

soon as possible for Vienna, where he lived with little interruption until his death in 1827. His habit of life followed the seasons as far as his irascible temper would permit, his set pattern being to live in lodgings in the city during the winter, spring and summer being spent in the suburbs; but he could seldom agree for long at a time with any lodging-house keeper, until at last his name became a by-word among them. He could be offended on the least provocation, and would rush off at a moment's notice. One landlord aroused his ire by bowing too low when he met Beethoven in the latter's daily walk; and on another occasion when he found several people stop to look at him, he rushed home, packed his papers, and the same day moved to a new neighborhood. Such frequent flittings naturally caused him much expense, but in money matters he was utterly unthinking. As a striking example of his unfitness to look after his financial affairs, it is stated that his last years were cramped by poverty, when, after his death, forgotten bank shares were found in his desk, which had they been sold, would have made him fairly comfortable.

Always fond of practical jokes, Beethoven once made a wager to put out an eminent singer, (to quote from Schindler) "by an adroit modulation, and led the singer out of the prevailing mode into one having no affinity to it, still adhering to the tonic of the former key, so that the singer, unable to find his way, was brought to a dead stand." Just as malicious, and of rougher design, was the prank played upon the wife of a fellow-composer who had asked for a lock of Beethoven's hair. This last being long, grey, and strong, he and a friend conceived the idea of sending a lock of goats hair to the lady; but one is glad to know that he had the grace to be heartily ashamed of the trick afterwards.

In early years the force and originality of his playing made his hearers predict great things of him, although up to that time he had composed nothing worthy of note. When struck with an idea he

would try to sing it if he had no means at hand of committing his thought to paper; and this singing of his was a penance to anyone within earshot, for if not a roar it was a piercing screech that made the hearer wince. It was a difficult matter not to offend him, for, if pressed too much to play, he would leave the house in a temper; and if he played, the least inattention would exasperate him. Often actual force was required to get him seated at the piano, but once there he would extemporise for a couple of hours at a time. After one of his great improvisations he would banter his hearer upon their emotions, remarking that what artists wanted was applause not tears, and would often call his audience "fools" and "spoiled children" for shewing their emotion. As his deafness grew, his playing declined, until at last it was nothing but a crash of sound. His attitude at the piano was quiet and dignified, whereas as a conductor his contortions were extravagant. Seyfried says that "a diminuendo he was in the habit of making by contracting his person, making himself smaller and smaller, and when a pianissimo occurred he seemed to shrink beneath the conductor's desk; as the sounds increased in loudness so did he gradually rise up as if out of an abyss: and when the full force of the united instruments broke upon the ear, raising himself upon tiptoe, he looked of gigantic stature, and with both arms floating about in undulating motion seemed as if he would soar to the clouds."

His ungovernable temper often led to laughable, if rough, exhibitions in public. He was fond of throwing the things of which he disapproved at the head of the person who aroused his wrath; as, for instance, once in the dining-room of the "Swan" he flung a dish of stewed beef and gravy at a waiter who was defenceless with his hand full of dishes in the centre of the room. While they two swore and shouted, the general company present roared with laughter. On another occasion he avenged many old scores against his cook. He was in the habit of preparing some of his daily