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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

FRANZ SCHUBERT.

"I heard how one of Schubert spake, and cried
In accents that 'twas dolorful to hear :—
' This is that hungry nightingale that died,
Singing his song to the world's pitiless
ear ! " — *Elsa D'Esterre-Keeling.*

In a suburb of Vienna, called Lichtenthal, there is a street which, at one time, bore the picturesque name of Himmelfortgrund (Heaven's Gateway).

It was at "Heaven's Gateway" that Franz Schubert, the inventor of the modern song, was born. His father was the village school-master, and his mother, like the mother of Haydn and of Beethoven, was a cook. Her name was Elizabeth Vitz, and Franz was her thirteenth child. After him a little girl was born, but of the fourteen children only five lived to grow up.

Franz was taught music at his father's school, and at eight years old he began to learn the violin. As his voice was remarkably beautiful he was sent to the village choir-master, Michael Holzer, for singing lessons, but his new teacher was unable to keep pace with so rarely gifted a pupil.

"Whenever I wished to teach him anything," exclaimed the master, "I found he knew it already. In consequence I cannot be said to have given him lessons at all. I only amused myself, and regarded him with astonishment."

At eleven Franz was so far advanced that influential friends tried to obtain admission for him to the great Viennese school called the Stadt-Convict, which was in connection with the Imperial Chapel, and which had been founded for the education of Imperial choristers. The greatest, or rather the most popular, musicians of the day were at the head of this institution, and it was no easy task for the son of an obscure village school-master to win their approbation.

One October morning Father Schubert presented himself before this august company, and begged a hearing for his son. While the father was pleading his cause, Franz was consigned to the tender mercies of the schoolboys in an outer hall. He was dressed in a curious little suit of grey, and as boys, from that day to this, can stand no originality in the matter of costume, poor Franz had a bad quarter of an hour. At first his tormentors were satisfied with nudgings and smothered laughter, but as their victim seemed to be quite impervious to their taunts, they gained courage, and very soon shouts of "Miller's boy! Miller's boy!"

echoed through the hall. From this awkward position the child at last was rescued; and now he was brought before the great Salieri, to whom, in turn with other candidates, he had to sing.

High and pure soared the sweet treble voice. Even the mocking scholars were abashed as they listened to the wonderful tones, and the song was followed by a tremendous burst of

applause, in which masters and boys joined indiscriminately.

Franz Schubert's entrance to the Stadt-Convict was won. The queer grey suit was changed for the gold-laced uniform of the Imperial chorister, and before a week was over he was the most popular boy in the school.

An orchestra composed entirely of the Convict scholars had been arranged, and



SCHUBERT.