

# *Stories of*
# *Great Musicians*

GREAT LIVES SERIES

SELECTED AUTHORS

# *Stories of Great Musicians*

**FORGOTTEN CLASSICS FAMILY LIBRARY**
**Libraries of Hope**

Stories of Great Musicians

Copyright © 2014 by Libraries of Hope, Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without prior written permission of the publisher. International rights and foreign translations available only through permission of the publisher.

Boyhood Stories of Famous Men, by Katherine Dunlap Cather, New York; The Century Co., (1914).

Stories of Great Musicians, by Annie C. Thayer, Boston; Educational Publishing Company, (1905).

Story-Lives of Great Musicians, by Harriette Brower, New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company, Publishers, (1922).

Story-Lives of Great Musicians, by Frances Jameson Rowbotham, London: Wells Gardneer, Darton & Co., LTD, (1907).

Stories of Great Musicians, by Kathrine Lois Scobey and Olive Brown Horne, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: American Book Company, (1905).

Little People Who Became Great, by Laura Antoinette Large, Boston, Chicago: W.A. Wilde Company, (1920).

When They Were Children, Stories of the Childhood of Famous Men and Women, by Amy Steedman, New York: F.A. Stokes Co. Publishers,

Libraries of Hope, Inc.
Appomattox, Virginia 24522
Website www.librariesofhope.com
Email support@librariesofhope.com
Printed in the United States of America

# *Table of Contents*

*Stories of Great Musicians* ..... *1*

The Whittler of Cremona ..... 3

Johann Sebastian Bach ..... 11

Bach ..... 28

George Frederick Handel ..... 59

Handel ..... 71

Ludwig Van Beethoven ..... 122

Beethoven ..... 138

Franz Joseph Haydn ..... 193

A Little Boy With a Long Name ..... 212

Mozart ..... 216

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart ..... 226

Franz Peter Schubert ..... 244

A Bit O' Pink Verbena ..... 251

The Wonder Child of Warsaw ..... 267

Robert Schumann ..... 280

Richard Wagner ..... 292

Giuseppe Verdi ..... 301

The Girl Who Built Castles in the Air ..... 318

# *Stories of Great Musicians*

**By Selected Authors**

## *The Whittler of Cremona*

(1644-1737)

It was sundown and Maytime, and Cremona was gay in the wealth of green and gold weather. Revelers in fantastic attire went laughing along the promenades, for it was the last day of carnival week, and grave men and women had been transformed into merry-eyed maskers. Instead of a solemn clerk in office or shop there was a jolly shepherd, or perhaps a dryad, while money-lenders who on other days looked stern and forbidding frisked about as goats or clowns or apes. Yes, it was gay in Cremona, for it was May and carnival time, and they come but once a year.

Down in a narrow, alley-like street that crept, zigzag fashion, toward the Duomo, three boys were standing in the shadows. They wore no masks, not even a scarlet brow-shield to show that they had any part in the merriment that was general on the boulevards, and the shabbiness of their clothing told that they were of Cremona's poor. Perhaps they had crept from the bright-robed throng because of their somber attire; perhaps just to talk over a question that seemed important, for two of them were in earnest conversation, while the third stood quietly by, whittling at a pine stick. He was younger than the others, with a sensitive face and big, expressive eyes

that were brown and velvety, and his companions called him Tonio.

"But I tell you, Salvator, every minute lost now is like throwing gold away. People are generous at carnival time, and we can get twenty lira to-night as easily as one when the fun is over, for a merry heart makes an open hand."

''Perhaps you are right, Gulio, and I will go. Shall we start now?"

His brother nodded and replied, "Yes, to the piazza, in front of the Duomo, where a crowd is always passing. You sing, and I will play. Do you want to go too, Tonio?"

Antonio looked up from the stick that was beginning to take the semblance of a dagger under his knife, and turned his velvet eyes full on Gulio.

"Yes. I'd like to be with you, even if I cannot sing."

The brothers laughed.

"You certainly cannot sing," Gulio remarked. "You can do nothing but whittle, which is a pity, for that never turns a penny your way. But hurry. People are in their merriest mood now."

And laughing voices sounding from the streets told that he was right.

Gulio picked up his violin, and, followed by Salvator and Antonio, led the way through the alley to a street that skirted the Po. Other Cremonese, both old and young, moved in the same direction, for all wanted to be where

the fun was at its height, and that was in the great square in front of the Duomo. The brothers chatted as they went along, for the thought of the money the revelers would give had made them light of heart. But Antonio said little. Gulio's remark that he could do nothing but whittle was still in his mind, and while he knew it to be true, it made him sad. He loved music, yet could have no part in making it, for he did not own a violin, and when he tried to sing his voice squeaked so that the boys laughed. It was hard to be just a whittler when his companions could play and sing well.

Soon they were in front of the great cathedral, where a throng continually moved by, the brilliancy of the masks and dominos seeming to vie with the hues nature had spread across the sky. For the sun had dropped like a ball of flame on the broad Lombardian plains beyond the city, and masses of purple and maroon clouds were piled along the horizon. Now and then a sail fluttered like a white-winged bird as a pleasure bark moved up or down the river, and gold-emblazoned standards and rich caparisons on the horses and carriages of great lords added color to the scene. There is a saying that all nature is glad when Cremona makes merry, and the glowing beauty of the evening seemed to prove it true.

Without losing a minute Gulio took his violin from its case, and tuning it with skilful fingers, began the prelude of a Lombardian folk song. Salvator's voice was sweet and lute-like, and as he sang to his brother's accompaniment,

several stopped to listen, and dropped coins into the singer's outstretched hand when he finished.

Antonio kept on with his whittling until it was so dark he could not see to work. Then he sat on the cathedral steps and waited for the boys.

A man walked by. He wore neither mask nor domino, and seemed to care little about the gaiety. But seeing the youthful musicians, he came close to where they stood.

"That is a pretty song, lad," he said as Salvator finished another ballad. "Would you sing it again to please a lonely man's fancy?"

He seemed to hear nothing but the music as the boy did as he asked, and stood with half-closed eyes listening to the fresh young voice that blended sweetly with the soft violin accompaniment. Then, handing Salvator a coin, he went on down the street, without noticing Antonio, who still sat on the steps.

The boy held the coin up in the waning light and gave a cry.

"*Sacre giorno*! A gold piece! A gold piece for one song!"

Gulio looked at him dubiously. But when he examined the coin, he too exclaimed, "Truly a gold piece! But he can well afford it. That is the great Amati."

Antonio came and looked at the money. He had seen very few gold pieces, and thought it wonderful that a man

should give so much. Then, turning to Gulio, he asked, "Who is Amati, and why do you call him great?"

Salvator stared in amazement.

"You have not heard of Amati?" he asked.

But before he could answer Gulio interrupted, "Of course not. Antonio is just a whittler. He knows about knives and woods, but little about music. Amati is a violin maker, the greatest in Italy, and very, very rich. Yet men say he cares for nothing in the world but his work."

The brothers were so happy over their good fortune that they were not willing to stay in the street any longer. They wanted to get home with the money, and Antonio had no desire to be there alone. It is jolly to watch a throng of merry-makers when one has companions, but not pleasant to be in the midst of gaiety in which you have no part. So he walked with them as far as the bridge across the Po, then went on to his own home and crept to bed. But he did not sleep, for his brain was afire with a thought that had just come into it. He could not sing. He could do nothing but whittle, and here in his own Cremona was a man who with knives and wood made wonderful violins.

Before dawn next day he was up, and eating a piece of bread, took some things he had made with his knife, and crept out of the house while his parents were still sleeping. Somewhere in the city the master violin-maker dwelt, and he meant to find his home. It was not hard, for all

Cremona knew of the great Amati, and while the matin bells were still ringing Antonio stood at his door.

The servant growled because he disturbed the house so early and scolded him away, so he waited in the street until he was sure it was time for work to begin, when again he rattled the heavy brass knocker. Again the man was about to drive him away, when the master, hearing the hireling's angry tones and the boy's pleading ones, came to the door.

"I have brought these things for you to see," Antonio answered when questioned. "I cut them out with my knife, and want to know if you think I can learn to make violins."

The great man smiled.

"What is your name, lad?"

"Antonio Stradivarius," came the eager reply.

"And why do you want to make violins?"

The boy's face was very earnest as he looked into the master's, and the velvet eyes seemed to grow darker as he spoke.

"Because I love music, and cannot make any. Salvator and Gulio can both sing and play. You heard them last night in the piazza in front of the Duomo and gave them the gold piece. I love music as much as they, but my voice is squeaky. I can do nothing but whittle."

The master laid his hand on Antonio's shoulder.

"Come into the house and you shall try. The song in the heart is all that matters, for there are many ways of making music. Some play violins, some sing, some paint pictures and make statues, while others till the soil and make flowers bloom. Each sings a song, and helps to make music for the world. If you put your best into it, the song you sing with knives and wood will be just as noble as the one Salvator and Gulio sing with voice or violin."

So Antonio Stradivarius, a boy who could not sing, became a pupil of the great Amati. Day after day he toiled in the workshop. Day after day he hewed persistently and patiently, until at last he had a violin. It was not done in a week, nor in a month, for the master taught him many lessons beside those in cutting and shaping and string placing, one of which was that a tiny bit well done each day is what means great achievement by and by. Sometimes he wanted to hurry and work less carefully than his teacher advised, but gradually he learned that patience is worth more than all things else to him who would excel, and when the instrument was finished he felt repaid for the long days of toil, for the master praised it, and that was a wonderful reward.

Years passed, and he worked on and on. His squeaky voice no longer troubled him, for although it had not improved, and Gulio and Salvator were both singers much loved in Cremona, he had learned that Amati's words were true, and that if there is a song in the heart there is always a way of singing it. So he put his best into his work,

and his violins became known all over Italy. Musicians said their tone was marvelously sweet and mellow, and wondered how it could be. But to Antonio it seemed very simple, and he said it was just because he put so much love into the making.

At last Amati died and his pupil took his place as the master violin-maker of Italy. Salvator and Gulio's voices had become squeaky, and people no longer cared to hear them, but still Antonio kept steadily on at his much-loved work, trying to make each violin better and more beautiful than the one before it.

That was over two hundred years ago, and now, at the mention of Cremona, men think not of the fair city beside the Po whose stately Duomo still looks out over the fertile plains of Lombardy, but of the world's greatest violin-maker, Antonio Stradivarius. There is no civilized land into which his instruments have not been taken, for musicians prize them more highly than any others, and refuse for them sums greater than any of which the boy Antonio had ever heard. To own a "Strad" is to be rich indeed, and one of the things of which Italy is proudest is that it was the land of Antonio Stradivarius. All of which goes to show that although one can do nothing but whittle, he may help to make music for the world if there is a song in the heart, and a noble purpose and patience and persistence keep the hands at work.

## *Johann Sebastian Bach*

(1685-1750)

Over three hundred years ago, there lived in a little German town, a good man named Hans Bach. He had a son who was a miller. This miller was so fond of music that while his great mill-wheel turned round and round, grinding the corn, he would take his zither and play and sing in the dusty old mill.

The miller's son also loved music so that he studied and became a better musician than his father. He was full of fun and kindness, and he traveled about the country making music until he was known and loved by everyone. He had three sons who made music their profession, and these sons married and settled at home, or in neighboring towns; and by and by *their* sons grew up and made homes of their own nearby. So time went on, until there had grown to be many families of Bachs, not far apart, fathers and sons, brothers and sisters, or uncles, cousins and grandchildren to each other.

In the south central part of Germany lies a beautiful stretch of country containing a cluster of little towns. There is Erfurt, situated in a fertile plain on the river Gera; Erfurt is a fortress, and is surrounded by high walls

containing six great gates, and two citadels. Twelve miles south of Erfurt is Arnstadt, a very old city, situated in the picturesque country on the banks of the same river Gera; and a few miles west of Erfurt, in the midst of wooded hills, beside another small river, is Eisenach.

It was principally in these three towns that the Bach families lived, and they so loved their homes and each other, that they never moved far away. There was one other thing they passionately loved and that was music.

Once a year they held a great family reunion. After the greetings were over, all joined in a solemn choral or hymn, followed by livelier songs. Then they talked of what had happened since they last met. If one had composed a new song, now was the time to sing it to the others. They praised and helped each other and had a joyful time.

The Bachs were so simple, earnest, high-minded, kind and cheerful that the townspeople loved them for their goodness, besides admiring them for their music. In Erfurt, for years to come, the town musicians were called "The Bachs" even after there was no one left by that name.

At last, more than one hundred years after the first Hans Bach, a little boy was born into one of these families, who was to become the greatest of all the Bachs. More than that, he became one of the greatest musicians of the world. He was born at Eisenach, March 21, 1685, the very year in which George Frederick Handel was born. He was named John Sebastian Bach.

What a difference there was between these two little children, who were born within a month of each other, not one hundred miles apart, and who became the two greatest musicians the world had known up to that time. No one can tell where little Handel's music came from, but we do know that it was almost unknown in his family and that he was kept from it by his father as long as possible. John Sebastian Bach, on the contrary, was born right into the midst of music. From his very babyhood there was music in his home, and all about him, for Eisenach was a musical little town.

His father gave him violin lessons, but soon the hard times which seem to have come to all great little musicians, came to Sebastian. When he was only nine years old, his parents both died, and he was taken away from his beautiful home in Eisenach, to live with his older brother, who was organist at Ohrdruf, not many miles away.

This brother began to teach Sebastian to play the clavichord or clavier, an instrument resembling a small square piano. The child soon showed that he had unusual musical ability. He quickly learned his lessons, and then he wanted harder ones. But his brother would not give him new music; he made him practice over and over the old lessons that he knew by heart.

There was one thing in his brother's house that Sebastian wanted more than anything else. He longed for

it with his whole little musical heart—and that was a book of music composed by the best masters of the time. In those days it was not so easy to get music as it is now. Much of it had to be written by hand, for printed or engraved music was rare and expensive. Perhaps there was hardly any music in the house besides this book which Sebastian desired, and which his brother with great labor had copied for himself.

Sebastian *knew* he could play that wonderful music, but the book was kept locked up in a cupboard. This cupboard had a latticed door, through which the little boy often gazed at his treasure, until one day he managed to slip the book out through the slats. That was a great joy and surprise, but of course he dared not keep the book out long, for fear of discovery, and so he planned a great piece of work. He would copy all that music for himself.

If you think that a small thing to do, try it. Copy one line of music, putting in every little note and rest, and see what you think then of copying a whole book.

Sebastian's problem now was, when to do it without being discovered. Not in the day-time; neither dared he burn his candle at night. The only way left was to write by moonlight, when other people were asleep. The persevering little fellow kept at it for six months, and then his brother found it out and was cruel enough to take his precious book away from him.

At last opportunity came to him. When he was fifteen years old, he went away with a young friend to Lüneburg, many miles away in the northern part of Germany. Lüneburg was a very old town, by a river, surrounded by high walls and towers, and full of ancient buildings. It was noted for its beautiful church music.

The two boys entered the School of St. Michael, which was devoted largely to the study of music. Sebastian, who had a beautiful soprano voice, was placed among the pupils who formed the choir at St. Michael's Church, and to pay him for his singing he received his education free. He learned how to write music, how to sing, how to play the organ and clavichord. Busy as this kept him, he studied so hard that he passed through all the other classes in the school. Throughout his life he had such a thirst for knowledge that he would often work or study all night long. On many of his holidays he walked all the way to Hamburg, a city about twenty-four miles away, to hear a famous old Dutch organist, named Reinken.

After three years, Sebastian left St. Michael's. He would have been glad to enter a university, but he was poor, and had an opportunity to earn his living by playing a church organ. In a few months, though only eighteen years old, he had become famous as an organist, and then he was invited back to the beautiful region of his old home that he loved so well. He became organist of the new church at Arnstadt, that little town near his birthplace, where many of his relatives lived.

Here he had a little choir of pupils, which he trained to sing in church, and he had much time left for study and composition. There was no one in Arnstadt who could teach him anything, but he had brought from Lüneburg a full supply of music which kept him busy for two years, and he composed some important music of his own. His salary was not more than fifty-seven dollars a year, but his living was so simple that he was able to lay up some money for a future journey, as well as to help a poor cousin.

After working by himself for two years, Bach wished to study a little with Buxtehude, a noted organist at Lübeck, a northern city, beyond Lüneburg and Hamburg, almost to the Baltic Sea. Buxtehude played one of the finest organs in Germany. He had established the "Abend-musiken," or vesper service, at his church on the five Sunday afternoons before Christmas. Bach wished to hear him play at these vesper services, so, late in the autumn, he asked for a month's leave of absence, and, with a little money he had saved, set off on foot upon a journey of two hundred miles.

At Lübeck, Bach found so much to learn, and the grand organ so tempting, that he stayed three months instead of one, and did not return home until the next February. It is possible that he might have had the choice of remaining there permanently, for Buxtehude was an old man who must soon resign to another. Unfortunately he had made up his mind that his successor must marry his daughter. Two years before this, in 1703, Handel, who

had just gone to Hamburg to work, visited Buxtehude with the hope of getting the place, but gave up the idea when told its condition. Bach evidently shared Handel's opinion, for although well fitted for the position, and in spite of the tempting organ, he went back home.

The church at Arnstadt had reason to be indignant at Bach's long absence. The people had been growing more and more dissatisfied for some time. His accompaniment to the congregational singing was so elaborate that the singers often lost the melody. He made his preludes much too long, and when the rector remonstrated, he cut them altogether too short. They said, besides, that he neglected his pupil-choir and could not control the boys.

There was certainly some truth in these complaints. As he sat at the organ, such a man of genius could hardly fail of becoming so inspired with his thoughts as to forget that ordinary singers were trying to follow him, or that his music was crowding out the rest of the service. His little choir soon seemed insignificant to him, and being himself young and quick-tempered, he found it hard to manage. The authorities, however, appreciated his greatness enough to keep him a whole year longer, without reproach, though he continued to do as he pleased. But Bach himself was dissatisfied, and after receiving several invitations, he went as organist to the town of Mühlhausen. Soon after going away he married his cousin, Maria Barbara Bach, of Arnstadt.

His new position proved but a stepping-stone to a more important place. The people could not understand his high aims and lofty music, and were unwilling to be taught by a boy of twenty-two; so, after a single year of hard work, he accepted an appointment as court organist to the Duke of Weimar.

For the next nine years, from 1708 to 1717, Bach lived at Weimar, the town which, one hundred years later, was famous as the home of great men, chief among them Germany's greatest poet, Goethe. In Bach's time, though situated in a pleasant valley on the Ilm River, the only marks of distinction in the town were the handsome palace, park and gardens of the Grand Duke, at whose court Bach was installed as organist.

These years were typical of the greater portion of his life; quiet, simple, outwardly uneventful, but filled with great thoughts, earnest work and success.

The sympathy and appreciation that failed him at Mühlhausen and Arnstadt he found here. The Duke was a high-minded man, who felt responsible for the welfare of his people. He loved to hear Bach play the organ, and he aroused in his court and among the citizens a strong interest in the lofty music of the great composer. Though Bach, as the only great musician of Weimar, had duties of various kinds, the mighty power of his genius for these nine years was directed chiefly toward the organ, and he reached the climax both as performer and composer. His

organ music composed at this period has never been equaled, and it is believed can never be surpassed.

The regular life at Weimar was varied by yearly journeys for the purpose of playing the organ and clavier in other cities. Upon one of these visits to Dresden, he found the court so infatuated with the elegant playing of a French organist from Paris, that he could find no opportunity to play there himself. Nevertheless he became so distinguished in other musical circles, as to raise the question which was the greater musician, Bach or this Parisian, Marchand.

Urged by his friends, Bach challenged the Frenchman to a musical contest. Marchand accepted, and a place of meeting was appointed at the house of a citizen of high rank. The day came, a large number of people assembled. Bach arrived—but Marchand did not! He had left Dresden that very morning, having probably heard Bach play in the meantime, and feared failure. Bach played alone and enchanted his audience; he won a victory, not for himself alone, but as a champion of German art.

On his return from Dresden, Bach left Weimar for the higher position of Kapellmeister at the court of the Prince of Cöthen.

He was now thirty-two years old, and for the next six years Cöthen remained his home, from 1717 to 1723. The Prince who had unusual talent for music, appreciated the importance of so great a musician. Here Bach had no

organ and was connected with no church; by his position as Kapellmeister he had charge of the concerts at the castle. The Prince often took part in these concerts, but their chief glory was Bach's own music on the clavichord.

At Weimar his effort for nine years centered upon the organ; now, during the six years spent at Cöthen, with the organ put aside, he cultivated music for other instruments. Many works for the clavichord appeared, as well as fine solos for violin and violoncellos. Here he wrote his famous "Well-tempered Clavichord," a set of forty-eight preludes and fugues for that instrument, though now played upon the piano. These fugues surpass all others that have been written, and Robert Schumann considered them of such value that his advice to young students is this: "Make the 'Well-tempered Clavichord' your daily bread, then you will surely become a thorough musician."

Bach's life at Cöthen was spent more in seclusion than ever before, for the court was unpretending and his duties never brought him before the public; yet the years were full of the enjoyment of developing new branches of his art.

The Prince grew so fond of him that Bach even accompanied him on his journeys that they might not be separated. Bach also took independent professional journeys as before, and was often called away to inspect new organs.

On one of his journeys, in 1719, he went to Halle, and came within a day of meeting Handel, who had come from England to visit his birth-place. Bach, hearing that he was there, hastened to call upon him, but Handel had only that morning left town.

Ten years later, Handel came again to Germany, and Bach, who then lived in Leipsic, being himself ill, sent his son with an invitation to Handel to visit him; but Handel politely refused. It is probable that he did not feel the deep interest in Bach, that Bach did in him. When Handel next came to Germany, Bach was dead, and so these two great masters never saw each other.

In the summer of 1720, while Bach was away with the Prince, his wife died very suddenly, leaving him three sons and one daughter.

Soon after his wife's death. Bach visited Hamburg. He wished to hear again the celebrated organist, Reinken, now nearly one hundred years old, whom he used to walk way from Lüneburg to hear. It was arranged for him to play before the chief magistrates and important people of the city, among whom was this old man. Reinken was especially moved at Bach's rendering of a choral which he himself had long ago arranged for the organ. At its close, he went up to Bach, and said: "I thought this art was dead, but I see it still lives in you."

Coming to Hamburg, where there were so many fine organs, awakened in Bach, who had been without one so

long, a great longing for his favorite instrument. The position of organist at St. Jacob's Church was vacant, but before the day came to elect the successor Bach was called home by his Prince. Attracted by the excellent organ, he left word that he would accept the position if offered him. Many influential people tried to secure it for him, but the committee elected an inferior man, who gave to the church a sum of money. The chief clergy-man of the church was indignant, and in his Christmas sermon remarked that if one of the angels of Bethlehem, divinely gifted as a musician, should desire to become organist at St. Jacob's, but possessed no money, he would be allowed to fly away again.

In 1821, Bach, now thirty-six years old, married a talented young singer, at the Court of Cöthen, named Anna Magdalena Wilke. Under her husband's training her talent developed so that she became a true help to him in his work.

Though Bach's home life was now so happy, his situation at Cöthen no longer suited him: it had grown too narrow. Moreover, his Prince married a wife who cared nothing for music, whereupon his own interest cooled.

Bach therefore sought and obtained the position of Cantor of St. Thomas's School at Leipsic. Here he remained the rest of his life, from 1723 to 1750—twenty-seven years. As Cantor of St. Thomas's, he had charge of all the music of that school, and with these duties went

those of musical director in the two principal churches of Leipsic, St. Thomas's and St. Nicholas's. There were fifty-five pupils, supported and taught at the expense of the school, who formed the choir of the town, and received daily training from Bach.

The two churches alternated in giving a service every Sunday. Bach threw himself into the composition of music for these services, and bent his whole genius to the task of raising sacred music to his ideal standard.

In those days the service of the Leipsic churches was as rich and varied as that of the Catholic Church, and required music to correspond. Bach therefore found a field broad enough for even his genius, though the singers and instrumentalists at his command were far from satisfactory. The Leipsic people were warmly interested in music; they had grown up to respect the service and love their choir, and they listened to Bach's music, though they could not appreciate its grandeur.

Before many years Bach produced church music that reached the heights he had already gained in instrumental work. Chorals, cantatas, masses, and to crown all, his marvelous Passion Music, recounting the suffering of our Savior as described in the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. John.

That Bach's genius should culminate in his Passion Music, brings to our minds George Frederick Handel, who crowned his life with the "Messiah." The Passion

Music is harder to understand than Handel's "Messiah," and is very little known in this country, though in Germany it has grown to be as dear to the hearts of the people as the "Messiah" is to us.

The impression it makes upon a sensitive nature is that of almost overwhelming grief, as if hearing in a wonderful new language, the old, old story of the Crucifixion as it was never told before.

This atmosphere of sorrow differs from that of the "Messiah." To be sure, Handel wrote of grief and suffering, but he passed on quickly to the Resurrection, and the joy of the Hallelujah Chorus lights up the whole story.

Yet Bach, too, could write joyously, as some of his Christmas music proves.

Now can anyone believe that a man occupied in composing such music, could be accused of laziness? It actually happened that at a council meeting, the members showed themselves so unappreciative of Bach's real devotion to duty, that they declared their Cantor was lazy and did not give proper attention to his singing lessons. Bach was so grieved at their lack of sympathy that he seriously thought of going away, but soon the trouble blew over.

Probably the least satisfactory part of his work was the training of his pupils, who were often wild and unruly. Yet if he was irritable when teaching large school classes, he

showed great patience with earnest individual pupils and a happy faculty in teaching them. A large number of distinguished artists were trained by him; his warm heart was always ready to help and encourage rising talent.

There were other disturbances in his life at Leipsic. Bach was drawn into several quarrels to vindicate either himself or his beloved art. These, while occupying but a small place in a life of profound peace and dignity, show his sense of his own worth and his reverence for his art. He would allow neither himself nor his music to be insulted, and was persistent even to obstinacy when there was a wrong to be righted.

In contrast to the discords, let us turn to the pleasant picture of Bach's singularly happy home life and keep that impression to the end. With his simple habits his income was enough to provide liberally for his family and to help many a needy relative.

His gifted, sympathetic wife helped him to train their large family of musical children, and they held many home concerts together, assisted by some of the more talented pupils. The wife also did her share in making the home attractive to friends and guests.

Leipsic was a center of travel, and especially at Fair time, was thronged with strangers. All visitors who were musical desired to see the great master, to play to him and to hear him in return. Then they went away and spread his fame abroad.

Bach continued to make frequent journeys himself. His last three years before his death, was made to the Court of King Frederick II of Prussia, called Frederick the Great, at Potsdam. Bach's gifted son, Carl Philip Emanuel, was court musician here, and the king was anxious to hear Emanuel's famous father. Bach, at his first appearance, aroused the enthusiasm of Frederick, who gave him a theme to work out on the clavichord. The next day he played before a crowded audience at the church, and in the evening played again to the king, at whose request he improvised a six-part fugue.

When he returned to Leipsic, he made Frederick's theme the subject of a set of pieces which he had engraved under the title, "Musical Offering," and dedicated to the king.

Toward the end of his life, Bach's eyes, which he had strained from boyhood by night work, became seriously affected. An English oculist, who afterwards treated Handel's eyes in London, came to Leipsic, and Bach submitted to an operation which proved unsuccessful and caused him to become blind. Worse than that, the medical treatment connected with the operation, robbed him of his perfect health.

After suffering blindness for six or seven months, his sight was one day suddenly restored, but immediately afterward he received a stroke of apoplexy, and a week later, July 28, 1750, he died at the age of sixty-five.

Nearly one hundred years after Bach's death, Mendelssohn caused a monument to be erected in honor of him, in a park at Leipsic, in front of St. Thomas's School, under the very windows of his study.

We will close with the testimony of a great writer; if we can understand these words of the poet Goethe, we can better appreciate the great Bach himself:

"Bach's music produces in me the feeling that the eternal harmonies are holding converse together, as they may have done in the bosom of God before the Creation."

## *Bach*

'Christoph, I wish you would let me have that book of manuscript music which you have in your cupboard—the one which contains pieces by Pachelbel, and Frohberger, and Buxtehude, and ever so many others—you know which I mean. I will take such care of it if you will only lend it to me for a little while.'

Christoph was about to leave the room, but he turned sharply to his little brother as the latter put his request.

'No, Sebastian, I will certainly not lend you the book, and I wonder that you have the impertinence to ask me such a thing! The idea of your thinking that you could study such masters as Buxtehude and Frohberger—a child like you! Get on with what I have set you to learn, and do not let me hear any more of such fancies!'

With that Christoph shut the door behind him, and Sebastian was left to ponder sadly upon his elder brother's harshness in refusing to accede to his simple request. The disappointment was very keen, for little Sebastian had been longing to get possession of that precious volume. For several days past he had spent hours in his brother's absence gazing at its covers through the lattice doors of the cupboard, and feasting his eyes upon the names of the

musicians which were written on the back in bold letters in Christoph's hand.

What harm could there be in his *trying* to play the works of those masters? It seemed so unreasonable to the ten-year-old child, for he was passionately fond of music, and exceedingly quick at learning; yet Christoph persistently kept him to simple pieces such as he could master without the slightest difficulty, and which, therefore, afforded him no gratification whatever. He longed to be studying more advanced works, and there were times when this longing seemed insupportable—when the soul of this earnest child-musician rose in revolt against the tyrannical treatment of his elder brother. Christoph's lack of appreciation of Sebastian's capacity and gift for music was, moreover, so marked as to crush the feelings of love and respect which otherwise would have found a place in Sebastian's heart for the brother whom the sad circumstances of his childhood had made his guardian.

Johann Sebastian Bach, as the young musician was named, was an orphan. Ten years before the period at which our story opens—on March 21, 1685—he had first seen the light in the long, low-roofed cottage, which is still standing in the little German town of Eisenach, nestling at the foot of the wooded heights which form part of the romantically beautiful district of the Thuringer Wald. It is a country abounding in legendary lore, which, taking its birth from the recesses of the interminable forest, and

perpetuated in ballad, has for ages found a home in the sequestered valleys lying locked between the hills. On one of the latter, overlooking the town, stands the Wartburg, in which Luther made his home, and where he translated the Bible into the German tongue.

Sebastian's father, Johann Ambrosius Bach, organist of Eisenach, was the descendant of a long race of musicians of the name who had followed music not merely as a means of livelihood, but with the earnest desire of furthering its artistic aims. For close upon two hundred years before Sebastian was born the family of Bach had thus labored to develop and improve their art in the only direction in which it was practiced in the Germany of those days—namely, as a fitting accompaniment to the simple, but deeply devotional, services of the Lutheran Church. So greatly had the influence of this ancient and closely-united family made itself felt in regard to church music that at Erfurt, where its members had practiced the art for generations, all musicians were known as 'the Bachs,' although no Bach had actually resided in the town for many years.

That Sebastian should have shown a fondness for music at a very early age is not, therefore, to be wondered at; but, beyond learning the violin from his father, he had not progressed far in his studies when, in his tenth year, he found himself bereft of both his parents and taken into the charge of his brother Christoph, who filled the post of organist at the neighboring town of Ohrdruff. Christoph,

who was fourteen years older than Sebastian, possessed nothing more than an ordinary amount of talent for music, and in addition lacked the sense to appreciate the gift which his little brother at once began to display in response to his teaching. To give Sebastian lessons on the clavier and send him to the Lyceum to learn Latin and singing and other school subjects seemed to Christoph to comprise the full extent of his responsibilities; but that Sebastian possessed genius which called for sympathy and encouragement at his hands appears only to have aroused in him a feeling of coldness and indifference, amounting at times to stem repression.

Beneath this shadow of ill-feeling Sebastian suffered in silence, but, fortunately, the force of his genius was too strong to be crushed, and the spirit which was lacking in his brother's lessons he supplied for himself. The injustice of the denial with which Christoph had met his request for the loan of the manuscript music-book had fired him with the determination to possess himself of the treasure at all costs, and even the drudgery of playing over and over again pieces which he already knew by heart appeared to him in the new light of stepping-stones to the attainment of his cherished desire. Yet for some time it was difficult to see how the book was to be abstracted without his brother's knowledge.

One night, long after the other inmates of the house had retired, Sebastian stood at the open casement of his chamber, buried in thought. The moon was flooding the

valley with her silvery light, rendering the most distant objects clear and distinct, and throwing into still deeper shadow the somber hills which encompassed the town. But the boy had no thoughts to bestow upon the music of the scene thus spread before his eyes; his mind was absorbed by a great project which he was resolved upon carrying out that night, and to which the presence of the moon lent a promise of success. Perfect stillness reigned in the house, and Sebastian, deeming that the opportune moment had arrived for embarking upon his venture, closed the casement and crept softly downstairs to the parlor.

The moonlight shining into the room revealed the position of every object, and a glance sufficed to show him that the treasure he sought was in its accustomed place, but the cupboard, of course, was locked. He squeezed his little hands through the lattice-bars, and after much effort managed to reach the manuscript book. To draw it towards him required even more dexterity, but at length that was accomplished; and then came the crowning feat—to get it through the bars. During this time Sebastian had been tormented by fears lest his brother should have discovered his absence from his bedroom, and nothing but his firm determination to accomplish his purpose prevented him from quitting the room and returning to his bed.

For a long time his efforts to pull the book through the bars were in vain, but after trying each bar in turn he found

one which was weaker than the rest, and having brought the book to this spot, he succeeded at last in forcing a passage for it by bending the bar, and the coveted volume was freed from its prison!

Breathless with exertion and excitement, the child hugged his treasure to his breast and stole back to his chamber. On gaining this haven of safety, he listened for some time to ascertain whether his movements had aroused the household, but finding that everything remained as silent as before, he drew a chair to the little table before the window, and by the light of the moon, which still streamed into the room, he feasted his eyes upon the pages before him. Then, taking his pen and some manuscript music-paper with which he had provided himself, he began his task of copying out the pieces contained in the book.

An hour or more slipped away in this absorbing occupation, and it was not until the moon had shifted her position, so that her rays no longer afforded the necessary light, that Sebastian ceased to ply his pen. Then, having hidden the book away and removed all traces of his work, the now wearied little musician sought his pillow and fell fast asleep.

This was but the beginning of endless nights of toil pursued whilst the house lay hushed in slumber. For six months, whenever the moon sent her friendly rays through his casement, did Sebastian prosecute his task,

until the night arrived when he found himself at the last page. The fear of discovery had ceased to haunt him as time went on, and now he could only reflect with joy at the accomplishment of his long task, and creep into bed utterly unmindful of everything else—even of the precaution of putting his work out of sight!

Alas, for poor Sebastian! he was to pay dearly for this act of forgetfulness. As he lay sleeping—his dreams filled with the realization of the fruits of his untiring industry—the books lying open on the table where he had left them, and the moonbeams falling gently on the page whereon his fingers had traced those last passages but a few minutes before, the door opened and a figure stole softly into the room. It was Christoph himself, who, fancying he heard sounds proceeding from Sebastian's chamber, had come to seek the cause. His glance fell upon the open books. With a stride he was at the table, bending over them. The next moment he raised his head and darted an angry glance at the child's sleeping figure. But Sebastian only smiled, and murmured something in his sleep, and the elder brother turned once more to examine the writing. As he scanned the pages which witnessed Sebastian's heart-work throughout those long months his face hardened. There was no pity in his breast for the child who had thus displayed his devotion to the art which he himself must have loved after his own fashion—no sympathy for one who had spent so many hours snatched from sleep in acquiring that which he, Christoph, had had it in his

power to bestow as a free gift—only anger and jealousy at the thought that he had been outwitted by his little brother. With his mouth curved into a cruel smile, Christoph seized the manuscript book and the copy, and, taking them from the room, hid them away in a new place where Sebastian could not possibly find them.

It was well for Sebastian that his love of music enabled him to overcome the bitter disappointment occasioned by his brother's cruelty, and so to continue the struggle for knowledge in the face of such terrible odds. But there was one thing which served to comfort him in his hour of trial, and of which Christoph was powerless to rob him, and that was the *memory* of the beautiful music he had copied with such infinite pains. This in itself must have been a resource of priceless value to him in helping him to bear with his brother's oppression.

A new life opened for Sebastian when, at the age of fifteen, he quitted his brother's roof and, with a school-fellow from Ohrdruff, entered the Michael Gymnasium, or Latin School, attached to the Church of St. Michael at Lüneburg. The discovery that he possessed a beautiful soprano voice gave him a place at once amongst those scholars who were selected to sing the principal parts in the Church services in return for a free education. Lüneburg, possessed two schools, attached respectively to the Churches of St. Michael and St. John, and the rivalry between the two was so keen that when, as was the custom during the winter months, the scholars were sent out to

sing in the streets in order to collect money for their support, the respective routes to be traversed had to be carefully marked out so as to prevent a collision.

Bach had not been long at St. Michael's, however, ere his wonderful voice, which had attracted much attention at the services of the church, began to break; but, fortunately, his knowledge of the violin and clavier enabled him to retain his place in the school and to enjoy the educational advantages which it offered. He was working hard at his musical studies, spending a portion of each day in the convent library, where the works of the best composers were to be found. But all his thoughts and aspirations were beginning to center themselves upon the instrument which, before all others, had the power to stir his musical soul to its depths. His love for the organ soon developed into a passion which overcame every obstacle offered to its gratification. The extremes of hunger and bodily fatigue were alike powerless to restrain his desire to study the capacities of the organ as these were brought forth by the ablest hands. His poverty forbade the hope of his receiving instruction on the instrument, though later on he gained much valuable help from his friendship with the organist of St. John's Church at Lüneburg. In those early days, however, Bach was almost entirely self-dependent—a penniless scholar, fortunate in finding his services rewarded by the plainest and meagrest of fare, yet swayed and urged forwards by a fixed determination to

conquer and attain the knowledge upon which he had set his hopes.

Hamburg, which in those days merited the description applied to it of the 'Paradise of German music,' is situated at a distance of about twenty-five English miles from Lüneburg; but when Bach was told that the renowned Johann Adam Reinken, the 'father of German organists,' played the organ at St. Katherine's Church in the city, he seized the first opportunity that presented itself of tramping the whole way thither in order to hear him. With Bach to listen was to learn; but to enjoy this privilege he had to secrete himself in a corner of the church where he could not be seen, for he had been warned that such great players as Reinken resented the intrusion of strangers whilst they were practicing.

The deep joy of listening to such a master must have seemed to Sebastian a fitting reward for his long tramp, and we may picture him on his homeward journey, weary and footsore, but with his mind stored with the memories of what he has heard. This visit to Hamburg was the precursor of many others, though, of course, such expeditions could only be undertaken when, by means of street singing, or in some other way, he had contrived to save a few shillings to pay for food and lodging. But he often went short of food rather than deprive himself of a chance of hearing his beloved Reinken. On one occasion he had yielded to the temptation of lingering at Hamburg until his funds were almost exhausted, and he was

confronted by the prospect of a long walk with no means of satisfying his hunger until he reached the end of his journey. Nevertheless, he set forth with a light heart, for his stock of knowledge had been greatly enriched by the prolonged visit, and, after all, what were five-and-twenty miles to the young musician, possessed of limbs replete with strength and a head full of glorious dreams?

He had not proceeded many miles, however, ere the keen wind made his want of food painfully apparent, and the music within him became drowned by the clamorings of Nature. At this juncture he found himself opposite a small hostelry, from the open door of which a most savory odor was issuing—an odor so rich in the promise of all that he needed that it brought him to a standstill. The kitchen window was nigh, and he could not resist the temptation of peering into the room to ascertain what was in preparation. At that moment he heard a window above him thrown open, and a couple of herrings' heads were tossed into the road. Probably some benevolent guest, attracted by the youth's starving looks, had taken this means of bestowing upon him the remains of his repast. The herring was a favorite article of food in Germany, and poor Bach was only too glad to avail himself of this feeble chance of satisfying his cravings. But what was his astonishment, upon pulling the heads to pieces, to find that each contained a Danish ducat! The acquisition of so much wealth fairly took his breath away, and for a moment he almost forgot that he was famishing. On realizing his

good fortune, he lost no time in entering the inn and regaling himself at the expense of his unknown benefactor. The money did more than this, however, for it enabled him to reckon upon another visit to Hamburg in the near future.

That distance formed no obstacle to Bach's ardent desire to obtain knowledge is proved by the fact that he performed several journeys on foot to Celle, which was distant some forty-five English miles to the south of Lüneburg, in order that he might hear the band at the ducal Court. The Duke's musicians were chiefly Frenchmen, and French instrumental music formed the principal part of their work. There was but little opportunity in Germany of hearing this important branch of music, and Bach seized upon the first chance that presented itself. He was now making rapid progress with his studies, and his friendship with Böhm, the organist of St. John's Church at Lüneburg, was a great incentive to him in his love for the organ.

After remaining three years at the Lüneburg school, Bach obtained a post as violinist in the private band of Prince Johann Ernst, brother of the reigning Duke of Saxe-Weimar. This, however, was merely to fill up the time until he could secure an appointment in the direction in which his affections as well as his genius were guiding him. The opportunity for which he sought was not long in coming. A visit to the old Thuringian town of Arnstadt, in which three members of his family had successively filled the

post of organist in past years, took him to the new church to inspect the organ which had just been erected by the consistory. Arnstadt, in fact, was one of the centers in which the influence of the Bach family had made itself felt, and whence several of its members had gone forth to other parts of the country. The savor of the former presence of the Bachs was still fresh in the minds of the townspeople; the consistory of the new church, moreover, were on the lookout for a thoroughly capable organist, and Bach's request to be allowed to try the organ was, therefore, willingly granted.

No sooner had they heard him play than they offered him the post, and, furthermore, stated their willingness to augment the pay attached to it by a contribution from the town funds. Bach, therefore, found himself installed as organist with a salary of fifty florins, with, in addition, thirty thalers for board and lodging—equivalent in all to about eight pounds thirteen shillings of English money—a small enough salary indeed! but one which in those days was considered to be a fair emolument for the services of a young player. On August 14, 1703, Bach, who was then eighteen years old, entered upon his duties, having previously taken a 'solemn pledge of diligence and faithfulness, and all that appertaineth to an honorable servant and organist before God and the worshipful Corporation.'

The requirements of the post left him plenty of leisure in which to pursue his studies and improve his playing. Up

to this point he had done very little in the shape of actual composition, his aim having been to perfect himself in a knowledge of the requirements of the instrument on which he had fixed his heart's choice, to which end he had spared no diligence in studying the works of the greatest masters. Now, however, he set about teaching himself the art of composition, for which purpose he took a number of concertos written for the violin by Vivaldi, and set them for the pianoforte. By this means he learnt to grasp the connection of musical ideas and the manner in which they should be worked out, and as this exercise implied the rewriting of many passages in order to adapt them for the piano, he gradually attained facility in expressing his own musical thoughts on paper without first playing them on an instrument. Thus, without assistance from anybody, he worked on alone, very often till far into the night, to perfect himself in this important branch of his art.

From the outset, however, his playing at the new church excited attention and admiration, and that it should, nevertheless, have failed to entirely satisfy the authorities was due, not to any lack of power, but simply to the extraordinary manner in which the services were accompanied. The fact is that Bach had no sooner seated himself at the organ than he straightway forgot that choir and congregation were depending upon him, and began to indulge his fancy to such lengths that the singing soon ceased altogether, and the people remained mute with astonishment and admiration. Naturally, these flights of

genius were not exactly in accordance with the wishes of the consistory, who, moreover, saw little prospect of their choir becoming efficiently trained under the circumstances. Yet, not-withstanding there were frequent disputes between Bach and the elders of the church with regard to his vagaries, so marvelously were the authorities influenced by the power and beauty of his playing that they over-looked his faults for the sake of his genius.

That Bach must have tried their patience sorely cannot be denied. On one occasion, being specially desirous of visiting Lübeck, in order to hear the celebrated organist Buxtehude perform on the organ at the Marien-Kirche during Advent, he obtained a month's leave of absence for the purpose. Fifty miles lay between Arnstadt and the town which formed his destination, but Bach resolutely performed the entire journey on foot, so eager was he to profit by the playing of this master. Once at Lübeck, he became so wrapped up in the musical attractions of the town that he completely forgot his promise to return to his post until reminded by his empty purse of the fact that he could no longer prolong his stay. By this time he had gratuitously extended his leave from one month to three! Hence it is not surprising that on his return to Arnstadt the consistory should have expressed serious displeasure at his neglect. On the other hand, it affords a striking proof of the esteem in which his playing was held that the authorities should have allowed him to retain his post in spite of all that had happened.

It was not long before the services of the young musician were sought by the Church authorities of several important towns, whither the fame of his organ-playing had spread. He longed to find a wider scope wherein to prosecute his aims for raising the standard of Church music. Arnstadt had become too narrow for his desires, and, consequently, when, in 1707, he was offered the post of organist of St. Blasius', at Mühlhausen, near Eisenach, he accepted it at once. The invitation was coupled with a request that he would name his own salary—a compliment to his powers to which he modestly responded by fixing the sum at that which he had lately received; but, in addition to pay, his emolument comprised certain dues of corn, wood, and fish, to be delivered free at his door. His post at Arnstadt was filled by his cousin, Johann Ernst, to whom, as he was very poor, and had an aged mother and a sick sister to support, Bach generously handed over the last quarter's salary which was due to him on leaving.

With this improvement in his worldly prospects Bach deemed that he might prudently marry. He had been contemplating this step since the time, some months before, when he had incurred the displeasure of the Arnstadt authorities by introducing a 'stranger maiden' into the choir—a proceeding altogether contrary to rule, but one which, like the rest of his faults, was condoned for the sake of hearing him play. The 'stranger maiden' was no other than his cousin, Maria Barbara, the youngest

daughter of Michael Bach, of Gehren, with whom he had fallen in love, and to whom he was married on October 17, 1707.

It was customary in those days for organists to maintain their instruments in repair, and Bach's first duty on entering upon his new post was to undertake some extensive alterations in the organ committed to his charge. The completion of these repairs, however, was left to his successor, for Bach did not retain his position at Mühlhausen for more than a year. He was filled with a desire to raise the standard of Church music, reverently desirous of clothing the old services in a new dress—one which should elevate the thoughts of the worshippers to a higher plane by giving to the words of Scripture a fuller and more sympathetic interpretation. In this longing for freedom from the old modes of Church music, by which, owing to the rigid simplicity of the Lutheran services, the truths of religion were trammeled and obscured, Bach hoped to have secured the support and sympathy of his congregation; but he soon found that his efforts were unappreciated. For us, who now see this longing for the first time clearly expressed in his life, and who know what important fruits it was destined to bear in the future, this stage in the career of Sebastian Bach possesses a peculiar interest. In his letter to the town council announcing his resignation he explains that he has 'always striven to make the improvement of Church music, to the honor of God, his aim,' but that he has met with opposition such as he

sees no chance of being enabled to overcome in the future. Moreover, he states that, 'poor as is his mode of living, he has not enough to subsist on after paying his house-rent and other necessary expenses.'

The shortness of his means, with a wife and the near prospect of a family to provide for, no doubt had a good deal to do with Bach's decision to resign his post at St. Blasius' at once. He had, in fact, already received the offer of a more important engagement. An invitation to perform before Duke Wilhelm Ernst of Weimar early in the year 1708 had been seized upon in the hope that it might lead to an appointment at the Court. The hope was not disappointed, for the Duke was so delighted with Bach's playing that he immediately offered him the post of Court and Chamber Organist. Bach had always been on the best of terms with the elders of St. Blasius' Church, however, and the separation was accompanied by marks of friendliness on both sides. Thus we see Bach acting once more on his own initiative—choosing his path deliberately as he saw the opportunity for furthering the great objects he had in view.

The wider scope for which he had been longing was now within his grasp, and from the date of his appointment at Weimar he began to compose those masterpieces for the organ which in after-years were to help to make his name famous. Hitherto we have followed the fortunes of Sebastian Bach as a zealous student, self-dependent, and almost entirely self-instructed as regards

his art, battling against poverty with stolid indifference to the drawbacks and discomforts that fell to his share, unmindful of fatigue, seeking neither praise nor reward, but with his mind wholly set upon the accomplishment of his life-purpose—the furtherance of his beloved art. The promise of his childish days had been largely sown in sorrow and disappointment. He had not been hailed as a prodigy of genius. No crowd of wondering admirers had gathered to listen to his childish efforts, and to prognosticate for him the favors of fame and fortune in the near future. Not even his parents, loving him as they doubtless did, could have done more than dared to entertain the hope that he would do honor and credit to the musical name which he bore ere they sank into their untimely graves, and left him to fight the battle of life alone. No; the childhood and youth of Sebastian Bach were stages in the life of a genius which were entirely destitute of the advantages of either wealth or the patronage of the great, and as such they command our interest and respect.

Henceforth we have to picture Bach as settled in his Weimar home, no longer as a student, but as a player and composer whose fame was gradually spreading throughout the country. So rapid had his progress been both on the organ and the pianoforte that he was even led to overestimate his own powers, and one day remarked somewhat boastingly to a friend that he could play any piece, however difficult, at sight without a mistake. The

friend, disbelieving his statement, invited him to breakfast shortly afterwards, and placed several pieces on the pianoforte, amongst them being one which, though apparently simple, was in reality extremely difficult. He then left the room to prepare breakfast, and Bach, seating himself at the instrument, began to play over the pieces. Coming to the difficult work, he struck into it very boldly, but after proceeding a little way he came to a stop, then tried it again from the beginning, and once more halted at the same place. His host then appeared bringing in the breakfast, and Bach, turning to him, exclaimed, 'You are right. One cannot play everything at sight—it is impossible!'

In August, 1712, Zachau, the organist of the Liebfrauen-Kirche at Halle, and Handel's old master, died, and Bach, whose knowledge and practical skill in the matter of organ construction had now become widely known, was asked to plan a new instrument for the church. He accordingly made his plans, and then, induced by the thought of having a fine organ under his control, he, applied for the vacant post. The elders of the church, having heard a sacred cantata which he composed for the occasion performed under his direction in the following year, were most willing to accede to his application, but Bach, fearing that his independence would be threatened by the conditions attached to the position, withdrew at the last moment. Nevertheless, so great was the appreciation in which his abilities were held that when the new organ

was completed he was invited to Halle for the purpose of inspecting it and testing its capabilities.

In 1714 Duke Wilhelm Ernst raised him to the position of Hof-Concertmeister—a step which afforded increased scope for the exercise of his powers. Every autumn for several years he utilized his leave of absence by journeying to the principal towns in order to give performances on the organ and clavier, by means of which his reputation was greatly enhanced. It was on one of these tours that he found himself in Dresden at a time when expectation was rife concerning the powers of a remarkable French player who had just arrived in the town. Jean Marchand, as the Frenchman was named, had achieved a great reputation in his own country, where, in addition to filling the post of organist to the King at Versailles, he was regarded as the most fashionable music-master of the day. His conceited and overbearing manners, however, had led to his banishment from the French Court, and he had undertaken a tour in Italy with triumphant success before coming to the German capital. Bach found everybody discussing the Frenchman's wonderful playing, and it was whispered that he had been already offered an appointment in Dresden. The friends of Bach insisted that he should engage Marchand forthwith in a contest in defense of the musical honor of his nation, and as Bach was by no means indisposed to pit himself against the conceited Frenchman, he gave his consent to the challenge being dispatched. Marchand, for

his part, showed an equal readiness to meet Bach, foreseeing an easy victory over his antagonist. The King promised to grace the contest with his presence, and the time and place were duly fixed. It was agreed that the contestants were to set each other problems to be worked out on the piano, the victory to be adjudged by the connoisseurs who were present.

The day fixed for the trial arrived. A brilliant company assembled, and at the appointed time Bach made his appearance; but his adversary had not arrived. The audience awaited his coming for some time with impatience, and at length the news was brought that Marchand had left the city suddenly that morning! It transpired that on the previous day Bach had been performing on the organ in one of the principal churches of the town, and Marchand, attracted by the crowd, made his way into the building and listened to Bach's wonderful playing. So greatly had the music impressed him that, when he learnt who the player was, he began to tremble for his success at the coming contest. As the time approached his fears grew apace, and at length, without a word to anybody concerning his intentions, he fled from the city.

The year 1717, in which the above event took place, was marked by a further advancement in Bach's fortunes, for on his return from Dresden he was appointed Capellmeister to the young Prince Leopold of Anhalt-Cöthen. His new position left him abundant leisure in

which to follow the bent of his genius in regard to the composition of instrumental music, and many of his finest works were written at this time. His relations with the Prince were of the most cordial character. The latter was an enthusiastic lover of music, and on his frequent journeys to various towns in order to gratify his taste he insisted on having Bach as his travelling companion. Thus, for several years Bach continued to lead a life which in every respect brought him much happiness, and added not a little to his fame. Then a great sorrow befell him, for during one of these expeditions with the Prince, when, owing to their movements, he was unable to receive news from home, his wife died suddenly, and when he returned to Cöthen it was to find the family plunged into grief, and the mother already buried.

The close of the year 1721 saw Bach married to his second wife, Anna Magdalen a Wülkens, a daughter of the Court trumpeter at Weissenfels. Aima Magdalena was in every way suited for the wife of a musician, for she had a deep love for music, in addition to possessing a beautiful voice. Moreover, as time went on, her reverence for her husband's genius, which she used every effort to promote and encourage, did not fail to make itself felt in influencing the musical tastes, of her children.

Life, meanwhile, at the Court had not proceeded so happily for Bach as heretofore, and in the year of his marriage he made a journey to Hamburg with the object of competing for the post of organist at the Jacobi-Kirche.

His playing on this occasion excited the greatest admiration, though, as a matter of fact, this was not the first time he had awakened the enthusiasm of Hamburg audiences by his performances; but the organ on which he now played was an exceptionally fine one, and responded so perfectly to his touch as to assist in imparting to his improvisation the character of an inspired performance. When the trial came to an end, everyone present felt certain of the result. Not one of the competitors had approached Bach in feeling or execution. Yet, notwithstanding the popular verdict in his favor, the prize was snatched from him and given to another—a younger, unknown, and even insignificant man, who, however, was enabled to offer four thousand marks for the position, whilst Bach could only present his genius.

Nevertheless, Bach, with his characteristic indifference to fortune, made no protest against this unfair treatment, but went quietly on with his work at Cöthen, waiting for a fresh opportunity to present itself. He had now become personally known to the famous and aged organist of Hamburg, Reinken. At one of his visits he improvised on a theme composed by the master in the latter's presence, and when he had finished, Reinken seized him by the hand, and as he shook it exclaimed with emotion, 'I thought that this art was dead, but I see that it still lives in you!' This was the last meeting between Bach and the organist from whose playing he had derived so

much profit, for shortly afterwards Reinken died at the age of ninety-nine, holding his post up to the last.

His life at Cöthen was largely devoted to composition. His only pupils appear to have been his wife and his sons, in whose musical education he evinced the deepest interest, and for whose benefit he wrote many works, including several books of studies and his famous 'Art of Fugue.' Another of his great works, the 'Wohltemperirte Klavier' (Well-tempered Clavichord), better known in England under the title of 'The Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues,' was begun at this time. It is, perhaps, the most popular of all Bach's works, and the idea of writing it is said to have occurred to him whilst staying at a place where no musical instrument of any kind was available. That he should have sat down to write the first part of this monumental work (the second part was not completed until twenty years later) in a place where from sheer force of circumstances his fingers would otherwise have been condemned to idleness is not surprising when we consider the mental activity by which Bach's character was distinguished. He could not, in fact, be idle. When not playing, or composing, or teaching, he would often be found hard at work engraving his compositions on copper, or engaged in manufacturing some kind of musical instrument—at least two instruments are known to have been of his own inventing. The one idea which seems to have pervaded his whole life from beginning, to end was to be of the greatest use to the greatest number of his

fellow-creatures, and it was this noble purpose which was urging him at this time to discover a wider sphere of work. The Cöthen post, while it gave him abundant leisure for composition, did not satisfy his longing to be of greater use in the furtherance of his art—a longing which can only be appreciated when we study the works which at this period were occupying his mind. Moreover, the Prince, who had recently married, no longer showed the same devotion to music as heretofore—a change of feeling that necessarily produced a corresponding slackening of the ties of friendship and interest which had formerly existed between the Prince and his Capellmeister. The opportunity which Bach sought came at length when, in 1723, he was appointed cantor of the Thomas-Schule at Leipzig, and director of the music in the Churches of St. Thomas and St. Nicholas in the town.

With this appointment Bach entered upon the final stage of his career, for he retained the Leipzig post until his death. The story of his connection with the Thomas-Schule is one that redounds to his honor, for, in spite of considerable opposition at the hands of the authorities, who failed to appreciate his genius and hampered his activity by petty restrictions and accusations; in spite, also, of the poverty of the material with which he was called upon to deal, he labored unceasingly to raise the standard of efficiency in the scholars whose training was committed to his charge, and from whose ranks the choirs in the two churches under his control had to be furnished. Apart

from his duties, however, those twenty-seven years of Leipzig work and intercourse are marked out for us as comprising the period during which he wrote and dedicated to the service of the Church those masterpieces of undying beauty—the Passions according to St. Matthew and St. John. In these works, and in the 'High Mass in B Minor,' which also belongs to this time, but more especially in the first-named work, we seem to witness the crowning-point of those generations of striving for the advancement of the art which have indissolubly linked the name of Bach with the history of music. Bach himself stood 'on the top step of the ladder: with him the vital forces of the race exhausted themselves; and further power of development stopped short.'

The life at Leipzig was distinguished by the simplicity which had always been Bach's chief characteristic. That he was imbued by deeply religious feelings is evidenced by the works to which we have just referred; his genius, in fact, found its highest and noblest expression in the interpretation of the spirit of the sacred writings. Next to his art—if, indeed, they can be considered apart—came his devotion to his family, in the training and welfare of whom he took an absorbing interest. Outside these twin centers of attraction he hardly ever ventured, and though his fame brought him notice, and to some extent honor as well, his desire for retirement became stronger as the years went on.

His modest, retiring disposition is well illustrated by an incident which marked the latter period of his busy life. His third son, Carl Philip Emanuel, had entered the service of Frederick the Great, and was acting as cembalist in the royal orchestra. His Majesty, who was exceedingly fond of music, and a considerable player on the flute, had repeatedly expressed a wish to see Bach, and from time to time sent messages to this effect to the old composer through the latter's son. Bach, however, intent upon his work, for a long time ignored these intimations of royal favor, until at length, in 1747, Carl brought to him an imperative demand from his royal master which Bach saw that he could not disobey without incurring the King's displeasure. Accordingly, he set out for Potsdam with his son Friedemann. The King was about to begin his evening music when a servant brought to him a list of the strangers who had arrived at the castle that day. Frederick glanced at the paper, and then turned to his musicians with a smile. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'old Bach has come!' and down went his flute. Bach was immediately sent for—he had not time even to change his travelling-dress—and with many excuses he presented himself to the King. His Majesty received him with marked kindness and respect, and when the courtiers smiled at the old musician's embarrassment and his somewhat flowery speeches, Frederick frowned his disapproval. He then conducted Bach through the palace, showing him the various points of interest, and insisted on his trying his Silbermann pianofortes, of which

he had quite a collection. Bach extemporized on each of the instruments, and then Frederick gave him a theme which he reproduced as a fantasia, to the astonishment of all present. The King next requested him to play a six-part fugue, and Bach extemporized one on a theme selected by himself. The King, who stood behind the composer's chair, clapped his hands with delight, and exclaimed repeatedly, 'Only one Bach! Only one Bach!' It was a visit replete with honors for the old master, and when he returned home he expressed his gratitude by writing down and elaborating the piece which he had composed on the King's theme, dedicating it to His Majesty under the title of 'Musikalisches Opfer ' (Musical Offering), and sending it to Potsdam with a letter begging its acceptance.

Late in life, and just after he had completed his great work, 'The Art of Fugue,' Bach became totally blind—the result, no doubt, of the heavy strain to which he had subjected his sight when, in order to educate himself, he had copied out entire many of the works of older masters. Nor can we overlook the fact that, when a child, his sight must have been injured by the long, self-imposed task of copying music by moonlight. He suffered a great deal in consequence of the drugs which were administered in the hope of restoring his eyesight, but, notwithstanding, he continued to work up to the last. On the morning of the day on which he died—July 28, 1750—he startled those about him by suddenly regaining his sight, 'but it was the last flickering of the expiring flame. He was allowed to see

the light of this world once more before leaving it forever.' A few hours later he became unconscious, and passed away in his sleep.

Considered apart from his works, the life of Sebastian Bach stands out as a noble example of untiring industry and perseverance; but we miss the brilliancy and fire which in the case of many other great musicians have served to render their lives so outwardly striking and marvelous. The genius of Bach was a mighty power working unseen, buried beneath a simple exterior. Unlike Handel, that other great master of his time with whom he has been so often compared, Bach lived a life of comparative retirement, never travelling beyond the confines of his own country, making no bid for popularity, and to the last remaining unaffected by praise or censure. All his life long he was seeking knowledge and truth, never contenting himself with a belief in his own unaided powers or judgment, but always showing the keenest interest in the progress of his art as evinced by the works of other musicians of his day. One little instance will serve, perhaps, to bring out clearly this marked difference between these two great men: Bach was truly desirous of making Handel's acquaintance, and tried on several occasions to gratify this wish. On the last occasion he travelled to Halle on learning that Handel was revisiting his birthplace from the scene of his triumphs in London, only to find on his arrival that his contemporary had departed for England earlier in the day. Handel, on the

other hand, is not known to have expressed the least desire to meet the man whose fame rested upon so solid a foundation of excellence. The one was self-centered, the other wholly centered upon art for art's sake—yet both were great.

It is convenient to speak of Bach's life as having been divided into three stages or periods, each marked off from the rest by the nature of the works to which it gave birth. Thus, the Weimar period is that to which is assigned the major portion of his organ music. The Cöthen period, on the other hand, produced few compositions for the organ, but was mainly devoted to instrumental chamber music; whilst to the Leipzig period belongs the production of nearly all his finest Church compositions.

Bach was laid to rest in the churchyard of St. John's Church at Leipzig, but neither stone nor cross exists to mark the spot. Only the register of deaths preserved in the town library remains to tell us that 'A man, aged sixty-seven, M. Johann Sebastian Bach, Musical Director and Singing Master of the St. Thomas School, was carried to his grave in the hearse, July 30, 1750.'

## *George Frederick Handel*
(1685-1759)

It is now more than two hundred years ago that a bright little baby boy was born in Germany, in the town of Halle. Nobody supposed then that he was more wonderful than any other baby. His father and mother loved him dearly, but they did not know that God had given them a little music-loving child.

As soon as the baby began to talk, he would make sweet sounds, and try to sing baby songs, and stop and listen whenever he heard any music.

Now, the father, Dr. Handel, did not know or care anything about music. He said, "When George grows up, he shall become a lawyer;" for he thought that the finest thing a man could do. When he saw how much his boy loved music, he was troubled, and made up his mind that he must send every kind of musical instrument from the house. George's mother and nurse were told never to take the child where he could hear any music; and when he became old enough, he was even kept from the public school, because there he would learn to sing.

The father did not know that he was unkind; he was a good father, and he really thought it best that his child

should forget all about music. But the little Handel, as I have said, was a music-loving child, and no power on earth could make him forget, or keep the love of music from growing in him. And it grew to be so strong in him that he could not resist its influence.

He managed to hide an old spinet away in the garret. The spinet was an instrument similar to a piano, though it did not look much like the piano we have now. It was smaller, but it had the white keys to play upon. Probably George's spinet was not larger than a big box. Having no legs to stand upon, it was placed upon a table. Strips of cloth were put about the strings to soften the sound. Somebody must have helped the little boy get his spinet into the garret; perhaps it was his mother or his nurse—which, we do not know.

Up to the garret the little fellow would steal softly away, all by himself, whenever he found a chance. Sometimes it would be in the night when everyone else was asleep. He would stand by the old spinet with his little fingers wandering over the keys. Hour after hour, and week by week, he worked away, with no one to help him, finding out little harmonies, and making little songs, until at last, when he was seven years old, he could really play well upon the spinet.

At this time his poor father found it out; and this is how it happened:

Dr. Handel was going to take a journey in a coach to visit a grown-up son, who served a rich duke. Little George begged his father to let him go too, but the father said, "No!" The minute the coach started, however, the little fellow followed it, running on behind as fast as his little legs could carry him. When the doctor spied him, he stopped the coach and began to scold. The child paid no attention to the scolding, but again begged so earnestly to go that his father finally took him into the coach.

When they reached the palace of the duke, George heard some music not far away. As the older people were talking together, he crept away unseen, and, guided by the sound, found his way into the chapel, where a service was being held. When the service was over, and he was left alone, he stood for a long time gazing at the organ.

Oh! how his fingers longed to touch those white keys! At last he could resist no longer; he crept nearer and nearer, climbed up onto the seat, and began to play softly—very softly. The music was so beautiful that he forgot where he was—forgot everything but the grand organ-voice that swelled out louder and louder until it filled the chapel.

Out in another room was the duke; he suddenly stopped talking and listened. Who was playing his organ? Not his own organist! He had never before heard anyone play like that! A servant was sent to find out, and soon the trembling little boy was led in to his father and the duke.

But the duke smiled, and asked questions so gently that the little heart opened to its kind friend, and the whole secret came out; how he loved music, and how he had worked all by himself, learning to play on the old spinet up in the garret at home.

Then the duke turned to the father and told him that he had made a great mistake; that his boy was a genius, and that it was wicked to try to keep him from his music. The old doctor was so surprised that he did not know what to say; but he thought the duke must know best, and so, with some sorrow, he said that he would allow his son to become a musician.

Little Handel listened with a beating heart; his eyes were fixed on the duke; for to be allowed to study music seemed to him too good to be true. He never forgot his kind friend, the duke, but loved him all his life.

When they reached home, George began to take music lessons. His teacher was Zackau, the organist of the Cathedral at Halle. You may be sure he worked hard, and he got along so fast that he surprised his teacher. At the end of three years, Zackau said that Handel knew all that he could teach him, and begged his father to send him to Berlin to study with greater masters.

Let us see what the boy had done during those three years. He learned to play the spinet or harpsichord, the organ, the violin, and the hautboy. He studied and played the best music that had ever been written; and beside this,

he learned to write music himself. Every week he composed a piece of music for his teacher. Think of it—every week for three years!

He played the organ so well that Zackau often sent him to take his place at the Cathedral on Sundays. Wouldn't you be surprised to see a little boy, not ten years old, come into your church some Sunday, and play the organ for your organist? Little Handel often played in the great Cathedral at Halle.

Besides music, he studied Latin with his father, who still hoped that when George grew older he would give up his music; but when Zackau said that George ought to go to Berlin, the father again consented. So the child left home, with a friend of the family, who was to take care of him on the journey. Think of the little boy, then only eleven years old, all alone, studying music in a strange, large city!

He soon became acquainted with two Italian musicians. One was very kind to him. He made Handel play to him hour after hour, and was more and more astonished every day at what the child could do. The other musician was jealous. It made him angry to think that a little child could play better than himself. So he did a very unkind thing. He wrote a piece of music, so hard that he thought of course Handel could not play it.

One day, when a number of people were listening to the child's playing, the musician put this hard piece up on

the harpsichord and asked the little boy to play *that*. To his surprise the music was played without any mistake. The jealous man was more jealous than ever after this, but he treated Handel with respect, because he saw that he was a wonderful musician.

While George stayed in Berlin, people flocked to hear him play; but soon his father called him home. He said he was getting to be an old man and wanted his son near him. Handel had not been at home long when his good father died, leaving the family very poor. So this little man, only twelve years old, had to start out into the world again, this time to earn his living and help support his mother.

When he was eighteen years old he went to Hamburg to see if he could do better there; for he wanted to earn enough money to travel about the world, and study the music of other countries. He got an opportunity to play the violin in the orchestra of one of the Hamburg theatres. Just for fun, he thought he would not let people know, at first, what a musician he was, so he made believe that he did not know very much.

One day, however, the man who led the orchestra and played the harpsichord was absent, and a friend who was in the secret made Handel sit down in the leader's place. Handel began to play the harpsichord so beautifully that the orchestra stopped playing and listened, they were so surprised.

After that he was made the leader, and so earned much more money than before. Besides this, people came to take harpsichord lessons from him. Most important of all, he *composed* music. He was kept busy writing in music the beautiful thoughts that crowded into his mind.

His kind mother at home was afraid her boy was not getting enough to eat and wear; so she saved up as much money as she could and sent it to him for a present. George loved his mother so dearly that he felt sorry to think how hard she must have worked to save that money. So he worked hard too, and soon was able to send back to his mother all her money and some more besides.

He kept sending home money to his mother; and he also saved as much as possible for the journey he was to take bye and bye. The great dream of his life was to visit beautiful Italy. A rich man, who admired him, invited Handel to go there with him; but George refused, because he preferred to earn his own money and be his own master. So he waited, and, after working in Hamburg three years, he found he had earned enough to start on his journey.

He spent three delightful years in Italy—years full of work and pleasure. He heard the finest Italian music and became acquainted with great musicians. There in Italy, as in Hamburg, his mind was always full of music of his own to write.

After his visit to Italy, Handel went to London. Of course no one in London knew him at first; but he composed an opera here which made him famous at once. The poor musician was now becoming a great man in the world.

He liked living in London so well that he made it his home for nearly the rest of his life; and that is why English people feel that he partly belongs to them, although born a German.

Now that he had become one of the great men of the world, the troubles of his life began. Many people who thought themselves musicians, were so jealous of the great Handel that they did all they could to harm him; they tried to make people dislike him, and they tried to keep people from going to hear his music. Oh, for long, long years, while he worked away in London, giving the people better music than they had ever known before, the jealous musicians, and those who did not know any better, made his life hard and stormy.

I like to think of Handel as of a great rock by the ocean. The waves may dash against the rock with all their might, but it stands firm; and so stood Handel, though his heart often ached, and discouragement came to him more than once.

I hope at some Christmas time, when you grow older, you will be able to hear the oratorio that Handel wrote, called "The Messiah." It is the grandest of all his works and

the best known and loved. It tells the story of the life of Christ. You will hear the beautiful Bible story—told in music—of the shepherds in the field watching their flocks by night: how the angels came with the good news that the little Christ-Child was born; how the little Child grew up to comfort and help everyone who had any sorrow; how He suffered and died, and at last rose again.

The music of the oratorio tells you the story even better than the words. For when it tells of the shepherds, the music is so calm and sweet that you seem to think of a peaceful night on the hillside, with the stars shining; and, all at once, you hear, or seem to hear, the angels themselves singing, as the chorus bursts out, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men!"

Then, when the words tell of the love and kindness of Christ, the music is loving and tender, as Christ Himself was when on earth. And when the words tell of the Savior's suffering, the music is sad and touching. Dear Handel himself felt so sad as he wrote the music to the words—"He was despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief"—that the tears ran down his cheeks.

Then comes the great "Hallelujah" Chorus, telling how Christ is risen—"Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!" And when this is sung, all the people who are listening stand up, and you will stand with

the rest. The reason why everybody stands when the "Hallelujah" Chorus is sung is this:

After Handel had composed "The Messiah," the king and many other people of London went to hear it for the first time. It filled them with such wonder that they could hardly listen quietly, and when the " Hallelujah" Chorus burst upon them, they could sit still no longer; everyone, king and all, stood right up to show how they honored Handel and his wonderful music. That was over one hundred and fifty years ago; and ever since then the listeners to the music of "The Messiah" have stood during the "Hallelujah" Chorus.

Someone asked Handel how he felt when composing the "Hallelujah" Chorus; and he said, solemnly, in his broken English: "I did think I did see all heaven before me, and the great God Himself."

A gentleman once came to Handel, after the singing of "The Messiah," and praised him for the beautiful *entertainment* he had given the people. "Sir," answered Handel, "I should be sorry if I only *entertained* them; I wish to make them better."

Handel gave the music of "The Messiah" to an Orphan Home; and it earned for the poor children over fifty thousand dollars. You see from this gift how generous Handel was; and we know that he was brave and strong and noble. One fault he had, however. When things went

wrong, or people troubled him, he would sometimes get very angry.

Often when he was playing the organ for the Prince of Wales and his family, the ladies, instead of listening, would whisper to each other. Then Handel would stop playing and scold, until the gentle Princess would say to the ladies, "Hush, hush, be quiet, Handel is angry!" But Handel's passion never lasted long, and then if he had been in the wrong he would beg pardon as a gentleman should.

We now come to the saddest part of the great man's life. When Handel was about sixty-seven years old, he began to grow blind. He struggled against it for a longtime; but when, he found he could not be cured, he bore the affliction with the patience of a hero. He tried to do just as much as he would have done had he eyes to see with. He played the organ just the same, whenever "The Messiah" or any of his other oratorios were sung.

The people who were present, at one time, when his oratorio, "Samson," was sung, saw a pathetic sight; Handel played the organ first, and then sat beside it, listening to the rest of the music. When the singers reached the part where Samson becomes blind, the grand old man turned pale and began to tremble; and when he was led forward to bow to the people who were applauding his music, the sight of the poor old man's grief caused many eyes to fill with tears. These are the words that so affected Handel, as he heard them sung:

*"Total eclipse! No sun, no moon!*
*All dark amidst the blaze of noon!*
*O glorious light! No cheering ray*
*To glad my eyes with welcome day;*
*Why thus deprived thy prime decree?*
*Sun, moon, and stars are dark to me."*

They were composed by the great poet, Milton, and Handel set them to music in his oratorio, "Samson."

Handel did not live many years after he became blind, but he worked to the very end, which came to him at seventy-four years of age.

The English people buried him in Westminster Abbey, where most of their greatest men lie buried.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL
*was born*
February 23, 1685, at Halle,
*and died*
April 14, 1759, at London.

# *Handel*

In a garret choked with lumber of various kinds, to which the dust of years had imparted the greyish hue of neglect and decay, a little fair-haired boy was seated before a spinet, fingering its yellow keys with a tenderness that betokened his fondness for the instrument. The level rays of the setting sun streaming through the dimmed casement lighted up the child's head with its clustering curls, as he bent over the keyboard. The little spinet was almost dumb, and the voice which had cheered so many lonely hours spent in its companionship was hardly more than a whisper. Yet even so the boy loved to listen to it, for the spinet could speak to him as no living voice could speak; its sweet, faint sounds stirred the heart within him as nothing else in the whole of his childish world had the power to move it, awakening and creating fresh sounds that grew ever stronger as the hours flew by unheeded. To him the greatest joy of existence was to steal away to his garret next the sky and whisper his secrets to the friendly spinet.

George Frederick Handel, as the boy was named, was the son of a surgeon of Halle, Lower Saxony, in which town the child was born on February 23, 1685. Even

before he could speak little George had shown a remarkable fondness for music, and the only toys he cared for were such as were capable of producing musical sounds. With this love for music, however, the father showed no sympathy whatever; he regarded the art with contempt, as something beneath the serious notice of one who aspired to be a gentleman, and that his child should have expressed an earnest desire to be taught to play only served to make him angry. He had decided that George was to be a lawyer, and in order that nothing should interfere with the carrying out of this intention he refused to allow the boy to attend school, lest his fondness for music should induce someone to teach him his notes. Poor George was therefore compelled to stifle his longing whilst in his father's presence, and content himself with 'making music' in the seclusion of his own chamber. It may seem strange that Handel's mother should not have interposed in order that her boy should be taught music, but there is no doubt that the elderly surgeon ruled his household with a firm hand, which not even his wife's intercession would have made him relax. Moreover, Dorothea Handel was by nature far too gentle and submissive to seek to turn her husband from his decision. 'Meister Görge,' as he was styled, had been twice married. Dorothea, his second wife, was much younger than her husband, and possessed a gentle disposition that served to win her a place in the hearts of all who knew her, and that

little George Frederick had his mother's sympathy in his love for music we cannot doubt.

Handel was about five years of age when the wistful glances which he bestowed upon other children who were more fortunate than he in being permitted to learn music aroused the active sympathy of a kind friend, who procured for him a dumb spinet—a small harpsichord having its sound deadened by strips of cloth tied round the strings. The instrument was secretly conveyed to a lumber-room in the surgeon's house, where a corner had been cleared for its reception, and thither would Handel delightedly repair at such times as he could do so without attracting notice. Hour after hour would pass whilst thus enrapt, until the shades of evening fell, or the moonbeams creeping across the instrument aroused him from his reverie. Often when the house was hushed in slumber the child would leave his bed, and steal away to the garret in order to commune with his beloved art. Day after day he labored thus, mastering his difficulties one by one, his love and his genius preventing him from feeling the hardest work a drudgery.

For some time this secret practicing continued without arousing suspicion on the part of the other inmates of the house. One night, however, when the child had resorted to his favorite spot, he was suddenly missed by those below, and, as it was known that he had been sent to bed, some fears were felt as to what could have become of him. The servants were summoned, but could give no

account of him; the father was fetched from his study, whither he had retired, and a search began. The alarm increased when it was ascertained that the child was in none of the living-rooms of the house, and it was decided that the garrets and lofts must be searched. Calling for a lantern, the surgeon ascended the stairs leading to the lumber-room; it was possible that the boy might have found his way thither on some childish expedition, and there fallen asleep. Great was the father's surprise, on reaching the top- most landing, to hear faint musical sounds proceeding from behind the closed door. Noiselessly retracing his steps, he summoned the rest of the household, and then, ascending the stairs in a body, they paused outside to listen. Sure enough the old garret was full of melodic sounds! Now near, now far off, they seemed to the listeners to be wafted from another world; there was something uncanny about it, and the maids gazed into each other's faces with a scared expression, as the master softly lifted the latch, and, having peeped into the room, beckoned silently to the rest to follow him.

It might have been one of the angel choir itself whom these good people of the under-world had stumbled upon unawares! 'Meister Görge,' lifting his lantern above his head, peered forward into the darkness, whilst the women clasped their hands in astonishment at the vision presented to their gaze. For there, seated before the spinet, was the white-robed figure of the child, his face half turned towards them, and his eyes, as they caught the light

of the lantern, revealing the dreamy, rapt expression of one who is lost to every earthly surrounding.

This discovery does not seem to have produced any outburst of anger on the part of the father. Possibly he was touched by the child's devotion, or by his entreaties, and felt unwilling to deprive him of what, after all, he could only regard in the light of an amusement. At any rate, little Handel appears to have continued his practicing without interruption. The progress which he made with his studies, however, made him long for an opportunity of hearing others play, and, very naturally, of being allowed to express his musical thoughts upon an instrument capable of responding with a fuller sound, though the fulfilment of this latter wish was more than he dared hope for whilst his father remained obdurate. One day, when Handel was seven years old, his father announced his intention of paying a visit to the castle of the Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels to see his son—a step-brother of George Frederick—who acted as valet de chamber to the Duke. Handel was most anxious to be allowed to accompany his father, because he had heard that the Duke kept a great company of musicians to perform in his chapel. But the father refused his consent, and the boy turned away with a look of fixed determination in his eyes, which it was well, perhaps, that the elderly surgeon did not perceive. 'I will go,' muttered the boy to himself, as he sought the seclusion of his garret; 'I will go, even if I have to run every inch of the way!'

Handel did not know then that no fewer than forty miles lay between his home and the ducal castle, but having formed his bold resolution he awaited the moment when his father set forth on his journey, and then, running behind the closed carriage, he did his best to keep pace with it. The roads were long and muddy, and although he panted on bravely for a long distance, the child's strength began at last to fail, and, fearing that he would be left behind, he called to the coachman to stop. At the sound of the boy's voice his father thrust his head out of the window, and was about to give vent to his anger at George's disobedience; but a glance at the poor little bedraggled figure in the road, with its pleading face, melted the surgeon's heart. They were at too great a distance from home to turn back, and so Handel was lifted into the carriage and carried to Weissenfels, where he arrived tired and footsore, but supremely happy at having won his point.

Handel had certainly not formed too bright a picture of the musical delights of the Duke's home. The musicians were most friendly towards him, and, as he was by no means shy where his beloved art was concerned, they soon became good friends. His delight was great when he was told that he might try the beautiful organ in the chapel. The organist stood beside him and arranged the stops, whilst the child, with a feeling of coming joy that was almost akin to fear, placed his fingers upon the keys. The next moment his hesitation had vanished, and the sounds

were coming in response—one minute low and deep, then mysteriously calling to him from distant corners of the dim galleries, like sweet angel voices which he had the power to summon by the pressure of his fingers. In his lonely garret, fingering his spinet, he had longed for such an opportunity as this, to be enabled to make the great organ-pipes sing to him in whispers, or to thunder back to him in grand, deep chords that would set the whole air vibrating with music. And now the opportunity he craved for had come, and he could speak his musical thoughts into this noble instrument, which had the power to draw from the depths of his soul all that that soul contained. Ah, Handel was glad now that he had persevered and worked so hard at his music. He was glad, too, that he had undertaken that long, toilsome run behind his father's carriage, for it had brought to him the greatest joy of his life.

On several occasions after this the organist came to the chapel on purpose to listen to Handel as the latter played, and he was so struck by the boy's genius that he determined to surprise the Duke by letting Handel play His Highness out of chapel. Accordingly, on the following Sunday, when the service was concluded, the organist lifted Handel on to the organ-stool, and desired him to play. If the young player had needed courage and self-confidence, it must have been at this moment when bidden to perform before the Duke and all his people. But he needed neither, for he instantly forgot all else but the

music which he was burning to express, and without a moment's hesitation complied with the organist's request.

The Duke and his friends had risen to their feet as Handel began to play, but the former, who was a good musician himself, instantly detected a difference in the playing, and, glancing towards the organ-loft, he was astonished to behold the figure of a child bending over the keys. But as he listened his astonishment became greater, for it was no longer the child's figure that arrested his attention, but the melody which was pouring forth from the instrument. Instead of walking out of the chapel, the Duke remained standing where he had risen, with his gaze riveted upon the child player, and of course the members of the household likewise kept their places. At length, when Handel ceased to play, the Duke turned to those about him with the inquiry: 'Who is that child? Does anybody know his name?' As no one present seemed to know, the organist was sent for to explain matters. After a few words from this official the Duke commanded that Handel should be brought before him. When the boy appeared he patted him on the head, and praised his performance, telling him that he was sure that he would make a good musician. At this point, however, the organist interposed with the remark that he understood that the boy's father had refused to let him follow up his musical studies. 'What!' cried the Duke in astonishment, 'is it possible that he can contemplate anything so foolish and unjust as to stifle the genius of his own son! I cannot

believe it. Who is the father? Where does he live?' On being told that the surgeon was staying in the palace, the Duke sent for him, and having told him how much he admired his son's performance, he pointed out to him that he would be doing a great wrong to the child if he persisted in placing any obstacle in the way of his advancement. 'I need hardly say,' concluded the kindly Duke, 'that such action on your part would, in my opinion, be quite unworthy of a member of your own honorable profession.' The father listened with respect to what the Duke had to say, and then (though with obvious reluctance) consented to allow the boy to pursue his studies. 'Come,' said the Duke, as he saw that his point was won, 'that is good, and, believe me, you will never regret it.' He finally turned to little Handel, and, patting him once more on the head, bade him work hard at his music, and then took his leave. The child would have thanked him, but his heart was too full for words, and tears of gratitude started to his eyes as the kindly nobleman turned away. At last the wish of his heart would be fulfilled. Happy was the journey that had so happy an ending for the young musician.

As it was now settled that Handel should devote himself to music, it became necessary to place him with a good teacher. Friederich Zachau, an excellent musician, and the organist of the cathedral at Halle, was chosen to instruct the boy in composition as well as to give him lessons on the organ, harpsichord, violin, and hautboy.

Zachau was extremely pleased with his pupil, and, perceiving his extraordinary aptitude and genius, he did his best to bring him on. The organist possessed a large collection of music by composers of different countries, and he showed Handel how one nation differed from another in its style of musical expression, or, to put it another way, how the people of a particular country felt with regard to the art. Zachau also taught him to compare the work of various composers, so that he might recognize the various styles, as well as the faults and excellencies of each. All this time, too, Handel was set work in composition. Before long he was actually composing the regular weekly services for the church, in addition to playing the organ whenever Zachau desired to absent himself—yet at this time Handel could not have been more than eight years old.

It was at the end of three years' hard work that Zachau took his pupil by the hand, and said: 'You must now find another teacher, for I can teach you no more.' Well and faithfully indeed had Zachau discharged his duty toward the pupil for whom, to use his own words, he felt he could never do enough, and grateful must Handel have been for all his care and attention. The parting was sad for both master and pupil, but with both the art which they loved stood before all else, and so Handel was sent to Berlin to pursue his studies.

It is hardly to be wondered at that the people of Berlin should have regarded as a prodigy a child of eleven who

was capable of composing music for Church services, as well as of playing the organ and harpsichord in a masterly fashion. There were two well-known musicians living in Berlin at the time, named Ariosti and Buononcini, to whom Handel was of course introduced. The former received the boy very kindly and gave him every encouragement, but Buononcini took a dislike to him from the first, and seems to have done his best to injure the little player's reputation. Under the pretense of testing Handel's powers he composed a most difficult piece for the harpsichord, and, setting it before the child, requested him to play it at sight. The piece bristled with complications, and Buononcini confidently anticipated that Handel would break down over its performance. To his chagrin, however, the boy played it through with perfect ease and correctness, and from that moment Buononcini regarded him as a serious rival. Indeed, Handel's skill in improvising both on the organ and pianoforte created astonishment in all who heard him; and despite Buononcini's hostility he made many friends. The Elector himself was so delighted with his playing that he offered him a post at Court, and even expressed his willingness to send him to Italy to pursue his studies. Handel's father, however, refused his consent to both proposals; no doubt he thought that if the boy developed according to the promise which he showed it would be necessary to keep him free from Court engagements, since it had happened in the case of others that great difficulty

had been experienced in breaking away from such connections. The royal patrons of music were most anxious to obtain the services of the best musicians, and naturally were very loath to part with them when once secured. It was therefore determined that Handel should return to Halle, and be placed once more under the care of his old master. As may be imagined, Zachau was delighted to receive his pupil back again, and, with no less joy on his part, Handel set to work with increased energy to master the science of composition.

Whilst Handel was delighting the people of Berlin with his playing, a little boy, who was destined to become one of the greatest of musicians, was injuring his sight by copying out by moonlight the manuscript music which he had taken from his elder brother's cupboard, and helping to support himself by singing in the street, and at weddings and funerals, snatching every moment that could be spared from such work for adding to his knowledge of composition and playing. That little boy was Johann Sebastian Bach.

About this time Handel formed a friendship with a young student named Telemann, who was studying law at Leipzig. Curiously enough, Telemann's history up to this point bore a close resemblance to that of Handel. From a child he had been passionately devoted to music, but it was his parents' wish that he should study law, and now, in obedience to his mother's desire, he had come to Leipzig University. The love of music, however, was

strong within him, and the meeting with Handel seems to have fired his passion anew. Yet he resolutely set his face against the temptation to stray from the path laid down for him, and to strengthen his resistance he put all his manuscript compositions in the fire—all save one, which lay forgotten in an old desk. It happened that a friend lighted upon this solitary manuscript by accident, and recognizing its beauty showed it to the Church authorities of Leipzig. They in turn were so delighted with it that they immediately offered the composer the post of organist at the Neukirche, at the same time sending him a sum of money for the manuscript, and requesting him to compose regularly for the Church. At this juncture Telemann abandoned the struggle against his love for the art, and to his mother, who was supplying him with the means of living, he wrote, saying that he could no longer hold out against what he felt to be his true sphere of work, and mentioning that he had already begun to receive remuneration for the compositions. At the same time he returned the money which she had sent towards his education and begged her not to think too hardly of him. The fact that his talent for music could produce money seems to have melted the mother's heart, for she instantly wrote to her son, and not only returned the money he had sent, but gave him her blessing into the bargain.

From this point Handel and Telemann became fast friends, and worked together at their musical studies, and it is interesting to record that the latter afterwards became

one of the most celebrated German composers of his day. So numerous were his compositions, in fact, that it is told that he could not reckon them, and perhaps no other composer ever possessed such a facility in composition, especially in Church music. When reminded of his extraordinary talent, however, he used to say laughingly that a good composer ought to be able to set a placard to music.

The death of Handel's father, which took place at this period, left his mother with very small means, and Handel at once determined that he must work for his own living, so as not to deprive his mother of any portion of her limited income, to which, indeed, he hoped to make some addition ere long. But for the present, it was necessary that his education should be completed in accordance with his father's injunction, and so Handel continued to attend the University classes in classics. From this time he acted as deputy organist at the Cathedral and Castle of Halle, and a few years later, when the post fell vacant, he was duly appointed organist, with a salary of £7 1os a year and free lodging. The duties were many, and included attendance on Sundays, festivals, and extra occasions, the care of the organ, and obedience to the priests and elders of the church. The organ was of the old-fashioned kind, in which the bellows were worked by the feet of the blower, who for this reason was called a 'bellows- treader' (*Bälgentreter*). Handel was now seventeen, and longing for greater things; but he could not expect to earn much in so small a

town as Halle, and so, in January, 1703, he said good-bye to his mother and his old friend Zachau, and set out for Hamburg to seek his fortune.

His first engagement at Hamburg was a very small one. The Opera House orchestra needed a *ripieno* (supplementary violin), and Handel accepted the post. What reason he had for letting it be understood that he possessed only a slight skill in playing is not shown, for to play *ripieno* meant that he was expected simply to help out the orchestra when additional harmonies were required, and to give support to the solo parts. As may be imagined, this must have seemed very easy work to Handel, nor was it long before he found an opportunity of showing what he was capable of doing. At that time it was the custom for the conductor to preside at the harpsichord, where, with the score of the piece before him, he kept a check upon the players, and, where necessary, beat the time. One day the conductor was absent through some accidental cause, and no arrangement had been made to fill his place. Handel thereupon without a word stepped up and took his seat at the instrument, and conducted so ably as to excite the astonishment of the other performers. Having thus revealed his powers, he was thereafter permanently established in the post.

Handel had not been long in Hamburg before he made the acquaintance of a most remarkable man named Mattheson. In addition to being an exceedingly clever musician and composer, Mattheson was a good linguist

and a writer on a variety of musical subjects. He had formed a resolve to write a book for every year of his life, and he accomplished more than this, for he lived to be eighty-three years of age, and at the time of his death he had published no fewer than eighty-eight volumes. Despite the vanity which formed so large a part of his character, Handel could not fail to be attracted by so accomplished a man, and their acquaintance soon ripened into a friendship which lasted for many years. Shortly after they became known to each other the post of organist in the church of Lübeck fell vacant, and Handel and his friend determined to compete for it. Accordingly, they set out together in the coach, with the evident intention of enjoying themselves. They had a poulterer as fellow-traveler, who seems to have been quite of the same opinion, and as they journeyed to Lübeck they told stories, composed 'double fugues,' (which it is to be hoped the poulterer appreciated), and altogether had a very merry time. On reaching their destination they paid a round of visits to the organs and harpsichords in the town, trying them all in succession, and it was then arranged between them that Handel should compete only on the organ and Mattheson on the harpsichord. Matters, however, were not destined to be carried to the point of actual trial, for they suddenly discovered that the successful competitor would be required to wed the daughter of the retiring organist, and as neither musician contemplated taking so serious a step, they promptly

retreated to Hamburg without even seeking an audience of the would-be bride!

The self-will and determination which marked the character of Handel as a child clung to him through life, and not even the closest ties of friendship prevented his obstinate temper from asserting itself whenever occasion arose. Handel's temper, opposed to Mattheson's vanity, gave rise to a quarrel between the two friends which might have been attended by very serious consequences. Mattheson had written an opera called 'Cleopatra,' in which he himself took the part of Antony, and it had been his custom after the death of this character to take his place at the harpsichord and conduct the rest of the opera. This had been the arrangement with the former conductor, and Mattheson did not doubt that it would be adhered to when Handel presided at the pianoforte. But Mattheson had clearly reckoned without his host, for when the actor-composer, having departed this life on the stage, suddenly reappeared through the orchestra door and walked up to Handel's side with the request that the latter would yield his place to him, he was met by a flat refusal on the part of the conductor in possession. Possibly Handel may have been struck by the absurdity of a personage whose decease had only a few moments before been witnessed by the audience desiring to reassume his mortal dress in the orchestra. Mattheson's vanity, on the other hand, was no doubt deeply injured by

his being made to look foolish, and he left the theatre in a rage.

At the conclusion of the piece Handel found his friend awaiting him at the entrance. An altercation took place, and it is said that Mattheson went so far as to box Handel's ears. A public insult such as this could only be wiped out by a resort to swords, and the belligerents at once adjourned to the market-place, where, surrounded by a ring of curious onlookers, they drew their weapons. After several angry thrusts on either side, the point of Mattheson's sword actually touched his adversary's breast, but, fortunately, was turned aside by a large metal button which Handel wore on his coat. The consciousness of how narrowly he had missed injuring, if not actually killing, his friend brought Mattheson suddenly to his senses, and, the bystanders at this juncture interposing between them, the duelists shook hands, and thenceforth, it is said, became better friends than ever.

The life at Hamburg was a very busy one—full of teaching, study, and composition. With the growth of his fame the number of his pupils increased, and Handel was enabled not only to be independent of his mother's help, but even to send her money from time to time. He now began to practice a habit which remained with him always—that of saving money whenever he could. Unlike most students of his age, he was impressed by the fact that, in order to produce with success works which were essentially works of art, one should be to some extent

independent. It was during these student days that he composed his first opera, 'Almira, Queen of Castile,' which was produced in Hamburg on January 8, 1705. Its success induced him to follow it up with others, and then, in the following year, he set out for Italy. It was a journey he had been looking forward to during these years of hard work—ever since the time, in fact, when the Elector's offer had been refused by his father. Now he could go with the feeling that he was a composer of some note, confident that his works would at least obtain a hearing from the Italians. But this tour was not undertaken with the idea of making a holiday; it was to be a time of hard, continuous work as regards both operas and sacred music, by which his fame as a composer was to be greatly enhanced.

At Florence, where he stayed for some time, he composed the opera 'Rodrigo,' which was received with great applause. The Grand Duke was so delighted with it that he presented Handel on the first performance with fifty pounds and a service of plate. At Venice he brought out another opera, 'Agrippina,' the success of which was even greater than any previously produced. The audience were most enthusiastic, rising from their seats and waving their arms, whilst cries of 'Viva il caro Sassone!' (Long live the dear Saxon) resounded through the house. That a German composer should thus have taken Italian audiences by storm is an indication of the power which Handel wielded through his music, especially when we consider the rivalry which existed between the two

countries in regard to the art. At the same time it must be remembered that the works of Handel which were performed in Italy were composed under Italian skies, after close study of the productions and methods of the masters of Italian opera, and when the composer himself was imbued with what he had observed of the tastes and customs of the people. The quality of his works, however, must have served to convince the Italians of the strength which the sister country was capable of putting forth in support of her claim to be regarded as a home of musical art.

Whilst on this tour Handel was present at a masked ball when Scarlatti, the celebrated Italian performer, aroused great applause by his playing on the harpsichord. Handel, whose identity was unknown to both Scarlatti and the audience, was next invited to play, and excited so much astonishment by his performance that Scarlatti, who had been listening intently, exclaimed aloud, 'It is either the famous Saxon himself, or the devil!' Later on, at Rome, the two performers competed in a friendly manner on the organ and pianoforte, and though it was undecided as to which should have the palm for the latter instrument, Scarlatti himself admitted Handel's superiority on the organ, and ever afterwards, when people praised him for his playing, he would tell them how Handel played, and at the same time cross himself in token of his great reverence for his gifted rival.

In Rome itself Handel's interest was deeply aroused, and he returned for a second visit to the city in 1709. It was here that he composed and produced his first oratorio, the 'Resurrection,' which added to his fame as a writer of sacred music. During this second visit he witnessed the arrival of the Pifferari, a band of shepherd-fifers, who each year left their flocks on the Calabrian hills, and journeyed to Rome to celebrate the birth of Christ by singing and playing an ancient chant in memory of the shepherds of Bethlehem. Handel must have retained this simple melody in his mind, for many years later he introduced a version of it into his great oratorio, the 'Messiah,' where, under the title of the 'Pastoral Symphony,' it accompanies the scene of 'the shepherds abiding in the field.'

The following year Handel returned to Germany, and went to Hanover, where he was most kindly received by the Elector (afterwards King George I of England). The post of Capellmeister, with a salary of about £300, was offered and accepted, but Handel had a further favor to prefer. He had for long cherished a desire to visit England, whither the noise of his fame had already extended, and whence he had received many pressing invitations. His request for leave of absence for this purpose was at once granted by his royal master, but ere Handel could turn his steps to these shores a stronger claim upon him remained to be satisfied: this was to visit his mother and his old master, Zachau. We may imagine the meeting—the

mother proud of her son, Zachau equally proud of his pupil. How glad the hearts of both must have been to welcome back one who had so abundantly justified their confidence in his powers! Short as the time had been, the young musician had accomplished a great work for his country, for his compositions had sufficed to show the Italians the height to which the music of Germany had risen. It now remained for him to bring the English under his subjection, and of his success in this direction he had little fear. When the autumn came Handel took leave of his dear ones, and, with the sorrow of parting tempered by joyful anticipations, he set sail for England.

Italian opera had of late become the fashion in the musical world of London, but so much dissatisfaction had been aroused by the manner in which it was produced that it needed all the genius and power of such a master as Handel had shown himself to be to restore it to popular favor. We have, therefore, to think of Handel coming to London, with the fame of his Italian tour clinging to him, to a people longing for music which they could appreciate. That fame had paved the way for a cordial reception; he must next show them what he could do. In the February following his arrival Handel produced his opera 'Rinaldo' at the Queen's Theatre in the Haymarket, having expended just a fortnight in composing and completing it! The opera was a triumphant success. For fifteen nights in succession (a long run in those days) the house was crowded with an enthusiastic audience, and the charming

airs which were first uttered within the walls of the Haymarket Theatre were afterwards wafted to the furthest corners of the three kingdoms. Even today, when many of us hear for the first time the airs 'Lascia ch'io pianga' and 'Cara sposa,' we seem to fall at once under the spell of their charm; and can we not imagine the effect which these beautiful songs produced upon the Londoners of nearly two centuries ago, as they were voiced by the great singer Nicolini? We have mentioned but two of the airs which have ever remained popular, but the opera abounded in graceful melodies that could not fail to captivate the ear of a people who had been languishing for the sunshine.

It is interesting to recall the manner in which the opera was put upon the stage in those days. Every effort seems to have been made to render the scenes as realistic as possible, though occasionally this straining after effect was carried to an excess that excited ridicule. Thus, in the scene for Act II of 'Rinaldo,' representing the garden of Armida, the stage was filled with living birds, which were let loose from cages. As the opera was produced in the winter months, the only birds available were sparrows—a fact which gave rise to sarcastic comments in the papers. The practice, however, might have been justly condemned on account of its cruelty.

Handel was now firmly established in the favor of English music-lovers. They had expected great things of him, and they were not disappointed. There was a body of

true musicians in London at that time to whom the presence of the composer must have given special delight. Regular concerts, where amateur musicians could meet for the purpose of playing and hearing the best music, were unknown, and it was left to the enterprising zeal of one humble individual to originate the idea of the regular weekly concerts in London which later on became so widely known and appreciated. In a small shop near Clerkenwell Green lived a small-coal dealer named Thomas Britton. In those days 'small-coal,' or charcoal, was extensively used amongst the poorer classes, and regularly each morning Britton would shoulder his large sack of the fuel and go his round through the streets, disposing of his burden in pennyworths to the inhabitants. When the round was finished he returned home, changed his clothes, forgot that he was a small-coal man, and became a musician. Nor were there wanting many belonging to far higher stations in life who were ready to testify to the deep love for the art which distinguished the small-coal dealer. In a long, low-pitched room above the shop, which had originally formed part of a stable, Britton had collected a large number of musical instruments of various kinds, as well as the scores of some of the best music of the day. To this humble apartment would repair numbers of amateur and professional musicians belonging to all ranks of society, from the highest to the lowest. No one paid for admission, and the sole qualification expected of the visitor was that he or she

should be a lover of the art. Thus, at the weekly gatherings in the small-coal man's loft, might have been seen peers of the realm, poets and artists, singers and performers, both known and unknown, mingling freely together, drinking coffee provided by the host at one penny per dish, and settling themselves down to enjoy the best chamber music of the day. Handel was not long in finding his way thither, and he became a regular attendant, always presiding at the harpsichord. The fame of Britton's assemblies grew apace, and led eventually to the establishment of regular weekly chamber concerts in London.

This first visit to England seems to have implanted in Handel a sincere affection for the country and its people, and although he returned to Hanover and took up his duties again at Court, he felt convinced that London was the center in which his genius could have its fullest play. It was not long, therefore, before he obtained fresh leave of absence to visit England, giving in return a promise to present himself at his post within a 'reasonable' time. How he carried out this promise we shall see from what follows. London was only too glad to see him again, and his acquaintances became more numerous than ever. Lord Burlington invited him to stay at his seat, Burlington House (now the Royal Academy), in Piccadilly, where the only duty expected of him in return for the comforts of a luxurious home and the society of the great was that he should conduct the Earl's chamber concerts. It is difficult to realize that Burlington House stood then in the midst

of fields, whilst Piccadilly itself was considered to be so far from town that surprise was felt that Lord Burlington should have removed himself to such a distance from the center of life and fashion. The loneliness of Piccadilly at that period may be surmised from the fact that it was not safe to traverse the thoroughfare after nightfall unless protected by an escort strong enough to repel the attacks of highwaymen who haunted the neighborhood.

The time passed so quickly amidst the pleasures of society and the unceasing devotion to composition that Handel himself probably failed to realize that he was gratuitously extending his leave of absence beyond all 'reasonable' bounds. His fame had made great progress all this while, and when the wars in Flanders at length came to an end with the signing of the peace of Utrecht, he was called upon to compose the *Te Deum* and *Jubilate*, which were performed at the Thanks-giving Service held at St. Paul's, and attended by the Queen in state. To signalize this great event, as well as to mark the royal favor in which the composer was held, Queen Anne awarded Handel a life pension of £200. It is small wonder, then, that he should have been slow to sever, even for a time, his connection with the world of London. Amongst his numerous acquaintance of this time was a certain Dr. Greene, a musician of some ability, but more perseverance, whose attentions to the composer were so persistent as to partake of the nature of persecution. Handel was never the man to cultivate an acquaintance for

which he had no liking, and it was a part of his character to make no effort to conceal his dislikes either for persons or things. When, therefore, Dr. Greene sent him a manuscript anthem of his own to look over, Handel put it on one side and forgot it. Sometime afterwards Dr. Greene went to take coffee with the great man, and having waited vainly for some reference to his manuscript until his patience was exhausted, he burst out with: 'Well, Mr. Handel, and what do you think of my anthem?' 'Your antum?' cried Handel in his broken English. 'Ah, yes, I do recollect, I did tink dat it vanted air.' '*Air!*' exclaimed the astonished and indignant composer. 'Yes, air,' responded Handel, 'and so I did hang it out of de vindow.'

The death of the Queen must have awakened Handel with a shock to a sense of his neglect of duty, for the Elector of Hanover thereupon came to England as her successor. That King George would be likely to receive Handel with favor was out of the question, notwithstanding the monarch's love of music and the fame which had grown about his Capellmeister's name. The offence lay far too deep for that, and Handel realized that he must employ some special means of grace to secure his master's pardon. The opportunity he sought for came ere long. A royal entertainment on the Thames was arranged, in which there was to be a grand procession of decorated barges from Whitehall to Limehouse. An orchestra was provided, and Handel was requested by the Lord Chamberlain to compose the music for the fete, in

the hope that by so doing he might pave the way towards a reconciliation. Handel acquiesced, and the result was the series of pieces which have since been known as the 'Water Music.' The King was so delighted with the performance that he had it repeated, and, learning that Handel was conducting it in person, he sent for him, and not only granted him a full pardon, but conferred upon him an additional pension of £200. Nor did the royal favor stop here, for he was shortly afterwards appointed music-master to the daughters of the Prince of Wales at a salary of £200 a year. Handel was thus raised to a position of independence, for as the original grant from Queen Anne continued in force he enjoyed a total income of £600 a year, a sum which in those days was equivalent to a considerable fortune.

It was not long after this that Handel was appointed chapel-master to the Duke of Chandos, at the latter's palace of Cannons, near Edgware. The post up till then had been held by a certain Dr. Pepusch, but he resigned at once in favor of Handel. Anything more princely in style than Cannons could hardly be imagined; its size and magnificence were the talk of the country for miles around, whilst the fabulous riches of its owner and his luxuriousness of living earned for him the title of 'The Grand Duke.' The palace itself has long since disappeared, but the chapel originally attached to it has been preserved, and now forms the parish church of Whitchurch, or Little Stanmore. The interior is furnished and decorated after

the fashion of the Italian churches, but it is not on account of its structural beauty that the church has become the object of interest to thousands of pilgrims who annually make their way to the village of Edgware; it is the knowledge that it was here that Handel composed his first English oratorio, 'Esther,' as well as numerous anthems and other minor works. The manuscript score of this fine work—which is but rarely heard now—is to be seen in the Royal Collection of Handel manuscripts at Buckingham Palace, though a portion of it is missing. No one who finds his way to the church of Little Stanmore should fail to notice the organ, for it is the instrument used by Handel from 1718 to 1721, and on which he played the organ parts of 'Esther,' when the oratorio was performed for the first time in the Duke's chapel. With the lavishness that was his chief characteristic the Duke handed to the composer on this occasion £1,000, but in so doing he may have been actuated by a sincere desire to add to Handel's independence. Those were very happy and busy years which Handel passed at Cannons. Amongst the numerous compositions for the harpsichord belonging to this period is the suite of pieces which includes the air, with variations, popularly known as 'The Harmonious Blacksmith.' The origin of this title has for long been a matter of discussion; it is quite certain that Handel himself did not so name the piece, for the manuscript bears the title only of 'Air et Doubles,' nor was it ever known by any other name during the composer's lifetime. Yet there are

few of us, perhaps, who willingly reject as fable the story which for many years after Handel's death was believed to have given a true account of its origin. According to this story Handel was one day walking to Cannons through the village of Edgware, when he was overtaken by a heavy shower of rain, and sought shelter within the smithy. The blacksmith was singing at his work, and the strokes of his hammer on the anvil kept time to his song. Handel, it is said, was so struck both by the air and its accompaniment that on reaching home he wrote down the tune with a set of variations upon it. Assuming this story to have no foundation in fact, no satisfactory explanation has been forthcoming to account for the origin of the title, and when, in 1835, the story was investigated, it was claimed that both anvil and hammer had been traced as having passed through several hands. The blacksmith's name was said to have been Powell, and the anvil is described as bearing a capital P, and, further, that 'when struck with the hammer it gives, first, the note B, but immediately afterwards sounds E. These notes correspond very nearly with the B♭ and E♭, of our present concert pitch, and therefore coincide very closely with the E♮ and B♮ of Handel's times.' Again, with regard to the air itself, the contention that Handel took it from another composer has never been proved, and there is 'absolutely nothing to show that it is not the work of Handel.'

It is difficult for us to imagine the road leading from the Marble Arch (then called Tyburn) to Edgware as

being infested by highwaymen. This fact, like that regarding the condition of Piccadilly, serves to show in a striking manner how circumscribed the London of those days must have been. Handel must often have had to travel between Cannons and London, but we do not hear of his having been robbed by the way. The Duke, however, was attacked on more than one occasion, and he always performed the journey with an escort of his favorite Swiss Guards, of whom a body was kept to protect the palace.

For several years the production of opera 'after the Italian style,' which Handel on his coming over had done so much to stimulate, had languished for lack of funds. To many Londoners who were fond of music the sight of the closed doors of the King's Theatre in the Haymarket imparted a feeling of regret and loss. When, therefore, a number of rich patrons of music met together and decided to form themselves into a society for the purpose of reviving the opera in London, the project was received with signs of general pleasure. The King was greatly interested, and subscribed £1,000 to the venture. Handel was at once engaged in the double capacity of composer and 'impressario,' the latter duty charging him with the selection and engagement of singers. The new society was to be called the Royal Academy of Music, but we must not confuse this body with the Royal Academy of Music existing at the present day, which was founded in 1822.

Handel now set out for Germany with the object of visiting Dresden, where the Elector of Saxony was

maintaining a company of the best singers for the performance of Italian opera. On his return journey he paid a visit to Halle, where he found his mother alive, and overjoyed to see him, though the cheery welcome of his old master Zachau could no longer be heard, for the old man had gone to his rest. There was another sad note about this visit, for on the very day that Handel left for England Sebastian Bach, filled with a longing to meet his great contemporary, arrived at Halle, whither he had journeyed from Cöthen, only to find that he was a few hours too late. This was the last chance of their meeting, for when Handel paid his next visit to Germany Bach was dead.

Early in the following year the doors of the theatre in the Haymarket were besieged by a huge crowd, anxious to secure seats for the performance of Handel's new opera, 'Radamisto,' which was being produced by the Royal Academy of Music. The applause was deafening, and the success of the opera was assured. But Handel was not to be left to enjoy his honors in peace; an opposition party had already arisen, who were moved to do him evil partly from envy, and partly because he had stirred them up to resentment by his dominancy and self-will. From Hamburg came his old enemy, Buononcini, to try his fortune with the new society, and it was not long ere the rival composers were engaged with a third musician, whose name is uncertain (though some state it to have been that of Handel's friend of his Hamburg days—

Ariosti), in the composition of a new opera. It was arranged that this work should form a kind of competition, with the object of determining whether Handel or Buononcini was the better composer. Thus Handel wrote the third act, and Buononcini the second, the first act being committed to the hands of the third musician, whose claim to be regarded as a rival was very small in comparison with the others. When the new work, 'Muzio Scævola,' was performed Handel's act was pronounced by the principal judges to be much superior to that of Buononcini's; the latter's friends, however, refused to accept a defeat, and being joined by others, the battle waxed exceedingly hot. The newspapers took it up, and very soon nothing else was talked about but the rival merits of the two composers. Numerous verses were composed on either side, as well as others which poked fun at both parties. Amongst the latter was an epigram written by John Byrom, the Lancashire poet, which, without the knowledge of the author, got into all the papers, and was considered to hit off the situation more neatly than any which had gone before. Thus it runs:

*'Some say, compar'd to Buononcini,*
*That Mynheer Handel's but a Ninny;*
*Others aver, that be to Handel*
*Is scarcely fit to hold a Candle;*

*Strange all this Difference should be,*
*'Twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee!'*

That Handel showed scant consideration for those who differed from him in regard to his works is proved by his treatment of the artists who were engaged to perform for him. He could not be thwarted from his bent, nor cajoled into doing anything that he disliked, whilst his stubborn pride prevented him from yielding to any, whether great or small. When, in 1723, his opera 'Ottone' was about to be produced, he had engaged as prima donna the great Continental singer, Francesca Cuzzoni. The lady does not appear to have possessed the sweetest of tempers, and she showed her independence by not putting in an appearance in England until the rehearsals were far advanced. This could not have been pleasing to the composer, but when on her presenting herself at the theatre she flatly refused to sing the aria 'Falsa Immagine' in the way Handel had written it, he burst into a rage, and seizing her in his arms, cried: 'Madam, you are a very she-devil, but I vill have you know dat I am Beelzebub, de prince of devils!' with which he made as if to throw her out of the window. Cuzzoni was so frightened by his fury that she promised to do as she was bid. Accordingly, she sang as he directed, and made one of her greatest successes with the song. How much the public appreciated the singing of this gifted artist we may guess when it is told that the directors obtained as much as five guineas for each seat when she was advertised to sing.

Although he would brook no contradiction on the part of those who were engaged to execute his works, Handel

spared no pains to help them over a difficulty, or to show how his music should be expressed. At times, however, his temper took the form of the most unsparing sarcasm. One day a singer at rehearsal protested against the manner in which Handel was accompanying him on the harpsichord, and in a fit of anger exclaimed: 'If you continue to accompany me in that fashion I will jump from the platform on to the harpsichord, and smash it!' 'Vat!' cried Handel, looking up in surprise, 'do you say you vill jump? Den I vill advertise it at once, for people vould come to see you jump dat vill never come to hear you sing!'

We have not space to describe the whole of the works which Handel wrote for the Royal Academy of Music. His industry was untiring, and the fertility of his genius was such that within a period of eight years from the beginning of the Society's work he had composed and produced no fewer than fourteen operas. Amongst this number was the opera called 'Scipione,' in which is to be found a 'Triumphal March in D,' which the Grenadier Guards claim to have been specially composed for their regiment by Handel before its inclusion in the opera. The Guards are very proud of their march, and the band still plays it under the title of the 'Royal Guards March.'

During the whole of this time, however, Handel's enemies never ceased their opposition, and, despite successes, it was soon apparent that the rival parties were bent on destroying each other. The enormous cost incurred in producing operatic works, added to the losses

occasioned by quarrels and dissensions amongst the singers, many of whom deserted Handel to join his enemies, at length brought the Royal Academy to the end of its resources. In 1727, when the society was tottering to its fall, the rival theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields brought out the famous work called 'The Beggar's Opera,' written by John Gay, which formed the first English ballad opera. Its success was stupendous; London was taken completely by storm, and everybody was soon singing and humming its catching airs. Fickle as the public taste had hitherto shown itself to be in regard to musical productions, it now became fixed on the new work, and opera in the 'Italian style' was completely deserted. What was the secret of this wonderful success? Simply this: a poet seized upon a number of the most entrancing airs which the musical genius of England and Scotland had produced, many of them belonging to ancient times, together with the favorite melodies of the day, and he set them to words which were utterly unworthy of the sentiment inspired by these beautiful compositions. The richest stores of ballad music were pillaged for this degrading work; the march in Handel's 'Rinaldo' was stolen to form a robber's chorus, whilst the exploits of Captain Macheath and his highwaymen companions were held up as models of daring and gallantry when performed to the most captivating of airs. The public hailed the piece with delight; the ladies modelled their dresses on the stage costume of 'Polly,' the heroine, and decorated their fans

with the words of her songs, and for sixty-two nights the walls of the Lincoln's Inn Fields theatre shook with thunders of applause from gallery, pit, and stalls. In thus speaking of a work which not only held London captive for so long, but was afterwards performed in every part of the kingdom, we must not forget that its remarkable popularity was due in some measure to the brightness of its dialogue; to its witty sayings hitting off men and manners of the day; but, above all, to the exquisite beauty of its melodies, which served to lay a glamour over what otherwise would have undoubtedly been condemned as vulgar.

The success of the 'Beggar's Opera' completed the ruin of the Royal Academy of Music, but Handel, undismayed by the failure of this great scheme, and setting his enemies at defiance, went once more to Italy to collect a new company of singers, for he was determined to carry on the work himself with the fortune which his operas had brought him. On his way home he paid a visit to Halle, where he found his aged mother stricken by illness. She lingered until the following year (1730), when she died at the age of eighty. For several years Handel struggled to build up the fortunes of Italian opera in London, but the persistent rivalry and opposition of his enemies, combined with the decadence of musical taste on the part of the public, caused his losses to accumulate, until, in 1737, he found himself, after repeated failures, deeply in debt, and with his health broken down by overwork and

anxiety. The whole of his fortune of £10,000 had been swallowed up in this disastrous enterprise, and it was a poor consolation for him to know that his rivals failed in the same year with a loss of £12,000. Not even at this juncture, however, would his indomitable will submit to the force of circumstances. After a brief rest at Aix la Chapelle, with a course of vapor baths, he returned to London prepared to begin the battle afresh, and although he had lost to a great extent the favor of the rich, his popularity was such that a statue of himself was executed by public subscription, and erected in Vauxhall Gardens, an honor which, as has been truly observed, had been paid to no other composer during his lifetime.

It was only after several failures that Handel was at length convinced that it was useless to attempt to re-awaken the interest of English audiences in Italian opera, and yet, although he made no concealment of his regret at the abandonment of a line of composition in which he had so greatly excelled, it was with no diminished vigor or determination that he now, at the age of fifty-five, turned his attention to work of a serious character. And if we admit that Handel excelled in operatic work, what shall we say of the oratorios which formed the later creations of his genius? To many of us, perhaps, his name is so intimately associated with the titles of his religious works that we are almost ready to believe that all which had gone before was merely in the nature of preparation for such noble works as 'Satil,' 'Israel in Egypt,' 'Samson,' ' Jephtha,' and, above

all, the 'Messiah.' It is on the 'Messiah' alone that our space permits us to dwell, and we will endeavor to relate the story of how this great oratorio came to be written.

It was in 1741 that the plan of writing the 'Messiah' was formed, but it is not known whether the subject originated with Handel himself, or was suggested to him by a friend named Mr. Charles Jennens, a man of great literary tastes and acquirements, who lived a retired life in the country. It is certain, however, that Mr. Jennens selected and wrote out the passages from the Scriptures, and sent them to Handel to set to music, and for the care and choice exercised in this compilation we owe to Mr. Jennens a deep debt of gratitude. Towards the end of this year Handel received an invitation from the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland to visit Dublin, as the Irish people were very desirous of hearing some of his compositions performed in their country. Handel accepted the invitation very willingly, for he saw in the tone in which it was conveyed an assurance of the sympathy of the sister isle, as well as a prospect of being enabled to retrieve his fallen fortunes. He left England at the beginning of November, having previously sent a promise to Dublin that he would devote a portion of the money realized by his performances to three charitable institutions in that city. The music of the 'Messiah' must have been actually composed before he set foot upon the ship at Chester, for at the end of the following month we find him writing to Mr. Jennens from Dublin, and referring to the latter's

oratorio, ' "Messiah," which I set to music before I left England.' Moreover, he must have had the manuscript score with him on his voyage, though his friends in London were ignorant of the fact; for we learn that being detained at Chester for some days by contrary winds, he got together at his inn several of the choir boys from the cathedral in order to try over some of the choral passages in the work. Needless to say, the title of the oratorio was not allowed to transpire on this occasion, but many of us may feel curious to know whether any of these young singers felt impressed by the beauty of the parts which it was their envied lot to 'try over' in the composer's room at the hostelry. One at least of these trial performers must have carried away an unpleasant experience of the great man's impetuous temper. 'Can you sing at sight?' was the question put to each before he was asked to sing, and one broke down lamentably at the start. 'What de devil you mean!' cried Handel, snatching the music from his hands. 'Did not you say you could sing at sight?' 'Yes, sir, I did,' responded the confused singer, 'but not at *first* sight!'

The welcome extended to Handel by the people of Dublin was a very warm one; the performances were a great success, and then we get the first public mention of the new oratorio. At the 'Musick Hall in Fishamble Street, Dublin' is to be performed 'Mr. Handel's new grand Oratorio, called the "Messiah," in which the Gentlemen of the Choirs of both Cathedrals will assist, with some Concertos on the Organ, by Mr. Handel.' It was further

announced that the proceeds would be devoted to two charitable institutions, and 'for the Relief of the Prisoners in the several Gaols.' These latter were miserable persons who had been imprisoned for debt, and whose sufferings through neglect and poverty were such as to excite deep compassion. Four hundred pounds was the sum realized by this performance, which took place on Monday, April 13, 1742, and no doubt the poor prisoners felt very grateful to the composer, who had thus put into practice the very precepts which his sacred work inspired. So great was the success of this first performance that a second was called for, the announcement of which contained an earnest appeal to the ladies to leave their hoops behind them. This singular request was obeyed, with the result that accommodation was found for one hundred more persons than on the first occasion.

The citizens of Dublin seem to have been very loath to part with Handel, whilst he, for his part, must have felt in the warmth of his reception some recompense for the neglect from which he had been made to suffer in London. The visit was therefore prolonged for many months, and it was not until March 23, 1743, that a London audience gathered to witness their first performance of the 'Messiah.' How is it possible to give, in a few words, an idea of this great work? When we hear the 'Messiah' performed we are struck by its magnificence and beauty of expression; the language of Scripture seems to be clothed, as it were, in a beautiful garment of music which, ever

changing as the oratorio proceeds, appears to give the fullest and most exact expression to each portion of the sacred story. At one time the music blazes forth like a jeweled crown when it catches the sun; at another it soars heavenwards like the song of the lark; once again it pours forth like the thunderous roar of a huge cataract, filling our ears with the majesty of its volume; then, again, it sinks to the tender moan of the wind as it sweeps through the trees; but everywhere and at all times it seems to exactly fit the words, and to give them their noblest expression. The oratorio opens within overture, grand, yet simple, and designed to prepare our minds for the story which follows. Then we hear the words of the prophet Isaiah, 'Comfort ye my people,' telling of the coming of the Messiah, and relating the signs by which His approach is to be heralded—'Ev'ry valley shall be exalted,' etc.—and leading up to the revelation, 'The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light,' and so to the mighty outburst of harmony—'Wonderful! Counsellor!'—with which the prophecy reaches its culminating point. When these words are thundered forth in chorus we seem to have suddenly presented to our eyes a picture of the Messiah as He was revealed to the mind of the Prophet. But note attentively what follows. With the concluding notes of that grand choral outburst still ringing in our ears—the designation of a mighty Prince, a great Counsellor—we find ourselves, at the ushering in of the Nativity, not, as the words of the chorus would seem to

predict, at the welcoming scene of a great Prince in all his splendor, but in the presence of a group of lowly shepherds tending their flocks in the quiet fields of Judaea. How wonderfully striking is the contrast between the grandeur of the concluding chorus and the simplicity and quiet beauty of the scene now presented to us by the Pastoral Symphony! It is founded upon the ancient melody which Handel had heard the Calabrian shepherds play at Rome many years before, and soon the air is ringing with the chorus of the heavenly host, 'Glory to God in the highest,' followed by the joyful outburst, 'Rejoice greatly.' Then comes the revelation of what Christ shall be to His people—'He shall feed His flock like a Shepherd,' 'His yoke is easy and His burden is light'—with which the first part comes to an end.

In the second part we are shown the incidents leading up to the Passion, and our emotions are deeply stirred by the pathetic music indicating the sufferings of our Lord. What could be more touchingly beautiful than the air, 'He was despised and rejected of men'? in the writing of which Handel is said to have burst into tears. Then, the Passion past, we have the realization of all that that sacrifice meant, the awakening of hope, followed by the triumphal chorus, 'Lift up your heads, ye gates!' and after a succession of beautiful airs and choruses we reach the culminating point of the Recognition in that grand hymn of praise, the 'Hallelujah Chorus,' with which the second part concludes.

Scarcely have the glorious hallelujahs of the last chorus died away ere the beautiful strains of the air, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' are ringing in our ears; from this we are led to the chorus, 'Worthy is the Lamb,' indicating the glorification of the sacrifice, and the marvelous concluding chorus of the 'Amen,' which strikingly portrays the unified assent of heaven and earth to the Godhead of Christ.

On the occasion of the first performance of the 'Messiah' in London, at which the King was present, the vast audience were so impressed by the grandeur of the music and the reverence which it inspired that when the 'Hallelujah Chorus' began, and the words, 'For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth,' rang out, they one and all, including the King, sprang to their feet as if by a given signal, and stood until the last notes of the chorus had been sounded. From that time forward it has been the custom at performances of the oratorio to stand during the 'Hallelujah Chorus.'

No other sacred musical work has been the means of securing for the sick and needy so much relief as that which the 'Messiah' has effected by its frequent performances in various parts of England and on the Continent. Handel, as we have seen, gave the proceeds of its first performance to help the sick and miserable, and his good example has been followed by many others. Later on his compassion was aroused by the poor, helpless little inmates of the Foundling Hospital. We all know the

Foundling Hospital, in Guilford Street, Russell Square, but perhaps we do not all know why it is that Handel's portrait is there accorded the place of honor, or why the foundlings should hold the composer's memory in such reverence. Handel did not, it is true, establish the hospital; it was founded in 1741 by one Captain Coram, out of the profits of a trading vessel of which he was the master. But nine years later (in 1750) he presented the hospital with a fine organ, and, in order to inaugurate the opening of the instrument, he announced that he would perform upon it the music of the 'Messiah.' So great was the demand for seats upon this occasion that it was found necessary to repeat the performance. Handel afterwards presented a manuscript score of the oratorio to the Foundling, and undertook to give an annual performance of the work for the benefit of the charity. Eleven performances under his direction were given at the Foundling before his death, by which a sum of £6,955 was added to the hospital funds. Nor did this good work cease with the composer's death, for we learn that the annual performances continued to be given, and that seventeen of these brought the total amount by which the 'Messiah' benefited the hospital up to £10,299, a fact which of itself speaks volumes for the appreciation in which the oratorio was held.

In connection with the gift of the 'Messiah' score to the Foundling an amusing story is told, which serves to illustrate the imperiousness of Handel's temper. The directors of the hospital were desirous of retaining for

themselves the exclusive right to perform the 'Messiah,' and with this idea they sought to obtain an Act of Parliament confirming their rights. When Handel heard of the proposal, however, he burst out in a rage with, 'Te teufel! for what sall de Foundlings put mein moosic in de Parliament? Te teufel! mein moosic sall not go to de Parliament!' And it is hardly necessary to add that 'de moosic' did not go to 'de Parliament.'

It is difficult, within the compass of this little story, to convey a just idea of the extraordinary amount of work which Handel's life comprised. One oratorio after another followed the 'Messiah,' none of them entitled to rank with that great work for either loftiness of subject or grandeur of expression, yet many containing passages of unrivalled beauty. 'Jephtha,' which was the last oratorio he composed, contains the magnificent recitative, 'Deeper and deeper still,' and the beautiful song, 'Waft her, angels.' It was while writing 'Jephtha' that Handel became blind, but, though greatly affected by this loss, it did not daunt his courage or lessen his power of work. He was then in his sixty-eighth year, and had lived down most of the hostility which formerly had been so rife against him. Who, indeed, could for long withstand so imperious a will, backed by such unquenchable genius? With increased fame, moreover, his fortunes had built themselves up once more, so that when he died he left £20,000 to be disposed of by his executors.

The range of Handel's compositions was gigantic; there was no branch of the art which his genius did not penetrate and adorn, but it is as a writer of choruses that his power is seen at its best. 'No one,' writes Mr. Julian Marshall, in his biography of the composer, 'before or since has so well understood how to extract from a body of voices such grand results by such artfully simple means as those he used.' No master, we may add, has given us music which expresses with greater clearness, beauty, or force the passages of Scripture it is intended to illumine than that which is to be found in the choral parts of Handel's oratorios. Handel was the greatest master of counterpoint the world has ever seen, and this power enabled him to give musical expression to written words with an ease and fluency which can only be described as marvelous. Yet it is not its marvelous character which strikes us when we hear his work for the first time so much as its oneness with the subject it portrays; we feel that it is like some grand painting, in which color and form are so charmingly blended as to make a perfect and indivisible whole.

It is often alleged that Handel copied from other composers, and that such was the case there is abundant evidence to show. It must be remembered, however, that in his day people did not attach to originality of ideas the value which we allow to them now. Handel, however, did more than this: he not only borrowed ideas or themes which—to a great extent, at least—were regarded as

common property, but he actually embodied in some of his works entire passages taken from the compositions of comparatively unknown composers. For this no justification is possible; nor, on the other hand, can it be urged that Handel stole other men's brains because he lacked power to use his own. The only thing that it seems possible to say by way of explaining a practice which must be condemned as dishonest is that Handel in all probability did not realize his offence or view it in the light in which we view it at the present day. Everything in his life and character argues against the idea of his committing an action which he held to be mean or dishonest. No man could have been more fearlessly independent, either in thought or action, and, whatever other faults he possessed, his character has always been regarded as strictly honorable.

Handel was a big man, with a very commanding presence and a fiery temper, which, as we have seen, was apt to explode at trifles. He did not hesitate to launch the most virulent abuse at the heads of those who ventured to talk whilst he was conducting, and at such times not even the presence of royalty could make him restrain his anger. But when Handel raved the Princess of Wales would turn to her friends, and say softly, 'Hush, hush! Handel is angry.' He had a rooted dislike to hearing his orchestra tune up in his presence, and he gave strict orders that the performers were to get this business over before he arrived. One night, however, when the Prince of Wales

was to be present, a wag gained access to the orchestra and secretly untuned every instrument. When the Prince arrived and the audience were all seated, Handel 'gave the signal to begin *con spirito*, when such a discord arose that the enraged musician started from his seat, overturned the double-bass, seized a kettledrum, threw it at the leader of the orchestra, and lost his wig. He advanced bareheaded to the front of the orchestra, but was so choked with passion that he could not speak. Here he stood, staring and stamping, amidst general convulsions of laughter, until the Prince presently, with much difficulty, appeased his wrath, and prevailed on him to resume his seat.'

Handel's fondness for the pleasures of the table was one of the weaknesses which his enemies did not fail to make the most of, and which has given rise to more than one story. For instance, it is told that he went into a dining-house one day and ordered 'dinner for three.' The waiter, having received the order, disappeared, and was absent so long that Handel lost patience, and, ringing the bell, demanded to know why the meal was delayed. 'Sir,' replied the waiter, 'I was awaiting the arrival of the company.' 'De gompany!' cried the famished musician, in a voice which made the glasses jingle, and caused the waiter to start back in dismay, 'I am de gompany!'

Dr. Burney, the eminent musician and friend of Handel, has described the composer's countenance as having been 'full of fire and dignity.' 'His general look,' continues the doctor, 'was somewhat heavy and sour, but

when he did smile it was the sun bursting out of a black cloud. There was a sudden flash of intelligence, wit, and good humor beaming in his countenance which I hardly ever saw in any other.' His sense of humor was keen, and he could relish a joke—especially when it was not directed towards himself. When visiting Dublin he was accompanied by the celebrated violinist Dubourg, who was engaged to play at his performances. One evening Dubourg was delighting the audience with an extempore cadenza, and wandered so far away from the original key that he found it no easy matter to return to it. At length, after some moments of suspense, the shake was heard which announced that the violinist was about to return to the theme; Handel thereupon looked up from the harpsichord, and, in a voice loud enough to be heard throughout the hall, exclaimed, with significant emphasis, 'Velcome home again, Mr. Dubourg!'

In bringing our story of Handel's life to a close, we are tempted to make a brief comparison between Handel and that other great master who lived and worked at the same time—Sebastian Bach. When we compare the two men we perceive this marked difference between them—namely, that, while Bach evinced a complete indifference with regard to public praise, but a very deep interest in the works of other musicians, Handel cared a great deal for what the public thought of his works, and was too much absorbed in his own music to give much attention to the compositions of others. The one wrote for posterity; he

published but little, and it was only when half a century had passed since his death that the musical world awoke to a sense of the inestimable value which attached to the works which that life had produced. Handel, on the other hand, studied the tastes of his own day as regards both sacred and secular music, and devoted the whole of his life to the supply of that demand on the part of the public which he had done so much to create and develop.

Full as was Handel's life as regards the fulfilment of its great object, it was in other ways extremely simple. Few things outside his incessant round of work interested him, but he was fond of going to the theatre, and he had a passion for attending picture sales. Of his charity we have spoken, but we may add that he was always ready to help those in distress, and he helped to found the Society for Aiding Distressed Musicians. The last occasion in which he appeared in public was at a performance of the 'Messiah' at Covent Garden, on April 6, 1759. On the 14th of the same month his death took place at the house in Brook Street where he had resided for many years. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a grand monument was later on erected to his memory. His chief manuscripts came into the possession of King George III, and are preserved in the musical library at Buckingham Palace.

# *Ludwig Van Beethoven*
(1770-1827)

## EARLY LIFE OF BEETHOVEN

Someday you may be fortunate enough to cross the broad Atlantic and visit European countries. If you are, you will surely wish to go to Germany. Many hundreds of travelers go there every year to take a trip down the Rhine. It is said to be the most beautiful river in all the world.

There are many interesting things to be seen on a trip down the Rhine. On one side green vineyards slope down to the river. On the other side rocky bluffs rise abruptly from the water's edge. Old castles stand on many of the bluffs. Some of the castles are in ruins and are almost hidden by the overgrowing ivy.

Many are the cities and villages that have been built along the banks of the Rhine. Some of the cities are quaint and old-fashioned. Bonn is such a city. The people of Bonn are very proud of a certain low building that faces a narrow street.

They take every traveler to see it. They point over the door to a tablet on which are carved words meaning, "In this house Ludwig van Beethoven was born, December 17, 1770."

Ludwig van Beethoven was one of the great German composers. In fact, many people consider him the greatest composer that the world has ever known. Whether this be true or not, certain it is that his music is loved in every land. Nearly a century and a half has passed since Ludwig van Beethoven was born in his humble home in Bonn. Ludwig's father was a singer. He was a good-for- nothing sort of fellow. He never earned enough money to support his family well.

He was paid about one hundred and twenty-five dollars a year for singing in a church. Besides this he made money by giving music lessons. He spent the little money that he had carelessly. He often spent it for himself when it was greatly needed by his wife and children.

Indeed, if it had not been for the good old grandfather, things would have gone hard with the Beethoven family. As long as he lived, he was a great help to them in every way. There were several Beethoven children, but Ludwig was his grandfather's pet and was named for him.

Ludwig was only three years old when his grandfather died. Well did the boy remember the old gentleman's scarlet coat and flashing eye. Well did he remember, too, his love and kindness.

The mother of the great Beethoven was a patient, hard-working woman. He never forgot the lessons of truth and obedience he received from her. Beethoven always spoke tenderly of his mother and never forgot her

patience. When he was a young man, he wrote, "She was a dear, good mother and my best friend."

Little Ludwig was hardly out of his cradle before his father gave him music lessons. While he was still a tiny lad, he was compelled to practice many hours each day. When he was only four years old, the neighbors often saw him sitting on a bench by the door, sobbing. He cried because he knew that he must soon go in to work at his scales.

Ludwig's father hoped that his son would learn music rapidly. He wished to have him play in concerts as Mozart had done when a boy. He thought that in this way much money might be earned. So he kept the lad almost constantly at work at his music. Ludwig practiced almost all the time when he was not at school or sleeping.

The boy studied two instruments, the piano and the violin. At first his father was his only teacher. But soon a regular music teacher was employed. The boy practiced hours at a time. When we think how much work was required of the little fellow, we almost wonder that he did not hate his music. But this was not the case. On the contrary, he liked it better than anything else in the wide world.

By the time Ludwig van Beethoven was ten years old, he had become a fine organist. He had received some lessons on the organ. His teacher was organist in the prince's chapel. Once upon a time this man was called away from Bonn. Wondering whom he could get to play

in his absence, he thought and thought. Finally he said: "Perhaps the boy, Beethoven, could take my place. I will give him the chance, and we shall see what the lad can do."

How proud was the boy when his teacher honored him in this way! He said to himself: "I must do my very best. I do not want my master to be ashamed of his pupil." He put forth his best efforts, and everyone who heard him had words of praise for his playing. When the master returned and heard of it, he said, "Someday this boy will be as famous as Mozart."

The organist in the chapel at Bonn did not know how true his words were. He did not dream that one day the German people would be proud to erect a monument in Bonn to this same Beethoven. Little did he imagine that the one word *Beethoven* would be considered sufficient to carve at the base of the monument.

With the other Beethoven children, Ludwig was sent to school. He had lessons in all the common school studies and in French, Latin, and Italian besides.

Early in his teens, Ludwig was appointed second court organist. He was paid for this work, but the knowledge of great composers which he gained was worth more to him than the money he received.

Although in after years Beethoven was untidy, he cared much for dress when he was court organist. Everyone turned to look at the little fellow in his sea-green coat and white flowered waistcoat. With his hat under his

arm and with his sword at his side, young Beethoven looked very much like one of the gentlemen of the court.

## BEETHOVEN IN VIENNA

The year 1787 was one which Beethoven never forgot. That was the year in which he first went to Vienna. He was at that time seventeen years old.

For many months he had been longing to visit the Austrian capital.

For a long time Beethoven had been saving his money to take this trip. Like all other young musicians of those days, he had a great desire to study in Vienna. He hoped, too, that he should be fortunate enough to play for Mozart. In this he was not disappointed.

You may imagine how happy Beethoven must have been to meet Mozart one day and to be allowed to play for him. He played selections from the great composers, until Mozart said: "Many others can do what you have just done. I have heard that you often compose as you play. Sit down again and compose for me."

The young musician was excited, but he was not afraid. He knew that he should succeed. He had often composed as he played, and felt sure that he could do it now. For a few moments only there was silence. Then the boy's fingers moved swiftly over the keys, and the room

was filled with the sweetest music. Not once did the lad falter, not once did he make the slightest mistake.

Mozart was astonished. He was amazed that this German boy showed such skill. He listened for a while in silence; then he arose and tiptoed from the room. He whispered to some friends, "Keep your eye on this youth. He will make a noise in the world someday."

Beethoven had been in Vienna only a short time when he received sad news from home. A letter from Bonn told him that his mother was dying. He hastened home, and reached there only a few days before her death.

Beethoven was very sad. He wrote to a friend, "Who was happier than I so long as I could speak the sweet name of mother? There is none to whom I can say it now."

Beethoven decided to remain in Bonn. He felt that he must do something to help support the family; so he made up his mind to give music lessons.

Among his pupils was a lad from one of the wealthiest families of Bonn. The mother in this family was a woman of culture and refinement. She often invited Beethoven to her home and talked with him as his own mother might have done.

She gave him the finest books to read. He became interested in the best writings. He read the poems of Goethe with great pleasure, and was fond of English poets as well. He spent many hours studying the works of Shakespeare and Milton.

For five years Beethoven taught music in his native town. During this time he made many friends. One of these was a count, and a very good friend he proved to be.

After Beethoven's first visit to Vienna he longed to go there again. His friend, the count, had often heard him express this wish. The gift of a piano and some money from the count helped Beethoven to obtain his wish.

In 1792 he went to Vienna to study music. He became the pupil of Haydn. He did not have many lessons from that teacher, for Haydn soon left the city.

When Mozart was twenty-five he had published nearly three hundred compositions. Beethoven at the same age had published almost none. After his arrival in Vienna, however, he began to write down some of the beautiful music which filled his mind. These compositions won for him many friends among the families of rank in Vienna.

Princes and nobles vied with one another in entertaining him. They saw in him a musician of great promise. They were proud that such a composer had chosen Vienna for his home. They appreciated his music and were always glad to hear it.

Scarcely a day passed that Beethoven did not play in the home of some person of wealth. During the first few years that he spent in Vienna, he did not appear in concerts. He played only in the homes of his friends, where his symphonies delighted all hearers.

Beethoven was an eccentric man. His friends were people of fashion, but he cared little for style. In fact, he was often untidy in his dress. His clothes were loose and ill-fitting. His hair was long and unkempt. His aristocratic friends were polished and courteous in their manners. Beethoven was impolite and even rude at times.

In spite of all these faults, his friends were fond of Beethoven. It has been said of him, that he "never let go of what seemed to him the right." He was honest and sincere in all that he did. He was warm-hearted and generous. For all these things he was loved.

Among Beethoven's friends was a prince. He and his wife lived in a beautiful palace and kept many servants. They invited Beethoven to live with them. He was a member of their household for several years.

The prince had four musicians in his home. These men played together to entertain the prince, the princess, and their friends. Beethoven devoted much time to the training of these musicians. He spent many hours in teaching them the works of the famous composers.

Those years in Vienna were filled with hard work for Beethoven. He learned to play upon many instruments. He studied the horn, viola, violin, and clarinet. He did this that he might know better how to write music for the orchestra.

The citizens of Vienna were a music-loving people. Many of them had never had an opportunity of hearing

Beethoven play. They were anxious to listen to some of his own compositions; but he did not like to play before a large audience. At last he appeared in public. In 1795 he gave several concerts. One of these was for the benefit of Mozart's widow and children.

When Beethoven was about thirty years old, a sad misfortune befell him. He realized that he was becoming deaf. He tried the best doctors, but they could do nothing for him. His deafness slowly increased.

When the musician first knew of his deafness, he told no one. He seldom went to the homes of his friends, for he could not bear to have them know that he was deaf.

Beethoven was never happier than when he was in the country. He spent all his summers there. Every day he wandered for hours through the woods. When he became deaf, he wrote to a friend, "It makes me sad to think that others can hear the notes of a far-off flute or a distant shepherd's song, and I cannot."

To another friend he wrote: "My deafness troubles me less here than elsewhere. Every tree seems to speak to me of God. How happy am I to wander through the cool paths of the forest! No one can love the country as I do!"

Even though he was deaf, Beethoven sometimes tried to lead the orchestra. One time a symphony of his was played at a concert. Every seat in the large hall was filled. Beethoven took his place, and at a signal from him the music began. It was the Ninth Symphony. The people

listened in silence to the beautiful music. When the last note had died away, the room was perfectly quiet for a moment. Then a storm of applause broke forth.

Beethoven, with his back to the people, did not hear it. He knew not that his symphony had so greatly pleased them. The clapping grew louder and louder. Then one of the musicians touched Beethoven upon the arm. He turned and saw what he had not been able to hear. As the deaf musician bowed, the eyes of many were filled with tears.

Beethoven often went to the park when he wished to write. There, in the thickest part of the wood, some of his most beautiful music was composed. He sat in the fork of an old oak and wrote, sometimes a symphony, sometimes a sonata.

The master was once invited to try a new organ in a large monastery. A few friends went with him. When they arrived, the chapel was almost empty. No one could be seen except a few monks at their prayers and some peasants sweeping out the long aisles.

Beethoven went at once to the great organ. At first the music was soft and sweet. Gradually the tones grew richer and fuller. The music rose and fell until the beautiful tones were echoed from every corner of the shadowy chapel.

Little by little, the church, at first so empty, became filled with groups of black-gowned monks. Beethoven had no thought of the silent, listening people and they had no

thought of him. The heavenly music had turned their thoughts to God. The lips of the monks moved in prayer, and the peasants, before so busy, had dropped their brooms and were standing with folded hands and bowed heads.

Beethoven was a hard worker. Strange to say, the greater part of his work was done after he became deaf. He often rose at three in the morning to write a concerto or a symphony. Sometimes he worked far into the night, composing a sonata or a serenade. His published works number several hundred pieces of music.

The last years of the great master's life were sad. For a long time he had been unable to hear the notes of his loved piano. "He, the maker of sweet sounds, could not hear his own voice, or catch the words that fell from the lips of those he loved."

During his last illness Beethoven found great comfort in reading music. A friend sent him some of Haydn's compositions. Beethoven passed many pleasant hours reading them. He found much comfort, too, in Schubert's Songs.

Beethoven died in 1827. A few days before his death he said, "I shall soon go upon the long journey." His last words were, "I shall hear in heaven."

## THE MOONLIGHT SONATA

(Adapted)

It happened at Vienna. One moonlight evening, in early summer, a friend called upon Beethoven.

He said, "Come, let us walk together in the moonlight." Arm in arm the two friends strolled through the city. In passing through a dark, narrow street, Beethoven paused suddenly. "Hush!" he said. "What sound is that? It is from my sonata in F. Hark, how well it is played!"

It was a mean little dwelling before which the two friends paused to listen. The music went on. Almost at the end of the beautiful sonata, the music ceased, and low sobs were heard instead. A girl's soft voice said, "I can go no farther. It is too beautiful. I have not the power to play it as it should be played. Oh, what would I not give to go to one of Beethoven's concerts!"

"Ah, my sister," said another voice, "why wish for that which you cannot have? We can scarcely pay our rent."

"You are right," answered the girl, "and yet I wish for once in my life to hear some really good music."

"Such a wish will never be granted," said her companion.

Beethoven looked at his friend. "Let us go in," he said.

"Go in! Why should we go in?"

"I will play for her," said the master, in a low tone.

"This girl has the soul of a musician. I will play for her, and she will understand." Without waiting for an answer his hand was upon the door.

As the two friends entered the room, they saw a pale young man sitting by a table making shoes. Near him sat a young girl. She was leaning sorrowfully upon an old-fashioned harpsichord. Her long golden hair fell over her neck and shoulders. Both the young man and the girl were very poorly dressed. Both started and turned toward the door as the strangers entered the room.

"Pardon me," said Beethoven, "but I heard the music and was tempted to enter. I am a musician."

The girl blushed, and the young man appeared annoyed. "I also heard something of what you said," continued Beethoven. "Shall I play for you? Shall I give you a concert?"

Beethoven's manner was so friendly and his voice so kindly that a smile took the place of the frown on the young man's face. The four, who but a moment ago were strangers, became friends at once.

"Thank you," said the shoemaker, "but our harpsichord is so poor and we have no music."

"No music," echoed Beethoven. "How then does the young lady play so—" He stopped suddenly, for the girl turned her face toward him, and for the first time he saw that she was blind.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered, "but I had not noticed before. Then you play by ear?"

"Yes, entirely," the girl answered.

"And where do you hear music, since you attend no concerts?" asked Beethoven.

"I used to hear a lady practicing near us. During the summer evenings her windows were often open, and I walked to and fro outside to listen."

The girl seemed shy, so Beethoven said no more. He seated himself quietly before the harpsichord and began to play. Never before had Beethoven played as he played that night for the blind girl and her brother. From the moment that his fingers began to wander over the keys, the very tone of the instrument seemed to grow sweeter.

The brother and sister were silent with wonder. The young man laid aside his work, and the girl sat perfectly quiet. She leaned forward a little as if afraid lest she might miss a single note of the sweet music.

Suddenly the flame of the one candle wavered, sank, flickered, and went out. Beethoven paused. His friend rose quietly and threw open the shutters. A flood of soft moonlight filled the room, so that it was almost as light as before. The moonbeams fell brightest upon the piano and the player.

But the music had stopped. The master's head dropped upon his breast, and his hands rested upon his

knees. He seemed lost in thought, and sat thus for some time.

At length the young shoemaker arose. Eagerly, yet timidly, he approached the musician. "Wonderful man!" he said in a low tone, "who art thou?"

One of the composer's rare smiles flitted across his face. "Listen!" he said, and with a master's touch he gave the opening bars of his own sonata in F.

The girl seemed to know that no one but the composer of the music could have played it so well. "Then you are Beethoven," she exclaimed. Beethoven rose to go, but they begged him to stay. "Play to us once more—only once more."

He again seated himself at the piano. The moon shone brightly through the window. Looking up thoughtfully to the sky and stars, he said, "I will compose a sonata to the moonlight." Touching the keys lightly, he began to play a sad and lovely melody. The music filled the room as gently as the soft moonlight creeps over the dark earth.

Then the time changed. The music became brighter and more rapid. One no longer seemed to see the moon gliding through fleecy clouds. Instead, one thought of sprites and fairies dancing merrily together.

Once again the music changed. The notes were as rapid as before, but they seemed fraught with sadness. It was such music as fills the heart with wonder.

"Farewell to you," said Beethoven, pushing back his chair and turning toward the door. "Farewell to you."

"You will come again?" said the brother and sister in one breath.

He paused and looked tenderly at the face of the blind girl. "Yes, yes," he said, "I will come again and give you some lessons. Farewell! I will come soon again." His new friends followed him in silence and stood at the door until he was out of sight and hearing.

"Let us hasten home," said Beethoven to his friend. "I must write out that sonata while the music is still in my mind." When they reached home, Beethoven seated himself at once and began to write. He worked until daybreak. When he had finished, he had written the *Moonlight Sonata.*

## *Beethoven*

It was a beautiful spring morning; the sun shone in a cloudless sky, and the birds were singing blithely on the branches of the trees just outside the window, as if inviting the child who stood within to come out into the sunshine and be as free and happy as themselves. But he could not respond to their call, for he was not yet half-way through his long task. A pitiful little figure he made, mounted on a footstool in front of the pianoforte, with his head resting wearily on his hand, and his absent, dreamy gaze fixed upon the window. Scarcely five years old, and yet condemned to practice endless finger-exercises until his eyes grew dim with straining over the notes; kept a prisoner indoors, apart from his playmates, when the sun was shining and the birds were singing—and all because he happened to possess a great gift for music, and because his father, realizing this fact, had determined to use the child's talents for the support of the family.

Suddenly the door of the sitting-room opened, and a stern face was thrust inside.

'Ludwig!'—the tone was harsh and severe, and at the well-known sound the boy awoke from his reverie—'Ludwig! what are you doing? Go on with your exercise at

once, and remember there will be no soup for you until it is finished.'

Then the door closed again, and Ludwig turned with a sigh to his monotonous task. Why should his life be made so much harder than that of other children? he might have asked himself bitterly. It was not that he disliked music—no, he loved it—but he yearned for the brightness and sympathy which seemed to be given freely to others, and yet were denied to him. And as he strove to master his long exercise his eyes wandered from the music to a portrait which hung over the piano. It represented an elderly gentleman with a kindly face, bushy dark hair, and large dark eyes. It was a humorous face, not handsome, yet frank and pleasant, and decidedly clever. How clearly Ludwig could recall the bright blue coat, with its large gilt buttons, which the artist had faithfully portrayed! As the boy's glance rested upon the portrait the recollection of the merry times he had spent with his grandfather was presented to his mind. Once more he heard the old man's genial laugh, and felt the gentle pressure of his hand upon his curls. And then his playing! How little Ludwig had listened enrapt whilst Grandfather Ludwig charmed forth those mysterious melodies which seemed to be locked up at other times in the silent, prim little clavier! Those were delicious day-dreams that Grandfather Ludwig had the power to conjure up in his grandson's mind. But two years had passed since the kindly old musician had gone to his

rest, and during those years the surroundings of Ludwig's childhood had changed for the worse.

The parents of Ludwig van Beethoven, as the boy was named, were extremely poor. Johann Beethoven, the father, was a member of the Court band of the Elector of Cologne, at Bonn, in which town Ludwig was born on December 16, 1770. The German Princes of those days maintained companies of musicians for the performance of Divine service in their chapels, as well as for their private entertainment, and such companies frequently comprised musicians of considerable ability. Johann's position as tenor singer was but a humble one, bringing in not more than £25 a year. The grandfather, who also belonged to the band, first as bass singer, and later as music director, had, on the other hand, achieved a considerable reputation, both as performer and composer, and during his latter years his earnings had gone far to support Johann's family, with whom he lived. With the old man's death, however, this help ceased, and the family means became greatly reduced.

It was, no doubt, in consequence of the privation felt at this time that the father was induced to keep Ludwig so hard at work. Mozart as a boy had exhibited marvelous powers, and his performances in public at an early age were attended by success. Johann, therefore, seemed to think that his little son would have a chance of earning money by his forced capacities for music. That a child of such tender years should have been regarded in the light

of a bread-winner for the family appears unreasonable and hard; and it is not to be wondered at that Ludwig failed to understand the necessity which led to such pressure being put upon him. In his mother, Marie Magdalena, however, he could always find a ready sympathy and a tenderness which must have served to counteract, to some degree, the unhappiness occasioned by the father's severity. But not even a mother's love could make up for the loss the child had sustained by his grandfather's death, for the excellent qualities of head and heart which the old man had exhibited were just those which the boy missed in his father. To Ludwig music meant everything—or, rather, it would have meant everything, even at that early time, had its development only been continued under the same kindly influence.

Despite his severity and unreasonableness, however, Johann must be credited with the determination that his boy's knowledge of music should be as thorough as it was possible to make it with the means at his command, and to this end he spared no pains. Moreover, in order that Ludwig should not grow up in complete ignorance of subjects which lay outside his art, he was sent to the public school of Bonn to pick up what learning he could, though this chiefly comprised reading and writing. With his schoolfellows Ludwig had little in common. They thought him shy, because he kept to himself, and showed no desire to join in their games. The truth was his mind was almost wholly absorbed by music, and the consciousness that this

great love had taken possession of his soul, and was growing stronger day by day may have made him inapt for games or boyish society, and thus may have led to his taking refuge in his own thoughts. In the companionship of music he could never have felt lonely, and in his walks between school hours he found plenty to interest him. He never tired of sounding Nature for her harmonies, and as he pursued his way through the fields and lanes he listened to the peasants singing at their work, and then, catching up the simple tunes, he fitted his own notes to them, so as to produce beautiful and subtle effects of harmony. Many of those old folk-tunes were closely connected with the history of the country to which they belonged; they were often the musical expression of the feelings, struggles, and passions of the people, and to Beethoven's sensitive ear they conveyed a deeper meaning than they did to the simple peasants who hummed or caroled them to the whirr of the spinning-wheel, the blows of the forge-hammer, or the speeding of the plough.

Thus, with the drudgery of unremitting toil and constant reproof, the years passed away until Ludwig was nearly nine. Hard as the lessons of those years had been, there could be no doubt as to the progress which he had made. Not even the severity and harshness of his father could lessen or abate his yearning for musical knowledge; and so it came about that one day Johann, regarding him with an expression more akin to pride and satisfaction than that which Ludwig was accustomed to read in his

father's face, said, 'I can teach you no more; we must see about finding you another master.'

But how this was to be accomplished it is as difficult for us as it must have been to Johann himself to imagine; for, so far from the family circumstances having improved, the poverty was even more acute than before, and such further efforts as the father may have been induced to make to increase their comforts were negatived by his growing addiction to drink—a fact which must of itself have caused a further reduction in their resources. Fortunately, at this critical period help was forthcoming in the shape of a musician boarder, who agreed to give instruction to Ludwig in part return for his accommodation.

The coming of Tobias Pfeiffer, as the new boarder was named, must have been regarded by Ludwig with some curiosity. Would he turn out an even harder task-master than his own father had been? This question was soon settled by the glimpse which Tobias early gave to his pupil of his peculiar method of imparting instruction. Johann's evenings were now chiefly spent at some tavern resort, whither it became the custom for Tobias to repair at a very late hour, in order that he might give his drunken landlord a safe convoy home. By this friendly help the erring Johann escaped falling into the hands of the police—an eventuality which would have resulted in his losing his employment. Having fulfilled his friendly mission, Pfeiffer would betake himself to Ludwig's bedside, and, with a

shake which soon became familiar, would arouse the boy with, 'Now then, Ludwig, time for practice!' At this gentle admonition the sleepy child would rise obediently, rubbing his eyes, and master and pupil descended to the sitting-room, where they would play together till the early hours of the morning—Pfeiffer giving out a theme, and Beethoven extemporizing upon it, and then Ludwig in his turn giving the lead to Pfeiffer. Extemporization would be followed by duets, until the approach of day gave warning that it was time to retire to bed. Such music as these two players made in the still hours of the night was, no doubt, but rarely heard in the district in which they lived, and on the other side of the open window, in the early dawn of the summer morning, a small knot of listeners frequently gathered, attracted by the unusual performance proceeding within.

For about a year this curious mode of instruction continued, and during this time Ludwig's education received a stimulus in the shape of lessons in Latin, French, Italian, and Logic, given by a man named Zambona. This Zambona was an eccentric personage, whose peculiarities would appear to have been well adapted to the condition of things prevailing in the Beethoven home. He apparently considered himself qualified to fill a variety of posts, as he had acted as innkeeper, chamber-porter at the Court, and bookkeeper, in addition to being a teacher of languages; but his worth was proved by the fact that Beethoven made good

progress under his tuition. Hitherto Ludwig's playing had been confined to the pianoforte and violin, but at this point a friendly hand was held out to him by an old friend of his grandfather, named Van den Eeden, who for many years had held the post of organist at the Court. 'Come to me, and I will teach you the organ,' the kindly old musician said to Ludwig, and the boy's heart leapt with pleasure at the generous offer. No doubt Van den Eeden saw in the young player the signs of genius such as his old friend had exhibited in no small degree in past years, and felt drawn towards him in consequence. A new field was thus opened to Beethoven, and when, at the end of a year, Van den Eeden resigned on account of ill-health, and the post was given to Christian Neefe, Ludwig was happy in the discovery of a new friend, who not only expressed his willingness to carry on the instruction, but was quick to recognize the boy's extraordinary talent. At this point of our story we get our first glimpse of the fruits of Beethoven's work at composition. The death of a friend who had assisted the family with money gifts inspired him to write a cantata in his honor; but though it was performed at the funeral, no trace exists for us of this little outcome of gratitude on Beethoven's part.

Ludwig was now ten years old, and in the winter of 1781 he made his first essay at bread- winning for the family. The state of things at home was wretched in the extreme, and the hopelessness of looking to the father to retrieve the condition into which they had fallen decided

Ludwig's mother upon undertaking a tour through Holland with the boy, in the hope that his playing at the houses of the rich might bring in money. We may well believe that sheer necessity alone impelled the gentle, ailing woman to such a step. Her faith in her son's powers was evidently of a higher order than that of Johann, and she must have seen that this exhibition of his talents at so early an age not only implied an interruption to his studies, but also, to some extent, a debasing of the art which she felt that he loved for its own sake. The tour produced money—that chiefest need of the moment—and, so far, it was a success; but Ludwig himself did not carry away any pleasing recollections of his visit. 'The Dutch are very stingy, and I shall take care not to trouble them again,' he afterwards remarked to a friend; and there was no repetition of the experiment.

In the following year a notice appeared in *Cramer's Magazine*, calling the attention of music-lovers to a young player who, though not more than eleven years old, could play with force and finish, read well at sight, and—most remarkable of all— play the greater part of Bach's 'Wohltemperirte Klavier' (Well-tempered Clavier), 'a feat,' declared the writer, 'which will be understood by the initiated.' 'This young genius,' the article went on to say, 'deserves some assistance that he may travel. If he goes on as he has begun, he will certainly become a second Mozart.'

The writer of this notice was Christian Neefe, and the subject of his praise was none other than his pupil, Ludwig Beethoven. That the boy should have mastered a work of such extraordinary difficulty as Bach's collection of preludes and fugues may well have excited the astonishment of his friend and teacher, whose praise was thus deservedly given. But Neefe's confidence in his pupil's abilities was shown in a more substantial manner during this same year. Van den Eeden's death took place in June, and when the Court band had played the old organist to his last resting-place Neefe received orders to proceed with the rest of the performers to Münster, whither the Elector had already gone. Two days before the band left Bonn Neefe called Beethoven to his side, and told him that he was going away for a time. 'I must have a deputy to take my place at the organ here,' continued the organist, looking keenly into his pupil's face as he spoke. 'Now, tell me, who do you think I ought to appoint to the post?'

Ludwig's face was crossed by a shade of trouble. If his kind tutor was going away, how did he know whether he would find his deputy equally willing to teach him? But Christian Neefe was waiting for his answer, and his eyes were shining with a kindly, half-amused light. 'I do not know,' Ludwig began hesitatingly. But Neefe's eyes had grown serious, and he now spoke with earnestness.

'I have thought of a deputy, Ludwig, and I think I can trust him—yes, I am sure I may trust him. The deputy shall be yourself!'

Beethoven's surprise and delight may be imagined. But Neefe knew what he was about, and in this preferment we may mark the first step in the recognition of Beethoven's genius. The honor was great. To be entrusted with the conduct of Divine service at the chapel, and to receive the deference due to the position of organist— it must have seemed incredible to Ludwig at first; and he was only eleven and a half! To his mother he must first have carried the good news, and if the father's expression had in it less of joy and thankfulness than hers it must be attributed to the fact that no pay was attached to the exalted position which Ludwig had obtained.

Beethoven had now practically the choice of three instruments to select from; but his heart did not waver for long, ere it became fixed upon the pianoforte as the fittest interpreter of his genius, and he was true to his first love to the end. His 'Three Sonatas for the Pianoforte,' written about this time, gives us the first record of his published works. Evidently those terrible finger exercises were beginning to bear fruit, for the young musician had acquired considerable command over the instrument of his choice—indeed, his musical life was now beginning to open itself before him, and the longing to do great things had taken possession of his soul. There were no more tears at being forced to work, for the greatest incentives to

work—love and ambition—were now swaying him and impelling him onwards at a speed which nothing could check. Neefe's confidence and praise were more than justified, and before he had completed his thirteenth year Beethoven received his first official appointment at the hands of the Elector. He could now sign himself 'Ludwig van Beethoven, Cembalist im Orchester,' and his duties comprised not only the playing of the pianoforte in the orchestra, but the conducting of the band at rehearsals. With this accession, however, there was still the fact staring him in the face of no money coming in. Just at this time, too, the Elector Max Friedrich died; and it was not until a year later, when Beethoven was appointed second organist to the Court, under the new Elector Max Franz, that he began to receive a small salary in return for his services. Thirteen pounds a year sounds very little for so much work and responsibility, but Ludwig was overjoyed to think that he could back up his announcement to his parents with so substantial a fact as the receipt of an income. For the poverty at home was keener than ever; Johann's earnings did not exceed £25 a year, and as his voice was steadily declining, the outlook for the family had become exceedingly black.

The time would not appear to have been propitious for joking; nevertheless, Beethoven sat in the organ-loft one day planning a joke. He had just had a conversation with one of the chief singers of the band—a tenor named Heller—and the latter had been boasting that his

knowledge of singing was so great that he could easily surmount any difficulty as it presented itself. Beethoven inherited from his grandfather a love of joking, and the temptation to lower the singer's vanity was too great to be resisted. Accordingly, on the following Sunday, whilst Heller was singing a solo to Ludwig's accompaniment, the latter adroitly introduced a modulation of his own. Heller unsuspectingly followed his lead, and fell into the trap devised for him, with the result that, after attempting to keep up with the organist, he lost himself entirely and, to the astonishment of the congregation, came to a dead stop; and it was only when Beethoven returned to the original key that the disconcerted singer could proceed. Heller was naturally furious at the trick played upon him, and lodged a complaint with the Elector. The latter, however, was too good a musician himself to be angry at this exhibition of skill on the part of his youngest performer, and he contented himself with admonishing Beethoven not to attempt any more clever tricks.

There was a dream which had taken possession of young Beethoven's mind at this time. It was constantly recurring during the hours of work, and when he lay down to sleep in his poorly-furnished attic it was with the hope that the dawning of a new day might bring him nearer to its realization. Yet for some time the dream remained only a shadowy companion to his working thoughts, ever present, it is true, and sometimes glowing in brighter colors that seemed to give to it the semblance of reality—

but still, only a dream. But the vision seen afar off was to be realized at length—Beethoven was to visit Vienna! It was the city of his dreams, the center of his longings, this Vienna, just as it was the center of the musical world of Germany at that time. A kind friend had come forward with the offer to pay his expenses for the journey, and Ludwig knew that his dream had come true.

As we have seen, the dire straits into which the family had fallen had not hindered Beethoven's pursuit of musical knowledge. His genius had steadily asserted itself under the most adverse conditions; and now we are to picture the young musician, at the age of seventeen, full of fire and energy, setting out on a journey which must have been fraught with the brightest anticipations. He was to meet in Vienna the greatest composer of the day. Mozart—the divine Mozart— was staying in the city, planning the production of his opera, 'Don Giovanni,' and it had been arranged that he should receive Beethoven and put his powers to the test.

On reaching Vienna, Ludwig made his way to Mozart's house, and with a heart beating high with expectancy, and a face aglow with excitement, he was ushered into the presence of the maestro. Mozart received him kindly, but it was evident that his thoughts were preoccupied, for, after desiring Beethoven to play, he began to turn over his papers in a listless fashion. 'Ah!' thought Beethoven; 'he imagines that I have merely come to play him something which I have practiced for the

occasion.' Dismayed by this reflection, he took his hands from the keyboard and, turning to Mozart, said, 'Will you give me a theme on which to extemporize?' Aroused by his appeal, and the earnest look which accompanied it, Mozart sat down and played a simple theme; and then Beethoven, taking up the slender thread, improvised so finely—allowing his feelings to flow into the music as he went on—that a bystander could not fail to have been struck by the change which came over Mozart's face as he listened. The abstracted look gave place to one of pure astonishment. Then he arose from his seat, and, stepping softly into an adjoining room, where a number of his friends were waiting to see him, he exclaimed, 'Pay attention to this young man, for he will make a noise in the world someday.' Beethoven, meanwhile, played on and on, lost in the intricate melodies which he was weaving out of the single thread, until the touch of Mozart's hand upon his shoulder recalled him to earth to hear the master's praises sounding in his ear.

Vanished in a moment were the memories of the trials and hardships which he had undergone in order to perfect himself for this day of trial, for Beethoven realized that he possessed the power of impressing so great a judge as Mozart; and praise and encouragement were needed at that time, when he was trying to do his best, rather than later on, when his powers were assured. Nor was this the only recognition which his talents received on his visit. The fame of the young player had reached the ears of

royalty itself, and he was granted an audience of the Emperor Joseph, whose love of music had made him desirous of hearing for himself what the Bonn performer could do.

Beethoven's happiness, however, was soon to be clouded by sorrow, for shortly after his return to Bonn his mother died—the mother to whom he owed so much gentleness and sympathy in his childhood; she who was always ready to forgive his outbursts of temper and impatience, and to cheer and encourage him to further effort. How deeply he felt her loss may be gathered from the letter which he wrote to a friend at the time. 'She was, indeed, a kind, loving mother to me, and my best friend. Ah! who was happier than I, when I could still utter the sweet name of mother, and it was heard? But to whom can I now say it? Only to the silent form resembling her, evoked by the power of imagination.' That her death inspired some of his most beautiful compositions we may suppose, for it is natural that his grief should have found its best expression in music. A few months later his little sister Margaretha died, and the sense of loneliness deepened.

And then something bright came into his life. He made the acquaintance of a family named Breuning, comprising a widow lady and her four children—three boys and a girl—all of about his own age. The youngest boy and the daughter became his pupils, and a close friendship sprang up between them. He stayed at the

house for several days at a time, joined in their excursions, and in every way was treated as one of the family. As the Breunings were intellectual people, their friendship was a great help to Beethoven; his whole nature expanded in the sunshine of their society, and very soon he found himself taking a deep interest in the literature of his country—a subject of which he had previously been ignorant. An affection for English authors likewise grew from this intimacy with a family of wide tastes and acquirements—indeed, new interests and fresh paths of pleasant intercourse were opening to him every day, whilst the separation from the miserable surroundings of his own home invigorated him for work. Every hour that could be spared from his official duties or his teaching was devoted to study and composition. Most of his composing was done in the open air; and for this purpose he provided himself with rough sketch-books, one of which he always carried with him, so that he might jot down in it such musical ideas as occurred to him during his rambles through the lanes and fields.

It was during this happy intercourse with the Breuning family that Beethoven made the acquaintance of a generous young nobleman, with whom he not only became on the most friendly terms, but who both helped him and encouraged his talents. Count von Waldstein, as the nobleman was named, called one day on Beethoven in his poor room, and found the composer, whose works he so much admired, seated before an old, worn-out piano,

on which he was elaborating one of his compositions. The Count said nothing at the time, but shortly afterwards Beethoven was astonished and delighted at receiving a fine new instrument, accompanied by a message from his friend praying his acceptance of the gift. It went to the Count's heart to observe the poverty-stricken conditions under which the composer worked. That he himself should be surrounded by every luxury, whilst the gifted musician who labored for his enjoyment was driven to practice all manner of shifts to maintain himself in food and clothing, seemed intolerably unjust. Yet Waldstein knew and respected Beethoven too well to offend his pride by offering presents of money where no service was required in return; and so he hit upon the harmless device of helping his poor friend under the pretense that the Elector was making him an allowance. But though he opened his purse in another's name, he took care to let Beethoven see into his own heart, in order that he might there read the sympathy and affection for which, happily, no cloak was needed.

How deeply Beethoven was moved by this friendship we may understand when we listen to the grand sonata which, though it was not composed until some years later, he dedicated to the Count. We want no better title for this exquisitely beautiful work than that by which it is known to the world—the 'Waldstein Sonata.' As the grand chords which follow the opening bars strike the ear it seems as if Beethoven were speaking to his friend—

speaking to him out of the fullness of his heart, out of his poverty and mean surroundings—and rising by the strengthening influence of love to a height of eloquence and grandeur which no spoken words could have attained.

The conditions at home, meanwhile, were growing worse. Carl and Johann, Beethoven's two younger brothers, of whom no previous mention has been made, were engaged, the one in studying music, and the other as apprentice to the Court apothecary, but neither was bringing grist to the mill. The father had sunk still deeper under the degrading influence of drink, and his voice was almost ruined by his excesses, so that it had become increasingly difficult to maintain for the family even the appearance of respectability. On more than one occasion Beethoven, in returning home at night, had encountered his drunken father in the hands of the police, from whose custody he had succeeded in rescuing him only after much persuasion, and it seemed as if his discharge from the band must be merely a question of time. The state of affairs, in fact, could no longer be concealed from the Elector, who, knowing the circumstances with which Beethoven had to contend, finally ordered that a portion of the father's salary should be paid over to Ludwig, in order that the money might be properly expended for the support of the family.

Meanwhile, at the Court itself great changes had been effected in regard to the band. With a view to encouraging the growth of operatic art, the Elector had established a

national theatre, and Beethoven was appointed viola player in the orchestra, in addition to retaining the post of second organist to the chapel. The numerous performances of operatic works by the company must have given Beethoven an insight into what was to him a new branch of his art, from which he did not fail to profit later on. His work in the band was not increased by the changes which had been made, and as the Elector was frequently absent from Bonn, he found ample leisure to pursue his studies in composition, and to enjoy the intellectual society of his friends. Four years thus slipped away, until the month of July, 1792, saw the Bonn musicians preparing to receive a distinguished visitor. Haydn was to pass through Bonn on his way to Vienna from London, where his compositions and playing had created a sensation, and the band had arranged a grand reception in his honor. Beethoven, of course, was amongst the invited guests on the occasion, and he seized the opportunity of submitting to the master a cantata which he had lately composed. Haydn praised the composition highly, and warmly encouraged Beethoven to go on with his studies—words which sent the young composer back to his work with glowing cheeks and a determination to accomplish greater things.

The commendation of so renowned a master as Haydn must have gone far towards convincing the Elector that by keeping Beethoven at Bonn he was burying talent and cramping powers that only required a wider scope in

order to produce great works, and that, therefore, some step should now be taken to develop his genius. It was with a heart overflowing with joy and gratitude that Ludwig learnt that the kindly Max Franz had decided to send him to Vienna, at his own expense, to take lessons in strict counterpoint from Haydn. Surely this could mean nothing less than that the days of adversity and struggling with poverty had closed behind him forever, and that a future bright with hope had opened, upon which, though he might not forecast its results, he could enter with courage and determination. He was now twenty-two, and his compositions—published and in manuscript—had brought him such fame and appreciation as the small German town could give to one born and reared within its narrow sphere. Now, however, the bonds which hitherto had fettered his genius were to be broken, and, freed from the restraint of Court duties, he would be able to give full vent to the powers which he was burning to express. In November of this year he bade farewell to Bonn and his friends, and set forth on his journey, though not, we may be sure, without regrets at parting with such true helpers and sympathizers as Count Waldstein, the Breunings, and the man to whom he owed so much—Christian Neefe. With the last named he left these words of thanks: 'Thank you for the counsel you have so often given me on my progress in my divine art. Should I ever become a great man you will certainly have assisted in it.' In an album

provided for the purpose his musical brethren inscribed their farewells, and Waldstein's message ran as follows:

'Dear Beethoven,

'You are travelling to Vienna in fulfilment of your long-cherished wish. The genius of Mozart is still weeping and bewailing the death of her favorite. With the inexhaustible Haydn she found a refuge, but no occupation, and is now waiting to leave him and join herself to someone else. Labor assiduously, and receive Mozart's spirit from the hands of Haydn.

'Your old friend,

'Waldstein.

'Bonn,

'*October 29, 1792.*

Little did either Beethoven or his friends imagine that he would never set foot in Bonn again, but so it was to be. Two years later war had broken out with France, Bonn was captured by the French Republican army, and the Elector and his retinue were forced to fly the town. Those two years had witnessed great strides in the march of Beethoven's career. He had arrived in Vienna as a comparatively unknown musician—though not, it is true, without recommendations from Count Waldstein—but his marvelous command of the piano-forte, and, more especially, his powers of extemporization, had electrified

his hearers to such a degree as to secure for him a place in the front rank of performers of the day. He was a constant visitor at the houses of the aristocracy, with several members of whom he had become on terms of intimacy. In the Prince and Princess Karl Lichnowsky he had found true friends and sincere admirers, who not only welcomed him as one of the family, but provided apartments for him in their house, and bestowed upon him an annuity of £60. Many who had heard him play forthwith engaged him as teacher, and on every hand his genius and powers were the theme of the hour.

It is hardly to be wondered at that with all this praise and patronage on the part of the wealthy aristocracy (and it is necessary to bear in mind that in Vienna at that time the musical profession was entirely dependent upon the patronage of the nobility), Beethoven should have encountered considerable hostility from other members of his profession. For a good deal of the enmity which his success aroused he himself was no doubt to blame; he took no pains to please or conciliate, and he showed even more independence towards the rich and great than towards those of his own rank. The result was that only those who could afford to overlook his faults for the sake of his genius—and for the sake of something else which lay beneath his crust of obstinate pride and openly expressed disregard for rank and wealth—remained constant to him. Of his obstinacy and self-will several instances will be given in the course of our story; but it is

necessary at this point to draw attention to the early period at which this determined force of character began to assert itself. It is an astonishing fact, and one that demonstrates the extraordinary power of Beethoven's genius, that in spite of everything that could be urged against him—his origin, rudeness of manner and speech, refusal to pay homage to the great—even his youth and the comparative shortness of the time during which he had been before the public—Beethoven should have not only won a front place as a performer, but also retained the sincere regard and respect of men and women belonging to the worthiest as well as the highest ranks of society.

In the midst of the whirl of work and entertainment into which the musical life of Vienna had plunged him, Beethoven was constant to those whom he had left behind him at Bonn. He had not been absent more than a month before he received news of his father's death. There had been very little affection in his heart for the parent whose severity had called forth his childish tears, and whose selfish indulgence had increased the burden of his mother's existence, nor was Beethoven the man to pretend what he did not feel. But with the father's death the allowance which had been paid through Ludwig for the support of the two sons, Carl and Johann, ceased, and this fact awoke Beethoven to instant action. He wrote to the Elector begging that the grant might be continued for his sake, and the request was granted. Later on we shall see

to what extent he carried his affection for at least one of these brothers.

With the Prince and Princess Lichnowsky Beethoven shortly became, as we have said, on terms of the greatest intimacy. All Vienna looked to the house of Lichnowsky for patronage and help wherever art or science was concerned, and none looked in vain. To Beethoven—young, rough, and almost untutored in the usages of society, but with his commanding genius and his equally remarkable personality—the Lichnowskys were kindness itself. The Princess saw to his comforts, and arranged his engagements in the same motherly fashion as Madame Breuning had done after his mother's death, whilst the Prince even went so far in his consideration for Beethoven's sensitiveness as to direct his servants to attend to the musician's bell before answering his own. Extreme sensibility to what he deemed indifference or neglect on the part of his friends was undoubtedly one of Ludwig's chief weaknesses; but he resented angrily the Prince's discovery of the fact, and to mark his displeasure he immediately engaged a servant of his own to wait upon him. The regularity of the household arrangements at the palace was another matter which grated against Beethoven's love of Bohemianism; to be forced to dress for dinner, especially at a set hour of the day, was to him an abomination not to be suffered. The workings of his genius were not to be regulated by the clockwork contrivances of civilized life, and hence he first took to

dining out at some tavern, where he could be at his ease, and finally went altogether into lodgings. But the Prince and Princess, like the good, sensible people they were, only smiled at the vagaries of their favorite, and if his seat at their table was henceforth but too frequently vacant, they kept for him a warm corner in their hearts; whilst, as for Beethoven himself, his affection for his kind friends remained as strong as ever.

Careless as he was with regard both to dress and manners, there was no trace of either carelessness or haste in his compositions, and he was most insistent in having the latter performed in exact accordance with his plans. One night, when his great work 'Leonore' was to be rehearsed, the third bassoon failed to put in an appearance, and Beethoven stamped about in a fury, heaping execrations upon the head of the absent player. Prince Lobkowitz, who was present, and who was one of Beethoven's chief patrons, laughed heartily at the composer's outburst, and then tried to calm him by saying: 'Well, well, what does it matter? You have the first and second bassoons safely here, surely the third man doesn't count for much.' The rehearsal was at length allowed to proceed, but Beethoven could not forget that his judgment had been questioned by the Prince's mocking laughter, and as soon as the performance had ended and the company had dispersed, he rushed across the Platz to the gates of the Lobkowitz Palace, and shouted at the top of his voice: 'Lobkowitzscher Esel!

Lobkowitzscher Esel!' ('Ass of a Lobkowitz! Ass of a Lobkowitz!')

Beethoven's temper was of the passionate order that is apt to explode at the slightest provocation, and when once aroused he seemed to lose all power of self-control. As one of his greatest friends has remarked, he needed at his elbow someone who possessed the ability to give a humorous turn to what was spoken in the heat of the moment, so as to put them all on good terms with one another again. As it was, he would say the unkindest things even to his greatest friends, and afterwards bitterly regret having said them. His manners were rude and abrupt, but his great genius, combined with the absolute simplicity and straightforwardness of his character, won him his way everywhere. A personality so rare as Beethoven's had a charm for those who worshipped genius, and thus he was forgiven speeches which no one else in his position would have dared to utter. He manifested complete indifference with regard to what people said of him or of his works—only when his honor was in any way impeached did he blaze forth in his own defense. He hated deception of any kind; in both heart and action he was as open as the day, and he was quick to resent a suspicion of deception on the part of others. On one occasion a hitch occurred with regard to a performance of his works, and he suddenly suspected three of his friends of having created the obstacle for their own ends, although they had in reality

been working hard to overcome the difficulty. He accordingly sat down and wrote to each as follows:

*'To Count Lichnowsky.*

'Falsehoods I despise. Visit me no more. There will be no concert.

'Beethoven.'

*'To Herr Schindler.*

'Visit me no more until I send for you. No concert.

'Beethoven.'

*'To Herr Schuppanzigh.*

'Visit me no more. I give no concert.

'Beethoven.'

Haydn and Beethoven did not get on well together; there seems to have been something antagonistic in their natures which prevented anything approaching to reciprocal feeling between them. Beethoven from the first considered that he had a grievance against his master in the fact that he did not make sufficient progress, owing to Haydn's being so much occupied with his own work. This dissatisfaction led to his seeking guidance in other quarters; but for about a year after his arrival in Vienna he refrained from doing this openly, until Haydn's departure for England gave him the opportunity of changing masters. Thereafter he took lessons every day of the week from several of the best musicians in the city both in playing and composition. Albrechtsberger was the famous

contra-puntist of his day, and Beethoven derived much from his teaching; he does not appear to have impressed his master, however, with a high opinion of his powers, for the old man advised one of his pupils to have nothing to do with the young man from Bonn. 'He has learnt nothing,' Albrechtsberger added, 'and will never do anything in decent style.' This was in allusion to Beethoven's willfulness in persistently transgressing certain established rules of composition. The old teacher failed to see that Beethoven's refusal to be bound by hard-and-fast rules arose, not from mere caprice, but from the force of a genius which would not submit to be, trammeled by any kind of artificial limitations. The wisdom of Beethoven is, however, shown by the fact that he wrote out his exercises with the most scrupulous care, and in exact accordance with what were regarded as the laws of composition, for his genius, great and original as it was, would not presume upon ignorance.

But who could resist the young player when he seated himself at the pianoforte and began one of those wonderful improvisations about which so much has been written, but of the effect of which we can only faintly judge by the fact that the hearers were held spellbound until the finish? Who amongst that audience, gathered from the best and most critical followers and lovers of the art that Vienna contained, gave a thought to how many rules had been broken, or were likely to be broken, by the player, or, indeed, had room for any other thought but one of

admiration for the music which was filling their ears and charming their senses? 'His improvisation was most brilliant and striking,' wrote Karl Czerny, the player and composer, and pupil of Beethoven; 'in whatever company he might chance to be he knew how to produce such an effect upon every hearer that frequently not an eye remained dry, while many would break out into loud sobs; for there was something wonderful in his expression, in addition to the beauty and originality of his ideas, and his spirited style of rendering them.' Ferdinand Ries, another of his pupils, has declared that no other artist that he ever heard could approach Beethoven in extemporization. 'The wealth of ideas which forced themselves on him, the caprices to which he surrendered himself, the variety of treatment, the difficulties, were inexhaustible.' And it must be borne in mind that in respect to this art Beethoven was brought into competition with several older and undoubtedly brilliant performers of the day, who, until he came amongst them, had swayed their respective circles of admirers.

Yet, strangely enough, the emotion aroused in his hearers seemed to find no response in Beethoven himself. Frequently when he discovered how deeply he had moved his audience he would burst into roars of laughter; at other times the sight of their emotion stirred him up to angry resentment, and he would shout, 'We artists don't want tears, we want applause!' That a player should open his soul in his music and then abuse his audience for their

inability to suppress the feelings which he had aroused appears strange indeed. But the caprice and willfulness which marked his public playing are shown equally in his relations with people in everyday life. What may have been his true feelings is concealed—it is only the mask which is seen; and the mask was so constantly worn that it no doubt deceived many. Every now and again, however, we get a glimpse of his true nature in his intercourse with those who knew him best. Irritable to a degree, and occasionally outrageous as his conduct appears to have been, it needed but the touch of another's grief to draw from him the golden thread of sympathy. On one occasion he offended the susceptibilities of the company assembled in one of the most fashionable drawing-rooms of Vienna by using his hostess's snuffers as a toothpick! Yet, later on, when that household was plunged into mourning by the loss of a beloved child, and visitors were denied, it was Beethoven to whom the bereaved mother opened her doors, and to whom she turned for sympathy.

It is much to be regretted that the nobility of nature which was really and truly Beethoven's attribute should have been so constantly overshadowed and dominated by something else which, without being a superior force, seemed by a strange perversity to be always to the fore. Whilst, however, we would wish to give to every instance of his goodness of heart its fullest weight, it would be useless, as well as wrong, to endeavor to hide the fact that his conduct, even towards those who desired to be his

friends, and to whom he owed obligations for acts of sympathy and kindness, frequently admitted of no excuse. His anger, though sharp, was short, and left no sting behind; but his unjust suspicions and scornful treatment of men whose confidence he had won by his genius and force of character, were the cause of sorrow and suffering to those whom he attacked, as well as of remorse to himself, whereby his whole life was embittered, and his better nature warped to ignoble ends.

The good people of Vienna must, indeed, have been somewhat at a loss how to take the genius who had thus burst into their midst and laid them under captivity. Attempts at conciliation were more often than not frustrated by his variable temperament; for though none was apter than Beethoven to take offence, there was no one quicker to resent any effort at mediation by a third party, on whose unfortunate head it was only too likely that the irate composer would empty the vials of his wrath. Nevertheless, his erratic behavior did not sensibly lessen the circle of his admirers or diminish the popularity which his fame had brought him. Many of the fashionable ladies of Vienna came to him for lessons instead of requiring his attendance at their houses; but such condescension made no difference to the man who held that mind and character alone were the qualifications by which men and women were to be weighed in the social balance. If, therefore, the young ladies talked or showed inattention during their lessons, he became furious, and would tear up

the music and scatter it over the floor. His rage, indeed, seems to have been quite ungovernable at times. On one occasion he was playing a duet with his pupil Ries when his ear caught some fragments of a conversation which a young nobleman was carrying on with a lady at the further end of the room. Instantly he jumped up from the piano in a rage, and, taking Ries's hands off the keyboard, he bellowed, 'I play no longer for such hogs!' nor could either apologies or entreaties induce him to resume the performance.

It was often a matter of some difficulty to get him to play, especially when he was not in the humor. On such occasions he would preface the performance by striking the keys with the palm of his hand, or draw his finger along the keyboard from end to end, roaring with laughter, and in other ways behave like a spoiled child. He would not bear being pressed beyond a certain point. Once, it is related, he was asked to play before strangers at the country-house of one of his rich patrons, and flatly refused to comply; whereupon the host jokingly threatened that, if he would not play, he should be confined as a prisoner in the house. Beethoven on this jumped up and ran out of the mansion, and though it was night, he walked three miles to the next town, and thence posted to Vienna. The next day a bust of this patron which stood on Beethoven's bookcase fell to the ground, and was shattered to pieces!

His views as to the superiority of mind and character over everything else were certainly borne out by his

actions. One day, when he was walking with the poet Goethe near Uplitz, the Imperial family were observed to be approaching. Goethe at once stood aside and removed his hat, at the same time plucking his friend by the sleeve, to remind him that they were in the presence of royalty. Beethoven, however, seemed to regard this as a fitting opportunity for illustrating his views on the independence of art, for, shaking off the hand that detained him, he buttoned up his coat in a determined manner, planted his hat firmly on his head, and, folding his arms behind him, marched straight into the ranks of the Imperial party! If Goethe felt dismayed at his friend's lack of respect, he must have been astonished to note the result; for the Archduke Rodolph not only made way for Beethoven to pass, but removed his hat, whilst the Empress was the first to bow to him.

In appearance Beethoven was short, broad, and strong-looking. His face was not prepossessing. 'He was meanly dressed, and very ugly to look at,' wrote a lady who knew and admired him, 'but full of nobility and fine feeling, and highly cultivated.' It must have been difficult to describe a face which was subject to such frequent changes of expression, but its forcefulness must have been apparent to every beholder. The eyes were black and bright, and they had a way of dilating when the composer was buried in thought so as to impart to his face an expression of being inspired. Gloomily abstracted as he would be at times, when possessed by some absorbing

train of ideas, nothing could have been more cordial or more winning than the smile which lighted up his face at the sight of a friend. With a mass of dark hair surmounting a high and broad forehead, and the quick, penetrative glance which shot from beneath the large overhanging eyebrows, Beethoven's face must have struck the observer with a sense of its strong individuality. Nevertheless, only a few of the portraits have succeeded in conveying a true likeness of the man who was so unlike everyone else. His hands were hairy, and the fingers 'strong and short, and pressed out with long practicing.' He was very particular about the position of his hands when playing, and as a rule he kept his body quite still. When conducting, however, his movements were constant and curious. At a *pianissimo* passage 'he would crouch down so as to be hidden by the desk, and then, as the *crescendo* increased, would gradually rise, beating all the time, until at the *fortissimo* he would spring into the air with his arms extended, as if wishing to float on the clouds.'

It was one of the most striking of Beethoven's characteristics that he dearly loved a joke. Ever since the time when he played off the rather unkind joke on the singer Heller the passion for joking had grown upon him to such an extent that evidence of its ruling force appears in every chapter of his life. He occasionally introduced a joke into his compositions. Thus, in the 'Pastoral Symphony,' we come across a trio between a nightingale, a quail, and a cuckoo. Again, in other works, such as the

No. 8 Symphony, the bassoons are brought in unexpectedly, in such a manner as to produce a humorous effect. He never missed an opportunity of playing off a joke upon any of his friends, both in season and out of season, and he always showed his appreciation of the victim's discomfiture by roars of laughter. His letters are full of puns, and he bestows uncomplimentary nicknames upon his intimates. One day his brother Johann, who had acquired a small property in the neighborhood of Vienna, called upon him in his absence, and left his card, bearing the inscription, 'Johann van Beethoven, Gutsbesitzer' (Land proprietor). Beethoven was so tickled with the conceit of this designation that he could not resist returning the card to his brother with the following inscription scrawled upon the back: 'L. van Beethoven, Hirn-besitzer' (Brain proprietor). Some of his jokes, however, were in extremely bad taste. On one occasion a lady admirer preferred a request for a lock of his hair as a keepsake, and he sent her instead a wisp cut from the beard of a goat! With his inordinate love of joking, however, he was a poor hand at bearing a joke that told against himself. It is related that, having once been rude enough to interrupt a player named Himmel in the midst of the latter's improvisation by asking when he was going to begin, Himmel afterwards wrote to him that 'the latest invention in Berlin was a lantern for the blind'—a joke which Beethoven not only failed to see, but 'when it was

pointed out to him he was furious, and would have nothing more to do with his correspondent.'

His carelessness in matters of dress was very noticeable. Czerny, his pupil, has described how he found him at home on his first visit, with his shock of black hair and his unshaven chin, and his ears stuffed with cotton-wool, whilst his clothes seemed to be made of so rough a material, and were so ill-fitting that he resembled nothing so much as a Robinson Crusoe. It is related that once, when he was engaging a servant, the man stated as a reason for leaving his last situation that he failed to dress his master's hair to the latter's satisfaction. 'It is no object to me to have my hair dressed,' remarked Beethoven, as he signified his approval of the engagement. He always described himself as 'a disorderly creature,' and he certainly merited the designation. He was clumsy and awkward in his movements; he could not shave without cutting himself, or handle delicate things without breaking them; and whilst composing he invariably spilt the ink over the pianoforte. His handwriting was so illegible as to call forth objurgations from himself whenever he was called upon to decipher it. 'Yesterday,' he writes to a friend, 'I took a letter myself to the post office, and was asked where it was meant to go to; from which I see that my writing is as often misunderstood as I am myself.' Nevertheless, he was very fond of letter-writing, as the collections which have been preserved abundantly testify.

The letters of great men are often valued for the opinions they contain on persons and subjects of the day, as well as for the insight they afford into the private thoughts and feelings of the writers. Beethoven's letters contain no word-pictures of scenery or events; nor do they express his views on questions or matters in which the world at large might be supposed to take an interest. But they are none the less valuable on that account; for they reflect the openness and simplicity of his character, and lay bare his wishes, his hopes and his disappointments, his joys and his sorrows—and especially his love of fun—just as one or another of these feelings or aspirations was uppermost at the moment.

As a teacher Beethoven exhibited none of the carelessness or impatience that characterized his personal habits. If the rendering of a passage was not in accordance with his own ideas of what it should be, he insisted upon the pupil playing it over and over again until he was satisfied. He was comparatively indifferent to the playing of wrong notes, but failure on the part of a pupil to give the right shade of expression, or to grasp the true character of a piece, never failed to arouse his anger. The one, he would say, might be an accident, but the other showed a want of knowledge, or feeling, or attention.

Beethoven was by nature exceedingly unpunctual, and frequently kept his pupils waiting for their lessons. Even Madame von Breuning, for whom he had a strong affection, and who was one of the few people who could

be said to have managed him, often failed in persuading him to be in time. 'Ah! I may not disturb him—he is in his *raptus,*' she would exclaim despairingly, in allusion to his habit of relapsing into gloomy reverie. And not even his dearest friend dared to intrude upon him at such moments. His absent-mindedness was the subject of many a joke. He often forgot to come home to dinner—a fact which, seeing that he was a man, deserves to be recorded; and it is even said that, on one occasion, he insisted on tendering money for a meal which he had not ordered, under the belief that he had dined. At another time he composed a set of variations on a Russian dance for the wife of an officer in the Russian service—a compliment which was acknowledged by the gift of a horse. Straightway Beethoven forgot all about the horse until he was reminded of its existence by a long bill presented for its keep. He persisted in shaving himself at his bedroom window, without a blind, and exposed to the view of passers-by; and when he discovered that this habit caused a crowd of jeering idlers to collect in front of the house, he flew into a rage, and exchanged his lodgings for others situated in a more retired spot, rather than discontinue the practice. His explosive temper has furnished many amusing anecdotes. One day his cook, who, in consideration of her master's incurable unpunctuality, must be regarded as an aggrieved personage, served up some eggs which were not to his taste, and he emphasized his displeasure by throwing the

entire batch at the head of the unfortunate domestic. On another occasion a waiter who mistook his order was rewarded by having the contents of a dish of stew poured over his head. Even where his temper was not concerned his manners were directly opposed to those prevailing in polite society—though, in a large measure, this may have been due to his perfect simplicity and his ignorance of what was expected of him. Thus, it is told that, returning from one of his long walks in the pouring rain, he would make straight for the sitting-room of the house in which he happened to be staying and calmly proceed to shake the water from his hat over the carpet and chairs, after the fashion of a retriever just emerged from a pond, humming to himself the while some theme which had been occupying his thoughts during his walk. One of his pleasanter habits, to which he was greatly attached, was washing. He would pour the water backwards and forwards over his hands with childish delight, and if, as frequently happened, a musical idea suggested itself to him during the operation, he became oblivious to everything else, and would continue to send the water to and fro, spilling it in huge quantities, until the floor resembled a miniature lake.

Beethoven would never allow that his disorderliness was anything more than personal, always contending that he had a love of order and neatness with regard to his surroundings and arrangements. Yet here is a sketch of the condition of his living-room, as seen by one of his friends:

'The most exquisite confusion reigned in his house. Books and music were scattered in all directions; here the residue of a cold luncheon, there some full, some half-emptied, bottles. On the desk the hasty sketch of a new quartet; in another corner the remains of a breakfast. On the pianoforte the scribbled hints for a noble symphony, yet little more than in embryo; hard by a proof-sheet, waiting to be returned; letters from friends, and on business, spread all over the floor. Between the windows a goodly Stracchino cheese, and on one side of it ample vestiges of a genuine Verona Salami....' If an article were missing Beethoven would declare that he knew just where to put his hand upon it; and then, when two or three days' search failed to discover its whereabouts, he would storm at the servants, asseverating that they hid his things away on purpose to annoy him. But the storm would clear as quickly as it had gathered, and peace reign once more, until the next occasion called it forth; and the servants knew their master's heart too well to be angered by his reproaches.

The mention of his rambles in the rain recalls his fondness for the open air. It was a passion which clung to him through life. As each summer came round, during these years of unremitting toil, he would hail with delight the moment when he could close the door of his lodgings in the hot, stuffy city, and betake himself to some retired spot where he could ramble about and hold communion with Nature, secure from interruption. 'No man,' he wrote

to one of his friends, 'loves the country more. Woods, trees, and rocks give the response which man requires.... Every tree seems to say, "Holy, holy." ' A forest was to him a paradise. He would penetrate its cool depths, and, selecting a tree which offered a seat in a forking branch close to the ground, he would climb into it and sit there for hours, buried in thought. It was amidst the trees of Schönbrunn that he made the first rough notes for several of his great works. With his back planted against the trunk of a favorite lime-tree, his legs stretched along the big branch, and his gaze fixed upon the network of branchlets and quivering leaves above him, he sketched the framework of the oratorio 'The Mount of Olives,' the opera 'Fidelio' (or 'Leonore,' as it was first called), and that glorious symphony which is known by the title of the 'Eroica.'

When not resting amidst the trees Beethoven would set off on long walks through the fields, sketch-book in hand, and humming or roaring to himself as he went along. The rough jottings in the sketch-books were later on developed with the utmost care, being written out again and again, with fresh alterations and additions each time, until every trace of crudeness had disappeared, and the finished work stood out with such clearness and precision as to suggest that it had been but that moment created. Nothing, indeed, has struck those who have followed the gradual development of his work from the first sketches which have been preserved more than the

number of attempts which mark the growth of the idea in the composer's mind, until it assumed its final form. Yet there was no trace in the finished work of the process of refining and elaboration through which it had passed.

Very curious was the origin of some of the suggestions which found their way into the sketch-books. It was Beethoven's practice to keep one of these books by his bedside, in case an idea occurred to him during the night, and it is told that he was once aroused by the knocking of a neighbor who had been accidentally locked out of his house in the small hours of the morning. The irate neighbor knocked four raps at a time, with a pause at the end of every fourth rap, and the rhythmic regularity of the sounds not only startled Beethoven out of his sleep, but suggested a musical idea to his mind. Up jumped the composer, and down went the idea in his sketch-book, and the next morning the jotting was included in one of his most striking compositions—the 'Violin Concerto in D,' where the passage, given to the drums, is many times repeated.

A village which formed one of his favorite resorts was Heiligenstadt, situated about seven miles from Vienna. Here he went in the summer of 1802, after a severe illness. For some time past he had been suffering from increasing deafness, and the malady seemed now to have reached an acute stage, so that his country surroundings failed to exercise their accustomed charm, and he fell into a deep melancholy. Indeed, he appeared to have become

impressed with the idea that his life-work was ended, and that he had nothing to look forward to but the companionship of an affliction which must sever him from the social intercourse in which he delighted, and render his remaining years solitary and miserable. It would be difficult to imagine a more terrible calamity than that which had befallen Beethoven, or to exaggerate its effects upon an over-sensitive nature such as he possessed. As his deafness increased, his efforts to conceal the results of the malady from those outside his own immediate circle became more and more painfully evident. No one failed to observe how he was affected, yet none dared to commiserate with him; and when he discovered that his mistakes were drawing public attention to what he was so anxious to hide, his mortification was intensified to a degree that for the time destroyed his peace of mind and left him a prey to melancholy. It was whilst in this state of mental and physical depression that he penned from his village retreat the touchingly eloquent letter which has since been called his 'will.' In this epistle, which is addressed to 'My brothers Carl and Johann Beethoven,' and which they are admonished to 'read and execute after my demise,' Beethoven pleads for consideration both on account of his irritability and his apparent lack of affection. To his misfortunes, not to his faults, must be attributed the obstinacy, the hostility, or the misanthropic attitude which he has shown towards those whom he loves, and by whom he is loved in return. 'My heart and

my mind,' he says, as if in extenuation of this fancied ill-feeling, 'were from childhood prone to the tender feelings of affection.' It is a pathetic appeal to natures which, unfortunately for the writer, were the least likely to echo its tenderness in their own hearts; for neither of the brothers had ever shown him true affection. They had followed him to Vienna to found a livelihood for themselves, and thenceforward, with selfish zeal for their own interests, they had simply served to clog his progress. Blinded by the nobility of his own character, however, Beethoven now takes upon himself the entire blame for what he imagines to be a lessening of the affection between them, and, sunk in health, and viewing his future through the darkest of glasses, he reproaches himself for what he could never have helped. Though his brothers are the only persons who are actually named in this remarkable letter, no one who reads it can doubt that Beethoven is addressing the world at large, who will judge both himself and his works.

Towards the end of this year his health had improved, but the deafness remained constant, and he was at length compelled to desist from conducting his works. Shortly after this an incident occurred which must have served to convince him of the sympathy which the public felt for him in his affliction. His great work, the 'Choral Symphony,' was being performed, and the composer was standing on the platform with his back to the audience, intently following the music. As the concluding chords

died away the whole house broke out into enthusiastic applause. Again and again the shouts rent the air, but Beethoven stood motionless, unmoved—a pathetic figure amidst the storm. Possibly at this moment those whose ears he had charmed by his music realized to the full the ineffable sadness of his condition, for a reverential hush fell suddenly on the gathering. The next moment, however, the storm of cheers broke out afresh, for a young singer, named Caroline Unger, who had been taking part in the symphony, went up to the unconscious composer, and, taking his hand, turned him round to the audience. As the glance of the deaf man lighted upon the sea of upturned faces, and he witnessed the emotion which his work had aroused, he was deeply moved.

The 'Choral Symphony' ranks amongst the greatest of Beethoven's works, but we should like to mention one of his smaller, though not less famous, compositions—that which is known by the title of the 'Kreutzer Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin'—because no fitter illustration could be found of the rapidity with which the composer worked under pressure than is afforded by the beautiful work which he dedicated to his friend Rodolphe Kreutzer, a violinist attached to Count Bernadotte's suite of performers. He had undertaken the writing of the sonata at the instance of a violinist, a mulatto named Bridgetower, who was staying in Vienna, and it was to be jointly performed by Bridgetower and himself. The concert was announced to begin at 8 a.m., but when the

public were hastening to the theatre in the Augarten at that early hour of the spring morning, the music for the pianoforte part was practically unwritten, with the exception of a few scattered suggestions, whilst the variations, which are justly renowned for their grace and beauty, were hurriedly written in at the last moment, and had to be played by the violinist at sight from the rough manuscript. The *andante* is of unsurpassable beauty, and it was rendered by the composer in such a manner as to excite the audience to enthusiasm. Beethoven's powers of playing were never shown to greater advantage than in his *andante* movements. His execution of the quicker parts was apt to be confused by his frequent use of the pedal, but nothing occurred to mar or obscure the clearness and depth of expression with which he rendered the slower movements, and it was in these that his playing was most truly inspired.

The year 1804 is a memorable one in the life of Beethoven, for it witnessed the completion of his grand symphony, the 'Eroica,' the rough idea of which had been sketched amidst the woods of Schönbrunn two years before. The suggestion of the work is said to have come from Count Bernadotte, the French Ambassador at Vienna, with whom Beethoven was on terms of intimacy; but the man whom it was intended to honor by its dedication was the General whose exploits had shaken the whole of Europe—Napoleon Buonaparte. Beethoven had been greatly attracted by Napoleon's character. He

believed in him as the one man who was capable of making his adopted country a pattern for the world, by establishing a Republic on the principles laid down by Plato. But his confidence in the unselfishness of Napoleon's aims was soon to receive a rude shock. The fair copy of the symphony, with its dedicatory inscription, had been completed, and was on the point of being dispatched to Paris, when suddenly the news reached Vienna that the hero's glorious entry into the French capital had culminated in his allowing himself to be proclaimed Emperor. In a moment Beethoven's worship was turned into hatred and contempt. He seized the manuscript, tore the title-page to shreds, and flung the work itself to the other end of the room. 'He designs to become a tyrant, like the rest,' he exclaimed, with scornful bitterness; and it was a long time before he could even be induced to look at the music again, or to consider the question of its publication. Eventually, however, he consented to its appearing under a new title, the 'Sinfonia Eroica,' by which it has since been known to the world.

It is impossible within the limits of a short story-life to give even a brief description of the composer's chief works, or to convey more than an idea of how much work, despite his irregular habits, Beethoven accomplished. His untiring industry in developing the rough jottings which formed the foundations of his compositions has been mentioned; but without following his life from year to year we can have only a very imperfect conception of the

actual amount of labor which was involved in bringing to perfection the long list of works that we see appended to the biographies of the composer. When we follow the story of his life in detail, we are struck by the fact of his unceasing toil. Nothing seems to have checked the constant flow of composition; yet many causes were at work to hinder it, such as ill-health, poverty, an ill-balanced temperament, and an over sensitiveness with regard to the petty troubles arising out of his injudicious mode of life. 'I live only in my music,' he writes, 'and no sooner is one thing done than the next is begun. As I am now writing, I often work at three or four things at once.' And think what such work meant! It has been said that it is difficult to find in Beethoven's life anything corresponding to the extraordinary beauty and grandeur of his creations—in other words, there seems to exist no parallel in his life, as he lived it, to the outpourings of his musical soul. There is, indeed, little doubt that Beethoven had but one channel through which to express his deepest thoughts and feelings—the language of music. Through his music he reaches our hearts; by his music we are brought into contact with his innermost soul; and by his music alone can we know the man Beethoven as he really was.

Yet his life was by no means devoid of noble qualities. It was in every sense a great life, full of energy, full of power, full of a determination which carried him through every obstacle, and enabled him to hold his own against

the attacks of his enemies. Apart, however, from the genius that ennobled it, it was not a life which could altogether compel admiration. The down-right simplicity and directness of purpose which shone forth as Beethoven's chief characteristics, and in themselves were undoubted virtues, were, unhappily, overshadowed by faults and shortcomings of such magnitude as to shut out much of the friendship and sympathy that he might otherwise have enjoyed; and no one reading his life can doubt that he stood greatly in need of such assistance.

Nevertheless, Beethoven's faults were of the head, not of the heart. At heart he was a man capable of loving and worthy to be loved. His simple nature was easily touched by distress, and just as easily imposed upon by those who designed to use him for their own ends. Many of his quarrels and dislikes were either brought about or fomented by persons in whom he had placed a mistaken faith. This was notably the case with regard to the quarrel with Stephen Breuning, his best and truest friend, to whom, after a separation of years, he turned with an appeal for pardon that did honor to his heart. The letter accompanied a miniature of the composer, and ran as follows:

'Beneath this portrait, dear Stephen, may all that has for so long gone on between us be forever hidden. I know how I have torn your heart. For this the emotion that you must certainly have noticed in me has been sufficient punishment. My feeling towards you was not malice.

No—I should no longer be worthy of your friendship; it was passionate love for you and myself; but I doubted you dreadfully, for people came between us who were unworthy of us both. My portrait has long been intended for you. I need not tell you that I never meant it for anyone else. Who could I give it to with my warmest love so well as to you, true, good, noble Stephen? Forgive me for distressing you. I have suffered myself as much as you have. It was only when I had you no longer with me that I first really felt how dear you are, and always will be, to my heart. Come to my arms once more, as you used to do.'

Carl, the brother in whose unworthy behalf Beethoven had taken up the cudgels against his best friend, was dead when this touching appeal was written, but he had bequeathed to Beethoven a solemn charge which was destined to bring to him who undertook it in the goodness of his heart a burden of sorrow and bitterness. Carl had died penniless, and his boy, who bore the father's name, thenceforth became to his Uncle Ludwig as his own son. How good, how generous and self-sacrificing Beethoven was to his nephew is testified by all who have written of his life. He supplied him freely with money when money was by no means too plentiful; he strove to satisfy his every need, either fancied or real; and he lavished upon him a great love and solicitude to the last day of his life. But Carl showed himself to be utterly unworthy of this affection. He treated his uncle shamefully, and instead of endeavoring to repay his

kindness by steady perseverance, he was a disgrace to the family whose name he bore. There is, unfortunately, only too much reason for believing that Carl's want of affection, coupled with his dissolute habits, embittered his uncle's existence, estranged him from his friends, and hurried on his death.

Of Beethoven's tenderness of heart numerous instances are recorded. He devoted much of his time to arranging concerts for the benefit of the poor and suffering, and in the midst of his popularity and the heavy demands upon his time and strength he always found a means of helping others. When he first came to Vienna to reside, he made the acquaintance of a musician named Förster, from whom he received instruction in the art of quartet writing. Beethoven never forgot this kindly help, and long afterwards, when Förster was living in the upper part of his house, he gave music-lessons to his friend's little six-year-old boy. The lessons could only be given before breakfast, and as Beethoven was an early riser, the boy had to get up in the dark on those winter mornings and go down to the practice-room. May we not picture for ourselves the little child seated beside the grave composer in the dimly-lighted room, striving with chilly fingers to find the right notes, whilst the master, bending over him, sets him right with a tenderness which no one else is near to witness?

'I feel as if I had written scarcely more than a few notes,' were the words used by Beethoven in writing to a

friend in 1824, when he was near the close of his full and eventful life; and they serve to show how exhaustless was that energy which neither sorrow nor disease had the power to repress. Still, he yearns to 'bring a few great works into the world, and then,' he adds, 'like an old child, to end my earthly course somewhere amongst good people.' These latter years had, indeed, been very full ones, both of work and anxieties, and the inroads of disease had been steadily undermining his strength. Yet the picture which is given to us of the composer when within a few months of his death is a vivid portrayal of the triumph of mind-force over physical weakness. He was staying in the country, at the house of his brother Johann, and the picture of his daily life there is drawn by the hand of his serving- man. 'At half-past five he was up and at his table, beating time with hands and feet, singing, humming, and writing. At half-past seven was the family breakfast, and directly after it he hurried out of doors, and would saunter about the fields, calling out, waving his hands, going now very slowly, then very fast, and then suddenly standing still and writing in a kind of pocket-book. At half -past twelve he came into the house to dinner, and after dinner he went to his own room till three or so; then again in the fields till about sunset, for later than that he might not go out. At half-past seven was supper, and then he went to his room, wrote till ten, and so to bed.'

One more picture, and our story ends. Beethoven was lying on his death-bed when the news was brought to him

that Hummel, the musician, with whom he had been intimate in the old Vienna days, had just arrived in the city. Many years had elapsed since Beethoven had severed his friendship with Hummel in a sudden fit of pique, and there had been no attempt at reconciliation. But now, wasted by disease, and fast sinking into his grave, there was no room in his heart for aught but joy at the knowledge that one whom he had formerly liked was so near him. 'Oh,' he cried, raising himself in bed when he heard the news—'oh, if he would but call to see me!' No one seems to have carried the message from the dying man, but it was answered. A few days later Hummel came, and the old friends were at once in each other's arms. Hummel, struck by the terrible signs of suffering in Beethoven's face, broke into bitter weeping. Beethoven tried to calm him, and, pulling from beneath his pillow a sketch of Haydn's birthplace which he had that morning received, he cried, 'Look, my dear Hummel, here is Haydn's birthplace! So great a man born in so mean a cottage!'

Beethoven died on March 26, 1827, having recently completed his fifty-sixth year. Two days before his death he received the last Sacraments of the Church. 'As the evening closed in, at a quarter to six, there came a sudden storm of hail and snow, covering the ground and roof of the Schwarzspanierplatz, and followed by a flash of lightning and an instant clap of thunder. So great was the crash as to rouse even the dying man. He opened his eyes,

clenched his fist, and shook it in the air above him. This lasted a few seconds, while the hail rushed down outside, and then the hand fell, and the great composer was no more.'

On March 29, at three o'clock in the afternoon, Beethoven was laid to rest in the Währinger Cemetery, Vienna. The funeral was a very grand one. Twenty thousand people followed him to his grave, and soldiers were needed to force a way for the coffin through the densely packed mass awaiting its arrival at the cemetery gates. Amongst the mourners was Schubert, the composer, who had visited him on his death-bed, and who acted as one of the torch-bearers. A choir of men singers and trombones performed and sang several of the master's compositions, as the great procession wended its way to the graveside, and Hummel laid three wreaths of laurel upon the coffin before it was lowered to its resting-place.

## *Franz Joseph Haydn*
(1732-1809)

While Bach and Handel, grown to full manhood, were carrying on their noble work at Leipsic and at London, the next great musician came into the world many miles away from either, though still of the German nation.

Franz Joseph Haydn was born March 31, 1732, at Rohran, Austria. Rohran is a tiny village situated on the River Leitha, about fifteen miles southeast of Vienna. The Haydn family had been as unimportant as the village, until this child grew up and made the name famous.

The grandfather was a master wheelwright at Hainburg, a town close to the Danube River. His seven sons, one by one, learned their father's trade and went away to earn their living. One of the youngest sons came to this little village of Rohran, where he married a good wife and built for himself a little house. In this low, thatched- roofed cottage, at the edge of the town, in the midst of meadows and trees, twelve children were born, the second one being our musician, Joseph Haydn.

Long after the Haydn family were no more, people still came to see this humble birth-place of a great man. It stood for many years, until in 1899 it burned down.

The father and mother were simple, honest, hard-working peasants, who trained their children to love God, work and cleanliness. Their lives of hard toil were cheered by music. Both parents sang well, and the father could accompany their voices on the harp, which he played by ear without knowing a note of music. They were able to earn a trifle by singing in church and at festivals, but above all did their music brighten their home life.

While very young, little Joseph began to join in their simple songs with his sweet voice and true tones. One day, after seeing the school-master play the violin, he picked up two pieces of wood and tried to draw music from them like the master's. After that when singing time came with the evening, Joseph would sit in his own nook on the stove-bench, and keep perfect time upon his little dumb violin, never doubting that it really made the music he heard so plainly in his own mind.

During one of these home concerts, a cousin from Hainburg came in. He noticed the child's earnestness, perfect time and fine voice, and being a school teacher, with some knowledge of music, offered to take him home to his school and train him for a musician. The mother hesitated, for she wished her boy to become a priest, but the father was overjoyed. He began to dream at once of seeing his son as high up in the world as a Capell-meister. The mother at last yielded, and six-year-old Joseph went away from home never to live there again.

A school under a severe master and without a mother, is a far different place from a loving home. Joseph's life now meant study, study, study, and if the lessons were not perfect, that meant a whipping and going supperless to bed. But he was a brave little man and worked with all his might at his reading, writing and Latin, as well as singing, violin and the art of writing music. He learned quickly and his hard master was fond and proud of him. Joseph loved his teacher in return, and long afterward said to a friend, "I shall be grateful to that man as long as I live, for keeping me so hard at work, though I used to get more flogging than food."

He tells a funny story of his life at Hainburg. There was to be a procession, but the drummer was absent. The master who seemed to think that Joseph could do anything in the line of music, proposed that he should beat the drum. He had never tried before, but they showed him how to make the stroke, and away he went at the head of the procession. It was a comical sight, for he was so tiny and the drum so big, it had to be carried on the back of a boy who marched in front of him. This drum is still kept in the choir of the church at Hainburg as a memento.

When Joseph was eight years old, his master could teach him no more. At this time George Reuter, Capellmeister of St. Stephen's Cathedral at Vienna, came to Hainburg. He heard Joseph sing and offered to take him to Vienna and educate him as one of his boy choir. To go to that famous musical city, seemed the greatest thing in

the world to the boy, and he eagerly obtained his parents' consent.

At Vienna, a new life opened to Joseph, by no means easier, but full of music such as he had never dreamed. Connected with St. Stephen's Cathedral was a school to train the choir-boys, where, Haydn says, "Besides the regular studies I learned singing, the clavier and violin of good masters." The school was near the Cathedral and from his window Joseph could look right up at the glorious spire which rose to a height of 453 feet, about twice as high as our Bunker Hill Monument. It was a sight to fill a sensitive child with never failing wonder and delight.

But music and Cathedral spires, however they may lift up our natures, cannot supply all that we need. The city paid for the pupils' board and clothes, but not enough to keep them from growing very shabby, and being often cold and hungry. The little boy sadly missed his mother's care, nobody mended his clothes or kept him clean; beyond his education he was wholly neglected.

This distressed the child whom his mother had trained so carefully. When he became an old man, he said, recalling his school days, "I could not help seeing, much to my distress, that I was gradually getting very dirty, and though I thought a great deal of my little person, I was not always able to avoid spots of dirt on my clothes, of which

I was dreadfully ashamed—in fact, I was a regular little ragamuffin."

In spite of cold, hunger and dirt, he put his whole heart into his work. When other boys played he studied, and if they disturbed him by their noise, he says—for we will let him tell his own story, wherever it is possible—"I would take my little clavier under my arm and go away to practice in quiet."

Before long he felt a new impulse. The wonderful music that he heard, awakened the desire to compose music for himself. His cousin-teacher had given him some training in writing music, but at St. Stephen's he had to get on by himself. Herr von Reuter once discovered him at work composing a difficult anthem, and told him dryly that he would better learn how to write music before he tried to compose; but he never offered to teach him how.

No difficulty, however, was ever known to keep Joseph Haydn from his purpose. Music came to his mind that must be written. "I certainly had the gift," he said, "and by dint of hard work I managed to get on." He read every book on the subject that he could get, and every sheet of music-paper that came to hand, he covered with notes. The more music he could crowd on to a page, the better he was satisfied, for he "thought it must be all right if only the paper was nice and full."

All this time his clothes and shoes were wearing out and he became so very shabby that he wrote home for

some money. In reply his father sent six florins—about three dollars—but when it came he felt that after all new clothes were not what he needed most, and so his money was spent for two books of music. One of these books became his dear constant companion and was even kept under his pillow at night.

When Joseph had been in Vienna a few years, his younger brother Michael came to attend the school and sing in the choir with him. Their school days went on as before until Joseph was sixteen, when his voice began to break.

He had often sung in the Imperial Chapel, before the Empress, Maria Theresa, who loved to listen to him, but one day, noticing the change in his tones, she told the singing master that young Haydn's voice sounded like a raven. He was never asked to sing there again, but at the next festival Joseph's solo was given to his brother, who sang it so beautifully that both the Emperor and Empress were delighted and gave him twenty-four ducats—about fifty dollars in gold.

Joseph naturally felt very anxious. As he could no longer please by his singing, his master, Reuter, did not care what became of him and only waited for an excuse to send him away.

The chance soon came. Joseph, although filled with one earnest purpose in life, was very fond of fun and mischief. He had a pair of new scissors, and one day in

school it came into his head to try them upon the pig-tail of the boy who sat in front of him. The pig-tail dropped off and naughty Joseph was threatened with a whipping. In vain he implored his master to excuse him; he said he would rather leave school than be so disgraced. The master answered that he must first be whipped, and then he might leave school just as soon as he could pack his things together.

So he was punished and turned out into the streets of Vienna, without a penny or a friend, so ragged and dirty that he was ashamed to be seen. It was a stormy evening in November, and he walked up and down the streets all night. In the morning, almost faint from weariness and hunger, he met a singer whom he slightly knew. This man was so poor that he could scarcely support his wife and child, yet he invited Joseph home to the shelter of his miserable attic.

Weeks followed, which tested the true worth of Joseph Haydn. He might have gone home to Rohran sure of a warm welcome, but he would not burden his father and mother, who had a large family to care for and who had such high hopes of him. Above all, he felt within himself the divine gift of music, and it was his determination to make his way in the world by that alone.

All winter he shared the dreary attic, the cold and the hunger of these friends who first took pity on him. He searched earnestly for work and found a few opportunities

to play the violin at dances and parties. He next succeeded in getting a few pupils. This money barely kept him from starving.

His next friend was a tradesman who lent him enough money to hire a room where he could be by himself. It was still a very miserable little place, only a garret boarded off from a large room—not much bigger than a closet, with hardly any light—and the roof leaked so that in stormy weather, rain or snow fell upon his bed. But now he could study and practice without interruption. He had a rickety harpsichord for a companion, which made him forget poverty, hunger and cold. "Sitting at my own old worm-eaten harpsichord, I envied no king upon his throne."

For a year and a half Joseph lived alone in his little garret practicing, studying, composing and earning what he could. In the same house lived a noted poet who was educating the two daughters of a Spanish gentleman. He often met Joseph on the stairs and before long stopped to chat with him; as he grew better acquainted, he became charmed with Joseph's character and talent and in a short time gave him charge of the musical education of one of the Spanish girls.

This led to a more important acquaintance. His pupil took singing lessons of an Italian musician named Porpora, the greatest singing-master in the world, and Joseph went with her to Porpora's house to play her accompaniments. For the sake of being near and learning

of this crusty old musician, Joseph performed many a servant's duty for him, even brushing his clothes and blacking his boots. He received in return invaluable lessons, though mixed with much growling and abuse.

Haydn says, "I put up with everything, for I learned a great deal of Porpora, in singing, composition and Italian."

Joseph was now about twenty years old, and though not quite so destitute, the weary struggle went on for some years longer. He composed some sonatas which attracted the attention of a Countess and a Baron who became very friendly and did all they could to help him. When he was twenty-seven years old, they introduced him to Count Morzin, a rich nobleman of Bohemia, who was a great lover of music. He had a small but good orchestra, and as soon as he discovered Haydn's worth, he appointed him the director with a good salary.

Joseph's struggle with poverty was now at an end forever, and best of all, his life of hardship had not in the least spoiled his serene, hopeful, happy temper.

The very next year after his good fortune began, Haydn married a wife who made his home life very unhappy. He soon found that she had a bad temper, a coarse nature, and as he said, "did not care a straw whether her husband was an artist or a shoemaker."

Soon after this marriage, Count Morzin had to dismiss his orchestra, but among the visitors at the Count's was Prince Esterhazy, who so admired the originality and

spirit of Haydn's music that he immediately engaged him as Capell-meister. This Prince, the richest nobleman of Austria, had a fine country place at Eisenstadt in Hungary. This became Haydn's next home. On the estate was a private chapel devoted to the music. There were solo singers, a chorus, and the finest orchestra Haydn had ever heard. In less than a year the kind prince died, but the brother who succeeded to the title was even more passionately fond of the Arts, and music was more cultivated than ever at Eisenstadt.

After five years, the prince built a splendid new summer residence and named it Esterhaz. This estate in the country, far away from the rest of the world, was magnificent beyond description. Back of the castle stretched a delightful grove, containing a deer park, flower gardens, spacious summer-houses, cool grottoes and temples. The beautiful palace, filled with rare paintings, statues, and elegant furnishings, was open to a constant stream of guests. Princes and princesses, dukes and counts, with their ladies, came and went. Fine horses and carriages were always ready for driving, and Prince Esterhazy was a most charming host.

Haydn and his musicians were brought to this new home and the hours rolled by to the rhythm of music. Concerts were given by the orchestra; operas were sung in the elegant new theatre; noted singers and players came from afar, and in the intervals the musicians and actors met together like one great family.

Even the Empress Maria Theresa honored Esterhaz with a visit. For her Haydn composed a new symphony and two operas which won him great favor.

Let us try to form a picture of Haydn amid these fine surroundings. He wore a uniform of light blue and silver, with knee-breeches, white stockings, lace ruffles and white neck-cloth, always extremely neat. He was a little below the middle height. His face was stern until he talked, when it lighted up with a winning smile. His manner, was very courteous and flattering. This courtly manner added to his genius and his noble character, won him the notice of many royal personages, who showed their favor, by such gifts as gold medals, gold snuff-boxes and diamond rings.

The prince grew so fond of this summer residence that he would stay until the very end of autumn, and after spending only a few months at his town house in Vienna, returned to Esterhaz with the first days of spring.

Separated thus from the rest of the world, Haydn poured his whole life into his music, and being conductor of an orchestra, his energy was bent in the direction of orchestral music.

Through his pleasant relations with those about him, his life at Esterhaz seemed all harmony. "My prince," he says, "was always satisfied with my works: I had not only the encouragement of constant approval, but as conductor of the orchestra, I could make experiments, observe what produced an effect and what weakened it,

and was thus in a position to improve, alter, and be as bold as I pleased. I was cut off from the world, there was no one to confuse or torment me, and I was forced to become original."

Added to the prince's approval was the good-will of the musicians. Haydn was a friend to every member of his orchestra and chorus. He always spoke a good word for them to the prince, and tried in every way to help them. In return they loved him like a father, and did their best to render his music exactly as he wished.

He wrote so unceasingly that he composed enormous quantities of music, not only many symphonies, but quartets and trios for various instruments: yet he never wrote carelessly. Every composition was clearly thought out, carefully worked over, and never left until he was "fully convinced that it was as it should be."

With such genius impelled by the one earnest purpose of raising his music as high as God meant it, guided by extreme carefulness in every little thing, and made perfect through years of daily practice with an orchestra—it came to pass that Haydn made instrumental music, great music; and because he was the very first one to make it great, he is known by the world as the Father of the Orchestra.

Loved and looked up to, by old and young, an especial friend of little children, his warm-hearted German people called him "Papa Haydn."

Soon his composition became known beyond Vienna, even as far as London and Paris, and he was referred to in a certain magazine as "our national favorite."

When Haydn was about fifty years old, a gifted young musician named Mozart, came to Vienna to try his fortune. For some time he admired Haydn in silence, then he affectionately dedicated to him six fine quartets. After hearing them, Haydn said to Mozart's father, "I declare to you on my honor, that I consider your son the greatest composer I have ever heard. A beautiful friendship grew up between these two great men, almost as if they were father and son, or an older and younger brother, each admiring the other to veneration.

Before this Haydn had often been entreated to come to London, but he refused to leave his master. When he was fifty-eight years old, to his great grief, Prince Esterhazy died. In his will he left Haydn a pension of five hundred dollars a year. The brother who became the next Prince Esterhazy was no musician, and dismissed his chapel. Haydn was now free for the first time in many years and was persuaded to make a journey to London.

His last hours in Vienna were spent with Mozart who urged him not to go, saying, "Papa Hayden, you have not been brought up for the great world; you know too few languages." To which Haydn replied, "But my language is understood by the whole world."

The parting was very sad on both sides, for Mozart, whose health was failing, said with tears in his eyes, "We shall never see each other again on earth." This proved true, for in one year, while Haydn was still in London, Mozart died at the age of thirty-five. Haydn mourned as for a son, and wrote to a friend that his joy of returning home would be gloomy because he should not be greeted by the great Mozart.

Haydn arrived in London on New Year's Day, 1791, but his fame was there before him. Noblemen and ambassadors called upon him; he was overwhelmed with invitations from the highest society; musical societies almost fought for his presence at their concerts; his music was played everywhere, famous singers sang his songs, and the newspapers praised him to the skies.

Most important of all, he composed and conducted six new symphonies, superior to any he had yet written. Among these was his well-known "Surprise" symphony. It shows how Haydn's love of a joke sometimes crept into his music. In the Andante movement, at the end of a softly played theme, a sudden explosion of the drums takes everyone by surprise. "There all the ladies will scream," Hayden said with a twinkle in his eye.

During that year, a Handel Festival was held at Westminster Abbey, at which a magnificent performance of "The Messiah" was given. Haydn had never heard anything so grand, and when the Hallelujah Chorus rang

out, and the vast audience rose to their feet, he wept like a child and exclaimed, "He is the Master of us all!"

Haydn's visit to London lasted a year and a half. On his way home he travelled through the city of Bonn, the home of Beethoven, now twenty two years old, who seized this opportunity to ask Haydn's opinion of some of his music.

At Vienna the people warmly welcomed him home, and were eager to hear the symphonies he had composed abroad.

Shortly after his return, young Beethoven came to Vienna to study with him. The two did not get on well together as teacher and pupil, for neither understood the other. Yet Beethoven respected and admired Haydn, especially as he grew older, and when, on his death-bed, a picture of Haydn's birth-place was sent him, he received it with delight and exclaimed, "To think that so great a man should have been born in a common peasant's cottage!"

In 1794 Haydn went again to London, and again remained a year and a half. This visit was, if possible, more brilliant than the first. As before, he composed and conducted six new symphonies. He played for the King and Queen, who urged him to spend the summer at Windsor Castle; but in the meantime another Prince Esterhazy succeeded to the title, who wished to re-establish his orchestra under Haydn's direction. So he went home rich and famous.

Soon after his return, Haydn was taken by a party of noblemen, to a park on the River Leitha, near the village of Rohran, where a pleasant surprise awaited him in the discovery of a monument and statue of himself which these gentlemen had erected there during his absence. He could hardly find words to thank them. The party then went on to visit the little house where Haydn was born. He was so overcome that before entering he kneeled down and kissed the threshold. He then pointed to the stove-bench and told them on that very spot his musical life began.

While in London, Haydn often envied the English their "God Save the King," and he determined that his dear Austria should have a national hymn too. A poet was commissioned to write the words, and in January, 1797, Haydn set them to music, so simple, noble and dignified, that it is still sung in other lands than Austria as a dearly loved hymn. On the Emperor's birthday, the next February, this anthem, "God Save the Emperor Franz!" was sung at this hour, in all the principal theatres of the country. It was Haydn's favorite work and toward the close of his life he often played it to himself with great expression.

He was getting to be an old man when he began to compose a kind of music he had never tried before, but which became one of his most popular works. It was an oratorio called "The Creation." Its subject is the Old Testament story of the creation of the world, as told in

Milton's great poem, "Paradise Lost." Step by step, up from chaos the world is made; the heavens and the earth, the light, the waters, plants and animals—all completed with Adam and Eve. How reverently Haydn entered upon this task we realize when he tells us, "I knelt down every day and prayed to God to strengthen me for my work."

The oratorio was not finished for two years. "I spent much time upon it," he said, "because I want it to last a long time." It was first given in public March 19, 1799.

The whole audience was deeply moved, and Haydn himself so agitated, that he confesses, "One moment I was as cold as ice; the next I seemed on fire." As soon as the music could be printed, "The Creation" was sung everywhere and it soon grew to be loved next to Handel's "Messiah."

When this oratorio was finished Haydn was persuaded to write another called "The Seasons." It was as beautiful and fresh as if written by a young man instead of one nearly seventy years old. But the strain of these two great works was too much; he himself said, "'The Seasons' gave me the finishing stroke." He composed little more and was too weak to appear in public.

Some years followed—years of feebleness, brightened by occasional gleams of sunshine. In these happy moods, Haydn loved to unlock his cabinet and look over his souvenirs, presents and diplomas. He enjoyed showing

them to his intimate friends and telling them stories of days gone by.

The old man was not forgotten in his retirement; old friends and new were proud to visit him. Among them were noted musicians, the Esterhazy family, Mozart's widow, who could never forget her husband's best friend, and her son Wolfgang, fourteen years old, who composed a cantata for Haydn's seventy-third birthday.

After a long seclusion, came a day of final triumph. On March 27, 1808, an especially fine performance of "The Creation" was given, and Haydn was taken to hear it. He was carried in his armchair to a place of honor, and received with the warmest welcome. There is a wonderfully effective passage near the beginning of the oratorio. The heavens and earth are in darkness; the chorus chants softly with minor harmonies, "And God said—Let there be light—and there was *light*!" The final "light" bursts out in a full, strong major chord, as of a sudden, at the word of God, the darkness vanished and the light streamed forth.

At these words, "And there was *light,*" Haydn was quite overcome, and pointing upward, exclaimed, "It came from thence!" As the music went on, he became so agitated it was thought best to take him home after the first part. As he was carried out, people of the highest rank crowded about him to say "Good-bye" and Beethoven reverently kissed his hand and forehead. At the door,

Haydn stopped, turned around, and lifted up his hands as if blessing the people.

He lived for more than a year after this, but it was his last appearance in public. On May 26, 1809, he called his servants about him for the last time, and was carried to the piano where he played his Emperor's Hymn, three times over. Five days afterward, May 31, 1809, he died at the age of seventy-seven years.

In all the chief cities of Europe, services were held in memory of him and Mozart's Requiem was sung in Vienna.

This is the keynote to Haydn's character—that he looked upon his talent as a gift from God, to be used entirely in serving Him. In his modest way, he said of the beginning of his career, "Almighty God, to whom I render thanks for all His unnumbered mercies, gave me such facility in music that by the time I was six years old, I stood up like a man and sang masses in church, and could play a little on the clavier and violin."

And at the close, after he had lived, worked, suffered and triumphed, he sums up his life work in these words:

"I know that God has bestowed a talent upon me and I thank him for it: I think I have done my duty and have been of use to my generation by my works; let others do the same."

## *Wolfgang Mozart*
## *A Little Boy With a Long Name*
(1756-1791)

A notice was once posted up in the big city of London. The notice was printed in big letters. It said that a little boy was coming to play the clavier for the people of London. The clavier was the kind of piano that was used then.

The boy was eight years old. His name was Wolfgang Mozart. At least, this was a part of his name.

Wolfgang lived at a time when few children could play on the clavier. He had come many miles to play for the people of this big city. He wanted to earn money for his father who was very poor.

The people said "What! Can such a little boy make good music? It can't be true! We will go and see."

Then they went to hear little Wolfgang Mozart play. The hall was filled with people. Everyone looked to catch sight of the boy who was so young to play.

At last he came in. What a dear little fellow he was! He had such a beautiful face and his eyes shone with joy.

While he played, some cried, others smiled. It was the most beautiful music that many had ever heard.

A great many of the people gave the little boy beautiful presents. Wolfgang had so many things he could have started a shop. There were toys, candies, books and even laces and shawls.

A few of the people could not believe that such a little boy could play so well. They thought that there must be some trick about it. They invited Mr. Mozart and his son to visit them. They found some music that the child had never seen. This they asked him to play. He did so well they were ashamed. He even let them cover the keys of the clavier with a cloth. Then he played without being able to see any notes. After that, he made up pieces.

The people did not know what to think of it. The boy's father was pleased. He said, "My little boy could play when he was but three years old."

Mr. Mozart spoke the truth. When the boy was only three, he could play little tunes. At four, he could learn a short piece in half an hour. When he didn't have any more music, he would make up some.

When Wolfgang Mozart was four years old, his father gave a party. Many friends came. One of these friends saw a piece of music on the clavier. The friend played the piece. Everyone listened. How very beautiful it was!

Mr. Mozart said, "I never heard that piece. Who wrote it?"

His friend said, "I found it on your clavier."

Mr. Mozart called his daughter. He said, "Did you write that piece of music?"

"No, father," she answered. "I did not write it."

Then Mr. Mozart thought of Wolfgang. "Surely my little boy did not write it," he said. "He could not write such a beautiful piece, for he is too young."

"Ask him," one of the friends said.

Mr. Mozart called the child. "What do you know about that piece of music over there?" he asked. As she spoke, he pointed to the clavier.

"I will show you," replied the boy.

Wolfgang sat down and played the music for Mr. Mozart and his friends. They all clapped their hands. Wolfgang was the one who had written the music!

In a few years the King asked Wolfgang to play for him. The little fellow pleased the King very much. The King's daughter was also pleased. The little boy would jump up into the lap of the princess and kiss her. He thought that she was a fine lady, for she was very good to him.

Wolfgang liked the princess very much indeed, but he liked his father the best of all. He would say, "Next to God comes papa."

Wolfgang Mozart went to play in London. We have told you about that. After a while he left London. He went to other cities. Everyone was glad to hear him.

At one time Wolfgang was taken ill and had to stay in bed for a long time. "I will do as you wish," he said to the people who took care of him. "Will you do something for me? Get me a piece of paper, a pencil and a board. You can lay the board across the bed."

The little fellow's wishes were granted, and on the paper Wolfgang wrote beautiful music.

This was not the last time that Wolfgang wrote music. When he was well enough to be about again he kept on writing beautiful pieces. He wrote and wrote for many years. When he had grown to be a man someone counted his pieces. There were more than six hundred of them. Wolfgang Mozart had worked very hard, for he was only a young man when he died.

Now it is your turn to work hard, also. Wolfgang had a long name and you will want to learn to read it. This is the long name: JOHANNES CHRYSOSTOMUS WOLFGANG THEOPHILUS SIGISMUNDUS MOZART.

# *Mozart*

The good fairies must certainly have been very busy around a certain cradle in the old city of Salzburg on the 27th of January 1756, for that was the day on which the little Wolfgang Mozart was born. There seemed no end to the gifts bestowed upon this special child, but most wonderful of all was his gift for music, greater than any fairy gift, for it was the divine touch of genius.

Everything beautiful was a delight to Wolfgang as soon as his eyes learned to look at things and his ears learned to listen. The beautiful old city in which he dwelt, the churches with their slender spires and the splendid palaces, and beyond the snow-capped mountains keeping sentinel like guardian angels, all made life beautiful to the boy. How he loved to stand and watch the great church processions, where the priests in their gold-embroidered vestments swept through the dim aisles of the cathedral! The high altar blazing with a hundred candles, veiled only by the faint haze of blue smoke which wreathed up from the swinging censers below, made him wonder if this was indeed the very gate of heaven, but most glorious of all was the sound of the organ as it swelled through the great cathedral and died away like the echo of angel voices. Little Wolfgang, kneeling there with the holy water still wet on his forehead, felt as if heaven had opened and the

music was carrying him upwards upon angels' wings. But afterwards, when the candles were put out and the music had died away, Wolfgang came quickly back to earth again, and was a very happy ordinary little mortal. Life was so full of sunshine for him, and he had such a happy home, that he did not in the least want to be an angel yet. His father, who was one of the court musicians, in the band of the reigning Archbishop, was one of the kindest and most loving of fathers, and his good-natured, kindly mother still carried about with her much of the calm and peacefulness of her convent training, so that the little household was a very happy one.

Then too there was Nannerl, the elder sister, four years older than Wolfgang, who was always ready to play with him, and whom he loved dearly, although she was not quite such a splendid playfellow as Herr Schachtner, the court trumpeter, whom he adored with all his heart.

There was nothing that Herr Schachtner could not do, and he played the most delightful games, and what was best of all, he always understood that every game must be played to music. Even when they carried the toys from one room to the other, a march was sung or played upon the violin, to make it a real procession.

"Dost thou love me, Herr Schachtner?" Wolfgang would stop to ask every now and then, very anxiously, and sometimes the trumpeter, to tease him, would shake his head.

"No, I love thee not," he said.

Then, seeing the great tears beginning to gather in the child's eyes, he quickly told him it was only a joke, and then the play and the music went on cheerfully again.

When Wolfgang was three years old, his father began to teach Nannerl to play the piano, and the little boy always stood near watching his sister, full of wonder and interest. His great delight then was to stand by the piano and pick out "thirds" for himself, until his father, almost in sport, began to give him lessons too. Then it was that his great gift first began to be noticed. He could learn a minuet in less than half an hour, and once learned, he played it without one fault and in perfect time. It was all the more wonderful because his tiny hands could only stretch a few notes, but it seemed indeed as if some magic dwelt in those small fingers.

Soon it was seen that Wolfgang's head was as full of magic as his hands, and when he was five years old he began to compose music himself, writing down the notes without looking at the piano. His father and Herr Schachtner, coming home together from mass one day, found the boy very busy with paper, pen, and ink, and asked him what he was doing.

"I am writing a pianoforte concerto," answered Wolfgang, looking up, "it is nearly finished."

His father smiled at the important little face and the very inky fingers.

"Let me see it," he said.

"It is not quite finished," said Wolfgang.

"Show it to me," said his father; "no doubt it is something very fine."

Now Wolfgang always dug his pen into the very bottom of the ink-pot, and so of course a large blot ran off each time the pen touched the paper. Naturally the only thing then to be done was to smear off the blot with the palm of the other hand, and write over the blotty part, so there was a good deal of ink spread over everything.

His father took up the inky, smudged paper, and smiled as he saw the notes scrawled all over it, like ants running after each other. But as he looked more carefully he started with surprise, and his smile of amusement died away. This was no mere childish scrawl; it was a real musical composition.

"Herr Schachtner," he said, tears of pride shining in his eyes, "only look how correct and according to rule all this is written, and yet it cannot be made use of, for it is so difficult that no one could attempt to play it."

Wolfgang was listening, and hastened to explain that of course it would need to be well practiced before it could be played.

"See," he said, "this is how it should go," and he climbed on to the piano-stool and began to show them what his idea had been when he wrote the music.

The boy was certainly a musical genius, there was no doubt of it, and his sister, too, played almost as wonderfully, so their father made up his mind that he would show them to the world, for he was sure they would win both fame and money.

So first of all the children were taken to Munich and then on to Vienna, and it was like a royal progress, for everywhere the people flocked to hear the wonderful little performers.

The Empress Maria Theresa, who was a great lover of music, ordered that the children should be brought to play before her, and so to court little Wolfgang and his sister went.

The boy did not know what shyness meant. He was always so sure of being welcomed and loved wherever he went, that he was never afraid of strangers and was never awkward nor ill at ease. He put up his face to be kissed when he was brought to greet the Empress, and then offered to sit on her knee and talk to her. He was only six years old and was small for his age, so he looked a very quaint little figure in his court suit, full-skirted coat and knee-breeches, powdered hair, and buckled shoes. It seemed almost impossible that such a tiny child could be the wonderful musical genius that everyone talked of. But it was a very dignified little boy that sat down to play when he had finished his talk with the Empress. Sitting perched up on the music-stool, he looked calmly round and then

beckoned to the Emperor, who was standing close to the piano. Wolfgang could not bear to play to people who did not understand and love music, and he was not quite sure about the Emperor.

"Is not Monsieur Wagenseil here?" he asked anxiously. "We must send for him. He understands the thing."

The composer was sent for immediately, and on his arrival the Emperor gave up his place by the piano. Wolfgang nodded his approval.

"Sir," he said, "I am going to play one of your concertos. You must turn over the pages for me."

The court might smile at the quaint little figure issuing his commands like royalty, but amusement gave place to wonder as soon as the child began to play. It was almost unbelievable that those tiny hands fluttering about the notes could produce such music. Courtiers watched and listened and almost held their breath.

The little princess, Marie Antoinette, drew nearer and nearer to the piano. This little boy, who was just her age, must have come with his music out of fairyland. Everyone called him a wonder, and she had never seen anyone so like a fairy prince before.

Then the music stopped, and Wolfgang was lifted down that he might go and receive the thanks of the Empress.

Perhaps the music was still surging in his head, or perhaps the polished floors were too slippery for the

buckled shoes, but at any rate Wolfgang, after a few steps, lost his balance, slipped and fell. In an instant the little princess ran forward and helped him on to his feet again, and the two children walked the rest of the way together.

"You are good," said Wolfgang, holding her hand tightly and standing on tiptoe to kiss her cheek. "I will marry you."

The Empress smiled when she heard this.

"Why do you wish to marry her?" she asked.

"Out of gratitude," replied Wolfgang, with his courtly little bow; "she was kind to me."

Poor little kind princess, if only it had been a real fairy tale, and the fairy music-maker of six years old could have carried her off to fairyland out of the reach of all human cruelty and treachery!

But although Wolfgang did not carry off the princess as he suggested, there was something else he carried home which meant far more to him than all the princesses in the world, and that was his first violin.

Scarcely had the family arrived home in Salzburg when a famous violin-player came to visit Herr Mozart to ask his opinion about some music he had been composing. It was arranged to try it over at once, the composer himself playing first violin and Herr Schachtner second. Wolfgang, greatly interested, hugging his little

violin under his arm, begged that he might be allowed to play second violin.

"That is a most foolish request," said his father sharply; "thou knowest nothing about the violin, and hast never been taught to play upon it."

"There is no need to learn to play second violin," persisted Wolfgang.

"Run away at once," said his father, "and do not trouble us further with your silly requests."

Wolfgang turned to go, hugging his little fiddle tight, the tears running down his cheeks. "Let him play with me," said Herr Schachtner, who could not bear to see the child cry.

"Oh well, then, play along with Herr Schachtner," said his father, "but play so softly that no one can hear thee, or else thou must go away."

Wolfgang, all smiles once more, dried his tears and made ready his violin, and then crept close to his friend. He meant to be as quiet as a mouse, and at first he played very softly as he had been bidden, but presently he forgot everything but the music, and then it was that Herr Schachtner began to play more and more softly, until he stopped altogether, and left Wolfgang playing alone. Not a note was missed, the little violin sang its way in perfect time and tune, and the small fiddler ended by being quite sure he could play first violin if they would let him try.

But although all this came so easily to the child, his father always insisted that he should learn everything from the beginning, and learn it thoroughly. His other lessons, too, were not neglected, for his father was very strict, and was anxious that Wolfgang should not be spoilt by the admiration he received. The simple home life, the regular lessons, and the habit of prompt obedience were better, he knew, for his little son than being a little court butterfly, petted and admired by royalty and allowed to do just what he pleased.

Wolfgang loved his father with all his heart, and was such a sunny-tempered, happy child that even difficult lessons and hard rules were no hardship to him. His father came "next to our gracious God," as he used to say, and so he never dreamed of disobeying him.

Every night the father and son sang a little duet of nonsense rhymes before Wolfgang went to bed, and then he kissed the tip of his father's nose for good night and made a little speech. "When I am older," he said, "I will put thee under a glass case, to keep thee from the cold and to keep thee always at home."

Every year saw the little Mozart grow more and more wonderful, as he ceased to be a child and grew into boyhood. He learned to play the organ, so that the priest at Heidelberg, having heard him there, wrote the boy's name upon the organ and the date of his visit, as a remembrance of this "wonder of God." He reigned like a

little king in Paris, and in England King George IV and Queen Charlotte gave him a most royal welcome. He had his first commission to write an opera when he was ten years old, and it proved quite an easy thing for him to do. It seemed indeed as if there was nothing he could not do in connection with music. Every note he heard he could distinguish separately by ear. He could compose music without a piano, play everything at sight, and accompany any song by ear alone.

It was a happy, sunny childhood this, and if the clouds came later, they cast no backward shadow over these happy days when the little maker of magic music used his fairy gift to fill the world with the beauty of the melody which was always singing in his heart.

# *Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart*
(1756-1791)

## THE CHILD MOZART

Far, far away over land and sea lies the little town of Salzburg. What a beautiful place it is! Old Mother Nature herself has given it its charm. The town lies in the midst of a smiling plain. On one side are the forest-clad hills, dark and green. Behind the town rise the mountains, steep and rugged. As the great white clouds float across the blue sky above, their shadows are seen on the bare rock of the mountain sides below.

Here in 1756, in the home of a musician, a little child was born. The fair-haired baby boy was very welcome. He was the pet and plaything of the whole household. His sister Marian was especially fond of him. She was four years older than her little brother. She looked forward to the time when he would be old enough to play with her.

The baby's father was an organist and violinist. He played in the king's chapel. The child's mother was a beautiful, loving woman. So it is not strange that little Wolfgang Mozart, for that was his name, became a musician.

No two children ever had a happier childhood than Marian and Wolfgang Mozart. Their father and mother were always planning how to make them happy. Leopold Mozart, the father, was not a rich man, but his heart was full of love and tenderness.

Dearly did little Wolfgang love his father. He never went to bed without kissing him on the tip of the nose, and singing a little good-night song. He used to say, "Next to God comes papa."

Leopold Mozart devoted much time to the training of his two children. When Marian was quite small, he began to give her piano lessons. The child learned rapidly. Little Wolfgang, three years old, liked to listen while his sister was having her lesson.

One afternoon Marian's father was giving her a music lesson. Wolfgang stood close to the piano, as he was fond of doing. He was as quiet as a little mouse. All through the lesson he watched and listened. When it was over, he surprised his father. He searched for a few moments among the white keys. Then with his baby fingers he played one of Marian's exercises. He was only a tiny lad, and yet he played the exercise correctly. Leopold Mozart caught his little son in his arms, exclaiming, "Who would have thought the baby understood what I was teaching Marian?"

Little Wolfgang was fond of games and had many toys. Often some little friend played with him. Wolfgang was

happiest when they had music in their games. Indeed, he would not play when there was no music. Even when they carried their playthings from one room to another, the one who went empty-handed must sing a march.

When the boy was four years old, his father began teaching him. He learned music easily, often mastering a piece in half an hour. A year later he began to compose little pieces, which his father wrote down.

One day Leopold Mozart came home from church with a friend. He found his son daubing notes on a sheet of paper. The child dipped his pen to the very bottom of the inkhorn each time. He made many blots on his paper; but he was not discouraged. He wiped them off with the sleeve of his coat and went cheerily on.

"What are you doing there, my boy?" asked his father. "I am writing a concerto and have almost got to the end of the first part," replied Wolfgang. The father took the paper and showed it to his friend. They laughed heartily at first. After a time, however, they saw that it was written according to rule. The father said, "It is a pity it cannot be made use of. It is so difficult that no one could play it." "It is a concerto," said Wolfgang, "and must be studied till it can be played properly. See, this is the way it should be given." Going to the piano, he tried to play it for them.

Wolfgang Mozart was the most gentle and loving of children. He would say many times a day to those about him, "Do you love me well?" Sometimes they laughingly

replied, "No." At this answer, tears would run down the little fellow's cheeks.

## MOZART'S FIRST TRAVELS

Marian and Wolfgang had studied so hard and practiced so faithfully, that their playing was remarkable. Indeed, they played so well that, in Wolfgang's sixth year, their father decided to take them to Munich.

In 1762 they set out for that city, where they remained for three weeks. Many people attended the concerts which the Mozart children gave. All who heard them were delighted with their playing. Later in the same year Leopold Mozart took his children to Vienna. Vienna, the capital of Austria, is a larger city than Munich. Part of the journey was made by boat. How much Marian and Wolfgang enjoyed seeing the blue waters of the Danube! They could look far away across the green fields which border the river, to the mountains beyond.

While the Mozart children were in Vienna they were invited to play at court. The empress and her husband were great lovers of music. Little Wolfgang, with his delicate face and large soft eyes, became a great favorite in the palace. They liked his music too. Sometimes he played hours at a time for the empress. The emperor called him his "little magician."

One day the emperor said in jest to little Wolfgang, "It is not very difficult to play with all one's fingers. To play

with only one would be far more wonderful." The young musician showed no surprise. Using only one finger he began at once to play with great clearness.

He afterward asked that the keys of the piano might be covered. A cloth was spread over them and he continued to play as well as before. It seemed as though he must have practiced playing in that way.

Wolfgang was not at all spoiled by the praise he received. He did not think of the empress as a sovereign. To him she was only a kind, loving friend. Sometimes he would spring into her lap, throwing his arms about her neck, and kissing her.

The empress had a little daughter called Marie Antoinette, who afterwards became queen of France. One day, at the palace, Wolfgang was playing with her. He slipped on the polished floor and fell. Marie Antoinette helped him to his feet. "You are kind and I will marry you," he said.

Before the Mozart children returned to Salzburg, the empress sent them each a present. To Marian she gave a beautiful white silk dress. Wolfgang's gift was a lilac-colored suit, trimmed with bands of gold braid.

Wolfgang often wore this suit when he played in concerts. With his powdered curls, bright knee buckles, and little sword, what a picture he must have made!

Up to his sixth birthday, Wolfgang had played only the piano. On his return from Vienna he brought with him a

small violin which had been given him there. He often amused himself with it.

A short time afterwards, two friends came to visit the Mozart family. Both were violinists. Leopold Mozart and his friends were going to play some new music together. One of the guests was to play the first violin and the other the second violin. Leopold Mozart played the bass viol.

Now you must know that the second violin is the easier part. Wolfgang asked if he might play that part. His father said, "No, my son, you have never received any violin lessons. You could not possibly play it well. Run away now."

Wolfgang was so hurt at these words that he began to cry bitterly. As he was going away with his little violin under his arm, one of the guests said, "Let the child stay and play the second part with me." At last the father consented. "You may play with us," he said, "if you play very softly and do not let yourself be heard."

The music was begun, Wolfgang playing the second part. Soon the violinist who was playing the same part saw that he was not needed. Without saying anything, he laid down his violin. The father, too, noticed how well the child played and shed tears of joy at the sight.

A bronze statue of Mozart showing this scene was made in 1883 by the artist, Barrias. The original is in Paris; but an excellent copy stands in the Art Institute of Chicago.

## MOZART IN FRANCE, ENGLAND, AND HOLLAND

After visiting Vienna the Mozart family spent some months quietly at home. This time was well used by the children. Never a day went by that they did not devote many hours to their studies. Their progress was amazing. In fact they improved so much that their father concluded to take them on another tour.

This time they were to go to Paris. The summer after Wolfgang's seventh birthday, Leopold Mozart set out with his children. They stopped at so many towns and cities that it took them five months to complete the journey to Paris.

They decided to give a concert in Frankfurt, one of the German towns that they visited. At that time Goethe was a lad of fourteen. He attended the concert and never forgot little Wolfgang Mozart. Years afterward the poet wrote, "In imagination I can still see the little man in his wig and sword."

The first Paris concert was a great success. The people applauded again and again. When the children came upon the stage, the men clapped their hands, and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs. In writing about this very concert to a friend, Leopold Mozart said, "We burned more than sixty candles."

At New Year's the Mozart children were presented at the French court, where they were kindly received by the

king and queen. The queen had Wolfgang placed beside her and talked with him in German. He had the honor of playing the great organ in the kings chapel. Those who heard him play both the piano and the organ could not decide which he played the better.

The children of a royal family are not often allowed to play with children of lower rank. The king's daughters admired Wolfgang and Marian Mozart very much. The princesses and the little musicians had many romps together in the palace.

From the French capital the Mozarts went to London. On their journey the children saw the sea for the first time. They liked to watch the great waves break against the cliffs. They clapped their hands with delight when the spray dashed over the rocks on the shore. They liked to run down upon the beach to meet the incoming waves. "See, brother," exclaimed Marian, "how the sea runs away and grows again."

The young musicians gave many concerts in London. The English people were even better pleased with their playing than the French had been. They were invited to Buckingham Palace, where Wolfgang amazed his hearers by playing difficult music at sight.

King George was very fond of music and Handel was his favorite composer. He was surprised that this little fellow could play much of Handel's music. One day, at the

palace, Wolfgang played while Queen Charlotte sang. He was very proud to be chosen to play for the queen.

The queen's music master was a son of the great Sebastian Bach. He took quite a fancy to little Wolfgang. They became good friends and often played together. One day Bach took his little friend on his knee and they played a sonata together. First Bach would play a few measures; then Wolfgang would play three or four. They continued in this manner until they had played the whole sonata. Those who did not see them could not have told that the sonata had been played by two persons.

In London, Wolfgang Mozart had his first singing lessons. They were as easy for him as his piano lessons had been. While in that great city he wrote six sonatas. He sent them to Queen Charlotte, with a little letter. At the end of fifteen months Leopold Mozart and his children left England. They had been invited by the Princess Caroline to visit Holland. So once again they crossed the rough English Channel. They spent several happy months among the Dutch people. The good Princess Caroline was very kind to them. Wolfgang composed several pieces of music for her.

In November, 1765, the child musicians returned from their long journey. They had been traveling for three years. They had been petted and honored at all the great courts of Europe. They had received many beautiful presents, yet they were glad to be in Salzburg once again.

## MOZART IN ITALY

After much serious study at home, Mozart went to Italy. His father thought that it would benefit him to visit that country. Musicians and artists from all over Europe went there to study. The finest musicians played in the large cathedrals. No better music could be heard in the world than in that country. It was worth a journey of many miles to hear one of the organs, when played by a master.

Leopold Mozart wished his son to hear this music and to become acquainted with the great Italian musicians. He hoped that he could talk with the composers. He told him to visit the art galleries and study the paintings. All this Wolfgang did and more, too.

He spent much time in the art galleries. He listened to much beautiful music and became acquainted with musicians and composers. Besides all this, he practiced regularly, and he studied French. He spent several hours each day composing.

In a letter to his mother, Wolfgang wrote: "Today I had the pleasure of riding on a donkey. Everyone in Italy rides a donkey, and I thought I must try it too." In the same letter he asked: "Does my little canary still sing in the key of G? Is there anyone to pet my dog, now that I am so far away? Take good care of him."

Wolfgang and his father visited many Italian cities. There were no railroads in those days, so the father and son journeyed from place to place in a carriage. That is a

slow and very tiresome way to travel, and Wolfgang sometimes became weary and impatient. Then he would jump from the carriage and race with the horses.

Often they stopped at some quaint old inn for lunch. The meal was occasionally served out of doors. How good the honey and fresh milk tasted after the long dusty ride! How sweet were the figs and how juicy the melons!

After visiting Florence, Verona, and other cities, Leopold Mozart and his son arrived in Rome. It was the week before Easter. Wolfgang liked to attend the services held each day in the magnificent cathedrals. He liked to watch the priests moving softly about the altar. He liked the faint odor of the incense and the glimmer of the candles.

When the great organ pealed forth, he forgot all these things. He forgot even his father, seated at his side. He had never heard such music before. It seemed to him like music from heaven.

In some of the churches there was singing as well as organ music. One day, while in Rome, Wolfgang visited the Sistine Chapel. He heard some singing that he never forgot. A choir of about thirty voices sang a very beautiful, yet very mournful, piece of music.

When the music began, all the candles were burning brightly. As the singing went on, the candles were extinguished one by one. The chapel became more and more dim. The choir sang softly and still more softly. At

last not one candle was left burning. No sound could be heard but the sad, sad music and the sobs of the people.

Throughout the whole service, the child Mozart sat with clasped hands and bended head. When the music died away, he arose and walked home in silence. He went to his own room and wrote from memory the music which he had heard.

It is a rule of the Sistine Chapel that only the members of the choir shall have copies of this music. Many others had asked permission to copy it. They had always been refused. Many had tried to write it from memory; but they had always failed. So it was a wonderful thing that this youth had written the difficult music from memory. When Wolfgang showed the music to his friends, they could not believe that he had written it correctly.

"Let us have a concert," they said. "Let the lad sing the chapel music for us. We shall hear whether or not he has remembered it correctly." The concert was held. Young Mozart sang the music from his own copy. It was perfect from beginning to end.

While Wolfgang was in Rome, the Pope bestowed a great honor upon him. He made him a Knight of the Golden Spur. That was one of the greatest honors that he could have received in Italy. Wolfgang was very proud to wear the beautiful golden cross.

From Rome, the Mozarts went to Naples. There Wolfgang gave a concert before a large audience. When he

was in the middle of a sonata, the people became uneasy. They whispered to one another; they pointed to the hands of the young musician; they became more and more excited.

Young Mozart wondered at the noise, yet he went on with the sonata. At last his father learned the cause of the disturbance and explained it to his son. He told him that the people believed there was a charm in the diamond ring which he wore upon his left hand. "If the ring is not a charm," they said, "how can he play so rapidly with the left hand?"

When Wolfgang heard this, he laughed merrily and took the ring from his finger. When he began to play again, the audience thought the music was even more wonderful than before.

In 1771 Mozart made a second trip to Italy, and wrote the music for a royal wedding. The empress was so pleased that she presented him with a gold watch set with diamonds. On one side of the watch was a beautiful portrait of the empress. Can you not imagine how proud he was to be the owner of such a treasure? Do you not fancy that he always kept it?

## MOZART, THE COMPOSER

Mozart's boyhood and youth had been filled with sunshine. At many of the courts of Europe he had been praised and petted. Kings and queens were proud to be

numbered among his friends. The remainder of his life was not so bright, and he learned how sad a thing it is to be without a home and friends.

When Mozart was twenty-one years of age, he set out for Paris, accompanied by his mother. They traveled in a carriage, as Wolfgang and his father had done in Italy. On their way to the French capital they made several stops. Mozart gave a concert in each of the towns in which they stopped.

The people of Paris had been so kind to Mozart when he had visited it long ago, that he expected the same treatment again. In that he was disappointed. He was now a man and they treated him as a man.

Mozart was looking for some work as a musician and composer, but found none. That made him sad. It troubled him, too, that the Parisians were no longer eager to hear his music; but a still greater sorrow came to him. His dear mother died in Paris, and Mozart returned to Salzburg alone.

During the next few years, Mozart spent much time in composing. Among his compositions were several operas. An opera is much like a play, except that all the parts are sung instead of spoken. When a composer wishes to write an opera, he generally selects some beautiful story or poem. He then writes music that will help to tell the story.

In an opera some parts are sung by many voices; others are sung as solos. The composer must arrange parts

of music for women's voices. Some, too, must be suited to the voices of men. Still other music must be written for the orchestra. All this requires a musician of great talent.

In August, 1782, Mozart married and settled in Vienna. His wife was the daughter of a musician. Mozart and his wife were always poor; yet they were very happy.

Once upon a time Mozart was invited to write an opera for a festival. By and by the work was all finished except one part for the orchestra. The singers had learned their parts and all was ready but the one piece of music. When it lacked only one day of the time when the opera was to be given, Mozart had not completed his work.

The day passed by, but nothing had been done. Evening came, and Mozart had a merry time with his friends. He knew that the music must be written that night; so he asked his wife to sit up with him while he wrote it.

When he grew sleepy, she told him fairy stories. She made the stories of *Cinderella* and *Aladdin's Lamp* so funny that Mozart laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks. In spite of the tales he grew so sleepy that he felt obliged to lie down. His wife promised to call him after he had slept an hour.

The hour passed and Mozart was sleeping soundly. Another hour and still he did not waken. At last, when his wife called him, he arose and began his work. In two hours he had written a beautiful composition for the orchestra.

Mozart was fond of playing at night and often played for hours at a time. If he sat down to the piano at nine o'clock in the evening, he seldom left it before midnight.

In 1785 Mozart's father visited Vienna. He attended a concert given by his son. He was pleased to see that the emperor was there. Leopold Mozart watched him to see how he was enjoying the music. At the end of the concert the emperor rose and, waving his hat, cried, "Bravo, Mozart!" The father was delighted that his son had won the emperor's praise.

While in Vienna, Mozart's father talked with the great musician Haydn, who said, "I declare to you before God and as an honest man that I regard your son as the greatest composer I have ever heard."

This was high praise from so great a man as Haydn. It was a fine compliment, too, to have the emperor shout "Bravo"; yet Mozart was poor and often sad. He worked hard and composed much beautiful music. Sometimes he received no pay for his work; sometimes he was cheated out of money that he had honestly earned.

Once the king asked Mozart to write music for a court concert. He put it off until he had no time to write the part which he was to perform himself. So he went to the concert with his part unwritten. He placed a sheet of paper on the piano, and looked at it as if the notes were written there.

The king, who was peeping everywhere, happened to look at the sheet of paper. Surprised to see nothing but empty lines, he said to Mozart, "Where is your part?" "Here," replied the musician, tapping his forehead.

Mozart is best known as a writer of operas. Most of his operas were composed in Vienna. One of them is called *The Marriage of Figaro*. Another is named *The Magic Flute*. Many people like it the best of any opera that Mozart ever wrote. It was composed a short time before his death.

Mozart was ill before *The Magic Flute* was finished. After it had been completed, he grew much worse. His only pleasure, during his suffering, was to hear the news of how well the people liked his opera.

Only the day before his death, he wished that he might hear the music of *The Magic Flute* once again. A friend who was with him at the time went to the piano, and played and sang some parts of it. This seemed to cheer the sick man greatly.

On the 5th of December, 1791, the master passed away. No stone marked Mozart's grave, and today no one knows where the great composer was laid to rest. More than a century after his death, the people of his own city erected a fine monument in his memory.

When Haydn heard of Mozart's death, his eyes filled with tears. He exclaimed, "Oh, my friends, will the world ever find such an artist again?" Years afterward, when someone spoke of Mozart, Haydn wept bitterly. "Pardon

me," said he, "but I can never hear the name of my gentle Mozart without breaking my heart."

## *Franz Peter Schubert*

(1797-1828)

*God sent his singers upon earth*
*With songs of gladness and of mirth,*
*That they might touch the hearts of men*
*And bring them back to heaven again.*

— Longfellow.

One winter's night in 1797 a little child was born in Vienna. He was called Franz Peter, and his father was Schubert the schoolmaster. The home into which the child came was one of poverty. There was a large family of children to be cared for, and there was but little money with which to feed and clothe them.

On the day that Franz Schubert was born in that humble home, Haydn was sixty-five years of age, and the great Beethoven was a young man of twenty-seven. Mozart had passed away six years before. Little did Schoolmaster Schubert and his good wife dream that their little son would one day make the name Schubert as famous as any of these.

Famous, indeed, did the family name become through Franz Peter. And today, if you were to visit Vienna, you would find his first home marked with a gray stone tablet.

Carved into the marble are words meaning *Birthplace of Franz Schubert.*

Franz started to school when he was six years old. A year or two later he began the study of music. His teacher soon found that the boy already knew a great deal. At the close of a lesson one day, he said to the child, "Who has been your music teacher?"

"May it please you, I have had none but yourself."

"How, then, have you learned so much about music?"

Then the boy told his story. He said that a playmate of his was an apprentice in a piano factory. Franz often begged to be allowed to go to the shop. At last his friend said, "You may go with me just this once." When he was ready to go home, Franz could not be found in the workshop. The apprentice hurried from one room to another. At last he found the little lad in the room where the pianos stood. He had been having a delightful time, picking out exercises on the white keys. Many times after that he went to the piano factory. Soon he had taught himself all that most children learn in a great many lessons.

The boy's singing teacher often said to the schoolmaster, "I have never before had such a pupil."

One day he came to the father with tears in his eyes, saying, "Whenever I want to teach Franz anything, I find he knows it already."

The boy's father was anxious that Franz should become a member of the choir in the emperor's chapel. Those who sang in the choir first passed an examination in music. Then they were allowed to enter a school where music and other studies were taught.

Franz often saw the choir boys in their uniforms trimmed with bands of gold, and studied harder that he might one day enter the choir. When he was eleven years old, he passed the examination. The chapel master said, "You sing well, indeed, my boy."

When Franz arose to sing for the chapel masters, some of the boys began to point their fingers at his poor clothes. Franz could hear them whispering among themselves, "He must be a miller's son." When he began to sing, the whispering ceased. The sweet, pure tones filled the great room and the silence was unbroken.

One day the chapel master saw some music that Franz had composed. He said to himself "Franz Schubert is no ordinary child. He must study composition in earnest. He shall have the finest harmony teacher."

Franz and his new teacher became fast friends. The lad was eager to learn, but the master found little to teach. He used to say, "He has already learned everything, and God has been his teacher."

During the years that Franz attended the choir school it was his custom to visit his parents on Sunday afternoon. The schoolmaster and three of his sons had formed a

quartet. The father played the violoncello, Franz the viola, and the others the first and second violins.

Although Franz was the youngest, he was the first to notice a mistake. If it was one of his brothers who made the mistake, Franz would frown. If it was the father who played a wrong note, no notice of it was taken the first time. If he played incorrectly the second time, Franz would smile and say modestly, "There must be something wrong, father."

## THE WRITER OF SWEET SONGS

It was in 1813, when Franz Schubert was sixteen years old, that a great change came into his life. His voice lost its purity and sweetness. He could no longer reach the high notes with ease. For these reasons he was obliged to leave the chapel choir.

The boy knew that he must earn his own living. He became an assistant in his father's school. There, day after day, for three years, he taught the little children their A B C's. He did not enjoy his work, and the moment school was over he busied himself with something far dearer to him than teaching. Composition was his heart's delight, and he spent all his leisure time in writing music.

One of the best compositions of his early years was a mass in F. It was given in a large church, where Franz went to hear it. It so happened that his old teacher was there and heard the young man's music with great pleasure. At the

close of the mass, he came hurrying to his friend, exclaiming, "Franz, you are my pupil—one who will do me much honor!"

Teaching and being taught—that was the way in which young Schubert spent a year or two after he left the emperor's chapel. Teaching the primer class in his father's school and being taught the science of writing music was the work which filled his hours.

Many of Franz Peter's friends spent their leisure time in outdoor games. Should you not think that young Schubert would have been glad to join them when school was over? He often wished that he might join his comrades, but he would say: "No, I cannot go. There is much work to be done."

Few composers ever spent so busy a year as did Schubert in 1815. Indeed, it was the busiest year of his life. In those twelve months he composed church music, operas, symphonies, and a hundred songs. He never wrote songs more tender or sweet than those written at that period.

Often, when Schubert read a poem that pleased him, he set it to music. The words of many of his songs are the poems of some of the best German writers. He was particularly fond of Goethe's works and set many of his poems to music. The words of two of Schubert's most beautiful songs, *The Erl King* and *Gretchen at her Spinning Wheel,* were written by Goethe.

Although Schubert wrote so many beautiful songs, the German people knew little about them. Perhaps they might never have known them well, had it not been for a good friend of Schubert's. This man was a singer. He admired Schubert's songs and sang them well. In fact, he sang them at almost every concert in which he appeared. He it was who first gave *The Erl King* in public.

There is a story telling how Schubert chanced to write the well-known song, *Hark, Hark, the Lark*. Returning one evening in July from a long walk, he strolled into the park to rest. On one of the benches he found a friend reading Shakespeare. When his friend had finished reading, Schubert picked up the volume. Idly turning the pages, his eye fell upon the verses beginning, "Hark, hark, the lark at heavens gate sings."

As he read, music fitting the words passed through his mind. Hastily taking pencil and paper, he drew the staves, and, without once glancing up, he wrote every note of the music.

Schubert had only a few friends, but these were near and dear to him. The "King of Song," as we sometimes call him, was a man unselfish and true. To the last days of his life he was poor. He never complained, nor was he sad on this account.

In many respects, Franz Peter Schubert had a different life from most other great composers. He never played at the courts of queens and emperors. He was never given

diamonds or other costly presents. He seldom played at concerts. He never had the joy of hearing his compositions cheered again and again. He never saw an audience sit silent under the charm of his music.

Many songs that Schubert wrote have never been published. Among his best-known works are *The Wanderer, Hedge Roses, The Wanderer's Night Song, The Pilgrim, Prayer before the Battle,* and the *Slumber Song.* He also set to music Scott's *Lady of the Lake.*

We must not forget that, although Schubert is best known as a song writer, he also wrote much exquisite instrumental music. One of the loveliest compositions for the piano is the *Serenade.* Many serenades have been written, but no other is so lovely as Schubert's *Serenade.*

Although Schubert and Beethoven lived at the same time, they seldom saw each other. It was during Beethoven's last illness that he first came to know Schubert's compositions. A friend brought him a number of Schubert's songs to read, and the master was delighted. In the procession of friends at Beethoven's funeral, Schubert was one of the torch-bearers.

Scarcely a year had passed before Schubert, too, had passed away. He was buried in Vienna, near the graves of Mozart and Beethoven. A stately monument marks the last resting place of "The Writer of Sweet Songs."

## *A Bit O' Pink Verbena*

(1809-1847)

Once upon a time a many-gabled house stood in a quaint quarter of old Hamburg. It was a stately structure, and the people living there were rich and cultured. They had flocks and herds and merchant vessels and gold and silver plate, and their name was known to everyone in the harbor town. But for all their possessions they were not honored as the wealthy usually are, for they were of the race of Israel, which in that day was scorned and shunned. But that mattered little to them. They were happy in their home beside the Elbe, and there, in the year of our Lord 1809, a child was born. The moon gleamed gloriously over the fresh-fallen snow on that eventful night, and a star, like an angel's eye, peeped through the half-open blind into the room where the baby lay. The old nurse said it was a good omen, and meant that he would be great and happy, so when the christening time came they named him Felix.

Twelve years passed, and the babe born in Hamburg had become a boy in Berlin. His home was a splendid house in the Neue Promenade, set in the heart of a lovely garden, and there was only one thing he liked better than to race through the grounds with his sister or to have tugs of war with his brothers. That was to work at his music—

but that comes later in the story. He was slender and delicate looking for his years, but could run and leap and climb like an Indian.

One autumn morning when the martens were moving in long black lines away from Berlin, and now and then a weird cry above the tree tops told that a flock of storks was making its flight toward Egypt, there was a romp in the Mendelssohn garden. Felix was chief of a brigand band, and Fanny a captive girl the brothers were carrying away into the mountains. It was a favorite game with all of them, and they played it with a vim, until, just as the weeping victim was being thrust into a cave to be held for ransom, a maid called from the doorway.

"Come in, children," she said. "Your mother has a surprise for you."

Instantly the play stopped and there was a rush for the house. In the living-room they found a man talking with the mother, and at sight of him came exclamations and merry greetings. It was Herr Zelter, Felix's teacher and their good comrade, who always had a tale or a riddle, and was never too tired to entertain them. Fanny hurried to ask if he wouldn't tell her the answer to the last conundrum he gave, because, try as she would, she could not guess it.

Everybody laughed as he told it, and Fanny felt quite stupid for not having thought of it herself, and was sure the

boys would tease her. But they didn't, because, before they had a chance, there came a wonderful message.

"Felix and I are going to take a vacation trip," Herr Zelter announced. "What think you of a journey through the Harz Mountains and into the provinces beyond?"

A shout went up from the brothers and sisters, but Felix stood silent for a moment and looked in big-eyed wonder.

"The Harz Mountains," he said as if awakened from a dream.

"Yes," the mother spoke gently. "Do you want to go?"

"Do I want to go?" he repeated. "Oh, mother, it will be splendid."

Frau Mendelssohn smiled. She was a beautiful woman, with velvet, lustrous eyes, and her face, like her voice, was sweet.

"I knew you would like it," she said as she stroked his soft, dark hair. "You have worked hard at your music and studies, and deserve a vacation."

And the brothers and sisters nodded as if they thought so too.

"Yes," Herr Zelter added, "and there may be some surprises along the way."

Felix was so excited over the prospect that he couldn't eat his lunch, and Fanny declared he'd get as thin as a fish worm. But the picture she painted of him didn't seem to

make any difference, for although he usually had a healthy boy's appetite, he had none at all now, and couldn't think of anything but wild mountain passes, and caves, and haunted glens. He had always wanted to go into the Harz country, for he had heard many fantastic tales of the elves and gnomes peasants say abound in that region and play pranks on all who come their way, but had no idea he would get there so soon. Sometimes, however, wishes come true. That very afternoon he and his teacher left Berlin, and then wonderful things came to pass.

Once in the highlands there was always something interesting and exciting. One day, as they followed the forest path up Mt. Kyffhäuser, a woodman pointed to a grotto where the country folk declare Frederick Barbarossa sleeps beside a banquet table. Felix listened, fascinated, to the mountain legend of how the emperor's beard had grown until it trails on the ground, and will continue to grow for ages and ages, until it has wound seven times around the legs of the table. Then the monarch will awaken, bestride a charger, and scatter his foes, after which time there will be peace as long as the world lasts. He was wild to get inside the cavern, but the peasant shook his head and said it was impossible. Only once a twelve-month, when the cock crows with the dawning of the new year, can the enchanted grotto open, and woe to him who tries to force an entrance at any other time! So he knew it was useless to coax, but made up his mind to come back some New Year's Eve. Then they went

to a miners' carnival and joined in the yearly festivities of the salt seekers, after which there was a visit to a clock making village. One delight followed another as they journeyed, until at last they came to Weimar.

Felix was up at dawn the next morning, for they had been stopping only one day in each place, and he wanted to see as much as possible of this one. He went with Gretchen, the inn maid, when she drove the geese to pasture, and she told him many things about her native town.

"There is the castle where the Grand Duke lives," she said, pointing to a great structure whose towers rose above the frost-painted maples; "and beyond is the cathedral with the chimes."

Felix nodded.

"Yes," he answered, "Herr Zelter told me about them. I think Weimar is a wonderful place, because Goethe lives here."

"Ah, yes," the girl said softly, "the master! Aren't you glad you are going to see him?"

Felix whirled and looked at her.

"Going to see him!" he exclaimed; "what makes you say that?"

Gretchen twisted her yellow braids into a rope and smiled as she answered, "Because I heard Herr Zelter tell

Frau Lippe last evening that you came to Weimar to visit Goethe."

Felix didn't want to hear another word. He turned and ran from the grazing place along the path that led back to the inn, and people who saw him wondered why he hurried so. Over rock heaps and brambles he bounded with long, agile leaps, and did not stop until he came to the stone stairway leading up to the entrance of Elephant Inn.

Herr Zelter stood on the topmost step watching him, and at sight of him the boy gave a joyous exclamation.

"Is it true?" he cried as he dashed up the steps. "Gretchen says we are going to visit Herr Goethe."

His teacher smiled and answered, "Yes, that is why I brought you to Weimar. Didn't I tell you in Berlin that there might be a surprise?"

"In Berlin," Felix repeated. "Did you know it there?"

"To be sure I did. The master wrote me, asking that I bring you because he wants to hear you play. That is why we started on the trip, and because you are so fond of surprises, your mother and I decided to keep it a secret, so you would enjoy it even more."

Felix could hardly believe what he heard. It seemed impossible the great Goethe could have sent for him, not because he was accustomed to being shunned because he was a Hebrew boy, for he never had been made unhappy by that. There was more refinement and better

understanding in the Prussian capital than in the harbor town, and the culture and sterling qualities of the Mendelssohns won them the friendship of Jew and Gentile alike. But Goethe was the master poet of Germany, to whom even princes gave homage, and why should he care about the playing of a little Berlin boy? All of which goes to show what an unspoiled, lovable lad Felix was.

He stood wondering about it until Herr Zelter said, "Go and make yourself presentable, for we start in half an hour."

It was not necessary to tell him a second time. He ran upstairs and changed his clothes so rapidly that long before the half hour was over he was waiting for Herr Zelter in the hall.

Just as they started, Gretchen, the inn maid, came running after them, waving a cluster of pink blossoms.

"Here," she called as Felix turned toward her. "Give these to the master. Frau Lippe let me take them from the house box, and there are no lovelier ones in Weimar."

And she handed him a cluster of verbena, each petal of which was perfectly unfolded and pink as the heart of a conch shell.

Felix never forgot that walk as he and Zelter went along the maple-skirted promenade toward the home of Goethe, never forgot the splendid houses of the great, the ducal palace, the cathedral, the peasant cottages, and the

wind-whipped fields they passed on the way, and years afterward described them as vividly as if they had been beheld only a half hour before, for every sight in Weimar seemed to be painted on his brain in unfading colors. He walked eagerly, expectantly beside his teacher, and finally they came to a great house, rambling like a Saxon citadel, and heavily windowed on every side. As they went in at the gate a voice from among the trees called, "Zelter! Have you brought the Mendelssohn boy from Berlin?"

A heavy, rather short man, with blue, piercing eyes and hair softly flecked with gray, came down the path to meet them. Then Felix heard his teacher saying, "This is Herr Goethe," and he knew he was face to face with the poet all Germany declared was greater than a king.

Impulsively he took the wrinkled hand out- stretched to meet his own, and presented the verbena Gretchen gave him. His blue eyes were luminous as the master smiled down on the blossoms, saying, "Thank you, boy, and thank the little inn maid too. I shall keep them and remember you both."

Suddenly, from the cathedral tower, came the notes of an old German choral, and a Kyrie Eleison, sweet as an angel's song, sounded across the garden. Felix stood like one entranced, drinking in the beauty of the music and forgetting everything but the glory of the chimes. Perhaps he would have stayed there for a long time in a sort of reverie, but the master, who had been watching him

curiously, laid his hand on his shoulder and said, "Let us go into the house now, for I want to hear music sweeter than that of the chimes."

Then Felix remembered what Herr Zelter had told him, and wondered if the men could hear his heart beating. It seemed they must, for joy had set it thumping like a hammer, because he knew the master meant to ask him to play.

Half an hour later the drawing-room of the Goethe house was flooded with light. The master and Frau Goethe, Fräulein Ulrike, her sister, Herr Zelter, the Schopenhauers, and several other friends sat side by side. But no one spoke. No one thought of anything or heard anything but exquisite music exquisitely rendered. Was it an angel orchestra dispensing such sweet sounds? No, it came from the piano at the touch of a brown-haired boy. Little wonder they seemed bound by enchantment as they listened. Little wonder smiles and tears played hide-and-seek in the poet's eyes, for Felix Mendelssohn Bartholody, then just turned thirteen, was playing a fugue from Bach.

He finished, and Goethe went over and laid his hand on the dark head.

"You have given me an hour of pleasure," he said tenderly. "What can I do to reward you?"

Felix looked at him, as if wondering what to request. Then a smile flashed across his face and he spoke in a low voice, "Sire, I should be glad if you would give me a kiss."

And the gray-haired immortal bent and kissed the brow of him who was destined to become an immortal, while Zelter and the others applauded, and bonny Adele Schopenhauer set a wreath of leaves on the brown head.

*To crown you, like a victor!" she exclaimed.

And the next day Felix wrote home to his mother in Berlin, "After that we all had supper together, and I sat on the master's right. Now, every morning, I have a kiss from the author of 'Faust' and 'Werther,' and two kisses from friend and father Goethe. Think of that!"

Just at dawn several mornings later Zelter shook Felix out of a sleep.

"Get up quickly!" he exclaimed. "Don't you remember that to-day the Grand Duke and Duchess and the hereditary Grand Duke are coming to visit? Bestir yourself, and don't lie there as if nothing extraordinary is about to happen."

The lad looked up, blinking, for he was just like other boys, and not eager to get out of bed in the morning.

"Y-yes," he muttered, "but that isn't as wonderful as being here alone with Goethe. Mother says no one, not even a king, is as great as he." And Zelter nodded agreement, for he, too, believed that. But he hurried the boy out of bed and into his clothes, and soon afterward the royal visitors arrived.

Of course they wanted to hear Felix play, for they had been told of the concert that ended with a fugue from Bach, but even if they had known nothing about it they would have been eager to listen to his music, for Felix Mendelssohn Bartholody, even at that time, was known throughout Germany as a wonder child. Great folk in Berlin, as well as strangers who visited the Prussian capital, delighted in going to his home in the Neue Promenade, for Abraham and Leah Mendelssohn, his father and mother, were among the brilliant scholars of their day. The charm of their conversation was a magnet to draw the gifted, and their reception hall became one of the noted German salons. Painters, musicians, scholars, learned men, and beautiful women gathered there, and whenever guests came Felix played, sometimes alone, sometimes in duet with his sister Fanny, and always his hearers wondered if it was really a child who made such lovely music. They took word of his attainments to their homes and their friends, and although he never had appeared in public, the story of the Hebrew prodigy spread. Thus Goethe heard of his genius, and became so interested in the lad that he asked Zelter to bring him to Weimar. So of course the Grand Duke and Duchess would have wanted to hear him, even if they had known nothing of that memorable Sunday night.

Well, Felix played. He began at eleven in the morning, and finished at ten that night, stopping to rest only two hours during that long period. The royal visitors were

delighted, and said such charming things about his genius that he'd have had his head turned if he had not been a very sensible boy. But he had a wonderful mother, and praise from the royal family did not mean half as much to him as praise from the poet meant. He was glad he had pleased them, for they were pleasant and kind, but most of all he was glad he had pleased Goethe.

The days passed joyously, with games and sports in the garden and quiet hours at the piano, with the poet sitting close by listening while he played. These were times of rare delight to Felix.

"Every afternoon," he wrote home to his mother, "he opens the piano and says, 'Now make a little noise for me.' And that voice of his! Mother, the sound of it is wonderful. He can shout like ten thousand warriors, yet when he speaks to me it seems very soft and low."

Gladly he would have stayed on in Weimar for weeks and months, but that could not be. A fortnight after his arrival he went home with Zelter, bearing with him recollections of a never-to-be-forgotten visit, and leaving behind with the poet memories that were sweet.

Then swiftly sped the days, and wonderful triumphs they brought to Felix Mendelssohn Bartholody. He began playing in public, at concerts and musicfests of the Prussian capital, and people went by thousands to see the boy and listen to his music, to have a good look at the lad who was the pet and favorite of Goethe. And how he

played at those memorable concerts, sometimes difficult numbers from the masters, sometimes melodies of his own composing, always with feeling, always with exquisite finish, and always with light divine in his gleaming eyes.

Then, between public appearances, there were joyful days at home with his sister Fanny in the Garden House, a place as beautiful and sweet as could be imagined. A fountain plashed by the window, and all summer long birds held concert in the linden boughs. Here together brother and sister read Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," and here, when seventeen, Felix composed the music suggested by that fairy play, which, had he never created another melody, would have made his name immortal.

After that, other works followed in rapid succession. He loved his music and kept at it constantly, resting occasionally by taking a trip into some quaint nook of Germany, traveling on foot in the vagabond way. Then he would return to work, composing every day, with Fanny, his gifted sister, and his mother, who were his first and best teachers, auditors and critics. If they pronounced a work good he was satisfied, and no taunts from envious but less gifted musicians could shake his faith in the worth of a composition when it had been secured by the approval of those at home.

Thus Felix Mendelssohn Bartholody, at an age when most boys are thinking of beginning their life-work, was

secure and famous in his. England called him, and France and Austria, and honors innumerable were heaped upon him. But they did not shrivel and warp his soul. He was the child of Leah Mendelssohn, that rare, gentle woman whose fragrant nature and brilliant intellect would have made her home the retreat of the great of Berlin even if it had not housed a wonder child, and he never forgot the lessons learned during those early days. His nature was as lovable as his genius was great, and the beggar in the streets, the child in the market place, rich, poor, and mighty alike, received a pleasant word and kindly smile from him. The brown hair Goethe loved had turned black now, but his eyes were as blue and tender, his soul was as sweet and serene as in those distant Weimar days.

Like Mozart and Chopin, this great master died early, before he was forty-five, yet in his short career enriching the world as much as if he had lived through many lifetimes, for his soul was pure, his heart was kind, and his genius was supreme. Goethe loved him in childhood, Germany adored him in manhood, and the world reveres his memory now that his work is done. It is sweet to think that the great are always simple, unassuming as little children, tender of memories, loyal to friends, gentle and compassionate toward the unfortunate. This was Felix Mendelssohn Bartholody, the child of Leah. He never forgot those Weimar days, never ceased to think of the great poet as "friend and father Goethe." How do we know? Because after he went to his rest, they found among

his treasured things a bunch of dead stuff that once had been a nosegay, blackened and withered to the color of earth, and seeming as if it never could have been a cluster of blossoms. It was the verbena cut from the window box by the golden-haired inn maid and given by Felix to the author of "Faust." Upon the death of the poet it was returned to the musician, who treasured it with memories of those fragrant days, and for years it remained among the Mendelssohn relics, a memorial of the day when two of the world's immortals, one gray and crowned with the laurels of achievement, the other with his childhood still about him, stood in a garden at Weimar, while November winds whistled through the trees, and cathedral bells chimed out a Kyrie Eleison.

And what of the Hamburgers who had scorned his people because they were of the race of Israel? They seemed to have forgotten that, or to have grown ashamed of it, and were proud indeed of the fact that Felix was born among them. They spoke fondly of "unser Mendelssohn," and never in the history of the harbor town was there such a storm of indignation as when some of the people of Prussia tried to make it appear that he was a native of Berlin.

"No, he is ours," declared their northern neighbors, "for he was born among us."

And so these great capitals disputed and contended for the honor of having cradled a Hebrew baby, just as,

long, long ago, seven Grecian cities each claimed to have been the birthplace of a blind old man.

## *The Wonder Child of Warsaw*
(1810-1849)

They said he was nine years old, but he was so little and delicate looking that he seemed not a day over seven; and when the great Niemcewicz, a famous Polish writer, saw him standing in the doorway, watching the snow float down like fairy rose leaves, he was sure he had made a mistake and looked again at the address on the paper. But there it was, plain as ever an address was written; and since this was the street and number, of course this must be the boy. Yet how could it be— the sensitive-faced, fragile child, with his shock of curly hair and wide dark eyes that gleamed like living jewels—how could he be the lad of whom such wonderful tales were told in Warsaw?

And for a minute he just stood and wondered. And while he wondered, Frédéric wondered too, but about something very different from what was in the mind of the poet. Who was this velvet-coated stranger who rode in a carriage with a coat of arms and wore a crimson-plumed bonnet fine enough for a king? Great folk did not often come to his home, and something very important must have brought this man there.

Then a fear went through his mind. Could it be the prefect of police come to arrest him? And he wished he had not run away that morning to watch the skaters on the ice-bound Vistula.

The man had stepped out of the carriage and was coming up the steps now, looking straight at Frédéric with his dark, piercing eyes. Yes, surely it must be the police official, and the boy wanted to run away and hide. But before he had a chance even to turn, the stranger called to him.

"Are you Frédéric Chopin?" he asked.

And Frédéric was so badly frightened he could hardly answer.

"Yes; but please, please don't take me this time!" he begged, as his eyes filled with tears, "I'll never run away again."

At his words and actions the man looked much surprised, and spoke as if to explain something:

"Why, I didn't—"

But before he had time to finish the sentence Madame Chopin opened the door. Seeing her little lad in tears, she did not know what it meant.

But Niemcewicz told her what Frédéric had said. Then she knew all about it—knew how badly frightened he was at the thought of going to prison, and she laid her hand lovingly on his dark curls.

Niemcewicz stood looking at her gentle eyes—they were dark, and big and brilliant like Frédéric's—and he thought what a fair woman she was.

"Poor little Frédéric!" she said in a voice that was like low music. "He ran away this morning to watch the skaters on the river, which is a very dangerous pastime for little boys, because horses might tread them underfoot or the city streets swallow them up and lose them; and his father declared that if it ever happened again he would surely put it into the hands of the police. But I think it never will."

And Frédéric's big eyes looked bigger and darker than ever.

"No, it never will," he promised; "so please let me go this time. I didn't mean to be bad, truly I didn't. I couldn't help going, because I knew they would sing as they skated, and I love to hear their songs."

And Madame Chopin nodded her head, because she knew it was true. Niemcewicz nodded too, for he, like all Warsaw, had heard that Frederic loved music as butterflies love sunshine, and his voice was almost as gentle as the mother's when he spoke.

"Don't be afraid," he comforted. "I didn't come to take you to prison, because I am not the prefect of police. And even if I were, I know you'll never run away again. But I did come to see just you, Master Frédéric Chopin."

Which caused Madame Chopin to wonder a very great deal. But she was a gently born woman, and her courtesy was greater than her curiosity. So she invited him to come inside and led the way to the living-room, where the boy's sisters, Emily and Louisa and Justinia, were bending over their embroidery.

It was a small room and plainly furnished, not at all like the ones to which the poet was accustomed; but brightness and cheer were there, and he knew it was not just an abiding place but a home. The cat nodded beside the piano-stool that was Frédéric's wonted place, and over the instrument hung a fine old painting, brought by Nicholas Chopin from France when he came to Warsaw some fifteen years before. For he was a son of the Southland, of the sweet, green country of Lorraine, who had married a Polish woman. So in Frédéric's veins were mingled the warm, red blood of the Latin and the warm, red blood of the Slav, both of whom see visions and dream dreams.

The fire on the open hearth sent long bright tongues up toward the chimney, and as they walked near it, Niemcewicz spoke some words to Madame Chopin that the children did not understand. But certainly they were pleasant words; for when they were finished, the mother threw her arms about the boy and exclaimed, "Frédéric, this is Pan [Mr.] Niemcewicz, come to ask you to play at a concert."

And he was as much surprised as he had been frightened a few moments before. No prison cell for him, but a lovely invitation!

"Yes," the man spoke; "and if you do, you will be helping the poor of Warsaw, because all the ticket money is to be given to them."

And the big dark eyes brightened as he said: "Oh, I should like that! Please let me do it, Mother. Please!"

And the smile on Madame Chopin's face said, as plainly as words could say, "Yes."

So it was decided, and a little later the poet Niemcewicz went out of the house and drove away through the whirling snow, leaving behind him Emily and Louisa and Justinia much excited. It would be very splendid to have their brother play before the great of Warsaw, and they wanted to go out and spread the news throughout the neighborhood.

But Frédéric wasn't excited at all. Of course it was delightful to think of helping the poor, but he had played before people so often that it seemed just a usual event. And not until the next day, when his father brought home a new suit for him to wear, did it seem like a great occasion. But at sight of the velvet coat and broad white collar with its frill of lace he wanted the concert to begin immediately so he could wear them, and thought Pan Niemcewicz must be a sort of fairy godfather, for, if he hadn't come to ask him to play, the splendid clothes would not have been

bought. It was still fifteen days until the appointed night, and it seemed as if they would never pass. He began to think that men who say February is the shortest month in the year are mistaken, and that surely it is the longest, for although the day would wane and the night would come, there was always another day and then another night, and still no concert time. But at last the much desired occasion came, and arrayed in his velvet suit with its splendid collar he walked across the stage of the concert-hall, as proud as a young prince.

The great lords and ladies in the audience looked surprised. He was small for his age, and so slender and delicate that he looked younger than he was, and one powerful noble said in a loud whisper, "Why does Niemcewicz bring us to hear a baby when he might have had a man who could play well?"

And he expected to be very much annoyed.

Little Frédéric sat down and began to play, first somewhat hesitatingly, for the piano was not the accustomed one of his home, and the action was a trifle strange. But in a moment the keys and his fingers seemed to understand each other, and he played as never a child of Warsaw had played before. The lords and ladies in the audience sat very straight and very still, and, when he finished, applauded with hand and voice. Even the Grand Duke Constantine, who seldom gave praise to anyone, called "Bravo! bravo!" while the noble who had blamed

Niemcewicz for bringing the boy there, sought the poet's side and exclaimed, "Surely he is Poland's wonder-child, even as little Mozart was Austria's! Have him come out again!"

So the child played again to the silently listening throng, after which the applause thundered once more and some of the ladies had tears in their eyes. And what thought little Frédéric? Oh, he was very much pleased. He was too young to understand how marvelous was the music that he had made, and thought they applauded because they liked his clothes. So a little later, when he went home and his mother asked him which number the people liked best, he said, "Oh, Mama, everybody was looking at my collar."

But he was much mistaken, for most of them hadn't noticed his collar. They saw only a wonder-child with a mop of curly hair and eyes like living jewels.

A year passed, and many times since that concert had carriages of noblemen come to the humble Chopin house. The high-born folk of Warsaw petted the little musician and made his life very bright, and he had so many invitations that his mother said he no longer belonged to her, but to all of Poland; which was true, for a genius belongs not only to his family, but to his country and the world. His father was only a teacher and not rich, but very often the boy went as a guest to some splendid castle of his land, where he lived the life of a young noble, and Polish

nobles of those days lived luxuriously indeed. They loved his sunny youth and joyous ways; loved the melody he drew from the piano; and always, when they heard him, said that someday he would bring honor to his name and glory to Poland.

Then something happened that brought him both joy and sorrow.

It was January, and Catalani, a great Italian singer, with a voice of gold and a face of ivory and rose, came into snow-wrapped Warsaw. Great was the excitement there, for Poland was a music-loving land, and she was the empress of song of her day. Up from Italy she came to sing the melodies of the South in the frozen North; and people talked of it in the streets and at the public meeting-places.

"We will fill the concert-hall," said one, "and prove to her that we Poles love the best."

"Yes," his neighbor answered, "and we will take our children to hear her too, so that long after childhood is past they will remember Catalini, the great singer." One of the first to hear the news was Nicholas Chopin.

"It is rare good fortune for us of Warsaw," he announced as they sat at supper that night. "She will give four concerts here in the town hall."

At the words Frédéric gave a shout.

"Catalani to sing!" he exclaimed. "Oh, Father, I want to hear her!"

And the big man nodded in reply.

"That you shall, my Frédéric, because I know it will make you very happy."

And Frédéric's heart beat faster at the thought that he was to hear the greatest singer of her time, and one of the greatest of all time. Nothing so wonderful had happened in his short life, not even when he played at the charity concert and wore his velvet suit and lace-trimmed collar. And as he sat beside his mother, among the great lords and ladies assembled in the music-hall on the eventful night, he scarcely breathed, for Catalani was singing, and all the jewels, all the flowers, and all the gorgeous colors ever dreamed of seemed mingled in her tones, and, as they floated out, wonderful pictures passed before his eyes. Sometimes it seemed as if a thousand streams purled over a rainbow meadow, sometimes as if elves and sprites were floating through the air. He shut his eyes, but still he saw the pictures, which seemed very strange. For he did not know that the rainbow colors were not in the concert-hall, but in his own soul, and were painted there by the music because he was a wonder-child.

Thrice after that night he heard Catalani sing, and every time he dreamed dreams and went off into that realm whose gates open only to those who have rainbows in their souls. Then, like the most beautiful dream of all, she asked him to play for her. Niemcewicz the poet brought the news, and although he seemed a sort of fairy

godfather who could make anything come to pass, Frédéric could hardly believe it was true. For how could the golden-voiced singer know of a lad like him? But she did know, because the Grand Duke Constantine and other great folk of Warsaw had told her all about him, and she wanted to hear the music of the boy who was called a wonder-child. So he was dressed in his best, just as he was dressed the night of the charity concert, and drove away to the castle in whose music-room he was to play.

A throng of noble folk welcomed him, and the great piano there responded like a living thing to the magic of his fingers. Catalani heard, and, hearing, thought with the others that he was, indeed, a wonder-child; and when he finished, she applauded and said as lovely things as song-loving Warsaw said about her singing, which made him very happy. Then regal Princess Lowica, the Grand Duke Constantine, Count and Countess Skarbeck, and golden-haired Countess Potocka came close to the piano, saying gracious things and petting him so that he seemed like a little king receiving homage, and all in all it was the most splendid holiday he had ever known.

But suddenly the blue went out of his skies and the music out of his world, for Catalani asked him to tell her his birthday. That seemed a terrible thing, for although he could do wonders at the piano, he couldn't remember his birthday, no matter how hard he tried. His mother had told him over and over again, but he always got it mixed,

and didn't know if it was the twelfth of February or the twenty-second, or the twenty-second of March.

So he hung his head and said, "I don't know, but one is coming soon."

At which all the lords and ladies laughed, and the singer remarked, "I must surely find out when it is!"

He was so full of shame about it that he had to bite his lips to keep back the tears, and, as he drove home with Niemcewicz, though the sun was shining and the skies clear, everything looked black and cloudy to him. Catalani, golden-voiced Catalani, would think him a stupid, and he had been so eager to have her like him. But there were some things little Frédéric didn't know.

Madame Catalani had said she would find out when his birthday came, and find out she did, for early in the morning of that day a messenger came to the house where more than a year before Niemcewicz the poet had come to ask a big-eyed boy to play at a charity concert. He struck the iron knocker on the door, spoke a few words to Emily, and went away; and a minute later Madame Chopin called, "A package for you, Frédéric."

Frédéric came on the run, as any boy would do when it is his birthday and packages come. Then he pulled off the wrapper and saw something that made his eyes dance.

"A watch, Mother, a watch!" he shouted.

And upon the shining gold case was engraved the date and the words, "Given by Madame Catalani to Frédéric Chopin, aged ten years."

Which made him so glad that he broke into a dance that his sister Louisa said was neither polonaise nor mazurka, but the mother knew it was a dance of joy. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "oh, oh, oh! She likes me even if I didn't know."

And he stood by the window looking out across the snow, seeing in memory the singer of the Southland with her face of ivory and rose.

Well, from that day forth Frédéric remembered his birthday. Who wouldn't with a watch like that? For whenever he forgot, one look set him right, and he went on thinking Catalani was one of the sweetest women in the world as well as the most glorious singer. And he worked at his music, too, playing more wonderfully than any child had played since the boy Mozart, until, when he grew older and went to seek his fortune in Paris, the great of the French capital honored the man as the great of Warsaw had honored the boy; and there was no home so splendid or so exclusive that it shut its doors to him.

But he was always the slender, delicate man, just as he was the slender, delicate child whose frail appearance almost made the poet Niemcewiez think he was not the lad he sought; and he died at the early age of forty. But sometimes, when the heart is great and full, short lives are

as rich in achievement as those that stretch out to four score years and ten. And so it was with Chopin. He gave more to the world than many have given who have lived to be twice his age, because nothing but his best seemed fine enough to give, and of that he wanted to give abundantly.

So with infinite care and patience he labored to make each composition nobler and more beautiful than the preceding one, more nearly what seemed to be the perfect fruit of his soul and brain.

And he never ceased to love his Slavic land. Memories of his childhood home in Warsaw, of the quaint old houses and winding streets, of the nobles in whose castles he had spent so many golden hours, of the shimmering, restless Vistula, where peasants sang as they rocked in their boats through summer twilights, sang too as they whirled on the glistening ice in the long white winters, were ever with the exile there in Paris, and were ever dear—so dear that he made his best music when his heart was in Poland.

More than sixty years have passed since his melody-making ended and he went to his rest beside Bellini and Cherubini in quiet Pére Lachaise. But his music still lives on, still is loved, is exquisitely beautiful. For beauty, like truth and goodness, is immortal; and as long as the world loves melody, it will revere the name of that wonder-child of Warsaw, Frédéric Chopin.

# *Robert Schumann*
(1810-1856)

## BOYHOOD OF SCHUMANN

"Left, face! Forward, march!" Clear rang out the words of the little commander. Quickly the straight ranks moved across the playground. Back and forth they marched, everyone in step. When the drill was over, the little general dismissed his troops. Day after day the boy soldiers drilled on the playground. Each day they chose a color bearer, but the commander was always the same. Among all the boys, no other made so good a general as Robert Schumann. Although his manner was gentle, the lads knew that his orders must be obeyed.

Robert Schumann was born in a quaint little Saxon town in Germany. His birthday was the 8th of June, 1810. His father, a studious man, kept a bookstore in the town. His mother was a good woman, busy caring for her five children, of whom Robert was the youngest. One of Robert's grandfathers had been a surgeon and the other had been a minister, so why it was that Robert cared for music no one knew. But care for it he did with all his heart.

He was the happiest boy in all Saxony when his father told him that he might study music with the organist at St.

Mary's. He was seven years old when he had his first lesson. By the time he was eight, he could compose dances for his little friends. His teacher was proud of the lad and often said: "Robert, God has given you a great talent, and very precious is such a gift. Use it well."

Robert once thought of a new game, which afterward became a great favorite with his playmates. The game was once carried on in this way. Robert went to the piano and played for several minutes. Then, turning about, he said, "Whom was I describing in that music?" All the children shouted, "Franz!" That was the very person Robert had in mind, and the music had told the children very well that it was none other than the merry, laughing Franz. Then the young musician turned to the piano again. The music was no longer bright and gay, but low and sweet. When the last note had been played, the children clapped their hands and exclaimed: "Robert, you are a capital player. You have told us as plainly as can be that you were thinking of little Gretchen."

When Robert Schumann was nine years old, he attended a concert given by a young English musician. The young Englishman played remarkably well. Robert had never heard such music before. He wondered if he could ever be so skillful. "At least," he said to himself, "I can try." From that moment, the desire to become a musician never left his mind. He always kept a program which the pianist had touched, and every time he looked

at it he thought: "Each day I must do my best. I shall succeed in no other way."

Sometimes Robert forgot his good resolutions. He had much rather play pretty tunes than practice his scales. It was not so pleasant to toil over his lesson as to play the songs that he liked. When he grew older, he saw the mistake he had made and tried to make up lost time by working at his music in earnest.

Robert Schumann was interested in his studies at school and in the games on the playground, but most of all he was interested in music. He formed an orchestra which consisted of two violins, two flutes, a clarinet, and two horns. Robert was conductor of the orchestra and played the piano. This piano was a fine instrument, a gift to Robert from his father. When the little leader could find no music which his musicians could play, he composed some for them himself.

"Let us do our best with this concerto," Robert often said to the boys of the band, "that my father may be pleased when he comes." Then, so interested did they become in the rehearsal, that they did not notice the father as he came softly into the room. When the concerto was finished, he said: "You have done well, my lads. Here is some new music as a reward."

Once Robert's teacher gave a concert. A chorus of many voices sang a beautiful piece of music. No orchestra played while the chorus sang; their only accompaniment

was a piano. The audience was amazed to see a small boy take his place at the instrument and play the accompaniment with skill. The boy was Robert Schumann.

While Robert was in the high school, he set the one hundred and fiftieth Psalm to music. He composed not only the music for the singers, but also an accompaniment for the orchestra. About this time, too, he often appeared in public concerts.

In 1825 Robert's father died. The boy felt his loss keenly, for no one else had encouraged him in his music as his father had done. His mother loved him dearly, but she wished that he might become a lawyer rather than a musician. She hoped that he might graduate with honors from the law school. She dreamed that her boy might one day become the finest lawyer in the empire.

## SCHUMANN A LAW STUDENT

At last the long course at the high school was completed. Then Robert Schumann left his native town and journeyed to Leipzig to become a student of law. He had no desire to be a lawyer, but he loved his mother too dearly to disobey her wishes. Now Robert should have spent every moment at his studies, and he knew this all too well. Instead, he spent many, many hours with his loved instrument or with friends who cared for naught but music. He did not mean to slight his work, for he had

made up his mind not to disappoint his mother. He wrote her from Leipzig: "I have no taste for the law. My studies are dry and irksome; but I have resolved to become a lawyer. When a man determines to succeed, he can indeed do all things."

At the time that Schumann was attending the university, Frederick Wieck was one of the best piano teachers in Germany. Schumann had made rapid progress with this teacher. He spent more time than ever at the piano and grew more and more to dislike his lectures at the university.

After some twelve months spent in Leipzig, Schumann wrote to his mother, asking permission to go to Heidelberg to continue his studies. He wished to hear the lectures of one of the most famous lawyers in Germany. Now you must know that this famous man was also a musician. Perhaps Schumann knew this and cared more for the music than for the law. At any rate he was very happy when his mother granted his request, and he left Leipzig with a light heart.

Schumann had not had his piano sent to Heidelberg, and he missed it greatly. Two or three days passed, and he had not once touched an instrument. One day, while he was out walking, so the story goes, he passed a music store and saw some pianos in the window. Schumann was a timid man; but his desire to play overcame all his fears, and he walked boldly into the shop. Seating himself before

one of the pianos, he played for three hours. At the sound of the sweet tones, the men in the shop put aside their work and gathered about the musician. Schumann did not see the group of listeners, did not hear their cries of wonder, nor notice their applause. His thoughts were far away.

It was not long before Schumann found lodgings and hired a piano. He was very happy in his new home. He said to a friend, "I look from my window and see a splendid old mountain castle. The green hills covered with oaks meet my view on every side. I feel like a prince, and a real prince could not ask for anything more lovely than the view from my window."

Although Schumann had gone to a new city, he retained his old habits. It was much more pleasant to go to the open piano than to dust-covered law books. We are told that he practiced seven hours a day, and that the evenings were spent with music-loving friends. Yes, life was bright and happy for Schumann then.

Every moment that he spent among his law books was hard work for Schumann; but he would practice a sonata or a symphony for hours at a time and consider it mere play. He was often invited by his friends to take long drives. Even on these little pleasure trips, he always carried a dumb keyboard with him. On it his fingers performed the most difficult passages, as the carriage rolled over the

broad avenues of the city or by the side of some winding stream.

It was in 1828 that Schumann went to Heidelberg, and in September of the same year he took a little trip into Italy and Switzerland. He talked but little of the grand old mountains, the clear Swiss lakes, and the blue Italian skies. Though he said nothing, the beauty of it all sank deep into his soul, and every song which he wrote afterwards was the sweeter for it.

On this journey Schumann heard some of the greatest musicians of his time. One of these was a violinist famed for his skill. As Schumann listened, he thought: "I should be perfectly happy if I could play as well on the piano as that man plays upon the violin. I need try no longer to become a lawyer. It is of no use. When I return to Heidelberg, I shall ask my mother's permission to devote all my time to music."

The letter was written. Before the mother made reply, she wrote to Leipzig and asked the advice of Frederick Wieck, Robert's former teacher. In response he wrote, saying that it might be a good plan to give Robert six months to show what he could do as a pianist. So it was decided that Schumann should give up law and study music in Leipzig.

In Leipzig, Schumann found lodgings near Wieck's home and again took up his music studies. He was so anxious to excel that he was willing to begin with the

simplest music, although he could read a concerto at sight. He practiced even more than his teacher thought was best. The third finger of his right hand seemed weaker than the other fingers. In order to make it strong, he fastened it in a strained position and kept it so for hours at a time.

Instead of the hand growing stronger, it became crippled. This made Schumann very sad. He knew then that he could never become a master of the piano. He did not, however, give up his music, though he could play so little. The hours formerly spent in practice were now used for composition. Had it not been for the change in Schumann's plans, perhaps he would have become famous in Germany only as a pianist, but now the world knows him as a composer.

It happened that Schumann met in Leipzig a young girl, who loved music with all her heart. She was Clara Wieck, the winsome daughter of Robert's teacher. She had a marvelous talent for music and even when a child played the piano with remarkable skill. She appeared often in public concerts and was much petted and praised. Praise, however, did not spoil her. In fact, each day she became more gentle and lovable. She and Robert Schumann became fast friends.

Among Schumann's other friends in Leipzig were some young men. They were all interested in music and met every evening for study. When a new piece of music appeared, they discussed its good points. At that time

much poor music was written, and many poor musicians were receiving praise that they had not earned. The young men knew that this was not right. They wished that the good musicians might become better known.

This circle of friends were thoughtful, earnest young men,—friends of the good, enemies of the bad. They could think of no way to make matters better. One evening Schumann said to them: "Let us publish a paper that will help things to grow better. We will boldly speak the truth, and if a man's work is poor, we will pay no heed to him. If any musician does well, he shall have our praise."

As the young men agreed, the paper was started. Robert Schumann was chosen editor. His articles for the little paper were well written and he never spoke ill of any one. He once wrote kindly of Mendelssohn's work. When Mendelssohn saw the article, he said: "I am quite delighted. Such praise comes from a pure heart. Ten thousand thanks to the man who wrote this."

In 1832 Schumann composed his first symphony in G minor. One movement of this symphony was played at a concert, and the pianist was none other than the wonder-child, Clara Wieck. The people at the concert often heard good music, but the girl's playing amazed them. They applauded her again and again; they waved their handkerchiefs and tried in every way to show their admiration.

This symphony of Schumann's was never published. His compositions were not popular. "As surely as every gleam of sunshine found its way into Mendelssohn's music, so every shadow found its way into Schumann's." For this reason many did not care for the music which Robert Schumann wrote. Still he worked on, not caring for the praises of men. He was happy in this—that he could express in music the beautiful thoughts that filled his mind.

While Schumann had been busy with his paper and his compositions, Clara Wieck had become a beautiful young woman. Schumann saw her often at her father's house and grew to love her dearly. In 1840 she became his wife.

We have told you that Clara Schumann had been called a wonder-child. At the time of her marriage, she was known as the finest pianist in all Germany. She played Chopin, Bach, and Beethoven at the concerts which she gave in many large cities. In all of these places she was highly praised.

All of Robert Schumann's best music was written after his marriage. In one year alone he composed over a hundred songs, and what beautiful songs they are! In almost every country the songs of Schumann are well known. Just as Wagner is known as a writer of operas, so Schumann is known as a writer of songs. Some of his most famous songs are: *The Stranger, Butterflies,* and *The Poet Speaks.*

Robert and Clara Schumann worked together at their music in their cozy little home. They were very happy, and home was the dearest spot in the world to them. Sometimes they made long concert tours, but they always rejoiced when they could return to Leipzig once more. On one of their concert tours, they visited northern Germany, Sweden, and Russia. In all of those countries they met with the greatest success.

While they were in Russia, they spent some time in St. Petersburg, where they were invited to court. The royal family and all the nobility showed them the highest honors; and when Clara Schumann played, she received the compliments of all. Even the princess came to the Schumanns, begging them to remain in St. Petersburg.

Clara Schumann was fond of playing her husband's music. In Russia, the people liked one of Mendelssohn's compositions better than anything else that she played. It was the *Spring Song*, one of the beautiful *Songs without Words*. So delighted were the people when she played it, that they called for it again and again. The emperor demanded it three times.

Outside of his own home Robert Schumann was a very silent man. It is said that he once went to a friend's house, entered the music room with a friendly nod, went straight to the piano, and opened it, softly whistling the while. Seating himself, he played a few chords, followed by a charming melody, closed the piano, and walked out,

nodding his head in a friendly way. Then off he went without a word to anyone.

Although at different times Schumann lived in various cities, most of his compositions were written in Leipzig. He was a hard worker, in one year writing thirty pieces of music. Some of his well-known compositions are *The Pilgrimage of the Rose*, the music for *Faust*, and the music for Byron's *Manfred*.

In 1845 Schumann was obliged to leave Leipzig on account of failing health. He chose Dresden for his home. He heard no music, for his doctor had forbidden it. He led a very quiet life, seeing few friends. It was at that time that he made the acquaintance of Richard Wagner. At the end of the year his health was much improved. He took up his work once more and wrote his second symphony.

During the next eight years Schumann wrote many beautiful compositions. He lost much time, however, on account of ill-health.

Two years before his death, Schumann and his wife took a trip through Holland. The composer was very much pleased to find that the Dutch people knew his music and loved it well.

On his return to the Fatherland, his health failed utterly. His mind, which had not been strong for some time, grew weaker day by day. During the last months of his life he spent much time at his beloved piano. He died in 1856 and was buried in Bonn.

# *Richard Wagner*
(1813-1883)

## EARLY LIFE OF WAGNER

Richard Wagner was born in Leipzig, in 1813. He was the youngest of a family of nine children. His father died when Richard was only a baby. Mrs. Wagner was left with a large family of little children to care for. Her eldest son was a lad of but fourteen years of age.

After her husband's death, Mrs. Wagner received a small pension from the government. She was a thrifty little woman and made the best use of every penny of her small income. It was not sufficient, however, to feed and clothe her large family of boys and girls.

An old friend of the father came to her aid. He helped the Wagner children in many ways. In 1815 he became their stepfather. Shortly afterward they moved to Dresden. The children's new father was an actor, and he had been appointed to a position in the Royal Theater in that city. In a few years the four eldest brothers and sisters became actors also.

The boy, Richard, heard nothing talked about so much as music and the theater. When he was allowed to go to the theater he clapped his hands for joy. When his

mother thought it best that he should stay at home, he was sometimes naughty. He would stand in a corner and cry.

Richard was a delicate child and on this account was greatly petted. Up to the time that he was nine years old, he had no lessons either at school or at home. He spent his time with his stepfather. The two good friends took many long rambles into the woods. On these little trips Richard took a sketch-book and pencil. His father tried to teach the boy to draw, but soon made up his mind that Richard would never become an artist.

At that time almost every family in Germany had a piano. There was one in the Wagner household. Richard's mother managed to give her little daughters music lessons, but Richard had none. He was not even taught his notes. He sometimes fingered and thumbed the keyboard as every boy likes to do. The bits of music that he could play he had learned by ear.

He heard his sisters practicing their music lessons. He liked one piece that they played better than any other. It was a wedding song. He heard it played so often, that he could hum it to himself. One day, when alone, he went to the piano and tried to play it. The first time he was not pleased with his efforts; but the second time he could play it perfectly. His mother, overhearing, stopped her work to listen.

Richard's stepfather was ill at this time. When his wife told him how well the boy had played the wedding song,

he was delighted. Richard was asked to play it again. He did so, and his father said, "Can it be that the child has a talent for music?"

Soon after the stepfather died. As Richard grew to manhood his father's words came back to him again and again. It was six years, however, before he began really to work at music.

In 1822 it was decided that Richard should attend a boy's school in Dresden. For some time his uncle had been helping the lad with his lessons. He was to enter a school that he might have more studies.

School opened on the 22d of December. The Wagner children were all busy preparing for the Christmas tree. The three days before Christmas were always such happy days in this German home. Richard did not wish to begin school until after the holidays; so he coaxed and pleaded to stay at home.

His wise mother would not give her consent, for she did not wish him to miss even a day at school. But he begged that he might just help trim the tree, and was allowed to rise at dawn to do his share.

Richard Wagner always spoke very tenderly of his mother. He called her his "dear little mother." In after years he said to a friend: "I cannot see a lighted Christmas tree without thinking of my mother. I cannot keep the tears back when I remember how she toiled to give her children pleasure."

At school, Greek was Richard's favorite study. He liked history and geography also. He was a patient worker, and never gave up a point before he had mastered it. For five years he remained at the school in Dresden, working so well that he became a favorite with his teachers. During these years he had a few piano lessons, but made little progress.

In 1827 Richard's mother moved to Leipzig, and for three years the boy attended school there. Later he entered the university in that city.

When Richard was about fifteen years old, he listened to some of Beethoven's music for the first time. The boy thought the symphonies of that great composer were the most beautiful that he had ever heard. They ran through his mind all the day, and he dreamed of them at night. He thought Beethoven the greatest composer in the world. He longed to be like him. Richard now decided how his life should be spent; he, too, would be a musician.

Then for the first time young Wagner worked at his music in earnest. He had an excellent teacher who encouraged the boy to do his best. The lad soon began to write music. Beethoven, the great composer, was his daily study. He knew much of the master's music by heart. The *Ninth Symphony* was his especial favorite.

## WAGNER AND HIS WORK

The early years of Wagner's manhood were spent in different cities of Germany. Sometimes he was leader of a chorus. Sometimes he was composing operas. At all times he had a hard struggle to support himself. His compositions were not popular, for no one had ever written such music before, and the people could not understand it.

It was while Wagner was managing an opera company in a small German town that he was married. He and his wife soon went to the eastern part of Germany, but did not remain there long. They were heavily in debt. Wagner was paid little for his work and had no idea how to save his earnings.

Stories reached his ears of the large sums of money which composers received for their work in Paris. He resolved to go to France. In Paris he met with disappointments and failures. He had wished to have one of his operas sung there, feeling sure that the French people would admire his music after hearing it. But the Paris opera company would not even consent to sing it.

Then Wagner tried to obtain some position as a musician. He was willing to take the poorest appointment and do the hardest work, but he failed. For many months the Wagners, sad and lonely, lived in Paris.

After three weary years in France, Wagner returned to his native country. How happy he was to see the land of

the Rhine! He said to his wife, "Is it not good to be in the Fatherland again?"

When he lived in Paris, he wrote an opera and sent it to Dresden. It was accepted and the opera company of that city sent for Wagner to come to take charge of the music. This took place in 1842. Three years before, he had left Germany because the people did not care for his music. Now, they were glad and proud to welcome him on his return from France.

After several weeks, all was ready for the first performance of Wagner's opera. The theater was crowded. The singers who took part had said much in praise of the music, and everyone was anxious to hear it. They were not disappointed. Indeed, they all praised it highly, and Wagner became the hero of the hour.

Not long after this, another of Wagner's operas was sung in Dresden. It is called *The Flying Dutchman.* It was so well liked that everyone in the city was glad to honor the composer. That made Wagner very happy. His life was filled with joy, for he was doing the work that he loved. How different were these days from those spent in Paris—those days of hunger and poverty! Now that all was sunshine and happiness, Wagner's life in France seemed like a bad dream.

*Tannhäuser,* one of Wagner's greatest operas, was written in Dresden. Sung for the first time in 1845, it was even better liked than his first two operas. After it had

been given, people stopped the composer on the streets to give him words of praise.

The best loved of all Wagner's works is *Lohengrin*. Not only in Europe is this opera known and loved, but in America as well.

In 1848 Wagner was obliged to leave the country on account of political troubles. Switzerland became his home. The beautiful scenery there afforded the composer much pleasure. The snow-capped Alps could be seen all about, and in many places clear mountain lakes reflected the blue skies above.

Wagner lived in Switzerland about ten years. In that time he composed several operas. He wrote not only the music for these operas, but the words as well. The words alone form beautiful poems. Four of the operas written in Switzerland tell the old fairy story of the gold hidden at the bottom of the Rhine. Indeed, the first one of them is called *The Rhinegold*. Richard Wagner put the legend into poetry and then composed exquisite music to fit the words.

While Wagner was in Switzerland, the German people were learning to love his music more and more. You remember that *Lohengrin* was written just before he left Germany. At that time it had not been sung.

Franz Liszt, a friend of Wagner's, became greatly interested in *Lohengrin*. Under his direction it was sung in a small town. All who heard it liked the beautiful story and still more beautiful music. Soon nearly everyone in

Germany had heard *Lohengrin,* the beautiful opera of the Swan Knight.

Wagner, far from home, was cheered by the news that his opera was well liked. He longed to hear it himself. He said: "Nearly every German has heard *Lohengrin.* Soon I shall be the only one who has not heard it."

After many years Wagner returned to the Fatherland. He and the king of Bavaria became great friends. The king had heard *Lohengrin* sung many times. It was his favorite opera. It is said that he used to dress himself in armor like Lohengrin's and sail about the lake in a swan boat for hours at a time.

The king thought the theaters in Germany were not well built. He thought that a special opera house should be erected in which Wagner's operas could be given. Plans were made and a model opera house was built.

Many people throughout Germany became interested in Wagner's opera house, as it was called. The money that they gave, with the sum given by the king, paid for the building. The building, which Wagner himself planned, is still used, and Wagner's operas are still sung there.

The last opera that Wagner composed is called *Parsifal.* Many think it is finer even than *The Rhinegold* and *Lohengrin.* Like *Lohengrin* it tells a story of the Holy Grail.

In 1870 Wagner was married for the second time. The last years of his life were spent in Venice, with his wife and children. Theirs was a bright and happy home, for the

gentle Wagner was a kind and loving father. All the people of Venice loved him. In a short time all the poor and needy of the city knew the great-hearted man, for he was ever ready to help those in trouble.

Wagner's unselfish life and sweet character won him many friends. At his death people on both sides of the Atlantic mourned for him.

The great composer died in Venice, and his body was taken to Germany for burial. At every station on the way to Germany, fresh flowers were scattered on the casket. The king sent a beautiful wreath, on which were words meaning, *To the Deathless One.*

## *Giuseppe Verdi*
(1813-1901)

In the little hamlet of Le Roncole, at the foot of the Apeninnes, a placed that can hardly be found on the map, because it is just a cluster of workmen's houses, Giuseppe Verdi, one of the greatest operatic composers was born, October 9, 1813.

There were great wars going on in Europe during the time. When Giuseppe was a year old, the Russian and Austrian soldiers marched through Italy, killing and destroying everywhere. Some of them came to Le Roncole for a few hours. All the women and children ran to the church and locked themselves in for safety. But these savage men had no respect for the house of God. They took the hinges off the doors and rushing in murdered and wounded the helpless ones. Luigia Verdi, with the baby Giuseppe in her arms, escaped, ran up a narrow staircase to the belfry, and hid herself and the child among some old lumber. Here she stayed in her hiding place, until the drunken troops were far away from the little village.

The babe Giuseppe was born among very poor, ignorant working people, though his father's house was one of the best known and most frequented among the cluster of cottages. His parents Carlo Verdi and Luigia his wife, kept a small inn at Le Roncole and also a little shop, where they sold sugar, coffee, matches, spirits, tobacco and clay pipes. Once a week the good Carlo would walk up to Busseto, three miles away, with two empty baskets and would return with them filled with articles for his store, carrying them slung across his strong shoulders.

Giuseppe Verdi who was to produce such streams of beautiful, sparkling music,—needing an Act of Parliament to stop them, as once happened,—was a very quiet, thoughtful little fellow, always good and obedient; sometimes almost sad, and seldom joined in the boisterous games of other children. That serious expression found in all of Verdi's portraits as a man was even noticeable in the child. The only time he would rouse up, was when a hand organ would come through the village street; then he would follow it as far as his little legs would carry him, and nothing could keep him in the house, when he heard this music. Intelligent, reserved and quiet, everyone loved him.

In 1820, when Giuseppe was seven years old, Carlo Verdi committed a great extravagance for an innkeeper; he bought a spinet for his son, something very unheard of for so poor a man to do.

Little Giuseppe practiced very diligently on his spinet. At first he could only play the first five notes of the scale. Next he tried very hard to find out chords, and one day was made perfectly happy at having sounded the major third and fifth of C. But the next day he could not find the chord again, and began to fret and fume and got into such a temper, that he took a hammer and tried to break the spinet in pieces. This made such a commotion that it brought his father into the room. When he saw what the child was doing, he gave a blow on Giuseppe's ear that brought the little fellow to his senses at once. He saw he could not punish the good spinet because he did not know enough to strike a common chord.

His love of music early showed itself in many ways. One day he was assisting the parish priest at mass in the little church of Le Roncole. At the moment of the elevation of the Host, such sweet harmonies were sounding from the organ, that the child stood perfectly motionless, listening to the beautiful music, all unconscious of everything else about him.

"Water," said the priest to the altar boy. Giuseppe, not hearing him, the priest repeated the call. Still the child, who was listening to the music, did not hear. "Water," said the priest a third time and gave Giuseppe such a sharp kick that he fell down the steps of the altar, hitting his head on the stone floor, and was taken unconscious into the sacristy.

After this Giuseppe was allowed to have music lessons with Baistrocchi, the organist of the village church. At the end of a year Baistrocchi said there was nothing more he could teach his young pupil, so the lessons came to an end.

Two years later, when old Baistrocchi died, Giuseppe, who was then only ten, was made organist in his place. This pleased his parents very much, but his father felt the boy should be sent to school, where he could learn to read and write and know something of arithmetic. This would have been quite impossible had not Carlo Verdi had a good friend living at Busseto, a shoe-maker, named Pugnatta.

Pugnatta agreed to give Giuseppe board and lodging and send him to the best school in the town, all for a small sum of three pence a day. Giuseppe went to Pugnatta's; and while he was always in his place in school and studied diligently, he still kept his situation as organist of Le Roncole, walking there every Sunday morning and back again to Busseto after the evening service.

His pay as organist was very small, but he also made a little money playing for weddings, christenings and funerals. He also gained a few lire from a collection which it was the habit of artists to make at harvest time, for which he had to trudge from door to door, with a sack upon his back. The poor boy's life had few comforts, and this custom of collections brought him into much danger. One night while he was walking toward Le Roncole, very tired

and hungry, he did not notice he had taken a wrong path, when suddenly, missing his footing, he fell into a deep canal. It was very dark and very cold and his limbs were so stiff he could not use them. Had it not been for an old woman who was passing by the place and heard his cries, the exhausted and chilled boy would have been carried away by the current.

After two years' schooling, Giuseppe's father persuaded his friend, Antonio Barezzi of Busseto, from whom he was in the habit of buying wines and supplies for his inn and shop,—to take the lad into his warehouse. That was a happy day for Giuseppe when he went to live with Barezzi, who was an enthusiastic amateur of music. The Philharmonic Society, of which Barezzi was the president, met, rehearsed and gave all its concerts at his house.

Giuseppe, though working hard in the warehouse, also found time to attend all the rehearsals of the Philharmonics, and began the task of copying out separate parts from the score. His earnestness in this work attracted the notice of the conductor, Ferdinando Provesi, who began to take great interest in the boy, and was the first one to understand his talent and advised him to devote himself to music. A Canon in the Cathedral offered to teach him Latin, and tried to make a priest of him, saying, "What do you want to study music for? You have a gift for Latin and it would be much better for you to become a priest. What do you expect from your music? Do you

think that someday you will become organist of Busseto? Stuff and nonsense! That can never be."

A short time after this, there was a mass at a chapel in Busseto, where the Canon had the service. The organist was unable to attend, and Verdi was called at the last moment to take his place. Very much impressed with the unusually beautiful organ music, the priest, at the close of the service desired to see the organist. His astonishment was great when he saw his scholar whom he had been seeking to turn from the study of music. "Whose music did you play?" he asked. "It was most beautiful."

"Why," timidly answered the boy, "I had no music, I was playing extempore—just as I felt."

"Ah, indeed," replied the Canon; "well I am a fool and you cannot do better than to study music, take my word for it."

Under the good Provesi, Verdi studied until he was sixteen and made such rapid progress that both Provesi and Barezzi felt he must be sent to Milan to study further. The lad had often come to the help of his master, both at the organ and as conductor of the Philharmonic. The records of the society still have several works written by Verdi at that time—when he was sixteen—composed, copied, taught, rehearsed and conducted by him.

There was an institution in Busseto called the Monte di Pietà, which gave four scholarships of three hundred francs a year, each given for four years to promising young

men needing money to study science or art. Through Barezzi one of these scholarships was given to Verdi, it being arranged that he should have six hundred francs a year for two years, instead of three hundred francs for four years. Barezzi himself advanced the money for the music lessons, board and lodging in Milan and the priest gave him a letter of introduction to his nephew, a professor there, who received him with a hearty welcome, and insisted upon his living with him.

Like all large music schools, there were a great many who presented themselves for admittance by scholarship and only one to be chosen. And Verdi did not happen to be that one, Basili not considering his compositions of sufficient worth. This was not because Verdi was really lacking in his music, but because Basili had other plans. This did not in the least discourage Giuseppe, and at the suggestion of Alessando Rolla, who was then conductor of La Scala, he asked Lavigna to give him lessons in composition and orchestration.

Lavigna was a former pupil of the Conservatoire of Naples and an able composer. Verdi showed him some of the same compositions he had shown Basili. After examining them he willingly accepted the young aspirant as a pupil.

Verdi spent most of his evenings at the home of the master, when Lavigna was not at La Scala and there met many artists. One night it chanced that Lavigna, Basili and

Verdi were alone, and the two masters were speaking of the deplorable result of a competition for the position of Maître di Capelle and organist of the Church of San Giovanni di Monza. Out of twenty-eight young men who had taken part in the competition, not one had known how to develop correctly the subject given by Basili for the construction of a fugue. Lavigna, with a bit of mischief in his eyes, began to say to his friend:—"It is really a remarkable fact. Well, look at Verdi, who has studied fugue for two short years. I lay a wager he would have done better than your eight and twenty candidates."

"Really?" replied Basili, in a somewhat vexed tone.

"Certainly. Do you remember your subject? Yes, you do? Well, write it down."

Basili wrote and Lavigne, giving the theme to Verdi, said:

"Sit down there at the table and just begin to work out this subject."

Then the two friends resumed their conversation, until Verdi, coming to them said simply: "There, it is done."

Basili took the paper and examined it, showing signs of astonishment as he continued to read. When he came to the conclusion he complimented the lad and said: "But how is it that you have written a double canon on my subject?"

"It is because I found it rather poor and wished to embellish it," Verdi replied, remembering the reception he had had at the Conservatoire.

In 1833 his old master Provesi died. Verdi felt the loss keenly, for Provesi was the one who first taught him music and who showed him how to work to become an artist. Though he wished to do greater things, he returned to Busseto to fulfill his promise to take Provesi's place as organist of the Cathedral and conductor of the Philharmonic, rather big positions to fill for a young man of twenty.

And now Verdi fell in love with the beautiful Margherita, the oldest daughter of Barezzi, who did not mind giving his daughter to a poor young man, for Verdi possessed something worth far more than money, and that was great musical talent. The young people were married in 1836, and the whole Philharmonic Society attended.

About the year 1833-34 there flourished in Milan a vocal society called the Philharmonic, composed of excellent singers under the leadership of Masini. Soon after Verdi came to the city, the Society was preparing for a performance of Haydn's "Creation." Lavigna, with whom the young composer was studying composition, suggested his pupil should attend the rehearsals, to which he gladly agreed. It seems that three Maestri shared the conducting during rehearsals. One day none of them were

present at the appointed hour and Masini asked young Verdi to accompany from the full orchestral score, adding, "It will be sufficient if you merely play the bass." Verdi took his place at the piano without the slightest hesitation. The slender, rather shabby looking stranger was not calculated to inspire much confidence. However he soon warmed to his work, and after a while grew so excited that he played the accompaniment with the left hand while conducting vigorously with the right. The rehearsal went off splendidly, and many came forward to greet the young conductor, among them were Counts Pompeo Belgiojoso and Remato Borromes. After this proof of his ability, Verdi was appointed to conduct the public performance, which was such a success that it was repeated by general request, and was attended by the highest society.

Soon after this Count Borromes engaged Verdi to write a Cantata for chorus and orchestra, to honor the occasion of a marriage in the family. Verdi did so but was never paid a sou for his work. The next request was from Masini, who urged Verdi to compose an opera for the Teatro Filodramatico, where he was conductor. He handed him a libretto, which with a few alterations here and there became "Oberto, Conte di San Bonifacio." Verdi accepted the offer at once, and being obliged to move to Busseto, where he had been appointed organist, remained there nearly three years, during which time the opera was completed. On returning to Milan he found Masini no longer conductor, and lost all hope of seeing the

new opera produced. After long waiting however, the impressario sent for him, and promised to bring out the work the next season, if the composer would make a few changes. Young and as yet unknown, Verdi was quite willing. "Oberto" was produced with a fair amount of success, and repeated several times. On the strength of this propitious beginning, the impressario, Merelli, made the young composer an excellent offer—to write three operas, one every eight months, to be performed either in Milan or in Vienna, where he was impressario of both the principal theaters. He promised to pay four thousand lire—about six hundred and seventy dollars— for each, and share the profits of the copyright. To young Verdi this seemed an excellent chance and he accepted at once. Rossi wrote a libretto, entitled "Proscritto," and work on the music was about to begin. In the spring of 1840, Merelli hurried from Vienna, saying he needed a comic opera for the autumn season, and wanted work begun on it at once. He produced three librettos, none of them very good. Verdi did not like them, but since there was no time to lose, chose the least offensive and set to work.

The Verdis were living in a small house near the Porta Ticinesa; the family consisted of the composer, his wife and two little sons. Almost as soon as work was begun on the comic opera, Verdi fell ill and was confined to his bed several days. He had quite forgotten that the rent money, which he always liked to have ready on the very day, was due, and he had not sufficient to pay. It was too late to

borrow it, but quite unknown to him the wife had taken some of her most valuable trinkets, had gone out and brought back the necessary amount. This sweet act of devotion greatly touched her husband.

And now sudden sorrow swept over the little family. At the beginning of April one of the little boys fell ill. Before the doctors could understand what was the matter, the little fellow breathed his last in the arms of his desperate mother. A few days after this, the other child sickened and died. In June the young wife, unable to bear the strain, passed away and Verdi saw the third coffin leave his door carrying the last of his dear ones. And in the midst of these crushing trials he was expected to compose a comic opera! But he bravely completed his task. "Un Giorno di Regno" naturally proved a dead failure. In the despondency that followed, the composer resolved to give up composition altogether. Merelli scolded him roundly for such a decision, and promised if, someday, he chose to take up his pen again, he would, if given two months' notice, produce any opera Verdi might write.

At that time the composer was not ready to change his mind. He could not live longer in the house filled with so many sad memories, but moved to a new residence near the Corsia di Servi. One evening on the street, he ran against Merelli, who was hurrying to the theater. Without stopping he linked his arm in that of the composer and made him keep pace. The manager was in the depths of woe. He had secured a libretto by Solera, which was

"wonderful, marvelous, extraordinary, grand," but the composer he had engaged did not like it. What was to be done? Verdi bethought him of the libretto "Proscritto," which Rossi had once written for him, and he had not used. He suggested this to Merelli. Rossi was at once sent for and produced a copy of the libretto. Then Merelli laid the other manuscript before Verdi. "Look, here is Solera's libretto; such a beautiful subject! Take it home and read it over." But Verdi refused. "No, no, I am in no humor to read librettos."

"It won't hurt you to look at it," urged Merelli, and thrust it into the coat pocket of the reluctant composer.

On reaching home, Verdi pulled the manuscript out and threw it on the writing table. As he did so a stanza from the book caught his eye; it was almost a paraphrase from the Bible, which had been such a solace to him in his solitary life. He began to read the story and was more and more enthralled by it, yet his resolution to write no more was not altered. However, as the days passed there would be here a line written down, there a melody—until at last, almost unconsciously the opera of "Nabucco" came into being.

The opera once finished, Verdi hastened to Merelli, and reminded him of his promise. The impressario was quite honorable about it, but would not agree to bring the opera out until Easter, for the season of 1841-42, was already arranged. Verdi refused to wait until Easter, as he

knew the best singers would not then be available. After many arguments and disputes, it was finally arranged that "Nabucco" should be put on, but without extra outlay for mounting. At the end of February 1842, rehearsals began and on March ninth the first performance took place.

The success of "Nabucco" was remarkable. No such "first night" had been known in La Scala for many years. "I had hoped for success," said the composer, "but such a success—never!"

The next day all Italy talked of Verdi. Donizetti, whose wealth of melodious music swayed the Italians as it did later the English, was so impressed by it that he continually repeated, "It is fine, uncommonly fine."

With the success of "Nabucco" Verdi's career as a composer may be said to have begun. In the following year "I Lombardi" was produced, followed by "Ernani." Then came in quick succession ten more operas, among them "Attila" and "Macbeth."

In 1847, we find Verdi in London, where on July 2, at Her Majesty's Theater, "I Masnadieri" was brought out, with a cast including Lablanche, Gardoni, Colletti, and above all Jenny Lind, in a part composed expressly for her. All the artists distinguished themselves; Jenny Lind acted admirably and sang her airs exquisitely, but the opera was not a success. No two critics could agree as to its merits. Verdi left England in disgust and took his music to other cities.

The advantage to Verdi of his trips through Europe and to England is shown in "Rigoletto," brought out in Vienna in 1851. In this opera his true power manifests itself. The music shows great advance in declamation, which lifts it above the ordinary Italian style of that time. With this opera Verdi's second period begins. Two years later "Trovatore" was produced in Rome and had a tremendous success. Each scene brought down thunders of applause, until the very walls resounded and outside people took up the cry, "Long live Verdi, Italy's greatest composer! Vive Verdi!" It was given in Paris in 1854, and in London the following year. In 1855, "La Traviata" was produced in Vienna. This work, so filled with delicate, beautiful music, nearly proved a failure, because the consumptive heroine, who expires on the stage, was sung by a prima donna of such extraordinary stoutness that the scene was received with shouts of laughter. After a number of unsuccessful operas, "Un Ballo in Maschera" scored a success in Rome in 1859, and "La Forza del Destino," written for Petrograd, had a recent revival in New York.

When Rossini passed away, November 13, 1868, Verdi suggested a requiem should be written jointly by the best Italian composers. The work was completed, but was not satisfactory on account of the diversity of styles. It was then proposed that Verdi write the entire work himself. The death of Manzoni soon after this caused the composer to carry out the idea. Thus the great "Manzoni Requiem" came into being.

In 1869, the Khedive of Egypt had a fine opera house built in Cairo, and commissioned Verdi to write an opera having an Egyptian subject, for the opening. The ever popular "Aida" was then composed and brought out in 1871, with great success. This proved to be the beginning of the master's third period, for he turned from his earlier style which was purely lyric, to one with far more richness of orchestration.

Verdi had now retired to his estate of Sant' Agata, and it was supposed his career as composer had closed, as he gave his time principally to the care of his domain. From time to time it was rumored he was writing another opera. The rumor proved true, for on February 5, 1887, when Verdi was seventy-four years old, "Otello" was produced at La Scala, Milan, amid indescribable enthusiasm. Six years later the musical world was again startled and overjoyed by the production of another Shakespearean opera, "Falstaff," composed in his eightieth year.

In all, his operas number over thirty, most of them serious, all of them containing much beautiful music.

At Sant' Agata the master lived a quiet, retired life. The estate was situated about two miles from Busseto, and was very large, with a great park, a large collection of horses and other livestock. The residence was spacious, and the master's special bedroom was on the first floor. It was large, light and airy and luxuriously furnished. Here stood a magnificent grand piano, and the composer often rose in

the night to jot down the themes which came to him in the silence of the midnight hours. Here "Don Carlos" was written. In one of the upper rooms stood the old spinet that Verdi hacked at as a child.

Verdi was one of the noblest of men as well as one of the greatest of musical composers. He passed away in Milan, January 27, 1901, at the age of eighty-eight.

## *The Girl Who Built Castles in the Air*
(1820-1887)

What would you think if you had a baby sister who could sing the tune of *My Country 'Tis of Thee* or *The Star Spangled Banner* before she was two years old? Perhaps you would think that she was the smartest sister in the whole country, and this is what she might be.

When little Jenny Lind was only twenty months old she could sing tunes that were just as hard as *My Country 'Tis of Thee* or *The Star Spangled Banner*. She lived in Sweden and the songs that she sang were the Swedish native airs. Baby Jenny thought that they were pretty songs. She liked the tunes even though she was too young to say the words that went with them.

After a while little Jenny grew old enough to sing the words as well as the tunes. Then she would sing and sing. You would have liked to hear little Jenny's songs. Her voice was as clear and as sweet as the voice of any child you have ever heard.

When Jenny was three years old she was very happy because some soldiers marched by the house every day. Some children would have looked at the soldiers because they liked to see their suits or watch them go LEFT,

RIGHT, LEFT, RIGHT. It was not so with little Jenny Lind. She liked the soldiers because some of them blew such pretty tunes on their bugles. One tune they blew more than any other and it was not long before little Jenny had learned to sing it.

One day when she thought that she was all alone in the house she crept up to the big piano and played one of the soldier's tunes. She had never played the piano before but she had watched her half-sister do so. She found it very easy to pick out the tune with one finger, singing as she played.

Little Jenny thought that she was alone in the house. She did not know that her grandmother was at home until she heard a voice that called out the name of Jenny's half-sister. Then little Jenny was frightened because she thought that her grandmother might be angry. Little Jenny was so young that she had never been allowed to play on the piano and she did not know what her grandmother would think of it. So she hid underneath the big piano and kept very, very still. If little Jenny had been older she would have known that it does not take very sharp eyes to find someone hidden under a piano. The grandmother came into the room and saw little Jenny at once. She said to her, "Child, was that you singing and playing the pretty tune?" Little Jenny had tears in her eyes as she answered that she was the one. She was surprised to see that her grandmother was pleased and not angry.

The grandmother took Jenny from her hiding place, and when the mother came home the grandmother told her that someday she would have a great singer for a daughter. "Mark my words," she said. "Someday this child will bring you help." By this she meant that Jenny might be a great singer and earn a good deal of money.

When Jenny was six years old her father and mother became very poor. Jenny's mother had to spend so much of her time earning money that little Jenny was sent away to the home of a man and his wife who had no children and wanted some little girl to live with them.

Jenny's new home was on a busy street and many people passed by the house each day. But there were no children in the house and little Jenny would have been very lonesome if it had not been for one thing. Jenny liked to sing so well that she could not be lonesome. No matter how dark the day might be, there was always a sunny spot around where little Jenny was.

When she was nine years old someone gave her a beautiful cat with a blue ribbon around its neck. Little Jenny thought that her cat was the finest cat in all the world. She would often sit in the window looking out upon the busy street. In her arms she would hold the pet cat while she sang her sweetest songs to him. The cat seemed to like the singing for he would purr and purr. Sometimes he would curl up into a ball and have a good nap.

One day the maid who worked for a Swedish actress passed by the window where little Jenny sat singing to her cat. The maid heard the singing and looked up. She had never heard such a beautiful song on a busy street and it brought tears to her eyes. When the maid found that the song had come from a little nine-year-old girl singing to her cat she hurried home to tell her mistress about it.

The actress found out where little Jenny's mother lived. She asked the mother to bring little Jenny to her. When the actress had heard Jenny sing she was delighted. "A girl with such a voice should be taught to sing on the stage where many people can hear her," she said to Jenny's mother. Then she asked Jenny's mother if she would allow the little girl to study for the stage if someone would give her lessons without charging for the work. The mother did not like to do this at first, but at last she gave her consent and the actress told her to bring Jenny back the next day.

It was then that little Jenny Lind began to build her air castles. How she wished that someone would be good enough to be her teacher! Little Jenny wanted to learn to sing so well that everyone in the town who heard her would be made happier.

The actress took Jenny to an old music teacher where she sang one of her prettiest songs. The old music teacher was much pleased and would have liked to have taken the little girl for a pupil but he thought that it would be better for her to study with the manager of a theatre. In those

days some of the theatres had training schools where children learned how to act, play the piano, or sing pretty songs for the stage. The manager of the theatre had charge of the training school and this was why the old music teacher wanted Jenny to go to him.

Jenny was very much frightened when she found herself before the manager of the theatre. She hoped that he would like her so that he would let her study at his school without paying for it.

The manager was surprised when he saw Jenny. She was a pale, shy looking little girl. He did not think that she could sing well. "You ask a foolish thing," he said to the music master. "Surely this child cannot sing!"

Little Jenny spoke up at once. "May I sing for you?" she asked the manager. The manager said that she might do so and Jenny sang for him the pretty song that she had also sung for the old music master. When the manager had heard the song he was sorry that he had spoken so rudely. "I will take the child," he said. "She may come into my training school and I will teach her how to sing for the stage."

Little Jenny went to the school a few days later. She had not been there long before she began to feel that she was learning how to sing well enough to make many people of her city happy. Whenever she sang in the school concerts the people always clapped and clapped because her voice was so sweet and so beautiful. This pleased little

Jenny but she was not satisfied. She kept on building air castles, wishing that someday she might sing well enough to please the people of even larger cities.

Just as Jenny Lind was wishing this, a sad thing happened. It seems hard to believe, but it is true. Jenny Lind's beautiful voice disappeared one day. No one knew just how it happened. No one knew just how long it would stay away, but her beautiful voice was surely gone! Some people said that she had sung too much for a little girl and that this was why her voice had lost its strength.

Poor Jenny! How sad she was! She could not take singing lessons any more. The teachers told her that she must give her voice a rest if she wished it to come back again.

Then little Jenny went to work to learn to play the piano. She was not sad long because of a voice within her that seemed to say that in time things would come out all right and she would be able to sing again.

For four years Jenny Lind staid at the school taking piano lessons. Then something happened to make Jenny Lind believe that the voice within her had told the truth. She was asked to sing a short solo in a play because no one else wanted to sing it. The manager did not think that Jenny would be able to sing it well, and Jenny Lind, herself, did not think so. But when she tried the song, Oh! Oh! How happy she was! She found that her voice had come back again! It had returned as quickly as it had once

disappeared. After waiting four years Jenny Lind found that she could at last sing again!

Jenny's old teacher began at once to give her lessons and she went to work as hard as ever. After a while she began to feel that it might he well for her to study in another city, and her teacher told her that she should go to the big city of Paris. Jenny was very glad to do this. She worked for many months giving concerts so that she might earn enough money to study in Paris where many of the best teachers in the world lived.

Again Jenny Lind built air castles. This time she wished that her voice might grow to be so sweet that everyone who heard her in the big city of Paris would be pleased.

Jenny Lind went to study in Paris but her wishes did not come true at once. Another sad thing happened. Once more she lost her voice and had to stop singing for six months, to rest it.

Many people would have surely given up, but it was not so with Jenny Lind. She rested her voice and then went to work again.

And from this time on Jenny Lind had many happy days. Her voice never disappeared again but grew sweeter and stronger and better every day. It grew to be so beautiful that when she sang you would think that a bird was in the room. She could sing as high as any girl in your school and seven or eight notes higher. If there is a piano

in your school ask your teacher to play notes above high G and then you will know just how far Jenny Lind could go with her beautiful voice that sounded like that of a bird.

Not only the people of Paris but also the people of Berlin and London, and even the people of America were made very happy when Jenny Lind sang for them. Everyone thought that she was the most beautiful singer in the whole world.

With all this, Jenny Lind was not satisfied until she had taken a great deal of the money that she had earned and given it away to people who needed it. After she had been singing for a while she began the new plan of giving away a part of the money that she earned, in every place she visited.

When she visited London, she left a large sum of money for one of its hospitals. In America she gave concerts for poor people and would not take any money for them. At one time she helped many of the poor people of Sweden.

Jenny Lind worked hard to make her own wishes come true. But she did not forget the wishes of others.