

Beethoven Letters part 2

50.

TO ZMESKALL.

December, 1808.

MY EXCELLENT FRIEND,--

All would go well now if we had only a curtain, without it the *Aria* ["Ah! Perfido"] will be a failure.^[1] I only heard this to-day from S. [Seyfried], and it vexes me much: a curtain of any kind will do, even a bed-curtain, or merely a kind of gauze screen, which could be instantly removed. There must be something; for the *Aria* is in the dramatic style, and better adapted for the stage than for effect in a concert-room.

Without a curtain, or something of the sort, the *Aria* will be devoid of all meaning, and ruined! ruined! ruined!! Devil take it all! The Court will probably be present. Baron Schweitzer [Chamberlain of the Archduke Anton] requested me earnestly to make the application myself. Archduke Carl granted me an audience and promised to come. The Empress neither promised nor refused.

A hanging curtain!!!! or the *Aria* and I will both be hanged to-morrow. Farewell! I embrace you as cordially on this new year as in the old one. With or without a curtain! Your

BEETHOVEN.

[Footnote 1: Reichardt, in his *Vertraute Briefe* relates among other things about the concert given by Beethoven in the Royal Theatre "an der Wien," Oct. 22, 1808, as follows:--"Poor Beethoven, who derived from this concert the first and only net profits which accrued to him during the whole year, met with great opposition and very slender support in arranging and carrying it out. First came the *Pastoral Symphony*; or, *Reminiscences of Rural Life*; then followed, as the sixth piece, a long Italian *scena*, sung by Demoiselle Killitzky, a lovely Bohemian with a lovely voice." The above note [to Zmeskall?] certainly refers to this concert.]

51.

TO FERDINAND RIES.^[1]

1809.

MY DEAR FELLOW,--

Your friends have at any rate given you very bad advice; but I know all about them: they are the very same to whom you sent that fine news about me from Paris; the very same who inquired about my age--information that you contrived to supply so correctly!--the very same who have often before injured you in my opinion, but now permanently. Farewell!

BEETHOVEN.

[Footnote 1: Ries himself gives the date of this note as 1809, though he cannot recall what gave rise to it. It is probably connected with a fact mentioned by Wegeler, p. 95, that Reichardt, who was at that time in Vienna, had advised Beethoven's young pupil, Ries, to apply to the King of Westphalia for the appointment of Kapellmeister, which he had recently given up. This was reported to Beethoven, and roused his ire. Ries, too, had written from Paris that the taste in music there was very indifferent; that Beethoven's works were little known or played in that city. Beethoven was also very susceptible with regard to his age. At the request of some of Beethoven's friends, Ries, in 1806, obtained Beethoven's baptismal certificate, and sent it to Vienna. But the _maestro's_ wrath on this occasion passed away as quickly as usual.]

52.

TO ZMESKALL.[1]

March 7, 1809.

It is just what I expected! As to the blows, that is rather far-fetched. The story is at least three months' old, and very different from what he now makes it out to be. The whole stupid affair was caused by a female huckster and a couple of low fellows. I lose very little. He no doubt was corrupted in the very house where I am now living.

[Footnote 1: [See No. 10.] The notes to Zmeskall generally have the dates written by himself. This one bears the date March 7, 1809. In all points connected with domestic life, and especially in household matters and discords, Zmeskall was always a kind and consolatory friend. Beethoven at that time lived in the same house with Countess Erdödy. [See No. 74.]]

53.

TO ZMESKALL.

My most excellent, high, and well-born Herr v. Zmeskall, Court Secretary and Member of the Society of the Single Blessed,--If I come to see you to-day, ascribe it to the fact that a person wishes to speak to me at your house whom I could not refuse to see. I come without any _card_ from you, but I hope you will not on that account _discard_ me.

Yours truly--most truly,

L. V. BEETHOVEN.

54.

TO ZMESKALL.

It seems to me, dear Zmeskall, if war really does break out, when it comes to an end you will be the very man for an appointment in the Peace Legation. What a glorious office!!! I leave it entirely to you to do the best you can about my servant, only henceforth Countess Erdödy must not attempt to exercise the smallest influence over him. She says she made him a present of twenty-five florins, and gave him five florins a month, solely to induce him to stay with me. I cannot refuse to believe this trait of generosity, but I do not choose that it should be repeated. Farewell! I thank you for your friendship, and hope soon to see you.

Yours ever,

BEETHOVEN.

55.

TO ZMESKALL.[1]

April 16, 1809.

If I cannot come to-day, dear Zmeskall which is very possible, ask Baroness von ---- [name illegible] to give you the pianoforte part of the Trios, and be so good as to send them and the other parts to me to-day.

In haste, your

BEETHOVEN.

[Footnote 1: April 16, 1809. By the Terzetts he no doubt means the Trios,

Op. 70, dedicated to Countess Erdödy.]

56.

TO ZMESKALL.

April 17, 1809.

DEAR Z.,--

A suitable lodging has just been found out for me, but I need some one to help me in the affair. I cannot employ my brother, because he only recommends what costs least money. Let me know, therefore, if we can go together to look at the house. It is in the Klepperstall.[1]

[Footnote 1: An der Mölker Bastei.]

57.

TO ZMESKALL.

April 25, 1809.

I shall be glad, right glad, to play. I send you the violoncello part; if you find that you can manage it, play it yourself, or let old Kraft[1] do so. I will tell you about the lodging when we meet.

Your friend,

BEETHOVEN.

[Footnote 1: Anton Kraft (and likewise his son, Nicolaus Kraft) was a most admirable violoncello-player, with whom Beethoven from the earliest days of his residence in Vienna had played a great deal at Prince Lichnowsky's. Kraft was at that time in Prince Lobkowitz's band.]

58.

TO ZMESKALL.[1]

May 14, 1809.

MY DEAR LITTLE MUSICAL OLD COUNT!--

I think after all it would be advisable to let old Kraft play, as the trios are to be heard for the first time (in society), and you can play them afterwards; but I leave it all to your own option. If you meet with any difficulties, one of which may possibly be that Kraft and S. [Schuppanzigh] do not harmonize well together, then Herr v. Zmeskall must distinguish himself, not as a mere musical Count, but as an energetic musician.

Your friend,

BEETHOVEN.

[Footnote 1: Kraft and Schuppanzigh were then each giving quartet _soirées_.]

59.

TO FREIHERR V. HAMMER-PURGSTALL.[1]

1809.

I feel almost ashamed of your complaisance and kindness in permitting me to see the MS. of your as yet unknown literary treasures. Pray receive my sincere thanks. I also beg to return both your operettas. Wholly engrossed by my professional avocations, it is impossible for me to give an opinion, especially with regard to the Indian Operetta; as soon as time permits, I will call on you for the purpose of discussing this subject, and also the Oratorio of "The Deluge." Pray always include me among the warm admirers of your great talents.

I am, sir, with sincere esteem, your obedient

BEETHOVEN.

[Footnote 1: I see in Schindler's _Beethoven_, that he wished to have "an Indian Chorus of a religious character" from this renowned Orientalist, who, in sending his _Persian Operetta_, written "rather with an ideal than a musical object," and likewise an oratorio, _The Deluge_, remarks:--"Should you not find these works in all respects executed quite to your taste, still I feel convinced that through the genius of a Beethoven alone can music portray the rising of the great flood and the pacifying of the surging waters."]

60.

TO FREIHERR V. HAMMER-PURGSTALL.[1]

1809.

Forgive me, my dear H---, for not having brought you the letter for Paris. I have been, and still am, so much occupied, that day after day I am obliged to delay writing it, but you shall have it to-morrow, even if I am unable to come myself to see you, which I am most anxious to do.

There is another matter that I would most earnestly press on you; perhaps you might succeed in doing something for a poor unfortunate man. I allude to Herr Stoll, son of the celebrated physician. With many persons the question is whether a man has been ruined by his own fault or by that of others, but this is not so with either you or me; it is sufficient that Stoll is unfortunate, and looks on a journey to Paris as his sole resource, having last year made many influential acquaintances, who, when he goes there, are to endeavor to procure him a professorship in Westphalia. Stoll has therefore applied to Herr v. Neumann, in the State Chancery Office, to send him with a government courier to Paris, but the latter refuses to take him for less than twenty-five louis d'or. Now I request you, my dear friend, to speak to Herr v. Neumann to arrange, if possible, that the courier should either take Stoll gratis, or for a small sum. I am persuaded that if there is nothing particular against it, you will be glad to interest yourself in poor Stoll. I return to the country to-day, but hope soon to be so fortunate as to enjoy an hour of your society. In the mean time I send you my best wishes, and beg you will believe in the sincere esteem of

Your obedient

LUDWIG v. BEETHOVEN.

[Footnote 1: Reichardt states that Stoll was in Vienna in the spring of 1809, which fixes the date of this letter. Napoleon bestowed a pension on the young poet (who appears to have gone to Paris), mistaking him for his father, the celebrated physician.]

61.

TO BARONESS VON DROSSDICK.

MY ESTEEMED THÉRÈSE,--

You will receive with this what I promised. Had not many serious obstacles

intervened, I would have sent you more, in order to show you that where my friends are concerned _I always perform more than I promise_. I hope, and do not doubt, that you are agreeably occupied and enjoying society, but not too much, I trust, to prevent your thinking of us. It would show too much confidence in you, or too high an estimation of my own merits, were I to attribute the sentiment to you, "That people are not together only when present, but that the absent and the dead also live with us." Who could ascribe such a thought to the volatile Thérèse, who takes the world so lightly? Among your various occupations, do not forget the piano, or rather, music in general, for which you have so fine a talent: why not then seriously cultivate it? You, who have so much feeling for the good and the beautiful, should strive to recognize the perfections of so charming an art, which in return always casts so bright a reflection on us.

I live in entire quiet and solitude, and even though occasional flashes of light arouse me, still since you all left this I feel a hopeless void which even my art, usually so faithful to me, has not yet triumphed over. Your pianoforte is ordered, and you shall soon have it. What a difference you must have discovered between the treatment of the theme I extemporized on the other evening and the mode in which I have recently written it out for you? You must explain this yourself, only do not find the solution in the punch! How happy you are to get away so soon to the country! I cannot enjoy this luxury till the 8th. I look forward to it with the delight of a child. What happiness I shall feel in wandering among groves and woods, and among trees, and plants, and rocks! No man on earth can love the country as I do! Thickets, trees, and rocks supply the echo man longs for!

You shall soon receive some more of my compositions, which will not cause you to complain so much of difficulties. Have you read Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," and Schlegel's "Translations of Shakspeare"? People have so much leisure in the country, that perhaps you would like me to send you these works? It happens that I have an acquaintance in your neighborhood; so perhaps you may see me some morning early for half an hour, after which I must be off again. You will also observe that I intend to bore you for as short a time as possible.[1]

Commend me to the regard of your father and mother, though I have as yet no right to claim it. Remember me also to your cousin M. [Mathilde]. Farewell, my esteemed Thérèse; I wish you all the good and charm that life can offer. Think of me kindly, and forget my follies. Rest assured that no one would more rejoice to hear of your happiness, even were you to feel no interest in your devoted servant and friend,

BEETHOVEN.

N.B. It would be very amiable in you to write me a few lines, to say if I

can be of any use to you here.

[Footnote 1: Herr v. Malfatti Rohrenbach, nephew of the renowned physician who was so prominent in Beethoven's last illness, lately related to me in Vienna as follows:--Beethoven went to pay a visit to young Frau Thérèse, Baroness Drossdick, at Mödling, but not finding her at home, he tore a sheet of music-paper out of a book, and wrote some music to a verse of Matthisson's, and on the other side, inscribed, in large letters, "To my dear Thérèse." The "Mathilde" mentioned farther on was, according to Bärmann, a Baroness Gleichenstein. [See No. 45.]]

62.

À MDLLE. MDLLE. DE GERARDI.[1]

DEAR MDLLE. G.,--

I cannot with truth deny that the verses you sent have considerably embarrassed me. It causes a strange sensation to see and hear yourself praised, and yet to be conscious of your own defects, as I am. I consider such occurrences as mere incitements to strive to draw nearer the unattainable goal set before us by Art and Nature, difficult as it may be. These verses are truly beautiful, with the exception of one fault that we often find in poets, which is, their being misled by Fancy to believe that they really do see and hear _what they wish to see and hear_, and yet even this is far below their ideal. You may well believe that I wish to become acquainted with the poet or poetess; pray receive also yourself my thanks for the kindly feeling you show towards your sincere friend,

L. V. BEETHOVEN.

[Footnote 1: Nothing has hitherto been ascertained respecting either the date of this note, or the lady to whom it is addressed.]

63.

TO ZMESKALL.[1]

January 23, 1810.

What are you about? My gayety yesterday, though only assumed, has not only vexed but offended you. The _uninvited guests_ seemed so little to deserve your ill-humor, that I endeavored to use all my friendly influence to prevent your giving way to it, by my pretended flow of spirits. I am still

suffering from indigestion. Say whether you can meet me at the "Swan" to-day.

Your true friend,

BEETHOVEN.

[Footnote 1: The cause that gave rise to this note is not known.]

64.

TO WEGELER.

Vienna, May 2, 1810.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,--

These lines may very possibly cause you some surprise, and yet, though you have no written proof of it, I always retain the most lively remembrance of you. Among my MSS. is one that has long been destined for you, and which you shall certainly receive this summer. For the last two years my secluded and quiet life has been at an end, and I have been forcibly drawn into the vortex of the world; though as yet I have attained no good result from this,--nay, perhaps rather the reverse,--but who has not been affected by the storms around us? Still I should not only be happy, but the happiest of men, if a demon had not taken up his settled abode in my ears. Had I not somewhere read that man must not voluntarily put an end to his life while he can still perform even one good deed, I should long since have been no more, and by my own hand too! Ah! how fair is life; but for me it is forever poisoned!

You will not refuse me one friendly service, which is to procure me my baptismal certificate. As Steffen Breuning has an account with you, he can pay any expenses you may incur, and I will repay him here. If you think it worth while to make the inquiry in person, and choose to make a journey from Coblenz to Bonn, you have only to charge it all to me. I must, however, warn you that I had an _elder brother_ whose name was also Ludwig, with the second name of _Maria_, who died. In order to know my precise age, the date of my birth must be first ascertained, this circumstance having already led others into error, and caused me to be thought older than I really am. Unluckily, I lived for some time without myself knowing my age [see Nos. 26 and 51]. I had a book containing all family incidents, but it has been lost, Heaven knows how! So pardon my urgently requesting you to try to discover _Ludwig Maria's_ birth, as well as that of the present Ludwig. The sooner you can send me the certificate of baptism the more

obliged shall I be.[1] I am told that you sing one of my songs in your Freemason Lodge, probably the one in E major, which I have not myself got; send it to me, and I promise to compensate you threefold and fourfold.[2] Think of me with kindness, little as I apparently deserve it. Embrace your dear wife and children, and all whom you love, in the name of your friend,

BEETHOVEN.

[Footnote 1: Wegeler says:--"I discovered the solution of the enigma (why the baptismal certificate was so eagerly sought) from a letter written to me three months afterwards by my brother-in-law, Stephan von Breuning, in which he said: 'Beethoven tells me at least once a week that he means to write to you; but I believe his _intended marriage is broken off_; he therefore feels no ardent inclination to thank you for having procured his baptismal certificate.'"]

[Footnote 2: Beethoven was mistaken; Wegeler had only supplied other music to the words of Matthisson's _Opfer Lied_.]

65.

TO ZMESKALL.

July 9, 1810.

DEAR Z.,--

You are about to travel, and so am I on account of my health. In the mean time all goes topsy-turvy with me. The _Herr_[1] wants to have me with him, and Art is not less urgent in her claims. I am partly in Schönbrunn and partly here; every day assailed by messages from strangers and new acquaintances, and even as regards art I am often driven nearly distracted by my undeserved fame. Fortune seeks me, and for that very reason I almost dread some new calamity. As for your "Iphigénie," the facts are these. I have not seen it for the last two years and a half, and have no doubt lent it to some one; but to whom?--that is the question. I have sent in all directions, and have not yet discovered it, but hope still to find it. If lost, you shall be indemnified. Farewell, my dear Z. I trust that when we meet again you will find that my art has made some progress in the interim.

Ever remain my friend, as much as I am yours,

BEETHOVEN.

[Footnote 1: The "Herr" is his pupil, the Archduke Rudolph.]

66.

TO BETTINA BRENTANO.[1]

Vienna, August 11, 1810.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,--

Never was there a lovelier spring than this year; I say so, and feel it too, because it was then I first knew you. You have yourself seen that in society I am like a fish on the sand, which writhes and writhes, but cannot get away till some benevolent Galatea casts it back into the mighty ocean. I was indeed fairly stranded, dearest friend, when surprised by you at a moment in which moroseness had entirely mastered me; but how quickly it vanished at your aspect! I was at once conscious that you came from another sphere than this absurd world, where, with the best inclinations, I cannot open my ears. I am a wretched creature, and yet I complain of others!! You will forgive this from the goodness of heart that beams in your eyes, and the good sense manifested by your ears; at least they understand how to flatter, by the mode in which they listen. My ears are, alas! a partition-wall, through which I can with difficulty hold any intercourse with my fellow-creatures. Otherwise, perhaps, I might have felt more assured with you; but I was only conscious of the full, intelligent glance from your eyes, which affected me so deeply that never can I forget it. My dear friend! dearest girl!--Art! who comprehends it? with whom can I discuss this mighty goddess? How precious to me were the few days when we talked together, or, I should rather say, corresponded! I have carefully preserved the little notes with your clever, charming, most charming answers; so I have to thank my defective hearing for the greater part of our fugitive intercourse being written down. Since you left this I have had some unhappy hours,--hours of the deepest gloom, when I could do nothing. I wandered for three hours in the Schönbrunn Allée after you left us, but no _angel_ met me there to take possession of me as you did. Pray forgive, my dear friend, this deviation from the original key, but I must have such intervals as a relief to my heart. You have no doubt written to Goethe about me? I would gladly bury my head in a sack, so that I might neither see nor hear what goes on in the world, because I shall meet you there no more; but I shall get a letter from you? Hope sustains me, as it does half the world; through life she has been my close companion, or what would have become of me? I send you "Kennst Du das Land," written with my own hand, as a remembrance of the hour when I first knew you; I send you also another that I composed since I bade you farewell, my dearest, fairest sweetheart!

Herz, mein Herz, was soll das geben,

Was bedränget dich so sehr;
Welch ein neues fremdes Leben,
Ich erkenne dich nicht mehr.

Now answer me, my dearest friend, and say what is to become of me since my heart has turned such a rebel. Write to your most faithful friend,

BEETHOVEN.

[Footnote 1: The celebrated letters to Bettina are given here exactly as published in her book, *Ilius Pamphilius und die Ambrosia* (Berlin, Arnim, 1857) in two volumes. I never myself had any doubts of their being genuine (with the exception of perhaps some words in the middle of the third letter), nor can any one now distrust them, especially after the publication of *Beethoven's Letters*. But for the sake of those for whom the weight of innate conviction is not sufficient proof, I may here mention that in December, 1864, Professor Moritz Carrière, in Munich, when conversing with me about *Beethoven's Letters*, expressly assured me that these three letters were genuine, and that he had seen them in Berlin at Bettina v. Arnim's in 1839, and read them most attentively and with the deepest interest. From their important contents, he urged their immediate publication; and when this shortly after ensued, no change whatever struck him as having been made in the original text; on the contrary, he still perfectly remembered that the much-disputed phraseology (and especially the incident with Goethe) was precisely the same as in the originals. This testimony seems to me the more weighty, as M. Carrière must not in such matters be looked on as a novice, but as a competent judge, who has carefully studied all that concerns our literary heroes, and who would not permit anything to be falsely imputed to Beethoven any more than to Goethe. Beethoven's biography is, however, the proper place to discuss more closely such things, especially his character and his conduct in this particular case. At present we only refer in general terms to the first chapter of *Beethoven's Jugend*, which gives all the facts connected with these letters to Bettina and the following ones--a characteristic likeness of Beethoven thus impressed itself on the mind of the biographer, and was reproduced in a few bold outlines in his *Biography*. These letters could not, however, possibly be given *in extenso* in a general introduction to a comprehensive biography.]

67.

TO BETTINA BRENTANO.

Vienna, Feb. 10, 1811.

DEAR AND BELOVED FRIEND,--

I have now received two letters from you, while those to Tonie show that you still remember me, and even too kindly. I carried your letter about with me the whole summer, and it often made me feel very happy; though I do not frequently write to you, and you never see me, still I write you letters by thousands in my thoughts. I can easily imagine what you feel at Berlin in witnessing all the noxious frivolity of the world's rabble,[1] even had you not written it to me yourself. Such prating about art, and yet no results!!! The best description of this is to be found in Schiller's poem "Die Flüsse," where the river Spree is supposed to speak. You are going to be married, my dear friend, or are already so, and I have had no chance of seeing you even once previously. May all the felicity that marriage ever bestowed on husband and wife attend you both! What can I say to you of myself? I can only exclaim with Johanna, "Compassionate my fate!" If I am spared for some years to come, I will thank the Omniscient, the Omnipotent, for the boon, as I do for all other weal and woe. If you mention me when you write to Goethe, strive to find words expressive of my deep reverence and admiration. I am about to write to him myself with regard to "Egmont," for which I have written some music solely from my love for his poetry, which always delights me. Who can be sufficiently grateful to a great poet,--the most precious jewel of a nation! Now no more, my dear sweet friend! I only came home this morning at four o'clock from an orgy, where I laughed heartily, but to-day I feel as if I could weep as sadly; turbulent pleasures always violently recoil on my spirits. As for Clemens [Brentano, her brother], pray thank him for his complaisance; with regard to the Cantata, the subject is not important enough for us here--it is very different in Berlin; and as for my affection, the sister engrosses so large a share, that little remains for the brother. Will he be content with this?

Now farewell, my dear, dear friend; I imprint a sorrowful kiss on your forehead, thus impressing my thoughts on it as with a seal. Write soon, very soon, to your brother,

BEETHOVEN.

[Footnote 1: An expression which, as well as many others, he no doubt borrowed from Bettina, and introduced to please her.]

68.

TO ZMESKALL.

1811.

I am disposed to engage a man who has just offered me his services,--a music-copyist. His parents live in Vienna, which might be convenient in many respects, but I first wish to speak to you about the terms; and as you are disengaged to-morrow, which I, _alas_! am every day, I beg you will take coffee with me in the afternoon, when we can discuss the matter, and then proceed from _words to deeds_. We have also the honor to inform you that we intend shortly to confer on you some of the decorations of the Order of our Household,--the first class for yourself, the others for any one you choose, except a priest. We shall expect your answer early to-morrow. We now present you with some blotches of ink. Your

BEETHOVEN.

69.

TO ZMESKALL.

1811.

MOST HIGH-BORN OF MEN!--

We beg you to confer some goose-quills on us; we will in return send you a whole bunch of the same sort, that you may not be obliged to pluck out your own. It is just possible that you may yet receive the Grand Cross of the Order of the Violoncello. We remain your gracious and most friendly of all friends,

BEETHOVEN.

70.

TO THE ARCHDUKE RUDOLPH.[1]

The Spring of 1811.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,--

As in spite of every effort I can find no copyist to write in my house, I send you my own manuscript; all you have to do is to desire Schlemmer to get you an efficient copyist, who must, however, write out the Trio in your palace, otherwise there would be no security against piracy. I am better, and hope to have the honor of waiting on you in the course of a few days, when we must strive to make up for lost time. I always feel anxious and uneasy when I do not attend your Royal Highness as often or as assiduously

as I wish. It is certainly the truth when I say that the loss is mine, but I trust I shall not soon again be so unwell. Be graciously pleased to remember me; the time may yet come when I shall be able to show you doubly and trebly that I deserve this more than ever.

I am your Royal Highness's devoted servant,

LUDWIG V. BEETHOVEN.

[Footnote 1: Schlemmer was for many years Beethoven's copyist.]

71.

MY DEAR FRIEND,--[1]

I have taken this trouble only that I might figure correctly, and thus be able sometimes to lead others. As for mistakes, I scarcely ever required to have them pointed out to me, having had from my childhood such a quick perception, that I exercised it unconscious that it ought to be so, or in fact could be otherwise.

[Footnote 1: Written on a sheet of music-paper (oblong folio) numbered 22, and evidently torn out of a large book. On the other side (21) is written, in Beethoven's hand, instructions on the use of the fourth in retardations, with five musical examples. The leaf is no doubt torn from one of the books that Beethoven had compiled from various text-books, for the instruction of the Archduke Rudolph. I have therefore placed Beethoven's remark here.]

72.

TO THE DRAMATIC POET TREITSCHKE.

June 6, 1811.

DEAR TREITSCHKE,--

Have you read the book, and may I venture to hope that you will be persuaded to undertake it? Be so good as to give me an answer, as I am prevented going to you myself. If you have already read it, then send it back to me, that I may also look over it again before you begin to work at it. Above all, if it be your good pleasure that I should soar to the skies on the wings of your poetry, I entreat you to effect this as soon as possible.

Your obedient servant,

L. V. BEETHOVEN.

73.

TO ZMESKALL.

Sept. 10, 1811.

DEAR ZMESKALL,--

Let the rehearsal stand over for the present. I must see my doctor again to-day, of whose bungling I begin to tire. Thanks for your metronome; let us try whether we can measure Time into Eternity with it, for it is so _simple_ and _easily managed_ that there seems to be no impediment to this! In the mean time we will have a conference on the subject. The mathematical precision of clockwork is of course greater; yet formerly, in watching the little experiments you made in my presence, I thought there was something worthy of notice in your metronome, and I hope we shall soon succeed in _setting it thoroughly right_. Ere long I hope to see you.

Your friend,

BEETHOVEN.

74.

TO ZMESKALL.

Oct. 26, 1811.

I shall be at the "Swan" to-day, and hope to meet you there _to a certainty_, but don't come too late. My foot is better; the author of so many poetical _feet_ promises the _head_ author a sound foot within a week's time.

75.

TO ZMESKALL.

Nov. 20, 1811.

We are deucedly obliged to you. We beg you to be careful not to lose your well-earned fame. You are exhorted to pursue the same course, and we remain once more your deucedly attached

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

76.

TO ZMESKALL.

Jan. 19, 1812.

I shall be at the "Swan" to-day, dear Z. I have, alas! _too much_ leisure, and you _none_! Your

BEETHOVEN.

77.

TO ZMESKALL.[1]

1812.

CONFOUNDED LITTLE QUONDAM MUSICAL COUNT!

What the deuce has become of you? Are you to be at the "Swan" to-day? No? ... Yes! See from this enclosure what I have done for Hungary. When a German undertakes a thing, even without pledging his word, he acts very differently from one of those Hungarian Counts, such as B. [Brunswick], who allowed me to travel by myself--from what paltry, miserable motive who can tell?--and kept me waiting, though he did not wait for me!

My excellent little quondam musical Count,

I am now, as ever, your attached

BEETHÖVERL.

Return the enclosure, for we wish to bring it, and something else, pretty forcibly under the notice of the Count.

[Footnote 1: The date of this and the following note is decided by the allusion to his compositions written for Hungary (Pesth). See the subsequent letter to Varenna.]

78.

TO ZMESKALL.

You are summoned to appear to-day at the "Swan;" Brunswick also comes. If you do not appear, you are henceforth excluded from all that concerns us. Excuses *_per excellentiam_* cannot be accepted. Obedience is enjoined, knowing that we are acting for your benefit, and that our motive is to guard you against temptations and faithlessness *_per excellentiam--dixi_*.

BEETHOVEN.

79.

TO ZMESKALL.

DEAR ZMESKALL,--

The well-known watchmaker who lives close to the *Freiung* is to call on you. I want a first-rate repeater, for which he asks forty ducats. As you like that kind of thing, I beg you will exert yourself on my behalf, and select a really good watch for me.

With the most enthusiastic admiration for a man like yourself, who is soon to give me an opportunity of displaying in his favor my particular knowledge of horn-playing, I am your

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

80.

TO KAMMERPROCURATOR VARENNA,--GRATZ.[1]

1812.

If the wish to benefit the poor were not so evident in your letter, I should have felt not a little offended by your accompanying your request to me by the offer of payment. From my childhood, whenever my art could be serviceable to poor suffering humanity, I have never allowed any other motive to influence me, and never required anything beyond the heartfelt gratification that it always caused me. With this you will receive an *Oratorio--(A)*, the performance of which occupies half an evening, also an

Overture and a Fantasia with Chorus--(B). If in your benevolent institution you possess a dépôt for such things, I beg you will deposit these three works there, as a mark of my sympathy for the destitute; to be considered as their property, and to be given at any concerts intended for their sole benefit. In addition to these, you will receive an Introduction to the "Ruins of Athens," the score of which shall be written out for you as soon as possible. Likewise a Grand Overture to "Ungarn's erste Wohlthäter" [Hungary's First Benefactors].

Both form part of two works that I wrote for the Hungarians at the opening of their new theatre [in Pesth]. Pray give me, however, your written assurance that these works shall not be performed elsewhere, as they are not published, nor likely to be so for some time to come. You shall receive the latter Grand Overture as soon as it is returned to me from Hungary, which it will be in the course of a few days.

The engraved Fantasia with Chorus could no doubt be executed by a lady, an amateur, mentioned to me here by Professor Schneller.[2] The words after the Chorus No. 4, in C major, were altered by the publishers, and are now quite contrary to the musical expression; those written in pencil, therefore, on the music must be sung. If you can make use of the Oratorio, I can send you all the parts written out, so that the outlay may be less for the poor. Write to me about this.

Your obedient

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

[Footnote 1: The correspondence with Varenna, consisting of fourteen letters and four notes, was purchased some years ago by a collector of autographs in Leipzig, and sold again by public auction, probably to different persons. It would be like pursuing leaves scattered by the wind to try to recover these letters. Those here given have for the most part appeared in newspapers; I cannot, therefore, be responsible for the text, farther than their publication goes, which, however, has evidently been conducted by a clever hand. The date of the first letter is to be gleaned from the second, and we also learn from them that The Ruins of Athens and King Stephen (or at all events the Overture) were already finished in January, 1812.]

[Footnote 2: This dilettante was Mdlle. Marie Koschak, subsequently the wife of Dr. Pachler, an advocate in Gratz, from whom two letters are given by Schindler of the dates of August 15th, 1825, and November 5th, 1826, in which she invites Beethoven to visit her in Gratz. Schindler considers as applicable to this lady the words of a note in Beethoven's writing of which he has given a fac-simile in his Biography, I. 95; the date 1817 or 1818.

They are as follows:--"Love alone, yes! love alone can make your life happier. O God! grant that I may at last find her who can strengthen me in virtue, whom I can legitimately call my own. On July 27th, when she drove past me in Baden, she seemed to gaze at me." This lady also plays a friendly part in Franz Schubert's _Life_. See her _Biography_ by Dr. Kreissle.]

81.

TO ZMESKALL.

Feb. 2, 1812.

By no means _extraordinary_, but _very ordinary_ mender of pens! whose talent has failed on this occasion (for those I send require to be fresh mended), when do you intend at last to cast off your fetters?--when? You never for a moment think of me; accursed to me is life amid this Austrian barbarism. I shall go now chiefly to the "Swan," as in other taverns I cannot defend myself against intrusion. Farewell! that is, _fare as well_ as I wish you to do without

Your friend,

BEETHOVEN.

Most wonderful of men! We beg that your servant will engage a person to fit up my apartment; as he is acquainted with the lodgings, he can fix the proper price at once. Do this soon, you Carnival scamp!!!!!!

The enclosed note is at least a week old.

82.

TO ZMESKALL.

Feb. 8, 1812.

Most extraordinary and first and foremost man of the pendulum in the world, and without a lever too!!!

I am much indebted to you for having imparted to me some share of your motive power. I wish to express my gratitude in person, and therefore invite you this morning to come to the "Swan,"--a tavern, the name of which itself shows that it is a fitting place when such a subject is in question,

Yours ever,

BEETHOVEN.

83.

TO VARENNA,--GRATZ.

Vienna, Feb. 8, 1812.

Herr Rettich has already got the parts of the Oratorio, and when you no longer require them I beg you will send them back to me. It is not probable that anything is wanting, but even in that case, as you have the score, you can easily remedy this. I only yesterday received the Overtures from Hungary, and shall have them copied and forwarded to you as soon as possible. I likewise send a March with a vocal Chorus, also from the "Ruins of Athens." Altogether you will now have sufficient to fill up the time.

As these pieces are only in manuscript, I shall let you know at the time I send them what precautions I wish you to take with regard to the Overtures and the March with Chorus.

As I do not publish any new work until a year after its composition, and, when I do so, am obliged invariably to give a written assurance to the publisher that no one is in possession of it, you can yourself perceive that I must carefully guard against any possible contingency or casualty as to these pieces. I must, however, assure you that I shall always be disposed to show the warmest zeal in aid of your charity, and I here pledge myself to send you every year works that exist solely in manuscript, or compositions written expressly for this charitable purpose. I beg you will also let me know what your future plans are with regard to your institution, that I may act accordingly.

Farewell! I remain, with the highest consideration,

Your obedient

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

84.

TO ZMESKALL.[1]

Feb. 19, 1812.

DEAR Z.,--

I only yesterday received the written information that the Archduke pays his share in the new paper-money of the full value [Einlösungsschein]. I beg you will write out for me, as nearly as you can, the substance of what you said on Sunday, and which we thought it advisable to send to the other two. I am offered a certificate that the Archduke is to pay in Einlösungsschein, but I think this unnecessary, more especially as the people about Court, in spite of all their apparent friendship for me, declare that my demands are not just!!!! O Heaven! aid me in enduring this! I am no Hercules, to help Atlas in carrying the world, or to strive to do so in his place. It was only yesterday that I heard the particulars of the handsome manner in which Baron von Kraft had judged and spoken of me to Zisius! But never mind, dear Z.! My endurance of these shameful attacks cannot continue much longer; persecuted art will everywhere find an asylum--Daedalus, though imprisoned in a labyrinth, found wings to carry him aloft. Oh! I too shall find wings!

Yours ever,

BEETHOVEN.

If you have time, send me this morning the draft of the memorial;--probably for nothing, and to receive nothing! so much time is already lost, and only to be kept in suspense by civil words!

[Footnote 1: The Finance Patent appeared in Austria in 1811, by which the value of money was depreciated by a fifth. This also affected the salary that Beethoven drew from the Archduke Rudolph, Prince Kinsky, and Prince Lobkowitz. The first of these gentlemen paid his full share in Einlösungsschein. Lobkowitz, at the request of Beethoven, soon after did the same; with Kinsky's share alone difficulties arose subsequently, owing to his death.]

85.

TO VARENNA.

Lent, 1812.

In spite of my anxiety to serve the cause of your charity, I have been quite unable to do so. I have no copyist of my own to write for me as formerly, and the limited time renders it impossible for me to do so

myself; thus I am obliged to have recourse to strangers as copyists. One of these promised to write out the Overtures, &c., &c., for you; but Passion Week intervening, when there are so many concerts, prevented his being able to keep his word, in spite of every effort on my part. Even if the Overtures and the March with Chorus were transcribed, it would not be possible to send them by this post, and if we wait for the next, the music will arrive too late for Easter Sunday. Let me know if there are any means you could adopt to gain a little more time, or any chance opportunity of sending these works to you, and I will do all that lies in my power to aid the cause of your charity.

I am, with esteem, yours obediently,

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

86.

TO THE ARCHDUKE RUDOLPH.[1]

1812.

YOUR IMPERIAL HIGHNESS,--

I was much vexed not to receive Y.I.H.'s message to come to you till very late yesterday evening--indeed nearly at eleven o'clock. Contrary to my usual custom, I did not go home at all during the afternoon, the fine weather having tempted me to spend the whole afternoon in walking, and the evening at the Banda, "auf der Wieden," and thus I was not aware of your wish till I returned home. In the mean time, whenever Y.I.H. desires it, I am ready at any hour or moment to place myself at your disposal. I therefore await your gracious commands.

I am your Imperial Highness's most obedient

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

[Footnote 1: The date 1812 is marked on the sheet by another hand, and the close of the second note proves that it was at the commencement of this year.]

87.

TO THE ARCHDUKE RUDOLPH.

1812.

YOUR IMPERIAL HIGHNESS,--

I was unable till to-day, when I leave my bed for the first time, to answer your gracious letter. It will be impossible for me to wait on you to-morrow, but perhaps the day after. I have suffered much during the last few days, and I may say two-fold from not being in a condition to devote a great part of my time to you, according to my heartfelt wish. I hope now, however, to have cleared off all scores for spring and summer (I mean as to health).

I am your Imperial Highness's most obedient servant,

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

88.

TO VARENNA,--GRATZ.

Vienna, May 8, 1812.

SIR,--

Being still far from well, and much occupied, I have been unable to reply to your letters. How in the world did such an unfounded idea ever occur to you as that I was displeased? It would certainly have been better had you returned the music as soon as it had been performed; for at that period I could have produced it here, whereas now, unluckily, it comes too late; but I only say *_unluckily_* because it prevents my being able to spare the worthy ladies the expenses of copying. At any other time I would on no account have allowed them to pay for writing out the works, but it so happens that at this moment I am visited with every kind of *_contretemps_*, so I cannot avoid doing so. Possibly Herr O., although with the best intentions, has delayed informing you of this, which obliged me to apply to him for repayment of the expenses of copying; perhaps, too, in my haste, I did not express myself distinctly. You can now, esteemed sir, have the Overture and the Chorus again if you require them.

I feel convinced that in any event you will prevent my confidence being abused; in the mean time you may keep the Overture on the conditions I have stated. If I find that I am able to pay for the copying, I will redeem it for my own use.

The score of the Oratorio is a gift, and also the Overture to "Egmont."

Keep the parts of the Oratorio beside you till you can have it performed.

Select whatever you choose for the concert which I hear you now intend to give, and if you decide on the Chorus and the Overture, they shall be forwarded to you at once. For the future concert, for the benefit of the venerable Ursulines, I promise you an entirely new symphony at all events, and perhaps also a work of some importance for voices, and as I have now a favorable opportunity, the copying shall not cost you a farthing. My joy would be beyond all bounds if the concert were to be successful, and I could spare you all expense;--at all events, take my good-will for granted.

Remember me to the admirable teachers of the children, and say to them that I shed tears of joy at the happy result of my poor good-will, and that so far as my humble capabilities can serve them, they shall always find in me the warmest sympathy.

My cordial thanks for your invitation; I would fain become acquainted with the interesting scenery of Styria, and possibly I may one day enjoy that pleasure. Farewell! I heartily rejoice in having found in you a friend to the poor and needy, and am always yours to command.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, M.P.

89.

TO JOSEPH FREIHERR VON SCHWEIGER, CHAMBERLAIN OF THE ARCHDUKE RUDOLPH.[1]

1812.

The most insignificant of mortals has just been to wait on his gracious master, when he found everything closed; so he came here, where indeed all was open, but no one to be found except the trusty servant. I had a heavy packet of music with me, in order to ensure a good musical evening before we parted; but in vain. Malfatti[2] is resolved that I shall go to Töplitz, which is anything but agreeable to me. As, however, I must obey, I hope at least that my gracious master will not enjoy himself quite so much without me. O vanitas! for it is nothing else. Before I set off for Töplitz I will either go to Baden to see you or write. Farewell! Pray present my homage to my gracious master, and continue your regard for

Your friend,

[K.] BEETHOVEN.

[Footnote 1: The journey to Töplitz took place in the year 1812.]

[Footnote 2: A very celebrated physician in Vienna at that time, consulted by Beethoven.]

90.

TO VARENNA,--GRATZ.

Töplitz, July 19, 1812.

My thanks have been too long delayed for all the dainties which the worthy ladies sent for my enjoyment; being constantly ill in Vienna, I was at last forced to take refuge here.

However, better late than never; so I beg you will say all sorts of kind things in my name to the admirable Ursuline ladies, though I did not deserve so much gratitude; indeed it is rather for me to thank Him who enables me to render my art occasionally useful to others. When you next wish to make use of my poor abilities for the benefit of the venerable ladies, you have only to write to me.

A new symphony is now ready for you, and as the Archduke Rudolph has had it copied out, it will cost you nothing. Perhaps I may one of these days be able to send you something vocal. I only wish and hope that you will not ascribe my anxiety to serve these venerable ladies to a certain degree of vanity or desire for fame, as this would grieve me exceedingly. If these good ladies wish to do me any service in return, I beg they will include me with their pupils in their pious orisons. I remain, with esteem,

Your friend,

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

I shall remain here for some weeks; so if there is any occasion to write, address to me here.

91.

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF THE SINGER, MDME. AUGUSTE SEBALD.

Töplitz, August 8, 1812.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN,

Who even if you would,
Forget you never should.

92.

TO H.R. HIGHNESS THE ARCHDUKE RUDOLPH.

Franzensbrunn, Aug. 12, 1812.

It was my bounden duty long ago to have recalled myself to Y.R.H.'s recollection, but partly my occupations and the state of my health, as well as my own insignificance, made me reluctant to do so. I missed Y.R.H. by one night only in Prague; for when proceeding to pay my respects to you in the morning, I found you had set off the very night before. In Töplitz I heard a military band four times a day,--the only musical report which I can give you. I was a great deal with Goethe.[1] My physician Staudenheim, however, ordered me off to Carlsbad,[2] and from thence here, and probably I shall have to go back to Töplitz from this. What flights! And yet it seems very doubtful whether any improvement in my condition has hitherto taken place. I receive the best accounts of Y.R.H.'s health, and also of the persistent devotion you exhibit towards the musical Muse. Y.R.H. has no doubt heard of a concert that I gave for the benefit of the sufferers by fire in the Stadt Baden,[3] assisted by Herr Polledro.[4] The receipts were nearly 1000 florins W.W., and if I had not been restricted in my arrangements we might easily have taken 2000 florins. It was literally a _poor concert for the poor_. I could only find at the publisher's here some of my earlier sonatas with violin accompaniments, and as Polledro had set his heart on these, I was obliged to content myself with playing an old Sonata.[5] The entire concert consisted of a trio, in which Polledro played, my Sonata with violin, then again something was played by Polledro, and, lastly, I extemporized. Meanwhile I do sincerely rejoice that by this means something has fallen to the share of the poor _Badeners_. Pray deign to accept my best wishes for your welfare, and my entreaty that you will sometimes think of me.

[K.]

[Footnote 1: Beethoven speaks very briefly of his meeting with Goethe. Goethe in his _Tag- und Jahrschriften_ of 1812 makes no allusion to Beethoven during his stay at Töplitz. It does not, therefore, appear that either of these master-minds found any particular pleasure in each other when they met personally. Beethoven, indeed, dedicated to "the immortal Goethe" (1812) his composition the _Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt_, but only wrote once to him in 1823 to obtain a subscription from the Grand Duke

of Weimar for his Grand Mass, and received no answer from Goethe. In the complete edition of Goethe's works Beethoven's name is only once mentioned by Goethe, when he refers to his funeral obsequies.]

[Footnote 2: Dr. Staudenheim was, like Malfatti, one of the most celebrated physicians in Vienna. Beethoven, too, was well acquainted with Staudenheim, but in his regimen he neither followed the prescriptions of Staudenheim nor of Malfatti.]

[Footnote 3: The Stadt Baden, near Vienna, had been visited on July 16th by a most destructive conflagration.]

[Footnote 4: Giov. Batt. Polledro, Kapellmeister in Turin, born 1776, travelled through Germany as a violinist from 1809 to 1812. He gave a concert in Vienna in March, 1812.]

[Footnote 5: The violin Sonata with pianoforte was probably Op. 47 (composed in 1803 and published in 1805, according to Thayer, No. 111), or one of his earlier compositions, Op. 30, or 24, or 23.]

93.

TO BETTINA VON ARNIM.

Töplitz, August 15, 1812.

MY MOST DEAR KIND FRIEND,--

Kings and princes can indeed create professors and privy-councillors, and confer titles and decorations, but they cannot make great men,--spirits that soar above the base turmoil of this world. There their powers fail, and this it is that forces them to respect us.[1] When two persons like Goethe and myself meet, these grandees cannot fail to perceive what such as we consider great. Yesterday, on our way home, we met the whole Imperial family; we saw them coming some way off, when Goethe withdrew his arm from mine, in order to stand aside; and, say what I would, I could not prevail on him to make another step in advance. I pressed down my hat more firmly on my head, buttoned up my great-coat, and, crossing my arms behind me, I made my way through the thickest portion of the crowd. Princes and courtiers formed a lane for me; Archduke Rudolph took off his hat, and the Empress bowed to me first. These great ones of the earth _know me_. To my infinite amusement, I saw the procession defile past Goethe, who stood aside with his hat off, bowing profoundly. I afterwards took him sharply to task for this; I gave him no quarter, and upbraided him with all his sins, especially towards you, my dear friend, as we had just been speaking of

you. Heavens! if I could have lived with you as he did, believe me I should have produced far greater things. A musician is also a poet, he too can feel himself transported into a brighter world by a pair of fine eyes, where loftier spirits sport with him and impose heavy tasks on him. What thoughts rushed into my mind when I first saw you in the Observatory during a refreshing May shower, so fertilizing to me also! [2] The most beautiful themes stole from your eyes into my heart, which shall yet enchant the world when Beethoven no longer directs. If God vouchsafes to grant me a few more years of life, I must then see you once more, my dear, most dear friend, for the voice within, to which I always listen, demands this. Spirits may love one another, and I shall ever woo yours. Your approval is dearer to me than all else in the world. I told Goethe my sentiments as to the influence praise has over men like us, and that we desire our equals to listen to us with their understanding. Emotion suits women only; (forgive me!) music ought to strike fire from the soul of a man. Ah! my dear girl, how long have our feelings been identical on all points!!! The sole real good is some bright kindly spirit to sympathize with us, whom we thoroughly comprehend, and from whom we need not hide our thoughts. He who wishes to appear something, must in reality be something. The world must acknowledge us, it is not always unjust; but for this I care not, having a higher purpose in view. I hope to get a letter from you in Vienna; write to me soon and fully, for a week hence I shall be there. The Court leaves this to-morrow, and to-day they have another performance. The Empress has studied her part thoroughly. The Emperor and the Duke wished me to play some of my own music, but I refused, for they are both infatuated with Chinese porcelain. A little indulgence is required, for reason seems to have lost its empire; but I do not choose to minister to such perverse folly--I will not be a party to such absurd doings to please those princes who are constantly guilty of eccentricities of this sort. Adieu! adieu! dear one; your letter lay all night next my heart, and cheered me. Musicians permit themselves great license. Heavens! how I love you! Your most faithful friend and deaf brother,

BEETHOVEN.

[Footnote 1: Fräulein Giannatasio del Rio, in the journal she sent to the Grenz Boten in 1857, states that Beethoven once declared, "It is very pleasant to associate with the great of the earth, but one must possess some quality which inspires them with respect."]

[Footnote 2: According to Bettina (see Goethe's Correspondence with a Child, II. 193), their first acquaintance was made in Beethoven's apartments.]

TO PRINCESS KINSKY,--PRAGUE

Vienna, Dec. 30, 1812.

YOUR HIGHNESS,--

The dreadful event which deprived you of your husband, Prince von Kinsky, snatching him from his father-land and from all those who love him,[1] as well as from many whom he generously supported, filling every heart capable of appreciating goodness and greatness with the deepest sorrow, affected me also in the most profound and painful degree. The stern duty of self-interest compels me to lay before your Highness a humble petition, the reasonable purport of which may, I hope, plead my excuse for intruding on your Highness at a time when so many affairs of importance claim your attention. Permit me to state the matter to your Highness.

Y.H. is no doubt aware that when I received a summons to Westphalia in the year 1809, his Highness Prince von Kinsky, your late husband, together with his I.H. Archduke Rudolph and H.H. the Prince von Lobkowitz, offered to settle on me for life an annual income of 4000 gulden, provided I declined the proposal in question, and determined to remain in Austria. Although this sum was by no means in proportion to that secured to me in Westphalia, still my predilection for Austria, as well as my sense of this most generous proposal, induced me to accept it without hesitation. The share contributed by H.H. Prince Kinsky consisted of 1800 florins, which I have received by quarterly instalments since 1809 from the Prince's privy purse. Though subsequent occurrences partially diminished this sum, I rested satisfied, till the appearance of the Finance Patent, reducing bank-notes into Einlösung Schein. I applied to H.I.H. the Archduke Rudolph to request that the portion of the annuity contributed by H.I.H. should in future be paid in Einlösung Schein. This was at once granted, and I received a written assurance to that effect from H.I.H. Prince von Lobkowitz agreed to the same with regard to his share,--700 florins [see No. 84]. H.H. Prince von Kinsky being at that time in Prague, I addressed my respectful petition to him last May, through Herr Varnhagen von Ense, an officer in the Vogelsang Regiment, that his Highness's contribution to my salary--1800 florins--should be paid like the rest in Einlösung Schein. Herr von Varnhagen wrote as follows, and the original of the letter is still extant:--

"I had yesterday the desired interview with Prince Kinsky. With the highest praise of Beethoven, he at once acceded to his demand, and is prepared to pay up the arrears, and also all future sums from the date of the Einlösung Schein, in that currency. The cashier here has received the necessary instructions, and Beethoven can draw for the whole sum on his way

through Prague, or, if he prefers it, in Vienna, as soon as the Prince returns there.

"Prague, June 9, 1812."

When passing through Prague some weeks afterwards, I took the opportunity of waiting on the Prince, and received from him the fullest confirmation of this promise. H.H. likewise assured me that he entirely admitted the propriety of my demand, and considered it quite reasonable. As I could not remain in Prague till this affair was finally settled, H.H. was so kind as to make me a payment of sixty ducats on account, which, according to H.H.'s calculation, were good for 600 florins Vienna currency. The arrears were to be paid up on my return to Vienna, and an order given to the cashier to pay my salary in future in Einlösung Schein. Such was H.H.'s pleasure. My illness increasing in Töplitz, I was obliged to remain there longer than I originally intended. In the month of September I therefore addressed to H.H., who was then in Vienna, through one of my friends here, Herr Oliva, a written memorial, claiming his promise, when H.H. graciously repeated to this friend the assurance he had already given me, adding that in the course of a few days he would give the necessary instructions on the subject to his cashier.

A short time afterwards he left Vienna. When I arrived there, I inquired from the Prince's secretary whether H.H. had given directions about my salary before leaving Vienna, when, to my surprise, I was told that H.H. had done nothing in the matter.

My title to the liquidation of my claim is proved by the testimony of the Herren von Varnhagen and Oliva, to whom H.H. spoke on the subject, reiterating his consent. I feel convinced that the illustrious heirs and family of this prince will in the same spirit of benevolence and generosity strive to fulfil his intentions. I therefore confidently place in Y.H.'s hands my respectful petition, viz., "to pay up the arrears of my salary in Einlösung Schein, and to instruct your cashier to transmit me the amount in future, in the same currency." Relying on your sense of justice according me a favorable decision, I remain Y.H.'s

Most obedient servant,

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

[Footnote 1: Prince Josef Ferdinand Kinsky, born December, 1781, and killed by a fall from his horse, November 3, 1812.]

TO THE ARCHDUKE RUDOLPH.

1813.[1]

I have been far from well since last Sunday, but have suffered more in mind than in body. I beg your forgiveness a thousand times for not having sooner sent my apologies; each day I had the strongest inclination to wait on you, but Heaven knows that in spite of the best will that I always entertain for the best of masters I was unable to do so, distressing as it is to me not to have it in my power to sacrifice all to him for whom I cherish the highest esteem, love, and veneration. Y.R.H. would perhaps act wisely in making a pause at present with the Lobkowitz concerts; even the most brilliant talent may lose its effect by too great familiarity.

[K.]

[Footnote 1: Prince Franz Josef Lobkowitz died December 25th, 1816. His musical meetings were certainly continued till 1813, or longer.]

96.

TO THE ARCHDUKE RUDOLPH.

1813.[1]

At early dawn to-morrow the copyist shall begin the last movement. As I am in the mean time writing several other works, I did not hurry myself much with this last movement merely for the sake of punctuality, especially as I must write this more deliberately, with a view to Rode's[2] playing; we like quick, full-toned passages in our *_Finales_*, which do not suit R., and this rather cramps me. At all events, all is sure to go well next Tuesday. I very much doubt whether I shall be able to present myself at Y.R.H.'s on that evening, in spite of my zeal in your service; but to make up for this, I mean to come to you to-morrow forenoon and to-morrow afternoon, that I may entirely fulfil the wishes of my illustrious pupil.

[K.]

[Footnote 1: 1813. January-February.]

[Footnote 2: Pierre Rode, the violinist, arrived in Vienna in January, 1813, and gave a concert in the Redoutensaal on February 6th, but did not give universal satisfaction (*_A.M.Z._*, 1813, p. 114), and a second concert that he had projected does not appear to have taken place. He played in

Gratz on February 20th and 27th. It seems that Rode was to play with Beethoven at the Archduke Rudolph's, for which occasion Beethoven prepared a composition for them both. Was this the Sonata for pianoforte and violin, Op. 36, which he afterwards dedicated to the Archduke? Thayer states that it was written by Beethoven in 1810, and sold to the music-publisher Steiner in Vienna in April, 1815. No other composition for the violin and pianoforte is so likely to be the one as this. It is, however, a mistake in the *Bibliothèque Universelle*, tome xxxvi. p. 210, to state that Beethoven during Rode's stay in Vienna composed the "délicieuse Romance" which was played with so much expression by De Baillot on the violin. There are only two Romances known for the violin by Beethoven, the one in G major, Op. 40, in the year 1803, and the second in F major, Op. 50, published in 1805. (Thayer, 102 and 104.)]

97.

TO THE ARCHDUKE RUDOLPH.

1813.

I had just gone out yesterday when your gracious letter reached me. As for my health, it is pretty much the same, particularly as moral causes affect it, which do not seem likely to be removed; particularly as I can have recourse to no one but myself for aid, and can find help in my own head alone; and more particularly still, because in these days neither words, nor honor, nor written pledges, seem binding on any one. As for my occupations, I have come to an end with some of them, and, even without your gracious invitation, I intended to appear at the usual hour to-day. With regard to Rode [see No. 96], I beg Y.R.H. to be so good as to let me have the part by the bearer of this, and I will send it to him at once, with a polite note from me. _He certainly will not take amiss my sending him the part. Oh! certainly not! Would to Heaven that I were obliged to ask his forgiveness on this account! for in that case things would really be in a better position._ Is it your pleasure that I should come to you this evening at five o'clock as usual, or does Y.R.H. desire another hour? I shall endeavor to arrange accordingly, and punctually to fulfil your wishes.

[K.]

98.

TO PRINCESS KINSKY.

Vienna, Feb. 12, 1813.

YOUR HIGHNESS!--

You were so gracious as to declare with regard to the salary settled on me by your deceased husband, that you saw the propriety of my receiving it in Vienna currency, but that the authority of the court of law which has assumed the guardianship of the estate must first be obtained. Under the conviction that the authorities who represent their princely wards could not fail to be influenced by the same motives that actuated the late Prince in his conduct towards me, I think I am justified in expecting the ratification of my claim from the aforesaid court, as I can prove, by the testimony of well-known, respectable, and upright men, the promise and intentions of H.H. in my behalf, which cannot fail to be binding on his heirs and children. If, therefore, the proofs submitted should even be found deficient in legal formality, I cannot doubt that this want will be supplied by the noble mode of thinking of this illustrious house, and by their own inclination to generous actions.

Possibly another question may at present arise from the condition of the inheritance, which is no doubt heavily burdened, both owing to the melancholy and sudden death of the late Prince, and by the state of the times, which renders it equally just and indispensable to husband carefully all possible resources. On this account it is far from my wish to claim more than is absolutely necessary for my own livelihood, and grounded on the contract itself,--the legality of such a claim on the heirs of the late Prince not being in any way disputed.

I beg, then, that Y.H. will be pleased to direct the arrears of my salary, due since the 1st September, 1811, calculated in Vienna currency, in accordance with the scale of the contract, making in W.W. 1088 florins 42 kreuzers, to be paid, and in the interim, the question whether this salary ought to be paid in Vienna currency can be deferred until the affairs are settled, when the subject is again brought before the trustees, and my claims admitted to be just by their consent and authority. The late Prince having given me sixty ducats merely on account of my salary, which was to be paid by agreement in Vienna currency, and as this agreement (as every intelligent man will inform Y.H.) must be accepted to its full extent, or at all events not cause me loss, it follows as a matter of course that Y.H. will not object to my considering the sixty ducats as only an instalment of the arrears due to me beyond the usual scale of payment, agreed to be paid in Vienna currency, so that the amount must not be deducted from the sum still due to me.

I feel sure that Y.H.'s noble feelings will do justice to the equity of my proposal, and my wish to enter into every detail of this affair, so far as

circumstances permit, and also my readiness to postpone my claims to suit your convenience. The same elevated sentiments which prompted you to fulfil the engagement entered into by the late Prince, will also make Y.H. apprehend the absolute necessity entailed on me by my position again to solicit immediate payment of the arrears of my salary, which are indispensable for my maintenance.

Anxiously hoping for a favorable answer to my petition, I have the honor to remain, with profound respect,

Y.R.H.'s obedient servant,

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

99.

TO PRINCESS KINSKY.

HIGHLY HONORED PRINCESS!--

As the Prince's counsel declared that my claim could not be heard till the choice of a guardian had been made, and as I now hear that Y.H. has been graciously pleased yourself to assume that office, but decline receiving any one, I present my humble petition in writing, requesting at the same time your early consideration; for you can easily understand that, relying on a thing as a certainty, it is painful to be so long deprived of it, especially as I am obliged entirely to support an unfortunate sickly brother and his whole family,[1] which (not computing my own wants) has entirely exhausted my resources, having expected to provide for myself by the payment of my salary. You may perceive the justice of my claims from the fact of my faithfully naming the receipt of the sixty ducats, advanced to me by the late Prince in Prague, the Prince's counsel himself declaring that I might have said nothing about this sum, the late Prince not having mentioned it either to him or to his cashier.

Forgive my being obliged to intrude this affair on you, but necessity compels me to do so. Some days hence I shall take the liberty of making inquiries on the subject from the Prince's counsel, or from any one Y.H. may appoint.

I remain, most esteemed and illustrious Princess,

Your devoted servant,

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

[Footnote 1: See a letter to Ries, Nov. 22d, 1815:--"He was consumptive for some years, and, in order to make his life easier, I can safely compute what I gave him at 10,000 florins W.W."]