyson's «Idyls of the King,» and describe «Elaine's Dream and Death» and «Geraint's Bridal Ride.»

It gratifies one's patriotism to feel that American women can stand unabashed before the world in their compositions. This is not surprising, since woman has been encouraged here, as nowhere else, to work out her own salvation. Aside from opera, however, in which many Frenchwomen have dabbled, but in which American women and men can see no hope of production, our representatives have been as serious and ambitious in the larger forms as the women of any other part of the world.

The most ambitious is certainly Mrs. H. H. A. Beach. Her «Jubilate for the Dedication of the Women's Building at the Columbian Exposition» is indeed a sort of clarion note of triumph—the cry of a Balboa discovering an ocean of opportunity. The work has undoubtedly too little contrasting quietude, and it is a trifle long; but after examining it, it seems impossible to oppose anything but bigotry to the acknowledgment that women can write great music.

Mrs. Beach (Amy Marcy Cheney) was born in New Hampshire. Her descent is American back to colonial times. She composed as early as the age of four, and with the exception of a preliminary course in harmony, has herself to credit for her thorough knowledge of musical theory. She translated the works of Berlioz and Gevaert for her own instruction in instrumentation. Mrs. Beach is a pianist also, having given public performances since the age of sixteen, and having played with the Boston Symphony and Thomas orchestras.

Much erudition in resource is shown by Mrs. Beach's «Mass in E flat major.» Other orchestral works are a scena and aria, «Eilende Wolken,» from Schiller's «Maria Stuart,» sung at a concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra, and a ballade for chorus and orchestra, «The Minstrel and the King,» both of which show ambition rather than inspiration. The most recent of Mrs. Beach's larger works is her «Gaelic Symphony,» which was played with distinction by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. This work is in manuscript, and I have not had the privilege of seeing or hearing it; but all accounts agree in im-

puting to it Mrs. Beach's characteristic largeness of plan.

Among her works for the piano, two of the largest are «A Cadenza for Beethoven's Third Piano Concerto» and a «Valse Caprice,» both of which are remarkable chiefly for gymnastics. In a group of four «Sketches for the Piano,» Mrs. Beach shows a praiseworthy desire to investigate for herself harmonic possibilities, and brings many strange, new tone-colors out of her alembic.

Mrs. Beach's songs show the same variation in quality; thus, she has made the fatal mistake of turning «Ye Banks and Braes of Bonny Doon» into elaborate form. Other works, like her «Ecstasy,» are of the popular order; but she displays genuine ability in certain songs, like her setting of W. E. Henley's «Dark Is the Night,» a thrillingly powerful work; the same poet's «Western Wind,» all delicacy and cheer; and the delicious «Blackbird.» Fourteen of these songs have been grouped into a «Cyclus.»

Another Boston woman worthy of the highest consideration is Miss Margaret Ruthven Lang. She is the daughter of B. J. Lang, Esq., and is American by birth and training. Two of her three concert overtures have been performed by the Thomas and Boston Symphony orchestras. The latter organization also performed her concert aria for soprano and orchestra, «Armida.» It was accounted a work of much breadth, dramatic feeling, and modernity of orchestration. Miss Lang has also in manuscript a similar aria, a cantata, and two rhapsodies for the piano.

The touch of the fantastic that makes her song «Ghosts» a thing so delicately eerie makes a success also of her setting of Edward Lear's curious nonsense, «The Jumbles,» which is arranged for male chorus with the accompaniment of two pianos.

Some of Miss Lang's frailer songs show the qualities many people expect in womanliness more than the works of any of these other writers. The passionate delicacy of «A Maiden and a Butterfly» and «Eros» is such as none but a woman could achieve properly; but equally womanly are the pathos of the «Spinning Song,» the largeness of the «Grief of Love,» the dreaminess of «Oh, What Comes Over the Sea?» and the dramatic fire of «Betrayed» and «Nameless Pain.» Her «Lament» I consider one of the greatest of songs, and proof positive of woman's high capabilities for composition. Miss Lang has a harmonic individuality, too, and finds out new effects that have little sense of effort after strangeness.

Personally, I see in Miss Lang's compositions such a depth of psychology that I place the general quality of her work above that of any other woman composer. It is devoid of meretriciousness and of any suspicion of seeking after virility; it is so sincere, so true to the underlying thought, that it seems to me to have an unusual chance of interesting attention and stirring emotions increasingly with the years.

Of somewhat similar refinement are the fluent lyrics of Mrs. Mary Knight Wood of New York city. They show a bigness in little and a fondness for unexpected harmonies that do not disturb the coherence of her songs. They possess also a marked spontaneity. An example of an unexpected note is the brave E flat in her «Serenade.» Her popular «Ashes of Roses» also has a superb harmonic structure. Among other songs, one, with an effective obbligato for the violoncello, deserves special praise.

Mrs. Clara Kathleen Rogers deserves a prominent place among our composers; for, though she was born in England, this is her home by adoption. Mrs. Rogers is the daughter of John Barnett, «the father of English opera.» She was admitted at the Leipsic Conservatory three years before the minimum age prescribed in the rules. Her teachers included Moscheles, Plaidy, Richter, and von Bülow. Singing was her first career, and only after activity and success in opera in Italy and England and in America did she take up composition, her first publication being in her thirty-eighth year. She makes her home in Boston, where she is a vocal teacher, one of the fruits of her work being a book published here and in England, and devoted to «The Philosophy of Singing.»

Mrs. Rogers's compositions are characterized by a preference for a low scale of color. This is very effective in songs of a gloomy nature, like her «Come Not When I Am Dead» and «Nothing»; but in the setting of such poetry as Swinburne's «A Match» it is hardly competent. The hymnal structure that mars many of her love lyrics is quite forgotten in two sacred songs, of which «The Voice That Sang Alone» introduces in the accompaniment a Bach chorale.

The harmonic dunness of much of her music is compensated for by lively thematic movement. She has a nimble wit, too, as is shown by her «Rhapsody» and «Confession» and by a scherzo for the piano. On occasion her music can don rich colors and wear them well. Such successes are her very original

rhapsody «Before the Blossom,» the ecstatic song «The Rose and the Lily,» and «Clover Blossoms.»

Mrs. Rogers is also the author of an album of six songs after poems by the Brownings. In the first, Mrs. Browning's translation of Heine's «Aus Meinen Grossen Schmerzen,» she has challenged comparison with one of Robert Franz's greatest *Lieder*. She has, however, made an entirely different approach to the song. Robert Browning's lyrics have been so rarely put to music, that few comparisons are forced. «Apparitions» is well varied in emotion. «Ah, Love, but a Day» is a perfect expression of womanly anxiety. «The Year 's at the Spring» is optimistic.

Two songs with violin obbligato are characteristic of Mrs. Rogers's command of resources, particularly the «Aubade.»

America can claim some share in the achievements of that distinguished South American pianist, Mme. Teresa Carreño, who has written several elaborate and important compositions.

Mrs. Bicknell Young (born Elisa Mazzucato) represents Italy in America. Her father was the Chevalier Alberto Mazzucato, both the director of the Conservatory and the conductor at La Scala in Milan. Mrs. Young's compositions include a local comic opera, produced with success in Omaha and Salt Lake City; a one-act romantic work, «The Maid and the Reaper,» for two characters and invisible chorus, produced at Chicago; a romantic French song, «Le Roi Don Juan,» with orchestral accompaniment; and various short works for voice and piano. Among these is a finely wrought staccato étude, dedicated to William H. Sherwood, Esq., and played by him in his concerts.

There are no Italian women of note except perhaps Virginie Mariani and Giselda delle

Grazie, both of whom have had operas produced.

At Chicago is also Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor, who was born at St. Louis and studied chiefly under Dr. Louis Maas. «Six Rose Songs» have been gathered into an album. More unusual is a group of children's songs, «For Little Folks.» Besides a cradle-song and the song «Fireflies,» there are several stories told with great musical humor.

Another American composer is Mrs. Clara A. Korn, who is a teacher of harmony in the National Conservatory of Music in New York. Six of her piano pieces have been published; they are ambitious and scholarly.

It is impossible to mention all that have done certain things with true art; but one should note the lyrics of Miss Patty Stair, the concert-pieces of Mme. Julie Rive-King, the religious work of Miss Fanny M. Spencer, and the songs of Miss Laura Sedgwick Collins, Miss Georgina Schuyler, Miss Helen Hood, Miss Harriet P. Sawyer, Miss Gertrude Griswold, and Miss Constance Maud. There are other women who have done occasional bits of music of unimpeachable art; but I have catalogued the most prominent. They make up a group which need not ask praise from chivalry alone, but can challenge criticism.

The survey of the field of present activity in music throughout the world enlarges the claims of women to consideration. For, now that Brahms is dead and Grieg has almost ceased to write, there are not many men to be justly preferred above the best of these. To deny that the most capable of these women write better music than the average male composer would surely be beyond even the most conservative. Once it is granted that certain women can compose better than the average man, I do not see how it is logically possible to deny the sex musical capability.

THE WANDERERS.

BY GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY.

THE ocean, storming on the rocks,
 Shepherds not there his wild, wet flocks;
 The soaring æther nowhere finds
 An eyrie for the wingèd winds;
 Nor has yon glittering sky a charm
 To hive in heaven the starry swarm;
 And so thy wandering thoughts, my heart,
 No home shall find; let them depart!