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HOW CHOPIN PLAYED



CHOPIN

Anonymous Lithograph after the lost Portrait by Ary Scheffer

HOW CHOPIN PLAYED

From Contemporary Impressions
collected from the
Diaries and Note-books
of the late
A. J. HIPKINS, F.S.A.

BY

EDITH J. HIPKINS

With Four Illustrations

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PREFACE

THESE notes are dedicated to the memory of A. J. Hipkins, who had preserved them in corners of his diaries and note-books as records, or, maybe, for future reference.

But for the publication of Chopin's *Letters* (Opieński) and the very kind encouragement and valuable advice of Miss Margaret H. Glyn, to whom the compiler offers grateful thanks, it is doubtful if these records would ever have escaped oblivion.

Thanks are due to *The Times* for permission to reprint the Obituary Notice; John Murray for the extract from J. A. Fuller-Maitland's *The Doorkeeper of Music*; and Macmillan & Co. Ltd. for the extracts from *Grove's Dictionary of Music*. The compiler is also grateful to the writer of the interview with M. Péru, the owner of the copyright of which cannot be traced.

That they may prove of interest to others as well, is the earnest hope of one for whom the work has been a labour of love.

E. J. H.

EALING,
1937.

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CHAPTER I

CONTEMPORARY IMPRESSIONS

OF all the players to leave memories of their beautiful and elusive art, Chopin is still the lodestar who attracts the music-lover. By the publication of his *Letters* (Opieński), very valuable sidelights were cast upon the trend of his aspirations.

But the footprints of Time are soon obliterated, and although the ardent musician now commands a truly remarkable literature on music, yet missing links exist. 'Certain arts,' says Schweitzer, 'assuredly die with particular generations, never again to reappear in quite the same way.'

The piano of to-day has to compete with the orchestra, and charm must give way to the modern requirements of force and attack. Present-day speed and power are phenomenal; the old masters were unconscious of their approach; yet, the past still retains hidden silver for those interested in its discovery.

A personal record of Chopin and of his actual playing from the diaries and note-books of the late A. J. Hipkins, F.S.A., the well-known expert on keyboard instruments, here published for the first time (although extracts have been taken from them by Niecks, Sutherland Edwards, Hueffer, and Mr. Herbert Hughes), may serve to dispel

the persistent illusion that Chopin's delicacy in playing was due to ill-health and not to his strenuous quest to obtain from the piano the utmost beauty of tone for his inspirations. He chose small pianos in preference to grands: one wonders what he would have thought of the modern Leviathan!

Hipkins was well aware of the exhaustive demands made upon musicians in quest of technical perfection, but he greatly feared that this very perfection, tending more and more towards mechanical finish, would ultimately destroy the sensitiveness of the player's touch; his sympathies were altogether on the melodic side of music; he considered melody as essential to the enjoyment of music as an art, knowing that the cultivation of delicately graded tone with its wealth of values was an imperative requirement towards the interpretation of Bach's expressiveness (*Vortrag*), and for the ultimate realization of Chopin's poetry. The same tendency occurs at times with the paint-brush. Force is demanded, and primitive colour; whilst the ethereal tints of the atmosphere pass by unheeded.

Hipkins was greatly impressed by the restraint employed by Chopin: 'In every art,' he said, 'restraint is the most difficult thing to acquire.' As a player, he had personal experience of this. It is not known that Hipkins was the pioneer of Chopin-playing in this country and that he was the first to give Chopin recitals. Of these he gave over forty at the Great Exhibition of 1851, to crowds so dense that he was rarely seen; a well-known professor, meeting with him after a recital, and who had

often heard him play privately, bade him 'look to his laurels,' for, said he, 'I have just been listening to a fellow, and he can play "Chopin"!'

Chopin, on his second visit to London (1848), stayed first at 10 Bentinck Street, Cavendish Square, and later at 48 Dover Street, Piccadilly,[1] where, in a large room, he had no less than three pianos. Of his earlier residence in London (1837) there is no record; but this tribute to his genius appeared in the *Musical World* of 28th February 1838:

> Were he not the most retiring and unambitious of all living musicians he would before this time have been celebrated as the inventor of a new style or a school of pianoforte composition. During his short visit to the metropolis, last season [July 1837], but few had the high gratification of hearing his extemporaneous performance. Those who experienced it will not readily lose its remembrance. He is, perhaps, *par éminence*, the most delightful of pianists in the drawing-room; the animation of his style is so subdued; its tenderness so refined; its melancholy so gentle; its niceties so studied and systematic; the *tout ensemble* so perfect and evidently the result of an accurate judgment and most finished taste, that when exhibited in the large concert-room, or thronged saloon, it fails to impress itself on the mass.

At this epoch, Chopin was but little known in this country; the English had their hero, already, in Mendelssohn.

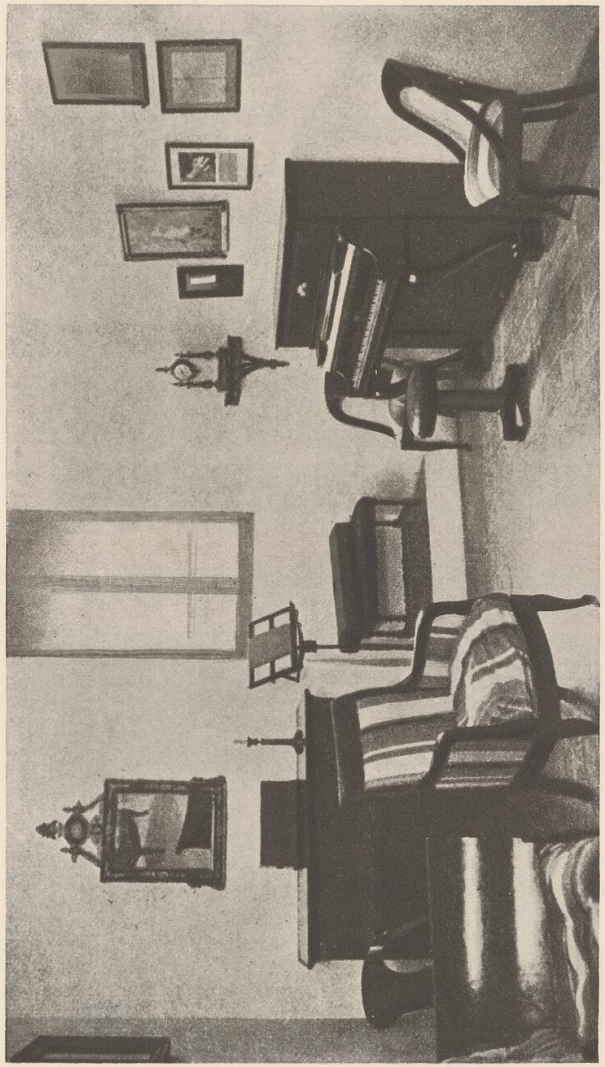
We quote now from the Hipkins diaries and note-books.

[1] *Letters*, p. 351.

My recollections are limited to the year 1848 when Chopin came to London with Sir Charles Hallé, Alexandre Billet, and others. He had been obliged to leave Paris on account of the revolution which deposed and exiled Louis Philippe. He had been in London earlier, in 1837, when symptoms of the disease to which he was to succumb had caused anxiety; then he was accompanied by the pianist and piano-maker, Camille Pleyel. Almost the only record of this visit has been preserved in the Broadwood family; the late James Shudi Broadwood, at that time residing at 49 Bryanston Square, invited Pleyel to dinner with his friend Chopin, who tried to put on a quasi-anonymity by masquerading as 'Monsieur Frits.' Chopin had no need to adopt this harmless deception, for at that time his name was unknown in this country, unless it were to a few advanced musicians. However, his incognito was upset, when after dinner he was asked to try the piano. In the Broadwood circle his fame would seem to have gone before him; although the thought cannot be suppressed that Pleyel had quietly let out the secret. The recollection of the Broadwood piano[1] and its responsiveness to his sensitive touch remained with Chopin, so that when he returned to London in the April of 1848 one of the first visits he paid was to Broadwood's warehouse in Great Pulteney Street.

That was the first time I saw him. He paid many subsequent visits, and it was on those occasions I heard him play. It was the first near experience I had of genius: I had seen Mendelssohn conduct *Elijah*; I had heard Thalberg in his remarkable and original displays of piano-playing; but they were as prose to Chopin's poetry. As to Sterndale Bennett, he would have nothing to do with Chopin—at least in his public performances. When afterwards I attempted to play some of Chopin's works, Bennett

[1] The Boudoir cottage piano—Pleyel bought one as a model for Paris.—MSS. A. J. H.



E.N.A.

CHOPIN'S PLEYEL PIANO

A room in Valldemosa Monastery, Majorca, where Chopin lived with George Sand and her family during the winter 1838–9

good-naturedly laughed at me, and said he would not give much for Wessel's [1] speculation in engraving those compositions.

On one occasion Chopin came with his pupil Miss Stirling and the late Frederick Beale of Cramer and Co. (the publishers) to play the new valses in A flat and in C sharp minor, since so popular, which Beale had secured for publication. This was a great privilege for me; but of all he played when I heard him I best remember the *Andante spianato*.

To save Chopin fatigue he was carried upstairs (he died the following year). Physical weakness was not, however, the cause of his tenderly-subdued style of playing. This was his own, and inseparable from his conception of pianoforte touch; it was incapable of modification from any influence whatever. His *fortissimo* was the full pure tone without noise, a harsh inelastic note being to him painful. His *nuances* were modifications of that tone, decreasing to the faintest yet always distinct *pianissimo*. His singing *legatissimo* touch was marvellous. The wide, extended arpeggios in the bass were transfused by touch and pedal into their corresponding sustained chords, and swelled or diminished like waves in an ocean of sound. He kept his elbows close to his sides, and played only with finger-touch, no weight from the arms. He used a simple, natural position of the hands as conditioned by scale and chord-playing, adopting the easiest fingering, although it might be against the rules, that came to him. He changed fingers upon a key as often as an organ-player.[2]

Hallé, who heard Chopin in 1847, gave Dannreuther an account of how Chopin played the *forte* passages towards the end of the Barcarolle *pianissimo*, with all manners of refinements.

[1] This firm had a contract with Chopin for the right to publish his compositions in England, paying him £12 for each piece.

[2] At the age of sixteen Chopin was appointed organist to the Lyceum at Warsaw. (*Letters*, p. 18.)

Very strong impressions remain on the memory; although 51 years have all but passed [1899], I remember Chopin, his look, his manner and his incomparable playing, as vividly as if my meeting him had been last year. He was ill, but only showed it painfully in his weakened breathing power; he could not walk upstairs; my father-in-law, Mr. Black, and my wife's uncle, Mr. Murray, carried him. He came to Broadwood through the recommendation and courtesy of the Pleyel House in Paris; he brought one of the Pleyel pianos with him, but only used it once, at an evening at the Countess of Blessington's at Kensington Gore, directly after his arrival. He immediately took to the Broadwood pianos, and after that occasion used them exclusively in England and Scotland, until, in effect, his return to Paris in the November of that year, 1848.

He was invited by the Duchess of Sutherland to a *soirée* at Stafford House,[1] where he played before the Queen.

His matinées were not given in Willis's Rooms as stated by the *Times* critic, but in the houses of the Earl of Falmouth and Mrs. Sartoris (Fanny Kemble). He gave public Recitals in Glasgow and Edinburgh and played in one of the Gentlemen's Concerts at Manchester; also, and lastly, at the Polish Ball, Guildhall, London.

He was frequently at Broadwoods: of middle height, with a pleasant face, a mass of fair curly hair like an angel, and agreeable manners. But he was something of a dandy, very particular about the cut and colour of his clothes.

He was painstaking in the choice of the pianos he was to play upon anywhere, as he was in his dress, his hair, his gloves, his French; you cannot imagine a more perfect technique than he possessed! But he abhorred banging a piano; his *forte* was relative, not absolute; it was based upon his exquisite *pianos* and

[1] Now the London Museum.

pianissimos—always a waving line, *crescendo* and *diminuendo*. To play with great strength was German; as he told Mrs. Goddard in Paris, when she took her daughter Arabella Goddard, a child of seven or eight, to play to him. 'Why,' said he, 'she plays like a German,' and when they left the house, as Mrs. Goddard told me lately, Chopin's last words were, 'Never let the child play loud.'

Here, in 1848, his compositions were almost unknown. Every time I heard him play, the pieces were strange to me, and I had to rush across Regent Street to Wessel, his English publisher, to discover what I had been hearing. Fancy the interest of this to me, a young man, who for the first time came in contact with genius!

To return to pianos, he especially liked Broadwood's Boudoir cottage pianos of that date, two-stringed, but very sweet instruments, and he found pleasure in playing on them. He played Bach's '48' all his life long. 'I don't practise my own compositions,' he said to Von Lentz. 'When I am about to give a concert, I close my doors for a time and play Bach.'

Chopin *never* played his own compositions twice alike, but varied each according to the mood of the moment, a mood that charmed by its very waywardness; his playing resembling nothing so much as the tender delicate tints seen in mother-o'-pearl and rendered apparently without the least effort.[1] His touch was elusive, and his repression so new, that his art was little understood, and by the German School not at all, with the exceptions of Schumann and Henselt, the latter the finest interpreter Chopin ever had.

To show how different he was from the modern virtuoso; Mrs. Lyszczinska, his hostess in Edinburgh, told me when here

[1] Another enthusiastic admirer, the late Miss Sophy Horsley, compared his playing 'to a gentle wind passing over the keys, so aeolian was it in effect.' And Heine, listening, asked 'if the trees at moonlight sang always so harmoniously?'

in 1895 that when he stayed with her, he would of an evening retire into an adjoining room, where an old Broadwood square piano of her childhood stood, and play upon it with evident pleasure.

Mrs. Lyszczinska was again in London in 1906, a small dark-eyed vivacious woman over eighty, and she told the present writer that when Chopin came to Edinburgh he fell desperately ill; and anxious friends, knowing that her husband, Dr. Lyszczinski, a fellow-countryman of his, was residing in that city, gladly sought his aid. He, finding the poor invalid not only ill but miserable in lodgings, rolled him up in rugs and carried him off to his own fireside in Warrington Crescent, and there, while the doctor was away attending to his patients, Chopin would remain in bed until the doctor's return; his host would then carry him downstairs and place him before the fire, and there he would lie, unless an inspiration occurred, when away would fly the blankets and he would hasten to the old square piano in preference to the new and modern grand, standing in the same room.

Chopin must have found some peace in that home. Mrs. Lyszczinska at that time was young and a singer, and although of Scottish race, her husband had taught her some Polish airs, so when Chopin finally left he bestowed several personal relics upon her, including his gold sleeve-links, which she, in 1895 and again in 1906, brought to London in the vain quest for purchasers.

Of Chopin's pupils heard by Hipkins, 'not one,' he said, 'possessed their master's incomparable charm.' He

was acquainted with several; but of the pupils, the Dubois family, grandmother, mother, and daughter, left an imperishable record on his memory, as of being the loveliest women he had ever seen.

In the present century there appeared a very interesting interview with Chopin's last pupil, M. Péru, about whom we would like to know more; his experiences are in agreement with the foregoing pages.

I was only eighteen when I first met Chopin: at that time I was studying with Kalkbrenner. One day, Chopin called to see him while I was having a lesson, and I was introduced as an impossible pupil (because I wanted to play according to my fancy).

Chopin asked me to play something, and I played a couple of his nocturnes: 'Not bad, not bad,' said he. Turning to Kalkbrenner, he asked if he would mind if he gave me a few lessons. 'Take him altogether,' said the other, 'he is my most impossible pupil!'

I called the next day on Chopin, he was lying on a divan; I found later this was his constant habit. He gave me my first lesson that day, and for two years he taught me without ever taking a penny from me.

He was the most extraordinary genius. He would interrupt me in the middle of playing something with an irritated, 'Who on earth ever taught you to play like that?' And jumping up from the divan he would push me away from the piano and fling himself on the stool and play—as only angels in Heaven must play, I think.

Suddenly he would bring me back with a shock by finishing abruptly and saying to me, with his arms flung out in the air: 'There, that is how I want you to play!' Then he would drop

back on the divan, exhausted, pale, and haggard, with perspiration dropping from him, and his breath coming from him in stifled gasps. Sometimes he would remain like that for an hour or more, while I waited. My lessons were always like that.

Technique? No, Chopin had no more theories on technique than a nightingale; and his only method was to play like an angel: and then tell me to do likewise. *Que voulez-vous?* I could only listen enraptured, and then go away and nearly break my heart trying to remember and imitate him.

The hopeless part of it all was, though, that Chopin never played a piece the same way twice; each time he played his interpretation was entirely different. He was just the opposite to Kalkbrenner, who always played as though he had a mechanism inside him that he wound up and let go. (Here M. Péru went to the piano and gave me an imitation of Kalkbrenner's style; of the man, who had been the *bête noire* of the youth of the last two generations, with his terrible scales and exercises.) Chopin was a strange being, thin, pale, and very distinguished looking. Although at that time at the height of his fame, he never had a penny to bless himself with, because he hadn't the slightest idea how to keep money, and, in consequence, used to drag from one miserably furnished *appartement* to another.

Nevertheless, he was always most fastidious about his personal appearance[1] and I have known times, when the papers were writing about the elegance of his walking-stick, and when 'gloves à la Chopin' were the latest rage of fashion, Chopin himself was wanting very often for money with which to pay his rent or procure himself food.

He never really played his best except to a few friends, or when

[1] This attention to personal appearances—ill, but in pink kid gloves and hair beautifully curled—upset the puritanical ideas of his Scottish hearers at Broadwoods; but it was the prevailing fashion.

he forgot himself in front of his pupils in sheer exasperation at their blunders. (*Cassell's Weekly*, 21st March 1923.)[1]

Chopin wrote: 'In Germany I could not have learned the piano from anyone (*Letters*, p. 160). It is said everywhere that I play too softly, or rather, too delicately for people used to the piano-pounding of the artists here' (p. 54). He was not taken by English praise; and of our women he says: 'They all look at their hands, and play wrong notes with much feeling. Eccentric folk: God help them' (p. 395). That with him music and singing were one is seen by his delicate appreciation and generous praise of the singers of his time: Sontag, Lablache, Rubini, Pasta, Malibran, etc. Of Sontag he says: 'It seems as if she breathed some perfume of the freshest flowers into the hall; she caresses, she strokes, she enraptures' (p. 92); of Cinti-Damoreau: 'Her chromatic scales are better than those of Toulon, the famous flautist' (p. 157); of Viardot, that she sang some of his mazurkas at a Covent Garden concert, and had to repeat them (p. 354); of Malibran: 'She depends only on her marvellous voice; no one sings like her. Wonderful!' (p. 156).

Among contemporary musicians to leave records of Chopin that of Moscheles is of the utmost value, for he seems to have been the only one who realized Chopin's aspiration and ideal: that of the singer's art. He says:

Chopin has just been playing to me, and for the first time I understand his music. The *rubato*, which with his other inter-

[1] This article contained a profile of Chopin, drawn from life by Winterhalter in 1847.

preters, degenerates into disregard of time, is with him only a charming originality of manner; the harsh modulations which strike me disagreeably when I am playing his compositions no longer shock me, because he glides over them in a fairy-like way with his delicate fingers; his *piano* is so soft that he does not need any strong *forte* to produce his contrasts, and for this reason one does not miss the orchestral effects which the German School requires from a pianoforte player, but allows one's self to be carried away as by a singer, who, unconcerned about the accompaniment, entirely follows his emotions. (Moscheles, *Diaries,* Leipzig, 1872.)

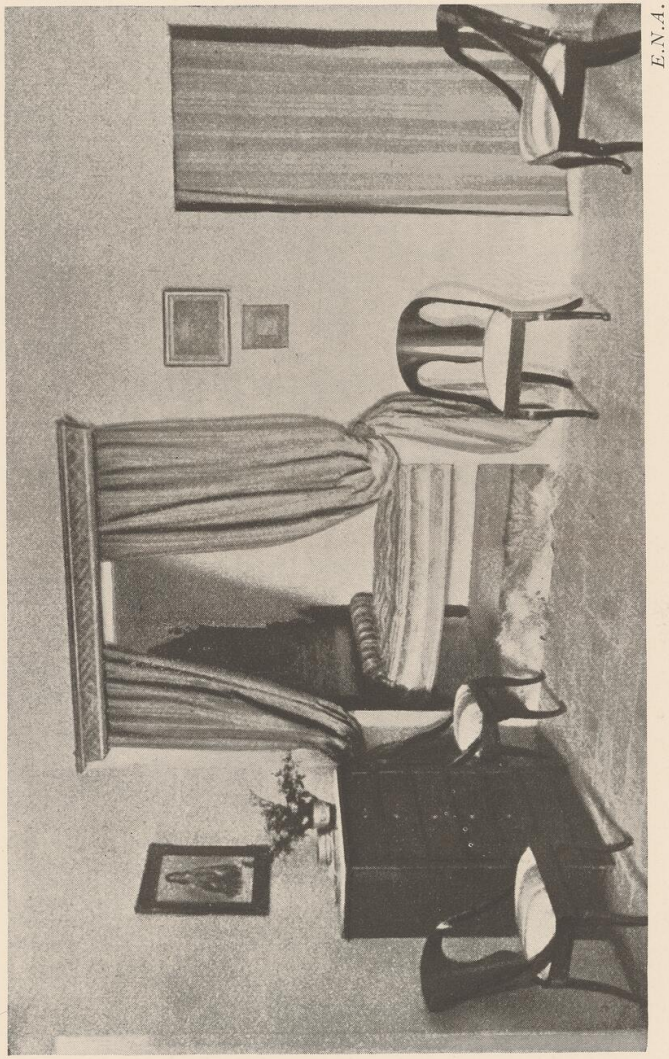
Mendelssohn's impression of Chopin is of great interest, as written in a letter to his sister, 1835[1]:

His playing has enchanted me afresh, and I am persuaded that if you, and my father also, had heard some of his better pieces, as he played them to me, you would say the same. There is something thoroughly original in his playing, and at the same time, so masterly that he may be called a most perfect virtuoso; and as every style of perfection is welcome and acceptable, that day was most welcome to me. . . . It was so pleasant for me to be once more with a thorough musician, and not with those half-virtuosos and half-classics . . . but with one who has his perfect and well defined phrase.

George Sand's notes on Chopin are also full of interest. Of him she records:

He spoke but little and rarely of his art, but when he did so, it was admirably clear and with so firm a judgment as to dispel the heresies he pretended to profess. But at the piano he was

[1] Pauer, *Historical Concerts,* 1867.



E.N.A.

CHOPIN'S BEDROOM AT VALLDEMOSA
On the wall, left, is a Portrait of George Sand

himself. He said he intended to bring out a book, not only on his method, but of his theories.[1] He was, above all else, a musician, his thoughts resolved themselves into music only: he had a receptive mind, but not for the Fine Arts; indeed, Michael Angelo scared him, and Rubens shocked him! He was a strange mixture. (*Impressions et Souvenirs,* p. 88.)

These beautiful small pieces, so modestly called 'preludes' by him, are works of art . . . they were written in the sunny hours of better health, amidst the laughter of children, beneath the window and with the song of birds or distant guitars. (*Histoire de ma Vie*, p. 439.)

Schumann, too, is as happy in his remarks:

The Preludes surprise—they are just simple sketches, mere scraps of studies; but as wild and as variegated as an eagle's wing, that under his pearl-like touch are enchanting; he is and will remain a magician, the Poet-singer of to-day. . . . The Studies are beautiful interpretations; you think of a solitary star fulfilling its destiny through the dark and lonesome hours; or of an Aeolian harp, over which the artist's hands wander in ever-varying mood, above whose deeper notes is heard an ever-audible melodious voice—so he plays. The loveliest is in A (No. 25), a poem rather than a study; the softest notes are audible; it is a wave of harmonies to the distant ether, in which melody and voices mingle. ('Eusebius.'[2])

[1] It was said, that when Chopin was dying, he begged his friend Gutman to destroy the notes for this intended work, and that the wish was carried out.

[2] Schumann, 1835, became proprietor and sole editor of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, and took an active part in its being for ten years. In his own writings he was in the *Davidsbündler* alternately 'Florestan' or 'Eusebius,' two characters at variance, in which he endeavoured to embody the dual sides of his nature.

Of the second Scherzo, says Schumann: 'It should not be treated in bravura fashion, since that would destroy its delicate ethereal twilight effect; it lingers in memory like the scent of violets or a poem of Byron's.'

The recollection of a visit to Chopin by Anne Richmond Richie (daughter of W. Makepeace Thackeray) shall close these personal records. As a child she was taken to see him by Miss Stirling, a pupil and staunch friend of his. He was alone and very ill.

The carriage stopped at the door of a little house in a side street; the visitors reached a second floor, and rung a bell; and the door was instantly opened 'by a slight, delicate-looking man with long hair, bright eyes and a thin hooked nose,' whose two hands, the lady took in hers, and reproached him for coming to the door. The visitors entered the bare room, with nothing in it but an upright piano and a few small chairs, and their host asked them if they would like to hear him play something he had just composed. They would dearly like it, but would it tire him; it would not be good for him?

He smiled again, shook back his long hair, and sat down immediately; and then the music began, and the room was filled with continuous sound, he looking over his shoulder now and then to see if we were liking it.

The lady sat absorbed and listening, and as I looked I saw tears in her eyes—great clear tears rolling down her cheeks. . . When he stopped at last and looked round, the lady started up. 'You mustn't play any more,' she said; 'no more, no more, it 's too beautiful'—and she praised and thanked him in a motherly, pitying sort of way; and then hurriedly said we must go; but as we took leave she added almost in a whisper with a humble apologizing look—'I have brought you some of the jelly, and my





sister sent some of the wine you fancied the other day; pray, pray try to take a little.'

He again shook his head at her, seeming more vexed than grateful. 'It is very wrong; you shouldn't bring me these things,' he said in French. 'I won't play to you if you do'—but she put him back softly; and hurriedly closed the door upon him and the offending basket. . . . She looked hard at me as we drove away. 'Never forget that you have heard Chopin play,' she said with emotion, 'for soon no one will ever hear him play any more.'

CHAPTER II

THE ART OF THE EARLY PIANO

TIME has proved right the discerning critic of the *Musical World* of 1838 in his estimate that Chopin could, had he so wished, have founded a new school of pianoforte playing. The new school indeed appeared, but not, alas! during the lifetime of the one who should have been its founder. Given health and longer life, Chopin might have achieved miracles. He could have established his own tradition.

The loss has been greater than is generally realized. Two of Chopin's friends and pupils, the Count Fontana and Monsieur Tellefsen, brought out different editions, one in London and the other in Paris, of the piano works, each of which was anathema to the other editor, while both claimed the honour of being the sole recipient of Chopin's confidence. His other pupils possessed neither the gifts nor the opportunity of carrying on any real suggestion of the master's playing. The fact recorded, that he never played his own compositions twice alike even as regards the actual notes and always with a different interpretation, is sufficient to account for the varying editions and for the pupils' failure. And the descriptions by Hipkins and others, valuable as they are, can throw but pale shadows of the original playing.

The Chopin-playing of this century is a post-Chopin tradition which has nothing to do with the playing of the master, and has continually progressed further and further from his ideal as the piano has gained in strength and volume. It represents what others have made of his music, but it is not the real Chopin, any more than the Bach of our pianists is the real Bach. To find the real Bach, we must go back to clavichord and harpsichord; to find the real Chopin we want the early 'square' piano (actually a flat oblong) which Chopin loved to play upon. It may be worth while to retrace our steps and inquire what this early piano really was like.

Undoubtedly it possessed charm and sweetness, and what has been described as 'the ideal character of evanescent tone';[1] power it had not, but loudness in itself was a thing not to be desired by Chopin; he valued the *forte* only as setting off his delicate tone-shading, and herein yawns the gulf which separates his playing from ours.

Invented by Zumpe, a German who had long worked for the harpsichord maker, Shudi, the earliest square piano known is dated 1766. The action was simple and facile, and it became the norm for nearly all square piano actions till 1780, when it was reconstructed by John Broadwood. The compass was five octaves. Square pianos were occasionally fitted with drawers for music and were sometimes made to look like tables; in Germany 'many clavichords were converted into square pianos, which was easily done, owing to the

[1] A. J. Hipkins, *History of the Pianoforte*, p. 64.

depth of the sound-box.'[1] There was in the later eighteenth century a great demand for these pianos. In the early nineteenth century they gradually increased in size, and the Broadwood squares of Chopin's time were large compared with Zumpe's, but the wooden frame was still retained. From about this time they began to disappear, being replaced by the tall upright piano, and the cottage piano, the forerunner of the upright grand.

The remarks of Ernst Pauer on the early piano are illuminating. He says:

> Whilst the Viennese hammer of the time of Beethoven and Hummel (1815–30) was covered with four or five layers of buck-skin of varying thicknesses, the present hammer is covered with only one piece of felt, and produces a tone which though larger and stronger, is undoubtedly less elastic; the action of the Viennese piano was very simple and it lacked many improvements which enable the present piano, with its almost perfect mechanism, to do a considerable part of the work for the performer.[2] Thus we find that while formerly tone, with its different gradations, touch, the position of the fingers, etc., had to be made matters of special study, the present piano with its accomplishments saves this labour: whilst formerly the pedal was used but sparingly, it is at present used almost incessantly. . . . The thinner tone of these pianos allowed an amalgamation of tone colour: the preponder-ance of metal in modern instruments precludes it. (GROVE, *Dictionary of Music*, 1899, vol. ii, p. 744.)

According to Hipkins, Chopin's use of the pedal,

[1] A. J. Hipkins, *History of the Pianoforte*, p. 98.

[2] Chopin, Liszt, Thalberg, and Henselt, says Hipkins, gained their unrivalled mastery of tone by assiduous practice upon the German piano with the so-called Viennese action.

particularly that of the soft pedal in transfusion with his touch, was in arpeggios and in sustained chords of a beauty indescribable. Jean Kleczynski[1] states that with Chopin the pedal followed the note, an effect still in some quarters considered a novelty.

The art of the early piano was evidently distinct from that of to-day. From C. P. E. Bach to Chopin the ideal was, not force or velocity, but a perfect *legato* and a singing tone. C. P. E. Bach's famous treatise[2] declares that 'keyboard players should study good singing when-ever possible; that players should sing the pieces they study.' He says of himself:

> I leave dexterity to the Knights of the keyboard, preferring to sing upon my instrument; music ought principally to move the heart, and in this, no performer on the pianoforte will succeed by merely thumping and drumming, or by continual arpeggio-playing. During the last few years, my endeavour has been to play the pianoforte, in spite of its deficiency in sustaining tone, as much as possible in a singing manner—this is by no means an easy task, if we desire not to leave the ear empty, or to disturb the noble simplicity of the *cantabile* by too much noise.

Chopin is reported to have taught: 'Everything to be read *cantabile*, even my passages; everything must be made to sing; the bass, the inner parts, etc.' This 'inner voice' rendering was one of Hipkins's memories of Chopin; few use it, alas! and as for the *held note*, attri-bute of Bach, Beethoven, and Chopin, speed has banished it. 'Few know how to make much of a

[1] Jean Kleczynski, *The Works of Frederick Chopin*.

[2] *On the true Art of Playing the Clavier*, 1753.

holding-note, that permanent and simple beauty of modern and ancient music—of instruments as well as voices.'[1]

It is clear that nothing can sing without a *legato* tone, and this *legato* depended on the fingers and very little on the pedal. Touch was of supreme importance, and a more individual matter than it is to-day. To the pianist the chief difficulty of the early keyboard instruments is the lack of pedal to achieve *legato*. To the organist trained in *legato* touch it comes easily, as it did to Chopin through his early organ-playing.

If we inquire into the origin of this quiet intensive *cantabile*, it will be found to derive from the clavichord player. We are accustomed to think of the piano as the successor of the harpsichord, which for concert purposes it was, undoubtedly; but the harpsichord contributed little to piano technique. Its principle of tone-production is foreign to the pianoforte, whereas the clavichord and piano are akin in method, the difference lying in the use of tangent or hammer. What made possible the development of piano-playing on the present lines was the change in pianoforte actions, which took place in the earlier part of the nineteenth century. Hipkins considered that the corresponding change in playing was due at first to Czerny, who relinquished the touch of the eighteenth century, founded mainly on the individual use of the fingers with their sliding movement, for the percussive touch based on equalization of the fingers. To this the change in keyboards also contributed.

[1] Edward Holmes, *Musical Times*, 1850.



CHOPIN'S HAND

From a Marble in the National Museum at Budapest

The piano keyboard in the first thirty or forty years of the nineteenth century, following the fashion of the older spinets and harpsichords, were made with shorter ivory head-pieces than now prevail; the ebony sharps and ivory tail-pieces were also shorter. The position of the player's hands was therefore different, the thumb not being held so much above the natural keys, but rather in front of them, and the fingers attacking them nearer to the front edge. The wear being more confined to one spot, the ivory became hollowed out, and even the front edge was occasionally destroyed. (A. J. HIPKINS, *History of the Pianoforte*, p. 30.)

It is said that Beethoven complained of his old pupil Czerny for his want of *Bindung* (sustaining power). Czerny, probably, was rejoicing in the newly acquired finger-freedom assisted by the labour-saving pedal; whilst Beethoven, trained on the expressive clavichord, had his compensation in the greater perfection he could bestow on phrasing, with, maybe, a purer and less hasty articulation. Beethoven's annotations on some of Cramer's studies,[1] ignored to-day, contain the key to the elusive clavichord, and Czerny says that Beethoven 'was very anxious that I should acquire a perfect *legato*, his own *legato* being as may be imagined, wonderful.'[2] Hanslick says: 'Beethoven wished to hear his own music performed as *legato* as possible; hand and keyboard must be one (vom Clavier das mit der Hand eins müsse).' The finger-dance of staccato ('die Unsitte des Fingertanzes,' as he called it) was a bad habit.[3] Pauer says that

[1] *Cramer's Studies*, selected by Beethoven, ed. J. S. Shedlock, 1893.
[2] *Recollections of my Life*, Czerny, as given by A. J. Hipkins.
[3] *Neue Freie Presse*, as quoted by C. F. Abdy Williams.

Beethoven preferred Cramer's touch to all others; the quietness, smoothness, the pliability of the movements of his hands and fingers; the unexceptionable clearness and correctness of his execution and the exquisite moderation of his style, rendered his performance unique, added to which he possessed an innate nobility of expression, and a rare suavity and euphony of delivery. . . . All who had the good fortune to hear Cramer play, speak of his *legato* and *adagio*-playing with rapture; and describe the finish and delicacy of his touch as something exquisite. He was a thorough master of his instrument.[1]

J. B. Cramer (1771–1858) and John Field (1782–1837) represented the old guard of piano-playing. Says Dannreuther: 'Both as a player and as a composer, Chopin and with him all modern pianists, are much indebted to Field. . . . His Nocturnes are the very essence of all idyls.' The description of his style recalls that of Chopin: 'A suave and singing tone, capable of endless modifications and delicate shades of expression.' Field also preferred the square and small upright pianos.

Chopin writes in 1831: 'I astonished Kalkbrenner, who at once asked me, was I not a pupil of Field, because I have Cramer's methods and Field's touch. (That delighted me.)'[2]

It seems evident that, although Chopin's music founded a new school of piano-playing, the playing of Chopin himself was inherited from tradition and be-

[1] Pauer's *Performances*, 1863. These *Performances* (now out of print), 1862, 1863, 1867, were the forerunners to Grove's *Dictionary of Music*, in which Grove, editor, and Hipkins and Pauer as contributors, appeared in happy collaboration.

[2] *Letters*, p. 154.

longed to the older style. There is no evidence that he ever played the clavichord, but it is beyond dispute that all the characteristics of his playing were those of the clavichord player, and he must have had some knowledge of this expressive instrument, once so common in the world of music. The clavichord touch, the most difficult of any to acquire, would naturally have been transferred to the piano and doubtless formed the foundation of the exquisite *legato* possessed by Chopin and the earlier masters. Certain characteristics of it are mentioned by C. P. E. Bach. *Abzug* (the sliding finger for soft effects); *Tragen der Töne* (emphasized *legato*); and *Bebung* (a *vibrato*). Dannreuther in his *Ornamentation* says that *Bebung* is possible on the piano if the note is gently reiterated. This must have been still more the case on the early Viennese square piano. Field uses *Bebung* in his nocturnes and Chopin in his early mazurkas, showing that the clavichord tradition then still existed. The sliding finger,[1] said by Jean Kleczynski to be used by Chopin, but anathema for years on the piano, was the true eighteenth-century touch for the keyboards of that period, and it was this soft, sliding touch that gave, and still gives, to the old keyboards their charming *legato*. Modern pianists are quite out of their depth when confronted by instruments of that period.

Through the development of piano technique, this touch has become obsolete, and eludes the present-day enthusiasts, who 'dig' for it with the greatest perseverance, and are no nearer the mystery. But J. S. Bach himself

[1] The finger slides from near the back of the key towards the front.

has left this valuable clue on the title of his *Two-part Inventions: Eine Cantabile Art in Spielen zu Erlangen* (for acquiring a *cantabile* art of playing). He was so emphatic over the *sustaining of tone*, that he compelled his pupils to give six months, or even more, towards its accomplishment, ere he would allow them to touch the '48.' To relieve the monotony of their routine he wrote the smaller preludes, which, easy as they seem, require courage. Madame Schumann considered the *Inventions* the most difficult of all his works to master.

Bach's manner of playing the clavichord is said to have been remarkable at once for quietness and the most perfect clearness: the time of his performance was slightly animated, though never so much as to interfere with the most absolute correctness of execution. (J. N. FORKEL, *Johann Sebastian Bach.*)

It is very remarkable, and it may be more than a coincidence, that the pioneer of Chopin-playing in this country became at a later date the pioneer of the revival of clavichord-playing. Hipkins gave lecture-recitals on the early keyboard instruments between 1883 and 1892 in London, Oxford, and Cambridge. On 7th June 1886 he lectured before the Musical Association, and the following is an extract from his paper:

We know how Bach availed himself of equal temperament for both clavichord and harpsichord. The establishment of a rational finger technique has shown the way to a *legato* style of performance, without which the clavichord could have no real interest or charm. To obtain the full vibrating tone of this most intimately expressive instrument, it was necessary that the player's finger and the key should be, for the time required, as it were indissolubly

bound together. In point of fact, a good clavichord player may be said to *feel the strings*, so close is their connection with the fingers. We can from this realize the importance of J. S. Bach's precept, written in 1723, that the player should, above all things, acquire a *cantabile* manner of performance. By this the whole keyboard technique became immeasurably raised. . . . I will conclude this paper by playing upon a good German clavichord that was once Carl Engel's and is lent to me by Mr. Herbert Bowman, a composition of all others representative of the instrument. I mean the *Fantasia Cromatica*. All that can be said about Bach and the clavichord is epitomized in this extraordinary work.

Hipkins played the two opening bars lightly and gaily, preferring to treat the theme itself that follows as an expressive poem; reintroducing the brilliancy overleaf, until the triplets occur that introduce the arpeggios. These were played impressively, once only up and down,[1] as a prelude to the recitative in which the left hand holds a subordinate part, the chords being a gentle accompaniment to the theme in question. The last page but one was gaily given, the final page recovering its serene impressiveness to the finale's 'dying fall.'[2] He never omitted the fugue, a great favourite with him: it was, he thought, replete with, and owing some of its peculiar charm to, the chords of the diminished seventh, created by equal temperament. He played the chord of the ninth upon the dominant, which begins the fourth bar from the end of the fugue (bar 158), arpeggio, as happens before, when that chord occurs in a similar position.

[1] These arpeggios were augmented by Mendelssohn.
[2] See Appendix, p. 37.

These performances were the first act in the revival of the clavichord, which has since attracted so many enthusiastic admirers. It was made possible through Carl Engel, who had removed to London in 1850 and had taken a wife from the Bowman family. Here he began that work by which he made his name famous. He gathered together a fine collection of musical instruments, which among other rare specimens contained five clavichords, of which three are in existence: the green one at the Victoria and Albert Museum; the plain one given to his old friend Hipkins, now at the Royal College of Music; and the very fine-toned one, always used by Hipkins at his lectures, still in the Bowman family. These were full-sized clavichords of five or more octaves,[1] introduced it is said by C. P. E. Bach, for the playing of 'modern' compositions: his father seems to have adhered to the smaller kind of four octaves and one note, for he rarely exceeds this compass in his compositions.[2]

Before coming to London, Engel had settled for a time in Manchester, and in a Manchester paper he wrote a defence of Chopin, whose playing there at a concert in 1848 had been roughly assailed. A further link between Chopin admirers and those of the clavichord!

We are, perhaps, on the eve of the revival of the

[1] A. J. Hipkins, *History of the Pianoforte*, p. 63.

[2] The inventory taken at Bach's death does not include a clavichord. This may be due to an error made by the lawyers' clerk in noting down as a 'spinet value 3 thalers,' an instrument that was actually a clavichord. Clavichords were by then passing out of fashion and may have fetched very little.

square piano of a hundred years ago, so suitable for flats and the smaller rooms of to-day. Would it not be worth while to recapture some of the charm of Chopin upon the instrument of his choice? A little piano that will sing to a sympathetic touch, far easier to play than the clavichord, but a true chamber instrument that will unite with string instruments without drowning them; an ideal interpreter of early piano music. These pianos being built of wood, the piano of to-day no longer suggests in any way the tone of the instrument of Bach's or Chopin's time; the result of substituting an iron resonance for the clear and bright wood resonance.

The duller the *timbre* of an instrument the less suitable it is for polyphonic playing, in which each voice must stand out clearly from the others and be always perceptible by the hearer, without effort. (Schweitzer.)

On being asked were it not a fact that a very complicated key-mechanism was a mistake, Hipkins' reply was worth noting: the more complications there were, the more and the greater were the obstacles placed between the player and his tone; and therefore the more the complications the less was the amount of the player's personality which came out in his tone, and the more 'pro tanto' lost in the mechanical movements placed between him and his strings. Said his questioner: One could only understand the comparative simplicity of, say, Mozart's music on the ground that the instrument on which he played was so simple in its mechanism that the player's feeling went straight to the heart with scarcely any intervening obstacle, and in this the competent judge and learned musician agreed. (*Musical Standard*, 25th October 1890.)

APPENDIX I

CHOPIN'S FUNERAL

By J. W. Davison, critic of *The Times* (1846–79), from the preface to Davison's edition of Chopin's *Mazurkas* (Boosey, 1860).

THE *éclat* that accompanied Chopin's name abroad only found a faint echo here, and his sojourn in this country was scarcely more brilliant in a public sense than if it had been the visit of an illustrious 'incognito.' Meanwhile Chopin's health did not improve. The climate of London was by no means beneficial to his malady, while the keen air of the Scotch hills was decidedly prejudicial. To make matters worse, when he returned to Paris, his favourite medical adviser (M. le Docteur Molin) died.

From that time Chopin sank, to revive no more. He could no longer play, he could no longer compose; and what was even a greater privation for him, he could no longer frequent those aristocratic circles where alone he breathed the atmosphere congenial to his nature, moral and physical.

Unable to put the finishing touch to his latest compositions, he caused the manuscript of nearly all of them —including the commencement of a *Pianoforte Method* which he had long contemplated, but with which his failing strength did not allow of his proceeding—to be burned.

Very shortly after this hecatomb, Chopin took to his

bed. His friends now despairing of his recovery, his sister (Mme Jedrzejewicz) came from Warsaw, to watch at his bedside and await his impending dissolution. Chopin had taken new apartments which, however, he was not destined to inhabit, the very day his furniture was removed being the day of his death.

At last his illness touched its final limits, and on the 17th of October [1849] in presence of his sister, M. Gutman (who had never quitted him night or day) and the Abbé Jelowicki, from whom he received the last sacrament—he expired in the fortieth year of his age. M. Clesinger, the sculptor, took a cast of his features, which was afterwards executed in marble for his tomb.

Chopin had expressed a wish to be buried in the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise, between the tombs of Bellini (with whom he had been on terms of intimacy) and Cherubini (to make whose acquaintance was one of his professed reasons for stopping at Paris on his way to London). He was also desirous that the *Requiem* of Mozart should be performed at his obsequies. Both requests were obeyed.

The writer was present at the ceremony in the Madeleine. By the interest of Chopin's friends, the consent of the Archbishop of Paris was obtained, and, contrary to all precedent, no less than to canonic prohibitions, the aid of women's voices was allowed. When the *Requiem* of Mozart was played at the funeral of Nourrit, the popular singer, the last time such an honour was conferred on the memory of a musician, the restriction against female voices was not attempted to be waived.

The ceremony, which took place on Tuesday, the

30th of October 1849, at noon, in the church of the Madeleine, was remarkably imposing. The great door of the church was hung with black, the initials of the deceased being emblazoned in silver. The vast area of the modern Parthenon was crowded. The nave and aisles, the choir, the galleries above the magnificent porticoes, that adorn the walls, the interstices behind and between the columns of the porticoes, the organ gallery, and the gallery that runs round the choir, immediately under the windows, were alive with strangers, who had come to see the last of Frederic Chopin.

Many, perhaps, had never heard of him before — for Chopin's was neither a popular talent nor a popular name—many more were doubtless indifferent both to the man and to his influence; some few were there who felt a deep and sincere interest in the proceedings; but the pomp and pageantry had an equal attraction for all. There could not have been less than 4,000 present.

In the space that separates the nave from the choir, a lofty mausoleum had been erected, hung with black and silver drapery, with the initials 'F.C.' conspicuous on the pall. At noon the service began.

The orchestra and chorus (both from the Conservatoire, with the late M. Girard as conductor) and the principal singers (Mme Viardot-Garcia, Mme Castellan, Signor Lablache, and M. Alexis Dupont) were placed at the extreme end of the church, a black drapery concealing them from view. When the service commenced, the drapery was partially withdrawn, and exposed the male executants to view, concealing the women, whose presence being uncanonical, was to be felt, not seen. A solemn march was then struck up by the band,

during the performance of which the coffin containing the body of the deceased was slowly carried up the middle of the nave.

Prince Alexandre Czartoryski, M. Eugène Delacroix (the painter), M. Franchomme (the violoncellist), and M. Gutman (or Goodman), Chopin's grateful and affectionate friend, each held a corner of the pall. Meyerbeer, who, on the occasion of Beethoven's funeral (in 1827), had presided at the drums in the orchestra, was now chief mourner, in company with Prince Adam Czartoryski.

As soon as the coffin was placed in the mausoleum, Mozart's *Requiem* commenced. The effect of this mighty inspiration, with such executants and on such an occasion, need not be told. The march that accompanied the body to the mausoleum was Chopin's own *March Funèbre*, from his first pianoforte sonata, instrumented for the orchestra by M. Henri Reber. At the Offertory M. Lefébure-Wély, organist of the Madeleine, performed the preludes in B minor and E minor. The solos in the *Requiem* were sung by the four artists named above. Lablache, who had sung the *Tuba mirum* in the same *Requiem* at the funeral of Beethoven in 1827, was again allotted that task.

After the service, M. Wély played a voluntary, introducing themes from Chopin's compositions, while the crowd dispersed with decorous gravity.

The coffin was then carried from the church, along the Boulevards, to the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise—a distance of three miles at least—Meyerbeer and the other chief mourners, who held the 'cordons,' walking on foot, bare-headed.

A vast number of carriages followed, and the procession was beset and incommoded by crowds of curious people. At Père-la-Chaise, in one of the most secluded spots, near the tombs of Habeneck and Marie Milanollo, and between those of Bellini and Cherubini, the coffin was deposited, in a newly-made grave. The friends and admirers took a last look, ladies in deep mourning threw garlands and flowers upon the coffin, and then the grave-digger resumed his work, and began filling up the pit which he had dug for the last home of Chopin.

To the disappointment of many, but in consonance, it is believed, with the wishes of the deceased, no discourse was pronounced over the body.

J. W. D.

APPENDIX II

A. J. HIPKINS, F.S.A.

(17th June 1826—3rd June 1903)

OBITUARY NOTICE

(*The Times*, 4th June 1903)

THE musical world has sustained a great loss in the death of A. J. Hipkins. Learned without pedantry, qualified to speak with all possible authority, yet as humble as the youngest student—Mr. Hipkins held a position quite unique among musicians. To the outer world he was identified with the house of Broadwood for sixty-three years; many musicians, pianists and others, owe their first success to his kindly and wise encouragement.

As an expert on all kinds of musical instruments and especially those with keys, he was highly honoured all the world over; and it was due to him, more perhaps than to any one else, that the 'diapason normal' was finally adopted in England. . . . As a matter of chronology, it is curious to find that the system of equal temperament was so far from being established in England in 1844, that young Hipkins, who was led to his deep study of the subject through his devotion to Sebastian Bach, was a pioneer of the system among the tuners of the Broadwood firm.

It was not till 1848 that the Exeter Hall organ was tuned in equal temperament; and the system was not

applied to any of the organs in the Great Exhibition of 1851. Here he gave pianoforte recitals every Friday and Saturday; and soon afterwards turned his attention in earnest to the vexed question of pitch, beginning his collection of tuning-forks in the year 1855. Five years later, in connection with Ernst Pauer's historical recitals —at which some of the old keyboard instruments were employed—Hipkins wrote a series of commentaries on the works performed and on the nature of the old instruments.

As a matter of course, his professional calling made it easy for him to understand the mechanism of both harpsichord and clavichord; but he had besides the insight into the methods of Bach and the older composers, which enabled him to decide on the exact way in which such things as the famous '30 Variations' of the former should be played, and to give the weight of his authority to the theory, undoubtedly the true one, that the *Chromatic Fantasia* was originally written for the clavichord.

It is difficult to realize that Hipkins was in his day considered peculiar for his admiration not merely for Wagner, but for Chopin; an eminent critic said of him: 'Hipkins is not a bad sort of fellow, but he will like Chopin'; and a very interesting photograph was published not long ago, in Miss Bach's memoir of her two brothers, of the six enthusiasts who had the courage to admire Wagner in the year 1868. One of these was Hipkins, whose admiration was not unconnected with the conviction that Wagner was being condemned unheard in England. The same love of fair play and the same strong advocacy of all that was best in modern

art, as well as in ancient, were characteristics that remained with him through life, and that endeared him to a very large circle of friends.

When *Grove's Dictionary* was projected, Hipkins was one of the most important contributors, and wrote no fewer than 134 articles for it, chief among them being his masterly treatise on the pianoforte. He contributed the article on the same subject to the ninth edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, and brought the most recent developments under notice in the supplementary volumes.

He undertook at the request of the King (when Prince of Wales) the formation of the loan collection of the 'Inventions and Music Exhibition' of 1885. A fine catalogue of the exhibits was prepared under his care,[1] and his sumptuous volume, *Musical Instruments, Historic, Rare, and Unique*, was issued in 1888, illustrated by William Gibb.

Various papers on musical pitch, read before the Society of Arts and elsewhere, did much towards the introduction of the rational pitch into England; and his *Standard of Musical Pitch* (1896) is of the greatest possible value. In 1896 he published a *Description and History of the Pianoforte,* and various papers by him were read before not only the Royal Society but other learned bodies. In 1886 he was admitted a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries.

His latest researches into the essential character of two of the ancient modes were embodied in a pamphlet, at first printed for private circulation and afterwards in the *Sammelbände* of the Internationale Musik-Gesellschaft, under the title of *Dorian and Phrygian*. He lectured

[1] But not published.

fairly often upon the old keyboards, which were his especial hobby, illustrating his remarks with performances in which the delicacy of his taste, the finish of his technical skill, and the soundness of his musicianship were all apparent.

DR. JAMES MURRAY

(Of the *Oxford Dictionary*)

A wonderful record of a life's work the vastness of which surprises me, who entered into correspondence with him so recently and with so little knowledge of all he had done. He was not cut off in the midst of his days, like some whom we mourn, but he assuredly died in harness and in the midst of his work, for I am sure that if his years had been prolonged to another score he would busily have filled them all.

J. A. FULLER-MAITLAND

(*A Doorkeeper of Music* (1929), p. 110)

I was fortunate in numbering among my friends another of the same intellectual and social class as Rockstro, as learned as he in his own way, and like him remarkable for a courtesy (alas! that it must be called 'old-fashioned'). . . . A. J. Hipkins was a benefactor to all the young pianists who were trained in England or who flocked over from abroad. . . . It was a revelation to hear Hipkins play the *Chromatic Fantasia* of Bach on his clavichord, for in the comparatively deliberate pace adopted one could realize the depth of Bach's poetry,

which is generally hidden in the performances of those who will make it sound like a display of fireworks.

As a distinguished antiquary and as the author of the beautiful book on *Musical Instruments* (1888) the name of Hipkins is well known to the later generation, but they cannot realize the charm of the man, nor the perfection of his understanding of music. As he was one of the men who most strongly influenced my musical development, I am happy in being allowed to include a photograph from the portrait by his daughter, now in the National Portrait Gallery.

J. A. FULLER-MAITLAND

(*Grove's Dictionary*)

He was, in after years, very difficult to please in performances of Chopin by the younger players, and though his manner was always kindness itself, it was impossible for him to approve some of the modern readings of Chopin's works. His own performances of Chopin were of exquisite beauty, for he was a highly accomplished pianist and was an unrivalled authority on the old keyboard instruments. His studies, guided by the perusal of C. P. E. Bach's treatise, made him a master of the harpsichord, concerning which, before his time, but little was really understood; his methods of disposing the two keyboards, so as to play the 'Goldberg' variations of Bach, or the sonatas of Domenico Scarlatti, with their continual crossing of hands, are undoubtedly right, and to him is to be ascribed the resuscitation of a practical interest in this instrument as well as in the

clavichord, the secrets of which he divined from long practice on an instrument lent him by Carl Engel. He was the first in modern times to perform the pieces already named upon the harpsichord and the *Fantasia Cromatica* of Bach on the clavichord (on instruments of the period) and in public.

Besides his professional work, which ultimately consisted of the almost complete control of the Broadwood business, he found time to study most thoroughly the scientific side of music, becoming a specialist on the questions of Temperament and Pitch. His support of the practical adoption of Equal Temperament dates from 1846; and his investigations into the history of musical pitch, which he prosecuted from 1855 onwards, were at length instrumental in the substitution of a pitch nearly in accord with the 'diapason normal' (A/439 at a temperature of 68° Fahrenheit) instead of the old 'Philharmonic' pitch. This good work was not finally accomplished until 1896. These studies led in 1876 to an acquaintance with Dr. A. J. Ellis, F.R.S., with whom he was closely associated in his later writings: the *History of Musical Pitch* (1880), *Musical Scales of all Nations* (1885), and the second edition of Ellis's translation of Helmholtz in the latter year. The latest fruits of his researches on the Pianoforte and on Pitch are embodied in articles contributed to the ninth edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and throughout the first and second editions of 'Grove' he contributed valuable articles on the keyboard and other instruments.





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