

MOMENTS WITH MODERN
MUSICIANS.
FAMOUS
BY **ORGANISTS**
F. KLICKMANN.

*"Some to church repair
Not for the doctrine, but the music there."*

POPE.



YOU would like me to tell you some of my reminiscences," said Dr. Hopkins; "but where shall I begin?"

"As far back as you can remember."

"Well," he said, after a moment's consideration, "I was born in the reign of George III, but I am afraid I do not remember much about him. The first really important affair in which I took any part, musically, was the coronation of William IV. Will it do if I start there?"

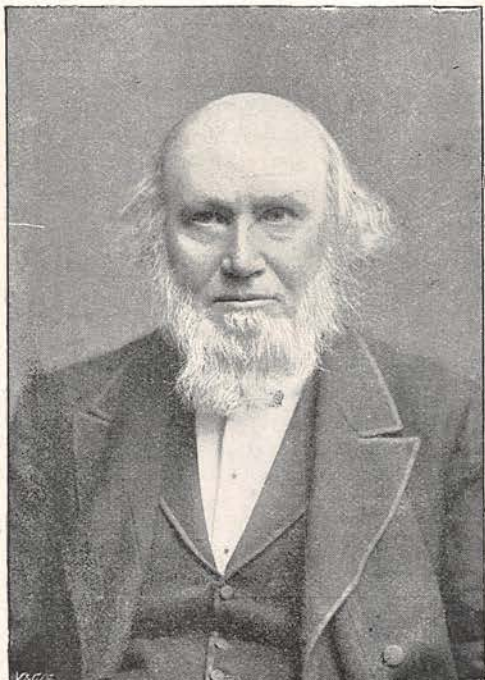
I said I thought it would, and the kind-faced old gentleman smiled.

"I was only a boy at the time, and was in the choir of the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace. Being one of the appendages of the Court, it was our duty to take part in any state ceremonial necessitating the services of a choir.

"The coronation took place in Westminster Abbey, and we had to attend there for a final rehearsal at seven o'clock in

the morning, after which we had nothing to do but to kill our time as best we could until the hour of the ceremony. The choir were assigned seats in a gallery that had been temporarily erected for the occasion, and after the rehearsal they wandered about in other parts of the building, leaving their hats, etc., under their seats. We boys got desperately hungry as time went on—

we were not over well fed in those days—and looking up at the sloping gallery where the hats were in full view, one brilliant mind suggested the vague possibility of there being eatables up there likewise. We immediately sent one of our number, who was more of a monkey than a boy, to climb up the scaffolding that supported the erection and generally investigate those hats. The enterprise met with due reward. We stood in the aisle down below holding out our surplices to receive the packets he threw down. First came a rather hard dumpling, then a packet of sandwiches, and so on. We ate everything (being boys), till by



From a photo by]

[Russell.

DR. E. J. HOPKINS.
(Organist of the Temple Church.)

the time we came to sing we had no room inside us for a voice. When the owners of the various packages returned, consoling themselves with the prospect of a little lunch before the service, a great hue and cry was raised. The blame was never really fixed on us, though many seemed to have strong suspicions as to our guilt."

"Where did the Chapel Royal choristers live in those days?"

"We lived in Adelphi Terrace, and at that time Hawes had charge of us. He was also responsible for the St. Paul's Cathedral choristers, and as I happened to have a good voice he made the most of it. My Sundays were very hard days, and usually ran something like this: By 9.45 I was at St. Paul's and sang the solos in the first part of the service, then I had to get back to Adelphi Terrace and change my plain clothes for the scarlet and gold state dress that is worn to this day by the 'children of the chapel,' as the choristers of St. James's Chapel Royal are called. After this transformation I hurried to St. James's Palace and got there in time to sing at the twelve o'clock service; back to Adelphi Terrace to dinner and plain clothes, after which came 3.15 service at St. Paul's. Yet again had my poor unfortunate garments to be changed in order that I could attend the half-past five service at the Palace. You see the boys are not allowed to appear in the Chapel Royal unless they are in their state dress, and that dress must not be worn anywhere but in the royal service, hence it could not be worn at the cathedral."

"But wasn't such a life a great strain on a child?"

"Yes; and in the end I broke down altogether and had to go home for a rest. They said it was nettlerash!"

"And after you finally left the Chapel Royal?"

"I studied under Walmesley. My voice broke when I was fifteen, that was in 1833, and then I worked hard at the organ. I used to be in Westminster Abbey a great deal. Turle was the organist then, and I often played portions of the service. I was applying for an organ appointment at Mitcham, and a few days before the trial I was in the organ loft at the abbey, and Turle said, 'I wish you would play the psalms; I want to go downstairs to hear the effect.' He did not return however, so when I heard 'Here endeth the first lesson' there was nothing left but for me to play the Magnificat. I always enjoyed playing

there, and I hoped he would not come back to play the Nunc Dimittis. He did not, neither did he turn up for the anthem, so I had it all my own way, and eventually finished the service. When I came down I saw him speaking to a gentleman, who I afterwards discovered was one of the most influential of the committee before whom I had to play at Mitcham. Ultimately I was the successful candidate at Mitcham, and I heard that Turle had said, 'If the committee object that Hopkins is too young to have charge of a musical service, tell them that I am not afraid to leave a service at Westminster Abbey entirely in his hands.' Such a testimonial naturally did me no end of good."

"I suppose Mitcham was considered quite out of town at that time?"

"Yes; and the only way to get there from my home in Westminster was to walk to Stockwell and meet the coach that ran from the City; but as this coach could only run when the driver was not drunk (a rare occurrence) it was useless to think of relying on it, consequently I walked the eight miles in all weathers and reached Mitcham on Sunday mornings in time to take the ten o'clock choir practice. It used to be very dark walking home on winter nights; the first lamp one encountered was on the City side of Clapham Common.

"Later on I got an organist's appointment at Islington, only four miles from home, and I hailed it with delight, but as I came home in the middle of the day, and thus made the journey twice on a Sunday, I did not save much in the end."

"My father did a great deal of walking when he was a boy," said Mrs. Marris—Dr. Hopkins' daughter, who had joined us while we were talking—"and I think he owes his present excellent health to this fact." The Doctor protested however that he owed his good health to the care bestowed upon him by his daughters.

His activity now is surprising. He is usually up and writing busily soon after six in the morning. His study is emphatically a working room. The pedal-piano proclaims the organist at once. In his younger days, before pedals were added to pianos (I refer to notes for the feet, not to the ordinary loud and soft pedals), he had to content himself with practising the pedal part on the floor, and one irate landlady charged him for the worn-out carpet as an "extra."

Three large and unique portraits hang on the study walls—Joachim, Piatti, and S. S.

Wesley; these led us on to the subject of musicians, and I inquired whether the Doctor had seen Mendelssohn. "Yes, and heard him too," he replied with enthusiasm. "I shall never forget his playing one night at Crosby Hall. Madame Sainton Dolby sang Schubert's Ave Maria and his Serenade. There was also a quartet performed, and then Mendelssohn played one of the Songs without Words. The applause after this was deafening, and he had to come back and play again. He sat down and began to extemporise—that was just what we wanted him to do. He worked in the themes of the quartet and the two Schubert songs and his own solo in a most marvellous manner. Never have I heard anything to equal it. And he had such a remarkably winning personality too."

One of the Doctor's constant visitors, a pet dog, and an old family friend, scratched at the door for admittance while we were speaking. "'Vic' has a grievance," said his master stroking his head. "He only possesses one tooth, and that a loose one, yet the County Council insist on his wearing a muzzle."

For over fifty years Dr. Hopkins has been the organist of one of the most celebrated of London's historic buildings—the Temple Church—and he has made the music there as famous as the church itself. The organ has a history. It was built in 1684 by the renowned "Father Smith," organ maker in ordinary to King Charles II. At the time of its proposed erection there was considerable dissension among the Benchers of the Inner and Middle Temple as to whether

Smith should receive the commission, or whether it should be given to his rival, Renuus Harris. It was at length agreed that each man should build an organ in the church and play upon it before any final decision could be made. This was done, but it did not further matters to any great extent, as the Benchers of the Inner Temple decided in favour of Renuus Harris, while the Benchers of the Middle Temple determined to retain Smith's organ. After several years' disagreement Smith's organ

was victorious. But this was before Dr. Hopkins' time.

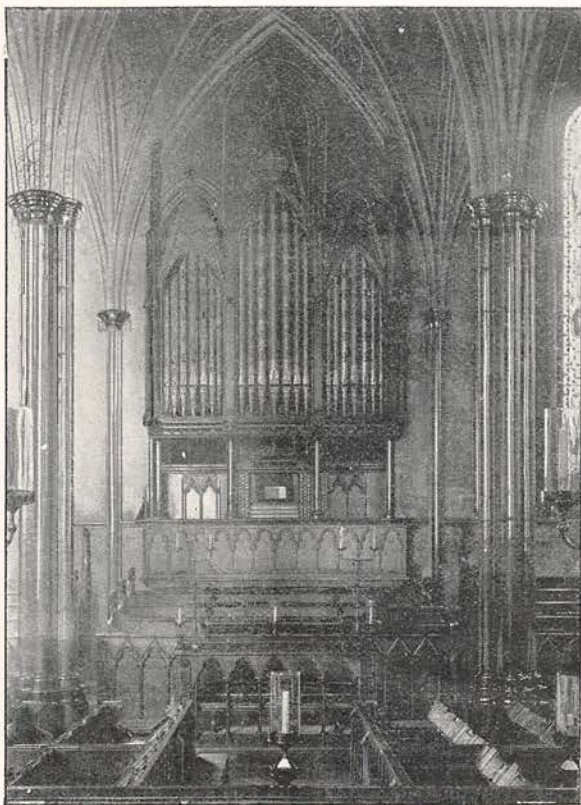
After he was appointed organist the organ was rebuilt, though a large number of Smith's pipes are retained, and are in excellent condition now. The view of the organ as seen from the church conveys no idea as to its actual size, it goes so far back. It possesses four manuals, as the rows of keys on an organ are called.

The interiors of organs are curious affairs and distinctly inviting if one be not afraid of dust. The Temple organ is much more accessible than many; flights of firm

steps take one up to the tops of the highest pipes. And what immense tubes some of them are when one is close to them; so different from the gilded "pipes of Pan" that they appear to be from below. It was on a week-day that I explored the organ with Dr. Hopkins.

"I wish we had a blower," I said, looking at the keys and then at the Doctor's long white fingers.

"That can easily be arranged," he replied, touching a small handle that I had not noticed on the organ. "I am my own



From a photo by]

[W. H. Stocks.

THE ORGAN IN THE TEMPLE CHURCH.

blower. The bellows are worked by a hydraulic engine which I can turn on or off. The wind is on now." I will not attempt to describe the music that then filled the church and even brought in one or two outsiders. Dr. Hopkins' playing must be heard to be appreciated, and most people are able to make a journey to the Temple at least once before they die.

By the time the Doctor had finished his impromptu recital the afternoon was nearly over, and the very small audience, consisting of the verger and two others, emerged from the shadows of the granite columns and silently went their way.

One naturally tries to find our modern musicians in their most characteristic light, but it is rather difficult to decide what background is the happiest for Dr. Turpin, he looks to such advantage whenever one sees him. As the Warden of Trinity College, London, he comes to my mind sitting in a room furnished with the severest of academical solidity, giving advice or help to perplexed students; while as the honorary secretary of the Royal College of Organists, one recalls a tall figure, with an intellectual face, standing on the platform at the Royal College of Organists making a most graceful speech, and assisting at the presentation of diplomas to successful candidates. He is also recognised as a composer of church and organ music, and as a writer on musical topics.

To the world at large Dr. Turpin is best known as a recitalist, and there are few now living who have given as many organ recitals as he has. Those who are fortunate enough to be in the organ loft with him on such occasions carry away with them some exceedingly pleasant memories.

With a most preoccupied expression the Doctor will arrive at the organ, when he is to give a recital, usually only just in time. He looks around and at his music with an air of "Let me see, what did I come here for?—Oh yes, I remember now," and forthwith he takes his seat and dives into his pocket trying to find a programme. The guest who is in the organ loft has anticipated this however, and, programme in hand, reads out the first item. "Oh, thank you very much," says the Doctor in the most courteous way. "I had a programme somewhere, I know; but things do disappear so." Then in an unconcerned manner a few stops are touched, his hands go on the keys, his feet seem to drop quite accidentally on to the pedals, and you find the recital has com-

menced; and the surprising part of it is, it all looks so easy. To play rapid scales with the feet appears to be the simplest thing in the world when one watches the Doctor doing it; and when one looks at his hands and observes the way he plays one manual with his left hand, a second manual with his right thumb, and a third manual with the remaining four fingers of his right hand, it seems the most natural proceeding imaginable.

The collection of music Dr. Turpin takes to a recital is curiously interesting. I remember on one occasion at the Crystal Palace he played a Beethoven movement



From a photo by]

DR. E. H. TURPIN.

[G. W. Secretan.

(Hon. Sec. Royal College of Organists; Warden of Trinity College, London.)

from a full score, something else from a pianoforte duet copy, a Handel concerto from an antique edition that consisted of little but a figured bass, and finally one item on the programme couldn't be found. "I know I had it somewhere," he said, turning out the contents of his coat pockets, where at last he unearthed a much doubled-up half sheet of manuscript music paper, on which a very indistinct bass part was written. "Ah, here it is. This is the only copy I have; but it is sufficient to refresh my memory," and the outcome of that crumpled scrap, that could not be persuaded to stay upon the desk till

we pinned it there, was a brilliant solo—Variations on a ground bass by Handel.

One of the greatest charms in Dr. Turpin's playing is the wonderful variety of tone-colour he will produce by means of phrasing as well as by original stop combinations. His aim is always to reproduce on the organ, as far as possible, exact orchestral effects. He seldom if ever uses the stops known as "mixtures," and it is a common practice of his to make one hand play two manuals at the same time, using the thumb for one manual and the fingers for the other; by this means he can play four manuals simultaneously. It is not surprising that he is so successful in realising the idea of an orchestra, when one remembers that he can himself play every orchestral instrument.

Dr. Turpin's conversation is characterised by great breadth of thought and marked refinement. He never raises his voice, even when lecturing, but by a quiet incisive manner immediately arrests the attention of the listener, while he merely speaks with greater deliberation and calmness when he wishes to emphasise a remark.

To hear the Doctor at his best however one must journey Hampstead-wards and hope to find him at home, where no officialism is allowed to enter. It is no longer the Warden of Trinity College whom one sees at the head of the table, neither is it the ruling power of the Royal College of Organists who escorts one around the garden; all such insignia of distinction are now hung up with the doctor's gown. Not that one ever gets far from the subject of music; the whole atmosphere is full of it, every little detail reminds one of it; the very serviette rings on the dinner-table have each two or three bars from Mendelssohn's organ sonatas engraved upon them.

Mrs. Turpin, knowing full well I suppose how fast the hands of the clocks always travel in her house, considerably places one with one's back to the timepiece, the consequence is that two hours seem but as ten minutes when one listens to the Doctor's witty stories and the general bubble of musical conversation that flows without a pause during dinner. Dr. Turpin is a courteous and delightful host, but one's pleasure is more than doubled by Mrs. Turpin's kind and sincere welcome and the bright way Miss Turpin enters into everything that interests their guests.

Dr. Turpin holds various appointments in London. He has been connected with the Catholic Apostolic cathedral in Gordon

Square for over thirty years. He is also the organist of St. Bride's church, off Fleet Street, a church famous for many things. The present vicar, the Rev. E. C. Hawkins, is the father of Mr. Anthony Hope, whose pen has contributed so much to the enjoyment of the readers of this Magazine. In the aisle in the centre of the church Richardson the novelist is buried. Dr. Turpin told me that on one occasion a Frenchman came and spoke to him after playing at an afternoon service. "I determined that I would find out this church directly I came to London," he said. "I wanted to see where Richardson was buried. I do not think English people read his works as much as foreigners do. He is my favourite English novelist," and the Frenchman grew most eloquent on the subject.

The organ in St. Bride's is almost contemporary with its near neighbour in the Temple. It was built by Renatus Harris, and is about two hundred years old. Of course it has been rebuilt and added to considerably in the time, but much of Harris's work remains, and the handsome carved oak case, now black with age, is as Harris left it.

Perhaps Dr. Turpin's most important work in the musical world has been that done in connection with the Royal College of Organists. He was one of the two or three musicians who founded that large and ever-growing institution, and he has worked indefatigably for it, in the capacity of honorary secretary, during the thirty two years of its existence. On the subject of musical examinations Dr. Turpin is likewise a specialist, and I should say that no man living—certainly no one in England—has to do with a larger number of musical examinations in the course of the year than he has. As the head of Trinity College, with its immense network of examinations, thousands upon thousands of papers pass through his hands each year, to say nothing of those at the Royal College of Organists. The letters he receives from unknown correspondents are many and varied.

"I seldom have less than five hundred on my table," he told me, "and a large proportion are from strangers. Many come from America. People are always wanting advice as to entering the musical profession, and one's answer is ever the same, 'There is room for genius, but for nothing short of that.' Frequently compositions arrive with letters asking if I will correct them and then find them a publisher. Only recently I received such requests from Canada.

There are so many calls on one's time, I sometimes feel that I require several lives.

"In the summer, for instance, one can be kept hard at work all through the vacation giving lessons. Organists will come from America, from various parts of our own country and even from Germany, anxious to make the most of their time here. A well-known London organist is invariably beset with requests for lessons during the summer."

Dr. Turpin did not tell me one thing however, and that is that he himself has often and often given lessons to struggling organists, refusing to take any payment whatever.

"Do the majority of the candidates who enter for examinations intend ultimately to make music their profession?" I asked when we were discussing the question of musical examinations.

"By no means. You would be surprised at the numbers of children even of titled people and those belonging to the wealthiest classes who enter for "locals," and what is perhaps more strange, men and women who have no necessity for, nor any intention of, earning money will enter for degree and diploma examinations supposed to be only for professionals. I handed a Trinity College diploma to a titled lady only a short time ago. There is the greatest desire among amateurs to be as proficient as professionals."

"But does not the proficiency of the amateur interfere in a degree with the prospects of the professional?"

"Not so much as you would think. Take organists for example—as we are primarily discussing them to-day. The amateur organist is of immense assistance to the professional. Think of the thousands of places of worship that are scattered about all over England, and how many there are that cannot afford to pay an adequate salary to their minister even, much less to an organist. Here it is that the amateur steps in and undertakes the responsibility of the music in the church, but in no way interferes with the teaching in the district. Thus one professional organist in a small town can make a fair livelihood with his church and the teaching of the district; but what would that teaching be if professional organists were at all the other places of worship and it had to be divided amongst them?"

"How do you account for the large number of organists that are in England compared with other countries?"

"I think our peculiar religious tempera-

ment has much to do with it. As a nation we are intensely religious, yet we each insist on worshipping according to our special views. This necessitates fresh buildings of all denominations being continually erected, and as we rightly consider music one of the most important adjuncts to our services, more organists are required and they are naturally soon forthcoming."

"Is there any demand for English organists in other parts of the world?"

"Yes, both in America and in the Colonies. Quite a batch of organists leave England every year. Yet a certain amount of care is needed before taking such a step. For instance in America it is customary to annually re-elect all the church officers in May, consequently the organist is only certain of his post for one year, and under these circumstances he should make a special stipulation that he is to be engaged, say for three years certain, before he accepts the post of organist in America."

"Are good salaries paid to organists in America and in the Colonies?"

"Yes, and also in England. It is an interesting fact that, despite the rapid increase in the number of clever organists in this country, they are on the whole paid better than they ever were, and certainly much better than continental organists are paid. The salary of the ordinary cathedral organist in England varies from £150 to £400 a year, while the organist of any large church with a good musical service would get from £80 to £150. But they do things differently abroad. For example, some of the most famous organists on the Continent receive, and appear to be contented with, comparatively small stipends."

A great contrast to Dr. Turpin is his friend Dr. Bridge, whom we shall find at Westminster. At the very outset of an afternoon at the Abbey organ one's vanity receives a certain amount of gratification. A notice on the entrance to the organ loft informs the world at large that under no circumstances can any but the elect be permitted to enter. Now what human being could refrain from a secret elation on finding himself passing unchallenged through that doorway, knowing that even the awe-inspiring verger is powerless to detain him, because he is in the company of a magician who wears spectacles and carries a square hat and a roll of music as his wand.

The first thing Dr. Bridge does is to establish his visitor in a chair in a snug corner beside the organ seat, where a full

view can be had of the choir and altar, while at the same time the musically inclined can minutely inspect the Doctor's playing and his instrument.

And what an organ it is! That earnest-minded, though sadly mistaken provincial reporter who once eulogised the Doctor's performance on a local organ as being "full of diapasons and manuals," would not after all have been so wide of the mark had he been speaking of the Abbey organ. It has five manuals and seventy-four stops. In this country five-manual organs are very rare. I believe the organ in Doncaster parish church can claim this distinction, but no other abbey or cathedral organ in England has more than four manuals. And this is not all. The fifth manual at Westminster is an absolutely unique affair. A small plate fixed to the organ announces that this was added by A. D. Clarke, in memory of his wife, but the Doctor supplied more details.

"My friend Mr. Clarke (the yachtsman, you know) takes a great interest in the organ here" (the Doctor was playing an elaborate Prelude while talking), "and one day he asked me what I would like to have added to it. I told him that the organ itself was as nearly perfect as an organ could be, but that if he yearned to do something for me he could give an *additional* organ, to be placed in another part of the building, yet the manual to be under my control the same as the other four. We drew up a nice little scheme, which was to cost about £250. Later on I found some 'extras' I wanted added to it that brought it up to £600. Ultimately I discovered ways and means of enabling him to spend about £1000 on this fifth manual, or 'celestial organ' as I have called it.

"I remember it all so well," the Doctor continued meditatively. "Mr. Clarke was sitting in that very chair where you are

sitting now. I only allow really distinguished people to sit there. It is strange, too, how munificent they always are. By the way, you know we are going to put up a case to the organ in commemoration of the Purcell celebration. I might mention that it is to cost over £2000, and at present we have only £1200. The Dean will be very glad to receive a donation of the other £1000, I am sure."

I changed the subject and inquired where the 'celestial organ' had been placed.

"In the triforium above the Handel memorial in the Poets' Corner. It is 200 feet away from me, yet so perfect is the action that it speaks instantaneously with my touch, and the whole of the connecting mechanism is contained in that little cable there," and the Doctor pointed out a small cable, about two inches in circumference, that ran up the wall above the organ pipes and disappeared through an opening aloft.

"Electricity?" I asked.

"Yes, electricity. The wind supply is sent through two pipes, and that likewise has to travel 200 feet."

"Why did you have it placed so far away?"

"Because I wanted to get the effect of two distinct organs,

as far apart as possible. To the ordinary listener it sounds like two organs (which it is) and two organists (which it is not). I like to use the organs antiphonally, making the one answer the other. I am going to do so now. Just watch the effect on the congregation."

So far as I could see, looking east, the Abbey was full of people, and all eyes were turned in the direction of the organist. Suddenly the grand chords ceased to roll from the pipes that are massed above the choir screen, and from the distant Poets' Corner music came floating down—celestial music one said involuntarily. Immediately



From a copyright photo by

[F. Thurston, Luton.]

PROF. J. FREDERICK BRIDGE, MUS. DOC., OXON.
(Organist of Westminster Abbey.)

the listeners crained their necks and tried to get a glimpse of the mysterious echo, but nothing could they see. Then they looked at one another with puzzled expressions, which disappeared however when the larger organ once more took up the strain.

In our Moments with Musicians I try to avoid technicalities as much as possible, but there is one little point I would like to mention, though it will probably be interesting to none but organists. By a clever arrangement of couplers it is possible to get a two-manual effect on the "celestial organ." Some of the stops are so arranged that although they are drawn they can be disconnected from the "celestial" manual and coupled to another one instead, thus enabling a solo with an accompaniment to be played entirely on the smaller organ, even though it possess but the one manual. This is one of the Doctor's own ideas. Further evidence of his inventive genius is seen—or rather heard—in a set of small gongs which form part of the paraphernalia of the "celestial organ." These metal gongs, which run for two and a half octaves in the upper part of the organ, speak instantaneously, and sound exactly like a harp or a grand pianoforte.

And yet another of the Doctor's devices has been incorporated in the stop-mechanism of the additional manual. There are seventeen stops on the "celestial organ," but instead of being in the form of handles, to be pulled out or pushed in, they are like small ivory buttons which move up or down, and so perfect is their action that the whole of them can be immediately shut off or put on by merely running one's finger along either above or below them. These can be seen in our illustration above the stops on the left-hand side of the organ.

Dr. Bridge is proud of his instrument, and small wonder. He is also most anxious its health should never be allowed to get out of order. "Listen," he said suddenly, after he had concluded his last voluntary and had just left the organ seat. "I believe that is a 'cipher' on the 'celestial organ.'"

We all listened for a moment but could hear nothing. "I feel convinced it was," he said as he went hurriedly back to the instrument again.

"I don't think so," remarked the tuner, who happened to be in the loft, turning his head on one side to listen again.

"But I tell you —"

"Can't be no 'cipher,' sir," said a grimy-faced man who appeared—as grimy-faced

men often will—from some hidden recess of the organ. "Ain't no wind on now."

"Oh," replied the Doctor, picking up his hat, "that shows how little you know about it. An up-to-date organ like this ought to be able to 'cipher' without any wind." Nevertheless he did not stay to investigate the matter any further, and the grimy one grinned.

Personally the organist of Westminster Abbey is one of the most popular musicians in England. He is the very embodiment of enthusiasm, and always has some fresh scheme on hand, over which he lavishes time and interest. His vivacity reminds one of a school-boy home for the holidays (if I may be forgiven for speaking thus about one of our university examiners and the Gresham Professor of Music to the City of London). He has that rare gift the faculty of seeing humour under all sorts of circumstances; and those of our readers who are among the crowds who attend his Gresham lectures will bear me out that he makes others beside himself see the humorous side of life.

With his choir boys he is a great favourite, though he likes to take in outsiders by solemnly assuring them that he never spares the rod. His ingenious book, "Musical Gestures," is a fair sample of his method of training boys.

I once chanced to be present when he was interviewing one of his choristers on the subject of some misdemeanour. A tap was heard at the study door, and in response to the "come in" a very small boy entered.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Blank junior?" said the Doctor, looking at him from over his spectacles. "Now what am I to say to you? I have heard some very serious things about your conduct." Blank junior gave a pathetic sniff and stood with his hands behind him looking steadily at the carpet.

"I have heard," continued the Doctor, "that you have been fighting several of the other boys. Now that is a very grave charge, and against a boy of your years too. How old are you?"

"Please sir, nine," chirped a small meek voice.

"*Nine!* A boy of nine, and not to know better than that! Now tell me all about it. How did it start?"

"Please sir—please sir"—then with an anxious look in my direction—"I hardly like to tell you now; Smith used such wicked words at me,"

"Wicked words; dear me! Well you may speak out here; it doesn't matter what you say now. Tell me all; it shall be quite in confidence, you know; but I must get to the bottom of the matter"—this said encouragingly.

Blank junior braced his nerves for the task, and looking the Doctor in the face with an expression that seemed to say I hope you will be able to bear it, but you have brought it on yourself, explained—

"He called me a—red-herring!"

"Really!" said the Doctor with intense gravity. "I suppose he was referring to the colour of your hair. It was unpardonable. Was that all?"

"No, he said worse than that. He called me 'Lobster,' and 'Kipper,' and objectionable words like those. And the other boys asked me if I had been brought up on carrots."

The Doctor was much moved at this shocking revelation of the bad language used by choristers when off duty.

"But I do not see yet where the fighting came in?"

"Jones and Robinson pointed to my hair, and Smith laughed and then I said—I'd—fight them all."

"Blank junior, this is a bad business." The small youth endorsed the statement by further vigorous sniffs and rubbed his eyes hard with his handkerchief. "A very bad business. I wonder what form your punishment had better take? Did you fight them all at once?"

"Yes, sir"—with renewed sobs.

"Well don't rain tears quite so heavily on the carpet or I shall get rheumatics from the damp. I suppose they were all of them bigger boys than yourself, and they ham-

mered you, and you went on hammering them back until your master came on the scene?"

"Yes sir."

"Oh, then in that case I won't say anything more about it this time. If a boy who is bigger than you sets on to you, you may always go for him, especially if there is more than one. But don't let me have you starting any of these little affairs on your own account, mind, or ——! Now go back



From a photo by]

IN THE ORGAN LOFT, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

[T. J. Wright.

to your lessons, and be a good lad, and let me hear nothing but a cheerful report of you in future."

The small youth speedily recovered his equilibrium, and with a final polish to his nose disappeared.

"That little chap has some pluck in him," the Doctor remarked to me when he had departed. "He has not been here long, and one or two of the older boys teased him, as boys will, but he went at them like a little

bantam. I'm going to reckon with the bigger boys in a different manner."

There is but one other building in London to be mentioned in the same breath with Westminster Abbey, and that is St. Paul's Cathedral. But before entering the cathedral we will turn down Ave Maria Lane—glad to get quit of the ceaseless traffic and turmoil of Ludgate Hill—and through two large gates bearing the legend "Amen Court." Outside those gates there are vans and horses, warehouses, noises of every description, men and boys shouting their hardest and the publishing houses of classic Paternoster Row. Within there is silence, broken only by the singing of birds and the rustle of trees; the roar of the outer world comes but as a distant hum. Flowers bloom and nod to one another in pretty beds among the grass, while ivy and all manner of creepers climb up the half-a-dozen dark red-brick houses that surround the open space. A portion of the wall that encloses this little oasis is actually a part of the old Roman wall that went round the city.

One looks about the still quadrangle and vainly tries to realise that it is in the centre of one of the busiest parts of London. There is only one link that unites Amen Court with the outside world, and that is the dome of the cathedral. There it is, far above the tallest of the red-brick chimneys, and the houses seem well content to go to sleep when watched over by such a mighty shadow.

Dr. Martin lives at No. 4, and no one revels in the quiet of the old-world court more than he. From his study window he can look across the grass and flowers to the window where Canon Liddon used to sit writing his sermons. Canon Scott Holland is another of his neighbours; indeed the whole Court, which is cathedral property, is sacred to the use of church officials.

The organist of St. Paul's Cathedral is peculiarly in keeping with his surroundings. Calm and courteous in his bearing, there is a marked restfulness about him, to which his refined speaking voice contributes in no small degree. He has been officially connected with the cathedral for twenty years, having started originally as choirmaster to the boys under Sir John Stainer.

"Have you ever been over the choir house?" he asked as we were making our way to the cathedral for afternoon service. I said no, and added that I should much like to do so; there is always a distinct fascination about choristers

The St. Paul's choir-house is a model one—in fact there is no other choir school like it in Europe. Many will be familiar with the outside of the large block, with its Latin inscription running round it, in Dean's Court, to the right of the cathedral. This building cost £20,000 to erect, apart from the purchase of the site. Until Sir John Stainer was the organist of the cathedral there was no resident choir school; but the Dean and Chapter were anxious to secure a better class of boys, and if possible to make the school of practical benefit to many of the clergy and upper middle classes, who sometimes find it a difficult matter to give their boys the good classical education that their station in life demands. The boys have an unusually large staff of masters; scholarships to the extent of £120 a year are open to them, and everything is done to fit them eventually to enter the universities.

As we approached the building we heard singing—singing that one might be forgiven for thinking the angels would have a difficulty in excelling. On walking into the music-room we found forty boys seated at desks practising a solo from Bach's Passion music, under the direction of Mr. Macpherson, Dr. Martin's assistant. They immediately rose as we entered, taking their books in their left hands, though this little disturbance in no way interrupted their work. With one eye on the music (and the other on the stranger) they sang a difficult solo, each boy beating time with his right hand.

When it was ended they sat down again, two boys flying off into an adjoining room for chairs, and then one had an opportunity of observing that choristers are singularly human after all. Each of the two boys seized two chairs, and each struggled bravely to be the first to get his chairs through the door. Now if you have ever tried to get through a small door with a chair on each arm while someone else is endeavouring to do the same you will understand that there was a perceptible moment's delay before either boy made any noticeable progress; indeed it was not until the Doctor turned round and said in his quiet way, "One chair only, boys," that the difficult problem was solved.

In the upper regions of the choir-house the large airy dormitories give one the impression of being halls rather than rooms, while on the roof of the building the boys have a fine open-air playground that has been securely wired in on all sides and over the top, making it impossible for even a

cricket ball to come to any harm. At one end some stout beams of wood have been fastened to the wall with great consideration for the wants of human nature, and upon these the youthful Briton carves his name when the national fever is upon him. These carvings are now becoming historically interesting.

We left the choir-house reluctantly, but service time was approaching. As we reached the steps in front of the cathedral Dr. Martin paused, and looking up at the building, said—

“Isn't it a magnificent pile?”



From a photo by] [Done & Ball, Cheapside.
DR. GEORGE C. MARTIN.
(Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral.)

“Then you have not become hardened to its beauty in twenty years?” I asked.

“Hardened to it? No; it simply grows on one. I feel now that I couldn't live without it. And think of the thousands of people that one sees inside it every day. Every day! Not merely on Sundays and festivals, but morning and afternoon, winter and summer, all the year round, and never the same congregation at two services.”

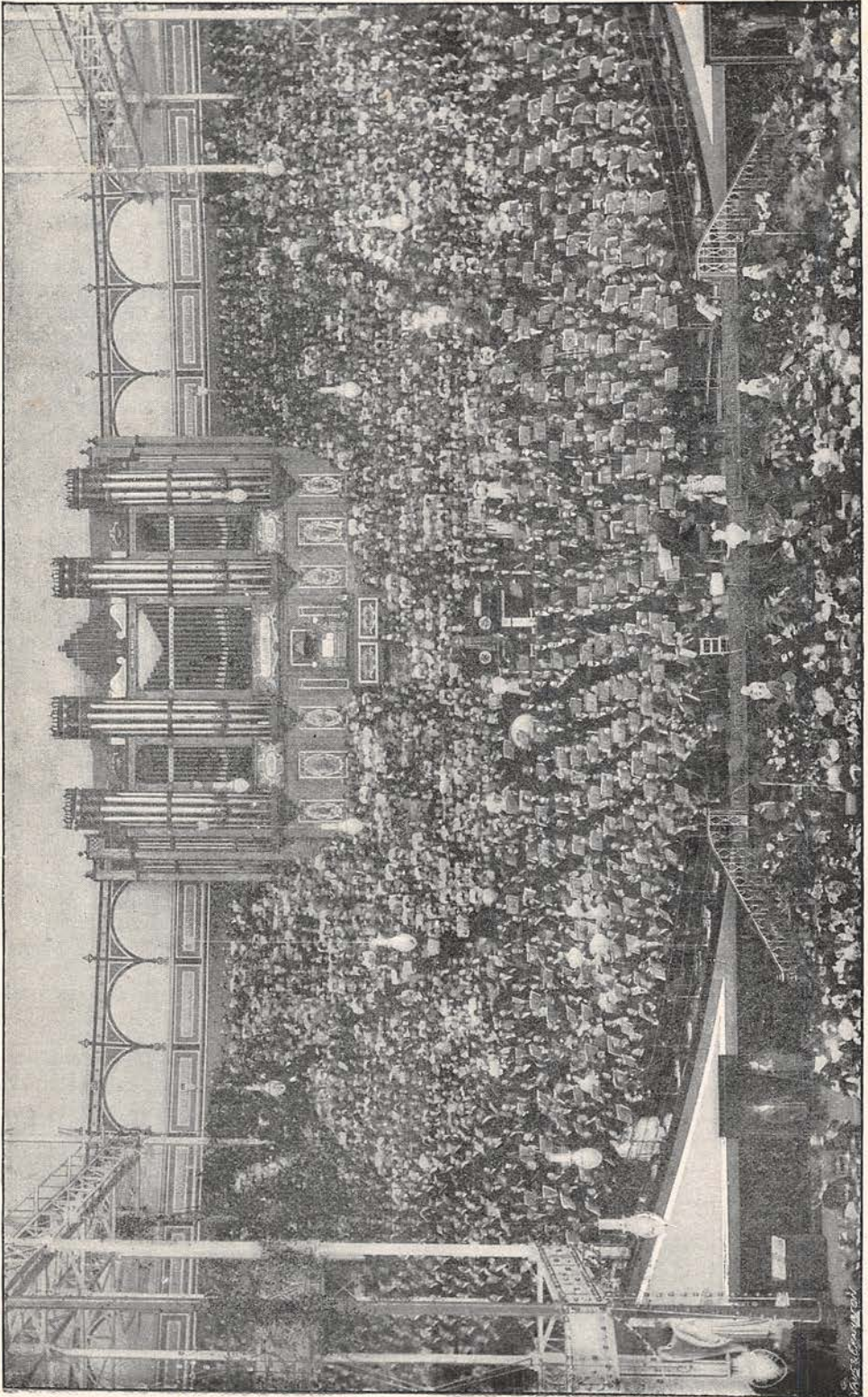
When we entered the cathedral Dr. Martin suggested that we should first of all look at the carving in the choir stalls, the most famous of all Grinling Gibbon's work. The Doctor has a positive affection for the beautiful details of the cathedral,

“We could practically replace anything else in the building if it chanced to be destroyed,” he said, “but this carving could never be replaced; and the sad part of it is that so few people see it.”

As our visit was ostensibly to the organ loft we at length left the carvings and ascended into the little box that plays such an important part in the service of the cathedral. The organ is divided, as can be clearly seen, half of the pipes being on either side of the chancel. The manuals and stops are on the left hand side as one faces the altar, and here the organist sits completely concealed from view. The organ is a four-manual, and has about sixty stops. By means of a perfect arrangement of compressed air, in tubes going under the floor of the chancel, the pipes on the opposite side speak instantaneously when the notes are touched.

The organ was built on its present lines for the public thanksgiving on the occasion of the recovery of the Prince of Wales. Mr. Willis, who was building it, was convinced that, scientifically, the system of compressed air should answer, but time was so short that there was no possibility of testing it beforehand by experiments; he could only make the requisite calculations and instruct the builders to work to them. The organ was only just ready in time, and the anxiety of the builder can be imagined. When it was completed and he sat in front of it he said he was afraid to touch it for fear his theories had failed him. Fortunately everything proved an unqualified success, and the instrument ranks as one of the curiosities of organ-building. Unlike Westminster the organ loft is very small and no view of the choir can be obtained from the organ seat. An admirable array of speaking tubes enables the organist, however, to communicate with the precentor, or with either side of the choir.

“Would you like to hear how the service sounds in the roof of the cathedral?” the Doctor asked. “I shall not be playing this afternoon, so if you do not mind a little climbing we can go up among the echoes.” Forthwith we set out on a journey to the roof, and after walking round and round a circular staircase and eventually doubling ourselves up and creeping through a hole in the wall, we came upon a strange scene. Scaffolding everywhere, scores of workmen going noiselessly about over the wooden planks that had been covered with felt, the ceiling within touching distance. What



From a photo by] *W. G. C. G. G. G.*

A HANDEL FESTIVAL AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

[Negretti & Zambra, Crystal Palace.

did it all mean? "We are now on the scaffolding that is erected over the choir," Dr. Martin explained in an undertone, "and these men are busy with the mosaics. They will be finished in a couple of days and then the scaffolding will all be taken down and you will not again have the chance of being so near the roof for a long while."

The view of the congregation was shut off by means of immense sheets of canvas, and, despite the ladders going up and down in all directions, the place seemed as firm and secure as though it were a permanent structure. It seemed impossible that one was actually suspended in mid-air, with the choir and the altar directly below. When the service began every word could be heard most distinctly, and even individual voices could be recognised in the choir.

Of the mosaics themselves, lack of space forbids my speaking. Before we finally descended Dr. Martin led the way to a room on the same level. "This is where I hide myself when I want to be quite quiet and to work," he said, unlocking the door of a pleasant study. It was a splendidly lighted room, containing a pedal piano, a gas fire, and all the comfortable accessories that such a room should possess. "It is a most convenient spot for a worker's den," he laughed. "No one can ever find me." And as we retraced our steps along precarious planks, down steep ladders, through more narrow apertures in the wall, and finally reached the spiral staircase again, I agreed that the individual who would set out alone in search of him would be courageous indeed.

When once more on *terra firma* Dr. Martin suggested that as we were on the subject of organs it would be as well to see all of them, and I followed him to a recess at the back of the choir where a second organ, a two-manual, is stowed away. The peculiarity of this instrument is that it is on wheels and can therefore be easily placed in any part of the cathedral. It is not very often used, chiefly for celebration, or when the larger instrument is under repair.

And here my tour around St. Paul's ended for that afternoon.

One more organ and then I fear our moments will have run out. No account of the famous organists of London could pass muster without mention of the great organ on the Handel orchestra at the Crystal Palace. It is built on what is known as the "ventil system," the result of which is that, when all the stops are drawn and the wind is full on, it will not speak until one touches certain

mechanisms with one's foot, each one of which admits wind into different sound-boards on which stand certain groups of pipes. This system has some advantages, but it has many drawbacks, and considerably hampers a player who is unaccustomed to its peculiarities. Another trap for the unwary performer is to be found in the fact that the player cannot hear to its full extent the sound he is producing, as much of it goes



From a photo by]

[Negretti & Zambra.

MR. ALFRED J. EYRE.

(Organist of the Crystal Palace from 1880 to 1894)

right over his head and is only heard in the auditorium.

No man understood the capabilities and peculiarities of this monster organ better than Mr. Alfred J. Eyre, who was unfortunately obliged to resign the organistship of the Crystal Palace in 1894 owing to ill health. He has a clever successor however in Mr. Walter W. Hedgcock. The present organist, though too young to have a record equal to either of the musicians already mentioned, is a player of exceptional ability. Very tall and well made, one would rather expect to hear that he was an ardent athlete, rowing for his college and so forth, than that he was a musician.

To thoroughly inspect the interior of the

Crystal Palace organ takes some time; the instrument is so much larger than one would imagine. It is dwarfed by the immense space in which it stands. The ground floor is occupied by the three hydraulic engines which supply the wind, and the lung power of the organ is stupendous. Bright machinery and an engineer are the principal occupants of this room. The first floor is on a level with the organ loft. This is an eerie place, dark and mysterious, and a wilderness of pipes and mechanisms. A steep step-ladder brings one on to the second floor, and by this time one can look down on to the organist's head. The small projections on either side of the word "Handel," which look like wooden brackets supporting a few pipes, are in reality large enough to hold a chair, upon which one can comfortably sit and look between the pipes at the masses of people down below. Another long step-ladder lands one on to the third and top story. Here one begins to get dizzy. The promenade is naturally not so wide as one could wish, in fact it is only a plank or two, while below are yawning depths bristling with pipes of all shapes and sizes, from huge wooden ones like gigantic square chimneys down to little pipes like tin whistles.

During our journeyings Mr. Hedgcock chatted about the comments that are freely made by visitors to the Crystal Palace.

"People like to come and stand around the organ when one is playing," he said, "and the first idea that seems to strike them is that it must require superhuman muscular force to extract so much sound from the instrument. I have heard one man explain to another, 'It takes an awful amount of strength to play an organ like this!' To which his friend will reply, 'Ay, you're right there!' and then they look respectfully at me as though I were a second Samson. Very few people realise that the touch of this organ is as light as that of a pianoforte. Another exclamation that one frequently hears on a Bank Holiday is, 'I say, Bill, look at 'is feet. Why, 'e's *playin'* with 'em!' The work at this place is very interesting because one gets such a variety of audiences, and they are as opposite as the poles."

"Whose music do you find most acceptable to the general public?"

"That is very difficult to say. The audiences vary so, and one has to arrange one's programme accordingly. For instance on Saturdays the recital I give before the

promenade concert will be far lighter than the one that follows the classical concert; by six o'clock quite a different class of people will have arrived. I never play anything but good music, but that does not mean that it is necessarily heavy. I should say that for an all-round popularity the 'Lost Chord' or a 'Carmen' selection pleases a mixed audience as much as any other solo."

"Do people ever speak to you personally?" I inquired.

"Oh yes. They will often ask if I will allow them to try the organ, and seem quite surprised when I tell them that the management would not permit it. Quite recently a



From a photo by [Negretti & Zambra.

MR. WALTER W. HEDGCOCK.
(Present organist of the Crystal Palace.)

gentleman came and begged me to allow his little girl to give a recital. He said she had been learning music for some time and was beginning to play well.

"Last week a very interesting man came up and asked me all sorts of questions. He was a typical visitor from the country, and he regarded the instrument with undisguised wonder. At length he said, 'Begging your pardon, sir, but would you mind just letting me hear the *full power* of the organ for a minute?' I said 'Oh, certainly,' and told him to hold on. In a few moments I let him have a good blaze. He just gasped and said, 'Bless my soul!' I think he felt he had his money's worth that day."