ODE TO JOY (From Ludwig van Beethoven's 9th Symphony). Written by Friedrich Schiller. Joy, thou beauteous godly lightning, Daughter of Elysium, Fire drunken we are ent'ring Heavenly, thy holy home! Thy enchantments bind together, What did custom stern divide, Every man becomes a brother, Where thy gentle wings abide. Who the noble prize achieveth, Good friend of a friend to be; Who a lovely wife attaineth, Join us in his jubilee! Yes -- he too who but one being On this earth can call his own! He who ne'er was able, weeping Stealeth from this league alone! Joy is drunk by every being From kind nature's flowing breasts, Every evil, every good thing For her rosy footprint quests. Gave she us both vines and kisses, In the face of death a friend, To the worm were given blisses And the Cherubs God attend. Joy commands the hardy mainspring Of the universe eterne. Joy, oh joy the wheel is driving Which the worlds' great clock doth turn. Flowers from the buds she coaxes, Suns from out the hyaline, Spheres she rotates through expanses, Which the seer can't divine. From the truth's own fiery mirror On the searcher doth she smile. Up the steep incline of honor Guideth she the suff'rer's mile. High upon faith's sunlit mountains One can see her banner flies, Through the breach of open'd coffins She in angel's choir doth rise. Gods can never be requited, Beauteous 'tis, their like to be. Grief and want shall be reported, So to cheer with gaiety. Hate and vengeance be forgotten, Pardon'd be our mortal foe, Not a tear drop shall him dampen, No repentance bring him low. Joy doth bubble from this rummer, From the golden blood of grape Cannibals imbibe good temper, Weak of heart their courage take. Brothers, fly up from thy places, When the brimming cup doth pass, Let the foam shoot up in spaces: To the goodly Soul this glass! Courage firm in grievous trial, Help, where innocence doth scream, Oaths which sworn to are eternal, Truth to friend and foe the same, Manly pride 'fore kingly power -- Brothers, cost it life and blood, -- Honor to whom merits honor, Ruin to the lying brood! Rescue from the tyrant's fetters, Mercy to the villain e'en, Hope within the dying hours, Pardon at the guillotine! E'en the dead shall live in heaven! Brothers, drink and all agree, Every sin shall be forgiven, Hell forever cease to be. A serene departing hour! Pleasant sleep beneath the pall! Brothers -- gentle words for all Doth the Judge of mortals utter! BEETHOVEN'S LETTERS VOLUME 1. (1790-1826) FIRST PART. LIFE'S JOYS AND SORROWS. 1783 TO 1815. BEETHOVEN'S LETTERS. PART I. 1. TO THE ELECTOR OF COLOGNE, FREDERICK MAXIMILIAN. ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE,-- Music from my fourth year has ever been my favorite pursuit. Thus early introduced to the sweet Muse, who attuned my soul to pure harmony, I loved her, and sometimes ventured to think that I was beloved by her in return. I have now attained my eleventh year, and my Muse often whispered to me in hours of inspiration,--Try to write down the harmonies in your soul. Only eleven years old! thought I; does the character of an author befit me? and what would more mature artists say? I felt some trepidation; but my Muse willed it--so I obeyed, and wrote. May I now, therefore, Illustrious Prince, presume to lay the first-fruits of my juvenile labors at the foot of your throne? and may I hope that you will condescend to cast an encouraging and kindly glance on them? You will; for Art and Science have ever found in you a judicious protector and a generous patron, and rising talent has always prospered under your fostering and fatherly care. Encouraged by this cheering conviction, I venture to approach you with these my youthful efforts. Accept them as the pure offering of childlike reverence, and graciously vouchsafe to regard with indulgence them and their youthful composer, LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN. 2. TO DR. SCHADE,--AUGSBURG. Bonn, 1787. Autumn. MY MOST ESTEEMED FRIEND,-- I can easily imagine what you must think of me, and I cannot deny that you have too good grounds for an unfavorable opinion. I shall not, however, attempt to justify myself, until I have explained to you the reasons why my apologies should be accepted. I must tell you that from the time I left Augsburg my cheerfulness, as well as my health, began to decline; the nearer I came to my native city, the more frequent were the letters from my father, urging me to travel with all possible speed, as my mother's health was in a most precarious condition. I therefore hurried forwards as fast as I could, although myself far from well. My longing once more to see my dying mother overcame every obstacle, and assisted me in surmounting the greatest difficulties. I found my mother indeed still alive, but in the most deplorable state; her disease was consumption, and about seven weeks ago, after much pain and suffering, she died [July 17]. She was indeed a kind, loving mother to me, and my best friend. Ah! who was happier than I, when I could still utter the sweet name of mother, and it was heard? But to whom can I now say it? Only to the silent form resembling her, evoked by the power of imagination. I have passed very few pleasant hours since my arrival here, having during the whole time been suffering from asthma, which may, I fear, eventually turn to consumption; to this is added melancholy,--almost as great an evil as my malady itself. Imagine yourself in my place, and then I shall hope to receive your forgiveness for my long silence. You showed me extreme kindness and friendship by lending me three Carolins in Augsburg, but I must entreat your indulgence for a time. My journey cost me a great deal, and I have not the smallest hopes of earning anything here. Fate is not propitious to me in Bonn. Pardon my intruding on you so long with my affairs, but all that I have said was necessary for my own justification. I do entreat you not to deprive me of your valuable friendship; nothing do I wish so much as in any degree to become worthy of your regard. I am, with all esteem, your obedient servant and friend, L. V. BEETHOVEN, Cologne Court Organist. 3. TO THE ELECTOR MAXIMILIAN FRANCIS. 1793. MOST ILLUSTRIOUS AND GRACIOUS PRINCE,-- Some years ago your Highness was pleased to grant a pension to my father, the Court tenor Van Beethoven, and further graciously to decree that 100 R. Thalers of his salary should be allotted to me, for the purpose of maintaining, clothing, and educating my two younger brothers, and also defraying the debts incurred by our father. It was my intention to present this decree to your Highness's treasurer, but my father earnestly implored me to desist from doing so, that he might not be thus publicly proclaimed incapable himself of supporting his family, adding that he would engage to pay me the 25 R.T. quarterly, which he punctually did. After his death, however (in December last), wishing to reap the benefit of your Highness's gracious boon, by presenting the decree, I was startled to find that my father had destroyed it. I therefore, with all dutiful respect, entreat your Highness to renew this decree, and to order the paymaster of your Highness's treasury to grant me the last quarter of this benevolent addition to my salary (due the beginning of February). I have the honor to remain, Your Highness's most obedient and faithful servant, LUD. V. BEETHOVEN, Court Organist. 4. TO ELEONORE VON BREUNING,--BONN. Vienna, Nov. 2, 1793. MY HIGHLY ESTEEMED ELEONORE, MY DEAREST FRIEND,-- A year of my stay in this capital has nearly elapsed before you receive a letter from me, and yet the most vivid remembrance of you is ever present with me. I have often conversed in thought with you and your dear family, though not always in the happy mood I could have wished, for that fatal misunderstanding still hovered before me, and my conduct at that time is now hateful in my sight. But so it was, and how much would I give to have the power wholly to obliterate from my life a mode of acting so degrading to myself, and so contrary to the usual tenor of my character! Many circumstances, indeed, contributed to estrange us, and I suspect that those tale-bearers who repeated alternately to you and to me our mutual expressions were the chief obstacles to any good understanding between us. Each believed that what was said proceeded from deliberate conviction, whereas it arose only from anger, fanned by others; so we were both mistaken. Your good and noble disposition, my dear friend, is sufficient security that you have long since forgiven me. We are told that the best proof of sincere contrition is to acknowledge our faults; and this is what I wish to do. Let us now draw a veil over the whole affair, learning one lesson from it,--that when friends are at variance, it is always better to employ no mediator, but to communicate directly with each other. With this you will receive a dedication from me [the variations on "Se vuol ballare"]. My sole wish is that the work were greater and more worthy of you. I was applied to here to publish this little work, and I take advantage of the opportunity, my beloved Eleonore, to give you a proof of my regard and friendship for yourself, and also a token of my enduring remembrance of your family. Pray then accept this trifle, and do not forget that it is offered by a devoted friend. Oh! if it only gives you pleasure, my wishes will be fulfilled. May it in some degree recall the time when I passed so many happy hours in your house! Perhaps it may serve to remind you of me till I return, though this is indeed a distant prospect. Oh! how we shall then rejoice together, my dear Eleonore! You will, I trust, find your friend a happier man, all former forbidding, careworn furrows smoothed away by time and better fortune. When you see B. Koch [subsequently Countess Belderbusch], pray say that it is unkind in her never once to have written to me. I wrote to her twice, and three times to Malchus (afterwards Westphalian Minister of Finance), but no answer. Tell her that if she does not choose to write herself, I beg that she will at least urge Malchus to do so. At the close of my letter I venture to make one more request--I am anxious to be so fortunate as again to possess an Angola waistcoat knitted by your own hand, my dear friend. Forgive my indiscreet request; it proceeds from my great love for all that comes from you; and I may privately admit that a little vanity is connected with it, namely, that I may say I possess something from the best and most admired young lady in Bonn. I still have the one you were so good as to give me in Bonn; but change of fashion has made it look so antiquated, that I can only treasure it in my wardrobe as your gift, and thus still very dear to me. You would make me very happy by soon writing me a kind letter. If mine cause you any pleasure, I promise you to do as you wish, and write as often as it lies in my power; indeed everything is acceptable to me that can serve to show you how truly I am your admiring and sincere friend, L. V. BEETHOVEN. P.S. The variations are rather difficult to play, especially the shake in the Coda ; but do not be alarmed at this, being so contrived that you only require to play the shake, and leave out the other notes, which also occur in the violin part. I never would have written it in this way, had I not occasionally observed that there was a certain individual in Vienna who, when I extemporized the previous evening, not unfrequently wrote down next day many of the peculiarities of my music, adopting them as his own [for instance, the Abbe Gelinek]. Concluding, therefore, that some of these things would soon appear, I resolved to anticipate this. Another reason also was to puzzle some of the pianoforte teachers here, many of whom are my mortal foes; so I wished to revenge myself on them in this way, knowing that they would occasionally be asked to play the variations, when these gentlemen would not appear to much advantage. BEETHOVEN. 5. TO ELEONORE VON BREUNING,--BONN. The beautiful neckcloth, embroidered by your own hand, was the greatest possible surprise to me; yet, welcome as the gift was, it awakened within me feelings of sadness. Its effect was to recall former days, and to put me to shame by your noble conduct to me. I, indeed, little thought that you still considered me worthy of your remembrance. Oh! if you could have witnessed my emotions yesterday when this incident occurred, you would not think that I exaggerate in saying that such a token of your recollection brought tears to my eyes, and made me feel very sad. Little as I may deserve favor in your eyes, believe me, my dear friend, (let me still call you so,) I have suffered, and still suffer severely from the privation of your friendship. Never can I forget you and your dear mother. You were so kind to me that your loss neither can nor will be easily replaced. I know what I have forfeited, and what you were to me, but in order to fill up this blank I must recur to scenes equally painful for you to hear and for me to detail. As a slight requital of your kind souvenir, I take the liberty to send you some variations, and a Rondo with violin accompaniment. I have a great deal to do, or I would long since have transcribed the Sonata I promised you. It is as yet a mere sketch in manuscript, and to copy it would be a difficult task even for the clever and practised Paraquin [counter-bass in the Electoral orchestra]. You can have the Rondo copied, and return the score. What I now send is the only one of my works at all suitable for you; besides, as you are going to Kerpen [where an uncle of the family lived], I thought these trifles might cause you pleasure. Farewell, my friend; for it is impossible for me to give you any other name. However indifferent I may be to you, believe me, I shall ever continue to revere you and your mother as I have always done. If I can in any way contribute to the fulfilment of a wish of yours, do not fail to let me know, for I have no other means of testifying my gratitude for past friendship. I wish you an agreeable journey, and that your dear mother may return entirely restored to health! Thinks sometimes of your affectionate friend, BEETHOVEN. 6. TO HERR SCHENK. June, 1794. DEAR SCHENK,-- I did not know that I was to set off to-day to Eisenstadt. I should like to have talked to you again. In the mean time rest assured of my gratitude for your obliging services. I shall endeavor, so far as it lies in my power, to requite them. I hope soon to see you, and once more to enjoy the pleasure of your society. Farewell, and do not entirely forget your BEETHOVEN. 7. TO DR. WEGELER,--VIENNA. ... In what an odious light have you exhibited me to myself! Oh! I acknowledge it, I do not deserve your friendship. It was no intentional or deliberate malice that induced me to act towards you as I did, but inexcusable thoughtlessness alone. I say no more. I am coming to throw myself into your arms, and to entreat you to restore me my lost friend; and you will give him back to me, to your penitent, loving, and ever-grateful BEETHOVEN. 8. TO DR. WEGELER,--VIENNA. Vienna, May 1797. God speed you, my dear friend! I owe you a letter which you shall shortly have, and my news tomusic besides, I am going on well; indeed, I may say every day better. Greet those to whom it will give pleasure from me. Farewell, and do not forget your BEETHOVEN. 9. WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF LENZ VON BREUNING. Vienna, Oct. 1, 1797. Truth for the wise, Beauty for a feeling heart, And both for each other. MY DEAR, GOOD BREUNING,-- Never can I forget the time I passed with you, not only in Bonn, but here. Continue your friendship towards me, for you shall always find me the same true friend, L. V. BEETHOVEN. 10. TO BARON ZMESKALL VON DOMANOWECZ. 1800. [Music: Alto, Tenor, Bass clefs, C Major, 4/4 time, Grave. ALTO. Ba-ron. TENORE. Ba-ron. BASSO. Ba-ron. Ba-ron. Ba-ron.] MY CHEAPEST (NOT DEAREST) BARON,-- Desire the guitar-player to come to me to-day. Amenda (instead of an amende [fine], which he sometimes deserves for not observing his rests properly) must persuade this popular guitarist to visit me, and if possible to come at five o'clock this evening; if not then, at five or six o'clock to-morrow morning; but put the must no t waken me if I chance to be still asleep. Adieu, mon ami a bon marche. Perhaps we may meet at the "Swan"? 11. The musical Count is from this day forth cashiered with infamy. The first violin [Schuppanzigh] ruthlessly transported to Siberia. The Baron [see No. 10] for a whole month strictly interdicted from asking questions; no longer to be so hasty, and to devote himself exclusively to his ipse miserum. B. 12. TO PASTOR AMENDA,--COURLAND. Does Amenda think that I can ever forget him, because I do not write? in fact, never have written to him?--as if the memory of our friends could only thus be preserved! The best man I ever knew has a thousand times recurred to my thoughts! Two persons also one possessed my whole love, one of whom still lives, and you are now the third. How can my remembrance of you ever fade? You will shortly receive a long letter about my present circumstances and all that can interest you. Farewell, beloved, good, and noble friend! Ever continue your love and friendship towards me, just as I shall ever be your faithful BEETHOVEN. 13. TO PASTOR AMENDA. 1800. MY DEAR, MY GOOD AMENDA, MY WARM-HEARTED FRIEND,-- I received and read your last letter with deep emotion, and with mingled pain and pleasure. To what can I compare your fidelity and devotion to me? Ah! it is indeed delightful that you still continue to love me so well. I know how to prize you, and to distinguish you from all others; you are not like my Vienna friends. No! you are one of those whom the soil of my fatherland is w o nt to bring forth; how often I wish that you were with me, for your Beethoven is very unhappy. You must know that one of my most precious faculties, that of hearing, is become very defective; even while you were s til l wit h me I f e It indic ations of this, th ough I sai d nothing; but it is now much worse. Whether I shall ever be cured remains yet to be seen; it is supposed to proceed from the state of my digestive organs, but I am almost entirely recovered in the res pect. I hope indeed that my hearing may improve, but I scarcely think so, for attacks of this kind are the most incurable of all. How sad my life must now be!--forced to shun all that is mos t d ea r a nd pre ci ou s to me, and t o live wi th such miserable egotists as --, &c. I can with truth say that of all my friends Lichnowsky [Prince Carl] is the most genuine. He last year settled 600 florins on me, which h, t og eth er wit h th e go od s ale of my works, enabling me to live free from care as to my maintenance. All that I now write I can dispose of five times over, and be well paid into the bargain. I have been writing a good deal latt erl y, and as I h ea r tha t y ou ha ve ordered some pianos from --, I will send you some of my compositions in the packing-case of one of these instruments, by which means they will not cost you so much. To my great eat comf ort, a person has r eturn ed her e wi th whom I can enjoy the pleasures of society and disinterested friendship,--one of the friends of my youth [Stephan von Breuning]. I have often spoken to him of you, and t old him th at since I le ft my fa th erla nd , you a re one of those to whom my heart specially clings. Z. [Zmeskall?] does not seem quite to please him; he is, and always will be, too weak for true friendship, and I look on h im an d -- a s mere instrument s on which h I p lay as I p lease, but never c an they be ar noble testimony to my inner and outward energies, or feel true sympathy with me; I value them only in so far as their services deserve. Oh! how ha ppy should I n ow be , had I my full sense of hearing; I would then hasten to you; whereas, as it is, I must withdraw from everything. My best years will thus pass away, without effecting what my talents and power s might h ave e nabled me to perform. How melancholy i s the resignation in which I must take refuge! I had determined to rise superior to all this, but how is it possible! If in the course of six months my malady be pronounced in curab le the n, Amend a! I s hall appeal to you to I eave all else and come to me, when I intend to travel (my affliction is less distressing when playing and composing, and most so in intercourse with others), and you mu st b e my c ompanion. I ha ve a c onviction th at good fortune will not forsak e me, for to what may I not at present aspire? Since you were here I have written everything except operas and church music. You will not, I k now, re fu se m y pe titio n; you will help y our friend to bea r his burden and his cala m ity. I hav e also ver y much perfected my pianoforte playing, and I hope that a journey of this kind may possibly contribute to your own success in life, and you w ould thenceforth alwa ys remain with me. I d uly r eceived all your letters, and thoug h I did no t reply to them, you were constantly present with me, and my heart beats as tenderly as ever for you. I beg you will keep the fact of my deafness a profoun d secr et, and not confide it to a ny h uman being. Write to me frequentl y; yo ur l etters, however short, console and cheer me; so I shall soon hope to hear from you. Do not give your quartet to any one [i n F, Op. 18, No. 1], as I have altered it very much, having only n ow s ucceeded in writing quartets prop erly; this you will at once perceive when you receive it. Now, farewell, my dear kind friend! If by any chance I can serve you here, I n e ed not say th a t you have only to comman d me. Your faithful and truly attached L. V. BEETHOVEN. 14. TO WEGELER. Vienna, June 29, 1800. MY DEAR AND VALUED WEGELER,-- How much I thank you for your remembrance of me, little as I deserve it, o r have sought to deserve it; and yet y ou are so kind that you allow nothing, not even m y unpardonable neglec t, to discourag e you , a lways remaining the same true, good, and faithful friend. That I can ever forget you or yours, once so dear and prec ious to me, do n ot fo r a moment believe. There are ti mes when I fin d myself longing to see you again, and wishing that I could go to stay with you. My father-land, that lovely region where I first saw the light, is still as distinct and beaut eo u s in my eye s a s when I quitted you; in short, I sh all este em th e time when I once more see you, and again greet Father Rhine, as one of the happiest periods of my life. When this may be I cannot yet tell; but at all events I may sa y that you shall not see me again till I have beco me emin en t, no t only as an artist, but be tter and more perfect as a man; and if the condition of our father-land be then more prosperous, my art shall be entirely devoted to the be ne fit of the poor. Oh, blissful moment!--how happy do I esteem myse lf th at I can expedite it and bring it to pass! You desire t o know something of my position; well! it is by no means bad. However incredible it may appear, I must tell you t ha t Lichnowsky has been, and still is, my warmest friend (sl ight d is sensio ns occurred occasionally between us, a nd yet they only served to strengthen our friendship). He settled on me last year the sum of 600 florins, for which I am to draw o n him til l I can procure some suitable situ t ation. My compositions are very profitable, and I may r ea l ly say t hat I have almost more commissions than it is possible for me to execute. I can have s ix o r seven pub lis hers or more for every piece, i f I cho ose; they no longer bargain with me--I d ema n d, an d t he y pay--so you see this is a very good thing. For instance, I have a friend in distr ess, an d m y purse does not adm it of m y a ssisting him at on ce; but I have only to sit down and write, and in a short time he is r elie ved . I am also become more economical than formerly. If I finally settle here, I don' t doubt I s hall be abl e to secure a particula r day eve ry year for a concer t, of whi ch I have already given several. That malicious demon, how ev er, bad health, has been a stumbling-block in my path; my hearing during the last three years has become g ra d ually worse. The chi ef cau se of this infirmity pr oceed s from the state of my digestive organs, which, as you know, w ere fo rmerly bad enough, but have I atterly become much worse, and being constantly afflicted with di arrhoea, has bro ught on ext reme weaknes s. Fra nk [Direc to r o f t he Genera l Hospital] strove to restore the tone of my digestion by to nics, and my hearing by oil of almonds; but alas! these did me no good whatever; my hearing became w orse , and my dig estion c o nti nued in its f ormer plight. This went on till th e autumn of last year, when I was often reduced to utter despair. Then some medical asinus r eco mme nde d me cold b aths, but a more judic ious doctor the tepid one s of the D anub e, which did wonders for me; my digestion improved, but my hearing re maine d the s a me, or in fa ct rather got worse. I d id ind eed pass a miserable winter; I suffered from mo st dreadful s pa sms, and sank back into my former condition. Thus it went on till abo ut a m onth ago, w h e n I consult ed Vering [an a rmy surgeon], under the belief that my maladies req uire d sur gical a dvi ce; besides, I had every confidence in him. He succeeded in almost entirely checking the vio lent di arrhoea, and ordered me the tep id baths of the Danu be, into which I pour some strengthening mixture. He gave me no medicine, except some digestive pills four days ago, a nd a lotio n for m y e ars. I certai nly do feel better and stro nger, but my ears are buzzing and ringing perpetually, day and night. I can wit h truth say that my life is very wretched; for nearly two y ea rs past I hav e avoided all so ciet y, because I find it impossible to say to people, I am deaf! In any other professio n this might be more tolerable, but i n mine s uch a con dit ion is truly frightful. Besides, what woul d my enemies say to this? --and they are not few in number. To give you so me idea of my extraordinary deafness, I must tell you that in the theatre I am ob liged to lean close up against the orchestra in order to understand the actors, and wh e n a little way off I hear none of f the high not es of instruments or sin gers. It is mos t asto nish ing that in conversation some people never seem to observe this; being s ubje ct to fits of absence, t hey attribute it to that caus e. I often can sc arce l y hear a pers on if speaking low; I can distinguish the tones, but not the words, and d yet I f eel it intolerable if any one shouts to me. Heaven alone knows how it is t o end! Ve ring d eclares that I shall certainly improve, even if I be not entirely resto red. How often have I cursed my existence! Plutarch led me to resignation. I sh al l strive if pos si ble to set Fate at defiance, although there must be moments in my life when I cannot fail to be the most unhappy of God's creatures. I ent reat yo u to s ay nothing of m y affliction to any one, not even to Lorchen [see Nos. 4 and 5]. I conf ide the secret to you alone, and entreat you some day to corresp ond with Vering on th e sub ject. I f I co ntinue in the same state, I shall come to you in the ensuing spring, wh en you mus t e ngage a house for me somewhere in the country, amid beautif ul scen ery, a nd I sh all th en b ecome a rustic for a year, which may perhaps effect a chan ge. R esi g nat ion! --w hat a miserable refuge! and yet it is my sole remain ing one. You w ill forg iv e my t hus app ealing to your kindly sympathies at a time when your own pos itio n i s sa d en oug h. Stephan Breuning is here, and we are together almost ev ery day; it d oe s me s o mu ch good to revive old feelings! He has really become a capi tal good fellow, n ot dev oid of talent, and his heart, like that of u s all, pretty much present, adjoining the Bastei [the rampa rts], a nd p ecu liarly h in the ri ght place. [See No. 13 .] I h ave very charming rooms at to me. You shall have your A ntiochus [a picture], an d plenty of my m oney, which is of the free us valuable to me on account of my health [at Baron Pa s qualati's ]. I d o really th ink I shall be able to a rran ge t hat Breuning shall come music besides--if, indeed, it will not cost you too much. Yo ur love of art doe s honestly r ejoice me . On ly s ay how it is to be done, and I will send you all my work s, which no w a m ount to a con sider able number, and are daily increasing. I beg you will let me h a ve m y grandfat her's portr ait as soon as poss ible by the post, in return for which I send you that of h is grandson, yo ur lovin g and at tac hed B e ethoven. It has been brought out here by Artaria, who, as well as man y other pub lishers, has often urg ed t his o n me. I intend soon to write to Stoffeln [Christoph von B reuning], and plainly admoni sh him a bou t his surly humor. I mean to sound in his ears our old friendship, and to insist on his promising me not to annoy you further in y our sad cir cumstances. I will also write to the amiable Lorchen. N ever have I forgotten one of y ou, m y kind friends, though you did not hear fro m me ; but you know well that writing never was my forte, even my best friends having r eceived no letters from me for yea rs. I live w holly in my music, and scarcely is one work finished when another is begun; inde ed, I a m now often at work on three or four things at the same time. Do write to me frequently, and I will strive to find time to write to you al so. Give my remembrances to all, especially to the kind Fra u Hofr athin [von Breuning], and say to her that I am sti ll s ubject to an occas ional ra ptus. As for K--, I am not at all surprised at the change in her: Fortune rolls like a ball, and does not always stop before the best and noblest. As to R ies [Court musician in Bon n], to whom p ray cordially remember me, I must say one word. I will write to you more part icularly about his son [Ferdinand], although I believe that he would be more likely to succee d in Paris than in Vienna, which is already overstocked, a nd where even those of th e hig hest merit find it a hard matter to maintain themselves. By ne x t autumn o r winter, I shall be able to see what can be done for him, because then all the worl d retu rns to town. Farewell, my kind, faithful Wegeler! Rest a ssured of the love and friendship of y our BEETHOVEN. 15. TO COUNTESS GIULIETTA GUICCIARDI. Mornin g, J uly 6, 1800. MY ANGEL! MY ALL! MY SECOND SELF! Only a few words to-day, writ ten with a p encil (your own). My residence cannot be settled till to-morrow. What a tire some loss of time! Why this deep grief when necessity compels?--can o ur l ove exist without sacrifices, and by r efraining from des iring all things? Can you al ter the fact that you are not wholly mine, nor I wholly yours? Ah! contemplate the beautie s of Nature, and reconcile your spirit to the inevitable. Love demands all, and ha s a right to do so, and thus it is I fe el towa rds yo u and you towards me; but you do not sufficiently remember that I must live both for you and for myself. Were we wholly united, you would feel this sorrow as little as I should. My journey was ter rible. I did not arrive here till fo ur o'clock ye sterd ay mor ning, as no ho rses we re to be had. The drivers chose another route; but what a dreadful on e it was! At the last stage I was warned not to travel through the night, and t o be ware of a certain wood, but this only incited me to go forw ard, and I w as wrong. The carriage broke down, owing to the execrable roads, mere deep rough country lanes, and had it not been for the postilions I must hav e been left by the ways ide. Esterhazy, t ravelling the usual road, had the same fate with eight horses, wherea s I had only fo ur. Still I felt a certain degree of pleasure, which I invariably do when I have happily su rmounted any difficulty. But I must now pass fro m the outer to the inner man. We shall, I trust, soon m eet again; to-day I cannot impart to you all the reflections I have made, during the last few days, on m y li fe; were our hearts closely united forever, none of these wou ld occur to me. My heart is overflowing with all I have to say to you. Ah! there are moments when I find that speech is actually nothing. Ta ke courage! Continue to be ever m y true and only l ove, my all! as I am yours. The gods must ordain what is further to be and shall be! Your faithful LUDWIG. Monday Evening, July 6. You grieve! deare st of all bei ngs! I have just hear d that the letters m ust be sent off very early. Mondays and Thursd ays are the only days when the post goes to K. from here. You grieve! Ah! where I am, there you are ever w it h me; how earn estly sha ll I st rive to pass my life with you, and what a life w ill it be!!! Whereas now!! without you!! and persecuted by the kindness of others, which I neither dese rve n or try to deserv e! The servility of man towards his fellow-m an pains me, and when I regard myself as a component part of the universe, what am I, what is he who i s cal led the gre atest?-- and yet herein are displayed the godlike feelings of humanity!--I weep in thinking that you will receive no intelligence from me till probably Saturday. How ever d early you m ay love me, I love you mo re fond ly st ill. Never conceal your fee lings from me. Good-night! As a patient at these baths, I must now go to rest [a few words are here effaced by Beet hoven hi mself]. O h, heav ens! so near, and yet so far! Is not our love a truly celestial mansion, but firm as the vault of heaven itself? July 7. GOOD-MORNING! Even before I rise, m y th ou ghts throng to you , m y i mmort al beloved!--sometimes full of joy, and yet again sad, waiting to see whether Fate will hear us. I must live either wholly with you, or not at all. Indeed I ha ve resolved to wander far fro m you [see No. 13] till the moment arrives when I can fly into your arms, and feel that they are my home, and send forth my soul in unison with yours into the r ealm of spir its. Alas! it must be so! You will take courage, for you know my fidelity. Never can another possess my heart--never, never! Oh, heaven! Why must I fly from her I so fondly love? and yet my exist enc e in W. was as mi sera ble as her e. Your love made me the most happy and yet the most unhappy of men. At my age, life requires a uniform e quality; can this be found in our mutual relations? My angel! I have this moment heard th at t he post goes every day, so I must conclude, that you may get this letter the sooner. Be calm! for we can only attain our object of living together by the calm contemplation of our existence. Continue to love me. Ye ster da y, to-day, what longings for you, ou, what tears for you! for you! for you! my life! my all! Farewell! Oh! love me forever, and never doubt the faithful heart of your lover, L. Ever thine. Ever mine. Ever each othe r's. 1 6. TO MATTHISSON . Vienna, August 4, 1800. MOST ESTEEMED FRIEND,-- You will receive with this one of my compositions published some years since, and yet, to my shame, you probably hav e never heard of it. I cannot attempt to excuse myself, or to explain why I dedicated a work to you which came direct from my heart, but never acquainted you with its existence, unless in dee d in this w ay, that at first I did not know where you lived, and partly also from diffidence, which led me to think I might have been premature in dedicating a work to you before asc erta in ing tha t you appro ved of it. Indeed, even now I send you "Adelaide" with a feeling of timidity. You know yourself what changes the lapse of some years brings forth in an artist who contin ue s to make progress; the greater the advances we make in art, the less are we satisfied with our works of an earlier date. My most ardent wish will be fulfilled if you are not dissatisfied with the mann er i n whi ch I ha ve set your heavenly "Adela ide" to music, and if you do not consider my request too indiscreet, I would ask you to send it to me forthwith , th at I may exer t all my energies to approach your lovely poetry in merit. Pray regard the dedication as a token of the pleasure which your "Adelaide" conferred on me, as well as of the appreciation and in ten se delight your poetry always inspired, and always will inspire in me. When playing "Adelaide," sometimes recall Your sincere admirer, BEETHOVEN. 17. TO FRAU FRANK ,-- VIE NNA October, 1800. DEAR LADY,-- At the second announcement of our concert, you must remind your husband that the public should be made acquainted with the names of those wh o se talents are to contribute t o this concert. Such is the custom here; and indeed, were it not so, what is the re to attract a larger audience? which is after all our chief object. Punto [the cel ebra t ed horn-player, for whom Beethoven wrote Sonata 17] is not a little indignant about the omission, and I must say he has reason to be so; but even before seeing him it was my intentio n to have rem inded you of this, for I can only explain the mistake by great haste or great forgetfulness. Be so good, then, dear lady, as to attend to my hint; otherwise you will cer tainly expose yourself to many annoyances. Being at last convinced in my own mind, and by others, that I shall not be quite superfluous in this concert, I kn ow t hat not only I, but also Punto, Simoni [a tenorist], and Galvani will demand that the public should be apprised of our zeal for this charitable object; otherwise we must all conclude that we are not wanted. Yours, BEETHOVEN. 18. TO HERR VON WEGELER. Vienna, Nov. 16, 1800. MY DEAR WEGELER,-- I thank you for this fres h proof of your interest in me, especially as I so little deserve it. You wish to know how I am, and what remedies I use. Unwilling as I always feel to discuss this subject, still I feel less reluctant to do so with y ou t han with any other person . For some months past Vering has ordered me to apply blisters on both arms, of a particular kind of bark, with which you are probably acquainted,--a disagreeable remedy, independent of the pa in, as it deprives me of the free us e of my arms for a couple of days at a time, till the blisters have drawn sufficiently. The ringing and buzzing in my ears have certainly rather decreased, particularly in the left ear, in which the m alady first commenced, but my hearing is not at all im proved; in fact I fear that it is become rather worse. My health is better, and after using the tepid baths for a time, I feel pretty well for eight or ten days. I seldom take tonics, but I have begun applications of herbs, according to your advice. Vering will not hear of plunge baths , but I am much dissatisfied with him; he is neither so attentive nor so indulgent as he ought to be to such a malady; if I did not go to him, which is no easy matter, I should never see him at all. What is your opinion of Schmidt [an army surgeon]? I am unwilling to make any change , but it seems to me that Vering is too much of a practitioner to acquire new ideas by reading. On this point Schmidt appears to be a very different man, and would probably be less negligent with regard to my case. I hear wonders of galvanism ; what do you say to it? A physician told m e that he knew a deaf and dumb child whose hearing was restored by it (in Berlin), and likewise a man who had been deaf for seven years, and recovered his hearing. I am told that your friend Schmidt is at this moment making experiments on the su bject. I am now leading a somewhat more agreeable life, as of late I have been associating more with other people. You could scarcely believe what a sad and dreary life mine has been for the last two years; my defective hearing everywhere pursuing me like a spectre, making me fly from every one, and appear a misanthrope; and yet no one is in reality less so! This change has been wrought by a lovely fascinating girl [undoubtedly Giulietta], who loves me and whom I love. I have once more had some blissful moments during the last two years, and it is the first time I ever felt that marri age could make me happy. Unluckily, she is not in my rank of life, and indeed at this moment I can marry no one; I must first bestir myself actively in the world. Had it not been for my deafness, I would have travelled half round the globe ere now, and this I must still do. For me there is no pleasure so great as to promote and to pursue my art. Do not suppose that I could be happy with you. What indeed could make me happier? Your very solicitude would distress me; I should read your compassion every moment in your countenance, which would make me only still more unhappy. What were my thoughts amid the glorious scenery of my father-land? The hope alone of a happier future, which would have been mine but for this affliction! Oh! I could span the world; were I only free from this! I feel that my youth is only now commencing. Have I not always been an infirm creature? For some time past my bodily strength has been increasing, and it is the same with my mental powers. I feel, though I cannot describe it, that I daily approach the object I have in view, in which alone can your Beethoven live. No rest for him!--I know of none but in sleep, and I do grudge being obliged to sacrifice more time to it than formerly. Were I only half cured of my malady, then I would come to you, and, as a more perfect and mature man, renew our old friendship. You should then see me as happy as I am ever destined to be here below--not unhappy. No! that I could not endure; I will boldly meet my fate, never shall it succeed in crushing me. Oh! it is so glorious to live one's life a thousand times over! I feel that I am no longer made for a quiet existence. You will write to me as soon as possible? Pray try to prevail on Steffen [von Breuning] to seek an appointment from the Teutonic Order somewhere. Life here is too harassing for his health; besides, he is so isolated that I do not see how he is ever to get on. You know the kind of existence here. I do not take it upon myself to say that society would dispel his lassitude, but he cannot be persuaded to go anywhere. A short time since, I had some music in my house, but our friend Steffen stayed away. Do recommend him to be more calm and self-possessed, which I have in vain tried to effect; otherwise he can neither enjoy health nor happiness. Tell me in your next letter whether you care about my sending you a large selection of music; you can indeed dispose of what you do not want, and thus repay the expense of the carriage, and have my portrait into the bargain. Say all that is kind and amiable from me to Lorchen, and also to mamma and Christoph. You still have some regard for me? Always rely on the love as well as the friendship of your BEETHOVEN. 19. TO KAPELLMEISTER HOFMEISTER,--LEIPZIG. Vienna, Dec. 15, 1800. MY DEAR BROTHER IN ART,-- I have often intended to answer your proposals, but am frightfully lazy about all correspondence; so it is usually a good while before I can make up my mind to write dry letters instead of music. I have, however, at last forced myself to answer your application. Pro primo, I must tell you how much I regret that you, my much-loved brother in the science of music, did not give me some hint, so that I might have offered you my quartets, as well as many other things that I have now disposed of. But if you are as conscientious, my dear brother, as many other publishers, who grind to death us poor composers, you will know pretty well how to derive ample profit when the works appear. I now briefly state what you can have from me. 1st. A Septet, per il violino, viola, violoncello, contra-basso, clarinetto, corno, fagotto;--tutti obbligati (I can write nothing that is not obbligato, having come into the world with an obbligato accompaniment!) This Septet pleases very much. For more general use it might be arranged for one more violino, viola, and violoncello, instead of the three wind-instruments, fagotto, clarinetto, and corno. 2d. A Grand Symphony with full orchestra [the 1st]. 3rd. A pianoforte Concerto [Op. 19], which I by no means assert to be one of my best, any more than the one Mollo is to publish here [Op. 15], (this is for the benefit of the Leipzig critics!) because I reserve the best for myself till I set off on my travels; still the work will not disgrace you to publish. 4th. A Grand Solo Sonata [Op. 22]. These are all I can part with at this moment; a little later you can have a quintet for stringed instruments, and probably some quartets also, and other pieces that I have not at present beside me. In your answer you can yourself fix the prices; and as you are neither an Italian nor a Jew, nor am I either, we shall no doubt quickly agree. Farewell, and rest assured, My dear brother in art, of the esteem of your BEETHOVEN. 20. TO KAPELLMEISTER HOFMEISTER. Vienna, Jan. 15 (or thereabouts), 1801. I read your letter, dear brother and friend, with much pleasure, and I thank you for your good opinion of me and of my works, and hope I may continue to deserve it. I also beg you to present all due thanks to Herr K. [Kuhnel] for his politeness and friendship towards me. I, on my part, rejoice in your undertakings, and am glad that when works of art do turn out profitable, they fall to the share of true artists, rather than to that of mere tradesmen. Your intention to publish Sebastian Bach's works really gladdens my heart, which beats with devotion for the lofty and grand productions of this our father of the science of harmony, and I trust I shall soon see them appear. I hope when golden pe