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## TIMELINE

The following is a chronological statement of the principal events in the life of Joseph Haydn:

1732	Born at Rohrau.
1740	Chorister at Saint Stephen's, Vienna.
1748	Left Saint Stephen's.
1752	Composition of first opera, "Der neue krumme Teufel."
1755	Composition of first symphony.
1759	Director and Chamber Composer to Count Morzin.
1760	Married Maria Anna Keller.
1761—1790	Chapelmaster at Esterhaz.
1785	Composition of "The Seven Words."
1790—1792	First London visit.
1791	Made Doctor of Music at Oxford.
1794—1795	Second London visit.
1797	Composition of "The Emperor's Hymn."
1798	Composition of "The Creation."
1801	Composition of "The Seasons."
1809	Death at Vienna.

## TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

In the history of music there is not a more lovable character for the young to emulate, or for young musicians to study, than Joseph Haydn. Born in the humblest of abodes, he was offered a home by royalty. Diligent in his business, he stood before kings and was honored by queens. Entering upon his career as a poor choir boy, he became one of the world's greatest masters of tone, and his fame was universal. His career was exceptionally successful and exceptionally long; but not too long for one destined to develop the sonata, the quartet, and the symphony, to enlarge the scope of the orchestra, to become the father of instrumental music, and to pave the way for Mozart and Beethoven, as Bach had paved the way for him.

Haydn was modest to a degree, and yet knew the merits of his own work. He enjoyed the honors so lavishly showered upon him, and yet was free from vain ambition. He always aimed at perfection in his art. His industry was unflagging and his productive power astonishing, a fact which is all the more extraordinary when his originality is considered. His service to music was always joyous. He was his own best critic. He said at one time, speaking of his works: "Some of my children are well-bred; some are ill-bred; and here and there is a changeling among them." These other words of his show he knew what he had done for art: "I know that God has bestowed a talent upon me, and I thank Him for it; I think I have done my duty and been of use in my generation by my works. Let others do the same."

Personally, Haydn was lovable by nature; devoted to children, though childless himself; domestic by disposition, though deprived of a happy home life; loyal to his friends; incapable of resentment, even when sorely tried; fond of humor and of a joke; sunny and cheerful of temper; devoutly religious; wholly free from conceit and vanity; and young all his life long. The great loving nature of the master and the

great love he received are best revealed by the endearing name which all the world has given him—"Papa Haydn."

NOTE. — In order that this volume may be nearly uniform in size with others in the series of "Life Stories for Young People" the translator has omitted a few passages in the original text. The omissions, however, do not disturb the "life story" in any way, as they include only technical descriptions of certain musical forms which possibly might not be wholly intelligible to young readers, and which in any event can be found in musical dictionaries.

G. P. U.

CHICAGO, June 1, 1907.



JOSEPH HAYDN.

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## CHAPTER I

### AT HOME AND ABROAD

The market village of Rohrau is situated in the level part of Lower Austria, not far from Bruck on the Leitha. It is an insignificant place, the low houses being mostly made of clay and thatched with straw. These houses stand in a double row and are intersected by a road leading from Hainburg to Bruck.

The last of the houses on the left toward Bruck, at the time our story opens (1737), was roofed with wood. Repaired wagon-bodies and wheels, new ploughs and wheelbarrows, visible through the open door, show it is the shop of a wheelwright or wagon-maker.

At eventide, and always on Sundays, part songs were sung in this little house, and the neighbors listened eagerly to the simple, pleasing melodies with the harp accompaniment. The performers were the wheelwright, Matthias Haydn, and his family. The father, at that time about thirty years of age, sat in the centre of the spacious but low living-room at his harp, which he had learned to play during his years of apprenticeship at Frankfort-on-Main, for an accompaniment to his agreeable tenor voice. His wife Maria, formerly a cook in the service of Count Harrach, and a native of Rohrau, sang soprano. The two children—the seven-year-old Franziska and her brother Joseph, two years younger, familiarly called Sepperl, also took part with their fresh young voices in the house concert, which was genuine recreation for the pious, industrious parents, after the day's hard toil, and also served to dispel their cares and perplexities.

Little Sepperl had a remarkably beautiful voice and a correct musical ear. He knew any melody by heart after once

singing it, and never missed a note. But he was not satisfied with merely singing. Upon two occasions he had seen the village school-master play the violin, after which, for lack of any better instrument, he would play upon a board fastened to his left arm, with a stick for a bow, imitating the schoolmaster and keeping perfect time.

This schoolmaster, who sometimes visited the family, declared that Sepperl showed every sign of becoming a skilful musician, and that it would be a shame if his talent were not cultivated and he were forced to be a mere laborer.

"I think so too," said the wheelwright. "Sepperl is cut out for a musician. He takes it from me. I don't know a note, but I have learned to play the harp, and I think I am no bungler at it. If I had had a chance for a decent education in music, I would not have had to stay in this forlorn place, working with hammer and knife to make a new axle for a manure wagon, or set new teeth in a harrow. My boy ought to be what I could not be; but then—"

He paused and gave his wife a significant look.

She sighed and shook her head. "Music is all very fine," said she, "but will it get bread? No! A musician tramping about with his fiddle in his bag, or his bass viol on his back, playing for dances here to-day and there to-morrow, is not much better off than a vagrant. I admit that Sepperl is too good to work in a shop, but I would rather have him become a schoolmaster or a minister. Their occupations are respectable and would ensure him a living."

The two had many discussions of this sort, but they did not remove Frau Haydn's objections to the musical calling for Sepperl. She was ambitious to have him occupy either the platform or the pulpit.

One day a relative, Cantor Frankh, of Hainburg, came to visit them. Master Haydn brought out his harp and they sang some of their best songs for him. The mother and daughter sang, likewise Sepperl, who occupied his usual place

upon the great green-tiled stove-bench, accompanying himself upon his make-believe fiddle.

The cantor watched him and listened with the utmost surprise. "By all the saints!" he exclaimed when the singing was over, taking Sepperl's hand, "the lad has a marvellous voice. How pure it is in every tone! He keeps as accurate time as a chapel-master. He has real musical genius."

"There, do you hear that?" said Master Haydn, turning with an air of satisfaction to his wife. "Our cousin agrees with me, and he knows what he is talking about, for he is a musician himself, an organist, and a choir master, which is no small matter.

"I do not think there is anything so very remarkable in the mere keeping of time," said the skeptical mother. "Many other children can do that as they listen to music."

"That may be," said the cantor, "but his skill lies in the way he keeps the time and uses his bow. Everything he does is in such perfect keeping with the music that it shows he has an absolutely correct < musical ear. An expert would know that at once."

Frau Haydn repeated her customary objections; but when she referred to the doubtful subsistence and inferior position of a travelling musician, the cantor indignantly exclaimed: "I beg your pardon, dear cousin. Take my case, do I look like a dance fiddler? The musician's position is not always inferior. The lad some day will be a precentor or a chapel-master, with an entire orchestra under his leadership, and get a good living out of it too. It would be a sin to bury such a talent as his in a wheelwright's shop."

"Like mine," groaned Master Haydn.

"I do not intend he shall be a mechanic, but a teacher or a minister," replied Frau Haydn.

"Oh, well," replied the cantor, "it will be time enough for that when he has made a failure in music. Only recently,

when I was in Vienna, I heard a young man, who has made a great reputation by his singing and violin playing, say he had been invited to the house of Prince Lobkowitz. His name is Gluck and that prince's patronage will greatly advance his interests. Musicians of his sort are destined, even in the cradle, to surpass ordinary ones. Why then should not the wheelwright's little Sepperl some day become the great Joseph Haydn?"

"Certainly he may, if such be the divine will," said the father, overjoyed at the cantor's suggestion, "but really," shaking his head, "I fear the road from Rohrau does not lead to fortune."

"Not directly," replied the cantor; "but I will make you a proposition. Let me instruct the lad at Hainburg. I will undertake his education, and some day you will thank me for it, dear cousin."

In her soul Mother Haydn still cherished her prejudice against the musician's calling, but she could not resist such an authority as Cousin Frankh, especially when he had made such a practical proposition. After some coaxing and persuasion on her husband's part, she finally gave her consent; and when the cantor left, Master Haydn promised to bring his little son to him within the next two weeks.

The mother now had her hands full, getting Sepperl ready for the "foreign country," as she called Hainburg, though it was but little more than two leagues distant from Rohrau. His clothes were mended, new linen prepared, and Franziska hardly ever had stockings out of her hands, so eager was she that her brother should be amply provided with warm footwear.

The time for departure came at last. A two-horse wagon, which Master Haydn had borrowed from a neighbor, stood before the door. The mother was still filling her darling's bag and pockets with articles he might need, and Franziska stood gazing at her brother, who was going to live in a city ten

times as big as Rohrau, with a kind of awe. When he was all ready to start, his mother embraced him again and again, at the same time giving him fresh advice about taking care of himself on the journey.

The neighbors who stood around the wagon gave Sepperl a hearty good-bye. The school-master, who was present, wished him well and congratulated himself not a little upon being the first one to discover the boy's latent talent, which was now to be fully developed. At last, when Sepperl had taken his seat in the wagon at his father's side, Selascovitz, the village priest, who had christened him, gave him his blessing.

As the horses started off, the neighbors dispersed, and the mother with wet eyes went back into the house, which was now lonely enough.

Hainburg, the last purely German city on the Hungarian frontier, with its antique castle walls and towers, is a picture for a painter. In the background towers a lofty mass of rock, crowned with the ruins of the old Hennenburg castle, famous in the "Nibelungen Lied." According to tradition it was the royal castle of the Avari. Here King Etzel rested when he came with his wife Kriemhild and his heroes from Vienna. They still show two statues of Etzel and Kriemhild at the Roman or Hunnish gate of Vienna, and an old Roman aqueduct, still in use, is one of the remnants of the ancient Roman city, Carnuntum. This ancient city covered the present sites of Petronell and the German Altenburg. It was in the old Hainburg that King Ottokar the Second, of Bohemia, celebrated his marriage with the widow of King Henry, sister of the last of the Babenbergs upon which he based his claims to the possession of Austria. Directly opposite, on the left bank of the Danube, is the Marchfeld, where Ottokar lost his throne and his life in a disastrous battle with the Emperor Rudolf of Hapsburg.

The little Joseph Haydn was at last settled in the home of Cantor Frankh at Hainburg. No one in that city dreamed

that the lad was destined to occupy an illustrious position in its history. In addition to his school duties, Cantor Frankh had charge of the church music. He played the organ at the mass, vespers, and litany; was the leader of skilful singers, violinists, and trumpeters; trained the boys in the ecclesiastical service; and, with the help of subteachers, instructed them in singing and music as well as in reading, writing, arithmetic, and theology.

With this excellent teacher Joseph studied the rudiments of singing and violin playing and made good progress; but it must be said notwithstanding his natural endowments, he sometimes got more chastisement than food. "Cousin" Frankh's regime was an arduous one. He encouraged Joseph to play the trumpet, as well as his young lungs would permit, and during the earlier part of his stay in Hainburg the boy devoted himself to the kettle-drums also, in connection with which an amusing story is told.

It was a custom in Catholic countries at that time to make ceremonial processions in Holy Week and invoke the blessing of Heaven upon the harvests. For three days procession after procession paraded in the neighborhood of the parish church. The festival of Saint Florian, June 4, was observed by the celebration of high mass and other services. Unfortunately the drummer of the band died only a short time before, and there was no one to take his place.

In this emergency it occurred to the cantor that his young kinsman, whose facility in keeping time had recently surprised him in Rohrau, was just the one for the place; so he gave him the necessary instructions about his duties and trusted the drumming to his skill.

Haydn was eager to help. He went to the closet, took a great meal basket, stretched a cloth over it for a drumhead, placed the unique instrument upon a chair, and began practising upon it industriously. The basket groaned and creaked under his vigorous blows; the meal flew about the room in clouds and so dusted the face and clothes of the little

drummer that he looked like a miller. He paid no attention to his looks, however, and kept on pounding, until the cantor's wife, attracted by the strange hollow sounds, entered and stopped him—but not until he had learned drum playing sufficiently well to take his place in the procession as a substitute.

There was still another obstacle, however, to be overcome. As the drummer was not able to carry the heavy instruments, a helper was employed for that part of the work; but as the regular helper was a veritable Goliath, and Sepperl could hardly reach his waist, another had to be obtained who would not so far overtop the little Haydn. Only one could be found, and he was a hunchback of about Sepperl's own height. When the procession moved and the spectators saw the well-known hunchback carrying the drums on his back, and the still smaller manikin behind heating the calfskin with praiseworthy zeal and dignified solemnity, there was universal laughter. This was Haydn's first musical appearance in public. The drums upon which he played are still preserved in the choir of the Hainburg church.

Sepperl's person and clothes had always been carefully looked after at home. The cantor's wife, who filled his mother's place, should have cared for him, but she was so busily occupied with her household duties and the care of her own children that the lad was suffered to run about with ragged clothes and buttons hanging by a thread, like a little gamin. Thus two years passed, during which time Haydn made excellent progress in music and already sang solos in the choir at mass.

The pastor one Sunday sat down to a specially good dinner after service, for he had a guest from Vienna. It was a friend of his youth, the court composer, George Reutter, also chapel-master at Saint Stephen's cathedral. During a pause in the conversation, Reutter asked: "Who was that little boy who sang so sweetly at church to-day?"

"That was Sepperl," replied the pastor with a slight smile as if he had been awaiting the question. "His real name is Joseph Haydn. He is the son of a wheelwright in Rohrau; our teacher and choir leader, Frankh, who is related to his parents, is giving him lessons."

"That little fellow has a voice like a nightingale's, and as clear and pure as a bell. He would be a welcome addition to my choir," said the chapel-master, pacing up and down the room as excited as a treasure-digger who has found a chest of gold.

"I am a great admirer also of the little fellow," said the pastor, smiling. "He is wide-awake and industrious, and has honest, God-fearing parents."

"Can I not see him before I leave?" asked Reutter.

"Certainly. I will send for Cantor Frankh and have him bring Sepperl here," said the pastor.

A quarter of an hour later there was a knock at the door, and with a low bow Cantor Frankh entered, leading his little scholar.

Joseph modestly and somewhat shyly approached the great gentleman, for he was ashamed of his shabby clothes. Suddenly he was irresistibly attracted by a plate of cherries which had been left on the table, and could not help casting longing side glances at them. Noticing his actions, Reutter gave the boy a handful of them, which, it hardly needs to be said, were eagerly devoured.

"Herr Dechant has spoken well of you," said Reutter to the little fellow after exchanging a few words with the cantor. Then, regarding him searchingly with his sharp eyes, he added: "I have heard you sing to-day, and am much pleased. Your voice is still a little weak, but it will grow strong in time. Can you sing at sight, my boy?"

Oh! yes," replied Sepperl, and the cantor smilingly confirmed the truth of his answer. Reutter went to the piano

and looked among the music lying upon it. Handing a piece to the boy, he opened the instrument and struck a chord. Sepperl sang the piece from beginning to end in a delightful manner, without missing a note, and also with such expression and intelligence that the Vienna chapel-master enthusiastically praised him. Encouraged by the applause, Sepperl said: "I can also play the drums."

"We will leave drum-beating to the Turks," replied Reutter. "Can you shake?"

"No," replied Haydn, in the most artless manner, and, turning a side glance at his teacher, he added: "And he cannot do it either."

Reutter smiled, and was not a little amused at the embarrassment of the cantor. He then told the lad what was meant by a "shake," and showed him how to do it.

The scholar tried to imitate him, and improved so rapidly at each trial that Reutter graciously exclaimed: "Bravo! you understand quickly. How old are you, my lad?"

"Seven years."

"Good," said Reutter. "Now, you must stay here a year and study hard. Then I will take you into the singing class at Saint Stephen's and instruct you and care for your future. Your parents certainly will not object."

Saying this, he gave the little singer a bright silver piece, and after a few words with the cantor, all took their leave.

There was not a happier person in all Hainburg that day than the little Haydn. He was so overjoyed that he longed to climb to the top of old Hennenburg and proclaim to all the world that he was going to the chapel-house in Vienna. There was great rejoicing in the old home at Rohrau also when the news reached there.

## CHAPTER II

### AT SAINT STEPHEN'S

Saint Stephen's cathedral at Vienna, a fine example of the German architecture of that time, was in the midst of large grounds, access to which was had on its various sides by four gates, kept closed at night. Rows of old houses surrounded the enclosure in which the different cathedral officials lived. Among them was the cantorei, occupied by the cantor, subcantor, and two preceptors, who led in the church music, and instructed the choir boys in music, Latin, and the various school duties. Both teachers and pupils lived in the cantorei, and were boarded there.

The city paid their living expenses, for the old residents of Vienna were proud of the home for music and church service which they had established. They were proud, likewise, because it would provide musical education for all time, spread far and wide the knowledge of the art peculiarly dear to every Viennese heart, and strengthen the love for it.

Reutter, whose acquaintance we have already made, was at the head of the cantorei. He was also the cathedral chapel-master, and directed the royal chamber and table music, as well as the music in the cathedral. The various sacred and secular works which he wrote testify to his extraordinary industry. The Empress Maria Theresa always preferred his compositions for the feast day services. His masses invariably attracted large audiences. He also wrote music to many dramatic poems, and personally directed the rehearsals and performances on court gala occasions. As this service brought him in contact with members of the court, who often took part in these performances, he had tact enough to ingratiate himself with them, and thus became a favorite.

The chapel under Reutter at that time included nine choir boys, three extra singers, and a band of eighteen players. The choir boys were required to be good singers, as the works selected for performance called for unusual vocal ability. It was a strenuous service. Besides the daily high mass and vespers, there were other occasions when the chapel had to appear. The anniversary of the delivery of the city from the Turks was celebrated with extraordinary church pomp; likewise memorable events in the imperial family. Upon such occasions religious brotherhoods made grand processions. The different nationalities and faculties of the university—Hungarians and Saxons, doctors and jurists—honored their royal patrons with masses and music. The Empress on high feast days was borne in a litter at the head of her retinue, followed by knights of the Golden Fleece, state dignitaries, chamberlains, the high steward, privy councillors, the rector magnificus, deans of all the faculties, and the burgomaster and magistrates. Over one of the gates was a gallery where, on such occasions, the chapel had to await the arrival and departure of the court.

Joseph Haydn entered upon this new scene of action in 1740, and made his home at the cantorei or chapel house. The change from his quiet little village to the splendors of the imperial city, in the centre of whose religious life he now found himself, deeply impressed the eight-year-old boy. From his roof chamber, where he lived with his new comrades, he looked down upon the great churchyard crowded with simple gravestones, splendid monuments, and wreaths. In place of the unpretentious church in Hamburg, he enjoyed the spectacle of a majestic cathedral close at hand. He had only to step to his window to see its sky-piercing towers decorated to their very summits with elegant statues, images of animals, and wonderful arabesques. And what a sight met the gaze of the child at evening, when the moon poured its full light upon the glazed tiles of the roof and a deep silence brooded over the churchyard, broken now and then by a little bell on one of the towers where some one was administering the sacrament for

the dead! The impressiveness of the place, however, was strongest to him in the daytime, when the majestic peals of the huge Josephine bell, cast from Turkish cannon, rang out upon the air.

The interior of the cathedral also had extraordinary attractions for the boy, particularly when he listened to the tones of the organ. At such times he would steal in to hear the playing, which he afterwards mastered without instruction. There was much to be seen also. The vast auditorium with its thirty-eight richly decorated altars, was lighted by numerous tall stained-glass windows. Among the many monuments erected in memory of famous personages was that of Prince Eugene, Austria's great soldier. From the vaulted arches hung the "blood standard" captured from the Turks in 1684 by Duke Carl von Lothringen.

Shortly after entering the chapel house the new scholar had an opportunity to assist in one of the most important of the religious festivals. During Passion Week there was an annual procession headed by a troop of schoolgirls, dressed in their best, who strewed the way with flowers. Then followed the archbishop and the entire cathedral officials waving palms. The boys, the choir, and some of the priests sang alternately those portions of the Scriptures describing Christ's entry into Jerusalem; and the boys, following the sentiment of the verses, spread their vestures upon the cathedral floor and covered them with palm branches.

Among the girls strewing the flowers were two, related to the violinist Keller, who played in the chapel, and who had already become greatly attached to the talented boy. After the ceremonies were finished Keller showed the girls the way home and hastily introduced Haydn to them. They were the little daughters of Keller, a hairdresser and wigmaker—Anna, aged eleven, and Josepha, six. The boy little dreamed that one of them would in due time be his wife. Besides the violinist, Haydn had found a genial companion among the choir boys, whose acquaintance was destined to exert an important

influence upon his career. His name was Spangler. In a few weeks, however, it was his ill luck to be separated from his new friend. As the fifteen-year-old choir boy's voice was changing and he had lost his usefulness as a soprano singer, he was dismissed by Reutter and left to take his chances in the world.

"It 's no use, Sepperl," said Spangler, in taking his leave; "When a choir boy gets a beard, which he cannot very well help, he croaks like a frog, and it is very doubtful whether he will ever again be a nightingale."

These words had prophetic significance for Haydn, and he remembered them when, at a time of great need, he met his companion ten years afterwards. v Haydn's studies in singing as well as in piano and violin-playing were directed by skilful teachers, but he did not have systematic or thorough instruction in composition. He contrived to hear the best music of every kind, however, and he heard it intelligently.

When sufficiently advanced in his studies to fill a choir boy's position, his instruction came to a stand-still, for, as we have seen, the church service demanded most of his time. He had an irresistible desire not only to learn, but also to create. He filled every sheet of paper he could lay his hands on with lines stuck full of notes, for he thought it must be all right if the paper were only nice and full of black note-heads. One day Reutter surprised him while engaged upon a composition bearing the pretentious title of "Salve Regina."

"Well, well, my boy," he exclaimed, laughing, "So you are writing a piece for twelve voices which no throats can sing or instruments play! Had you not better try writing for two voices first?"

The boy was incessantly busy. He often stole away from pleasant sport with his comrades, so that he could practise undisturbed upon the piano or violin. And this was no small sacrifice, for he was fond of games, and the churchyard was just the place for them. Broad avenues led to the gates,

and these were intersected by narrower ones, separated from the grave-lots by simple railings. In these paths the boys played tag or ran races. The grave-stones made excellent places for concealment in playing hide-and-seek. Near the great cathedral-gate were the lodgings of the sacristan and the place where the hearses were kept, also the shop of the old bookman and treasurer, Johann Georg Binz. By the side of the old leather-bound volumes music was exposed for sale, for there was not at that time any regular music store in Vienna. The music was in manuscript, for engraved music could be obtained only in Nuremberg, Augsburg, and Leipsic, or in London, Paris, and Amsterdam. Ordinary as this music was, it had a great attraction for Haydn. He went there almost daily, longingly gazing at the treasures. This same Johann Georg Binz advertised in the Wiener Zeitung of 1795 "The latest works of the renowned master, Haydn, which" were performed during his London visit with the greatest success"—the same Haydn, the simple little choir boy who stood there flattening his nose against Binz's shabby shop-window.

Haydn's voice grew more and more beautiful, and his singing disclosed such refinement, musical intelligence, and deep feeling, that all hearers were greatly impressed by it whenever he had a solo in the service. The Empress Maria Theresa, who was an accomplished singer herself, was most enthusiastic in her praises of the young singer, whose silvery, flexible soprano was hardly surpassed by the voices of the famous prima donnas, and Reutter also received many a compliment from her which was flattering to his own ambition.

The two little daughters of Keller, the hairdresser, frequently attended service in the cathedral. At its close they would run out into the churchyard to meet their relative, Keller; and if Haydn approached from the other side of the cathedral, Josepha, the younger, made no concealment of her admiration for the singer, and gazed at him with all her eyes as if he were some curious little animal.

At that time, however, Joseph cared little for female adoration. He much preferred that of the baker, near Saint Stephen's, who always sent him a big salt cake, from the toothsome delicacies in his shop, after he had sung a solo. Joseph's vigorous appetite increased as his little figure grew, which was unfortunate, for it was difficult to satisfy the cravings of hunger in the chapel-house. Although the city paid for their subsistence, the boys were kept on short commons by the parsimonious Reutter. All the more welcome therefore were the invitations they received for social occasions, at which they sang and afterwards were served as guests at table, and sometimes handsomely compensated by the host. Haydn never failed to improve these table opportunities and the chance to stuff his pockets with delicacies, upon which he would regale himself later in the solitude of the churchyard or at night in bed.

Unvarying cheerfulness was the dominating element of Haydn's character. He instinctively saw the humorous side of people and things, and also was fond of odd pranks. When he was about fifteen years of age, the Empress went to Schonbrunn, her favorite residence, during the Whitsuntide festival, the cathedral chapel having arrived in advance to perform the music of the services. The choir boys filled their play hours with all kinds of games in the beautiful park. The new summer castle was at that time being built out of the materials of the old hunting-castle, which was destroyed by the Turks. The scaffolding was an inviting place for feats of hazardous climbing. Looking out of the window one day, the Empress noticed their risky performances and issued an order forbidding any further sport of that kind. The order, however, was soon forgotten, and the boys chased each other over the scaffolding worse than ever. Thereupon the Empress summoned the chapel master and complained of their conduct.

One of the boys was more active than the rest, and continually urged them on by his own exploits. He swung on the shaky boards so that they bent like willow twigs, made

venturesome jumps, ran up the ladders like a squirrel, and then came down, rung by rung, with lightning-like swiftness, his body hanging in the air. The Empress called the chapel master's attention to his antics.

"There is the ringleader," said she. "What is the name of that wild lad?"

"That is Sepperl, or Haydn," replied Reutter, turning red.

"So, so," said the Empress. "I had no idea he was so mischievous. Let him have a good feruling."

Reutter hastened to carry out the order personally. Feruling meant blows upon the palm of the hand with a stick, but, owing to the Empress's kindness, Haydn did not suffer much from it. Who knows what might have happened, however, if the punishment for his acrobatic performances had not been tempered by musical mercy? Reutter was well satisfied with the final outcome of the matter. The same year of Sepperl's adventures his father came to Vienna to inquire about the boy's progress. Reutter said to him, "If you had as many sons as Jacob, I would take care of all of them." Father Haydn took him at his word. Heaven blessed him eventually with twelve children, but except Joseph and his elder sister, only one lived. This was Michael, now eight years old, whom Haydn had never seen, and only knew of from his parent's letters. Reutter declared his willingness to take Michael into the chapel-house; and so in the Autumn of 1745 Joseph had the pleasure of seeing his brother face to face and welcoming him as a fellow scholar. He had some one now with whom he could talk of father, mother, and the home, and it was particularly gratifying to him that he could help his brother in some branches of study.

As the years passed, Brother Michael proved to be a very industrious and ambitious boy. He had a soprano voice of agreeable quality and great range, and he continually grew in Reutter's favor. He considered him as the successor of Joseph,

who was now approaching the time when his voice must change. Reutter had been told by the Empress more than once that Haydn's voice, which she had praised so often, was fast losing its quality. Indeed, upon one occasion she jocosely remarked, "He crows like a cock." The hint was not lost upon Reutter.

Not long after this the Empress, with her husband and all the household, went to the neighboring monastery of Klosterneuburg to attend the annual celebration of Saint Leopold's Day,—the festival of the patron saint of Lower Austria. The music on this occasion was performed by the royal chapel, under Reutter's direction, and he had assigned the solo to the young Michael. It was a "Salve Regina" of such beauty, and sung so well, that the Empress was delighted. On the same day Michael was summoned before Her Majesty, who praised him, inquired about his circumstances, and presented him with twenty-four ducats.

"What are you going to do with so much money?" asked Reutter.

"I will send half to my father," replied Michael. "Please keep the other half for me."

Joseph was glad of his brother's success, although he felt that his days in the chapel-house were now numbered. He had no more solos to sing. He could no longer conceal the fact that his changing voice had ended his career as a choir-singer. He knew, however, that he could succeed as a violinist, though Reutter did not think so, and was only waiting an opportunity to dismiss the now useless scholar without much ceremony. He found it at last and Haydn help to furnish it himself.

Though Joseph was no longer a child, he still had a child's mischievous disposition, and was fond of tricks and practical jokes. To meet a long-felt want in the school, a new pair of scissors had been purchased. Joseph took such pleasure with the bright, sharp instrument, that he could not resist the temptation of trying it upon everything he could lay his hands

on. He snipped off the corners of the music sheets, and also found that he could cut a tallow candle in two without mutilating the wick. During study hours he noticed the queue of one of his companions right before him. He wondered if the scissors, which had done such nice work, would cut that thick twist. He decided to try. He gave on snip,—and alas! The pigtail dropped as if it had been severed by an executioner's axe. Its owner clapped his hand on the back of his head, and, discovering its loss, lustily yelled, "Murder!"

The culprit was discovered at once, scissors in hand, and complaint was made to Reutter, who administered a speedy justice. Joseph was sentenced to receive a dozen blows with the ferule. He dreaded the disgrace of punishment at this age, for he was now eighteen. He begged for leniency. He would accept any other penalty in place of corporal punishment.

Reutter, however, who had been longing for just such a chance as this, was inexorable. Haydn, in his desperation, said: "I would rather be dismissed than suffer such a disgrace."

"That is not going to help you," replied Reutter, more obdurate even than he was at first. "You will get your well-deserved flogging, and then you can take yourself out of the chapel-house."

## CHAPTER III

### AT THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

On the evening of this eventful day in November, 1750, we behold the expelled and dejected scholar of the Saint Stephen's Cantorei wandering about the streets of Vienna with no home and with nothing to do. He owned only the shabby clothes on his body. His pockets were wellnigh as empty as his stomach. He knew no one in the great city to whom he could apply for help; besides all this, it was cold and wet, and the dismal prospect of spending the whole night without shelter stared him in the face.

No one noticed him or cared for him. The crowd, returning from the day's work in shops and offices and other occupations, passed him unsympathetically. Darkness settled down upon the fast deserted streets, which were made still more cheerless by the dimly burning oil lanterns. He heard the sounds of carousing behind drawn shutters, and saw the shadows of dancing couples glide past the brightly illuminated windows of pleasure resorts. Gradually it grew more and more quiet. All at once, however, the bustling life of the pleasure loving city was resumed when the theatre performances came to an end. Carriages rattled over the pavements, and here and there flared the red gleams of torches carried by servants to light the way for those returning home on foot.

At last the streets and squares were wrapped in a silence as deep as that of the churchyard upon which he had looked down so often in the night hours. Some drunken men staggered past him, trying to find their way home. Sometimes a suspicious-looking person stole by, bent upon evil deeds under cover of the darkness, and now and then the patrol, the policeman of that day, guarding the safety of the city, paced the walk with measured stride, and scared him away from the bench or sheltered nook where he would fain have rested

himself. Not wishing to rouse the suspicions of the guardians of the peace, he wandered from one part of the city to another, until at last heavy dark clouds blotted out the moon and stars.

What should he do?

His first thought was to get back to his home in Rohrau, only eight leagues away. But how could he? If the loss of his voice had been the only cause for his expulsion from the chapel-house, he might have found sympathy and consolation at home; but he could not endure the thought of appearing there and acknowledging his misconduct.

What would the neighbors and all the people who had seen the little boy start away from his native village with such bright prospects think of him? What would the schoolmaster and the Hainburg cousin say when they saw the disgraced choir-singer returning? And what could he do in Rohrau? Be a burden to his parents? Perhaps learn the wheelwright's trade?

Such thoughts as these distracted him all that apparently endless night. In the gray of the morning he reached the wooded heights which surrounded the inner city and, from their farther side, afforded a view of the suburbs, At last, wet, chilled through, and utterly exhausted, he threw himself upon a bench. He realized there was nothing left for him in Vienna, except the difficult task of getting a piece of bread to appease his hunger, and finding some dry place where he could rest a couple of hours and get strength enough to make the journey to Rohrau. He had had no sleep for twenty-four hours. His tired head dropped upon his breast and he fell into a restless half-slumber, from which he was frequently roused by the cold rain or by the increasing noise of passing vehicles. At last he was thoroughly awakened and saw a simply but neatly dressed young man sharply scrutinizing him.

"Haydn," he exclaimed at last, "is it really you?"

Haydn recognized the speaker. It was Spangler.

"What are you doing here?" said his old school-fellow. "And how you look! Why, you are as sleepy and used up as if you had been helping at table music all night!"

"Table music and singing are all over for me," replied Haydn. "Do you know," he added, with a bitter smile, "I have had your experience? The melodious nightingale has turned into a croaking frog, or 'crowing cock,' as our gracious Queen expressed it, and Reutter has—"

"Thrown you out, of course," said Spangler.

"That is so," said Haydn, "and in a hurry too. I have been seeing the city all night without a kreuzer in my pocket or a roof to shelter me."

"Poor fellow!" said Spangler, "Reutter has no further use for a choir boy when he can no longer reach the high F, nor does he care what becomes of him."

"Unfortunately it is partly my own fault that I am in trouble," said Haydn, who proceeded to give Spangler the details of the incident which led to his dismissal.

"And now what are you going to do?" said Spangler.

"Go back to my father's house like the prodigal son," said Haydn.

"But in that event what will become of your music? It is never too late to change your mind. Stay in Vienna. You will find something to do. Was I not nearly starved when Reutter gave me my passport? and cannot a fellow like you manage to get along? Keller has told me all about your talent. Come along with me. It is little enough that I can offer, but it will keep your head above water for the time being."

Haydn grasped his faithful friend's hand and went home with him.

Spangler was a tenor singer in the parish church of Saint Michael. To eke out his pittance of an income he gave private lessons in various families in the ordinary school

studies. He lived with his wife and child in a garret, a small part of which was partitioned off, making a kind of lumber room, but large enough for a straw bed. This was Haydn's chamber. There was no possibility of serious work, however, under the circumstances. The worthy couple's little daughter was only a few months old, and as she was continually crying or the mother was singing to her, Haydn would have had to be deaf to pursue his studies in thorough-bass. There was no piano, and violin practice in such contracted quarters was out of the question. Moreover, the food problem was a serious one for Haydn, as the Spanglers had to struggle for the bare necessities of life and practise the most rigid economies in the kitchen.

News of Haydn's wretched plight at last reached his parents, and his mother's desire that he should enter upon the ministerial profession was again aroused. Her entreaties and exhortations were useless, however. He was determined to remain faithful to music. He felt that he had the ability to gain distinction in the highest of the arts, and that it only needed perseverance to find the right road to success.

Hunger proved stronger than the love of music. It tormented him all night and assailed him the moment he opened his eyes in the morning. He even dreamed of the delicacies he used to get at the annual music festivals. The cravings of hunger accomplished what the maternal supplications failed to do.

Having learned that he could secure admission to the Servite order without very strict conditions, he decided to join it. The regulations might be such as to make cloister life monotonous, but he had never heard that monks suffered from hunger, even on fast-days. He thought that God might have ordered this time of bitter trial for him, and that it signified he should wholly devote himself to His service. This thought impressed him more and more, and one day he set out with the fixed determination to apply for admission into the order. On the way he heard music in a house. He stopped and listened to

the beautiful harmony of a harp, violin, and flute. Some wondrous lovely melodies with charming accompaniments, which he had never heard before, deeply interested him. The noble art once more enthralled him, and hope rose anew in his soul. He thought, "Does God really wish me to become a priest? Can I not serve him as well with my art? Does not music inspire devotion in the soul and elevate it divinely, and is it not called the daughter of Heaven? Would God have given me this instinct, this passion for music in my very childhood, and then forbidden me to employ it in the way I feel it is my duty to do? Why have I followed it with a devotion nothing can check? God's hand directs every action and every noble faculty, every aspiration of man to His work. Therefore I must be an artist."

Thus was Haydn won back to the muse. By the help of Spangler's hospitality he managed to get through the Winter, though in a wretched kind of way. He undertook writing arrangements for various instruments, and played the violin for musical gatherings and dances. Every Saturday he went to the Hoher Markt and on other days to the Brandstatt, where musicians who played for dances were wont to resort, and those who gave balls could secure their services.

Haydn now had to give up the serious and strict forms of church music for music of the popular style; but a real artist, even when he is the victim of circumstances, learns how to adapt himself to the lower taste and to study it. While Haydn was playing in popular orchestras to earn a couple of kreutzers, he obtained an understanding of what people liked, and that knowledge was the basis of the popularity of his subsequent works, though he never employed any save the most artistic methods and the highest forms in their construction.

The Winter passed away in a hand-to-hand struggle for existence. When Spring came with its balmy air, and the earth put on again its hopeful, peaceful vesture of green, the great city with its crowded masses of houses oppressed him, and he

was irresistibly tempted by the fresh beauty of nature, to wander far away among the mountains and valleys.

One day, while strolling about the streets, he encountered a great procession of devotees of various kinds and burghers from the country. Without a moment's thought he joined them, and united with them in their religious songs. It was immaterial to him where they were going, but he learned from his neighbor that they were on the way to the famous Maria cloister in Styria. It was not less than twelve German miles off, but the distance did not discourage him. The beauty of the country compensated for the tediousness of the march; and while the undertaking did not seem to promise valuable results, that did not trouble him, as he was now content with things even of trifling importance. His cloister associates certainly were almost as poor as he, and those who had more than they needed were always ready to share with others.

Upon reaching the cloister, he sought the choir master of the chapel, Father Wrastil, and introduced himself. He told him he had been a choir boy at Saint Stephen's, showed him some of his compositions, and asked for employment. The choir master barely glanced at his music and curtly said: "There are too many blockheads coming here from Vienna, passing themselves off as choir boys, who can't sing a note when they are tried. I don't propose to be taken in by any more of them."

Haydn was not discouraged by his inhospitable reception. He went the next day to high mass in the chapel and ascended to the choir loft. He listened a while to the playing of Widerhofer, the organist, and after mingling freely with the singers, discovered the soloist. "I am from the chapel-house at Saint Stephen's in Vienna," he said to him, "and have studied under Reutter, of whom you must have heard."

"Certainly," replied the singer. "Of course I have heard of Reutter."

"Well, you know," continued Haydn, "that one who has been a pupil of Reutter's has the right to sing anywhere. Allow me the pleasure, therefore, my good friend, of singing the solo in your place."

The soloist's displeasure was plainly depicted on his face. "I am engaged by the choir master to sing here," he replied, tightly pressing his music to his breast.

Haydn stepped back but kept near by, and when the moment came for the singer to begin and he was just about opening his mouth, Haydn suddenly stepped up behind him, seized his music and sang the solo himself.

Although his voice was no longer agreeable to royal ears, and could not compare with his brother's, yet such singing as his was unusual in that little chapel. It was a good opportunity for him, and he displayed his utmost abilities. He sang so beautifully that the whole choir listened in amazement. And this was not all. When the service was finished, Father Wrastil came up, shook hands with him, and apologized for his discourtesy of the day before. The other priests, with Superior Bierbaum at their head, were introduced, and invited him to table. At last Haydn had enough eating to last him for some time. They would not allow him to depart immediately. He was their guest for eight days, and when he took his leave the Superior presented him with a small sum of money raised by the brethren. The pilgrimage to the Maria cloister was a joyful event for Haydn.

## CHAPTER IV

### HERR BERNARDON

While Haydn was at the Spanglers', the stork arrived again; whereupon Spangler rented a somewhat larger apartment in another quarter of the city, though, in consequence of the family increase, they had to live very economically. Haydn felt that it would be an imposition to accept Spangler's hospitality any longer, and that, as he now had some means, he must look out for lodgings of his own. He also needed new clothes, for the old ones were growing so threadbare that they would soon have to be patched in conspicuous places. But the little sum he had brought from the Maria cloister was hardly sufficient for all their needs. After a brief respite from his troubles under the cloister's roof he was once more assailed by them.

While racking his brain with ineffectual efforts to solve these problems and find a way out of his perplexities, he met Keller, the violinist, one day, and, as he showed much solicitude about his condition, Haydn told him the story of his troubles. Keller thereupon took him to his uncle, Ignaz Keller, the hairdresser and wig-maker, with whom the reader is already acquainted, and who lived in the suburbs, upon the high road running through the Hungarian quarter. The wig-maker had now and then heard the old-time scholar of the Saint Stephen's Cantorei sing, and his nephew had often praised his extraordinary talent. Uncle Keller, who was fond of music, took great interest in the young man, and was much concerned about his troubles. He determined to help him in some way, and, as a beginning, he engaged him to give piano lessons to Josepha, now in her sixteenth year, and her two younger sisters; then, putting on his best coat, he accompanied him to his good friend Buchholz, the lace-merchant and market-inspector, who lived on the same street, at "The

Golden Crab." This wealthy and generous old gentleman, at Keller's solicitation, lent the young man one hundred and fifty florins. He declined to take any interest, and informed Haydn he could repay the money whenever he found the opportunity. It was actual help in time of need,—an unexpected deliverance, when not a ray of hope was visible,—and the joy which the young musician expressed was gratitude enough for his noble patron.

A hundred and fifty florins! He had never seen so much money heaped up before, much less had ever dreamed of owning so much. He did not abuse his patron's confidence, but little by little paid off his debt of honor.

His first step was to look for lodgings, which he found in the Kohlmarkt, one of the most desirable sections of the city. The house was called the "Old Michaeler," and belonged to the college of Saint Barnabas. He rented one of the roof-chambers in the fifth story, the only one that was vacant. It was very small; the ceiling was low and the walls slanting. The rain in Summer and the snow in Winter found their way through the leaky roof, and he had no stove. What his apartment lacked in comfort, however, was compensated for by the fine view from his window, which took in the busy Michaeler place as far as the entrance to the royal palace. Haydn, in his later life, said that he was as happy as a king in this modest apartment. To crown his happiness he had a piano of his own, though it was only an old, worm-eaten instrument, which he bought very cheap. At last he could practise undisturbed upon his piano and violin, and he had the opportunity so long desired of devoting himself to the study of composition. He was greatly restricted by his scanty means in the selection of such piano pieces as he needed for perfecting himself in playing, for music at that time was very expensive. Under such embarrassing circumstances he went one day to the shop of his old-time neighbor, Binz the antiquary, at Saint Stephen's churchyard, into whose shabby windows he had so often looked.

"I want some piano pieces," said he, but they must be of the highest grade."

"I have just what you want," replied Herr Binz, taking down a paper package containing the sonatas of Emanuel Bach. Haydn was familiar with the name of the famous Johann Sebastian. But he had not until then heard of Emanuel, son of the great church-composer and organist.

It did not need the assurances of Herr Binz to convince Haydn that here was music of "the highest grade." The young musician's interest was aroused at once as he turned the leaves over. He paid the price asked for the music, rolled it up, hastened back to his roof-chamber, and seated himself at the piano. He did not rise until he had played all the sonatas.

Emanuel Bach! Surely this was the one whom he had wished to find, and whom now he sought to emulate with all his powers. These sonatas instantly decided the direction his studies must take, and they became the basis of his musical creation. When Haydn's works were subsequently printed and had become generally known, Bach wrote him that he was glad to find he could count him among his scholars, and that he was the only one who had the right understanding of his compositions and knew how to make good use of the knowledge. When Haydn was despondent about his work, Bach's music always cheered and enlivened him. Such moods, however, did not last long, for they were soon dispelled by his sunny humor and his pleasure in life. He was very fond of going to the Marionette Theatre, when he could afford it. There were theatres of this kind at the Freimuth and Neumarkt, wooden buildings erected specially for that purpose, where high and low attended the droll performances, in which figures moved by strings took the place of living actors.

One day, when Haydn was just in the mood for fun, he went to the marionette show with some jolly companions. On the way they passed a woman with a little cart, which carried her chestnut-roaster and stock in trade, standing near a hackney coach. Noticing a rope dangling from her cart and

that she was busily engaged in talk with an acquaintance, Haydn, quick as a flash, tied the cart to the hind wheel of the coach. He and his companions then hid in the vestibule of a house near by and awaited the result of the coupling.

It was not long before the coach started, dragging the old woman's cart along with it. She ran after it, screaming as she saw her stock of nuts flying in every direction, and making such an outcry that the coachman at last, finding something was wrong, stopped his horses. The woman untied her cart, and supposing the driver to be the guilty party, hurled such a volley of coarse abuse at him that he was on the point of descending from the box and punishing her. Being in a hurry, however, he had to content himself with a few cuts of his whip, which failed to reach her. The loquacious chestnut-merchant followed the coach for some distance, still abusing the driver with her foul epithets, to the great entertainment of the spectators, among whom the culprit and his companions were not the least amused.

At that time night music was as common in the streets of Vienna as under the mild Italian skies. Sometimes a single flute or mandolin player, and at others a band of singers or players upon string and wind instruments, were employed for serenades, and they often played for their own pleasure. During the summer months, and especially upon the approach of fete-days, the streets evening after evening resounded with music until midnight. On such occasions night-capped heads would appear at the open windows. Crowds would gather in the streets, follow the musicians about from place to place, loudly applaud their favorite pieces, and demand repetitions.

Haydn was very fond of this serenade music at night, which he called "Cassation." He played the violin parts in pieces which usually were of his own composition. One beautiful autumn evening in 1751 we may see him and some of his companions under the windows of Dirks, the gold and pearl embroiderer, opposite the Stadt Theatre, playing a serenade in honor of Herr Bernardon, at that time the favorite

comedian at the Stadt Theatre. His real name was Joseph Kurz, "Bernardon," by which he was generally known, being the name of one of his buffoon characters. He was very droll and original, and had written several pieces for the stage, in which he was conspicuous for his nonsense and extraordinary antics. In all of these pieces he was a great favorite. He did feats of flying, to the accompaniment of thunder and lightning, and performed tricks in jugglery, mysterious disappearances, and children's pantomimes. The royal family often attended his performances and laughed at Bernardon's drolleries; but at last he became so coarse that the Empress declared she would never go to see him again. While Haydn and his comrades were paying their tribute to Herr Bernardon, the comedian was so delighted that he hurried down to the street and asked who composed such charming music.

"Here is the composer himself," said one of the players, pointing to Haydn in the background.

Herr Bernardon was not a little surprised to see before him a lad barely nineteen years of age. He made him accompany him into the house, and then informed him that he was engaged upon a new piece for the theatre and that he believed he had found the one in Haydn who could write the music for it. Before recovering from his surprise, Herr Bernardon led him to the piano. He then described some of the scenes in the piece to Haydn and asked him to improvise accompaniments. Herr Bernardon was delighted with them. One scene in the piece was a storm at sea, which Haydn was to imitate in his playing, and about this Herr Bernardon was very particular. Haydn, however, had not the slightest idea of how to do it. His knowledge of water was confined to the Leitha and the little brooks about Vienna, which were of no help to him in a musical picture of a storm at sea. After Herr Bernardon had vainly tried to describe in words the furious dash of the waves, he stretched himself at full length on two chairs, cleft the air with his outstretched arms, and flung his legs about as if mad.

"What are you doing there?" asked Haydn, after he had watched the singular performance for a while in amazement.

"Don't you see that I am swimming?" exclaimed Herr Bernardon, still excitedly imitating the motions of a swimmer. "Oh, yes!" cried Haydn, as a new light began to dawn upon him. As if by accident his fingers ran up and down the keys in three-eight measure, which so perfectly represented the desperate exertions of a drowning man that Herr Bernardon sprang up and embraced the composer. Herr Bernardon entrusted the manuscript of his new comic opera to Haydn, who took it home and familiarized himself with the text the same evening.

The famous French poet, Le Sage in his well-known novel, *Le Diable Boiteux* ("The Devil on Two Sticks") describes the adventures of a Spanish student. It was adapted for the stage in various ways. Herr Bernardon's new opera was based upon it—the story of an old love-sick dotard who was cured of his folly by a good-natured devil.

Haydn worked day and night on the music for the humorous text, and soon appeared at Herr Bernardon's lodgings with his no less humorous music. The housemaid informed him her gracious master was studying and could not be disturbed. She was about to turn him away when he happened to look through the glass door of the studio and see Herr Bernardon standing before a large mirror, which reflected such extraordinary grimacing and posturing that he could not help bursting into a loud laugh.

The famous actor, usually delighted at such tributes to his performances, was inclined to resent the interruption, but when he found the culprit was the young composer, with the complete music of the opera under his arm, he cordially welcomed him. Haydn was paid twenty-four ducats. The compensation was well earned, and considering his circumstances at the time, it seemed to him princely pay.

"The Devil on Two Sticks "met with great success; but after its second performance in Vienna it had to be withdrawn because the title role satirized an Italian count who at that time was the amusement director of the city. It was given, however, in Prague and Berlin, in some of the Thuringian cities, and in the Breisgau. The libretto has been preserved, but the music is lost.

## CHAPTER V

### METASTASIO AND PORPORA

Haydn's neighbors on the fifth floor of the Old Michaeler House, mostly servants of the distinguished occupants of the lower stories, were a lackey, a cook, a butler, a porter, and others, with all of whom the young artist was on good terms—a fact which soon worked to his advantage. One day a servant of a gentleman on the third floor said to him: "My gracious master is looking for a piano-teacher for the little Fraulein Martines. He has heard that there is some one on the top floor who thoroughly understands piano-playing. You had better apply at once." He also gave Haydn some suggestions as to the best way of securing an interview with his master, who was very whimsical.

This odd personage was the famous Italian poet Metastasio, who had been summoned to Vienna and appointed court poet by the Emperor Charles VI. As court poet he wrote melodious verse for all the imperial fete-days. He had given up some rooms in his apartment to the family of his friend Nicolo de Martines, who was attached to the papal Embassy as master of ceremonies. Martines had two little daughters. Marianne, the elder, displayed a gift for music and was a great favorite with Metastasio, who was deeply interested in her education. Though much sought after in the higher circles, he lived very quietly. To one of his morbid temperament the restlessness of court life was unendurable. He was at this time in his fiftieth year. Though he outwardly appeared vigorous, he was the victim of some peculiar malady. He ate and slept well and was of stout figure, and yet, it is said, he suffered from lung trouble, acute nervousness, and indigestion. He would get angry at any one who thought he was well or who congratulated him upon his healthy appearance, but was always delighted when asked about his health, and when he

had a chance to tell the story of his aches and pains to some sympathetic listener, especially if the listener would gently reproach him for working too hard and not having enough pleasure in his life. It was a mistake to express a hope that his health would improve, for he would at once retort that his death was nigh at hand. But at the same time he would not listen to any mention of death or dead people, for he had an irrepressible fear of dying.

After receiving instructions how to approach the old hypochondriac, Haydn called the next day. The servant who had done him such a good turn had already prepared his master for the interview, so that the young artist was spared a ceremonious presentation. It was unnecessary, however, for Haydn to use any diplomacy in meeting him, for Metastasio received him with great friendliness and sincerity of manner.

"I know you already by sight," he said, advancing to meet Haydn, "for we live under the same roof. They tell me you are very industrious, which pleases me, for I too improve every hour of my time. Work is a solace, not a burden to me. In my young days I strolled about the Campus Martius in Rome, but was not idle. I wrote songs and accompanied them on the lute. Things went badly with me and my songs, however, until I found a generous patron in the great advocate Gravina. But for his help I should have been forced to play the yardstick instead of the lyre, and to follow the vocation of my father, who was a poor shopkeeper." As the outcome of the interview, Haydn was engaged as piano-teacher for Marianne Martines, then in her tenth year. His compensation was his table-board which it was understood he must procure outside the house.

Marianne received instruction in vocal music from Porpora, the celebrated Italian teacher and composer. As this famous maestro was now an old man and disliked to play the accompaniments for his little pupil, Haydn was engaged for this work also, and this circumstance brought about an acquaintanceship with Porpora which was of great help to him.

Porpora was born in Naples and founded a conservatory in Florence, which had graduated many great singers. Besides this, his numerous operas and church works had earned him fame as a composer. He, too, was an odd personage, but in a different way from Metastasio. Fame and good living had made the poet a hypochondriac, while disappointments and some bitter experiences had turned the old teacher into a bitter misanthrope. Many of his scholars who owed their success to his skilful instructions and who were now artists of the first rank, forgot their teacher, rewarded him with ingratitude, and left him to the risk of poverty in his old age. The result was that he believed the whole world was ungrateful and cold, and he retaliated by exhibitions of surly temper and bitter acerbity.

Haydn hoped to profit from the study of Porpora's vocal method. He wanted also to enjoy his instruction in composition, in which he had never had methodical training, also to learn something of the Italian language from him, for he still had hopes of seeing Italy some day. He was even ready to endure his abuse, provided he could learn something from him.

After waiting some time Haydn at last plucked up courage to call upon the growling old bear in his simple lodgings, thinking that the worst he could do would be to throw him down stairs.

"How! what!" roared Porpora, after listening to his wants with the utmost impatience; "a mere piano teacher, a poor devil like you, become an artist! And I give you instruction! I, the great Porpora! Oh! I am so thankful for such a chance! Sir, I only take the children of the wealthy. True, they generally know nothing, but they are excellent pay, they are proud to have me for a teacher, and they really imagine they will know something when they leave me. Artists are nothing but miserable, ungrateful wretches, traitors, and liars. Maledetto! I am not making any more artists. Take yourself off!"

Haydn begged and entreated. He would do the maestro any service, anticipate even his slightest wish. Porpora, after a little consideration, growled: "So you are willing to be of service to me?" Then, looking about the room, which was a dreadful example of bachelor habits, he added: "Well, put things in order here right away. When I get back I will see how you have succeeded." With these words he took his hat and left.

Haydn was happy. He believed Porpora had already promised to help him in his studies, and began to clear up the room at once,—no easy task, by the way. Porpora returned an hour later and, without noticing the change in the room, strode to the piano, which he had left covered with music sheets in wild disorder, to get a paper upon which he had sketched a theme the evening before. As he saw the papers piled up in the neatest manner, he thundered at Haydn: "Corpo di Bacco! have you dared to disturb my music?"

"I beg your pardon, Herr von Porpora," said Haydn, humbly, "that was part of my work. Your papers were lying about in utter confusion—a perfect chaos."

"But I could find everything in that chaos," shrieked the maestro, gesticulating wildly. "I could get up in the middle of the night and find the smallest bit of paper in the dark. Now I cannot find anything."

"On the contrary," Haydn ventured to reply meekly, "your Grace can find things much more easily in the pile I have made, than in that litter of papers which the slightest draft of air might have swept out of the window."

"What! Have you put every piece in that pile?" Porpora shrieked. "Now I shall never find the piece I want. I am lost. It will take me a month to set things to rights again."

Porpora pulled the hair out of his wig and threatened to throttle Haydn. At last he recovered his senses and grabbed the papers to make sure they were all there. With queer grimaces he turned them over, and as he did so his anger gradually

subsided. After a brief search he found the missing paper, and had to acknowledge that Haydn's new system was a very convenient one.

"Go to the piano and play me the theme, but be careful about it," said Porpora.

Haydn obeyed, but as the maestro was not yet satisfied with it he made him repeat it thirty times, in the meantime indicating the accent he preferred upon this tone and that, and making changes which occurred to him with such exasperating frequency that only one of Haydn's heavenly patience could have endured it.

Such was the beginning of Haydn's studies with the capricious Italian, which continued several months. It was severe discipline, and it sorely tested Haydn's good nature. Porpora thoroughly availed himself of the service his pupil had tendered him. He not only had to clean up the room, but dust the old man's clothes, curl his wig, carry his ruffled shirts to the washerwoman and perform other menial work. His reward was epithets like "ass" and "beast," and other such shameful names. When Maestro Porpora was in particularly bad humor he vented his spleen by poking Haydn in the ribs.

While studying with Porpora, Haydn could not devote himself to composition with the freedom he might have enjoyed had his time not been occupied with other duties. It was impossible for him to concentrate his thought upon such exacting work while engaged in writing dance and serenade music to eke out his slender income. One of these serenades, for five instruments, seemed to him better than usual, and his opinion was verified the first time he performed it with his four companions. It was enthusiastically applauded and an encore was demanded. Its success encouraged him to play it under Porpora's windows. The maestro listened to it with great pleasure, and lustily applauded at the close without recognizing in the darkness who the players were.

Haydn was in such good spirits over the maestro's approval that his old passion for a practical joke was aroused. He requested his companions to accompany him to the Tiefengraben, a low, gloomy street, and informed them that he was going to play a new style of serenade. On the way, a fifth player, a drummer, was picked up for the mysterious expedition.

Upon reaching the Tiefengraben, Haydn assigned the players to different localities. The drummer was stationed on the Hohenbrucke, which unites the Tiefengraben with a higher cross street. No one knew what the other was to play. Each one was instructed to play his favorite tune fortissimo, and when the signal was given the din commenced. The violin scraped a furious prestissimo, the bassoon grunted its deepest tones, and not far from them the clarinet shrieked; in another place the horn exulted most hilariously, and from the Hohenbrucke reverberated the thunder of the drummer. The concert had hardly begun before windows were flung open on all sides and infuriated people, wakened from their slumbers, hurled oaths and execrations at the "cursed hell music," as they called it. The players soon realized the danger of their situation and the audacious way they had violated the city laws, when the patrol got after them. They took to their heels in a hurry and escaped, but the unfortunate drummer, whose heavy instrument impeded his flight, was caught and became the scapegoat of the party, as he would not give their names.

The beautiful and musically gifted Wilhelmina, wife of Corner, of the Venetian Embassy, was among Porpora's distinguished scholars. Haydn was engaged as accompanist in her studies, and as Corner spent the summer with his wife at the baths of Mannersdorf, he took Porpora and Haydn with him. Mannersdorf, a market town with a castle on the Hungarian frontier, not far from Bruck on the Leitha, was at that time, like Ischl to-day, the favorite resort of the Austrian nobility and distinguished foreigners. It was a lively, bustling place. Elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen, followed by

liveried servants, paraded the walks, and the streets were filled with sumptuous state coaches, and stages closely packed with arriving guests. Both real and imaginary patients found themselves invigorated by the curative properties of the springs.

Haydn was delighted with the rural charm of the spot, which was situated not far from his own home and on the very stream which ran past his father's house. He was paid six ducats a month for his piano accompaniments for the ambassador's wife, and was also allowed meals at the table of the secretaries, minor officials, and upper servants. A young artist in those days without a settled profession and means had to accept social inferiority; but this was no hardship to the wheelwright's son. He had opportunities for admission to the higher circles, however, and sometimes played at the soirees of Prince Hildburghausen. Here he made the acquaintance of many distinguished musicians, among them Gluck, the court-theatre director. The latter was an advocate of the Italian school at that time, and he advised the future great master of German art to go to Italy and study. This had long been Haydn's desire, for Italy was to musicians then, what it is today for painters and sculptors. The Italians of all classes revelled in music. It was heard everywhere—in the church and the theatre, in the home and on the streets. Appreciation increased with the constant hearing, and really good music was accepted not only enthusiastically but intelligently. In this way Italy had become the favorite school for all foreign musicians. Haydn believed he could live and work there and gain not only success for that work, but incentive for future effort.

After the charming summer outing was ended, Haydn applied himself with fresh zeal to his studies in Vienna. Now and then he and his brother Michael visited Rohrau, but as a rule the brothers were not often together. Michael had a leading position among the chapel-boys, and sometimes supplied the place of organist in the cathedral. Next to music,

he was devoted to scientific pursuits. He also made great progress in Latin and was very proficient in classical literature, of which he was fond all his life.

Whenever the two brothers went to Rohrau, their father, as in the old days, brought out his harp and they sang his favorite songs together. Naturally enough, the sons, who were now professional musicians, noticed that their father took liberties with the tunes and now and then made false accords on the harp. When they criticised him for it he would refer them to his old teacher in Frankfort-on-the-Main, saying that he was not a forward young fellow like some persons, but a man who knew what he was about. Sometimes neither side would give in, and on such occasions the old man would get angry and end all further controversy with the terse announcement, "Both of you are asses." Before long, however, singing and playing ceased in the old home. Haydn's mother died February 23, 1754, in her forty-sixth year. The fame of her eldest son had not yet matured. What an unspeakable joy it would have been to her had she known he was to become one of the greatest musicians of all times!

The father married again a year later, and another ruled in the little home where a true mother's care and love had blessed the early childhood of an immortal one.

## CHAPTER VI

### FORWARDS AND BACKWARDS

Haydn made the acquaintance in Mannersdorf of one Herr von Furnberg, who was a passionate lover of music, and who often invited him to his country house in Lower Austria. The Furnberg villa was built upon a hill, and the cottages of the village of Weinzerl were scattered about among the gardens in the quiet valley below. As Von Furnberg was also a musician, he gathered about him a little circle of players, comprising his administrator, another of his employees who was a good violoncello player, and the village minister. Haydn spent many happy days there and, with the encouragement of the master of the house, wrote his first quartet, one of four, for two violins, violoncello, and bass viol. The piece proved so pleasant and attractive that the happy young composer was inspired to produce more of the same kind. In this way at brief intervals his first eighteen quartets appeared. Freed from the pressure of the necessities of life, and encouraged by the genial company about him, Haydn revealed new qualities in these compositions. They overflowed with sprightliness, cheerfulness, and sometimes with exuberant humor. They were unique in the musical world and gained him many friends and admirers. Fault-finding pedants of course were not lacking to criticise the excess of humor in the quartets, but their silly abuse did him no harm. He had given a new form to art-creation and contents which were destined to remain an acknowledged pattern for all times. Rossini, the most famous opera-composer of the nineteenth century, said of them years afterwards: "They are charming works. What a swing they have! What gracefulness in the themes, what lovely instrumentation, and what fineness in modulation!"

We have now followed the career of the young man Haydn for twenty-three years. His personality at first glance

was not prepossessing. He was large-boned and heavy of figure, and his legs were too short for his body. His swarthy face was energetic, and sometimes appeared severe, but in conversation it lit up with smiles and wore a most kindly expression. Although he was vivacious by nature and given to joking, his natural mood was serious and contemplative, and benevolence and kindness shone in his flashing dark-gray eyes. He suffered with a polypus, inherited from his mother, which distended the lower part of his nose. His lips and jaws were very prominent. His finely arched brow unfortunately was concealed by a wig which came down nearly to the eyebrows. He wore this wig with queue and side curls all his life. His speech was in a broad Austrian dialect.

Haydn's next year was one of strenuous activity. His pupils increased, and he occasionally assisted in orchestras. He was also leader in the church of the Brothers of Mercy in Leopoldstadt, for which service he received the annual salary of sixty gulden, and organist at the chapel of Count Haugewitz.

Little time therefore remained for his own work except at night; and besides all these duties he was obliged to write piano pieces for his pupils, upon which he placed so little value that he gave them away or carelessly allowed any one to carry them off. He would often stop before shop windows, well pleased at seeing them exposed for sale. Book-binders, copyists, and even grocers, as well as book-sellers, were engaged in the music business at that time, and Haydn never dreamed that they were making a good profit out of these piano pieces. Among them were sonatas, not mere copies of those by Emanuel Bach, but characterized by originality of treatment and contents. The piano sonatas were introduced by Emanuel Bach, and Haydn subsequently gave to them the form in which the great composers have been able to present musical ideas of the highest significance. At the same time Haydn opened a new path not only for the string quartet but also for piano music.

One of Haydn's fugitive sonatas came by chance into the possession of a noble lady, Countess von Thun, a devotee of music. She was greatly pleased with it and expressed a wish to see the composer, of whom, up to that time, she had never heard. But how was he to be found in the big city of Vienna? One of her smartest servants made the rounds of all the shops where music was sold. They could furnish her with plenty of piano pieces by a certain Joseph Haydn, but no one could tell who he actually was, much less where he lived. At last the servant was advised to go to the Old Michaeler House in the Kohlmarkt, but his laborious climb to the fifth story was useless. Haydn had exchanged one attic for another, and the servant was referred to a house in the so-called Seilerstatt, where he was now living. Thither the Countess's messenger took his way and fortunately found him at home.

"Have I found you at last?" he exclaimed, wiping his brow. "Sacre! what a chase I have had!"

The servant delivered his noble mistress's message and then withdrew, not a little surprised that so flattering an invitation had not been received more enthusiastically. The honored musician, however, was so overcome with astonishment that he could only stammer out a promise to call, hardly knowing what he was saying.

Indeed, the invitation to such a distinguished house could hardly have come at a more inopportune time. It was only with the greatest effort that Haydn was enabled to conceal his wretched plight from the countess's servant, for just before his entrance he had come in from a music lesson and made the startling discovery that his apartment had been robbed during his absence. His closet and chest of drawers had been broken open, and all his clothes and linen were gone. The bold thief, who was never discovered, left absolutely nothing. Luckily he could not carry off the piano, and he evidently regarded musical note paper and manuscripts as so much trash. Haydn fortunately had his violin with him as well as his little stock of money.

Truly, he was in an unfortunate condition. He realized how hard it would be for him gradually to replace all these indispensable things of which he had been despoiled so suddenly. It was doubly hard to be invited to call upon a fine lady, a countess, just at the time when his nice Sunday suit and linen had been carried off by a good-for-nothing scoundrel. It seemed to him that fate was making a plaything of him.

In despair he hastened to his true and tried friend Keller, the wig-maker, and told him his troubles. Keller came to his relief once more and provided for his immediate necessities. Other friends borrowed a suitable costume for a state visit. One found him a coat, another a vest, and the third trousers. In this heterogeneous suit he was received by the Countess Thun, who at first regarded him with a little coolness and surprise. This did not escape the notice of Haydn, whose cheeks were crimson. He thought to himself as she stood there looking at him, that not one of the garments on his body belonged to him. But of course this was not the reason for the countess's conduct. She had been deeply impressed by the sonata and had conceived a most exalted idea of the composer's appearance. The illusion was dispelled as she saw before her a man of unprepossessing figure and awkward gait, the only redeeming feature of his homely face being its genial expression. She imagined perhaps that her usually trustworthy servant might have been given a wrong address and made a mistake. This led her to ask the visitor whether he was really the composer of the sonata. He asserted that he was, and all her doubts disappeared. She listened eagerly to the homely story of his life, which up to this time had had little sunshine in it. The noble lady expressed the warmest sympathy for him and did not fail to recognize the great talent hidden in that plain-looking personality. From that time on he was her teacher in singing and piano playing, and enjoyed a substantial increase of his income at the hands of his generous scholar. She also secured so many pupils for him that he was soon enabled to repair the losses he had suffered at the hands of the thief.

One day in the year 1757 his brother Michael appeared to bid him good-bye. Though but twenty years of age he had already received the appointment of chapel-master to the Bishop of Grosswardein. The older and more highly gifted Joseph, however, had to devote his time for two years longer to laborious teaching and the composition of music for occasions of all kinds, before he was sure of his daily bread.

The Austrian aristocracy and the Bohemians particularly of that day were devoted to music, and many of the nobility had their own chapels. Among these was Count Morzin, who had a summer residence at Lukavec near Pilsen. During his stay there music formed one of the principal attractions.

The count had heard such flattering reports about Haydn from Herr von Furnberg that he placed him at the head of his chapel, which numbered from twelve to sixteen excellent players, and also made him composer of chamber music. Al though Haydn's services were required for the summer months only, his compensation was two hundred gulden. In the Autumn he went back to Vienna and resumed his lessons. He was now enjoying a steady income, and this emboldened him to carry out a desire he had long cherished in his heart.

He had been deeply attached to Josepha Keller, the wig-maker's daughter, for several years. She was no longer his pupil, but as he was teaching her younger sister, he was a regular visitor at the house and a joyful recipient of its hospitality. Josepha's life, from that day when in his boyhood he had first seen her strewing flowers at Saint Stephen's, lay before him like an open book. She had blossomed into maidenhood under his very eyes, and he had often longed for that same look of admiration which she had bestowed upon the little chorus-boy.

But Josepha's eyes no longer spoke the free and open speech of childhood. They rested upon the young musician with friendliness and sympathy, but whether they concealed

any deeper feeling was a question Haydn vainly sought to determine. Sometimes, when he was absorbed in the passion of creation, he would forget all about it for weeks and months. At other times he would resolve to live for his art alone; but whenever he resumed his teaching and went again to the familiar house in the Ungargasse, the old feeling was uppermost and made his heart beat more quickly.

Notwithstanding his uncertainty and his inability to discover the real sentiments of the maiden, he clung to the hope that Josepha had long ago divined his aspirations, and that their secret longings were mutual. He believed it was time for him to speak out. He felt that he should first go to Josepha's father and see if he could gain his consent.

"My consent!" exclaimed father Keller. "How could you in the least doubt it, my dear Haydn? I could not ask for a better son-in-law."

"I thought you would not refuse," said Haydn, "but—," and he paused, almost breathless.

"Well, what do you mean by 'but,'" said the wig-maker.

"I have not yet had the courage to find out whether Josepha cares for me in the least," said Haydn.

"A fine lover you are, not to know how things stand when you have been in and out of the house of your adorata so many years," said Keller, laughing. "Shall I do your wooing for you, faint-heart?"

"No, father Keller, I will intercede for myself; but I confess I have little hope."

"Nonsense! Josepha is not made of stone. She has just the same liking for you that she had for Haydn-Sepperl when she was a child and he was singing solos at Saint Stephens; and now that he can make her Frau Chapel-mistress she will be a goose if she does not give him both hands."

"But even if she does, how am I to know that her heart will go with them?" replied the still doubting Haydn.

"Her heart, her heart," said the wig-maker, and he suddenly grew thoughtful. "Who can tell what is going on in a girl's heart? I am sorry that my sainted wife is no longer living. She could easily have helped us out of our perplexity. A mother always knows her daughter's thoughts. She has always been a sort of riddle to me. I do not know how to crack such nuts."

"Then you too are in doubt, Herr Keller. Please tell me the truth," entreated the musician.

The wig-maker muttered something to himself, then said, "Not yet, not yet," at the same time motioning Haydn away with his hand. "Speak out boldly to Josepha, she is at home and alone. Go to her! Have courage! Have courage!"

Haydn obeyed, but the uncertainty which he had noticed in Keller's manner greatly disturbed him. Josepha received him with her usual cordiality, though she could not understand why he had called at such an unusual hour. Indeed she was quite disconcerted at finding herself alone with him, as well as by the peculiar seriousness of his manner. "Josepha," began Haydn, after they had talked about conventional things for some time without really knowing what they were talking about, "Josepha, I have just had an interview with your father. Can you imagine what it was about?"

She shook her head.

"It was about you, Josepha."

"Me!" she replied, and began to tremble as the reason for the unusual visit dawned upon her.

"Yes, we were talking about you," said the honest-hearted musician. Then without further explanation he began his wooing. He confessed that for years he had dreamed of Josepha as his future wife, and had secretly indulged the hope

that she had had the same dream. The hard struggle for daily bread had compelled him to delay the fulfilment of his heart's desire until better days should come. Now they were here. He had a position and an assured income, and although he could only offer her a modest home at present, yet he was now in a position to promise her a happy and prosperous future. If she believed in his ability to make good his promise it would need but one word from her to make him happy.

Josepha grew deadly pale as he spoke. She folded her hands upon her breast and turned her eyes to a crucifix hanging upon the wall, as if in unspeakable grief she were seeking help and advice from the Crucified One.

When Haydn ceased, tears were streaming from her eyes. She staggered to the sofa and, sobbing gently, buried her head in the cushions. The distracted Haydn was utterly perplexed, all his anxious questions remained unanswered.

"Leave me alone," were the sorrowful words which escaped from her lips.

Haydn obeyed and withdrew. Should he go to her father and tell him how his wooing had progressed? He was still uncertain as to its final outcome, but inwardly he felt that his dearest longing had been refused. He felt ashamed to appear in such a state of mind before Keller, who so little understood his own child.

During the evening there was a knock at his door, and Josepha's father entered. Haydn felt that his troubled manner bespoke his fate, and lowered his gaze as Keller's eyes rested upon him.

Haydn broke the silence. "It is all over, then! Am I not right, father Keller? Is it not all over?"

"My poor, dear Haydn," said Keller with trembling voice as he pressed the young man's hand, "You can make all hearts glad with your music, but you do not know how to read hearts, at least the hearts of women; and I do not understand

them either. It gave me a pang the very day we spoke about this matter. Something that I had often noticed about Josepha occurred to me then, but I deluded myself and determined not to be discouraged."

"I noticed that you were very silent," replied Haydn. "Josepha has given her heart to some more fortunate one. Is it not so?"

"Oh, my dear Haydn, how could I be so false to you? No; there is an entirely different reason. I thought that the prospect of marriage might change her purpose. She has been a very pious child from the first. She goes to mass daily, never misses vespers, and has taken part in all the processions. In a word, she has decided to take the veil and devote her life to God. She told me so after you left to-day, and all my remonstrances were useless. She is determined not to marry."

"Ah! father Keller," said Haydn with a sad smile, "you seer was not mistaken."

"We must accept the inevitable," replied the wig-maker. "But listen, dear Haydn: there are more girls in the world; and I could—but you must first compose yourself. We will talk about it later. It is not the proper time now."

Keller spoke kindly to the young man, advised him not to take the matter too much to heart, and withdrew.

Haydn had not the slightest idea of the meaning of Keller's mysterious statement. He could think of Josepha only, though everything was now over between them. A few weeks later Josepha joined the order of the Nicolaitans, and Keller then spoke to him. He loved the gifted young musician almost like a son and was eager to have him in his family. With this end in view he tried to induce him to take the elder sister, Maria Anna, for wife, as a consolation for the loss of Josepha. Haydn had never given her a thought and was utterly indifferent about her. He felt that this girl, three years older than himself, could never fill the place in his heart Josepha had occupied. He could not endure, however, the thought of

disappointing the man who had been his benefactor in so many emergencies of his life. The feeling of gratitude decided him, and on November 26, 1760, he took home as his wife the sister of the girl he really loved.

It was a fatal step, and one which he regretted through his whole life. Maria Anna was heartless. Her passionate, quarrelsome disposition, her over-bearing manner, and her wild extravagance cost him many hours of wretchedness, which only his genius and his sunny humor enabled him to endure.

Soon after the marriage Haydn received word that Count Morzin in consequence of losses had been forced to reduce his expenses. The chapel was accordingly disbanded, and its director dismissed. It was a hard blow for the young husband. He had not dared to marry until he felt sure of earning a livelihood, and now he saw himself reduced to his old-time precarious mode of living. He thought of that wretched evening in November when, after his discharge from the chapel-house, he wandered despairingly about the streets of Vienna. He was all alone then, and now he had to care for a wife—for a wife whom he had never loved.

But he was no longer an unknown choir boy. The name of Haydn was becoming widely known. A better time was dawning, and the hard question of daily bread would soon cease to trouble him.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE FATHER OF INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

In lower Hungary, twenty-six miles southeast of Vienna, lies the little city of Eisenstadt, a place of about five thousand inhabitants. The houses are scattered along the steep ascent of the Leitha range, which bounds the level country. From the heights there is a picturesque view of the Neusiedler Lake, surrounded on one side by a broad semi-circle of mountains, and on the other by a plain, bordered with densely wooded heights, and luxuriant with fruitful vineyards. A part of Eisenstadt, called the upper city, contains the convent and hospital of the Brothers of Charity and the park of the Esterhazy Castle. From this point three streets lead to the lower city, at the end of which is the church. There is a second church, that of the Mountain Parish, in the upper city.

The Esterhazy Castle is one of the finest examples of palace-construction in the Austro-Hungarian Empire. The gently undulating ground is laid out in a park of great extent, after the English manner. Its shaded paths, waterfalls, ponds, artificial grottoes, and magnificent conservatory combine to make it one of the most delightful of resorts. In the midst of this paradise rise the Corinthian columns of a beautiful temple.

The princes of the Esterhazy family were always patrons of music. As in all the other princely houses of that period, the singers and players belonged to the Esterhazy household. These princes advanced the cause of music not for the sake of self-display, but because of their love of the art; and some of them were composers themselves or skilful performers upon some instrument. The maintenance of the chapel was a very expensive matter, for which reason its members were required to perform other duties also. Only such attendants were engaged in the household as could take part in the orchestra work. The professional musicians served

as secretaries, administrative officials, and overseers, and made themselves useful in other ways. Besides these there were instructors and organists, who had to be paid for their services on special occasions, as well as the vocal soloists.

At the time we are describing, the reigning prince was Paul Anton Esterhazy. He was passionately fond of music, was an excellent violin and violoncello-player, and had made his chapel famous. Gregory Joseph Werner, an experienced musician, had served for many years as chapel-master. He had grown old and infirm, however, and the burden of years had made him childish and petulant, so that the prince was obliged to look about for his successor. He recalled a visit he had paid to Count Morzin at which he was informed about young Haydn and heard some of his quartets. They were very different in style from the serious and pedantic compositions of his old chapel-master Werner,—for they had the freshness of youth and the originality of genius.

The recollection of this visit was timely. The prince applied to Count Morzin and upon his recommendation engaged Haydn as his chapel-master. Haydn went at once to Eisenstadt with his wife and made his home there for nearly thirty years. At first he was assistant chapel-master; but the orchestra was really under his direction, and the old Werner was leader only in name. Nowadays the chapel-master's duty is confined to the proper rehearsal and correct leading of his orchestra, but at that time he was required to compose music for performance, for the repertory was very limited. Haydn had regularly to produce such compositions as the prince desired. He was also absolutely forbidden to write music for others to perform, or indeed to write anything for another without first receiving the prince's permission. He had to appear daily in the prince's anteroom and remain there an hour to receive orders and ascertain if a concert was to be given in the evening. It was his further duty to rehearse the orchestra and singers faithfully, to maintain the performances of the chapel upon a standard which would reflect credit upon his

prince and prove himself worthy of the princely favor, and to see that all the musicians were punctual at rehearsals and concerts. He had to make a note of those who were late or absent, and settle all disagreements among the musicians. In common with all the other members he was obliged to wear a uniform,—white stockings and a powdered queue or hair-bag; and everything must fit perfectly. In an old oil portrait Haydn is pictured in a bright blue dress coat with silver cord and buttons, a blue waistcoat with silver lace, and an embroidered ruff and white necktie. His salary was four hundred gulden per, annum, and his board cost him half a gulden a day. He had filled his new position about a year when Prince Paul Anton died and, as he left no children, was succeeded by his brother Nicholas Joseph.

Haydn's position was not disturbed by this event. The new Prince was even more enthusiastically devoted to music than his predecessor. He increased the number of players so that the violins were strengthened fivefold; the oboes, bassoons, and French horns doubled, with one cello, one contra-bass, and one flute,—an excellent proportion, when it is considered it was only a private chapel, and that instrumental music was still far below the standard of modern development. In addition to the players there were an organist, three women singers, a tenor, and a bass.

Having an increased musical force, Prince Nicholas Joseph increased its duties. Besides the table music, masses in the castle, the chapel, and the church, and concerts in the large and richly decorated salon, chamber music was played, and a theatre was constructed in the glass house of the park, in which Italian operas and vaudevilles were performed.

Haydn's duties were considerably increased under the new regime, but it opened up splendid opportunities for his creative activity and the display of his great talent. He composed several vaudevilles for the theatre, and wrote his first grand opera, "Accida," in honor of the marriage of the

Prince's eldest son to the daughter of Count Erdody that year (1762).

In the Summer of 1763 he had the pleasure of a visit from his father. The old man had the satisfaction of seeing his son in the exalted position of chapel-master, and the long and secretly cherished desire of his heart was gratified. He had also carried his point. His eldest son had become the accomplished musician he himself gladly would have been, and Frau Marie had been resting under the sod for nine years unvexed by doubts of any kind. The simple wheelwright, however, never realized his son's future greatness, but what he had already accomplished swelled his heart with pride. His days were numbered, although he was only in the beginning of the sixties, and was enjoying vigorous health. He met his death at his work. Shortly after his return to Rohrau, a pile of wood fell upon him and broke several of his ribs. After great suffering he died, September 12, 1763. Only two articles which belonged to him have been preserved,—an axe with "M. H. 1727" cut into it, and a brass finger-ring with "M. H." and a wheel engraved upon it, which was ploughed up in his field.

Haydn wrote his first symphony in 1759, and composed over a hundred more during his long life. It was long, however, before the symphony developed into the form in which we know it to-day. The Italians understood by symphony the instrumental prelude to the opera. The French called it "overture," and under this name it was naturalized in Germany. Some of the Italian and German musicians had already extended its scope, but Haydn surpassed them all in the inexhaustible richness of his creative power, as well as in musical knowledge. He increased the old string limits of the symphony, and scored it for oboe, French horn, bassoon, flute, clarinet, trumpet, and kettledrum, besides adding the minuet to the other three movements, thus imparting grace, vivacity, and dignity to the work.

Haydn's creative industry was exclusively devoted to the service of the Prince, but at the same time his great ability

was also employed in the service of art in the strictest sense. In his studies and performances he made himself thoroughly acquainted with musical forms and instrumentation; and this in turn inspired a longing to produce masterpieces, which should place the art of music upon a new basis and prepare the way for its development. He is rightly called "the Father of the Symphony," but his service to music was greater than this; for he did more than any other to develop instrumental music and elevate it to a height from which it was enabled to reach its present importance and excellence.

Mozart and Beethoven built upon Haydn's foundations. Mozart animated the instrumental body with a soul, and breathed into it the breath of a new life, reflecting his own richly gifted nature. Beethoven made it the medium of wonderful revelations of profound thought, deep feeling, and of the working of human emotions and human passions.

## CHAPTER VIII

### PROFESSIONAL AND DOMESTIC LIFE

Haydn, as we have seen, lacked the advantage of a thorough musical education up to this time. What he had learned was acquired from his own observation. He had succeeded, by making attempts and correcting his mistakes, and by the mighty exertions of genius, in achieving the independence and individuality which characterize his work. Speaking of this, he once said: "As leader of the orchestra I was free to experiment and observe what produced and what weakened effect, and also to improve, alter, and make additions or omissions. I was cut off from the world, and there was no one near to confuse or trouble me, so that I was forced to be original."

Most truly was he secluded from the outside world in this little Hungarian city, but he kept in touch with it by close association with the members of the chapel, many of whom were foreigners, and kept coming and going. In this way he exerted an extraordinary influence upon the chapel, and kept its members in sympathy with his efforts to maintain a standard and prevent them from narrowing down to a mere local organization. He himself also, while gaining a wider acquaintance with foreign music, profited by this association personally, for those who left the chapel and went back to the world carried Haydn's name and fame with them, and confirmed the reputation which his works were making. They used to gather at the inn of "The Angel" and enjoy a glass of Hungarian wine, and Haydn spent many a pleasant evening there. He also used to enjoy an hour now and then at card-playing with the Prince's steward, Liszt, who was very musical. This steward was the father of Franz Liszt, who was destined to become as famous a player upon the piano as Paganini was upon the violin.

Haydn formed close friendships with some of his chapel associates, among them the distinguished virtuoso Tomasini, who was of Italian birth. "No one can play my quartets as well as thou," he once assured him. His bosom friend was the violoncellist Weigl, of whose first child he was godfather. This boy was named Joseph, for Haydn, and in later years did credit to the name. He became chapel-master and composed, among other works, an opera, "The Swiss Family," which made his name famous and which was frequently performed in the first half of the last century. Among the singers in the chapel during 1768 was Maria Magdalena, oldest daughter of Spangler, whose humble abode he once shared. She obtained her position through Haydn's influence, and it was a supreme gratification to him to be able thus to express his devotion to the faithful friend who had saved the homeless choir boy from utter despair.

Haydn's relations with Prince Nicholas, who doubled his salary after the death of the old chapel-master Werner, were of the most cordial nature, and the warm encouragement given him by the Prince went far to inspire the production of his greater works. At times he would complain of his seclusion and long for Italy, which had been the dream of his youth; but a friendly word or a timely gift from the Prince quickly hushed complaints and strengthened the bonds between him and his master, with whom, in his own words, he was content "to live and die." There was never the slightest unpleasantness between them but once. The Prince played remarkably well upon the baryton, an instrument resembling the violoncello, which has now gone out of use. Its seven strings were played with a bow. Besides these there were sixteen metal strings below the neck upon which the performer played with the tip of the left thumb. The technic of the baryton was very difficult, but the Prince was fond of it because of its sweet and tender tone. As Haydn had not written sufficient new compositions for the instrument the Prince expressed his displeasure with his chapel-master very emphatically. Haydn did not need a second reproof. He wrote piece after piece,

producing during that year no less than one hundred and ninety-three for the Prince's favorite instrument.

During the time that Haydn occupied his own house in Eisenstadt he met with misfortunes; for it burned twice, and many of his compositions—among them several operas—were a prey to the flames. The Prince each time encouraged him to rebuild, and was so much interested that he restored the internal fixtures of the house as they were before the fire, in which work he was assisted by a scholar of Haydn's who studied composition with him from 1772 to 1775. His name was Pleyel, and we shall meet him later. Haydn's house is still standing in the lower city, at No. 84. Klostergasse, not far from the Franciscan monastery. It is two stories high, with four windows on the street front, and both outwardly and inwardly is suggestive of comfort. The windows at the rear give upon the castle park, and here in quiet seclusion he could look over the green tree-tops while he listened to the songs of birds, which inspired his fancy to still higher flights. Instead of pictures he had forty-six canons of his own composition framed and hanging upon the walls of his sleeping-room.

Haydn cannot be held responsible for the lack of domestic happiness in his home. The joys of a father were denied him, and his wife, as is well known, had no affection for him and no sympathy in his work. She had no appreciation of his music, nor did she care for it in the least. He used to say to his intimate friends that she did not care whether her husband was an artist or a cobbler. All that she wanted was the money he earned, and she was so extravagant in the use of it that he was forced to hide it from her. She liked high living, gave frequent entertainments, and indulged in extravagancies far beyond their modest means. When she gave dinners she would use his scores for pastry paper, and sometimes as curl papers. He was often heavily embarrassed by her folly, and at such times the Prince would help him out of his troubles in some delicate way. He bore his domestic grievances, however, with patience and cheerfulness, and when they became too

distressing he would frustrate her recklessness by devising some little trickery.

At one time Haydn had a fever and was obliged to keep his bed for a long time. When on the way to recovery his physician forbade him to have anything to do with music for a time. His wife watched him with Argus eyes, and would not allow him to get out of bed or have a piece of music paper in his hand. This was intolerable to him, for he delighted in work, and it was all the harder at this time because a multitude of fancies and ideas for composition had come into his head during his enforced rest. He was suddenly seized with an irresistible desire to write. The scheme of a sonata had completely captivated him, and he wanted to put it on paper; but it was not to be thought of, for his watchful and sharp-eyed wife would not leave him alone five minutes at a time. Suddenly the church bells rang their calls to service, which Frau Haydn, being a devout Catholic, never failed to attend. The patient blessed the Sabbath and the man who invented bells. Frau Haydn, however, before she went out, told the maid to take her place in the sick-room; but Haydn quickly found a way to get rid of her. He despatched the maid upon an errand to an acquaintance living some distance away, and when he found himself alone he jumped out of bed, rushed to his dear and long untouched piano, tried the first movement of the sonata, and hurriedly wrote it out in short sketches. When Frau Haydn returned from church she found her husband lying in bed just as she had left him, as docile and obedient as a child, and looking as innocent as a lamb.

After his recovery Haydn spent much time hunting and fishing. He was quite vain of his skill as a Nimrod, and was particularly proud of two of his exploits. At one time he killed three heathcocks with a single shot; at another time he aimed at a hare and only shot off its brush, but with the same shot killed a pheasant that had incautiously ventured too near. This, however, turned out unfortunately; his dog, while pursuing Master Hare at a furious pace, ran headlong into a trap and

was strangled. He had plenty of opportunities to ride, for the Prince's stable was at his disposal; but he did not avail himself of them, because, while at Count Morzin's, he had been thrown from a horse, and after that he took no pleasure in the saddle. During his walks he often lingered in front of a smithy in the upper city. The bellows starting up the fire, and the glowing iron upon the anvil bending under the strokes of the hammer, reminded him of his father's shop, where he used to stand by the fire and watch him at work upon the wheels. He delighted to stop there and talk with the smith about the craft with which he was so familiar. Certain rhythmical passages in one of his sonatas are supposed to represent the sonorous clang of the smith's hammer, and have led to its designation as the Hammerschmied."

## CHAPTER IX

### ESTERHAZ

The Neusiedler Lake lies not far from the city of Oedenburg in Hungary, in the midst of vineyards, luxuriant harvest fields, and green meadows. Thousands of wild fowl make it their resort and fall victims to the hunters in their quiet resting-places. The forest-covered Kalkberg range extends west and south, making a background to the plain. Numerous villages nestle at its base, whose inhabitants, besides cultivating the vines and keeping bees, fish and gather the lake rushes for a living.

A hunting-castle at the south end of this lake was a favorite resort of the deceased Prince Ester-hazy. Prince Nicholas Joseph completely rebuilt it and named it Esterhaz, for the village of Esterhaza, where his dynasty originated. He expended an immense sum of money upon the new edifice and grounds, and architects and landscape gardeners vied with one another in beautifying the place. The new castle was now the summer-residence of the Prince, and his chapel accompanied him there. His musical establishment was organized and maintained upon a scale commensurate with the luxury and splendor of all about it—a circumstance which had an important influence upon Haydn's development. Years of strenuous toil now awaited him, and increased fame was his reward. The new demands made upon him as conductor and composer brought opportunities for progress and for the display of unusual productive ability. Under the same incentives the chapel reached its highest excellence, and its fame spread far and wide throughout the Empire. Foreigners of high rank were attracted not alone by the splendor of the new castle, which was fitly called "the Hungarian Versailles," but also by reports of the extraordinary performances of the virtuoso chapel.

In September, 1773, the Empress Maria Theresa came to Esterhaz. The Prince made every effort to honor his illustrious guest, who stayed several days, and arranged a series of gala concerts, under the direction of his chapel-master. The Empress still remembered the choir boy of Saint Stephen's, and Haydn could not refrain from jocosely alluding to the sound whipping he received at her command for his acrobatic performances in the palace garden at Schonbrunn; and he thanked her for such a conspicuous mark of her personal esteem. Notwithstanding twenty-eight years had elapsed and the Empress was now facing the crisis of most momentous events, she remembered the trifling occurrence, and remarked that the days she spent at her dear Schonbrunn were the happiest of her life.

"And look, dear Haydn," she added in her winsome manner, "at the good results that whipping produced."

Before leaving, the Empress gave Haydn a costly snuffbox filled to the brim with ducats as "smart money for that discord of his youth."

Besides the music halls and theatre in the new castle, the Prince had built a marionette theatre, which was characterized by the same display visible everywhere at Esterhaz, and was far more elegant than the marionette theatres of Vienna. It resembled a grotto, both outwardly and inwardly. The walls were inlaid with variegated stones and shells, which brilliantly reflected the illumination and were well adapted to set off the queer performances and light up the appliances on the stage, as well as the marionettes themselves. The latter were quite large, artistically made, and richly costumed. A famous painter and decorator was brought from Vienna. The pantomimes were also performed under professional management, the lines being read or sung behind the scenes by some of the stage people. The pieces were provided by Viennese authors, and the comedy poet Von Pauersbach worked a whole year upon one of them—a marine

play, which the Prince purchased from him upon condition that he should personally direct it at Esterhaz for some time.

Haydn's talent was also enlisted for these marionette plays. He still retained his early love for this form of entertainment, and entered upon his duties with delight. These various entertainments at last made such demands upon space at Esterhaz that the lodgings of the chapel-members, some of whom were married and had their families with them, grew more and more contracted. Such close quarters of course resulted in much inconvenience and sometimes led to disputes. This annoyed the Prince so much that he issued an order forbidding the musicians to bring their wives and children with them to Esterhaz, even for a day, and declaring that any violation of the order would be punished by dismissal. Haydn, two chamber-singers, and the first violinist, Tomasini, were the only exceptions. The musicians were thus obliged to be away from their families for six months of the year. They were not allowed to receive visits from them during that period, nor to go to Eisenstadt without special permission. In consequence of these stringent rules the heads of families had to maintain two households. As their expenses were increased they asked for more pay. The Prince allowed each fifty gulden extra, and forbade any further application.

One can readily imagine with what eagerness wives and husbands looked forward to the close of summer, when the latter would return to Eisenstadt. During the first summer under the new regulations, however, the Prince for the first time seemed to be specially fond of Esterhaz. The air was full of gossamer; the foliage took on the hues of autumn; but the season at Esterhaz was prolonged two full months beyond the usual time, and still there was not a sign of leaving. Letters filled with complaints over the long separation flew back and forth between Esterhaz and Eisenstadt. The poor musicians cursed and groaned alternately, and then turned as a last resort to the chapel-master, who had many a time helped them out of hard places. Papa Haydn shrugged his shoulders. What could

he do? If he sent a petition, signed by the members of the chapel, it would not appeal to the Prince's feelings, for he always seemed to enjoy tormenting his musicians. All ordinary expedients seemed impracticable; but Haydn was not discouraged. He went about as unconcernedly as usual, and met the complaints of the players with a roguish smile which did not relieve them as they did not know what it meant.

Haydn meanwhile composed a new symphony in an entirely original style, and at the first rehearsal the musicians began to understand his scheme, and a ray of hope shone upon them. The regular concert evening came, and the new symphony was the last number on the programme. Haydn gave his anxious players the signal to begin. He too was in great suspense, as he was not sure that the Prince would understand the significance of the symphony and act upon it. At last the eventful moment came. In the midst of an exciting passage one of the players gathered up his music, blew out the light on his desk, took his instrument, and noiselessly left. Soon another instrument ceased, and its player, like the first one, took his music, blew out his light, and left on tiptoe. A third followed his example, and then a fourth. The orchestra steadily grew smaller and more indistinct, while the Prince and his guests sat in silent wonderment. At last only two of the chapel were left. Haydn next extinguished his light, took his score, and disappeared. Tomasini alone remained. Haydn purposely had planned it thus, for the Prince was very fond of that artist's playing, and therefore he would certainly be induced to remain until the end.

The last note sounded. The last light was extinguished, and as Tomasini went out the room was in darkness. Thereupon the Prince arose, exclaiming, "Since all are gone, we may as well go too." The players in the meantime waited in the anteroom until the Prince appeared. Turning to his genial chapel-master and clapping him on the shoulder, he smilingly remarked: "I understand it all very well. The gentlemen can

leave to-morrow." That very evening his horses and carriages were ordered to be in readiness to convey them to Eisenstadt.

Thus Haydn carried out his plan and made all his players happy by his ingenious scheme. The original work with which he achieved his plan is now known everywhere as "The Farewell Symphony."

## CHAPTER X

### GREAT AND LITTLE PEOPLE

Prince Nicholas Joseph did not enjoy the stir and bustle of the imperial city, and was always reluctant to leave the castle, where he was absolute in authority and could carry out his artistic plans without interference. As one of the highest magnates of the realm, however, he could not remain away long from the court, and indeed he had to reside there two of the winter months irrespective of his own wishes or purposes.

Since 1767 he had regularly taken his chapel-master with him to the Residence, which was much more agreeable to the latter than to the prince, since it revived old memories. The Genzinger family made Haydn's stay in Vienna that year unusually pleasant. Doctor von Genzinger was universally esteemed as a gentleman and a practitioner, and besides was physician-in-ordinary to Prince Nicholas Joseph. He frequently visited Eisenstadt in this capacity, and not only became well acquainted with Haydn, but so intimate that while in Vienna the latter was always a welcome guest at his house. Haydn was also a great admirer of the Doctor's gifted wife, and she no less admired him as a great artist and a delightful man. The family were devoted to music. The daughter was an excellent singer, and Haydn was enabled by his valuable experience to assist her. Frau von Genzinger was a most accomplished musician herself. She played the piano in a masterly manner and delighted Haydn by her performance of his music. The hospitable home was the resort of the most distinguished musicians in Vienna and Haydn's quartets were often played there, the master himself sometimes taking part. It may well be imagined how hard it was for him to tear himself away from the Genzinger family and follow the Prince back to monotonous Eisenstadt.

Haydn was well known in Vienna by his early achievements there and was personally very popular. His first dance pieces appeared the year previous. They consisted of fourteen minuets for violin, bass viol, flute, oboe, bassoon, and horn, and proved so popular that they were played all over Vienna. One day as Haydn and one of his chapel associates were going along a street in Vienna, they stopped to listen to some music in a beer cellar. The musicians played dreadfully. "Surely," said Haydn, good-naturedly, "that is my minuet. Let us have some sport with these bunglers." He and his companion went into the cellar, ordered some beer and listened awhile. Then Haydn went up to the players and asked the fiddler: "Whose is this minuet?"

"Joseph Haydn's," was the reply.

"So? Well, it is miserable stuff," said Haydn.

The outcome of his criticism was somewhat rougher than Haydn had expected. The musicians were furious and told him that Haydn did not write his music for sheep-heads, and that people like himself and his friend had better stick to their cow-horns. This was followed by a torrent of the choicest Viennese scurrility. When Haydn and his friend presumed to laugh at their abusive correction, the fiddler seized his instrument by the neck and would have beaten them over their heads with it had they not made a precipitate exit.

Haydn's name was now known far beyond the limits of Vienna and the imperial domains. In 1780 he received a letter from an officer's daughter at Coburg, wherein she informed him that she with her betrothed (a captain) and his friend went for a short walk not long before the date of her writing. Her lover had his poodle with him—an animal which was famous for its sagacity and thorough training. During the walk he declared to his friend that he could hide a thaler under a bush, then go home and send the poodle back for it, and it would fetch it every time. As his friend doubted it, they made a wager. The captain took a thaler and placed it under the nearest bush. When they reached home the captain called to

his poodle, "Go and find what I have lost." The dog bounded off at once in the direction they had taken, and reached the bush. A wandering journeyman tailor in the meantime had sat down in the shade of the bush to rest, and noticing the glitter of the thaler, appropriated it, congratulating himself upon his good luck. When the poodle came up to him, it at once scented its master's property in the fellow's breeches-pocket. As the dog began sniffing about him, he regarded it as an indication of the animal's friendliness. Overjoyed at finding both a thaler and a dog at the same time, he took the latter back with him to his tavern in the city, the poodle offering no resistance. During the night the dog kept a sharp eye on the sleeper's clothes, and when the door was opened in the morning it seized the breeches in its mouth, made off with them, and brought them to its master, who found his thaler in the pocket.

This little adventure was made the subject of a poem, entitled "The Smart and Useful Poodle," which the officer's daughter sent to Haydn with the request that he would set the poem to music. She enclosed a ducat in the letter and apologized for not sending more, saying that she could not afford it, but had made bold to send the one ducat because she had heard so much about his generosity.

Haydn was much pleased with the story and began at once to immortalize the epic of the poodle in music. He sent the composition to the young lady and returned her ducat, saying that it had given him much pleasure to devote his ability to the service of an amiable lady, but as a punishment for her assumption that such work could be purchased, he should fine her a pair of braces. The officer's daughter paid the penalty and sent him a pair of red and white silk ones, decorated with a garland of forget-me-nots. Haydn carefully preserved them among his souvenirs, of which he already had a goodly store given him by his admirers. The poodle composition had a wide circulation later, and a new edition of it appeared in 1806.

A widely different commission was given him by the canon of the cathedral in distant Cadiz. After the old custom, a special ceremonial was observed there on Good Friday. The inside of the church, as well as the windows, was heavily draped. A large hanging lamp in the centre diffused a dim light in the darkened hall. At the beginning of the service the doors were closed, so that late comers should not disturb it. Then the bishop entered to preach upon "The Seven Words of our Saviour on the Cross." After pronouncing one of the words, he briefly discoursed upon it. When this was ended, he left the chancel and knelt at the altar below. Then he reentered the chancel and discoursed upon the next word, at the close of which he offered silent prayers at the altar. In this manner the meanings of all seven words were conveyed to the congregation by preaching and prayer.

To make the ceremony still more impressive, it was decided that the intervals during which the chancel was vacated should be filled in with instrumental music for the purpose of heightening the effect of the preceding discourse. It was no easy matter to compose seven successive adagios which should not weary the hearers, especially without the underlying text, and to give each of the Seven Words a musical significance which should inspire the devotion of the listeners; yet Haydn undertook the task and succeeded so well that it is considered one of his best works. Some years later a clergyman in Passau adapted words to the music, thereby confirming the assertion of a critic that the meaning of every one of Haydn's compositions can be expressed in poetical form.

Only one of a deeply devout nature, capable of appreciating the uplifting ceremony in the Spanish cathedral, could have done this. It is well known that Haydn, when his ideas flagged, would take his rosary, and pacing up and down the room say a few *Aves*. His soul was always strengthened by it, and Heaven never failed to send him good and fresh thoughts. He was the devoutest of Catholics. In his childhood

the example of his religious parents had inclined him toward piety. His experiences as he grew up, their close affinity with the church, and the solemn ceremonials which first inspired and then nurtured his musical endowment, at first in the humble church at Hainburg and then in the cathedral of Saint Stephens, made a lasting impression upon his young nature and influenced his whole career. The natural result of this was his simplicity. He considered his musical ability not as due to his own efforts, but as the gracious gift of Heaven, and that it was his sacred duty to show his gratitude for it.

Haydn was passionately fond of children. As he had none of his own he found his consolation in those of others. He never went out for a walk without first filling his pockets with sweets, which he liberally distributed among the little ones, who clung to him gratefully and affectionately, and called him their Papa Haydn." Some of his most cheerful compositions were inspired by his love for children.

A yearly fair was held at Eisenstadt, which Haydn never missed, and on one such occasion he strolled among the rows of booths, enjoying the noise and bustle. There was always a motley crowd present, for the fair was patronized not only by the townspeople but also by the country people, who came from far and near. The eager solicitations of salesmen, the haggling of those who wished to purchase, and the wordy controversies made a deafening Babel of voices. Many necessary purchases were put off to fair time, because things could be bought cheaper and every one could find what he wanted. Great piles of kettles, dishes, jugs, cups, saucers, and other domestic utensils tempted housewives. Boys treated themselves to pairs of boots, but did not forget the girls, for whom they selected gay ribbons or gingerbread hearts. Husbands remembered their wives, wives their husbands, and both, their children; so that no one went home empty-handed. And there was no lack of children in the happy throng. They stared at the wonders offered for sale, but they were never satisfied until they had spent their pocket money for something

which would make a noise. There were plenty of toy musical instruments to satisfy them. One was seen making the cuckoo call, a second blowing a trumpet, a third had selected the quail-call, and another was clashing the cymbals, but the drum and the ear-piercing whistle were heard above all the rest.

Haydn thoroughly enjoyed himself among the little ones flocking around him, and gladly took out his purse and supplied them with the instruments they wanted. After quieting them he purchased a complete outfit for himself and took it home with him. Then he placed his instruments in a row, took paper and pen, and wrote a piece giving impressions of the fair, in which the cuckoos, quails, trumpets, whistles, cymbals, and drums were employed. He also added a triangle, and the violins and bass furnished the foundation. As soon as it was finished he ordered a number of his players to attend a rehearsal of an unusually important work the next morning. At the very beginning, these musicians, who were usually so correct in every way, broke down. Convulsions of laughter forced them to stop several times and begin over again. Rarely has a rehearsal lasted as long as that of the now universal favorite, the Children's Symphony."

## CHAPTER XI

### OLD AND NEW ACQUAINTANCES

Haydn's life at this time was a quiet one. The years were spent in strenuous toil, and the great number of symphonies, quartets, sonatas, grand and light operas, and other compositions which he produced almost continuously in the prince's service testify to his unwearied industry and the inexhaustible freshness of his invention. He had already spent a long period in this service; the remainder of his life, which we are to describe, is the story of the master from his fifty-second to his seventy-seventh year.

Haydn was faithful in his devotion to the Prince, who was considerably older than he. He had promised to serve him until the death of one or the other should release him from the contract. He had frequently been advised to exchange his limited sphere of action for a more influential and advantageous position, but he declined even the most brilliant offers. Not for millions would he have left the Prince, to whom he was attached not only by his contract but by a sense of gratitude. This devotion became in time a veritable sacrifice. Now that he had worked his way up to the position of conductor and chapel-master, he realized that the field of his activity was limited and that further progress was impossible. He still more clearly realized the drawbacks of his situation when he went to Vienna and found what superior advantages that great city offered the musician. He was in a musical atmosphere there which became more and more like home to him. It made his return to Eisenstadt each year more difficult and only intensified his longing to remain in Vienna. The Genzinger home was the principal centre of attraction for him. There he met Albrechtsberger, the learned contrapuntist, who was at that time court organist and a member of the Musical Academy; also Dittersdorf, the distinguished violinist, famous

also for his comic operas, which are full of charming humor and show marked originality. One of these operas, "The Doctor and Apothecary," was very popular. It was also in the Genzinger home that he renewed acquaintance with Marianne Martines, his old-time little scholar. She had become a highly accomplished singer and pianist, and was also beginning to make a success as a composer. She displayed brilliant virtuosity in her piano sonatas. Her church compositions also, among them an oratorio, had been received with favor, and she had been honored with diplomas from the Philharmonic Academies of Bologna and Pavia. She was still unmarried and lived with her brother, who was librarian of the Royal Library, and who left her a considerable amount of property at his death. Her paternal guardian and excellent tutor, Metastasio, died in 1782. Notwithstanding the incurable maladies with which he imagined himself afflicted and which so embittered his life, he lived to the patriarchal age of eighty-four. Marianne's vocal teacher, the irascible old Porpora, whom Haydn served as a lackey in his youth, had returned to his southern home, and ended his troubled days there as leader of the Conservatory and chapel-master at the cathedral in Naples.

From time to time Haydn also met there his brother Michael, who had been concert master and musical director for the Archbishop of Salzburg since 1768. Among his many compositions his church music was especially prominent, and Joseph admitted his superiority to himself in his strong cadences. Michael was no happier than Joseph in his domestic affairs. He had married a once famous singer, but she was a chronic invalid who was continually doing penance, breaking out into loud praying at all hours of the night, and still further weakening her health by excessive fasting. It is not strange, therefore, that Michael sought consolation away from home over a glass of beer or wine. As his scanty pay did not allow him to indulge in such consolations very often he was glad to find them at the monastery of Saint Peter, whither his steps often turned. Its cellar was famous far and near, and the abbot, a hospitable, friendly soul, was always glad to sit down with

the Salzburg concert master and have a good talk about music. Michael's portrait still hangs in the little Haydn room in the cellar which he visited so often.

At the Genzinger home, Haydn also met one at the Sunday dinners whose name, like his own, is immortal in the history of music. It was Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. He had already made brilliantly successful tours in England, Holland, and France; and since his marriage he had come to Vienna to live, and was now delighting the Viennese with his new opera, *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*." (His residence was in the Grosse Schulerstrasse, No. 853 (now No. 8), and his father, Leopold, from Salzburg, was visiting him there at this time. Upon the occasion of their first meeting the elder Mozart asked Haydn what he thought of Wolfgang's ability. Haydn replied: "I declare to you before God and upon my honor, your son is the greatest composer of whom I have personal knowledge. He has taste, and consummate knowledge of composition."

Haydn took advantage of every opportunity to hear Mozart's music, and frequently asserted that he learned much from it. In his old age, with tears in his eyes, he said: "I can never forget Mozart's piano-playing. It went to the heart." Mozart also greatly esteemed the old master. "It was from Haydn," he once said, "that I first learned the true way to write quartets." The cordiality of their relations is best shown by his dedication of six quartets to Haydn, in which he says he has given him "the fruit of long and laborious toil." He adds: "When a father sends his sons out into the wide world he should, I think, confide them to the protection and guidance of a highly celebrated man, who by some happy dispensation is also the best of friends. So to this famous man and most precious friend I bring my six sons."

All the other composers of that remarkable musical period, as well as Mozart, acknowledged the masterly qualities of the Haydn quartets. Indeed no one ventured to challenge his supremacy, though some, actuated by misunderstanding or

jealousy, sought to depreciate the value of his service to instrumental music. Wenzel Muller, many years director at the Leopoldstadt Theatre, once introduced a friend to Haydn. The stranger was profuse in his praises, which Haydn, in his customary modest manner, quietly deprecated. The vain Muller, who had a very high opinion of himself, was vexed that he too was not appreciated, and said: "Oh! yes, Herr von Haydn, of course no one can equal you in quartets." To this Haydn good-naturedly replied: "It would be sad, my dear Herr von Miller, if I had learned nothing else." Mozart always had an answer ready for the assailants of his dear Papa Haydn. To one critic who tried to belittle him, he said: "If we were all melted down together there would not be enough of us to make one Haydn." Mozart once attended a performance of a new Haydn quartet with a well-known composer. Coming to a place in which Haydn's droll fancy was expressed by a bold transition, Mozart's companion asked in a sneering manner, "Would you have written that so?" "Hardly, nor would you. But, do you know why? Because neither you nor I could have hit upon such an idea," was his reply. The personal intercourse between the two composers was extremely cordial. Mozart used to call Haydn "Papa," and notwithstanding the great difference in their ages both used the familiar "thou" in their intercourse.

Haydn's winter stay in Vienna (1789–1790) was unusually short. Instead of being in that city at the beginning of November as he had hoped, he did not get there until the latter part of January, and on the third of February the Prince ordered him to return to Esterhaz. Haydn always dreaded the loneliness of this summer residence in winter and longed to get back to the delightful fare of the Genzinger kitchen as did the children of Israel to the flesh pots of Egypt. In his characteristic humorous way he wrote to Frau von Genzinger:

"Here I sit in solitude, like a wretched orphan, almost without human society, sadly recalling recollections of past happy days—yes! past, alas! And who can say when those

happy days will return, those pleasant gatherings where all were of one heart and soul, and those musical evenings which can only be imagined, not described? Where are they all? Gone, all gone, and for a long time, perhaps.

"Do not think it strange, gracious lady, that I have delayed so long in sending my thanks to you. I found everything at home in confusion. For three days I was uncertain whether I was chapel-master or chapel-servant. There was no comfort anywhere. My entire apartment was upset. My piano, which I love so much, was unsteady and uncertain, and only vexed instead of calming me. I was so disturbed by dreams that it was difficult to sleep. When I dreamed of listening to 'The Marriage of Figaro' a fatal north wind awoke me and blew off my nightcap. I lost twenty pounds in three days because I did not have the nice Vienna fare. When I am forced to eat in my restaurant a piece of thirty-year-old cow instead of choice beef, an old ram and yellow carrots in place of a dainty ragout and meat balls, a tough grill in place of a Bohemian pheasant, a so-called grand salad in place of nice juicy oranges, and dried apple slices and hazelnuts instead of delicatessen, I say to myself, 'Would that I now had many a morsel which I did not care for in Vienna.'

"Here in Esterhazy no one asks me, 'Do you like chocolate with or without milk?' 'Will you take your coffee black or otherwise?' 'Will you have vanilla or banana ice?' O that I only had a piece of good Parmesan cheese, especially on fast days, so that I could swallow more easily the black dumplings! I have just ordered our porter in Vienna to send me half a pound. . . ."

Shortly after this letter was written, the princely house of Esterhazy met with a sad loss. Marie Elizabeth, the Prince's wife, died February 25, three years after the celebration of their golden wedding. The old Prince was disconsolate. Haydn wrote to Vienna that he should do all in his power to allay his sorrow. I am preparing some chamber music to be given after the first three days, but no vocal music. The poor Prince fell

into such deep melancholy after hearing the first piece, my favorite adagio in D, that I had to abandon that style of music. On the fourth day we gave an opera, on the fifth a comedy, and after that the daily spectacle as usual. I have also ordered rehearsals of Gossmann's old opera, 'L'Amor artigiani,' as the Prince a short time ago expressed a desire to hear it."

The Prince survived his faithful wife but a few months, and died September 28. His death made a radical change in Haydn's life. The Prince's successor, his oldest son, Paul Anton, discharged the chapel, but looked after Haydn's interests. The deceased Prince Nicholas Joseph left his loyal chapel-master, who had served him faithfully for twenty-eight years, and had reflected so much glory upon the name of Esterhazy, a life pension of a thousand gulden a year. His son added four hundred to it, and only required of Haydn that he should retain the title of chapel-master at Esterhazy.

## CHAPTER XII

### IN LONDON

After the death of his beloved Prince, Haydn went to Vienna. He was offered the leadership of Prince Grassekowitz's orchestra, but declined it, for he had determined not to serve any new master, but to live and die as the Esterhazy chapel-master, if only in name.

It has already been mentioned that Haydn's fame had spread beyond the confines of Austria. His music was known and admired not only in Germany, but also in France and England, where his orchestral works were very popular and often played. In 1783 there was a leading society in London, called "The Concerts of the Nobility," because many leading noblemen were among the patrons. The audience, of course, was drawn from the higher circles of society. The orchestra, which included leading virtuosos from various cities, was composed of thirty-six players, an unusual number at that time. Haydn's symphonies were frequently played in these concerts with great success. Notwithstanding these inducements, Haydn steadily declined all invitations to go to London, nor did he yield to the entreaties of his friends. He would not forsake his Prince.

Meanwhile, Gallini, a well-known impresario, had organized a new concert scheme in London, with which Salomon, the violinist, a native of Bonn, was prominently identified. The latter had already sought to secure Haydn's services for the undertaking, but the negotiations had proved fruitless, for reasons already stated. A short time afterwards, while seeking for Italian singers to appear in the concerts, he heard, in Cologne, of the death of Prince Nicholas Joseph. He hastened to Vienna, and renewed his attempts to secure Haydn, but the latter objected because of his age (he was then

fifty-eight), his inexperience in travelling, and his ignorance of the English language.

Salomon tried to overcome these objections, and offered Haydn three thousand gulden for every opera he would write for Gallini, and two thousand gulden for twenty other compositions which he was to write for as many concerts. It was a tempting offer to one in Haydn's straitened circumstances, but before he could accept it he informed Salomon he must obtain the consent of the new Prince; for, although he was only nominally in his service, yet, out of gratitude to the house of Esterhazy, he would not take such a step without the Prince's permission. "If my Prince is willing," he said to Salomon, "I will go to London with you."

The Prince, of course, freely gave his consent, and, after signing the contract with Gallini's representative, Haydn began making preparations for the journey. Some of his friends, who had vainly advised him in his earlier years to seek his fortunes abroad, were now apprehensive about his going, and sought to dissuade him because of his advancing age and the interruption it would cause in his regular routine of life. "I am still active and strong," was his reply to them. Mozart also warned Papa Haydn that it was too long and hard a journey for him to undertake; that he was not fitted to go out into the great world; and that he knew little about foreign languages.

"Oh!" replied Haydn, smiling, "my language is understood the world over."

The day of departure at last came. Mozart dined with him that day and did not leave him a moment. Salomon also arranged upon this occasion that Mozart should go to London upon Haydn's return. At last the carriage drove up. Both Haydn and Mozart were deeply affected, and tears stood in their eyes. Overcome by his solicitude for the old master who was about to face an undertaking full of hardship and excitement, Mozart seized Haydn's hand and said: "I fear, my father, we are saying our last farewell." Mozart's presentiment came true, but not in the way he anticipated. Haydn entered

the carriage and as it started, turned and waved his hand. Mozart was standing there alone. His best and truest friend had left him. He was never to see him again.

Haydn and his travelling companion, Salomon, reached Bonn and there met the Elector Maximilian, an Austrian archduke, who introduced him to his musicians as "the highly esteemed master." Thence they went via Brussels to Calais, where Haydn had his first sight of the sea—that "monstrous beast," as he afterwards called it. On New Year's Day they crossed the channel, and the next day they reached the bustling English metropolis.

Gallini had industriously advertised the news of Haydn's coming, and all London eagerly awaited the arrival of the famous German master. The musicians, who greatly admired his works, were especially anxious to see him, though, as always happens, jealousy and ill-will kept some of them aloof. In one of his letters to Frau Gerizinger Haydn tells her that he is overwhelmed with attentions at the very beginning of his London engagement, and adds: "For three days I have been the talk of the newspapers. Every one seems eager to make my acquaintance. I have been out to dinner six times, and could have accepted engagements every day, but I must be careful of my health and not neglect my work. I receive no visits except from my managers until about two in the afternoon, and at four I dine with Herr Salomon."

The concerts were given in the spacious Haymarket Theatre, the first in which Haydn participated taking place February 25, 1791. The sight of the famous master, who directed his compositions seated at the piano, had an electrifying effect upon the audience. He was the centre of all eyes, and the applause which greeted him was deafening. Instrumental music never before evoked such enthusiasm from the British public. The attendance steadily increased, and at last the Haymarket was not able to accommodate all who sought admission.

The rival concerts, originally called "The Concerts of the Nobility," but now known as "The Professional," suffered of course from Haydn's success in the Gallini concerts, and extraordinary efforts were made to stem the tide of their popularity. Among other schemes, they secured the services of the Italian pianist, Muzio Clementi, who wrote a new symphony for the Professionals, and it met with great success. With the hope of belittling Haydn, one of his old symphonies was placed in the second part of the programme. They expected that it would suffer by comparison with Clementi's new symphony, but found themselves mistaken; Haydn's old work was received with more favor than Clementi's new one, and the Italian, seeing his short-lived success turned into defeat, was not a little embittered against the German master.

Haydn's activity in London was incessant. He composed no less than twelve grand symphonies especially for these concerts. Their cordial recognition inspired him to still greater efforts. With the larger and more capable orchestra at his command, he acquired new ideas in the construction of instrumental music, recast his earlier works, and presented them in new form to the London public.

Naturally enough, there were some among the patrons who attended these concerts because it was the fashion rather than from a real love of music. The most of these had partaken of late dinners, after the English custom, and when they took their seats in the hall, they were often lulled to sleep by the magic of the music. This was bad enough, but it was still worse when the sleepers disturbed the music by their nasal performances, and by their scandalous intermezzos interfered with the enjoyment of those who came to hear the music. Their conduct greatly annoyed Haydn, and in resentment at this slight to his music he composed a new symphony at the first performance of which the sleepers realized they were not in bed but in a concert hall. The symphony began with a cheerful Allegro, followed by a tender Andante in which the string instruments were played at times muted and again

pizzicato. The volume of tone was unusually gentle and soft. It almost seemed like a slumber song murmured by a choir of spirits. Suddenly the kettledrums crashed, the basses increased the thunderous din, and the whole orchestra repeated the passage fortissimo. Haydn had previously instructed his drummers to heighten the effect by pounding as hard as they could, and his instructions were conscientiously obeyed.

The sleepers jumped up from their seats as if doomsday had come, and stared about them with wide-open eyes and blank faces. They understood Haydn's hint, put on as innocent looks as they could, and joined in the universal laughter which followed the ludicrous incident. The innocent, however, often suffer with the guilty, and so it was in this case. One emotional young woman, who was passionately fond of Haydn's music, was so absorbed in the tender Andante that the nervous shock of this rude awakening was too much for her. The poor woman swooned and had to be hurriedly carried out into the fresh air. The accident led one fault-finding critic to say that Haydn before that time had conducted himself gallantly, but now he had shown himself uncivil. This symphony with the beautiful Andante is called the "Surprise Symphony."

Haydn's winter in London was marked by a series of brilliant successes, accompanied by hard work and exciting events. As Gallini had engaged him for the next season, he remained in England and employed his leisure during the summer in recuperating his strength. He spent a part of the time in the country as the guest of a music-loving banker. He writes to Frau von Genzinger about this time: "The home in which I am living is like your own, and I can be by myself as absolutely as if I were in a cloister. Except for my rheumatism I am in good health, thank God. I am working hard, and every morning as I walk in the woods with my English grammar I think of my Creator and of all the friends I have left behind me, among whom I esteem you the most highly."

In this letter Haydn speaks of his rheumatic affliction only, but he also suffered much from the nasal polypus which he inherited from his mother. While at Eisenstadt, he frequently applied for relief to the surgeon of the Brothers of Charity, so difficult was it for him to breathe. In London he had an opportunity to rid himself of his hereditary tormentor. The famous English surgeon, John Hunter, who was a good friend of Haydn's, was desirous of removing it; but when Haydn, in conferring with him about it, found that an operation would be necessary, he declared he would rather take his unwelcome guest with him to the grave.

In the middle of June Haydn visited the celebrated astronomer Herschel, at Slough, his country seat, near Windsor. A musician at one time himself, Herschel was one of Haydn's warmest admirers. He was born at Hanover in 1738, and at the age of fourteen was oboist in a Prussian regiment. Later, he went to London with his brother and made a reputation for himself by his piano, organ, and harp-playing. The Earl of Darlington employed him to train his musicians. Afterwards he taught music and was engaged as organist and conductor at Leeds, Halifax and Bath, his leisure hours being spent in mathematical and astronomical studies. As he could not afford to buy a telescope for his observations he made one himself, and worked so skilfully in perfecting it that at last he succeeded in constructing a reflecting telescope of a size and accuracy hitherto unknown. By the aid of this fine instrument he devoted himself to observations of the nebulae and the satellites and at last discovered Uranus, two of the secondary stars near it, and the second satellite of Saturn. Encouraged by the successful results of his labor, he pushed his investigations still further and gave new impulse and direction to the science of astronomy. In recognition of his important services George the Third remunerated him so generously, that he was enabled to devote his entire time to study at his country seat, where he lived with his brother Alexander and his highly gifted sister Caroline, who made many important discoveries herself.

Shortly after his visit to the great astronomer, Haydn was publicly honored and introduced to the world of letters. On the eighth of July as the central figure in a great assemblage at the University of Oxford, he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Music. The dignity was conferred upon him with appropriate ceremony. After he had seated himself in the doctor's chair, arrayed in a white silk gown with red sleeves and a little silk cap, a musical programme was given in which Gertrude Elizabeth Mara took part. She was the great German songstress of the eighteenth century, whom Goethe, while a student at Leipsic, poetically called "The Queen of Song." At the close of the programme, the newly made doctor rose and said in a loud voice in English to the assemblage, "I thank you." Quite surprised at his knowledge of the language the audience enthusiastically applauded him and greeted him with cries of "You speak very good English." At the close of the ceremonies Haydn went into the organ loft and played one of his own compositions.

Upon the same evening the exercises of the annual commemoration began in the University Theatre, the principal feature of the programme being a grand musical performance. There was not a vacant seat in the spacious auditorium, which accommodated four thousand persons. The students were in full dress, and the invited guests, ladies and gentlemen of the highest Oxford circles, appeared in their finest toilettes. All eyes were turned to the orchestra, which consisted of the leading London virtuosos and the Regal chapel from Windsor, besides the most famous singers of the Italian opera.

As the moment approached for the concert to begin, the audience grew more and more excited, and when at last the hero of the hour appeared in his doctor's gown, escorted by Professor Hayes, the cry, "Doctor Haydn!" was heard on all sides. Among the programme numbers were two of Haydn's compositions, a cantata and a symphony, which were performed by the orchestra with great success and aroused a storm of applause. With regard to the dress which Haydn wore

when the degree was conferred upon him, he subsequently wrote to a friend: "It all seems very ridiculous to me, and, what is worse, I was obliged to wear it for three days in the streets; and yet the doctoral dignity carries great weight with it in England, for which I am thankful, since, by means of it, I have made the acquaintance of many prominent people and secured the entree to great houses."

Haydn returned to London in October, for a new season was about to begin. The managers of the Professionals, who had vainly tried to weaken his popularity in the previous winter season, now made him handsome offers, but he refused to break faith with Gallini and Salomon. Seeing that they could not tempt him with money they subsidized newspaper critics, who asserted that he was too old and feeble to produce new works; that he had written out, and was only repeating himself. As they had secured Clementi in the previous season, so now they secured another musician who was sure to eclipse him, they thought. This was no other than Pleyel, who, as will be remembered, studied three years with Haydn in Eisenstadt.

Pleyel came to London, bringing with him many new compositions, and the newspapers announced that a fresh piece of his would be performed at each concert; but the same papers had to announce also that Haydn had written twelve new symphonies. The old master was victorious again. Pleyel was enthusiastically received, but the new works by his former teacher eclipsed his own. Good Papa Haydn, however, cherished no unkindly feelings toward his pupil, although the latter had come to London for the purpose of dethroning him. His attachment to Pleyel was not weakened in the least. He made it a point to attend every one of his concerts, and invariably led the applause.

An accident happened at one of the Haydn concerts which might have had disastrous results. As the master appeared and took his seat at the piano to conduct one of his symphonies, many in the parquet left their seats and pressed farther forward so that they might more easily watch the

leader. Hardly had they left their seats when the great chandelier, hanging above the parquet, fell and was smashed into a thousand pieces. The people were greatly alarmed, but no one was injured. When they realized their fortunate escape there was a general cry of "miracle, miracle." In fact it was marvellous; and as Haydn reflected that he had been the agency by which so many lives had been spared, he clasped his hands together and silently thanked God. The symphony performed 137) ?> in that concert is now known in England as "The Miracle."

Many of Haydn's compositions have been similarly named, not because of their musical contents, but from circumstances connected with them. A minuet which he wrote for the wedding of a butcher's daughter in Rohrau is called "The Ox," because the bride's father made him a present of an ox as compensation for it. The music publisher Bland once called upon him in London, and just as he was admitted Haydn was in the act of shaving. "Ah! Mr. Bland," he remarked to his caller, "I would give one of my best compositions for a good razor." The publisher rushed home at full speed and brought him his best pair, which he presented to him. Haydn kept his word and gave to his helper in time of trouble an important quartet, which now bears the name of the "Razor Quartet."

Melancholy tidings reached Haydn in the midst of his London triumphs, and plunged him into the deepest grief: Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was dead. "I was almost beside myself for a long time," he wrote to his friend Pachberg, "and could hardly believe Providence had so soon summoned this man to the other life. His place cannot be filled."

Thus Mozart's sad presentiment, which he uttered when Haydn was leaving for London, was fulfilled. They would never see each other again in this world. The strong old master was fortunate enough to survive the fatigues of a long journey, the exacting strain of incessant production, and the excitements of musical rivalries and envious cabals; but the

younger man was attacked by a fatal illness at the very height of his activity, and was cut off in his thirty-sixth year.

## CHAPTER XIII

### NEW WORKS

Haydn returned to his beloved Kaiser city, July 24, 1792. His successes in London had made his name known throughout the civilized world, and had also yielded a clear profit of twelve thousand gulden. He purchased a house in Kleine Steingasse, a quiet, retired spot in the suburb of Gumpendorf, now known as Haydngasse. In the little garden there is a pedestal surmounted with a bust of Haydn in sandstone. Many young persons now applied to him for instruction. The Elector of Cologne sent him a pupil, and Haydn soon discovered that he had extraordinary talent and that a great future was in prospect for him. The pupil was Ludwig van Beethoven, then in his twenty-second year.

Haydn had no idea of resting upon his laurels. After remaining in Vienna nearly six months he started upon his second trip to London, January 19, 1793. He would gladly have taken Beethoven with him, for he was a brilliant pianist, and his fantasies indicated that he would become one of the great tone-poets; but the austere and reserved youth, whose childhood had been a sorrowful one, distrusted Haydn and fancied that he was neglecting him. Shortly after Haydn left Vienna he became the pupil of Albrechtsberger.

Haydn's fresh successes in London were as marked as those during his first visit. He became a great favorite with the British aristocracy, and was often entertained at court. He conducted twenty-six concerts in the Prince of Wales's concert rooms, but received no compensation for them until he sent his bill for one hundred guineas after he returned to Vienna, which was paid by Parliament. During the second visit he brought out many new works, among them twelve symphonies, besides sonatas, choruses, arias, marches, quartets, minuets and other dances, ballads, Scotch songs, and "Orpheus," an opera.

Another great German composer laid the foundations of his world-fame in London before Haydn's time. This was George Frederick Handel, the composer of many majestic oratorios, among which "The Messiah," "Samson," and "Judas Maccabreus," are the greatest. Handel was the son of a barber and surgeon in Halle, and in 1710 went to England, which he made his second home. Here he became court composer, and here he died in 1759. He rests among other celebrated German musicians in the Poet's corner of Westminster Abbey, where great statesmen, scholars, poets, and artists are buried. Besides his oratorios, he wrote a series of operas which were brought out in London in Italian under his direction, and which became the models of Italian opera not only in England but all over Europe. Handel encountered opposition, like Haydn, during his first visit, and the rivalry became so intense and bitter that at times it became almost a frenzy. His iron will and energetic spirit, however, enabled him to overcome all opposition, and at last he vanquished his enemies. With all their composers, singers, and musicians, they could not dethrone this one German musical hero.

The Handel Commemoration, given in honor of his memory, took place during Haydn's second visit to London, and was a memorable event. Over a thousand singers and musicians participated in it. Their Majesties and the princesses occupied the royal box, and the handsomely attired audience presented a brilliant spectacle. The consecrated hall of the Abbey resounded with the mighty music of Handel's works, and when the thousand voices shouted the "Hallelujah" in the "Messiah" the King rose and the entire assemblage imitated his example, inspired by reverence for this majestic tribute to the Almighty. Haydn stood near the royal box and was so overcome by the impressiveness of Handel's music that the tears flowed down his cheeks.

"Handel is the master of us all," he exclaimed—he, whom all England at that time was admiring. A similar impression was made upon him at the annual gathering of the

Charity Scholars at Saint Paul's Cathedral. "No music," said he, "has touched me more deeply in my life than the devout and innocent songs of these four thousand children."

The King tried to persuade Haydn to remain permanently in England, and the Queen offered him a residence at Windsor, but his heart was too deeply attached to his Austrian fatherland. In this respect he resembled Mozart, who declined Frederick William the Second's offer of the position of court chapel-master, with a salary of three hundred thalers, preferring rather to return to his poorly paid office of chamber musician in Vienna.

In August, 1795, Haydn was once more in the loved Kaiser city. Besides the increase of his artistic fame his journey had borne him golden fruit.

His benefit yielded him four thousand gulden; and he brought back with him in all the sum of twenty-four thousand gulden.

Shortly after his return he visited his native village. Count Harrach, the proprietor of Rohrau, escorted him to a newly laid out park, where a monument had been erected in honor of the son of the old-time wheelwright. As Haydn entered the house in which he was born, he knelt at the door of the living-room and kissed the threshold which his youthful feet had so often crossed. He was deeply moved at sight of the stone bench. "I used to sit there when I was a child," he said to the distinguished company, not ashamed to acknowledge his lowly birth. "I used to scrape upon a board on my arm with a fiddle bow which I made out of a willow switch. Young people may learn from my experiences that something can come out of nothing. All that I am, pressing necessity has made me."

In the course of his career Haydn had survived many changes in Austrian rule. Joseph the Second succeeded Maria Theresa, and Leopold the Second followed Joseph. Since 1792 Emperor Francis had been ruling. Shortly after he ascended

the throne, France declared war, which lasted five years, and ended in the peace of Campo Formio, an unfortunate one for Austria. At first the fortunes of war favored Austria, but after the desertion by its allies the war took an unfavorable turn, and the French army under Bonaparte won victory after victory. In those gloomy days Count Saurau, the Imperial High Chancellor, and Haschka, a Viennese poet, suggested to Haydn that he should compose a national hymn which should declare to the world the attachment of the Austrian people to their sovereign, and rouse them to make every sacrifice for the Fatherland in the days of its tribulation. This was the origin of the hymn "God Save the Emperor." It was their idea that the hymn should be singable, and that the melody should appeal to the ear and heart of the people, and give practical effect to the words of the poem. There was but one man in all Austria who could do this, and that was Papa Haydn, who united consummate musical ability with exalted patriotism. He undertook the work and produced the most impressive of all national hymns—one in which every tone is a heartbeat of the people.

On the Emperor's birthday, Feb. 12, 1797, "God Save the Emperor" was heard for the first time in every theatre in Vienna. The Emperor himself, who had known nothing about the scheme, heard it from his box in the Burg Theatre, and was deeply moved. It was indeed a song of faith, the passionate expression of the people offering their unswerving loyalty to their sovereign in his time of trouble. The hymn flew from mouth to mouth through all the provinces. The text has been changed, but the melody remains the same, and is dear to every German heart in the Austrian land.

## CHAPTER XIV

### THE LAST DAYS

As the evening of life approached, Haydn did not suffer his easier circumstances and freedom from anxiety to affect his activity. The finest fruit of his genius was still in store for the world. While in London, Salomon had given him a poem by Lidley, based upon the Biblical story of the Creation, and suggested it as a good text for an oratorio. Baron van Swieten, the imperial librarian in Vienna, and an intimate friend of Haydn, translated it into German, and Haydn supplied the music. This work, "The Creation," reveals the master at the height of his productive power, and surpasses all his previous compositions. From his own statement it is clear that he thought the Divine should always be expressed by love and goodness, and this is the origin of the lovely fancies in the angelic choruses and the jubilant announcement of light, and the source of the devout faith and cheerful spirit which characterize this work and make it superior to all others in the attractiveness with which religious sentiment is expressed. Haydn himself tells us how deeply he was impressed by the composition of this oratorio. He says: "I was never so pious as during the time I was working upon 'The Creation.' I fell upon my knees daily and prayed to God to give me strength for the successful completion of the work."

The first performance of "The Creation" in Paris took place at the Grand Opera on Christmas Eve of 1800. There was not a box to be had two weeks beforehand, so great was the interest aroused in musical circles of the French capital by the announcement of the concert and the brilliant success of the work in Vienna. The streets in the vicinity of the opera house were thronged at nine in the morning, and the crowd at night was so dense as to be dangerous to life. There was not a vacant seat in the house. Bonaparte and the leading

government officials were present in the great auditorium. The success of the oratorio exceeded all expectations. Other cities—London, Berlin, Prague, Stockholm, Copenhagen, Dresden, Saint Petersburg, Amsterdam, and Leipsic—produced it in rapid succession, and its frequent repetition showed what a deep and lasting impression it had made upon all hearts.

Haydn was again inspired by an English poem, Thompson's "Seasons," to write an oratorio. Van Swieten was again the translator, and in eleven months the music was completed. The fire of immortal youth, which, by the grace of God, still glowed in the soul of the master, now in his seventy-sixth year, shows itself in this work. "The Seasons" was first given April 24, 1801, at the Schwartzberg Palace, and with such success that it was twice repeated. Like "The Creation," it made the circuit of the principal European cities, and elicited expressions of admiration, which came to the master even from extremely remote places. Vienna followed their example, but somewhat later, when the magistrates presented Haydn with a gold medal and the civic diploma of honor.

An unusual tribute was paid to Haydn, March 27, 1808. Upon that evening the Vienna University Hall was a blaze of light. The Society of Musical Amateurs gave a performance of "The Creation," under the direction of Salieri, in honor of the composer, and thousands of his admirers came to pay him the tribute of their homage. Carriage after carriage drove up, filled with elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen. Some of these carriages bore the arms of Lobkowitz and Kinsky, Lichnowsky and Schwartzberg, Trautmansdorf and Auersperg. A list of those occupying the front seats would have included the names of the entire art-loving nobility of the Empire. At last Prince Esterhazy's carriage rolled up. A military guard kept back the expectant and excited crowds. An old man, carefully wrapped in a fur cloak, alighted with the assistance of a servant of the princely house. He was received at the door by several distinguished persons, among them

Ludwig van Beethoven, his old-time scholar, whose fame had been spread all over the world by his great symphonies and his opera, "Fidelio." Haydn was helped into a chair, and, as he was taken into the hall, he was greeted by a fanfare of trumpets, a roll of the drums, and the shouts of the vast assemblage,—"Hoch Haydn! Long live Papa Haydn!"

His work was performed that evening in Italian, and undoubtedly there was a profound feeling of gratitude in his soul to his old master, Porpora, long since dead, for making him acquainted with that beautiful language, every sound of which is musical. And how surprised old Porpora would have been could he have seen his former pupil and lackey as he sat there in state dress of a fine brown material, elaborate silk waistcoat, stately frills, white silk hose, shoes with silver buckles, his neck covered with a kerchief golden-clasped, and his breast decorated with the medal of the Paris Society of Amateurs. Upon one side of Haydn sat the Princess Esterhazy, and on the other Fraulein Kurzbeck, his favorite pupil. Next nearest to him sat the leaders of Viennese aristocracy. A poem in his honor, by the patriotic poet Collin, and a sonnet, by Carpani, both of whom were present, were read.

The performance of the great oratorio then began. At the famous passage "Let there be Light, and there was Light," in which the composer has pictured the first beneficent gift of God and the disappearance of chaos and the spirits of darkness in those wonderful chromatic passages, the entire audience rose in an enthusiastic demonstration of applause. Haydn pointed toward Heaven and said with deep emotion, "It came from there." Then his head dropped upon his breast. "I am cold," he whispered, "I feel a draught from somewhere." Princess Esterhazy at once covered his shoulders with her shawl, and other ladies his feet with theirs. Beethoven stepped forward and kissed the master's hand; this was the signal for a fresh tribute, for the next moment he was showered with roses which loving hands strewed about him. Haydn did not feel strong enough to endure further demonstration and retired at

the close of the first part. As he was carried out of the hall, the eyes of the vast assemblage followed him and hundreds of them were moist with tears.

Haydn's wife died in 1800 at Baden, near Vienna, where she had vainly sought relief from a rheumatic ailment. On August 10, 1806, his brother Michael also passed away.

One servant was always in faithful attendance at the side of the old master in his last years. His name was Johann. He was the second son of Joseph Elssler, the Esterhazy copyist, for all of whose children Haydn had been godfather. Johann had been in Haydn's service since 1790, first as copyist and then as secretary, and in this latter capacity had accompanied his master on his second London journey. In Haydn's last years he was general manager of the house and relieved the feeble old man from all cares and annoyances. His reverence for him was so great that when he was putting the house to rights he would stand before Haydn's picture with a censer as if he were offering at an altar. Johann subsequently married the daughter of a mason and had two children, Fanny and Theresa, the famous dancers. Theresa was created Countess von Barnim by the King.

On the 7th of September, August Wilhelm Iffland, a great actor and dramatist from Berlin, made him a visit. He was an unusual man in every way and the writer of many excellent dramas, which were universally popular as pictures of the social customs of the time. This close student of human nature was delighted with the opportunity of listening to Haydn as he related to him some of the experiences of his art life. Elssler had to bring in the large chest in which he kept his souvenirs. There were silver dishes, golden snuffboxes,—among them one from the king of Naples,—and other articles which were of great worth as expensive objects of art, but which had a still higher value for their owner because of the associations connected with them.

"This," said Haydn, pointing to a cocoanut cup mounted in silver, "is a gift from Clementi. He was very much

incensed with me in London, because he thought I overshadowed him, but his anger did not last long, as this cup shows. What he has done for the development of piano-playing by his sonatas will not be fully known until later. And here," taking up another object, "is the medal which my dear Vienna gave me. I received it five years ago, after the performance of some of my works—"

"Which were given for the benefit of the poor and the city hospital," apologetically interrupted Elssler, "and they brought in the round sum of thirty-three thousand gulden. My good master always forgets to tell that."

Haydn motioned to him to stop. "At times," he resumed, "when I am melancholy, I look over my precious collection of souvenirs which came to me from near and far, and the satisfaction of knowing that all Europe has honored me makes me happy again. I think I have done my duty and have been of some use to the world. Now I have laid my lyre aside, and others must take it and go on with the work."

"What Haydn has done for the world," said Iffland, "was not a duty, but the gift of his genius and a blessing for mankind."

"It was all a gift from God," the master modestly replied. "I have followed the same course in my life as in my compositions. I have begun and ended all of them with a 'Laus Deo,' and all through my life there has run a golden thread of divine memories. To Him be all the honor and thanks from these poor lips. My whole life bears the impress of his merciful love."

Iffland, deeply moved, bade farewell to the old master; and he always cherished the interview as one of the most precious of his memories.

Haydn's last days were clouded with troubles. Innumerable messages of love and honor came to him from all sides, but the pitiful condition of the Fatherland, which he loved so dearly, greatly alarmed him. With tearful eyes he

sorrowed over Austria's misfortunes, and it was difficult to comfort him. Bonaparte, the consul, had become Emperor of the French. His violent policy had provoked fresh wars, in which Austria was involved. In consequence of the defeat at Austerlitz new cessions of territory were made, and Emperor Francis had to give up the crown of Germany. Napoleon defeated the Austrian army at Landshut, April 21, 1809, and again, the next day, at Eckmuhl. After these victories he made a forced march upon Vienna, and on May 10 a French army corps advanced to the suburb of Mariahilf, not far from Haydn's home.

With his servant's help Haydn rose from his bed and was in the act of dressing, when four cannon shots were heard, which shook all the doors and windows. The other members of the household came rushing in, panic-stricken. "Children," cried the old master, "fear not! No harm can happen to you where Haydn is." He spoke with a firm voice. Perhaps he was thinking of that evening in London when his presence saved so many from the falling chandelier. His spirit, however, was stronger than his body. He steadily grew more feeble, but notwithstanding his loss of strength, he went to his piano daily and played his Emperor's Hymn.

Profound as Haydn's attachment was to his home, his art had transcended the narrow limits of the Fatherland, and his works were the property of the whole world. His masterpieces had been performed in Paris frequently; and even now, when the French were enemies to his country, they paid him all reverence. While he played the Emperor's Hymn, a guard of honor was stationed at his door, and the band of a French regiment played on parade the beautiful aria, "With Verdure Clad," from his "Creation." A French captain of hussars, named Sulemy, eager to see the composer face to face, asked permission to call, and told him in most enthusiastic terms how much he admired him. This was Haydn's last visitor.

On May 26, Haydn played his Emperor's Hymn three times in succession, with pathetic fervor; but toward evening he had pains in his head, followed by an ague fit, which forced him to take to his bed. The efforts of the physician were useless. Notwithstanding all his exertions the patient sank into a state of exhaustion and insensibility. About one o'clock in the morning he showed some signs of consciousness, but shortly after this the soul of the great musician took its flight. He had lived two months beyond his seventy-seventh year.

The news of Haydn's death reached the people while they were still distracted over the French occupation of the city. At such a time of universal excitement and confusion it was useless to think of an imposing funeral ceremony in which all could participate, but the French authorities magnanimously and appropriately announced his death in all the newspapers. His body was interred in the Hundsthurm churchyard, outside the lines, and on June 15 a memorial service was held at the Schottenkirche. The densely crowded church was shrouded in drapery bearing his name. The service was attended not only by all the distinguished musicians and society people of Vienna, but also by the French officers. Citizen soldiers acted as a guard of honor around the sarcophagus. The souvenirs which he had received during his long career—among them the medals given him by various cities—were displayed upon a satin cushion. During the service Mozart's "Requiem" was performed—the last work of the young master who died so early and who was so beloved by Haydn.

Notwithstanding Haydn's simple manner of life he had laid aside in his sixtieth year only about two thousand gulden. He had little compensation for his numerous works; in some cases none at all. It was not until the two London visits that he was well paid. With the receipts from his concerts in that city he had about sixty thousand gulden when he died. He made all his relatives his heirs and did not discriminate against those who were related to him only by his father's second marriage.

He also generously remembered those who had been kind to him in his days of necessity. His servants were not forgotten, and a fixed sum was set apart for the care of his parents' graves.

Prince Nicholas, always Haydn's loyal friend and patron, exhumed his body November 6, 1820, and had it removed the next day from the Hundsthurm churchyard to the upper parish church in Eisenstadt, where it was reinterred with appropriate ceremonies. His body now rests in the vaults of this church where he had so often conducted his own masses, and a simple stone, with a veiled lyre and the inscription, "The Prince of Music of his time," marks the sacred spot. Upon the memorial erected to him at Rohrau are the words, "Rohrau gave him life; Europe gave him universal approbation; death gave him entrance to the halls of eternity." A stately monument was also erected to his memory in front of the Mariahilf Church, which was unveiled May 31, 1887, with imposing ceremonies, in the presence of Emperor Francis Joseph I.

Haydn created the artistic patterns of the sonata, the quartet, and the symphony. He is justly called the father of instrumental music. His great oratorio, "The Creation," still survives in all its freshness and beauty. His masses are masterpieces, and his songs are still capable of affording delight. He evolved the first German national hymn from his patriotic nature. Truth and naturalness, freshness and joyousness, are the fundamental qualities of his works and all of them reflect a childlike, cheerful nature. He could be earnest and impressive in the proper place, but he was dominated by happiness and the joy of youth; and so to-day he still remains the old master eternally young, and the greatest humorist in the empire of music, swaying our hearts in the simplest of means with the joy and grace and beauty that irradiated his whole life.