

"who was burning with anxiety to see the great man. Arrived at the house-door, I had some misgiving, knowing Beethoven's dislike to strangers, and asked my brother to wait below whilst I felt my way. After short greetings, I asked Beethoven if I might introduce my brother to him. The hurried reply was, 'where is he then?' 'Below,' I answered. 'What! Below! said he with vehemence, then rushed down, seized my astonished brother by the arm, dragged him into the room, exclaiming 'am I so barbarously rude and unapproachable?' He then shewed great kindness to the stranger." When Rossini called to see him four times in succession he was refused admittance, although Beethoven knew his stay in Vienna was short.

Haydn and he were never friendly, and when they did meet usually had a passage of arms. Soon after the first performance of the Ballet of Prometheus the two men met in the street. "I heard your new Ballet last night," said Haydn, "and was much pleased with it." "*Olieber papa*, you are too good," was the reply, "but it is no *Creation* by a long way." The unnecessary allusion seemed to startle the old man, but after a moment's pause he quietly said, "You are right; it is no *Creation*, and I hardly think ever will be." This was never forgiven by Beethoven.

Hummel on the other hand, retained his affection for Beethoven to the end. When the latter was within a few hours of death Hummel came to his bedside, and by the aid of an acoustic instrument enabled him to hear a few words of compassion and regret. For a moment the great master seemed re-animated, his eyes shone, and he struggled to gasp out, "*Is it not true, Hummel, that I have some talent after all?*" These, it is said, were his last words.

In 1823, when his deafness was final and his health far broken, he attempted to conduct his opera "*Fidelio*," but in spite of the assistance given him on all sides, his physical infirmity was so striking that he himself was forced to notice the embarrassment on every face. He

asked, and when informed of the cause, was so broken in spirit that he immediately left the orchestra and could not free himself from the depression resulting from his failure.

After many persuasions of his friends, when he was fifty-four he was induced to give a concert embracing selections from two of his works; and it was at this concert that the applause was so irrepressible and tumultuous that the performance had to be temporarily stopped. What sadder sight can be imagined than this great man, standing with his back to the audience, unconscious of the enthusiasm which his own creation had evoked. It is said that when Mademoiselle Ungher and Madame Sontag, who were singing for him that night, turned him round to see what he could not hear, the shouts became so tumultuous that even those deaf ears were penetrated. He must have quitted that scene with the consciousness of having set the seal upon his immortality.

At first sight there does not seem to be much correspondence between his personal characteristics and his music, except perhaps the humor, which is equally silent in both. In the final of the Seventh and Eighth Symphonies there are passages the exact counterpart of the rough jokes and horseplay, of which we have quoted an occasional instance. But leaving humor for other points, where in his life shall we find the grandeur and serene dignity of some of the slow movements in his music, the mystic tone of the horn passages at the end of the Trio in the *Eroica*, or of certain phrases in the final of the Choral Fantasia and of the Choral Symphony, which lift the hearer so strangely out of time into eternity. These must represent a state of mental absorption when all heaven was open before him, and in which he retired within himself far beyond the reach of outward things, save his own divine power of expression. Equally difficult is it to see anything in his life answering to the sustained nobility and dignity of his first movements, or of such a piece as the "*Overture to Leonora No. 3*." Like many another