found without some show of reason. Thomas Ravenscroft was a theorist and pedant of the deepest dye, as the very title of his absurd attempt at reviving obsolete practices of bygone days, is sufficient to show. Here it is: "A Briefe Discourse of the True (but neglected) use of charact'ring the Degrees by their Perfection, Imperfection, and Diminution in Mensurable Musicke against the Common Practise and Custome of these times; Examples whereof are exprest in the Harmony of 4 Voyces concerning the Pleasure of 5 usuall Recreations: 1, Hunting; 2, Hawking; 3, Dancing; 4, Drinking; 5, Enamouring."

More important is the part played in the Diary by another minor English musician, Thomas Blagrave, the same whom, as we have seen, Pelham Humfrey abused in unmeasured terms. He was an intimate friend and gossip of Mr. Pepys, who esteemed him as a "sober, politique man." The relations of the two were indeed of old standing, and included some monetary obligations, incurred at a period when Mr. Pepys's fortunes had not as yet emerged from under the cloud of adversity. As early as March, 1660, we read the entry: "From thence homewards, and called at Mr. Blagrave's, where I took up my note that he had of mine for 40s., which he two years ago did give me as a pawn while he had my lute." Again, in June of the same year, Mr. Blagrave "went home with me, and did give me a lesson upon the flageolet, and handselled my silver can with my wife and me." After this Mr. Blagrave disappears for some time from the Diary, till April, 1662, when he is discovered in company with "a pretty kinswoman that sings," who, after another interval of two years, "is to come and live with my wife." Times and the respective positions of the two men had changed since the day when Pepys was glad to borrow forty shillings on good security. Thomas Blagrave, it may be added, was a Gentleman of the Royal Chapel and a cornet-player of repute. He also was a composer of some merit.

The name in the list of English musicians to which we should now have to turn is that of Lawes, a name too important to be introduced at the end of an article, and which, therefore, must be held over till next month.

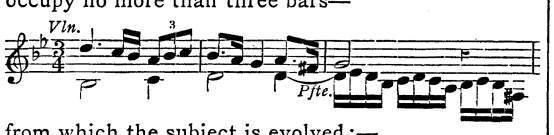
(*To be continued.*)

THE MUSIC OF ANTON DVORÁK.

(SECOND ARTICLE.)

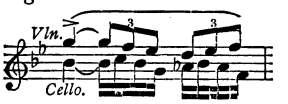
By JOSEPH BENNETT.

IN the present article we propose to follow Dvorák into some of the higher manifestations of his art. With this purpose in view it is well nigh immaterial which of his greater works we take up, and accident rather than choice opens before us his Trio in G minor (Op. 26), for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, which does not appear to have been yet performed in this country. The first Allegro presents to our view a remarkable example of the condensation of thought and economy of material already pointed out as characteristic of the composer. It begins with a formal exordium containing, in the rough, so to speak, the ideas that go to make the principal theme. They occupy no more than three bars—

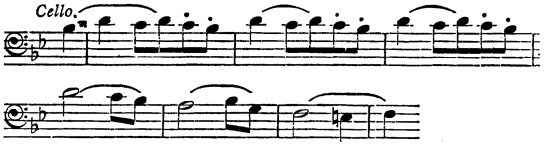


from which the subject is evolved:—

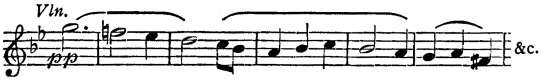
The violin counterpoint in this citation is quoted for a purpose which will soon appear; meanwhile, let us note that the development of the subject occupies nearly two pages of the score without the introduction of a single new thought. Dvorák, it must be allowed, sometimes pushes this expansive process to a riskful extreme. Not so, however, in the present case, since he is able to make large use of a combination of two figures—



which pursued through a sequence of keys carries the development triumphantly along. The second subject, it will be seen, is distinctly suggested by the violin passage (Ex. 2) in accompaniment to the first. The ear is beguiled with the idea that the theme has been heard before, and nothing could more naturally occur, especially as it is attended by the most prominent "figure" of the precedent melody:—

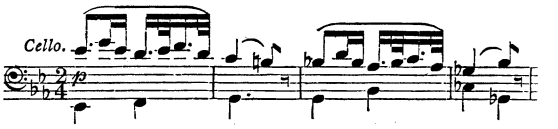


Beyond these materials the movement—a fully developed one—contains absolutely nothing that can in any sense be styled important, save one broad theme (*poco meno mosso*) which leads to the *reprise*—

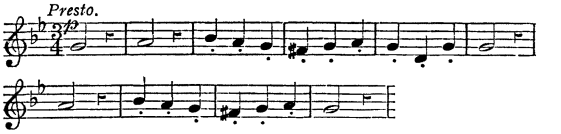


and this is easily recognised as substantially a part of the chief melody "augmented." Of what are known as "episodes" there are none—a sufficiently remarkable thing at a time when, through lack of constructive and developing power, episodes are much in vogue.

In the Largo Dvorák is even more chary of thematic resources, the entire movement springing from one small germ:—



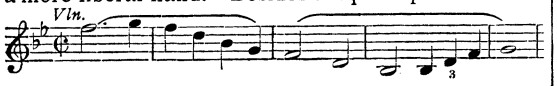
The expansion is undoubtedly clever in a high degree, but we are disposed to look upon it as an example of the danger composers run when too confident of their power in this regard. Continual repetition of, or reference to, such short phrases must inevitably weary, above all in a slow movement, where the mind is not entertained by rapid progress and exhilarating motion. In the remaining movements Dvorák is less reticent, and we shall quote only the leading theme of the Scherzo as an illustration of the composer's inventive power when simple, yet characteristic, melodies are concerned:—



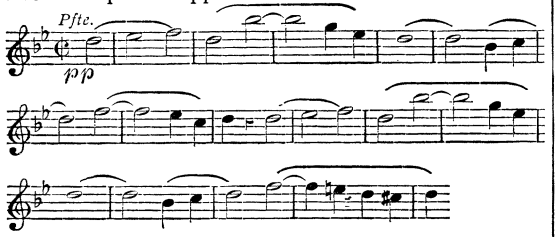
The rhythm is ten-bar, and, as a matter of course, the Trio reverts to the ordinary eight-bar, with graceful and grateful effect.

Turning to a Trio in B flat (Op. 21) for the same instruments, and to its leading movement, we find

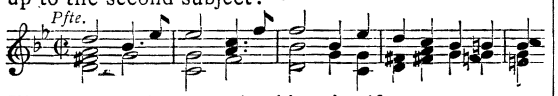
Dvorák in the mood to expend his melodic wealth with a more liberal hand. Besides the principal theme—



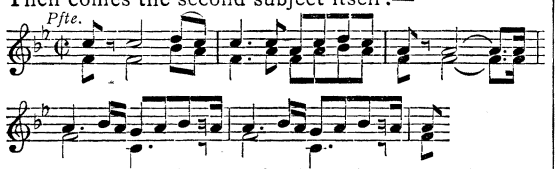
a formal episode appears—



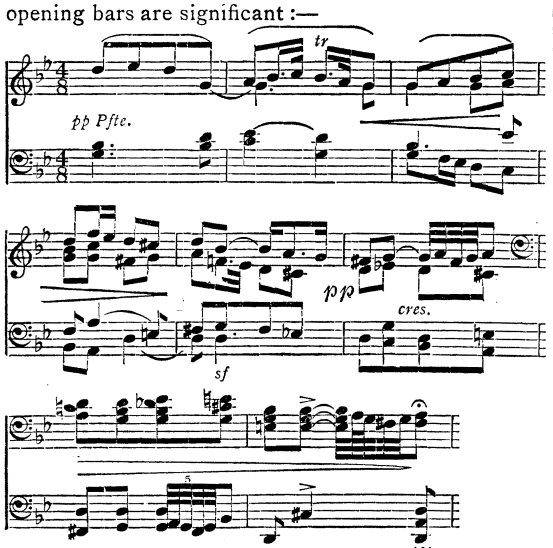
followed by one of a more incidental character leading up to the second subject:—



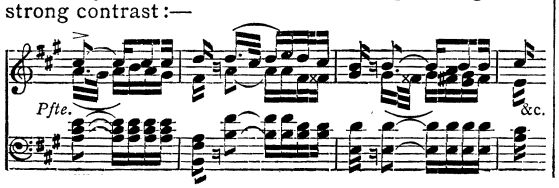
Then comes the second subject itself:—



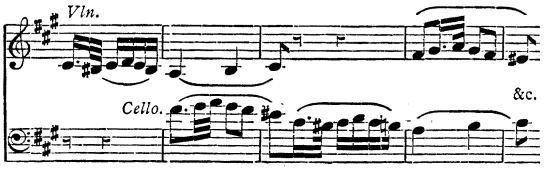
Here the thematic material is undoubtedly rich and abundant, but the composer is not thereby tempted into diffuseness. He recognises the truth propounded by William Penn, "Form is good, but not formality," and keeps himself sternly within the laws of symmetry and well-ordered sequence. The slow movement (*Adagio molto e mesto*) corresponds with its predecessor as to the feature we have noticed, and may be looked at also for its free harmonic treatment. The opening bars are significant:—



After a full close in D flat minor, an instant change to A major occurs, and the second part begins in strong contrast:—

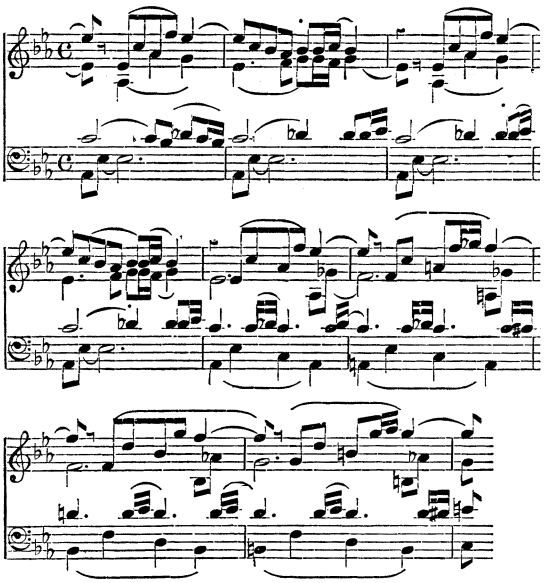


Further on, we meet with a characteristic example of the fashion in which Dvorák sometimes takes a few notes here and a few there—not necessarily from his chief themes—and uses them in combination:—

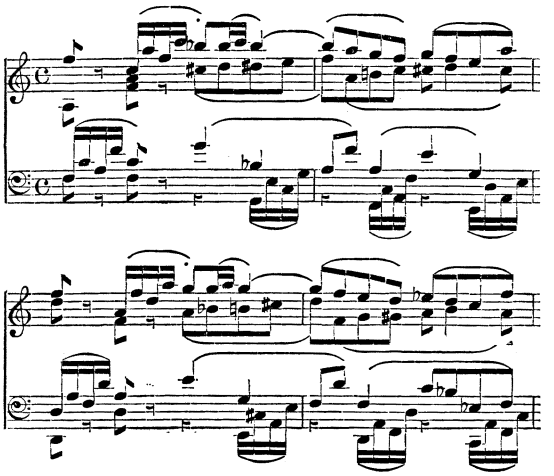


The notes for violin in the first of these bars will be recognised as part of the second subject (Ex. 13).

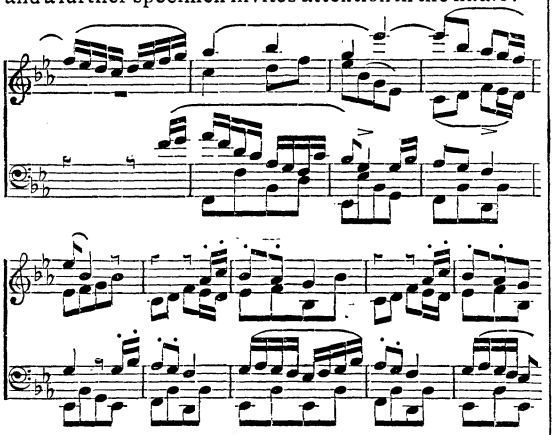
We turn naturally to Dvorák's music for stringed instruments in search of proof that he possesses the power of polyphonic writing. One of the best works, if not the absolute best, on this score is the Quartet in E flat (Op. 51), which has been heard on several occasions at the Monday Popular Concerts. Here we soon meet with examples. The following occurs in the first part of the opening Allegro—



and fairly indicates a leading feature in the entire movement. Another passage from the same movement shows a like easy motion of the various parts, each pursuing a distinct path—

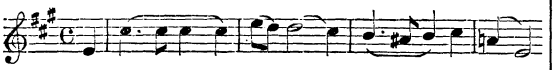


and a further specimen invites attention in the finale:—

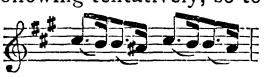


Proofs might be multiplied indefinitely, since, as a matter of fact this easy mastery of theme weaving, and the command of counterpoint involved in it, are among Dvorák's best qualities. It is often exceedingly interesting to observe the skilful manner in which he deals with the threads of his discourse; never seeming at a loss, nor failing to make them fall harmoniously into the general design.

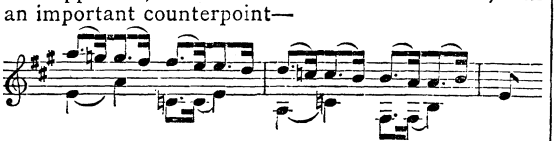
Turning to our composer's manner of developing his themes, those used in the first movement of his Sestet in A major offer themselves for remark. The leading subject runs thus—



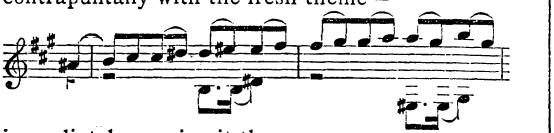
and its first bud appears when the group in bar three suggests the following tentatively, so to speak:—



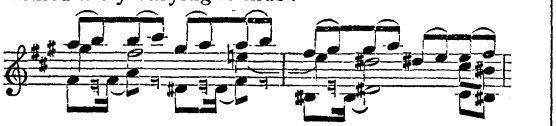
It is approved, and takes a definite melodic form, with an important counterpoint—



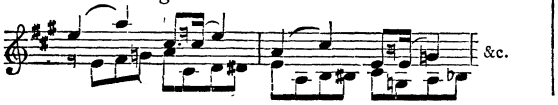
which soon after appears clothed with the dignity of a separate subject, having presently a counterpoint of its own. Meanwhile the descending passage just quoted reappears with its notes equalised, and with this a new resource reaches the composer's hands. He, for example, inverts the progression and uses it contrapuntally with the fresh theme—



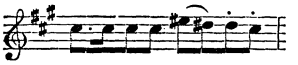
immediately varying it thus:—



At the opening of the "free fantasia," the new counterpoint of quavers plays a distinguished part in attendance on both themes. Now, however, its character changes:—



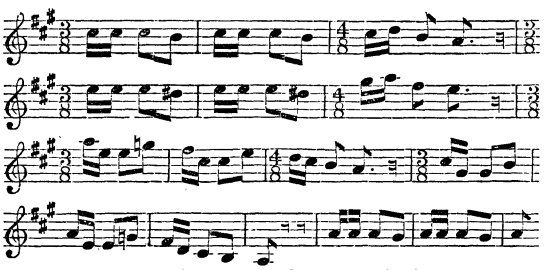
Upon these groups of four ascending notes the composer at once seizes with avidity, and passes them from instrument to instrument in pleasant and sportive imitation. Presently he reverts to the leading subject, touches it with his magic wand, and transforms it thus—



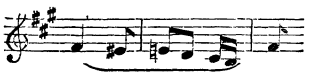
for purposes of double counterpoint with the second theme. This leads to the *reprise*.

It is unnecessary to give further evidence of the thoughtful and artistic manner—the manner of great masters—in which Dvorák deals with his thematic material. In his case there is no scraping together of ideas from all parts of the compass to eke out a movement. Generally, it will be found that any given section of his works in sonata form has its germ in one or two principal subjects, out of which diversified forms are evolved with the ease and beauty of a natural process. This is the supreme test, not of imagination perhaps, but certainly of art.

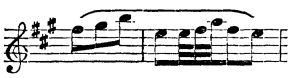
Our subject is a tempting one to pursue, and the field is large, but examples need not be multiplied, and it may suffice to notice one more work—the overture to a comic opera, "Der Bauer ein Schelm" (Op. 37). Here we meet with Dvorák in his characteristic mood. The overture begins with a short Andante maestoso, in which clashing rhythms crowd closely on each other, with odd effect. We will transcribe the entire melody,—it is simply harmonised for full orchestra:—



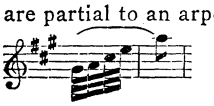
The rhythm of the opening bars is indicated by trumpets and horns through a succession of passages obviously intended, while creating expectancy, to puzzle and confuse with reference to what may be expected. Snatches of tunes are heard here and there in the orchestra, as this—



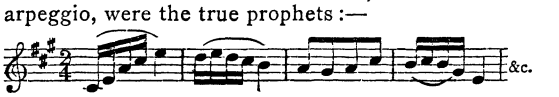
and this—



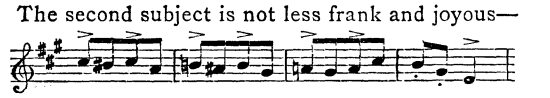
while the violins are partial to an arpeggio:—



So long does the composer linger among these vague and possibly misleading things that we grow impatient. At last, however, he dashes into his Allegro, and then it is found that the violins, with their little arpeggio, were the true prophets:—



The second subject is not less frank and joyous—



but, after awhile, its rocking motion becomes slower and then stops altogether, as the Andante, with its varied rhythm, returns, this time ornamented by flowing passages of demi-semiquavers for the violins, which presently attend it, also, with an independent and strongly-contrasted theme. The Andante is worked out at some length, before the Allegro returns, and is again heard in the original form as a prelude to the Coda, in which the first theme of the Allegro assumes prominence. To the best of our knowledge this inspiriting and capital overture has not yet been played in England, but we venture to say that, when heard, it will stimulate a desire to know more of Dvorák's orchestral works outside the limited sphere of Slavonic Rhapsodies and such like.

In conclusion, has it not appeared from the rapid and superficial examination now ended that Dvorák is a well-ordered composer, though imaginative and bold? He is not one of those who ride Pegasus without a bridle, and allow the winged horse to fly whither he will in the realms of space. On the contrary, Dvorák, while not the slave of rule and method, submits to those laws of his art which have come down to him sanctified by the allegiance of all the great sons of music. To such men—progressive yet conservative—we must look, and for their "long continuance and increasing" we should hope and pray.

"PAST HOURS."*

MANY years ago, when—to the young men of the day at least—poetry was represented by Byron and music by Rossini, the small number of dissenters from the prevailing faith had but few opportunities of stating their convictions; for to be out of the fashion was considered eccentric, and it always saves trouble when we seem to sail with the stream. Music—with which our journal is immediately concerned—meant the Opera, the Opera meant the Italian Opera, and Italian Opera meant the works of Rossini and his imitators; so that persons desirous of hearing compositions of a different school of writing were compelled to seek them at the very few concerts of classical music which were then given, or to organise performances in their own houses. Those, however, who have lived through that time to the present find that the music which was fashionable in their young days no longer rules the hour; and that the so-called lovers of the lyrical drama who regard Italian Opera and Italian singing as it used to be regarded are now decidedly in the minority. It can scarcely be wondered at, then, that this minority occasionally speaks out, and endeavours to prove to the rising generation that what is believed to be development is, in fact, but decadence of the art. So long as these complaints are uttered by private individuals in conversation, or scattered through the ephemeral literature of the day, but small attention may be given to them; but when they are put forth in two volumes written by an artist, and that artist one who by her charming vocalisation in the very music she so much admires has earned a fame which lives in the memory even after her decease, we feel that we are bound to listen. We need scarcely remind our readers that the authoress of the work under notice is one of a gifted family almost every member of which has obtained a world-wide celebrity. Adelaide Kemble—as we still delight to call her—by reason perhaps of her true artistic nature, rather than of her commanding vocal qualifications, achieved so marked a success on the operatic stage as to attract all London to her performances; and those who have a vivid recollection of her *Norma* will assuredly agree with us in our high estimate of her powers. After her short career on the stage, as Mrs. Sartoris her name often appeared in literature; her house became the resort of the most eminent literary and artistic men of the day; and in the preface to the book before us her daughter speaks of the "pleasant memories of happy hours passed in the company of one whose large sympathies and greatness of soul never failed to attract and bring out all that was best and most noble in every one who approached her." That music was her passion is evident by the collection of stories and sketches in "Past Hours," all of which—with the exception of "Judith"—have before appeared in print; but, as we have already hinted, it is (as far as Operas, at least, are referred to) the music of the Italian school to which she clings, curiously enough, however, excepting the compositions of Verdi. It may indeed be said by many who desire to read the works of so accomplished a writer for their purely literary merit that the subject of music occasionally appears somewhat dragged in; for even in "Medusa" and "Judith," neither of which in reality need have anything whatever to do with the art, both the concert-room and the Opera are prominently brought forward; in the former tale the hero meeting the mysterious Medusa at a concert in St. James's Hall, and in the latter one of the principal characters being killed by her inexorable patron, who, in consequence of her having a sympathetic voice and strong poetical feeling, forces her upon the stage, having made up his mind that she shall be a *prima donna*. But although the authoress thus shows her wish to give a musical colour even to her more important stories, she is also determined that her opinions shall be definitely put forth; and accordingly, in the "Recollections of the Life of Joseph Heywood, and some of his Thoughts about Music," and also in "Madame de Monferrato," she speaks out pretty freely about the music of the time. Joseph Heywood certainly mentions the delight he experienced in his youthful days when listening to the compositions of "Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, and old Corelli"; but in operatic music he evidently especially admires the works of Rossini and Bellini. When given a box at the Opera he says, "I remembered very distinctly the Italian music I had heard years ago—the brilliant effects and grand finish of Rossini, the agreeable vein of melody, somewhat poorly worked out, but always charming in sentiment, of Bellini—and I hoped to have all these delightful recollections delightfully revived." But this is what he heard: "I only know that there was a husband and wife who bawled a hideous duet at each other, with the veins in their throats swollen till I thought they would burst, and their eyes starting out of their heads at their own screams—and a mother who bawled because she had wanted to burn somebody else's baby, and then by a very unaccountable mistake, had put her own baby on the fire instead; and then there was a man with the most extraordinary lungs I ever heard who bawled for an hour together at the same pitch because his mother was going to be burned." And he afterwards speaks of a little lull at the conclusion, "where the lady who has burned the children goes to sleep, and therefore is obliged to cease bawling for a few seconds; and there were two pretty romances sung in lucid intervals by the tenor, one at the beginning, and the other at the end, when he is shut up in a tower." As this is evidently a criticism upon "Il Trovatore," we may conclude what is our authoress's opinion of Verdi; although we trust that she did not forget, when she thus speaks through Mr. Heywood, how in her own favourite part of *Norma* she "bawled" because she

* "Past Hours." By Adelaide Sartoris (Adelaide Kemble). Richard Bentley and Son.