HOW TO MAKE A CHILD'S PINAFORE OUT OF TWO POCKET-HANDKERCHIEFS.

This little garment is very easily and cheaply made from a couple of cotton handkerchiefs, with coloured or hemstitched borders, such as may be bought anywhere for 2½d., and sometimes even as low as ½d. each.

First cut a strip 2½ inches wide (A) off the top of one handkerchief; then cut that handkerchief in halves (A and C); take the other handkerchief and cut the top straight off (D), making a similar strip to Fig. A. Now cut strips from each side of this same handkerchief (E and F), which pieces you must divide by cutting the lower corner (H) 2½ inches wide off F, then divide F into two equal lengths (F and G).

Now for the making up. Take the large centre piece (I); place C and D on each side of it, taking care that the hems, patterns, etc., are correct. Make next seams from F to I, leaving 4½ inches for arm-holes. Then sew B and G according to the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, on line of shoulder; these form a nice little frill. The armhole now forms rounded round. Sew H to E, and gather the neck to the exact length of this strip, which you must put on as a band by folding it down its entire length and hemming it on to the gathered neck on both sides; then run a narrow tape through. The long strips A and D must now be joined together. You will find that they are ready hemmed on one side, so only need a similar hem on the other side; these form the wrist-bands. Gather slightly the centre of front of pinafore from H to I so as to fasten it by stitching the centre of waistband across it. If you wish, your handiwork to look very smart, you can add a narrow edging round neck and arm-holes.

"COUSIN LIL."

BEETHOVEN.

By J. F. ROWNTHAM, Author of "The History of Music."

PART I.

Most great musicians have had a very precocious childhood. Mozart composed pieces of music before he was four years old, which were unexceptionable in form and correctness, the only blemish about them being the blots of ink and the smears which were imprinted on the paper by his baby fingers. Mendelssohn wrote compositions before he was ten. When Handel was almost an infant in arms he clambered on to an organ-stool and played the king of instruments. When he reached the advanced age of seven or eight he was sitting up all night practising music on a spinet in his bedroom. Liszt gave a concert at the age of six, and astonished the greatest critics of Vienna by the wonders of his playing. But contrary to the usual rule, Beethoven, one of the greatest, in the opinion of some the greatest musician who ever lived, was extremely late in developing his powers, was slow of study, dull and refractory, and what must ever amaze us had in his early days a positive aversion to music and all its belongings. Parents, therefore, whose children do not display much ability in their early years may take heart of grace by thinking of the example of the greatest master of the symphony, who had to be flogged to the piano, and learnt so cordially to detest it that at one time in his life there seemed no prospect of his ever becoming a musician at all.

His father was a singer in the private chapel of the Prince Archbishop of Cologne at Bonn, a position seconding that of lay-clerk in one of our own cathedrals. The elder Beethoven had a small but steady salary in return for his services, and might with the thrift and care have brought up his family respectably; but unfortunately he was a most dissipated man. Nearly all his time which was not spent at the services in the chapel was wasted at the beggar-houses in the environs of Bonn. He drank the greater part of his money away, and his poor family had to suffer accordingly. From poverty, squalor, and wretchedness reigned supreme in the Beethoven household, and constant unhappiness was the lot of every member of it. Had it not been for his excellent voice and correct knowledge of music, the dissipated singer would have been turned out of the choir; but his faults and shortcomings were overlooked by those in authority in the chapel, and his family were the unfortunate sufferers who felt it all.

It was when the future composer was a child of seven or eight years that his father noticed him at the piano, endeavouring to hammer out a tune, and appearing well pleased with the pastime wherein he was engaged. This was enough for the coarse mind of the elder Beethoven. He resolved that the child should become a musician and help to earn a little money for the household expenses. Accordingly he took the very means most calculated to counteract the end which he had in view, and issued an edict in his family circle that the boy should practise a certain number of hours every day whether he liked it or not.

Some years before, the musical world of Europe had been electrified by the performances of young Mozart, at that time at the zenith of his reputation, the marvellous child whom the Empress Maria Theresa took upon her lap and kissed in rapture at his playing, who had performed before Queen Caroline of England, and had been the lion of every court in Christendom. The elder Beethoven, with his sordid mind and base notions about art and artists, saw nothing further in the musical ability of his son than the possibility of his becoming a juvenile prodigy like Mozart. He believed that the boy had musical talents if they could only be cultivated, and therefore he determined to flog culture into him as soon as possible with a golden harvest in view.

The life of young Beethoven, which up till now was as miserable as poverty and hunger could make it, became ten times more wretched owing to the enforced labours on the piano, which henceforth were his daily occupation. All the time that could be spared from morning till night he was kept hard at work on the piano. If his father found him remiss in his practice he beat him. If he discovered him absent from the instrument when he should have been sitting there, he flogged him and dragged him back to the hated piano again.

Meanwhile the elder Beethoven, speculating on the rosy future which awaited his son and the fortune which it would bring into the house, indulged his dissipated habits to still greater extent than before. He would often bring home late at night a number of dissipated companions from the tavern, and after regaling them liberally with liver beer and other liquors would propose that his son Ludwig should favour them with a piece on the piano. Accordingly, although the unhappy boy was fast asleep in bed, forgetting for a few hours much and all its misery, he was awakened by shouts of "Ludwig!" from below, and hastily starting himself was compelled to
descend, and to the accompaniment of clattering fagons and occasional outbursts of drinking songs, was compelled to play piece after piece until he almost fell off the stool through weariness.

This sort of existence continued with scarcely any change for some years, and it was the happy lot of Beethoven's life to have been born in Bonn and started for Vienna. Unfortunately he was not able to stay there for long, and was summoned back to Bonn by the sad news of the death of his mother. He arrived in time to close her eyes. Her death was a great blow to him. She had shielded him in his infant years from the brutality of his father, and it had not been for her gentle aid the poor boy must have broken down under the hard discipline which the father inflicted on him. Now she was no more, and Beethoven overcame with grief, wrote to an acquaintance at this date—"No one was happier than I was when I could utter the word 'mother.' There is no one to whom I can say it now."

Beethoven's second visit to Vienna was of longer duration than his first; for while the first was merely a temporary sojourn, the second he said he had made for all his life. One great advantage which he received on the second visit to the Austrian capital was the benefit of Haydn's tuition. The names of his ministrations were on the lips of every musician in Europe, was now an old man of sixty, whose reputation was secured and whose circumstances were those of an actual celebrity. With that independence of spirit which habitually characterised him, Beethoven did not scruple to act on his discovery, and without more ado transferred the master which he considered European celebrity but more educational skill.

At this time Beethoven's pianoforte playing was of the highest order of excellence. Despite the fact that his father had behaved to him so brutally, the blind disciple of the elder man must have had very wholesome effects on the culture of the son. His playing was described by no less a critic as brilliant, and, last not least, correct; without reaching the heights of execution which only the greatest virtuosos obtain, Beethoven's execution would have the same effect as that of anyone in the metropolis at a time when the Austrian capital was famous for its great pianists.

Great composers as a rule are not the greatest players. Composition and execution do not go together in their highest separate manifestations. A great executant is compelled to devote so much time every day to the labour of rehearsing scales and exercises, that he has neither leisure nor inclination to give his evenings to composition. When his labours of the day are ended, his zeal is exhausted, and he feels most rest; with the composer in the same way, life is spent in dreaming of mighty works, in considering great themes, in conceiving and planning in his mind vast architectures of sound; he can not be expected to feel much interest in the drudgery of music practice, nor is he willing to devote himself in order to refresh himself with cascades of this kind.

The two things as a rule do not go together. Let us think of the great executants of to-day — Rubinstein, Pleyel, Rubini, Leopold, بيانو, Joachim, Hans von Bölow—they are none of them great composers. Let us in like manner reckon up the great living composers and try to discover, who are the best executants? We are none of them celebrated executants. One striking exception is that of Rubinstein, at once a marvellous executant and a great composer. But such instances are rare.

Beethoven's playing therefore was not of the highest order of excellence, such as that of Liszt, Chopin and others since him, but yet was divine, genuine and noble. He was frequently invited to play for the wealthy amateurs in Vienna for the purpose of making one in the trios, quartets, etc., which were the fashionable creations of those days, and by that means he made a handsome number of friends. But we do not hear of his giving concerts on his own account, where the main attraction was his pianoforte playing, such as was the case with Liszt, Heber, and other virtuosos. A composer, it may be mentioned as a fact, suffers sadly from this deficiency in the higher estimation for his work, by means of which latter he could earn a handsome competence in daily life, and so relieve himself from the pressure of that poverty which has so often been the lot of the great creative geniuses of the art.

It was in the year 1795 that Beethoven, then twenty-five years old, wrote his first composition which saw the light, viz., three pieces for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello in E flat, G, and C minor. Three sonatas for pianoforte in F minor, A, and C followed, and from that time to 1827 till 1827, the year of his death, his prodigies of inventive and unexampled musical muse continued to pour forth music in wonderful profusion. Sonatas followed sonatas, and sonatas, and sonatas, and symphonies, Trios, quartets, songs, overtures, etc., etc. Every order of music are represented in his voluminous catalogue of works. Oratorios, masses, and cantatas, none each their representatives, and if only he wrote one opera, it was not because he doubted his ability to succeed in that walk of music, but because he shrank from the task which with which the cultivation of that sphere of art would have brought him into connection.

Let us take as a type of his sonatas that beautiful example, the 4th, "Les Adieux," "L'Absence," and "La Retour." It was one of the composer's happiest efforts in a sphere wherein he did not much attempt to shine—what we mean by "programme music." The sonata is intended to depict the departure of a friend into a foreign land, his absence and his return, and under the three headings quoted the music paints the unfortunate may, the impressions and feelings connected with these everyday but still pathetic occurrences. Doubtless Beethoven was led to legitimate such a subject with such an exclusive repertory, because John Sebastian Bach had once forsaken the paths of fugue and the way of counterpoint to celebrate a similar event on a similar occasion. Bach's sonatas is more realistic than Beethoven's, for in the margin the old contrapuntist has noted the exact hour at which the mourning friends cluster round their departing acquaintance to pay them their "adieux;" he has indicated the melody which is supposed to be the lament of the mother and dearer friend on the coming absence of the beloved son, as the traveller to the sound of a post horn, which agreeably to his custom he works up into a fugue. Beethoven's sonata, though differing in many points of treatment from the above, is yet very near it in general conception, and in some parts actually carries certain passages of the melody. It breathes throughout the whole of the work a deep intense passion, and finally the liveliest joy. These very well contrasted illustrations of human emotion are selected in Adieux, Absence, and Return, and each in its turn receives the measure of expression.

We have mentioned that Beethoven recoiled from the state of the military life, and preferred the arena of the concert-room for the display of his genius. The only opera he ever wrote, "Fidelio," is rendered particularly interesting from the fact that it was the first attempt ever made to portray the domestic emotions and the actual surroundings of the operatic stage. We regard it as a composition by the means of tenor and bass voices, both alike in the romantic and highly unheroic character, and above all, that the interest of the drama centres on the affection between husband and wife, the sufferings of common humanity. Up till Beethoven's time such subjects were unknown to the oratorio, and since his time how few composers have had the courage to follow his example. We know that many librettos were offered him before he made his final choice, and these which guided him are given in his own words, viz., "that he might sing of the domestic virtues, which to him of higher import than the artificial sentiment which furnishes the basis of most such productions."

To this work Beethoven wrote no less than four overtures, laying aside one after another, none of them, according to his taste or fancy took him. Having completed the fourth, which he intended should be the best, he was dissatisfied with it, and turned his attention to another, and another, and another, and finally decided on a fifth. He would even have commenced a fifth in a spirit of sheer obstinacy or vainglory, had not his friends dissuaded him from making the attempt.

This fifth overture, if only for higher grounds than anything which he achieved in the domain of music, is his immortal nine symphonies, in which he displays the climax of his art; all of which, though much grand in the conceptions of Beethoven meet and are focused in these immortal productions. The ancients gave the names of the nine muses to the nine books of Homer's history. It would be a compliment fully as much deserved if titles equally honourable and appropriate were bestowed upon Beethoven's symphonies. Though the first, second, third, and fourth symphonies overruns with lovely melody and frolics in sweet sound in a way more resembling the art of Haydn than the more profound spirit of Beethoven; the fifth and second symphony, we find a greater depth of thought, more earnestness, stronger determination, a higher and sublimner aim. Yet still the charm of lovely and enchanting melody hangs about this symphony too, and the composer is plainly still under the domination of the spirit of beauty.

The third symphony, or the "Eroica," is a singular one so far as its title goes, and a noble one in its matter and expression. It was written shortly before the assumption of the title of Emperor by Napoleon. The palm days of the French revolution, when that monarch was still First Consul, and when Beethoven believed that in France was found the realisation of that political happiness which a republic alone was supposed to give, Beethoven, among the other ardent spirits of his time, had adopted a distinct way of thinking. He believed that France was at last as well placed as any other people to go on till the end of time. He admired, he almost worshipped the great First Consul, as one of the noblest self-sacrificing of men. He compared him to the great lawyers and patriots of antiquity, and felt that he could pay no greater tribute of affection than to found a symphony in his honour and to dedicate the work with a formal acknowledgment to him. Accordingly he entered on the task with
The symphony, martial in spirit, begins with that familiar phrase of melody, rendered common by the flourish on the bugle. From this military flourish it branches off into the nobler and most colossal harmony, repeating for awhile the opening phrase. Noble airs succeed, and the interest of the listeners is brought up to the highest pitch by the stupendous melody and sound which the great master builds around this elementary idea, by the admirable and ingenious manner in which he varies the music, the unexpected episodes he introduces, the masterly development of the leading subjects which follow one another in a grand, simple, and effective movement. It is followed by a grave and solemn march emblematical of the death of the hero. Funeral marches have been written by Handel and Chopin, both of which have attained almost worldwide celebrity. Handel's "Dead March in Saul" is the best known of any such composition, and deserves the high place in popular favor which it has gained. It is a peculiar case of musical compositions, and doubtless we owe some of the finer types of music in which they are singularly careful not to destroy any of their own manuscripts, even in a fit of passion. Composers seem to be pre-eminently careful of this, whatever authors may be. The French composer Lully was the author of a musical work which was not in the best taste, and which, by the views it propounded about things that were in the censure of the church. The ecclesiastical dignitaries who took him to task for the rank and careless words which he had set to music and reprimanded him for the ill which he had done, agreed after awhile to a compromise. They said that if he would destroy the manuscript in a way to the crucible blow which can fall on a composer, they would pardon him the offence he had committed. We must explain in conclusion of this story, that in those days works were performed chiefly from manuscript, and with the destruction of the orchestral parts and of the original manuscript from whence they were taken, the work was practically annihilated. Lully undertook to submit to this severe self-sacrifice in order to reconcile those in authority with him. A bonfire was made of the orchestral parts to which the precious manuscript itself was added; and the clerical big-wigs whom he had offended were appeased by this instance of submission, and agreed to make no further allusion to the matter.

"How comes it, Lully," said a friend to him shortly after the occurrence, "that you have consented to destroy the manuscript of your work in deference to the wishes of others? You, who prize your manuscripts so highly—how came you to allow this particular one to be destroyed?"

"My friend," replied Lully, "I have kept a copy of it."

In the same way Beethoven, boiling over with indignation against Napoleon, was yet sufficient master of himself to keep his writings off the main portion of the MS., and after destroying the title-page allowed the work to lie for days neglected on the floor, keeping a sharp eye, however, to see that the servant did not carry it off to the dastard, or use it to light the fire with. At last his rage subsided so far that he had patience to look on the neglected composition again. Was he to do with it? The symphony had been written in honour of Napoleon. All Napoleon's career was described there. It was admirable music and must not be wasted. Accordingly he resolved to dedicate it to an impertinent hero. He named it a new "The Hero's Symphony," or as he more correctly named it, "The Eroica," and long produced it in Vienna. (To be continued.)
THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

however, were beyond her powers, not being strong enough for扶贫工作 andtram her fare away with many a shilling, and her diet suffered in consequence.
Again, her health, as I have intimated, was breaking down. There was no doctor on duty, and none that might be able to do so, and injuring the health, the loss of which she feared would be the cause of her impoverishment. At her death, her relatives accidently found hidden away in an old box a savings-book which contained payments amounting to over one hundred pounds.
How sad it will to think that she actually half-starved herself to save for the needs of impending old age and illness, instead of enjoying the comforts God meant her to have, and which hopefully under different conditions might have seen her.
"Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof." "Ah, poor dear," we said, on hearing the story. "If she could have been tempted larger than the small room for her in our Honey-suckle Cottage, she need not then have lived and died alone, and her small income would have seemed comparatively rich." This suggests another idea, namely, that if some good agency were set to work to bring together poor gentlewomen similarly situated, but left alone in the world, how much easier and happier their circumstances might become. It would be a "mutual aid in country life society.
Since discovering and taking possession of our present home, we have, in our various rambles, come upon more than one little cottage in which ladies need not think to take up their abode, and on inquiry have found them all to be lower rented than ours is, and all have gardens.
Rents of course greatly depend on the neighbourhood, the distance from stations and populous centres, also upon the proprietor. It is true these cottages are all inhabited by ladies, and perhaps, and doubtless, to many of them have great inconveniences, but speaking from my own experience these are not insurmountable or unbearable, and, given the chance of living upon such an opportunity, the fancy might have enough to afford, there would be no doubt in my own mind as to the folly of letting it slip. "If I were a wealthy landlord," I said my sister the other day, when we had been discussing the subject much after the above fashion, "I would erect ever so many old-fashioned cottages after the pattern of some of the most lovely that I have seen out-of-the-way nooks, for the express purpose of sheltering poor gentlewomen. I would make them as convenient and comfortable as possible, and let them down to all whom it might concern that they were to be had at such and such rents. I would not be greedy after any large percentage either, or consider that I was losing my tenants under any serious obligation." The postman did occasionally visit Honey-suckle, and our friends, though they did not often find their way down to our part of the country. One morning, not long after Camilla's visit, he brought a letter addressed to Lois in a handwriting we had seen for more than two years.
That she recognised it at once was evident by the startled look on her face and the quick change of expression in her brilliant and wide smile. "It is he," she said. "I knew the letter was from him, and a pang shot through my heart like a knife when I realised what it meant. I don't know why I am so afraid of a letter from him, nor why I am so afraid of him.
"WELL," said I, trying to smile cheerfully as she approached.
"I was not the place to letter in my hand and walk away down the garden. I hardly liked looking at the contents, it seemed to me so like prying into what was sacred to another, but she wished it. I dare say it was the easiest method of making known to me what there was to be said.

The letter hastened to be anticipated, a renewal of the offer of marriage which Lois had received before the break up of our former home. When our reverses and great trouble fell upon us, she had written to set her lover free, but there had come no reply from him, and in that interval, she had been led to think that he was worthy of further thought. That Lois had fretted in secret I knew, but when we disappeared from our former circle in London life have been all that had ever since, she roused herself, and had by this time, I flattered myself, quite overcome the trouble.

This letter now explained his strange and as I thought, heartless behaviour. Her offer to free him from any tie he had never been in his hands till a week ago; for in his temporary absence from home it had been mislaid by some member of the family locking it up with other papers by mistake. Business had called him away from England immediately after, and though he had written repeatedly, receiving no reply to any of his letters, he had at last, angry and disappointed, desisted. The news of our losses had never reached him, for his friends were not favourable to the match, and there had been no communications on either side. Our present home being known only to our immediate friends, his letters to Lois had been returned to him through the Dead Letter Office. Camilla and her family, who alone could have enlightened him, were absent.
Finding his hopes shattered, said he, in this letter, I had accepted the offer of manager to a branch office of the business, and that we had been engaged, a post which took him to the other side of the world, where he had remained till now. On his return, he had been brought in contact with Camilla once more, and she had enlightened his mind. Lois' letter had been found quite accidentally a few days before, and this had put her in possession of the true facts and enabled him to exonerate himself in her eyes.

Was it now too late? Might he not seek her again and offer the home he had always been longing to share with her as the wife of his choice.

The letter dropped on the ground from my trembling fingers. Would she leave me? Would she say yes, for I knew she loved him once.

"Is it too late, Lois? I asked, huskily. She threw her arms round me saying, "Yes, Bat. It's too late. He need not seek me here. I could not leave you if I wished. We have been so happy here together, we will remain so, if God pleases, till the end."

BEETHOVEN.

By J. F. ROWBOTTOM, Author of "The History of Music."

PART II.

The Fifth Symphony is the next one of note. This great work is the starting-point of Liss's musical forms, its peculiarity consisting in one long movement being used as its material for treatment instead of two or more. Many are the fanciful explanations which have been offered of the objects and aims of Beethoven's symphony. He himself, however, explained the symphony by saying that this phrase is intended to depict "Fate knocking at the door." The impressive phrase is the terrible knocking, and certainly not even a fainter sound of Guck's representation of Corsini bargaining in the lower regions is more terrible and realistic.

The next symphony in order, the Sixth, is the most generally popular of them all. In this symphony (the composer essays to describe the wilderness of the country and the impression made by a sojourner in the country. He depicts in the first movement his arrival among the realms of Nature; and then embodies in a wonderful way, in his music, the freshness of the feelings which such a visit induces. We wander through the country under Beethoven's experienced guidance, and ere long are arrested by the babbling and gurgling of a brook, which strikes upon the ear with such realistic effect as if a veritable sheet of rippling water were playing through the orchestra. First is heard the purling and prattling of the water, and then another renders it with equally life-like effect; the brook—like Tennyson's, purling prettily, and the channel quite distinctly, and then the sound of sound that environs it, and, like the stream of the English brook, might "go on for ever," so far as the delight and appreciation of the hearer is concerned. The little brook, as it were, into its gurgle, we are never fatigued by its pretty and harmonious rippling. If painting can express the urchin landscape with close resemblance and fidelity, we should add to our musical sense, as no other art can, the effect of running water. Flutes with their trills, violins with their shakos, violas for the deeper tones, clarinets for the higher and purer airs—by these instruments, and their cunning power of portraiture, the running of water can be
BEETHOVEN

admirably depicted. Beethoven, we may be sure, employs every device of art which is at the disposal of a musician, and a masterly instrument in the hands of an artist.

In the third movement of the symphony we pass from the pure realms of Nature to the haunts of man. The peasants, the denizens of the country, now come on to our musical treat, in a very pretty contrast they make. We are present at a little rustic fête, where all sorts of quaint instrumental effects are very neatly introduced, to mimic the quaint and often unmusical revelry of country bumpkins. That most naive of orchestral intrusions is very neatly handled at striking and significant moments, while among other peculiar musical effects an imitation of the Tyrolean bagpipe is employed. This is intended to portray a storm. Storms are features of country life which may be felt in all their grandeur and fury in rural districts, consequently Beethoven judged it well to introduce one in his Pastoral Symphony. It is a terrible storm which the master of the symphony conjures up—such a storm as has never been heard of in the annals of the orchestra. So typical and prominent is this storm that the symphony has received the name of the Storm Symphony, and was freely spoken of as part of the Orchestral Storm of Beethoven's Storm. Lightning and thunder play through the orchestra; the rain descends, the wind howls, wind-bye to the poor, little rustic fête and the peasant marriage; sure which the peasants had so carefully made! Nature is thrown into an uproar which needs not murmurings or rural delights, and the elements hold court, the orchestra at the bidding of Beethoven.

At last the final movement of the symphony commences. The sky above the sky, the storm passes away, and we hear, with a feeling of relief, the song of thanksgiving uttered by the shepherds, who once more drive their flocks to the sunny pastures and forehave good weather for some time to come. So charming an ending delights all listeners, and there are few who, after hearing a performance of this great work, do not go away deeply and sincerely impressed with the completeness of Beethoven's musical skill.

The composer has been taxed by some with discounting the descriptive quality in this piece, which arises by introducing an imitation of the voices of birds. At one portion of the piece, we may meet with a parrot, a robin, a nightingale, and suddenly chirping high above the orchestra one hears the notes of the quail, the nightingale, the cuckoo, and other birds. Haydn had hinted that these notes of these birds in a humorous little piece of his called "The Toy Symphony," and had directed that for the due performance of work those instruments should be employed such as those which children mimic the voices of those birds. The effect is charming, but also childish. Beethoven had the difficulty before him that he had to make a piece for the grown-up public, but for grown-up people. Accordingly, instead of importing the children's instruments into the orchestra, he assigned the voices of the birds to instruments of the band. The flute takes up the cry of the nightingale, the clarinet that of the cuckoo, while the hautboy its original and quaint tone, reproduces the notes of the parrot.

The Seventh Symphony was first performed along with that martial piece from the composer's able and successful Battle of Vittoria, shortly after the Battle of Waterloo. On that celebrated occasion Beethoven himself conducted. Spohr led the first violins, while Hummel performed on the trumpet. Places in the orchestra, in order to do honour to the great work of the mighty master. In this symphony we see the composer for the first time deliberately breaking free from the traditions of former symphony writers, and striking out a new path for himself. Various have been the estimates of this music, both by those who would reduce everything in the art of sound to intelligible shapes of imagination. Some say "Moorish chivalry" is the subject of the symphony, while others again will have it that a "wedding feast" is the topic on which the composer dwelt throughout his mighty work. Some hold that Beethoven's own life and circumstances, considered in relation to the stirring events which at that day were passing in the world at large, have given rise to imagination from which the great writer drew the beautiful music of the symphony. Whichever we take, there is no doubt of one great fact— that the character of the symphony is grand and majestic one. Its very introduction is pompous and stately, and the free use of the crescendo throughout the work contributes to sustain the loftiness of tone with which the symphony opens.

The Ninth Symphony is a type of Beethoven's later style. It is not understood or appreciated by hearers, because in it the composer has neglected the principles of beauty in his zeal to express the emotion, the melancholy, the inspiration, the other feelings which fill him. The Ninth Symphony is not the most beautiful of Beethoven's symphonies, and in order to understand it the listener must have familiarised himself or herself with all the later writings of the great musician.

When we now from the musician to the man, and when he is the more great a contrast as could possibly be imagined. The lofty, the lovely and ear-thrilling romance of the exquisite beauty of conception, all would hold him in awe and dwell on, to an enviable and delightful existence, which few men but one so richly endowed could ever indulge any hope of attaining. Now different was the reality of Beethoven, the unhappy denizen of lodging-house after lodging-house in Vienna! for ever uncomfortable, and for ever changing his residence, unsettled, irritable, and jealous; contradicting by the fact of his existence the supreme tranquillity and repose which are present in the "Heilands of Vienna literature knew him well, and were always on the look-out for his coming. He was so eccentric in his habits, and would often leave at a moment's notice, paying the necessary rent, but giving yet trouble and anxiety by his erratic propensities in the matter.

He was never very careful of his landlord's furniture, as may be judged when we mention that his favourite habit, after having heated his hands with playing the pianoforte, was to seize a jug and cool it at over his fingers until the basin beneath it was full to overflowing. Entirely oblivious of the fact, however, he would go on pouring more and more water until the jug saturated, until the inundation spread from the carpet to the furniture, which it would sop in terrible style; from there it would make its way down through the roof of the chamber underneath, which would completely deluge. Beethoven never thought of these contingencies when he made use of the jug for playing! He was so entirely abstracted from all salutary things that the fate of a carpet or the comfort of his neighbours scarcely entered his thoughts.

He lived in a bachelor. It is not probable that he was ever seriously in love in his life. Such an assertion may sound strange as the author of "Aloisia" and the author of "Fidelio"? Yet the statement is probably true to the letter. Two ladies are mentioned in his correspondence and in that of his friends, whom he is supposed to have been in love with. One of these was the Countess Guicciardi, to whom he dedicated the sublime "Moonlight Sonata." The other was a Spanish beauty of passion that may be excused if they find in the dedication something deeper than the mere inscription of a piece, and view it as an offer of love and a careful scrutiny of the evidence of the love of Beethoven for Giulietta Guicciardi reveals the fact that a biographer might take hold of to build up a pretty tale of passion. It is true that Beethoven, when he heard that the young countess was married to somebody else, she with the utmost inquiwers about her, and was always glad to know as much as possible about and how she enjoyed her wedding existence; and a German biographer, commenting on this fact, adds as it is an evidence that Beethoven was deeply in love with the young lady. But surely we ought to infer the very opposite.

Another lady with whom the composer's muses was Bettina von Arnim, a lady of a very literary turn, who devotedly appreciated his high mental gifts, but does not seem to have had her heart touched with the same fire as his. The letters which exist between the pair are of a very high-drawn and poetical character, but they breathe no genuine fervour of emotion, no religious enthusiasm, no passion, in a manner in which they were written affectionately; it approaches nearer to that than it does to any deep or heartfelt passion.

Beethoven, left unbetrayed to himself as he was in the heart of Vienna, and with his solitude rendered all the more intense and complete by the fact of his deafness, led a secluded and solitary life, uncheered by any comfort than what his music afforded him; but this gave him a whole sun of radiance, the light of which he shed upon the lodging with endless and inexhaustible delight. He danced to him than any society, any domestic bliss, or any human friendship which could have been his. His days may be said to have been passed in the exclusive cultivation of art; nothing else ever entered his thoughts. He awoke to compose. He lay down at night to dream of future compositions. He was an early riser, and the first thing he laid his hand upon when he had got up in the morning was the pen with which he had been working at night. As regards composition he generally this he generally found immediate use for it, since many thoughts conceived in the night-time would have to be set down, and other the stage of daylight, no one else appeared to him than any society, any domestic bliss, or any human friendship which could have been his. His days may be said to have been passed in the exclusive cultivation of art; nothing else ever entered his thoughts. He awoke to compose. He lay down at night to dream of future compositions. He was an early riser, and the first thing he laid his hand upon when he had got up in the morning was the pen with which he had been working at night. As regards composition he generally this he generally found immediate use for it, since many thoughts conceived in the night-time would have to be set down, and other
before him and pick out the air which seemed to please him most, from which he would work up to the original.

Behold him then with his array of little note-books before him, prepared for the delightful task of a morning's composition. He steps into the house where, in this heap, ransacks that, and finally brings his note-books to the table in front of him. He is not in the least disturbed by the insignificant little book he is in search of. He carefully compares it with others which he has open before him, and he has nothing more to do than to transfer it from the chaos of his note-books to the score before him, which he accordingly proceeds to do with many hurricated chuckles of delight. When at last he finds the lovely melody seems to inspire him to the most intense industry. He writes with rapid pen its development as the theme of the piece wherein he has placed it. The sheets of music are good for a long time, with his Tears, or, when suddenly he comes to another pause. Another delay, another search among his multitudinous note-books; but this time a wilder and a more intense effort for finding the air that he is in search of. He rummages the books he has before him; turns them at last in despair, and proceeding to a large box lying near by, sorts two or three weeks' old airs. He sets to work on these, turns them over and over, inside and outside, back and forth, in vain. He cannot meet with the music he is looking for. He sends his note-books over the hills of eagerness, throws down rolls of music-paper, scatters letters about. The whole floor is a mass of unshapely manuscript. At this inopportune and unexpected moment a rap comes to the door, and the servant enters with his dinner.

Beethoven gazes at the maid with stupefaction, and seems half inclined to turn her out, but finally decides on letting her lay the cloth. The preparations for his dinner are going on. He is tired, and at last he hears her heel click against the sheet of paper on the floor, and flying to the precious MS, manages to rescue it from imminent ill-usage, and demands knowledge of the writer of the new safety of his beloved manuscripts which he seems to think she has entered the room for the express purpose of destroying, he orders her out in the midst of her operations, and although she at first demurs, she is compelled at length reluctantly to go. The cloth half-laid, the vegetables and the soup are the only viands that have made their appearance; but with them the impecunious composer determines to be content rather than risk a repetition of the Hebe's visit, whose heavy boots threatened mere manuscript.

How he makes his dinner of this scanty fare we need not describe, for such a burlesque of dinner was no uncommon thing with him. Sometimes supping with a lady, at other times through a "tiff" with the servant, and finally, at times, owing to a want of ready money, he had nothing for dinner but the bread, and the wine was his beverage. He described such dinners in his diary, which for awhile he scrupulously kept, as his "lunch". He was a good man also for scraps, and at times, when publishers were slow of paying, or when his caprices and humour were frequent in asserting themselves. But the description of this very intense industry was in the enthusiasm of composition which occupied his thoughts for the rest of the day, and within half an hour after sitting down to

one of those scanty repasts the composer was often unable to tell whether he had dined or not.

His usual way of spending the afternoon was in extemporising on the piano. He never employed the piano during the morning hours, for he considered this time his happiest hours, when his eye was upon nature, as the only time in the day when the new came to him. In the afternoon he was usually to be found in the library, waiting for the day's labour of composition to be done, but as soon as the last stretch of labour was over, he was accustomed to relax his spirit by abandoning himself to a bout of extemporary composition. When he had spent some minutes three hours, also on the piano, he always kept a violin, which was a very valuable tool and which was, however, only as extraordinary to be—when he was accustomed to play when he came home from his walks. Occasionally he performed on it in the afternoon, but as a rule the piano was the instrument he played then.

His fame in Vienna, even at the age of thirty, was considerable, and the older he grew the more his reputation increased. The Viennese got to know his eccentric habits, his peculiar ways of life, his fancies, his caprices, and finally his favourite hour for composition, the extemporisation at which he excelled the former, they always took advantage of the latter for their own enjoyment. To hear Beethoven play—let us think of it—was as exciting a spectacle as could be—his musical treat far greater than any which a concert could afford. Music lovers in Vienna were not slow to take advantage of it. Knowing well that between twenty hours of one and four in summer and twelve and thirteen in winter the immortal composer sat down at his piano, they were accustomed to congregate in the palace of the Esterhazy's in order to gain access to the neighbourhood of his apartment. While he sat playing, imagining that he was enjoying the full benefit of solitude and retirement, in the very next room there might be half a dozen cavedroppers eagerly bending forward to catch every note that passed from his inspired fingers; there might be three or four people listening at the keyhole, and, as many more in the hall drinking in at a greater distance the torrent of beautiful sound which sprang like a fountain within.

One peculiar necessity to be observed by these cavedroppers and enchanted listeners. If the piano ever stopped playing within the sphere of their notice, they had their policy to let a retreat as fast as possible, for things could not carry them on as to escape the notice of the innate composer, who might at any moment emerge from his sanctuary. If by chance he had discovered anybody in the act of listening to what was going on inside, his rage would have been beyond bounds, and not only would he have rented his feelings to the most boisterous possible manner, but would certainly have left the lodgings at once and never set foot in them again. The listeners, well aware that they were not so lucky to arrange their hiding-places that they could at any moment dart from them and leave the house without being seen.

The composer was an extemporiser was supreme. He threw into his playing all the untold wealth of his fancy, and the most charming airs, the noblest and sublimest passages, however, excited and exalted his mind as he sat in rapt inspiration before his instrument.

His life, which was spent for many years in this eccentric and solitary fashion—a manner of living which would not suit most men, but was eminently adapted for Beethoven, who held high principles of great worth for him:—living for—received a considerable transformation and a change, let us add, for the worse, when his nephew, Carl Beethoven, came under his care as ward, and almost, we may say, as son. Beethoven, whose sentiments and feelings had hitherto been riveted on reality and had found no human object to which they might direct themselves, suddenly conceived a great affection for his young nephew, and thought of devoting himself to his benefit. In the place of that higher and purer feeling which he might have shown, he wished it, to one of the opposite sort. If, instead of being passed as unwonted wretchedness, would have rolled along with familiarity and happiness which was the characteristic of the life of Schumann and other men among the great composers who were blessed with good wives.

In the room of a loving woman, Beethoven had no one to put but his nephew Carl, for whom his affection was great in the extreme. But young Carl very soon showed himself utterly unworthy of his uncle's regard. He mixed with the most dissipated society, became a constant habitué of taverns and gaming saloons, got expelled from the university, whether his uncle, at a great expense, had sent him, and ultimately, at the close of his career, attaining his own life his uncle's name and reputation. He almost broke his uncle's heart. Beethoven had no one else in the world but this misguided and ill-disposition youth. The great composer endeavoured to make him understand the necessity of good wife, child, and whatever else an ordinary man holds dear. Alas, that he should have interested himself in one so utterly unable to appreciate and reciprocate his feelings.

The young man, the constant torment of his uncle, and the cause to him of intense mental agony, which interfered greatly with his health and composed with so much direct manner, the cause of his death. After Carl had attempted his own life, and thus put the finishing touch to his numerous escapades, it was decided finally by Beethoven that the best thing for the young man was to procure him a commission in the army, and let him at least earn an honourable death in battle. This commission was not long in being arranged, and the composer seemed destined to fall a victim to his fondness for this youth. In order that the young man might be properly introduced and fitted to his profession, he was to be accompanied by, and for this purpose performed a long journey in mid-winter in an open vehicle with the good-for-nothing young cadi. This expedition brought on a severe cold, and Beethoven fell into a dropsy, which brought his death. Thus we may attribute nearly all Beethoven's evils, culminating with his premature death, to the sinlessness of young Carl, a worthless and dissipated scamp, who did not deserve that a love-sick girl should waste a sigh over him, much less than that one of the cleverest masters of song should rend his heart to shreds and he brought to an untimely end because of him.

After his death the Viennese began to appreciate Beethoven's greatness at its true worth. During his lifetime, owing to his eccentric and peculiar habit, and the frequent poverty in which he was placed to that extent, contemporaries failed to rank him as high as they ought to have done. Future generations have given him the place he deserved to stand on.

It is strange to reflect that one of the greatest masters of the art of sound who ever lived was stone-dead, and that death came upon him comparatively early in life. By the time he wrote his most celebrated compositions he was so deaf that he had sat in the middle of an orchestra playing fortissimo he would not have heard a note of the music that was roaring around him.