

articles of food with his own hands, his coffee and bread soup among them, and once he charged the cook with sending up bad eggs for the latter. When the hapless domestic, cautiously hovering at the door, appeared in answer to her master's summons, she was received with a battery of the suspected eggs, the aim being as precise as prompt.

Beethoven's house was always in a state of perfect confusion, while he plumed himself upon his bump of order and love of neatness. The casual visitor ran an equal chance of sitting on a heap of papers, the remains of day-before-yesterday's breakfast, a chair, or a cheese. When, as frequently happened something was mislaid, he vowed everyone in the house was in league against him ; but his wrath was soon over, and in spite of frequent outbursts his servants were fairly devoted to him.

His habits, bodily and mental, were much the same all his life, his custom being to rise at daybreak, dine at noon or soon after, and at any time make hurried breaks into the fresh air, flying along at breakneck speed and in an absorbed manner. He depended upon fresh air for inspiration, and when the weather—which then had to be bad indeed—prevented his going out, he resorted to a cold bath for ideas. When composing, he used a sketch-book in which he set down thoughts and phrases as they occurred to him, often not working them out until long after. This kind of procrastination was one of the faults found with him by his patrons, as he invariably put off the execution of commissions until the last possible moment.

Ungraceful, and completely awkward, Beethoven was sure to upset anything that was not nailed to the floor, and the more costly the article the more certain he was to break it. If an inkstand and a piano were in the same end of a room, the former stood a very fair chance of being emptied into the latter before the end of the day. Unless on the occasions when he forgot his beard and allowed it to grow half an inch long, he daily shaved himself, and as a result his face

was carved in a perfect pattern. Many ridiculous exhibitions of his impulsiveness are connected with his shaving hour ; as, for instance, once when Ries entered the room suddenly, after a long absence, Beethoven was so glad to see his very dear friend, that, covered with lather as he was to the eyes, he embraced Ries with such effusion that he effectually transferred all the soap on his own left cheek to the other's right, to the equal amusement of both men. Another time, jumping hastily from his bed and immediately preparing his face for the razor, he turned to the open window for a moment, when, becoming so absorbed in the beauty of the morning, he forgot to move away again. Naturally, some passers by stopped to gaze, when Beethoven roared to the "fools" to ask what they were looking at !

A hot-blooded Republican in Spirit, he often gave striking examples of his democratic bad taste. Once as he and Goethe were walking together, they met the whole Imperial family. Goethe stood aside, bending low, with hat off, while Beethoven walked on, with arms folded and hat well pressed down. The Imperial ones made a lane for the great man to pass through, which he did, receiving without acknowledgement their salutations as he strode by.

His genius and oddity, in spite of his bearishness of manner, did not fail to make him some warm friends among men, and he was always a favorite with the young countesses and baronesses from whose musical circles were drawn his princely patrons. His impatient pride never lost a chance to take offence, and he never stopped to consider the feelings of his hosts. One of his numerous patronesses in the aristocratic world invited him to supper to meet the then greatest musical amateur in Berlin, Prince Louis Ferdinand. The lady's stringent adherence to her rules of etiquette prevented her from placing the prince and the composer at the same table; consequently Beethoven, whose democratic spirit was especially sore on the matter of social distinctions, left the