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FRANZ SCHUBERT:

A MUSICAL BIOGRAPHY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF DR. HEINRICH
KREISSLE VON HELLBORN.

BY

EDWARD WILBERFORCE.

Author of "Social Life in Munich," "One with Another," &c.

65

LONDON :

WM. H. ALLEN & Co., 13, WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.

1866.

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P R E F A C E .

THE present volume is considerably condensed from the work of Doctor Heinrich Kreissle von Hellborn, published towards the end of last year by Gerold of Vienna. On reading that work it struck me that it contained much information which would be new and valuable to the English public, and Dr. Kreissle kindly gave me permission to select what I thought would answer this purpose. His object was to make Schubert better known and more duly appreciated, and he was aware that an English public would not derive an equal interest from facts which would please his German readers.

In his Preface Dr. Kreissle remarks on the difficulty of constructing a Life of Schubert which shall be interesting in a purely biographical point of view. What Schindler said of Schubert, that his life presented neither hill nor valley but an open plain, is perfectly true; and many writers who have preceded Dr. Kreissle in attempting a biography have withdrawn with a confession of failure. The reader will soon discover that there is a remarkable scarcity of incident in this life; that Schubert travelled little, mixed little with great contemporaries, or with the illustrious contemporaries on whom so many musicians have depended; and that to him the art of music was all-in-all. But on the other hand his life is, indeed, the life of an artist.

The absence of external affairs makes the musician stand more clearly before us. Great man himself, he needed not the society of other great men to make him remarkable. The astonishing fertility of which we have so many

records in the course of his life, the genius to which so many and such great works bear witness, the acknowledgment of that genius by such men as Beethoven and Weber, may well stand in the place of journeys, and theatricals, and quarrels, in which unfortunately so many musical lives abound, and which detract from the real value of artistic biography.

Of my own share in this work I wish to speak with all modesty. The merits belong to the original author. That I have not adhered either to his words or his arrangement, and that I have sometimes put in opinions which will not be found in the original, and with which the original author might very possibly disagree, may perhaps be a fault, but it is almost inevitable if one is to avoid translation, and to give due force to the meaning of a work without being servile to the accidents of its country.

EDWARD WILBERFORCE.



CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Page

Birth and Parentage—Early Years at Home—Musical Precocity—The Little Finger of a Genius—First Compositions—A Free School in Vienna—Want of Music Paper—The Corpse Fantasia—Exactness—Practice Makes Perfect—Narrow Circumstances—A Touching Appeal—The Boy composes Operas—Salieri—Character of an Italian—Salieri and Mozart—Salieri and Schubert—The Master's Pride in his Pupil	1
--	---

CHAPTER II.

Beginning of the Second Period—Usher in a School—Hopeless Stupidity—Most Prolific Year of His Life—Some of His best Songs—The Erl King—More than Fifty Songs in a Year—Operas—Consistent Failure—Salieri's Jubilee—A Poem by Schubert—His First Earnings—Written for a Festival—A Musical Society—Value of Autobiography—Diaries and Letters—Entries in Schubert's Diary—Feelings of Despondency—Judgment on Pictures—On Salieri's Jubilee—General Sentiments—Interim	20
---	----

CHAPTER III.

Leaves School—Attempts to Get Post of Teacher—Certificate from Salieri—Help of Friends—Schober—Mayrhofer—Vogl—Singer and Composer—Musical Clairvoyance—A	
--	--

	Page
wise Father who knows His Own Child—Vogl's Corrections—Introduces Schubert to the Public—Faithful Admirers—Overtures in the Italian Style—The Rossini Furore—Hatred of Pupil Teaching—The Esterhazy Family—Romantic Episode—Liszt on Schubert—Stay in Hungary—How to pick up National Airs—Influence of other Composers—The Mourning Waltzes	47

CHAPTER IV.

Unfavourable state of the Times—Letters of Schubert's—Thoughts on Rossini—True Genius excludes Envy—Schubert debarred from the Opera—Schubert and Goethe—Did Goethe know of Schubert?—Not till it was too Late—Effect of the "Erl King" on its Creator—An Operetta—Plot and Music—Not much Inspiration—A Melodrama—Discovery of Schubertian Manuscripts—An Oratorio—Offers of Patronage—First Public Reception—A Concert—The Audience and the Critics	69
---	----

CHAPTER V.

Appearance of the "Erl King"—Op. 1—Transactions with Publishers—Profit and Loss—Business Men and Men of Genius—A Curiosity of Literature—A Publisher's Habits—Honour and Profits—Trading on Reputations—Great Names—Dance Music—Admission to Society—Country Excursions—Grand Operas—Schubert and Weber—Production of Euryanthe—Criticism or Hostility?—First Operas like first Puppies—The Case against Schubert from a Son of Weber	94
---	----

CHAPTER VI.

A Most Important Year—Drama of Rosamond—The Wolf, by Mr. So-and-So—Another Grand Opera—Another Failure—Posthumous Success—Contemporary Treatment—The Reception of MSS. by the Viennese Opera—Thoughts of a Librettist—Impressions of the Same—Genesis of some Songs—A desponding Letter—A despon-	
---	--

CONTENTS.

xi

Page

ding Diary—New Visit to Hungary—Tour in the Salzkammergut—Gmunden—Songs from the Lady of the Lake—Salzburg—Barbarossa—The Way to Gastein—The Pass of Lueg—Scenes from the War in the Tyrol . 119

CHAPTER VII.

Schubert tries for an Appointment—Weigl is preferred—A Mass at the Imperial Chapel—Imperial Style in Music—A Scene in the Opera House—Its Accuracy questioned—Eyewitnesses and Memories—Correspondence with Publishers—Ease and Simplicity demanded—Low Terms offered—Hands full and Pockets empty—A Bird in the Hand—Not Suited to a Parisian Public 151

CHAPTER VIII.

Composing under Difficulties—Difficulty the test of Genius—Schubert and Beethoven—First Notice from Beethoven—Schindler's Account of their Meeting—"Not at Home"—Beethoven at Dinner—Late Appreciation—Laudari a Laudato Viro—Death of Beethoven—His Funeral—Schubert a Torch-bearer—Drinking to Himself—Visit to Gratz—Compositions of 1827—Reasons for declining a Poem—Composer and Poet—Rules for Musical Setting—Schubert and Mendelssohn 168

CHAPTER IX.

Last Year of Schubert's Life—Musical Activity—Seventh Symphony—Judgment of Schumann—Schumann's Visit to Vienna—The Six Symphonies—A German Critic and an English Poet—The Danube—Analysis of the Symphony—Wonderful Talent—Eternal Youth—Posterity and Contemporaries—Too hard to be Performed—Other Works of the same Year—Latest Sonatas—Schumann's Reception of a Dedication—Schubert and his Family—Schubert's only Concert—Great Success—The Spring—Thoughts of a Tour—Abandoned for Want of Money—Beginnings of Illness—Lachner at Pesth—Letter from Schindler—Schubert too ill to travel 190

CHAPTER X.

Schubert's Illness—Nothing serious apprehended—The Last Days—Schubert's Death—Property he Left—His Monument—Schumann on Fairer Hopes—Schubert's Personal Appearance—Nothing Remarkable in his Face—A Second Falstaff—His Character—Schindler on his Life—Prodigality—Absence of Practical Industry—Instances—Playing in Company—Accustomed to Neglect—Schubert with his Friends—Love of Wine—Occasional Excesses—Breaking Glasses—Later Feelings—Review of his Life .	217
---	-----

CHAPTER XI.

Schubert's Works—Sketch of the German Song—Its early History—Effect of the Reformation—North Germany—Rise of German Poetry—Mozart—Beethoven—Schubert—Poets chosen by Schubert—Cycles of Songs—Larger Compositions—Miriam—Treatment of the Exodus—Schubert's Songs during his Lifetime—His Posthumous Popularity—His Masses—A Pirate at Prague—Symphonies—Trios—Sonatas—Schumann on the Sonatas—A Ludicrous Ending—Compared with Beethoven—Other Works—Conclusion	238
APPENDIX.—On Musical Biography ; an Essay	261

FRANZ SCHUBERT.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND PARENTAGE—EARLY YEARS AT HOME—MUSICAL PRECOCITY—THE LITTLE FINGER OF A GENIUS—FIRST COMPOSITIONS—A FREE SCHOOL IN VIENNA—WANT OF MUSIC PAPER—THE CORPSE FANTASIA—EXACTNESS—PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT—NARROW CIRCUMSTANCES—A TOUCHING APPEAL—THE BOY COMPOSES OPERAS—SALIERI—CHARACTER OF AN ITALIAN—SALIERI AND MOZART—SALIERI AND SCHUBERT—THE MASTER'S PRIDE IN HIS PUPIL.

THE family of Schubert comes from the neighbourhood of Zukmantel in Austrian Silesia. The composer's father left his native village and came up to Vienna, first as assistant to a brother, who was schoolmaster in the Leopoldstadt suburb, and then as schoolmaster himself in the suburb of Lichtenthal. He was con-

sidered a good master, and his school was much frequented. At the age of nineteen he married a countrywoman of his who was three years older than himself, and was in service as a cook. Her name was Elizabeth Fitz. She bore him fourteen children, of whom only five survived; and after her death, he married a second wife, who bore him five more.

The youngest of the four sons by the first marriage was Franz Peter Schubert, the subject of this volume. He was born on the 31st of January, 1797, at No. 72, in the suburb Himmelfortgrund, parish of Lichtenthal. The house in which he was born bears the sign of the Red Crab, and is now No. 54, in the upper part of the main street leading to the Nussdorf lines. It is marked by a tablet of grey marble, with the inscription "FRANZ SCHUBERT'S GEBURTSHAUS;" and with a lyre on the right, and a wreath of laurel with the date of his birth on the left. This memorial was put up by the Choral Union of Vienna

and was inaugurated in 1858. Besides this, a street leading into the Nussdorfer Strasse is called after the composer.

The first years of Schubert's life were spent at home. The family was large and its resources small, but it did not feel the pressure of absolute poverty. From the very earliest times, the boy showed a love of music. His sister relates that he was extremely fond of the society of a joiner's apprentice, who was a namesake and connexion of the family. The young Schubert had often the privilege of visiting a pianoforte manufactory with him, and here he practised his first exercises without any guidance save his own instinct. But though orthodox critics are always sceptical on the subject of self-taught genius, and more especially severe on youth which attempts to dispense with old systems of tuition, the result in the case of Schubert was marvellous. When he began to have lessons in music at the age of seven, his teacher found that he had

already mastered all the rudiments which were to be taught him.

“When he was five years old,” writes his father, “I prepared him for elementary instruction, and at six I sent him to school, where he was always one of the first among his fellow scholars. He was fond of society from early youth, and was never happier than when he could spend his hours of play in a circle of joyous comrades. When he was eight I gave him preliminary instruction on the violin, and let him practise till he could play easy duetts pretty well ; after that I sent him to attend the singing class of Herr Michael Holzer, choirmaster in Lichtenthal. Herr Holzer often assured me with tears in his eyes that he had never had such a pupil. ‘Whenever I want to teach him anything new,’ he would say, ‘I find he knows it already. The result has been that I have not given him any real instruction, but have only looked on with astonishment and silence.’ ”

But in spite of this modest disclaimer, it is certain that Holzer did give him instruction in thorough bass, in playing the pianoforte and the organ. On one occasion, when he had given his pupil a theme, he was quite in ecstasies at the way he worked it out, and exclaimed, "The boy has harmony in his little finger!" The same was the experience of Schubert's elder brother, who had also given him lessons. "I was astonished," he says, "when after a few months Franz told me that he did not want any more instruction from me, but would make his own way in future. He made such progress in a very short time that I had to acknowledge him as a master far excelling me, and one whom I could no longer dream of overtaking."

Thus Franz Schubert was one of those gifted beings whom the genius of art has visited on their first entrance into life; one

"Quem tu Melpomene semel

Nascentem placido lumine videris."

The case of Mozart is perhaps the only one that can compete with or surpass that of Schubert. Mozart was indeed an infant phenomenon, writing or rather scrawling a concerto for the piano at the age of six, and at the age of eight an orchestral symphony. But, after Mozart, Schubert is unrivalled. His brother Ferdinand says that the fantasia for four hands, written in 1810, was his first composition for the piano, and his "Lament of Hagar," written in 1811, his first song; but there is no doubt that long before this he had composed songs, pieces for the pianoforte, and even string quartetts; and the catalogue of pieces given by his brother comprises only those which were in his possession, or in that of the musical publisher, Diabelli.

When he was eleven years old, Schubert sang solos in the choir of the Lichtenthal parish church, or played solos there on the violin; his beautiful soprano voice and his mastery of his instrument being still re-

membered by those who heard him. His father tried for some time to gain him admission to the Emperor's chapel, and in 1808 he was examined by the two Court chapel-masters, Salieri and Eybler. He acquitted himself admirably, and was at once enrolled in the Imperial choir, and admitted as a scholar in the *convict** of the town. In this capacity he was invested with a uniform with a gold border—a tempting boon to a boy of his age, and one which somewhat consoled him for the departure from his home.

Being already a fair player on the violin, he was made a member of the small orchestra of the school, which used to practise almost daily the greater works of instrumental music, such as the symphonies of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. Schubert was much pleased with

* A kind of free school, or foundation, where poor students are boarded gratuitously; the name is derived from the Latin, and alludes to the common mess at which the boys are fed.

some of the adagios of Haydn's symphonies, and Mozart's symphony in G minor, of which he used to say that you could hear the angels singing in it. Krommer's symphonies, which were popular at the beginning of the century from their ease and gaiety, but are now forgotten, found little favour in the eyes of Schubert, who was grave and not very cordial with his comrades. But Mozart's overtures to the "Magic Flute," and the "Marriage of Figaro," and Mehul's overtures, were great favourites with him; and the raptures he felt during the performance of Beethoven's symphonies, caused as much surprise as the works themselves, which were still imperfectly understood.

Schubert's proficiency on his instrument, and the zeal with which he devoted himself to his art, soon raised him to the rank of first violin, a post of some importance, as the task of conducting was attached to it, whenever the director was absent. Nor was this the only

influence Schubert was able to exercise over his companions. His love of composing was already active in him, and this was confided to them in secret. He was urged to composition by an irresistible impulse; thoughts came thick upon him, and he was often in want of music paper to put them down. His own funds were too small to keep him in this, and he was often indebted to a friend for the means of preserving his thoughts. Even at the age of thirteen, his consumption of music paper was enormous; he wrote sonatas, masses, songs, operas, and even symphonies; but few of these early compositions saw the light.

In April, 1810, he wrote a grand fantasia for four hands, which is generally known by the name of the Corpse Fantasia. It extends to thirty-two closely written sides, and contains a dozen pieces varying in character, each ending in a different key from the one in which it begins. In the years 1811 and 1813 he followed up this fantasia by two others of

smaller extent, and in 1811, besides several instrumental pieces, he composed the two songs, "Hagar's Lament," and "The Parricide."

"Hagar's Lament" is remarkable as being the first of Schubert's more important vocal pieces. He wrote it at the age of fourteen (on the 30th of March, 1811), and Salieri was so much struck by it that he at once ordered further instruction in thorough-bass to develop the boy's singular talent. The song itself has never been engraved, and, though wonderful in its promise, and even in its effect when properly sung by good singers, is somewhat faulty. Some passages bear an unmistakeable stamp of Schubert's genius, but the pianoforte accompaniment reminds us too much of Mozart.

It was Schubert's custom to write on every one of his compositions their exact date, down to the day of the month, while his larger works bear the date of beginning and completion.

This makes it the more strange that the year 1812 should be marked as witnessing the production of one song only, "A Complaint," a small and unimportant composition. We can hardly believe that nothing else of the vocal order dates from a year of such activity, or that Schubert was too much occupied with instrumental music to turn his attention to his more favourite study. The list of religious and instrumental pieces during this year is certainly large. It comprises a *Salve Regina* and *Kyrie*, a sonata for pianoforte, violin and violoncello, two string quartetts, two overtures, an andante with variations, and thirty minuets with trios, composed for one of his brothers. These last were so much admired by Dr. Anton Schmidt, who had been a friend of Mozart's and was a first-rate violinist, that he declared the boy who had written them would be a master such as few had ever been.

When we consider that this activity proceeds from a youth entering his fifteenth year we

must suspect that he occupied himself both in school and out of it with music paper more than lectures and exercises. And this is the case. He composed secretly in school and wrote overtures and symphonies which were performed at the Thursday concerts of the scholars. In the reports to the higher authorities his eminent progress in music was duly noticed, while in other branches he was rather behindhand. A friend of Schubert's who joined the school a few years after, writes :—

“ This was the practical school for him. Every evening symphonies, quartetts, and vocal pieces were performed; and the part taken in classical church music had also its effect. When I joined the school I found overtures and symphonies by Schubert still in existence; we played some of them, and I remember parts of them being shown me as Schubert's own handwriting. I copied out a volume of his songs, some of which I have not met with, either engraved or written, in after years. Unfortunately I have lost them all.”

Another of Schubert's contemporaries gives an account of his practising with friends during hours of relaxation, and performing Beethoven's works with them. "I represented the audience," says this writer, "there was no fire, and the room was frightfully cold." That the material circumstances of Schubert at this time were anything but comfortable is proved among other things, by a letter to his brother, dated November 24th, 1812:—"I will say at once what lies on my heart, and so come sooner to my object, while I spare you long phrases. I have thought much of my situation, and while it is good on the whole, there are many things in which it might be improved. You know from experience that one often likes to eat a roll and one or two apples, all the more when one has a small dinner, and then eight hours and a half to wait for a scanty supper. This wish has so often forced itself upon me, that I must *nolens volens* make a change. The few *groschen* which I receive the

beginning of every month from my father are spent in a couple of days; what am I to do the rest of the time? ‘Those who hope in Thee shall not be ashamed,’ Matthew, chap. ii., verse 4. So I thought. Supposing you were to allow me one or two *kreuzers* a month? You would never notice it, while I should be happy and contented in my cell. As I have said I rest on the words of the Apostle Matthew, who says, he that has two coats let him give one to the poor.”

While Schubert was at school his chief connexion with his home was that the string quartetts he composed were played in the quartett practice which generally took place there on the Sunday afternoons. The father of Schubert played the violoncello, Franz the viola, and two of his brothers the first and second violins. The youngest of the party was the quickest to note a mistake. He looked seriously at the offender, if the offender was one of his brothers; if it was his father, he

passed over the mistake once, but, on a repetition of it, he would smile and say modestly, "Father, there must be something wrong," which was quite sufficient.

During holidays Franz was fond of going to the theatre. Of the operas given at that time he was much pleased with Weigl's "Swiss Family," Cherubini's "Medea," Boieldieu's "Jean de Paris;" but Gluck's "Iphigenia in Tauris" was to his mind superior to all others in simplicity and grandeur. One of the results of these visits to the theatre was that the boy began to compose operas. In 1813 he set a fairy piece of Kotzebue's called "The Devil's Country Seat;" but the completion of it falls at a rather later time, and will be noticed in another chapter.

Meanwhile he was making progress in the science of music, and winning golden opinions from musical superiors. Salieri, as has been observed, had ordered him further instruction in thorough bass, but the teacher appointed for

him soon saw that all efforts were unnecessary. "He knows everything already," he said; "he has been taught by God." This report made Salieri still more attentive to Schubert, so that in a short time the chapel-master himself undertook the youth's guidance. A brief sketch of the man who played the most prominent part in Schubert's education, may be appropriate here. Antonio Salieri was born in 1750 in the Venetian territory, the son of a prosperous merchant. Left an orphan at the age of sixteen, he was sent to Venice by a friend of the family, and there he carried on warmly the musical studies which he had begun at home. A Court chapel-master who came to Venice to compose an opera for the Fenice was struck with him, and took him to Vienna, where he composed his first opera in 1770. During the next six years he wrote a dozen other operas; but the work by which he is best known is the "Tarare" of Beaumarchais, confided to him on the recommendation of

Gluck, and written in open rivalry of Mozart. In 1788 he was made chapel-master, a post which he occupied till 1824, the year before his death.

Salieri's industry was great (he composed forty operas and twelve oratorios besides a mass of other music); and his contemporaries esteemed him as an able composer, an amiable and agreeable man. To all, except Mozart, he was friendly and pleasant; but Mozart's superiority was too evident to allow Salieri any rest; and the intrigues by which he hindered the rise of so great a genius reflect lasting discredit upon him. It is remarkable that, in spite of his long sojourn in Vienna, Salieri was never familiar with German. To the end of his days he interspersed his discourse with French and Italian words, excusing his ignorance of German by saying he had been only fifty years in Germany. His shameful conduct towards Mozart was partly atoned for by his appreciation of Schubert, whom he instructed

to the best of his ability, and admired with all his powers. He tried, indeed, to persuade the young genius from following his natural bent; made him leave off setting Goethe and Schiller, and practise Italian *stanze*; and told him to be less prodigal of his melodies till he was older and riper. But with all this he was proud of his pupil, and was constantly astonished at the luxuriant ease of Schubert's compositions. It is said that once Schubert staid away for some weeks on being told that he knew enough to compose an opera, and then surprised his master by the complete partition of "The Devil's Country Seat." "He can do everything," Salieri exclaimed, "he is a genius. He composes songs, masses, operas, quartetts,—whatever you can think of."

There is no doubt that Schubert derived great benefit from the practical teaching of one so familiar with his art as Salieri. But their paths were quite distinct. The master was devoted to Italian tradition; the scholar was

making himself a new path through the thick of German romanticism. Schubert was a devoted follower of Beethoven; but Salieri could not feel much respect for a man who had come to him to study operatic composition, and refused to listen to his teaching. Schubert loved and followed Mozart; Salieri was inexorable for him. It is said, that in correcting a mass of Schubert's, Salieri struck out all the passages which savoured of Haydn or Mozart, and that Schubert refused to have anything more to do with such a teacher. But though they parted suddenly, Schubert was always grateful to Salieri, and Salieri watched with interest the rapid progress of Schubert. Schubert celebrated his master's jubilee by a poem. Salieri was so pleased with the success of his pupil's first mass, that he embraced him, and said, "Franz, you are my scholar, one who will do me much honour."

CHAPTER II.

BEGINNING OF THE SECOND PERIOD—USHER IN A SCHOOL
—HOPELESS STUPIDITY—MOST PROLIFIC YEAR OF HIS LIFE
—SOME OF HIS BEST SONGS—THE ERL KING—MORE THAN
FIFTY SONGS IN A YEAR—OPERAS—CONSISTENT FAILURE—
SALIERI'S JUBILEE—A POEM BY SCHUBERT—HIS FIRST
EARNINGS—WRITTEN FOR A FESTIVAL—A MUSICAL SOCIETY
—VALUE OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY—DIARIES AND LETTERS—
ENTRIES IN SCHUBERT'S DIARY—FEELINGS OF DESPON-
DENCY—JUDGMENT ON PICTURES—ON SALIERI'S JUBILEE—
GENERAL SENTIMENTS—INTERIM.

THE year 1813 may be said to end the first period of Schubert's artist life. He was now getting on for seventeen, and his voice was breaking, so that he could not be retained as one of the singers in the Court Chapel. The

Emperor gave permission for him to remain in the school, but he was not inclined to study there any longer, especially as it would have entailed a new examination. Accordingly he returned home, and took the place of assistant in his father's school.

He held this post for three years, and discharged the duties of it zealously and conscientiously ; but, as may readily be supposed, they were far from being pleasant to him. He was assistant in the lowest class, the ABC class, and the contact with children who (to vary Talleyrand's epigram), had learned nothing and forgotten everything, was most repugnant to a youth of genius. His sister relates that he was frequently driven into a violent passion, and corrected the children with his own hands. It is quite credible. The probability is, that he forgot his own difficulties in learning, and his backwardness in everything save music, at the spectacle of hopeless and consistent stupidity.

But while devoting himself to this drudgery, he did not neglect the work that came natural to him. His productivity during these three years was marvellous. In the year 1814 he composed a mass in F, which called forth from Salieri the enthusiasm just recorded, and which was performed in the Lichtenthal parish church on its centenary jubilee. The same year he finished the fairy piece, which has been mentioned already. The overture was given once; the rest of the opera has never been performed; and the second act has perished. Schubert made over the manuscript to a friend, in payment of a small debt, and his servants used the second act for lighting fires. Why the second act particularly, is not recorded.

The year 1815 is noticeable as the most prolific of Schubert's life. It witnessed the production of more than a hundred songs, half-a-dozen operas and operettas, several symphonies, church music, chamber music, &c., &c., &c. At the same time Schubert was occupied with

Salieri, and with his work as usher. We cannot divine how he found time for such a mass of composition. He took indifferently ballads from Goethe, Schiller, and Körner; songs from poets who were popular in their day and are now forgotten; and even words from Ossian. Some of the songs composed this year rank among his best, a fact which is stranger than that many should be of little value, considering that seven were composed one day, and four another.

It was either the end of the year 1815, or the beginning of the year 1816,* that Schubert composed the most popular of all his songs, the "Erl King." The ballad is one of the most

* As Schubert always wrote the date on the original manuscript, this doubt might be cleared up by referring to the original, which is in the possession of Madame Clara Schumann. The Erl King is Schubert's Op. 1; it appeared in 1828, and was dedicated to Count Moriz von Dietrichstein. The autograph belonged to Herr Randhartinger, Chapel-master at Vienna, from whom it passed to Madame Clara Schumann.

picturesque and most popular of Goethe's ballads ; how much it owes to the setting, may be seen from the pages of Goethe's English biographer.* Schubert wrote the music one afternoon in the room he occupied in his father's house in the Himmelfortgrund. He read the words over twice with increasing excitement, and during this perusal the music came so fully before him, that he dashed it down on the paper in just the time needed for the mechanical work of writing. One of his friends came in while he was in the middle of it ; and the song was sung the same evening in the *Convict*. The discord which marks the place where the "Erl King" seizes the child, was not acceptable to the young hearers, though at present it passes unquestioned, and the musical director had to explain to them, that in such a case it was quite allowable.

* "The Erl King, known to every reader through Schubert's music, if through no other source."—*Lewes's Life of Goethe*, vol. ii. p. 305.

The song was not made public till six years after, when Vogl sang it at a concert given in the opera-house. It at once established Schubert's popularity. But we shall come to this in due time.

Some fifty of the songs composed in the year 1815 are still unpublished and unknown. One of the unpublished ones is the setting of Körner's poem, "Lützow's Wild Chase." Of those which have been published, we may mention the Mignon songs from Wilhelm Meister, which were published in 1824, with a dedication to Goethe. They had been sent him already in 1819. These, and some songs from Ossian, written at the same time, bear the most distinctive marks of genius, and witness to the wonderful strides Schubert was making in musical development. The same, or even more, may be said of the mass in G, which was composed in March, 1815, for the Lichtenthal parish church, and which was not surpassed by any of Schubert's later masses. A second mass in

B flat, a Stabat Mater in B flat, and a Magnificat, are also products of this year.

Nor was this all. Two symphonies, one of which was only performed in part, and the other not at all, and six operas or operettas, bear witness to Schubert's fertility. One of these operettas is set to words of Körner's, and a soldiers' chorus from it has been sung at a concert in Vienna. Another is Goethe's opera, "Claudine von Villabella." The manuscript has been in the hands of the same owner as Schubert's first opera, and has met with the same fate. The two last acts perished in lighting fires, and the first alone remains. On the manuscript of this first act the dates at which it was begun and ended are given, so that we see its composition occupied eleven days. The same place bears the inscription, "Music by F. Schubert, scholar of Herr von Salieri, 1815."

Goethe's opera has been set by two other composers. What remains of Schubert's music is charming and characteristic, and

Schubert himself attached some importance to the composition. Of the other operas composed this year little is to be said. The libretto of one has perished, while the music lies among Schubert's unpublished remains. None of them are worthy of being mentioned among his more important works. They were only attempts on his part to familiarize himself with operatic and dramatic composition. Many of the greatest masters have shown a desire to excel in this branch at a very early age, and there is no doubt that Schubert shared that desire in the highest degree. Even had the music of these operas been more important, the naïveté of the words to which most of them were set would exclude them from the stage. On the other hand it must not be supposed that they show any traces of inexperience or immaturity. The composer was already familiar with instrumentation, and had given proof of full acquaintance with harmony. His melody was inexhaustible; he had written some of his loveliest songs, and

one of his greatest masses. Thus he moves in the musical part of these operettas with perfect ease and security; and if any conductor of concerts should choose to search through the partitions he would find many charming pieces to reward his labour.

The love of operatic composition clung to Schubert till the end of his days. It is true that there was often a pause between his completing one and beginning another, and it might seem as if the want of an audience, or rather the unkindness of the theatres which had virtually accepted his two greatest pieces, and then refused to play them, was driving him to other pastures. None of his dramatic works, save those belonging to the region of farce and melodrama, were given during his lifetime. But this did not discourage him. Just before his death we find him engaged in plans for a new opera.

The year 1816 was also marked by extreme industry and fertility, though the

operatic branch was deserted for songs and cantatas.

Of the cantatas, the first in date, though not the first in merit, was that written for Salieri's jubilee. The 16th of June, 1816, was the fiftieth anniversary of Salieri's entry into the Emperor's service. Salieri himself had looked forward with great pleasure to the day, and had intended to celebrate it himself with due honours. Early in the morning he went with his four daughters to the Italian church to return solemn thanks, and he had invited some of his friends to dine with him at the early German hour. But the Emperor, who returned that day from Italy, did not leave the composer alone to solemnize the day. At 10 o'clock Salieri was surprised by the appearance of an imperial carriage, which took him to the hotel of the High Steward, Prince Trauttmansdorf-Weinsberg. He was there led into a chamber decked up for the occasion, and, in the presence of all the musicians of the

court, presented with the great gold medal of honour of the civil class. From Prince Trauttmannsdorf's, Salieri drove to the Court Chapel to direct high mass, as it was Sunday, and this was part of his duty. The mass given was one of his own.

At six in the evening all who had been his pupils assembled in his house, and the musical part of the festival began. Salieri himself took his seat at the piano with his four daughters around him. On his right fourteen lady pupils formed a half circle; on his left were twelve male pupils, including Weigl and Schubert. Hummel and Moscheles were absent from Vienna, and could only send some of their music to represent them. Opposite the circle of pupils stood the bust of the Emperor Joseph II., Salieri's first ruler and benefactor. A chorus, with words and music by Salieri himself, began the festival, and was followed by the pieces composed for the occasion by each of his scholars.

Schubert's contribution consisted of a vocal quartett for four male voices, followed by an aria with pianoforte accompaniment, and ending with a canon for three voices. The words as well as the music were his, and while both are interesting, from the occasion and from the warmth of feeling displayed, they have little intrinsic value.

The cantata of Prometheus followed soon after, and was far more important. It was composed to order, and earned Schubert his first *honorarium*, forty florins Austrian, that is about £4! The work itself has vanished, but those who heard it declare without exception that it was extremely good, and Schubert was so pleased with it, that he endeavoured some years after to have it performed in public.

Some law students were desirous of surprising their teacher, the Professor of political science, with a musical celebration on his birthday. One of them composed the words of a cantata during a walk through the moun-

tain valleys of Baden, near Vienna, and the poem was confided to Schubert. The rehearsals took place in the consistorial hall of the university, but the performance which was to have been on the 12th of July, had to be postponed on account of the weather, till the 24th. In spite of this delay, the festival succeeded admirably, and the cantata was received with much applause. A poem was addressed to Schubert in one of the theatrical papers. The Musical Union was pressed to perform the cantata at its concerts, but declined, as the composer was so young and unknown. Since then, both words and music have disappeared. When last heard of, they were in Schubert's own keeping, but they vanished from his lodging about the time of his death. The cantata had not been copied. It was performed in one or two places during Schubert's lifetime, once in a friend's house, and once at Innsbruck. In the year 1820 Schubert thought of giving a public perform-

ance of it in the Augarten at Vienna, but the rehearsal went off badly, and he gave up the idea.

A third cantata this year was written in honour of a school inspector, and has been published as Op. 128. In church music, Schubert wrote his fourth Mass (in C) a Magnificat, the fragment of a Requiem, and a Stabat Mater. The mass is comparatively unimportant; the Stabat Mater is far more successful, and has been given more than once in Vienna. Staudigl sang in it in 1841, and as late as 1863 it was performed in one of the Viennese churches. It is written for solos, chorus, and orchestra, and consists of four arias (one bass, one soprano, and two tenor) a duett for soprano and tenor, a terzett for soprano, tenor, and bass, and five choruses. The choruses form the best part of the whole composition, and the double chorus (No. 5) for alternate male and female voices is especially beautiful. The aria for a bass voice might

have been written by Mozart, it is so thoroughly Mozartian.

This year Schubert composed two more symphonies, one of which is known as the symphony without trumpets and drums. This singular title is probably to be interpreted by the circumstances of the society for which the symphony was written. The small society of friends and acquaintances which used to practise quartetts at the house of Schubert's father had gradually extended. A larger room had to be found, and by the autumn of 1815 smaller symphonies of Haydn and Mozart could be performed, and an audience could be collected. Again there was a move, and now the performers ventured on the larger symphonies of Haydn and Mozart, the first two of Beethoven, and the overtures of Cherubini, Spontini, Catel, Mehul, Boieldieu, and others. It was for this society that Schubert wrote the symphonies just mentioned, the "overtures in the Italian style" in 1817, and

another symphony in 1818. The performances went on till 1820, when the room the society had last occupied was no longer at its disposal, and this led to its dissolution. Schubert was one of the regular players. We may conclude that no trumpeter or drummer was to be found in the society.

A string quartett, a string trio, a concerto for the violin, a rondo for the violin, a sonata for the piano, an adagio and rondo for the piano, the beginning of another sonata, two marches for the piano, are some of the rest of the instrumental music of this year. In vocal music Schubert composed the chorus of angels from Goethe's "Faust," which appeared in 1839, and a great number of songs. One of the songs of this year is "The Wanderer," an extremely popular one, as we shall learn when we come to Schubert's bargains with his publishers.

One thing which Schubert wrote this year is most valuable in a biographical point of

view, and it is much to be wished that other years had been equally favoured. We do not know that they were not. But, owing to various causes, the years 1816 and 1824 are the only ones of which we have a diary or any autobiographical records from the pen of the composer. How valuable the materials furnished by letters or diaries are for future knowledge of great men, has lately been proved by the publication of Mozart's and Mendelssohn's Letters. The biographer is fortunate if he has a story to tell; if there are any outward events, journeys, adventures, interviews with great or merely high contemporaries, to enliven his pages. But the man himself has only to open his heart and the world listens. His works have opened his mind to us, and we feel a natural curiosity, rather a much nobler feeling than curiosity, to know the rest of the man. Was his own mind the true receptacle of these great thoughts, or did they pass through him

almost without his feeling them? Was his heart in fit harmony with such a mind, or was the mind a stranger in his body? All these questions cannot be answered by the best biographer, because the most intimate knowledge of another man must in some sense stop at the outer barriers which guard him. With all one's penetration, one cannot get inside another man, and see the true workings of the springs which are the man. And the consequence is that, judging from words and actions, we are perpetually led astray; we are often doing foul injustice from a want of the corresponding link between the inner and the outer man; we exaggerate carelessness into wilful wrong, or elevate a lucky guess into a masterpiece of wisdom.

Autobiography may, of course, lead us intentionally astray, but what we want to be guarded against is unintentional wrong. Indeed, the familiar, careless confidences of a man are seldom likely to be guided by such resolute

purpose and consistency as to be dangerous. Even if the man's estimate of himself is untrustworthy there are means of checking it, and when he does not know that he is giving his own portrait he may be betrayed into valuable revelations. In the case of Schubert there would be no reason to fear his playing a part. He never attempts to glorify himself, or make himself out other than he is. It is the more to be regretted that so few of his written confidences remain. Apparently he was not an extensive letter writer, though here we are reduced to conjecture. All we do know is that diaries and letters have shared the fate of much of his music. An autograph collector had a diary in Schubert's hand, which he cut up and dispersed in small pieces according to the demand for autographs of the composer. Fortunately a worthier member of the class found the diary before the whole of it was dispersed in distant collections, and gathered up the remaining leaves into one body.

Some of these leaves are as follows:—

“ June 13th, 1816. A clear, bright, beautiful day which I shall remember all my life. Softly, as if from far, the magic tones of Mozart’s music echo in my ears. Schlesinger’s masterly play forced them deep, deep into my heart, with such incredible force and yet with such softness. Thus these lovely impressions remain in our soul, from which no time, no events can erase them, and act beneficently on our being. In the gloom of this life they show us a clear, bright, beautiful far-off, on which we rest our hopes with confidence. O Mozart! immortal Mozart, how many, how many such salutary impressions of a clear and better life hast thou impressed on our souls! This quintett may be called one of the greatest of his smaller works. I had also to produce myself on this occasion. I played variations of Beethoven, sang Goethe’s ‘Unresting Love,’ and Schiller’s ‘Amelia.’ The first was generally applauded, the second less. Though I think

myself that my 'Unresting Love' is a greater success than the 'Amelia,' it cannot be denied that Goethe's musical genius had a great share in producing the applause.

"June 14th, 1816. After an interval of some months I took an evening walk once more. There can scarcely be anything more pleasant than to pass one's evenings in the cool green after a hot summer's day, and the fields between Währing and Döbling seem made for this. In the dubious twilight and the company of my brother Carl my heart felt so well at ease. How lovely, I thought and exclaimed, and then stood still in delight. The neighbourhood of the burial ground reminded us of our good mother. Thus, amid sad and cordial discourse, we came to the point where the Döbling road divides. And, as from a heavenly home, I heard a well-known voice from a chaise that was stopping. I looked up and it was Herr Weinmüller who was just dismounting, and took leave in his hearty honest tones.

Our conversation turned at once on outward heartiness in human tone and speech. How many men strive in vain to express their honest hearts in speech equally honest and hearty; how many would give rise to laughter in the attempt. It is a gift of nature, not one to be obtained by endeavour.

“June 15th, 1816. It is very common for us to form too great an idea of what we expect to see. Such was the case with me when I saw the exhibition of national pictures held at St. Anna. Among them all a picture of the Madonna with the child (by Abel) pleased me the most. I was much deceived by the velvet mantle of a prince. I see, too, that one must look at such things oftener and longer in order to find and preserve the right impression.”

The rather disjointed remarks which follow were written on the evening of the 16th of June, on Schubert's return home from Salieri's jubilee:—

“It must be a fair and refreshing sight to an

artist to see all his pupils collected round him, and all of them striving to do their best for his jubilee; to hear in all these compositions simple nature and its expression, free from all that *bizarrierie* which prevails at present with most of our composers, and is almost entirely attributable to one of our greatest German artists; which mixes up tragedy and comedy, things pleasant and things repugnant, the heroic with howling, the most sacred with harlequinades; which throws men into madness instead of melting them with love, and excites to laughter instead of lifting the soul to heaven. To see this *bizarrierie* banished from the circle of his scholars, and pure and holy nature in its place, must be the highest joy to that artist who was taught by Gluck to know nature, and has retained it in spite of the most unnatural surroundings of our time.

“Herr Salieri celebrated his jubilee, having been fifty years in Vienna and nearly as long in the emperor’s service; was rewarded by his

majesty with a gold medal, and invited many of his pupils, male and female. The compositions of his scholars in composition (*sic*) which were made for the occasion, were produced in the order in which the scholars came to him. The whole was enclosed (*sic*) by a chorus from the oratorio *Jesu al Limbo* both (*sic*) by Salieri. The oratorio quite Gluckish; the entertainment interesting for every one.

“To-day I composed the first time for money. A cantata for the name day of Professor Watteroth. The *honorarium* 100 florins, Viennese currency.*

“Man is like a ball, with chance and passions

“I have often heard writers say the world is like a stage where each man plays his part. Praise and blame follow in the next world. But one part is given you, your part is given

* One hundred florins Viennese, (Wiener Währung) would equal forty florins Austrian (Conventions Münze)—respectively W. W. and C. M.

you, and who can say it is played well or ill? A bad theatrical manager who gives his players parts which they are not able to play. There can be no thought of carelessness here. The world gives no example of an actor being dismissed for reciting badly. As soon as he has a part suited to him he will play it well. Whether he receives praise or blame, depends on a public tuned to a thousand different opinions. In the other world praise or blame depends on the manager of the world. There can, therefore, be no blame.

“Natural disposition and education determine the mind and heart of man. The heart is ruler, the mind ought to be.

“Take men as they are, not as they ought to be.

“Happy he who finds a true friend; happier he who finds a true friend in his wife. To the freeman at this time marriage is a fearful thought; he confuses it either with dulness or coarse sensuality.

“Light tongue, light heart: too light a tongue often hides too heavy a heart.

“Man bears sorrow without complaint, but he feels it all the more bitterly. Why did God give us sympathy?

“Town politeness is a powerful opponent of integrity on the part of men towards each other. The greatest misery of the wise and the greatest happiness of fools is based upon propriety.

“Now I know no more. To-morrow I shall certainly know something more. Why is this? Is my mind better to-day than it will be to-morrow? Because I am full and sleepy? Why does not my mind think when my body sleeps? Probably it goes out walking. Certainly it can't sleep.”

Most readers will conclude from these latter thoughts, that Schubert was now in that state of mind spoken of by Keats, as coming between the healthy imagination of boyhood and the healthy imagination of manhood. Such, indeed,

seems the case, and it is quite explained by the young composer's circumstances. Condemned to the stool of an assistant in a rudimentary school, and finding that his prodigal genius was not sufficient to give him bread, he might well ask if the fault lay with the actor or the manager, and if he could not act much better in a far higher capacity. Discontent is almost inevitably attached to drudgery, but it does not always imply that the mind is above its work, or that there will be no drudgery in the higher capacity to which it aspires.

CHAPTER III.

LEAVES SCHOOL—ATTEMPTS TO GET POST OF TEACHER—
CERTIFICATE FROM SALIERI—HELP OF FRIENDS—SCHOB-
BER—MAYRHOFER—VOGL—SINGER AND COMPOSER—MU-
SICAL CLAIRVOYANCE—A WISE FATHER WHO KNOWS HIS
OWN CHILD—VOGL'S CORRECTIONS—INTRODUCES SCHUBERT
TO THE PUBLIC—FAITHFUL ADMIRERS—OVERTURES IN THE
ITALIAN STYLE—THE ROSSINI FURORE—HATRED OF PUPIL
TEACHING—THE ESTERHAZY FAMILY—ROMANTIC EPISODE
—LISZT ON SCHUBERT—STAY IN HUNGARY—HOW TO PICK
UP NATIONAL AIRS—INFLUENCE OF OTHER COMPOSERS—
THE MOURNING WALTZES.

AFTER three years of constant penance and unexampled self-denial, Schubert resolved to make every effort to release himself from the bondage of his position. Even if it was necessary for him to leave Vienna, and take a

musical appointment far from home and family, he did not scruple at the sacrifice.

In December, 1815, the central organizing commission had resolved to attach a school of music to the normal school at Laibach, and the post of teacher was thrown open to competition. Small as was the salary—500 florins Viennese, that is £20 a year—Schubert put himself forward as one of the candidates. The examination was conducted by Salieri, who testified to Schubert's merits in the following certificate:—*

“Io qui Sottoscritto affermo, quanto nella supplica di Francesco Schubert in riguardo al posto musicale di Lubiana sta esposto.

Vienna, 9 Aprile, 1816.

ANTONIO SALIERI,

Primo maestro di cappella della Corte
Imp. reale.”

* The original is in the possession of Dr. von Kreissle.

A report from the district authority through which Schubert's application was sent, dwelt very strongly on this recommendation of Salieri's, and added that the Inspector of Schools spoke favourably of Schubert's method in the treatment of young people. But, in spite of this, the post was given to another, and this plan of escape had failed.

However, help came from another quarter. A student of the name of Schober, who had been born in Sweden, whither his father had emigrated, but who had returned to Germany on his father's death and taken up his quarters in Vienna, was much struck by some of Schubert's songs, and desired to make his acquaintance. He found the composer absorbed in his duties as usher, correcting the exercises of children, and so fully occupied, that it was a marvel how he could find time for such prodigious masses of composition. Further acquaintance with Schubert and his new productions convinced Schober that the only hope

for the young genius lay in removal from drudgery and his present round of repulsive duties. With the consent of his own mother and Schubert's father, he gave Schubert a room in his lodgings. It is said that the consent of Schubert's father was assisted by a ringing box on the ear, given by the son to a stupid girl, which called up the head master, and led to the dismissal of the hasty assistant. But whether this story is true, or a mere variation on facts already stated, we cannot determine.

After living for some time with Schober, the arrival of a brother of his host made it necessary for Schubert to move. Accordingly he took up his abode with a poet named Mayrhofer, many of whose verses he had set to music. The friendship and intellectual intercourse between these two had begun already. Mayrhofer was ten years older than Schubert, and was employed in the Austrian censorship. There were many peculiarities in his character

which would have been more noticed had his poems earned him a wider fame. Schubert's friendship stimulated him to poetic composition, and while they lived together, he wrote a good deal, amongst other things the words of two operas. But, after the composer's death, his lyre was silent; he worked hard (in two senses of the word) at his censorial duties, and became a prey to hypochondria. One day, when he came to his office, he found that he could not work; he left his desk and wandered through the house, and at last flung himself from a window in the top story.*

These two, Schober and Mayrhofer, were Schubert's most attached friends, but there was a third whose help was still more important, the singer Vogl. Vogl was consider-

* He had thrown himself into the Danube once before, and on being reproached by his friends for his attempt at suicide, only said that he did not know the water of the Danube was so warm.

ably older than Schubert, and had long been engaged in the Viennese opera. He was blasé on the subject of music, and had heard too often of rising geniuses, who never came to anything, to be willing to patronise a new one. Schubert greatly admired Vogl, and longed to have his songs made known through the medium of such a singer. But at first Vogl shunned his acquaintance. Schober spoke to Vogl several times about him, but without effect. At last the singer consented to pay a visit to the young composer, was received by him with rather awkward bows and scrapes and disconnected words, and hummed over one or two songs. The first of them seemed pretty and melodious, though little more, but the others grew upon him; and on leaving, he tapped Schubert on the shoulder, and said, "There is something in you, but you are too little of an actor, too little of a charlatan; you squander your good thoughts instead of beating them out fine." To others, however, he

spoke warmly and enthusiastically of Schubert. The songs grew upon him more and more; he came to Schubert uninvited and studied his compositions; and he soon communicated to others the raptures they awoke in him.

Vogl himself was a singular character. At an early age his clear voice and perfect intonation attracted the notice of the leader of the choir of his parish church, and led to his receiving a thorough musical education. In his eighth year, he became a paid soprano singer, and at the same time he was carefully instructed in the school of a monastery. This education made him contrast favourably with the general run of opera singers. To the end of his days he was a constant student of the Old and New Testaments, Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, and Thomas à Kempis. While waiting in the theatre he would often occupy himself with a Greek classic, and his learning infused a respectful fear into his comrades.

Nor was this learning the only benefit he had derived from his monastic training. It had taught him a habit of religious contemplation, by which he endeavoured to rule his life, and which contrasted still more strongly with the careless ways of theatrical companies. A moral sceptic, he was always anatomising himself and others; and when his strong excitable nature exposed him to the influence of passions, his repentance was deep and agonizing.

He sang in the Viennese opera for twenty-eight years, after which he retired from the stage and devoted himself to ballads. His best performances in opera were the parts of Orestes in the "Iphigenia," Count Almaviva in the "Marriage of Figaro," Cheron in Cherubini's "Medea," and Jacob in Weigl's "Swiss Family." His judgment of Schubert's songs is rather singular, and one expression in it is explained by a curious anecdote. "Nothing," he says, "has shown the want of an efficient school of singing so clearly as Schubert's songs.

Otherwise, what an extraordinary and universal effect wherever the German language penetrates would have been produced by these truly divine inspirations, these productions of a musical *clairvoyance*. How many would have understood for the first time the meaning of the words, language, poetry in notes, words in harmonies, thoughts clothed in music. They would have learnt how the finest poem of our greatest poets can be elevated, or even surpassed when translated into such musical language. There are examples without end. Goethe's 'Erl King,' 'Gretchen at her Spinning Wheel,' 'Mignon and the Harper,' Schiller's 'Longing,' 'The Pilgrim,' 'The Pledge.' "

The use of the word *clairvoyance* applied by Vogl to Schubert, arose in this manner:—One morning Schubert brought Vogl several songs, but Vogl was busy and could not attend to them. The songs were laid on the table and Schubert took leave. When Vogl was at

leisure, he looked through the songs and found one which particularly pleased him. This one, however, was written too high for him, he transposed it for his own voice, and had his version copied. About a fortnight afterwards the two friends were practising together, and some new pieces were produced. Vogl brought out Schubert's song as he had transposed it, and laid the copy on the piano. After Vogl had sung it, Schubert took up the copy, and said in a Viennese dialect; "H'm! not a bad song, who's it by?"

The friendship between Schubert and Vogl began in 1817, and exerted a beneficial influence on the young composer. Vogl guided the choice of Schubert as to the poems which he was to set to music, and recited them to him with great power of expression beforehand, so that the music might do full justice to the thought of the poet. Schubert generally came to Vogl's lodging in the morning, and either composed there or went through new

songs with him. He attached much importance to Vogl's judgment, and often accepted his corrections. That these corrections were not always improvements appears from the manuscripts of some of Schubert's songs. A new or admirable inspiration of genius did not always promise to catch the public taste; but a practised singer is generally a better judge of the public taste than he is of the inspiration of genius. Vogl who had blamed Schubert for having too little of the charlatan in him, and not beating out his thoughts fine, was hardly the kind of corrector needed; and it is a pity that some one does not consult the Schubertian MSS., and restore the original readings.

In another respect Vogl's influence on Schubert is to be taken without any drawbacks. He it was who first made Schubert known to the world of art, and to the larger world which supports that small world. In life he acted as a guide and adviser, and did all in his

power to improve Schubert's circumstances. Perhaps he acted too much as a protector, which is partly explained by his being more than twenty years older than his companion. The extraordinary mass of Schubert's songs, and the preponderance of this branch of composition over all others, are to be explained by his friendship with Vogl, for whom most of the songs were written. It is unfortunate that so many of them should have been written for a voice which is of rare occurrence, and that Vogl's peculiar emphasis should have been so exclusively studied. But Vogl's name is indissolubly associated with Schubert's songs, and his intimate connection with Schubert's life is a sufficient excuse for the prominence given him in this narrative.

Among Schubert's other musical friends at this time were the two brothers Hüttenbrenner, the elder of whom was a composer, and a public employé named Gahy who excelled on the pianoforte. One of the brothers

Hüttenbrenner possesses many of Schubert's MSS., and was such an enthusiastic admirer of Schubert's genius that he was proud of being repulsed. Some one relates that Schubert was nicknamed "tyrannus," from the cruelty with which he repelled this indiscreet worshipper. He would say, ironically, "that fellow likes everything of mine." But he was glad of his services in arranging his symphonies for the piano, in attending to his works being engraved, and in corresponding with foreign publishers; and the letters of Schubert to Hüttenbrenner, which are carefully preserved by the latter, are more those of a friend than of a tyrant.

Hüttenbrenner's attempts to procure Schubert's genius due recognition will often appear in this narrative. It is, surely, a bitter irony of fate that it was in his house and in his keeping that such misadventures happened to the Schubertian MSS.

Gahy was selected by Schubert to play com-

positions for four hands with him on the piano, his own works and the symphonies of Beethoven. The purity and expressiveness of Gahy's play, and the quickness with which he read music at sight, were the points which especially commended him to the composer. Schubert was not a virtuoso in the modern sense of the word, but he accompanied his own songs admirably, and his short thick fingers were not beaten by any of the difficulties of his most difficult sonatas. One of his pieces alone must be excepted, the Fantasia, (Op. 15), which he never could master. He was once playing it in a circle of friends and stuck in the last movement; on which he sprang from his seat and said "the devil may play it!" On the other hand a musician before whom Schubert played one of his sonatas, exclaimed in delight, "Schubert, I admire your playing on the piano more than your compositions!" Gahy bore witness to the pure and ready play, the mixture of tenderness and fire which distin-

guished his short, fat friend. Not only did he learn much from Schubert, but he found Schubert's sociality so much increased in the course of playing that he was a most delightful companion.

The year 1817 is chiefly marked by the composition of the two "overtures in the Italian style." Rossini's operas were then causing a *furore* in Vienna (second only to that produced by the Swan of Pesaro himself on his visit a few years later), and Schubert was one of their many admirers. Himself a master of melody, he could not fail to wonder at the facility with which Rossini poured forth such an exulting and abounding stream, though he was not unconscious of the faults which attended it. But he was often at the theatre, and one night returning with some friends from a representation of "Tancredi," he found their praise of Rossini's overtures was pitched too high. He declared it would be easy for him to write similar overtures with equal

speed, and his friends took him at his word. The result was that he composed two, which were often given at concerts during his lifetime, and earned great applause. One of them was played in 1818, and the *Wiener Theater-Zeitung* of the time characterised it as wonderfully delicious. "Though the motive was singularly simple, he developed from it a store of the most astonishing and most attractive ideas, worked out with skill and force."

No less than five sonatas, as well as numberless songs, were composed the same year. In the following one Schubert consented to take a step which he had always viewed with the greatest dislike—to give lessons in music. This dislike was fully shared by Mozart and Beethoven; by the latter to such an extent that he only twice overcame his reluctance. The bitterness with which Mozart alludes to the necessity of earning his bread by teaching is familiar to the readers of his letters, yet it was the only way by which bread could be

earned by a musician. Strangely enough, Schubert consented to teach stupid children of the lowest class their letters, and condemned himself for three years to this extreme drudgery, rather than teach his favourite pursuit to a more intelligent class of learners. Perhaps he thought it a prostitution of his art to turn it into drudgery, and preferred a task which was utterly soulless and mechanical to one in which his soul was really engaged. Whatever his reasons, it is certain that he was only once prevailed upon to give lessons.

He entered the house of Count John Esterhazy as teacher of music, and found the whole family passionately devoted to it. The father sang bass, the mother and one of her daughters contralto, and the other daughter soprano. The aid of a frequent visitor, Baron Schönstein, made up a vocal quartett for which Schubert wrote his "Prayer before the Battle," on the words of de la Motte Fouqué. The Esterhazy family passed the winter in Vienna, and the

summer on their estate in Hungary, where Schubert's connection with them began. He was then twenty-one; the Count's two daughters were thirteen and eleven.

This sojourn with the Esterhazy family forms the only romantic episode in Schubert's life. As a rule we know singularly little of his love adventures. He never seems to have thought of marriage. He never mixed himself up in any serious or lasting engagement. Although he was certainly susceptible as regarded the fair sex, he did not show his feelings as openly as would most men of like imaginative power. It is certain that with his most intimate friends he was very reserved on the subject. Still we have reason to believe that he was often in love. Without alluding to minor and more varying attachments, the one he formed for the youngest daughter of the Esterhazy family may well detain us. It lasted the rest of his life, though perhaps it was never put in direct words. The young

countess Caroline valued Schubert and his genius, but she did not return his love, and it is probable that she was not aware of its extent or reality. Though if she had chosen to see it, Schubert's manner and a phrase which once fell from him must have revealed it. On her complaining that he had dedicated nothing to her, he replied, "What would be the use of my doing so? Everything is dedicated to you already."

We learn these facts about Schubert's life from the sole survivor of the company, Baron Schönstein. It was to him that Schubert owed the introduction of his songs into the higher circles of Viennese society. In 1838 Liszt heard Baron Schönstein, and wrote in the *Gazette Musicale* the following account of his singing : " Dans les salons j'entends avec un plaisir très-vif, et souvent une emotion qui allait jusqu' aux larmes, un amateur le Baron Schönstein dire les Lieder de Schubert. La traduction française ne nous donne qu'une idée bien imparfaite

de ce qu'est l'union de ces poésies presque toutes extrêmement belles avec la musique de Schubert, le musicien le plus poète qui fut jamais. La langue allemande est admirable dans l'ordre du sentiment, peut-être aussi n'y-a-t-il qu'un Allemand qui sache bien comprendre la naïveté et la fantaisie de plusieurs de ses compositions, leur charme capricieux, leur abandon mélancolique. Le Baron Sch. les déclame avec la science d'un grand artiste, et les chante avec la sensibilité simple d'un amateur qui se laisse aller à ses émotions sans se préoccuper du public."

What with the pieces written for the Esterhazy family, and with other sudden inspirations, Schubert's stay in Hungary was most prolific. It is not strange that he was attracted by the Hungarian and Slavonian national airs, which he heard sung by the servants, or by passing gipsies, and reproduced them in a more artistic form. The *divertissement à la Hongroise* (Op. 54) consists of several of these airs wrought into a whole. The motive of it was caught up

by Schubert in the kitchen of Count Esterhazy's castle. Returning from a walk with Baron Schönstein, he heard a maid-servant singing an air as she bent over the kitchen fire. The air struck him, and he hummed it as he went on; next winter it appeared as the motive of the *divertissement*. Besides this, he wove national airs into many of his works, and Hungarian melodies appear even in parts of his symphonies.

One symphony was composed this year,—the sixth in C. It forms the transition from Schubert's earlier symphonic works, which bear traces of the older masters, to his great seventh symphony, which is purely his own. In the *scherzo* of this sixth symphony the influence of Beethoven is not to be mistaken. Another work of this year is the series of waltzes, called the "Mourning Waltzes," which enjoyed great popularity, and have given rise to variations without number. According to a note of Joseph Hüittenbrenner, Schubert composed these

waltzes while staying at a bath with the other brother, Anselm, and Anselm Hüttenbrenner is in possession of the original. But the waltzes have constantly passed as Beethoven's. Several of the variations based on them named Beethoven as their author, and in spite of many discussions in musical papers, the point is not yet decided. The hypercritical acuteness of one writer discovers their motive in a *graduale* of Haydn's; in Op. 7, Op. 40, and in the *Adelaide* of Beethoven; in a mass of Schnabel's; in the overture to the *Vestal Virgin* of Spontini; in a quartett of Mendelssohn's, and—in a thousand other places.

CHAPTER IV.

UNFAVOURABLE STATE OF THE TIMES—LETTERS OF SCHUBERT'S—THOUGHTS ON ROSSINI—TRUE GENIUS EXCLUDES ENVY—SCHUBERT DEBARRED FROM THE OPERA—SCHUBERT AND GOETHE—DID GOETHE KNOW OF SCHUBERT?—NOT TILL IT WAS TOO LATE—EFFECT OF THE “ERL KING” ON ITS CREATOR—AN OPERETTA—PLOT AND MUSIC—NOT MUCH INSPIRATION—A MELODRAMA—DISCOVERY OF SCHUBERTIAN MANUSCRIPTS—AN ORATORIO—OFFERS OF PATRONAGE—FIRST PUBLIC RECEPTION—A CONCERT—THE AUDIENCE AND THE CRITICS.

It was at the beginning of the year 1819, that one of Schubert's songs was first brought before a Viennese public. But the time for any public recognition of his genius was not yet. This very year he was striving in vain to have some of his larger operas performed, and he found that

he could make no way against the private opposition of cliques, and the public adoration of Rossini.

Many of his letters testify to the unfavourable state of the times, and the impossibility of getting hearers for a German opera. In one dated May 19th, 1819, he breaks out openly against the cabals which hindered the production of his works. "In spite of Vogl, it is difficult to manœuvre against the *canaille* of Weigl, Treitschke, &c. Instead of my operetta, they give stuff which makes one's hair stand on end." The same letter speaks of Rossini's *Otello* as having been lately given. "This opera is far better, that is, more characteristic than *Tancredi*. It is impossible to deny it extraordinary genius. The instrumentation is often extremely original, and so is the vocal part; there is no fault to be found with the music, except the usual Italian gallopades, and several reminiscences of *Tancredi*."

Schubert's admiration for Rossini is one of

the finest traits in his character. It is remembered by everybody who knew him, and appears in several of his letters. Yet a composer of such genius as Schubert might well have been expected to struggle against the popular stream, to note the weaknesses of Rossini rather than his attractions, and to point to his own powers as by no means inferior. When he saw the whole of Vienna running after an Italian, he might have reminded it of the native genius it was neglecting. He did nothing of the sort. He went to the Italian opera frequently; did not disdain to listen, and did not disdain to learn. Nay, more, he acknowledged that he had learnt much in the art of instrumentation from the light-winged Italian, and he would not listen to those pedants who censured Rossini as the destroyer of musical taste.

The Rossinian frenzy which seized early on Vienna, and reached its climax in 1823, was no doubt galling to native composers, and especially to one whose operas it deprived of their public.

To see an audience bitten by a *tarantella* (as the biographer of Beethoven describes the scene), and shouting for the composer's appearance at the end of each act, cannot be pleasant when it wounds so many feelings of patriotism and rivalry. The effect it had on Beethoven himself is much to be regretted; he refused to see Rossini, called him a scene-painter, and admitted grudgingly that he would have been a good composer if his master had flogged him more. Schubert, however, had even more cause to complain. With a facility only second to Rossini's (as he had shown by the composition of his overtures in the Italian style), a power of melody hardly second to him, and a natural turn for the opera, he found himself entirely excluded. One of his operas had actually passed the censorship, which, in those days might have been considered the last, as it was, perhaps, the most difficult, turnpike-gate on the way to performance.

Debarred from the opera, Schubert sought

for other recognition. Of the many songs which he had hitherto composed, the most perfect in form and musical treatment were those of Goethe, and some one of Schubert's friends apparently suggested that he should send a selection of these compositions to the poet himself. The retiring modesty of the young musician had never led him to think of this expedient. But he adopted the suggestion, and sent a sheet of his settings of Goethe's songs to Weimar, with a letter conveying his most respectful homage. Neither songs nor letter produced any effect. We cannot tell whether Goethe laid them aside with the mass of similar tributes he received daily, or declined to enter into nearer relations with a composer personally unknown to him, and unknown to fame. Some such fate must have happened to them. Whatever conjectures we may form, it is certain that the name of Schubert does not occur in Goethe's works, in his correspondence with Zelter, or in his conversations with Eckermann. Goethe did

not pretend to be a judge of music; in a letter to Madame Unger he said, that he could only speak of the effect it produced on him when he gave himself up to it wholly and again and again. Yet, as Mendelssohn's letters show us, he was a willing and appreciative listener. He must often have heard Schubert's compositions performed by first-rate artists. But it was not till the year 1830, two years after the death of Schubert, and two years before the death of Goethe, that the "Erl King" was sung to him in such a way as to take absolute possession of him. Wilhelmine Schröder-Devrient was passing through Weimar on her way to Paris, and sang some songs before Goethe. Among these songs was the "Erl King," which affected Goethe so much, that he took Schröder's head with both his hands, kissed her on the forehead, and exclaimed, "A thousand thanks for this grand artistic performance. I heard the composition once before," he added, "and it did not please me at all. But when it is

given like this, the whole becomes a living picture."

Where it was that Goethe heard the "Erl King" sung so as not to please him, is not recorded. We know that Madame Milder sang four little songs to him at Marienbad in 1823, and as she was a great friend of Schubert's, and produced pieces of his at her concerts, it is not unlikely that some of these were of his composition. Madame Milder was then in correspondence with both Schubert and Goethe, which makes it the more strange that the poet should not have known of the composer. And the songs which Madame Milder sung him had such an effect, that the mere remembrance of them forced tears from his eyes.

But though Goethe showed such indifference to Schubert till an early grave had closed over him, Schubert never wavered in his attachment to Goethe. He set some sixty of Goethe's songs, and among these many of the most beautiful. It was a fit reward for his devo-

tion that one of them earned him his first popularity.

His first appearance before the Viennese public was indeed in another character. It will seem strange to those who know him as a song writer, that he should come out as the composer of an operetta. His friend Vogl had used his influence with the direction of the opera-house, to have Schubert entrusted with a libretto, and in 1819 a piece adapted from the French, and called "The Twins," was given him. The libretto was anything but good. The idea of twin brothers so like as to be mistaken for each other, is one of the oldest on the stage; and in the present instance no attempt was made to extract new wit from the worn-out subject.

The mayor of a village had a daughter born to him eighteen years before the time chosen for the play. While he was in quest of a godfather, a neighbour named Franz, who was just of age, came and announced his intention of going to seek his fortune, and his twin brother,

offered himself as god-father, and left the child a dowry of 1,000 thalers, on the condition, that if he returned in eighteen years and liked her, she was to be his wife.

When the action begins, the eighteen years are on the point of expiring. Lieschen, the daughter, has made her choice of a bridegroom, and the happy pair are only waiting for sunset to complete the eighteen years, and give them to each other's arms. Anton, the chosen lover (tenor), and a chorus of peasants, wake the bride by a morning serenade. She, being fortunately a soprano, sings a duett with her lover. Now, however, a new person comes on the stage, no other than Franz, with a bass voice and a bandage over his right eye. He recounts his adventures, reminds the mayor of his agreement, and of course is pleased with Lieschen. The result is a quatuor, in which the mayor, Lieschen, and Anton protest in vain, while Franz tells the two lovers to take an eternal farewell of each other, and the father to get

breakfast ready for him. While the meal is preparing, Franz goes to the steward of the village to get an account of his money, and is immediately succeeded by his twin brother Frederick, who is exactly like him, has a bass voice, and a bandage over his left eye. The mayor comes out to tell him breakfast is ready. Frederick sits down to the meal, eats and drinks heartily, and assures the mayor he will do all in his power to make him and his family happy. This fills the lover with hope, and Lieschen pleads her cause to her supposed lord. She tells him she can only be happy with Anton, and that it would be a hardship if she was compelled to marry. Frederick, whose glass has been filled rather often by the mayor, thinks the compulsory marriage aimed against himself, and declares that he cannot be compelled to marry Lieschen, as he has a wife and son living.

Lieschen runs off with the tidings to Anton. The village steward comes to Frederick, and requests him to take away his money. He

leaves the stage for that purpose, and the lovers, who have returned, are collared by Franz. Lieschen reminds Franz of his wife and son; Franz denies their existence. Franz asks for the breakfast he ordered; the mayor reminds him that he has just eaten it. The steward returns and calls on Franz to sign a receipt for the money he has just given him; Franz declares that he has not received any money. The case becomes very suspicious. The steward remarks that Franz has shifted his bandage from the left eye to the right, and takes him up as a spy. No sooner has Franz been taken off to trial, than Frederick appears with the money. New questions and new entanglements. But all is solved by the news that Franz, when brought before the tribunal, has given up his claims on Lieschen; the brothers meet and embrace, and the lovers set them the example.

Schubert was not much inspired by this libretto, and the music is not equal to many of

his other works. Still the operetta succeeded. The opening chorus was encored, some of the arias were applauded, and the composer was "called" at the end. The operetta survived six performances, and then vanished from the repertoire. What the critics said on the subject was, on the whole, encouraging. They called the piece a pretty little thing; told the young composer that the pure style of the opera showed he had made proper studies, and was no novice in harmony. However, the music was antiquated and unmelodious in parts, and it was to be hoped the composer would not attach too great importance to the compliment paid him by his friends in calling him before the curtain. This hope was probably realised. Schubert was not present at the performance, and did not answer to the call.

A short time after (1820) he finished another composition for the stage, a work of a melodramatic nature, but of much more importance than that we have just described.

Count Palffy, the proprietor of the Theatre *an der Wien*, gave a benefit to three of the artists of his theatre, whose engagements did not entitle them to claim one. Schubert was requested to furnish the music for a melodrama in three acts, called the "Magic Harp," the libretto of which was on a par with the last libretto. He consented to do so, and wrote the music in a fortnight. But, though the reception accorded to the "Magic Harp" was not as flattering as that given to the "Twins," though the critics fell foul of the senseless libretto and did not spare the composer, there is much genuine music in Schubert's partition. The overture appeared later for the pianoforte, as his Op. 26, and has been given since his death with another of his operas. A man is not always the best judge of his own productions, but he is sometimes a better judge than those who criticise them off-hand without attempting to study their meaning. Anyhow it is worth remark that Schubert looked on the

music of the "Magic Harp" as one of his more successful compositions.

At the very same time as this melodrama was being written, the composer was engaged on a religious work which ranks high among his productions of that class. This was the oratorio of "Lazarus," or the "Feast of the Resurrection," which Schubert called an Easter cantata, and which was written in February, 1820. While all his friends, even the most intimate among them, supposed him fully occupied with the music of his melodrama, he was devoting his leisure hours in the profoundest secrecy to the composition of this oratorio. Mayrhofer who lived with him, Schober who constantly visited him, knew nothing about it. Its author, a Professor of Theology in Halle, who had published it six years before, and lived eight years after its composition—dying the same year as Schubert—never knew of it. It was not till thirty years after the death of Schubert that the pre-

sent biographer discovered it in a pile of Schubertian MSS., and brought it before the public.

In the year 1859, when he was writing the biographical sketch of Schubert which preceded this volume, he found the first part of the cap-tata of "Lazarus" in a collection of Schubert's autographs. In the biographical sketch, he stated that this part was the only one Schubert had composed, and he thought himself safe in making that statement, as the collector in whose possession he had found the first part was an ardent enthusiast for everything that regarded Schubert, and was not likely to pass over any of his compositions. Moreover, the brother of Schubert speaks of one part only in his recollections of the composer. But in 1861 the writer was invited by Alexander Thayer of Boston, (whose fame as an author on musical subjects, and especially on Beethoven, is very great, and who was then attached to the U.S. Embassy in Vienna), to

his house, to see a collection of Schubert MSS. Among these, the partition of the opera "Alfonso and Estrella" was discovered; that of the operetta "The Twins;" many string quartetts, pieces for the pianoforte and songs; and the second part of "Lazarus." The latter was unfortunately not quite complete, but another sheet of it was found in the house of a brother's widow.

The original oratorio was in three parts, of which the third is the longest. But we have no means of knowing whether the third part was set at all by Schubert. He seems to have made some alterations in the words, and substituted in some places more energetic expressions. The monotony of the original justified him in doing so, but this is far more successfully overcome by the dramatic excellence of the music. Recitative abounds throughout the work, and the general character is declamatory. The composer has been self-denying enough to dam up the abundant stream of

his melodies, and trust to a new and less alluring kind of attraction. To prove this here by a detailed description of the music would be like analysing moonlight. But we may particularise the opening recitative of "Lazarus," for its deep feeling and tenderness; the first aria, which receives a peculiar colour from the wind instruments that accompany it; the recitative of Lazarus which comes next, and is most touching in its expression; the recitative of Mary and the air which follows it, both of which are marked by the utmost charm of melody. The second part begins with an orchestral dirge where the effect of the trombones is especially powerful. The recitative and aria which come next, and are sung by the Sadducee Simon, are of a dramatic power with which few would credit the gentle and tender Schubert.

About the same time or soon after, he began another great work, the opera of Sacontala, which unfortunately was left unfinished. All

we possess of it is a sketch of the music of the two first acts, which certainly promises much but does not perform. It is said that the composer's friends dissuaded him from setting such an impracticable libretto, and all the author's efforts to procure a more favourable hearing were in vain. Besides the works already mentioned, he composed this year a string quartett, the chorus of water-sprites, some Italian *canzoni*, several songs, and some religious music.

The story of this religious music is curious. Schubert's brother, Ferdinand, had been just appointed leader of the choir in the church of the Alt-Lerchenfeld suburb. The people of that district were offended at the appointment of a stranger, and refused him all musical help. In this extremity he called for the aid of his brother and his friends in the Lichten-thal suburb. Franz at once wrote the anti-phons for Palm Sunday, and some other pieces, composing the first in half-an-hour, and writ-

ing them with black chalk on a sheet of blotting paper.

The "chorus of water spirits" was performed next year in a concert given in the Kärnthner-Thor Theatre, the opera-house of Vienna. This first public appearance of Schubert's more important compositions makes the year 1821 an epoch in his life. It had another effect on the composer himself, as it greatly facilitated his search for a publisher. It brought him into sudden fame. Men of ability and influence gave his genius the warmest recognition. It seems that it depended on himself alone to profit by this opportunity, and that he neglected it. This is the only explanation we can find for his failing to derive any lasting advantage from such appreciation and such success. He let his chances go by. He demanded perfect freedom of action, and to this he sacrificed everything. But he forgot that freedom of action is impossible without independence, and that want is the hardest of all task-masters.

It has always been said that Mozart's misfortunes were caused by the neglect of the Viennese public, but this has been satisfactorily refuted by Otto Jahn. In the same way it is not true that Schubert's misfortunes were caused by false friends who surrounded him, and to whose will he was subservient. There are many other causes for his want of success. In addition to the one we have just stated, he had to fight against the short-sighted selfishness of musical publishers, the indifference of the public, and the half-recognition of musical societies. But he was never deserted by true friends, or *exploité* by false ones. During the greater part of his life he was never once in want of warm admirers who recognized his talent, and did their utmost to bring it before the public. That he did not esteem his friends according to their power of helping him, may have been unwise, but was not unnatural. He was often cold towards the warmest admirer of his genius, and opened his

heart to others who valued him as a friend, but cared little for him as a composer. Or he neglected the men who could best have served him, and joined himself to those who were themselves engaged in a constant struggle for existence.

At the beginning of 1821 Count Dietrichstein, who held the post of director of music to the court, sent Schubert a testimonial endorsed by himself and signed by Weigl, director of the opera, Salieri, court chapelmaster, and others of equal rank in office, but of less distinction now, as a means of procuring him some appointment. The count himself spoke of Schubert as a young, vigorous, and extremely promising composer. He considered it his duty, as it was a pleasure to him, to declare publicly that Schubert had given the strongest proofs of native genius, severe study, and of the union of taste and feeling; and he hoped that an opportunity would be given him of developing these excel-

lences to the benefit of art and dramatic music. Weigl and Salieri said much the same. All of them dwelt on Schubert's eminent services to the opera, his merits in composition, his mastery of theoretical and practical harmony.

The public was soon to have a chance of judging if these statements were correct. Dr. Sonnleithner, an advocate and professor in Vienna, had periodical meetings of musical friends at which several of Schubert's pieces were performed. The approval they met with was such that the host's brother, Leopold Sonnleithner, ventured on the expense of engraving the "Erl King." He had already taken it round to the chief musical publishers, but they would not run the risk, even though the song was offered them as a gift. They declared that the composer was unknown, and the pianoforte accompaniment was too difficult. However, the success of the piece at his brother's meetings encouraged Leopold Sonn-

leithner, and on the piece being engraved, the guests at those meetings at once subscribed for a hundred copies. This defrayed the expense of the second sheet, and thus twelve sheets were gradually engraved and sold by Diabelli on commission. Schubert got money enough to pay his debts, and have a small sum remaining.

When once the publishers saw that there was a chance of making something out of Schubert, they made up for their former coldness. In March, 1821, he was brought before their notice and that of the public by a concert at the Viennese Opera. Yearly, on Ash Wednesday, there was a performance of music, declamation, and dancing, got up by a society of noble ladies, of which society one of the Sonnleithners was secretary. It was by his permission, and at the instance of his nephew Leopold, that three of Schubert's pieces—the "Erl King," the chorus of water sprites, and a vocal quartett—were included in the pro-

gramme. The "Erl King" was sung by Vogl, and was encored with boisterous applause. But the "chorus of water sprites," (words by Goethe), though it had been rehearsed several times, and was sung to perfection, did not produce any effect on the public. As the publisher had said, it was too difficult. The singers had become penetrated with the beauty of the work during their rehearsals, and expected the public to be equally impressed after one hearing. They were disappointed. Instead of the applause they expected there was a dead silence, and they retired with an uncomfortable feeling as if a cold *douche* had been discharged suddenly on their heads. Schubert himself was no less indignant, and the chorus certainly did not deserve such a fate.

Later times have reversed that popular verdict. Dr. Sonnleithner gave the chorus three weeks afterwards at one of his meetings, and the applause was general. In 1858 the leader of the Viennese Choral Society disinterred the

work, which had been slumbering in the meantime, and performed it with the same results. Yet in 1821 it was not only received with indifference at the concert, but a musical paper of eminence said of it:—"Herr Schubert's chorus for eight voices was recognized by the public as an accumulation of all musical modulations and variations without sense, order, or purpose. In such compositions the musician is like a driver with a team of eight horses, who goes first left and then right, now turns off and then turns back, and carries on this game all the time without ever coming to a road."

CHAPTER V.

APPEARANCE OF THE "ERL KING"—OP. 1—TRANSACTIONS WITH PUBLISHERS—PROFIT AND LOSS—BUSINESS MEN AND MEN OF GENIUS—A CURIOSITY OF LITERATURE—A PUBLISHER'S HABITS—HONOUR AND PROFITS—TRADING ON REPUTATIONS—GREAT NAMES—DANCE MUSIC—ADMISSION TO SOCIETY—COUNTRY EXCURSIONS—GRAND OPERAS—SCHUBERT AND WEBER—PRODUCTION OF EURYANTHE—CRITICISM OR HOSTILITY?—FIRST OPERAS LIKE FIRST PUPPIES—THE CASE AGAINST SCHUBERT FROM A SON OF WEBER.

THE "Erl King" appeared as Schubert's Op. 1., and was dedicated to Count Dietrichstein in reward of his kindness and protection. Schubert felt both these very warmly, but they had not sufficient effect on him to make him write the dedication himself. He was too purely a

son of the muses to descend to such details; his friends had to manage them for him. It was the same spirit that made him absent himself from the rehearsals of his works, as we learn from a letter of Leopold Sonnleithner begging another friend to make Schubert come and superintend the practice. But dedications were not to be neglected. Each of them brought in something handsome; that of the "Erl King" a roll of ducats. Schubert himself writes at another time, "My dedications have done their duty, the Patriarch forked out twelve and Count Friess twenty ducats, which pleases me very much."

The twelve works published on commission by Cappi and Diabelli had brought in more than £200, of which the publishers are said to have received fifty per cent. The "Erl King" alone had realised £80, and soon after the concert, the first edition was exhausted. Schubert was evidently not a man to be neglected, but a very good man to be *exploité*. He en-

tered into business relations with several of the Viennese publishers, and made a proposal to Peters of Leipsic. The only one in Vienna with whom he would have nothing to do was Artaria, though some years after he relaxed this severity. His reason was that, while he was Salieri's pupil, he composed three string quartetts, and offered them to Artaria. They were dedicated to Salieri, "by his pupil, Franz Schubert," and as soon as Artaria saw the dedication, he replied with a rude joke on the word pupil, (which in German stands for school-boy as well), "I don't take school-boy work!" No doubt Artaria was glad of the opportunity of repenting, which was given him later, and of making amends to Schubert by filling his own pockets. Diabelli was certainly rejoiced to offer this kind of reparation. He offered Schubert £80 for the plates and copyright of the twelve sheets which he had once refused as a gift, and in a moment of weakness, perhaps of want, Schubert closed with the offer.

One of Schubert's friends, the poet Mayrhofer, attributes this mistake to ignorance of the world in part, and in part to love of enjoyment heightened by long privations. The first sum of ready money, no doubt, seems tempting to a man in such circumstances, and Schubert might be afraid that if he rejected this offer there would be no chance of a second. He had seen these very works refused as a gift. He found other publishers not disposed to be more liberal. His popularity might vanish as suddenly as it had arisen. Whether these were his arguments or not, he accepted £80 for twelve songs, by one of which alone the publishers made £2,700 during the forty years that they have held the copyright.

Nor did Schubert's application to Leipsic give him any reason for removing his works from the publishers of Vienna. Peters wrote a long letter which is worth translation as one of the characteristics, if not one of the curiosities, of literature.

“ Many thanks for your communication in regard to Herr Schubert. Several of his songs are known to me favourably, and give me confidence in what you say in favour of the artist. I will gladly contribute to a greater propagation of his works than can be made by the Viennese houses, but before I engage in anything let me give you a short description of the state of my affairs.

“ At the moment when I entered upon my present business I made up my mind to earn myself a good distinction as a publisher, never to publish anything bad, but as far as possible only what was good. It is not possible to carry out this plan altogether, for one cannot receive as many MSS. as one wants from the best artists, and besides we publishers are driven by circumstances to print much which I should certainly not print without them ; we must publish much that is superficial and provide for every public, for if we published classical works alone we should have a very limited business circle,

because it is well known that the connoisseurs do not form the majority. Nevertheless, I have not been led away by the love of gain to the profitable but empty trifles that are in fashion, but have taken care that even the works for the great mass should not be wholly bad, and have always laboured for my main object, the publication of works of superior merit. This object of mine is shown more clearly every year, as I continue to form only good connections, and my increasing financial means will allow me to keep up such connections.

“Now from hence there follow two things which have often hampered me. The first is time, which almost always keeps me in check. In order to have as many good works as possible, I must endeavour to have connections with good artists, and keep up my connections with them, so as not only to make them contented, but to prove that I am always ready to be their publisher, which is good and pleasant for both parties. My connection with the

majority of my most valued authors, Spohr, Romberg, Hummel, &c., has become a friendly relation; I am therefore doubly bound to accept everything which such good friends and artists send me, even if, as often happens, they send me much that will bring in no profit. This obligation takes up a great deal of my time; for not only do these artists occupy me continually, but I am obliged to keep some time in reserve for such works as come to me unexpectedly from them, as is the case with some of them; and the rest of my time seldom suffices for the publication of other necessary things, so that I am almost always hindered from forming new connections with composers because I have no time for their works.

“The second point which makes a new connection difficult, and which grows out of the first, is the novelty of a rising composer, and the fact of his name being unknown in my new sphere of action. I am often blamed as being unwilling to contribute to making the

works of new composers known, and told that they cannot become known if publishers refuse to take them; but this blame is most unjust, for I cannot do all things, a man must follow one plan if he is to do anything decent; I look for the works of recognised artists; and though I print much besides, yet if I can get enough from them, I must leave the work of bringing out new composers to other publishers. They can also do something, and many of them do this readily, because they shrink from the prices demanded by older and dearer artists. But when the new composer has got a name, and his works are acknowledged to be good, then I am his man, for then the publication of his works enters into my plan, which is based more on honour than on profit, and I would rather pay a higher price for his works then, than buy them cheaply at first.

“ Thus you will see that it is difficult for me to enter at once into your proposal with regard

to Herr Schubert, because, as I have said, my time is very limited, and that is one of my chief reasons; yet, from the opinion I have formed of him, I should be sorry to reject the offer of the young artist. I would therefore propose as a compromise that Herr Schubert should send some of the works that he intends for the press for me to look at, for I print nothing from a young and so little known composer without looking at it. If a great and known artist writes anything bad, the blame falls on him, for his name was my warrant; but if anything of a new artist does not please, the fault is mine, for why should I print anything if I am not persuaded of its merit? Here the name of the composer is no protection to me. That Herr Schubert puts his works in faithful hands in confiding them to me, is beyond all question; he is safe against all misuse of them. If I find them suit my wishes, I will keep what I can of them; but Herr Schubert must not take it ill if anything

does not please me; I will be quite open, for such openness is most certain to lead to a good understanding.

“I must further beg him to send me only the most successful works. It is true that he will not publish anything that he does not consider successful; but be that as it may, one work turns out better than another, and I must have the best,—I say I must have the best if I am to introduce a composer to a very extended public, not for the sake of profit, but to secure my credit.

“I have toiled night and day to make my business as perfect as possible, and I have already been rewarded for it in many ways by finding that my firm enjoys especial confidence; people are accustomed to see me publish many good works, and whenever I succeed with a new author, people bestow more confidence on him, because they think that he must be good from my dealing with him. Sometimes, indeed, I and they have

been deceived, but I am always more and more careful to keep up and confirm the credit which I have acquired with such difficulty. For this reason, I demand his most successful works of a new author, that I may at once recommend him properly, and that my recommendation may be justified. The first success often opens the way for the whole of his following career, and therefore young composers cannot be warned too often to be careful with their first publication. They may venture much, but only print little till their fame is established.

“Spohr has only published fifty-eight works, Andreas Romberg sixty-six, and Bernhard Romberg thirty-eight, while many other artists who are much younger, have printed more than one hundred. These artists, who are now recognised, have composed a great deal more, but have not published it; and if I am referred as a contrast to the more prolific and yet excellent Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, &c.,

I reply that they are rare occurrences, and though they must be taken as models, yet time must show if a man is equal to them; and yet what a number of the earlier works of Mozart, &c., have not been printed.

“Will you be good enough to speak with Herr Schubert on what I have here communicated to you, and arrange accordingly? As regards his terms, I beg you to inform me of them, as it is an unpleasant feeling to me to make an offer for a work of genius. For the rest the terms will not stand in the way, as the regularity with which my authors stick to me is a sufficient proof that they get on well with me, and I may give myself credit for it; besides the terms of a young artist will not be so high as not to be easily acceptable.

“That 300 copies of a work of Herr Schubert's will be sold in Vienna is possible if the work is printed in Vienna, but I should scarcely sell 100 there, though I am in connection with all the houses. You will easily

understand this, and I will not enter into the reasons, but you must believe me that it is so; experience confirms it only too much, and there is seldom any exception. With all respect, I remain your obedient servant,

B. V. PETERS.

“If Herr Schubert sends me songs, I should prefer those with names, like Beethoven’s ‘Adelaide,’ &c., to mere songs, for so many are published under that title, that it does not attract sufficient attention.”

We have given this letter in full, and it is hardly necessary to add that nothing came of it. At a later date Schubert entered into direct relations with other publishers in Leipsic and Mayence, but at present he did not care to let Herr Peters patronise him.

In the year 1821 and the three following years, Schubert wrote almost all the dance-music by which he is known. It comprises

about seventy-nine waltzes and twenty-eight ecossaises. Most of them were composed for two hands on the piano, and were afterwards set for four hands by some one employed by the publishers. About the same time, Schubert was commissioned by the direction of the opera to write two additional pieces for Hérold's Opera "Les Clochettes." He gladly accepted the order, as he was desirous of employing himself on dramatic music, wrote a tenor aria and a comic duett. The authorship of these two pieces was kept a secret from the public, and even from Schubert's friends. The consequence was that he had an easy triumph over those who had denied him all power of operatic composition. His two pieces took with the Viennese public far more than the rest of the opera.

A natural consequence of Schubert's growing musical fame was that musical circles were thrown open to him, and he had many invitations. But he was not very fond of general

society. He was naturally timid, indifferent, and chary of his words, and at a party he had to shake off these characteristics. Thus the number of families with whom he had dealings of intimacy for any length of time was comparatively small. While Beethoven was recognised almost exclusively among the high aristocracy, Schubert mingled more with the middle classes. But he made many friends of various ranks and positions, among them the Orientalist Hammer-Purgstall, Caroline Pichler, who enjoyed some literary fame, the patriarch Ladislaus Pyrker, who was known as a poet, and some of whose songs were set to music by Schubert, Lachner who is now chapel-master in Munich, and Moriz von Schwind, the painter, who is also settled there, with others of less wide reputation. Many of the younger men formed a group round Schubert's friend Franz von Schober, and to this group, though there were very few professed musicians in it, Schubert joined himself most readily. In the

society of these friends he passed many pleasant days and played many wild pranks, for, though generally reserved and serious, he was as capable of occasional pranks as the wildest of them. They frequented cafés and gardens outside Vienna, or made longer excursions into the country.

One of these latter was to the Schloss Ochsenburg, on the road from St. Pölten to the Styrian Alps and Mariazell, the Loretto of Austria. This Schloss belonged to the Bishop of St. Pölten, who was related to Schober's family, and here Schubert passed the autumn months of the year 1821 with Schober, the latter writing the words of an opera, the former setting it to music.

The opera in question is the first of the two grand operas that Schubert composed, and bears the name of Alfonso and Estrella. Two acts of it were completed at the Schloss, the third was composed in town the ensuing February. Schober's libretto was written, to use his own

words, "with great innocence of mind and heart," and, though far superior to the others which fell to the lot of Schubert, it is by no means perfect. It is lyric when it ought to be dramatic, and the consequences of this fault were most disastrous to the composer. Influenced as he was in a great degree by the example of Rossini, he was content with showering his copious melodies over the broad lyric surface of the libretto, whenever the situation did not urge him to energetic and dramatic expression. A letter from Schober describes his delight at witnessing the birth of these splendid melodies; and another from Schubert says, that they expect much from the opera. Its story is as follows.

Troila, King of Leon, has been deprived of his throne by Mauregato, and has retired to a lonely valley with his son Alfonso. Estrella, the daughter of Mauregato, is starting for the chase, when she is met by Adolfo, her father's general, who beseeches her to hear him, and on

her repulsing him, demands her hand from her father in reward for the victories he has just gained. Mauregato, who had promised Adolfo all he wanted, cannot force his daughter's affections, and declares that he can only give her to the man who brings him back a certain chain. Adolfo vows vengeance. Meanwhile Estrella has been separated from her companions, and wanders into a retired valley, where she is met by Alfonso. The two young people fall in love, and Alfonso gives Estrella, as a pledge of his love, the chain which Mauregato had demanded. In the second act Adolfo takes his vengeance, drives Mauregato away, seizes Estrella, who has found her way home in the meantime, and is carrying her off when Alfonso appears and rescues her. She is given into the keeping of Troila, while Alfonso pursues the enemy, and while she is protected by her father's victim, her father himself appears, asks for Troila's forgiveness and resigns the kingdom. But Troila, who enjoys great popularity in his quiet valley,

is easily persuaded by the inhabitants to remain there, and both kingdom and Estrella are handed over to Alfonso.

Schubert clothed these naïve situations in music, much of which was extremely beautiful. The overture is one of his best orchestral works, was played at Vienna in the year 1823, as prelude to another piece, and was repeated twice. The parts of the opera which relate to the lonely valley are steeped in the fragrance of flowers, and airy with the wavings of woods.

All attempts, however, to gain it a hearing on any stage were hopeless. It was not till more than thirty years after its composition (in the year 1854) that it was produced, and the faults which we have noticed seem then to have decided its fate. The taste of the public might not have proved so severe if it had been brought out in 1823, or the years immediately following. But when Schubert sent the opera to Madame Milder in Berlin, she replied, in a

most flattering letter, that people were too much accustomed to high tragedy or French comedy to care for anything between the two. In 1827 the opera was rehearsed at Gratz, and the conductor of the orchestra at that theatre declared that it was technically impossible to play it. Schober tried in vain for eight years to have the opera performed, making application to the theatres of Vienna, Dresden, Prague, Gratz, Berlin, and Pesth. The same was the experience of Hüttenbrenner, when he tried to have Schubert's first opera, "The Devil's Country Seat," played at some of the theatres. One director offered to play it, if assured against loss by the sum of 10,000 florins.

The only performance of "Alfonso and Estrella" that has ever taken place, was under the direction of Liszt at Weimar. In 1847 Liszt came to Weimar, and, finding Schober there, expressed to him a wish of bringing out one of Schubert's operas. Schober naturally enough suggested the one of which he had fur-

nished the libretto, and which he said, though erroneously, was the only one that had been completed and had never been performed. Through Schober's intervention the partition was forwarded to Liszt in March 1848, and with the usual speed of the Germans, the performance ensued in June 1854. We have already stated that its success was mediocre. The critics laid the blame chiefly on the libretto, which can hardly have been gratifying to the librettist at whose suggestion that piece was selected. But they added that the want of dramatic expression in the music, and the prevalence of lyrical effusions, caused a monotony which not even Schubert's wealth of melody could obviate.

An interesting fact is connected with "Alfonso and Estrella." In 1823 Carl Maria von Weber came to Vienna, to conduct in person the performance of his new opera "Euryanthe," which was written expressly for that city. The success of the new opera fell very far short of that of the "Freischiütz," though on the first

evening Weber was called before the curtain with a storm of applause, and was fêted and congratulated at the close of the performance. But it was soon seen that this momentary triumph was offered to the composer himself, and not to his work. The applause died away after the first hearing, and the opera was only given some six or seven times.

Schubert was present at the first performance, and his judgment of the new work was accepted as decisive by many lovers of music. He declared publicly, that Weber's opera, though it contained many beauties of harmony, was entirely destitute of original melodies, that it did not even contain one of them, as he was ready to prove to Weber himself, by referring to the partition. Some one present replied that Weber had been forced to change his style in some degree, as the art of music was entering on a new path, and for the future all effects must be produced by the aid of heavy masses. "What is the use of heavy masses?" replied Schubert.

“The ‘Freischütz’ was so tender, and came so from the heart, that you were enchanted by its loveliness; there is little feeling to be found in ‘Euryanthe.’”

This sentence was repeated to Weber, and Weber, ignorant of the multitude of Schubert’s compositions, exclaimed, “Let the dolt learn something, before he presumes to sit in judgment.” Schubert, who was then 27, and had composed nearly a dozen operas, several symphonies, and some two hundred songs, was offended at this remark, which, of course, went the round of the musical circles of Vienna. He put the partition of “Alfonso and Estrella” under his arm, and went to call on Weber. Weber looked through Schubert’s opera, and then referred to Schubert’s judgment of “Euryanthe.” But as Schubert adhered to his former sentiments, declared that there was no original melody in “Euryanthe,” and pointed to the partition of his own opera as giving him a right to speak; Weber, who thought “Alfonso

and *Estrella*” was Schubert’s first opera, broke out rather angrily, “I tell you that the first puppies and the first operas are always drowned.”

In spite of this momentary violence, the two parted in no unfriendly manner, and Weber’s revenge was an attempt, some years after, to produce Schubert’s opera at Dresden. This intention of Weber’s was expressed in a letter, which spoke in the most friendly terms of Schubert, but which cannot be found. The loss of it is the more to be regretted, as it is said to be of some length, and to state fully the relations between Weber and Schubert.*

* *Note by the Translator.*—Since the publication of the “Life of Schubert” in the German, Weber’s life, by his son, Max Maria von Weber, has been completed in German, and translated into English. I have not been able to see the original, and the translation is greatly condensed. Still, there are one or two passages bearing on this quarrel, though it seems to me that they are most unjust to Schubert, and they contain no mention of the interview between the two composers, or of Weber’s letter about producing Schubert’s opera at Dresden. Talking of the production of “*Euryanthe*,” Weber’s biographer says: “Fortunately Weber, deeply occupied as he was, remained ignorant of the dirty work going on behind his back. Strange to say, his detractors were

chiefly among those very persons for whose fine taste he had written. Franz Schubert, who was present at some of the rehearsals, said, 'How Weber will manage all his awkward masses, I can't conceive; he had better have left it alone.' " And again, "It was now that Franz Schubert entered into open hostility against Weber. In his usual rough manner, which his friends called open-heartedness, he denounced Weber's opera as utterly unmusical, deficient in all form or order, without any solid foundation for the display of real talent, and, when science was attempted, giving clear evidence that the composer had studied in the school of a mere mountebank. The last allusion applied of course to Vogler. 'The man abuses Rossini,' continued the rival composer; 'and yet, when he does contrive to catch a scrap of melody, he is sure to crush it to death, like a mouse in a trap, with his overwhelming orchestration.' And Schubert was a powerful enemy." The *animus* in both these passages is unmistakable, but there seems little foundation in fact for the charges against Schubert. 'That Weber's feeling against Rossini is far more entitled to his biographer's epithets appears from another passage in the "Life," where Weber is represented as being so much charmed against his own will by a performance of the "Cenerentola,"—that he got up and left the theatre. Being asked the next morning why he had disappeared so suddenly, he unwillingly replied, "When it came to such a pass that these confounded Italian artists please even me with their trumpery stuff, the devil must be in it! There was no standing it any longer." Here was detraction, envy, rivalry, if you like it. I cannot see that Schubert's forming a different opinion to that of Weber on the merits of the "Euryanthe," entitles him to any of those epithets.

CHAPTER VI.

A MOST IMPORTANT YEAR—DRAMA OF ROSAMOND—THE WOLF, BY MR. SO-AND-SO—ANOTHER GRAND OPERA—ANOTHER FAILURE—POSTHUMOUS SUCCESS—CONTEMPORARY TREATMENT—THE RECEPTION OF MSS. BY THE VIENNESE OPERA—THOUGHTS OF A LIBRETTIST—IMPRESSIONS OF THE SAME—GENESIS OF SOME SONGS—A DESPONDING LETTER—A DESPONDING DIARY—NEW VISIT TO HUNGARY—TOUR IN THE SALZKAMMERGUT—GMUNDEN—SONGS FROM THE LADY OF THE LAKE—SALZBURG—BARBAROSSA—THE WAY TO GASTEIN—THE PASS OF LUEG—SCENES FROM THE WAR IN THE TYROL.

THE year 1823 was one of the most productive, and musically the most important in Schubert's life. It was passed in Vienna in a restless activity of production, the results of which were, among other things, the series of songs

called "The Miller's Fair Wife," the drama "Rosamond," and the operas "Fierrabras," and "The War in the Household."

The drama "Rosamond" was written by the poetess Helmina Chezy, whose memoirs have, to some extent, served as ground-work for the following account of the performance. Schubert wrote the music in five days, and the piece was at once sent in to the theatre *an der Wien*. This house was not the place best fitted for such a drama. It subsisted chiefly by *ad captandum* pieces and scenic effects, and the play which had lately produced most impression there was one which turned on a tradition of a wolf, and succeeded through the wolf's excellent acting. At first the actor who represented the wolf had not been named on the play-bill, as the manager wished to keep up the illusion. But on seeing his success as an animal, the actor insisted on being named—"The Wolf, by Mr. So-and-so."

However the first performance of "Rosa-

mond" went off very well. The overture given was that of Alfonso and Estrella, which, as we have mentioned already, had to be repeated twice over. A romance and one of the choruses were also well received, and, on the whole, Schubert had more reason to be contented with his present reception than with any of those accorded to his former dramatic essays. But the play proved tedious, and even the success of the music could not ensure it more than two or three performances. Although Schubert had by this time his admirers, who came forward energetically in his favour, some of the critics accused him of *bizarrierie*, and his difference with Weber kept away the friends of that composer. It was hard for Schubert to see his best operas kept off the stage, and to be forced to content himself with a good first night, and only one following, for his smaller pieces.

The opera of "Fierrabras" was written for Barbaja, who was then the manager of the Im-

perial Opera. But as Barbaja's lease came to an end two years after this order had been given, and a new management succeeded, the work was neither paid for nor produced. The marvellous speed with which Schubert composed the music is about all we have to record. It seems that he composed the first act, which numbers more than 300 pages, in seven days, and the whole opera, occupying about 1,000 pages, in four months, from May 23rd to September 26th. The scene is laid in Spain, and the hero who gives his name to the piece is a Moorish prince. Some parts of the music were given in a concert got up by a brother of Schubert's a few years after his death; and others were performed with much applause by the Viennese Choral Union in 1858.

The third work, the operetta "War in the Household" as it has been called of late, "The Conspirators" as it was named at the time of its birth, is a small but dainty jewel. The libretto was written by Castelli, a Viennese

librettist of some distinction in his way, and of still greater productiveness. Writing for the Vienna theatres from the year 1801, the number of his dramatic works amounted to 199; for some years he was the poet of the Kärnthner Thor Theatre; and he knew all the singers and some of the composers of the Austrian capital. Perhaps the work by which he is best known is the "Swiss Family," written for Weigl's music. The piece had an European reputation, was translated into French, Italian, Russian, and Danish, succeeded in every theatre in Germany, and was given more than a hundred times in Vienna, and the author received sixteen shillings for the libretto. He was perhaps even more unfortunate about the operetta which Schubert set to music. Four years after it had been set (according to some authorities) Castelli published it with the following preface:—"The common complaint of German composers is, 'we would gladly set operas to music, if you

would only give us words.' Here are words, gentlemen. If you are good enough to accompany them with notes, may I beg you to let my words count for something, and not to damage the intelligibility of the intrigue by preferring roulades to musical characteristics. I hold that an opera must be a dramatic action accompanied by music, not music with words placed under it, and in my judgment the effect of the whole is more important than the opportunity given to one singer of showing the facility of his throttle. Let us do something for what is really the German opera, gentlemen!"

These words imply that the author of the libretto was ignorant that it had been set to music, and by no less a composer than Schubert. Being spoken to on the subject when very old, Castelli had some idea of having once heard that Schubert, who was a personal acquaintance of his, had begun composing this operetta. As, however, it had never been pro-

duced, and it had been whispered to Castelli that the composer had not entered into the spirit of the piece but had made it into a gloomy and sentimental opera, he lost all interest in it. When the operetta was performed a short time before Castelli's death, he recanted this heresy, and admitted that he had been wrongly informed. But he was unable to give any assistance towards determining the real date of the composition, as the whole affair had passed from his mind. Schubert's brother speaks of the operetta as composed in 1823, the same year as the libretto was published by Castelli. The character of the music would certainly suggest our placing it about this time, the period of Schubert's fullest maturity. But the copy of the partition made by Schubert's brother (the original is not to be found) bears the date of 1819. Another contemporary of Schubert's, the dramatist Bauernfeld, names the year 1824 as the time of its production; and Hüttenbrenner asserts positively that it

was first played to him on the pianoforte either in 1824 or 1825.

It is certain that Schubert never breathed a word of the composition of the operetta to the author of the libretto, and perhaps this reserve lost him valuable assistance. It is said that he was so much pleased with his own music that he wished to have the piece produced on the stage; it passed the censorship in 1824. The original title of "The Conspirators" was, of course, too dangerous, and it was changed to the "War in the Household." But the approval of the censorship did not remove all the obstacles in the way of its performance. We are told that Schubert sent it in to the direction of the opera, and waited a year before applying for an answer. At the end of that time he thought the direction must have made up its mind—to use a metaphorical expression—and he inquired about the fate of his work. It was returned to him from the library of the theatre, rolled up, wrapped up, and tied up

exactly as it had been sent in twelve months before.

A more than usual interest attaches to this operetta as it has been the means of attracting public attention to the dramatic works of Schubert long years after his death ; and its success on the more modern stage has given the first impulse to other revivals of the same nature. The piece had lain for forty years in obscurity when on the 1st of March, 1861, it was brought to light, and the music performed at a concert in Vienna. The attention of the audience was vividly excited, and applause followed attention. The freshness and charm of the melodies, the dramatic character of each personage, and the light and sure touch displayed in the treatment, both vocal and instrumental, combined to charm and surprise many who had hitherto doubted of Schubert's operatic genius.

The first theatre which ventured on the production of the work was that of Frankfort.

The operetta was given there on the 29th of August, 1861, and was greeted enthusiastically. After this it made the round of Germany. The Viennese opera, which had kept it a year and returned it unopened, followed the example of Frankfort; and a year later the piece was given in Munich. Lachner, the conductor in Munich, had been a friend and colleague of Schubert's, and this friendship may have been one reason for so speedy a performance in a theatre which has generally been but tardy in producing novelties.

It is to this same period that we owe the delicious cycle of songs called "The Miller's Fair Wife." Schubert paid a visit one day to his friend Randhartinger, who was then private secretary to a count, but is now Imperial Chapelmaster; and he had scarcely entered the room before the secretary was summoned to his master. Left alone, Schubert took up a volume of poems, read two or three of them, then put the book in his pocket, and walked off

with it. The owner came back almost immediately, missed his book, and went next morning to Schubert to claim it. Schubert pleaded in excuse the interest caused him by the poems, in proof of which he showed his friend the music of the first "Songs of the Mill," which he had composed during the night. A further proof of his intellectual activity and of the way in which he overcame his bodily infirmities, is furnished by the same series. Many of the songs belonging to it were written down in the hospital, to which he was driven by severe illness.

Another song which belongs to this year is "The Dwarf," one of the very finest of Schubert's. It is generally recognised as a masterpiece, a most enthralling, most dramatic composition. Schubert's publisher had pressed him for a song, and about the same moment, his friend Randhartinger came in to take him for a walk. Without the slightest preparation of any kind, Schubert flung the music of the

“Dwarf” on paper, talking all the while with his friend, and hurrying, so as not to keep him waiting.

The year which follows (1824) is one of the two years of which we have some record in Schubert's own handwriting. A letter to an artist friend in Rome, and some entries in a journal, show too clearly the depression which weighed on the composer. The failure of so many hopes, especially those attaching to his operas, his poverty, his low state of health, the absence of his best friends, and the anguish of disappointed love (he followed the Esterhazy family to Hungary again this year), drove him almost to despair. His friend Kupelwieser, to whom the following letter is addressed, was to be heard of at the Caffé Greco, the great haunt of painters, in Rome.

“You are so good and kind,” writes Schubert, “that you will forgive me much which others would take very ill from me. In a word, I feel myself the most unhappy, most

wretched being in the world. Figure to yourself a man whose health will never come right again, and who in his despair at this is always making things worse instead of better; a man whose most brilliant hopes have come to nothing, to whom the happiness of love and friendship offers nothing but sorrow, whom the feeling (the inspiring feeling at least) for the beautiful threatens to abandon; and ask yourself if he is not wretched, unhappy? ‘My peace is gone, my heart is heavy; I shall find it never, and never more;’* I can say daily, for every night when I go to sleep, I hope that I may never wake again, and every morning renews the grief of yesterday. . . . My affairs are going on badly, and we never have any money. Your brother’s opera “*Fierrabras*” was pronounced impracticable, and so my music was not accepted. Castelli’s opera, “*The Conspirators*,” has been composed by some one

* The first four lines of Gretchen’s song at her spinning wheel, in Goethe’s “*Faust*.”

in Berlin, and received with applause, so that I have set two more operas without avail. I have written few new songs, but have tried my hand in instrumental pieces, composing two quartetts for violins, viola, and violoncello, and an octett, to which I shall add another quartett ; by this means I shall lead the way to a grand symphony.

“The chief news in Vienna is that Beethoven is going to give a concert, in which he will produce his new symphony (the ninth), three pieces from his new mass, and a new overture. If God will, I intend to give a similar concert next year.”

The passages from his diary run as follows:—

“Grief sharpens the understanding and strengthens the heart, while joy cares little about the first, and makes the second effeminate or frivolous.

“From the bottom of my heart I detest that one-sidedness which makes so many wretches

think that what they are doing is perfect, and all other things are nothing. One beauty should attend a man throughout his life; that is true; but the gleam of this enthusiasm should light up all others.

“March 27th.—No one understands the grief of another, or the joy of another. We always believe that we are going *to* each other, and we are only going by the side of each other. O misery to him who recognises this!

“My musical productions have been created by my mind and my grief; the world seems to prefer those which spring from grief alone.

“There is but one step from the height of enthusiasm to the ridiculous, and from the deepest wisdom to the crassest stupidity.

“Man comes into the world with faith; it is far ahead of reason and knowledge; for to understand anything, I must first believe something; it is the higher basis on which weak reason plants its first pillars of proof. Reason is nothing but belief analyzed.

“March 29th.—O Fancy, thou inscrutable fount, from which artists and men of learning drink! Abide with us, though acknowledged and honoured but by few, to guard us against that so-called enlightenment, that skeleton without flesh and blood!”

This depression, however, did not have any effect on Schubert's powers of production. The instrumental pieces to which he alludes in the letter we have quoted were the octett (Op. 166), three string quartetts, a sonata, and the *Salve Regina* (Op. 149). In May, 1824, he visited the Esterhazy family in Hungary, and during his stay there, he produced several important compositions. The quiet and enjoyment of this country retreat, the kindness and appreciation shown him by the family, worked well on his spirits. In a letter to his brother, he speaks of himself as fully restored to cheerfulness. “It is true,” he says, “that the happy time in which everything seems encircled with a youthful halo of glory, has fled,

and has given place to a miserable reality, which I endeavour to brighten as far as possible with my fancy (and thank God for that gift). One is apt to believe that happiness dwells in the spot where one once was happy, though it really rests with ourselves, and thus I experienced an unpleasant disappointment here, and found my former experience at Steyer renewed; but I am now more capable than I was then of finding peace and happiness in myself."

In the autumn of 1824, while staying with the Esterhazys, Schubert was requested one morning to set a poem of De la Motte Fouqué's, "The Prayer before the Battle," as a glee for four voices. The request was made at breakfast; Schubert began the composition at once, and it was practised the same evening. The whole work was composed, and written out without a mistake, in ten hours. It was not published till some years afterwards, when it appeared as Schubert's Op. 139. At first it

remained the property of the Esterhazy family, for whom it was composed, as the eldest daughter attached great value to the exclusive possession of a manuscript of Schubert's.

The year 1825 was marked by a journey over ground which is now familiar to many summer tourists—the beautiful Salzkammergut. Unfortunately we have few records of the tour, and but few of the tourist's impressions. It is perhaps significant that his songs from Scott's "Lady of the Lake," date from his visit to the lakes of Upper Austria, and that his grand sonata for the pianoforte in A minor was completed at Gastein. Robert Schumann characterises this sonata as glorious; and says of it: "The first movement is so quiet and dreamy as almost to bring the tears into one's eyes; while the two subjects of which it is constructed are put together with such ease and simplicity that one cannot but wonder at the magic which has succeeded so happily in combining and contrasting them."

The tour began at Steyer, where Schubert met his friend, the singer Vogl, at the end of May. Some letters which passed between Schubert and various friends during the summer, though not worth quoting at length, give us much detail of his life and their interest in him. At the beginning of June, Madame Milder, who has already been mentioned in connection with Goethe, wrote to Schubert announcing that she had sung some of his compositions at Berlin, and that they had pleased beyond measure. A letter from Schubert to his parents describes the environs of Gmunden as truly heavenly. "My new songs from Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake" had great success. People wondered much at my piety, which I have expressed in the "Hymn to the Virgin," and which seems to possess all hearts and tune them to devotion. I believe this proceeds from my never forcing myself to devotion, and never composing hymns or prayers unless I am overpowered by

it, but then it is generally the right and true devotion." Later he says, "In publishing these songs, I think of acting differently from the usual way, as they bear the honoured name of Scott, and might excite more curiosity, and if the English words were added, might make me better known in England. If one could only do anything decent with these —— of dealers—but the wise and beneficent provisions of the State have already taken care that the artist shall ever remain the slave of each miserable huckster.

"As for the letter of Madame Milder, I am extremely pleased at the favourable reception of my 'Suleika,' but I wish the criticism she mentions had come to hand, so that I might see if there was anything to be learned out of it; for however favourable the judgment may be, it may be equally ridiculous if the critic, as often happens, wants the necessary understanding. I have found my compositions all about Upper Austria, particularly in the monasteries of Flo-

rian and Kremsmünster, where I produced my variations and marches for four hands, with much success, by the help of a good pianofortist. I had especial luck with the variations from my new sonata, which I played alone, and which pleased very greatly. Some of the hearers assured me that the keys became voices at my touch, which, if it is true, pleases me very much, as I cannot endure the cursed hammering which belongs even to the best pianofortists, and which suits neither ear nor heart."

Later on, speaking of one of his brothers, 'If he could only look on these godlike mountains and lakes, the sight of which threatens to crush us or swallow us up, he would not love the contemptible life of man so much as not to think it a great happiness to be given over to the inconceivable strength of the earth for a new life.'

A letter which follows pretty closely on this is an offer from a firm of Viennese publishers, for Schubert's latest compositions. Another

letter from the painter, Moriz von Schwind, states that Tieck has got a place at the theatre in Dresden, and that one of Schubert's friends has spoken to him about the opera of "Alfonso and Estrella." Then comes a long letter from Schubert to his brother Ferdinand, giving some more details of what he has seen in the mountains.

"DEAR BROTHER,—I would gladly accede to your request and describe fully our journey to Salzburg and Gastein, but you know how little turn I have for narrative and description. However, as in any case I should have to relate my journey on my return to Vienna, I will venture on a written, rather than a verbal, attempt at a weak picture of all these extraordinary beauties, as I believe I can do it better in writing than in speaking.

"We left Steyer about the middle of August, and came by Kremsmünster, which, indeed, I have seen several times, but cannot pass over, as its situation is so beautiful. You look over

a very lovely valley, broken by some small gentle hills, on the right of which rises a considerable mountain, through whose peaks the vast monastery, heightened by the tower of the observatory, comes in full sight from the post-road which crosses a stream. We did not stop here, though we were received in a very friendly manner, but continued our journey to Vökla-brück, a wretched hole. The next day we came by Strasswalchen and Frankenmarkt to Neumarkt, where we dined. These places, which are in the Salzburg district, are distinguished by the peculiar build of their houses. Almost everything is of wood. The wooden kitchen utensils are on wooden stands, fastened on the outside of the houses, which are surrounded with wooden galleries. All sorts of shattered targets hang on the houses, kept as trophies of victory from times long past, for the dates 1600 and 1500 are often found upon them. Here, too, Bavarian money begins. From Neumarkt, which is the last stage before Salz-

burg, you see mountain peaks rising out of the Salzburg valley, and freshly covered with snow. About a league from Neumarkt, the country begins to look beautiful. The Wallersee, which spreads its clear blue-green waters on the right of the road, animates this charming scene most exquisitely. The country lies very high, and from hence you descend all the way to Salzburg. The mountains grow higher and higher, the fabulous Untersberg* especially rises like magic from among the rest. The villages show traces

* "To the south-west of the green plain that girdles in the rock of Salzburg, the gigantic mass of the Untersberg frowns over the road which winds up a long defile to the glen and lake of Berchtesgaden. There, far up among its limestone crags, in a spot scarcely accessible to human foot, the peasants of the valley point out to the traveller the black mouth of a cavern, and tell him that within Barbarossa lies amid his knights in an enchanted sleep, waiting the hour when the ravens shall cease to hover round the peak, and the pear-tree blossom in the valley, to descend with his crusaders and bring back to Germany the golden age of peace, and strength, and unity."—*The Holy Roman Empire*, by James Bryce, B.A. See also *A Vision of Barbarossa*, by W. Stigant.

of former wealth. The commonest peasant's houses have marble window-ledges and door-sills, often even staircases of red marble. The sun is obscured, and the heavy clouds pass like spirits of the mist over the dark mountains; but they touch not the peak of the Untersberg, they steal past it as if they feared its terrible inmates. The broad valley which seems sown with detached castles, churches, and farms, becomes more and more visible to the enchanted eye. Towers and palaces appear by degrees; we drive at last by the Capuzinerberg, whose enormous wall of rock towers aloft perpendicularly close to the road, and looks terribly down on the wanderer. The Untersberg, with its satellites, is gigantic; its grandeur almost crushes us. And now, through splendid alleys, we drive into the town. Fortifications of free-stone surround this celebrated seat of the old electors. The gates of the town, with their inscriptions, proclaim the departed power of the priesthood. Houses of four to five stories fill

the broad streets, and passing the strangely bedecked house of Theophrastus Paracelsus, we cross the bridge over the Salzach, which rushes by in a strong, but dark and turbid current. The town itself made a rather dismal impression on me, as bad weather added a gloom to the old buildings, and the fortress which lies on the highest peak of the Mönchberg, nods down a ghostly welcome into all the streets. As unluckily it began to rain the moment after our arrival, often the case here, we could see little besides the many palaces and splendid churches which we caught sight of as we passed. . . .

“ Next morning we ascended the Mönchberg, from which you have a view of a great part of the town, and I was astonished at the multitude of splendid buildings, palaces, and churches. Yet there are few inhabitants here, many of the buildings are empty, many others are inhabited by one, two, or at the most three families. In the squares, of which there are many, and fine ones too, grass grows between the

paving-stones, so little are they trodden. The Cathedral is a heavenly building, on the plan of St. Peter's in Rome, of course on a smaller scale. The body of the church is in the form of a cross, is surrounded by four great courts, each of which makes a separate square. Before the entrance stand the Apostles, colossal figures carved in stone. The interior of the church is supported by many marble columns, is adorned with the portraits of the electors, and perfectly beautiful in all its parts. The light, which streams in through the cupola, illumines every corner. This extraordinary lightness produces a glorious effect, and is to be recommended to all churches. In the four squares which surround the church, are large fountains, adorned with the grandest and boldest figures. From hence we went into the monastery of St. Peter, where Michael Haydn lived. Here, you know, is the monument to M. Haydn. It is fine, but does not stand in a good place, being put in an out-of-the-way corner. These pieces of paper

lying about have a childish air; his head is contained in the urn.

“In the afternoon the weather let us go out, and we went up the Nonnenberg, which is not very high, but has the loveliest view. You look over the lower part of the Salzburg valley. To describe the loveliness of this valley is almost impossible. Picture to yourself a garden many miles in extent, with innumerable castles and estates peeping through or out of the trees; picture to yourself a river, that winds through with the utmost variety of curves; fields and meadows like so many carpets of the fairest hues; the glorious masses which enclose them like girdles, and league long alleys of enormous trees; all this shut in by the highest mountains, like the guardians of this heavenly valley; and you have but a weak idea of its inexpressible beauty.

“September 21st.—To continue my description. The day that followed was the finest in the world, and of the world. The

Untersberg, or rather the highest peak (a play upon words which can hardly be rendered), shone and glittered with its satellites, and with the common herd of the other mountains, in or near the sun. We drove through the valley I have just described, as through Elysium, though with this advantage over the former paradise, that we were in a charming carriage, a comfort which Adam and Eve never possessed. It is really a shame to make such wretched jokes in such lovely scenes, but I cannot be serious to-day. So we went on, sunk in delight at the beautiful day, and the still more beautiful scenery, and nothing struck us but a nice little building, called the Month's Chateau, because an elector had it built in a month for his mistress. Everybody here knows this, but no one is shocked at it. Delightful toleration! This little building, too, endeavours to add by its charms to the beauties of the valley. In a few hours we came to the remarkable but extremely dirty and dismal town of Hallein. The

inhabitants look like ghosts, pale, hollow-eyed, and thin. The contrast between this town of rats and the valley we had just passed, was frightful. . . . We drove on past Golling, where you catch sight of the first high impassable mountains through whose fearful gorges runs the pass of Lueg. After we had crawled painfully up an enormous hill, with terrible mountains before us, and on either side, so that one might think the world was nailed up here with boards;—suddenly, on gaining the highest point, we looked down into a frightful cavern, and, for the first moment, one's heart began to quake. After we had recovered a little from the first fright, we gazed at the terrific walls of rock, which seemed to close up at some distance like a blind alley, and we tried in vain to detect a way out from them. Here, where nature is so dreadful, man has endeavoured to immortalise his more dreadful brutality. For this was the spot where the Bavarians on the one side, and the Tyrolese on the other side of the

Salzach, which cleaves its noisy way down far below, did those horrible murders. The Tyrolese, hidden in the hollows of the rocks, fired down with cries of hellish joy on the Bavarians, who tried to gain the pass, and who rolled into the depths without seeing whence the shots came. This most shameful action, which was continued for many days and weeks, is now to be recorded by a chapel on the Bavarian side, and a red cross on the rocks on the Tyrolese side, as if those sacred signs would atone for the deed of blood. . . . But let us turn away from these thoughts, and rather speculate how we are to get out. After descending for some time, the walls of rock coming nearer and nearer, and the road with the stream being limited to a breadth of two fathoms, the road turns where it was least expected and to the agreeable surprise of the wanderer, under an overhanging rock, by the angry raging of the wedged-in Salzach. We are still shut in by mountains that reach to heaven, but the road

becomes broad and even. . . . Heavens! this is something appalling, a book of travels, I can write no more. As I shall be in Vienna the first days of October, I will give you this scribble in person, and tell you the rest by word of mouth."

The consequence of which is, that the readers of Schubert's life are robbed of his further travels.

CHAPTER VII.

SCHUBERT TRIES FOR AN APPOINTMENT—WEIGL IS PREFERRED
—A MASS AT THE IMPERIAL CHAPEL—IMPERIAL STYLE IN
MUSIC—A SCENE IN THE OPERA HOUSE—ITS ACCURACY
QUESTIONED — EYEWITNESSES AND MEMORIES—CORRES-
PONDENCE WITH PUBLISHERS—EASE AND SIMPLICITY DE-
MANDED — LOW TERMS OFFERED — HANDS FULL AND
POCKETS EMPTY—A BIRD IN THE HAND—NOT SUITED TO A
PARISIAN PUBLIC.

IN 1822 Schubert had received an offer of a place that would have secured him against want, and enabled him to cultivate his talents more successfully. Count Moriz Dietrichstein, whose name has already occurred as a willing patron of the struggling composer, had proposed to him the place of organist in the court

chapel. The news of this offer was brought at once to Schubert's father, and caused him no little pleasure. But Schubert himself declined the post. To his father's remonstrances he probably replied that he could not enter into a position where his time would no longer be his own, and his independence would be sacrificed. Yet the post really entailed little loss of either, and Schubert had subsequent reasons to regret his refusal.

Later in life he used to argue, though only among his friends, and not then with seriousness, that the state ought to maintain him, so that he might compose freely and without the pressure of care. Juvenal had said the same before him:—

“ Neque enim cantare sub antro
 Pierio, thyrsumve potest contingere sana
 Paupertas, atque æris inops, quo nocte dieque
 Corpus eget; satur est cui a dicit Horatius evoe.
 Quis locus ingenio nisi cum se carmine solo
 Vexant, et dominis Cyrrhæ, Nysæque feruntur
 Pectora nostra, duas non admittentia curas ?”

Acting on these principles Schubert applied in the year 1826 for the place of vice-chapel-master. The death of Salieri in 1825 had led to the promotion of Eibler, the former vice, to be full chapel-master, and the lower grade was still vacant. There were eight competitors named in the report of Count Harrach, who was then charged with the superintendence of the court music. Of Schubert the report says:—"Schubert bases his claim on his services as court singer, confirmed by a certificate from Salieri who taught him composition; and declares that he has already composed five masses which have been produced in various churches."

This last sentence makes it plain that none of Schubert's masses had found their way into the court chapel. Schubert's own statement to a friend the following year shows that the fault did not rest with himself. "I took," he said "a mass to the chapel-master Eibler for performance in the court chapel. On learning

my name, Eibler said that he had never heard one of my compositions. I certainly do not think much of myself, but I had supposed that the chapel-master to the court in Vienna might have heard some of my music. When I came back a few weeks after to learn the fate of my offspring, Eibler said the mass was good, but was not composed in the style which the emperor liked. I took my leave, thinking that I was not lucky enough to be able to compose in the imperial style." As the style which pleased the emperor was "short, easy of performance, and consisting of fugues appropriately carried through," it is no wonder that neither Schubert nor Beethoven were recognised by him as great ecclesiastical composers.

The place for which Schubert competed was given to Weigl, the composer of the popular "Swiss Family." The salary attaching to the place was twelve hundred florins (£120), and would have enabled Schubert to live in comfort. But when he heard the name of his suc-

cessful competitor, he said, "I should have been very glad of this appointment, but as it has fallen to one so worthy of it as Weigl, I must well be contented." We must remember that about seven years before, Schubert had credited Weigl with intriguing against him. This retraction shows either that Weigl had established his innocence, or that Schubert in his good nature had forgiven and forgotten.

Schindler, the biographer of Beethoven, chronicles another attempt made by Schubert this same year to gain a settled livelihood. We will give his account, though as we shall proceed to show, his accuracy is not above dispute. He says that the post of conductor at the Kärnthner Thor Theatre was vacant, and Schubert's friends made a push to get him the appointment. Duport the director had his attention called to the young composer, and seemed willing to employ him. Before, however, giving him the post definitely, he subjected Schubert's capacity to a trial. The

candidate was to set some operatic scenes, the words of which were written for the purpose. At the first rehearsal Mdlle. Schechner who sang the principal part, called the composer's attention to the impracticable nature of the chief aria. She begged him to alter it, to make it rather shorter, and simplify the accompaniment. Schubert refused all changes most emphatically. At the first orchestral rehearsal it was plain that the singer could not make herself heard, and alterations were pressed on Schubert by all his friends and acquaintances. Still he refused. When the general rehearsal came on, all these anticipations proved correct. Everything went well till the grand aria. The singer, engaged in a perpetual contest with the orchestra, and especially the wind instruments, was crushed by the masses brought to bear on her colossal voice. She sank exhausted on a chair by the side of the proscenium. There was a dead silence throughout the house, and expectation on every face. During this Duport

was seen going first to one, then to another of the groups forming on the stage, and then talking in a low tone to the singer, and the chapel-masters present. Schubert sat through this scene so agonizing to the spectators like a figure of marble, his eyes fixed on the partition which lay open before him. After a long deliberation Duport came forward to the orchestra, and said politely; "Herr Schubert, we will postpone the performance a few days, and I beg you to make the necessary changes in the aria at least, so as to facilitate it for Mdlle. Schechner." Several of the musicians in the orchestra joined in begging Schubert to yield. He had listened with rising anger to the whole occurrence, and now he cried out at the top of his voice, "I will make no changes!" shut up the partition with a loud bang, put it under his arm and left the house. There was an end of the appointment.

Such is Schindler's account. We shall see presently that Schindler has fallen into one

error about Schubert; on this occasion the Schubert to whom he introduces us is a very different character from the simple and good-natured being of whom we have written. An eye witness of the scene in the theatre, Franz Zierer, Professor at the Conservatory of Vienna, admits that Schubert's aria was too difficult for the singer, on account of the great intervals to be overcome and the growing decay of Mdlle. Schechner's voice. But he entirely denies the truth of the scene described by Schindler, and says that Schubert was as calm and quiet as usual during the rehearsal. He adds that, in his opinion, Schubert never stood for the post of conductor. Joseph Hüttenbrenner says that Mdlle. Schechner was most contented with what she called Schubert's "lovely aria," and that it was not the obstinacy attributed to Schubert, but theatrical intrigues, which prevented him from getting the place.

One thing only is certain among these contradictions, that the appointment was not given

to Schubert. But with the statements of credible eye-witnesses before us, we may safely disbelieve the noisy and passionate scene for which Schindler is the sole authority. It is probable that the place of conductor would not have been suited to Schubert's genius. He was not fitted for the work, and the work would have interfered with his creative power. Still it is much to be regretted that he was denied a certain maintenance independent of his compositions, which had not yet found their way to the hearts of publishers. This was, no doubt, attributable to the peculiar organization which marks that class of beings, and which places their heart in close proximity to their breeches-pocket. The letters which passed between Schubert and some of the chief German firms are highly characteristic. Throughout the correspondence there runs, like the red yarn in government rope, a request for pieces presenting small difficulties to the players, and inflicting small strain on the minds of the hearers.

Probst of Leipsic writes, August 26th, 1826, on the great and valuable honour of making Schubert's acquaintance, and declares himself ready to contribute with all his power to the dissemination of Schubert's fame. But he must own that the character of Schubert's works, though marked by genius, is often strange and odd, and is not sufficiently understood by the public. He requests Schubert to bear this in mind, and to send him a good selection of songs, pieces for the pianoforte, not too hard, agreeable, and easily intelligible. "When we have once made a beginning, everything finds a hearing; but at first we must make some concessions to the public."

Breitkopf and Härtel, of Leipsic, are even more reserved. They state their ignorance of the mercantile results of Schubert's compositions, and must therefore decline to make any pecuniary offer. They will be glad, however, to open agreeable relations with Schubert, if he will facilitate their attempt by accepting a

certain number of copies in remuneration for the first work that he may entrust to them. They do not doubt his compliance with this suggestion, as like them he must look less to the mere publication of one work, than to the formation of a lasting connection.

Apparently, Schubert was not of the same opinion. However, he made use of the offer he received from Probst, and sent him some MSS. next year. But Probst was too busy to publish them just then, as his hands were full with the complete works of Kalkbrenner. He found moreover that the sum of eighty florins (£8) demanded for each manuscript was rather high. Schubert had calculated on the receipt of higher prices from the publishers of North Germany than were vouchsafed him by the publishers of Vienna, but his applications to the publishers of North Germany led to very slight results.

Another letter from Probst, in February, 1828, is worth giving at greater length. "It

caused me serious regret that the divergence of our views before my journey to Vienna left your valuable offer about the publication of your compositions by my house without success. Last year, however, when I had the pleasure of forming your personal acquaintance, I said that it would be very agreeable to me to receive some newer works from you, and you promised to grant my wish. Since then I have heard your new songs, and have seen from them more and more how admirably, how clearly, and how feelingly you utter the imaginations of your soul. I have also delighted myself with several works for four hands, such as the four Polonaises, Op. 75; the variations on the "Miller's Song," Op. 82; and am more and more convinced that they will succeed in spreading your name well and widely throughout Germany and the North, a work to which, with such talents as yours, I readily contribute.

"Will you, therefore, be good enough to

send me anything you may have well completed, especially songs, ballads and romances, which, without sacrificing anything of their originality, are not too hard of comprehension. We shall soon agree on the honorarium, if you will bargain on a moderate scale, and you will always find me honest when the works are such as I can take pleasure in." Which is as much as to say, short reckonings make long friends; a small sum for the author, and a good sale for the publisher.

The same day as this letter from Probst came another offer from the firm of "Schott's sons" in Mayence. Their correspondence opened satisfactorily, but came to nothing. Beginning by a statement that Schubert's admirable works had been known to them for many years, and that if they had not been immersed in the publication of Beethoven's works they would have applied earlier for some of Schubert's, they requested him to send them anything he had ready, and to name his own

terms. Schubert must have been delighted at such an opening. To one who had met with nothing but failures and repulses, whose operas had been returned unopened, and whose masses had not suited Imperial ears, the first gleam of success must have been overpowering. He answered at once, and sent in a list of his compositions. Another civil letter and more promises of liberality. But for their engagements, Schott's sons would have purchased all his MSS. As it was, they had a difficulty in choosing, his works were all so enticing. However, they ordered eight compositions, which they would publish by degrees, and for each of which they would pay on its publication. One sentence in the letter had a new significance. While leaving Schubert free to demand as many copies as he liked for distributing among his friends, the publishers added: "You will of course name as moderate a remuneration as possible."

Schubert's answer does not appear, but from

the next letter of Schott's sons, it seems that he named the very moderate remuneration of £6 for four impromptus, and a glee for five male voices. This accordingly was paid him, but when he asked the same price for a quintett, the publishers remarked that it was too dear, there were only six printed pages, and they "thought he must have made a mistake." They offered him just half, and sent a cheque for that sum with their letter, on the principle of the bird in the hand, which is always so potent when acting with those in needy circumstances. In their first letter, they had held out to him as an additional inducement, that they had a house in Paris as well as one in Mayence, and that by publishing with them, he would gain a footing with the French public. Now, however, they found that his works were too difficult for Paris, and they asked for something less difficult and yet brilliant. Of course they could not have predicted that the plot of one of Scribe's most favourite comedies would

turn on *mélodies de Schubert*, which, from the character of Scribe himself and his audiences is equivalent to the very widest popularity for the works of the composer.

With Probst, Schubert had less to expect, and was therefore less disappointed. His trio in E flat, Op. 100, was purchased for the sum of £2, and published in 1828. This was the only work that appeared from a firm out of Austria during the composer's lifetime. It was one of the few instrumental compositions played in public concerts by distinguished musicians, and received with decided applause during the same period. At one of its private performances, the pianist sprang up in rapture, kissed Schubert's hand, and cried out to the hearers that they little knew what a treasure they had in the composer. The same might have been said of Probst. While publishing the trio, he continued to ask Schubert for smaller and easier pieces, as a trio was, indeed, a thing that did a man honour, but brought in little profit.

With a request from the owner of a musical monthly for small and easy compositions, the chapter of Schubert's relations with publishers is at an end. That he was treated badly but civilly is evident; many have met with the same ill-usage without the civility. Had it been merely in the outset of his career that Schubert met with this treatment, we could hardly have complained, we could not have wondered. In all history, almost without exception, first works, which are the most careful, the most cherished, productions have been condemned to struggle against overpowering difficulties. But Schubert's name was already known. Every letter from a publisher bore witness to the charm of his compositions. He had many friends and worshippers in Vienna, many unknown admirers in all other parts of Germany. And yet the mercantile results of his works were as unsatisfactory in negotiations with publishers who traded on the public taste as with chapel-masters who traded on Imperial ignorance.

CHAPTER VIII.

COMPOSING UNDER DIFFICULTIES—DIFFICULTY THE TEST OF GENIUS—SCHUBERT AND BEETHOVEN—FIRST NOTICE FROM BEETHOVEN—SCHINDLER'S ACCOUNT OF THEIR MEETING—"NOT AT HOME"—BEETHOVEN AT DINNER—LATE APPRECIATION—LAUDARI A LAUDATO VIRO—DEATH OF BEETHOVEN—HIS FUNERAL—SCHUBERT A TORCH-BEARER—DRINKING TO HIMSELF—VISIT TO GRATZ—COMPOSITIONS OF 1827—REASONS FOR DECLINING A POEM—COMPOSER AND POET—RULES FOR MUSICAL SETTING—SCHUBERT AND MENDELSSOHN.

WHILE Schubert was thus trying in vain for material recognition, his musical genius was ever more and more developing. The year 1826 witnessed the production of many admirable songs and instrumental pieces, and the genesis of one of the former was not a little

curious. The one to which we allude is the serenade (Ständchen), written to words of Grillparzer's. Schubert was making a Sunday excursion with a party of friends, and in returning through the village of Währing, he caught sight of another friend sitting at a table in the garden of an inn. A halt was called, and the party repaired to the garden, which presented the usual appearance of a suburban beer garden on a Viennese Sunday. Fiddles were playing on one side, on another the constant rumble of heavy wooden balls and the clatter of falling pins proclaimed the national skittles; guests talked, and sang, and shouted at every table, and waiters rushed to and fro with a noise of dishes, and a running fire of answers to all quarters of the garden.

' In the midst of this Schubert had taken up a book which the solitary friend had been reading. He looked through it, and suddenly exclaimed, pointing to one poem, "I have got a pretty melody for this just come into my

head, if I had but some music paper." The only paper of any kind at hand was the bill of fare. One of the party ruled the back of it with the lines required, and, with all the noise going on around him, Schubert wrote down the delicious and most characteristic melody.

At the end of 1826 Schubert received a letter of thanks, accompanied by a gift of a hundred florins, from the Committee of the "Society of the Lovers of Music," for his repeated proofs of the interest he took in its workings. In return for this courtesy, Schubert presented the Society about a year afterwards with his great Symphony in C., which ranks as one of his most important works, and will be described in its due order. Unfortunately the performers of the Society found the work too difficult for them, and declined it as "impracticable." The same term has often been applied to the later works of Beethoven. In both cases it has been left for posterity to revere those very difficulties which once seemed insuperable.

The time was now at hand when Beethoven was to be borne to his grave in the pretty churchyard of Währing, with its lilacs and shady walks, where Schubert was so soon to join him. The two men had been as near each other in life as they were in death, and yet they were as effectually parted in life as their bodies are now separated by the earth that intervenes. They had lived for thirty years in the same town, as Beethoven, who was twenty-seven years older than Schubert, had moved to Vienna some years before Schubert's birth. That the lustre of Beethoven obscured Schubert's name, and shut up many of the avenues of success, did not prejudice Schubert against one whom he felt to be so vastly superior. From a boy he had always felt the greatest reverence for Beethoven. On one occasion, after playing some compositions of his own, he asked a friend if he could ever expect to do anything great in music; and on his friend replying that he had done something already,

he said : " I think so myself sometimes ; yet who can hope to do anything after Beethoven ? "

One reason why the two composers did not meet till just before the death of the elder one, was that Beethoven was by no means accessible. Their ways were radically different. Schubert's character approached that of Mozart. He was easily pleased, and possessed of almost childish *naïveté*, unpractical in life, fond of agreeable society and of a good glass of wine, like a true son of Vienna. Beethoven was capricious and distrustful, sarcastic and sensitively proud ; but in the depth of his genius and the largeness of his soul, his classical and general cultivation, he was above Mozart as well as above Schubert. It is probable that he knew little of the musical gifts of the latter till Schubert's four-handed variations, Op. 10, with their dedication to him, were put in his hands. Schindler relates the scene of their being put in Beethoven's hands, and again we find reason to doubt his accuracy.

In the year 1822, he says, Schubert set out to present his variations for four hands on a French song, which were dedicated to Beethoven, to the master he so much honoured. Although he was accompanied by Diabelli, who acted as the interpreter of his feelings for Beethoven, Schubert played a part very disagreeable to himself at the meeting. The courage which kept him up till he came to the house forsook him altogether at the sight of the artist monarch. And when Beethoven expressed a wish for Schubert to write down the answers to his questions, Schubert's hand seemed fettered. Beethoven ran through the copy which was presented to him, and lighted on a fault in harmony. He pointed it out in mild terms to the young man, adding that it was not a deadly sin; but, perhaps, owing to this gentle remark, Schubert lost all command of himself. It was not till he had left the house that he recovered himself, and vented his fury in violent reproaches against his own con-

duct. This was his first and last meeting with Beethoven, for after that he never could muster up courage to present himself again.

Like the sketch of Schubert in the Kärnthner Thor Theatre, this scene does not bear marks of verisimilitude. One fact is conclusive as a refutation. Joseph Hüttenbrenner states distinctly that a short time after the publication of these variations, Schubert gave him his own account of the visit to Beethoven. What Schubert himself said was that he went to Beethoven's house with the variations, but that Beethoven was not at home, and he therefore gave them to the servant. Since then, he added, that he had neither seen nor spoken to Beethoven. He was much pleased to hear that Beethoven fully appreciated the variations, and often played them through with his nephew. This puts an end to the story of the interview. A letter from Rochlitz, the great musical critic, also throws doubt on the statement that Schubert and Beethoven had never met before.

“Fourteen days after my first meeting with Beethoven,” writes Rochlitz, “when I was just going to dinner, I met the young composer, Franz Schubert, an enthusiastic admirer of Beethoven’s. Beethoven had spoken to him about me. If you want to see Beethoven more at his ease and more cheerful, said Schubert, you have only to dine at the inn where he always goes for the same purpose. He took me there. Most of the places were occupied. Beethoven sat surrounded by several of his friends, who were strangers to me.”

We can hardly wonder if Beethoven took little notice of the growing genius of Schubert. He was himself absorbed in deep and grand creations, mostly on a great scale, while Schubert was earning a name by songs and minor compositions. But in the last days of his life, the songs of the pigmy found their way to the heart of the giant. It was the same with Jean Paul, in the blindness which beset him during the last years of his life. Schu-

bert's songs were his great consolation, and a few hours before his death he asked to have the "Erl King" played to him.

In his description of the death of Beethoven, Schindler writes: "As the disease to which Beethoven succumbed after four months of suffering, made it impossible for him from the very first to exert his wonted intellectual activity, it was necessary to find some amusement suited to him. Hence it came that I put before him a collection of Schubert's songs, about sixty in all, many of them still in manuscript. This was not done merely with a view of providing him an agreeable occupation, but also to give him a proper idea of Schubert, and enable him to form a more favourable opinion on his talent, which had been put before him by exalted admirers in a way to make him suspicious. The great master who had not known more than five songs of Schubert's before, was astonished at their number, and would not believe that Schubert had composed

more than 500 already. But if he was surprised at their number, he was filled with the utmost astonishment by their merits. For several days he could not tear himself away from them, and he passed many hours daily over "Iphigenia," "The Bounds of Humanity," "Omnipotence," "The Young Nun," "Viola," "The Miller Songs," and others. He cried out several times with joyful enthusiasm: 'There is indeed a divine spark in Schubert!' 'If I had had this poem, I should also have set it to music!' It was the same with most of the poems, he could not praise their subject and Schubert's original treatment of them too much. And he could not conceive how Schubert found leisure 'to exercise himself on so many poems, each of which contains ten others,' as he expressed himself."

High praise from such a master; but there was ample ground for it. Of these greater poems Schubert composed more than a hundred, not mere lyrics, but long ballads and

scenes in dialogue, the dramatic treatment of which would entitle them to be performed at the opera, and would ensure them a favourable hearing. What would the great master have said if he had seen such pieces as the "Ballads from Ossian," "The Surety," "Elysium," "The Diver," and others which have been lately published? As it was, the admiration he formed for Schubert's talents was such, that he desired to see his operas and works for the pianoforte, but his illness grew so much worse, that this wish could not be gratified. However, he spoke much of Schubert, prophesied that he would make a great sensation in the world, and regretted that he had not known him earlier.

Anselm Hüittenbrenner, on receiving the news of Beethoven's serious illness, hurried away from Gratz, arrived in Vienna just before Beethoven's death, and remained to close his eyes. Anselm's brother, Joseph, had taken leave of the dying man a few days before. He

was accompanied by Schubert and a painter, and, though Schubert and Beethoven had often met, this seems to have been the only visit. It was certainly the last. The dying man looked at them fixedly, and made some unintelligible signs. Schubert was so overpowered by his emotion, that he had to leave the room.

At the funeral of Beethoven, Schubert was one of the thirty-eight torch-bearers preceding the coffin. Strangely enough, in Mr. Holmes's "Ramble among the Musicians of Germany," published the year of Schubert's death, his name never once occurs, either among these torch-bearers, or among those who give their name to the volume. In other respects Mr. Holmes's account of the funeral is valuable. A vast multitude had collected before the house on the glacis by the Scotch gate. At three o'clock in the afternoon of March 29th, 1827, the corpse was brought out on the shoulders of eight singers of the opera. After the performance of a chorale, the procession moved forwards. A

cross-bearer came first, then four trombone players, followed by a choir of singers, which, alternately with the trombone quartett, performed the Miserere. Next in order came the high priest, followed by the coffin, which was attended by eight chapel-masters as pall-bearers. From the beginning of the procession to the coffin were the torch-bearers, in full mourning, with white roses and bunches of lilies fastened to the crape on their arms. Besides Schubert and Lachner, Anschütz, Castelli, Carl Czerny, David, and Grillparzer, were among the number. The brother of Beethoven followed as chief mourner. At the cemetery of Währing, Anschütz, the actor, recited a discourse written by Grillparzer; Castelli read a short poem, and before the grave was closed, Hummel laid three wreaths of laurel on the coffin.

Returning from the funeral with Lachner and another, Schubert went into a tavern and called for wine. After drinking a glass to the memory of the great man whom they had borne

to the tomb, he called for a second to that one of the three then present who should soonest follow. He drank to himself!

It is a rather curious coincidence, that shortly after Beethoven's funeral, Schubert acted as his substitute in a visit to the Pachler family at Gratz. The family was musical. Dr. Carl Pachler, the father, was an advocate of good standing, and his wife had evinced singular talents from an early age. In her ninth year she practised composition, and played Beethoven's sonatas with a fine touch, and thorough appreciation of their meaning. Beethoven made her acquaintance at Vienna in 1817, and spoke warmly of her musical faculties. He was to have visited the Pachlers in 1827, but his death put an end to their long-cherished hope of seeing him under their roof. The friend who was to have accompanied Beethoven to Gratz, accompanied Schubert.

Great was the excitement in this musical family when the day approached for the visit.

The son, who is still living, remembers his unwillingness to go to bed at the orthodox hour for children of seven, till he was pacified by a promise that he should greet the composer at breakfast. Coming down the next morning, he at once recognised Schubert, from the portrait he had seen of him, and he remembers now the green coat and white trousers which formed the dress of his idol. Schubert's stay in Gratz lasted the best part of a month, and was one of the happiest parts of his life. Music at home, excursions into the beautiful country round, were pleasant indeed with people who appreciated the man, and loved his genius. On leaving Gratz, Schubert gave his opera "Alfonso and Estrella" to Dr. Pachler, that he might try and have it produced at the theatre. He wrote several pieces of dance-music during his stay, and these appeared as the "Gratz Galops," and the "Gratz Waltzes."

It was immediately after his return from Gratz, that Schubert finished the "Winter

Journey," that dark, gloomy picture, so different to the gay and sparkling productions inspired by the Styrian mountains. He also wrote the Trio in E flat, which has been mentioned already in the course of Schubert's transactions with publishers, and which Schumann says, "has always seemed to me his latest and most characteristic work." A Swedish popular air forms the theme of the second movement. Schubert had heard some Swedish airs from the tenor Berg, who is now director of the conservatoire in Stockholm and was Jenny Lind's first teacher, and they pleased him so much that he made no secret of his adoption of one of them for this trio.

A letter from Rochlitz in November, 1827, invited Schubert to furnish music for a poem called "The First Sound." This task had already been proposed to Beethoven, and had been accomplished by Weber. Writing to Haslinger, the music-seller of Vienna, Rochlitz had called Beethoven's attention to the poem,

not from any vanity or personal considerations, but because a fine field was afforded for Beethoven's rich imagination and great art in musical painting. Speaking of Weber's setting, which had been received with great applause at Prague, Mannheim, Leipsic, Munich, and Frankfort, Rochlitz said: "The poem has already been set to music, but not well, and our artist will not feel tempted to set it in the same way, although that composition is almost entirely unknown, and *he* is the last man in the world to have anything to fear from such a collision." However, Beethoven did not accept the proposal. He replied that the setting of "The First Sound" would necessarily call up the thought of Haydn's "Creation." Schubert seems to have held the same opinion.

Had Schubert been more pliable, he would, no doubt, have found reason to regret it. Instead of suggesting the poem, and leaving the composer free to follow the bent of his own genius, Rochlitz was good enough to prescribe

the details of musical treatment. To suggest, he said, not to prescribe; but a mere suggestion of this kind is very embarrassing, and is certain to lead to unpleasantness. When the poet surrenders his work to the composer, he surrenders it entirely. Subsequent objections are out of place, and preliminary suggestions are likely to cause subsequent objections. If the poet has not made his meaning clear in the course of his own workmanship, it is his fault, not the composer's, should the composer fail to apprehend his meaning. To come forward, then, and censure the composer for not catching the secret motives which prompted the poet, but which the poet was unable to express, is merely disguising incapacity under an assumption of superiority. The poet who leaves his own work unintelligible, and blames the composer for not giving it the clearness that was wanting from the first, is as bad as the one who substitutes high demands from the composer for a high standard in his own workmanship.

It is well that a man who is conscious of having failed in making his meaning clear, should accompany his poem by careful notes to guide the composer. But it is too late afterwards to say, "I meant this," or "I meant that," where something different was said, and something different was understood. And in the same way, to give general ideas of the course you would adopt yourself if you were composing, does not add to the comprehension of the poem, but either fetters the musician or challenges comparison and censure. If the poem is properly written, it suggests its own music; if the composer is a man of genius, the music which a poem will suggest to him will be much better than the music of the poet; and if the composer tortures the poem into a meaning that does not belong to it, and is merely an arbitrary view of his own, the poet had better withdraw his words on the first intimation. Schubert seems to have followed the wisest course in abstaining from the composition.

Rochlitz writes much as follows: "Your well-born-ship knows the esteem and affection that I feel for you and your compositions; Herr Haslinger has conveyed to you my thanks for the music to which you set my three songs, as well as my wish that you would employ your art on the embellishment of a greater poem. He tells me that you are willing to do so; permit me to come at once to this subject. The poem which I have in my mind is "The First Sound." You will find it in the fifth volume of my collected works. I will state the way in which I figure to myself the music for it: but do not believe that I wish to prescribe the manner of setting (I have no right to do so); take what I say merely as a proposal for your own consideration, and then follow the result of that consideration, your own inspiration, whether it disagrees in part or even wholly with my proposal. Overture: single, short, broken chord fortissimo, and then one maintained as long as possible for clarionet

or horn. Next, beginning softly and going off into darkness—more harmonious than melodious—a sort of chaos that unfolds itself very gradually and becomes lighter. Whether the overture should end here, or this be followed by an allegro, I will not determine; if the second course is chosen, the allegro should be serious, but very vigorous and brilliant, and furnished with a dying cadence from the first movement. Now declamation without music till the words *wirken gegeben*, where the orchestra comes in softly with sustained chords, and from this there will be a spoken passage with short musical interludes at the chief breaks, down to the word *Erdenreich*. Here a longer, and more gloomy interlude. A shorter, and gentler one after *Gott*; the following sentence without music”—and so on.

The perversity of Schubert in declining this poem was only equalled by his refusal to set Zedlitz's "Midnight Review." The poem represents the ghost of Napoleon reviewing

the ghosts of his armies by midnight on the Champs Elysées, and the idea has been taken up by many pictorial illustrators. Zedlitz gave the poem to Schubert, and asked him to give it musical honours, but after carrying the poem about for some time, Schubert returned it. As his neglect of Rochlitz's poem had been countenanced by the example of Beethoven, so his refusal of the "Midnight Review" was followed by Mendelssohn. "It is difficult to set a descriptive poem," were the words with which the latter justified his abstention. Schubert said that he did not feel equal to the task, and that he had not the courage to undertake it, feeling that he could not make good music out of the poem.

CHAPTER IX.

LAST YEAR OF SCHUBERT'S LIFE—MUSICAL ACTIVITY—SEVENTH SYMPHONY—JUDGMENT OF SCHUMANN—SCHUMANN'S VISIT TO VIENNA—THE SIX SYMPHONIES—A GERMAN CRITIC AND AN ENGLISH POET—THE DANUBE—ANALYSIS OF THE SYMPHONY—WONDERFUL TALENT—ETERNAL YOUTH—POSTERITY AND CONTEMPORARIES—TOO HARD TO BE PERFORMED—OTHER WORKS OF THE SAME YEAR—LATEST SONATAS—SCHUMANN'S RECEPTION OF A DEDICATION—SCHUBERT AND HIS FAMILY—SCHUBERT'S ONLY CONCERT—GREAT SUCCESS—THE SPRING—THOUGHTS OF A TOUR—ABANDONED FOR WANT OF MONEY—BEGINNINGS OF ILLNESS—LACHNER AT PESTH—LETTER FROM SCHINDLER—SCHUBERT TOO ILL TO TRAVEL.

We now enter on the last year of Schubert's earthly life. He had returned from Styria with new strength and steeled to new exertions. Another trip was meditated for this

autumn of 1828, to revive the pleasant days which he had passed with friends, and to restore his health, which was somewhat weakened by constant headaches. His indisposition had grown in the last few years, but there were no signs to forebode the catastrophe which came so suddenly upon him.

If not so fertile this year as in many others, Schubert's genius was riper, and his compositions were daily gaining in value. The most important work of this year is the great Symphony in C. But it would be impertinent to describe this afresh after the words in which Robert Schumann has conveyed his appreciation of it. It is true that Schumann visited Vienna at a sad time of musical stagnation, and that his account is written under that impression. Still his eloquent words are the best tribute to Franz Schubert, "the painter rich in fancy, whose brush was dipped equally deep in moonshine and in the flame of the sun."

On his return from the churchyard of

Währing, it struck Schumann that Ferdinand Schubert, the brother of Franz, was still living. "I soon," he writes, "went to call on him. He knew me from the enthusiasm for his brother which I had often publicly expressed, and he told and showed me much, some of which has already, by his permission, appeared in the *Journal* under the name of relics. Finally he showed me some of the treasures of Franz Schubert's composition, which are still in his hands. The wealth accumulated here made me shudder with delight; I did not know where to begin, where to leave off. Among other things, he showed me the partitions of several symphonies, many of which have never yet been heard, and even when attempted, have been laid aside again as too difficult and too bombastic. One must know Vienna, the peculiar laws which govern its concerts, and the difficulty of getting together the means for great performances, to pardon it, the place where Schubert lived and wrote, for

only letting us hear his songs, and little or nothing of his greater and instrumental works. Who knows how long this symphony of which I am speaking might not have been left in dust and obscurity, if I had not come to a speedy arrangement with Ferdinand Schubert to send it to Leipsic, either to the direction of the Gewandhaus Concerts, or to the artist himself who conducts them, and whose keen glance does not overlook modest and budding beauty, much less a beauty so patent to every one, beaming with such mastery. So it happened. The symphony arrived at Leipsic, was heard, appreciated ; heard again, and joyfully, almost universally, admired. The energetic firm of Breitkopf and Härtel bought the work and the copyright, and thus it is now lying before us complete in all its parts, as we shall perhaps soon have the partition for the use and delight of the world."

Rather late in the day for such an epithet to be applied to a firm that had the chance of

being energetic eleven years before. Schumann proceeds:—"Let me say it at once and openly; any one who does not know this symphony knows little of Schubert, though after all that Schubert has already given to the art of music, this may seem a scarcely credible panegyric. Composers have so often, and so much to their annoyance, been warned to abstain from all ideas of symphonies after Beethoven; and this is partly true, for, with the exception of some solitary works of orchestral importance (which, however, were always more interesting, as signs of the development of their composers, but did not exercise a decided influence on the mass, or on the progress of that genus), all the rest, or nearly all, were tame reflections of Beethoven's method; and this without alluding to those lame and wearisome symphony-mongers who were just able to produce passable imitations of the powder and perukes of Haydn and Mozart, but without the heads that belonged to them.

Berlioz belongs to France, and is only named occasionally as an interesting foreigner and madcap.

“What I had hoped and anticipated (and I dare say many others had hoped and anticipated with me) that Schubert, who had shown himself so strict in forms, so rich in fancy, and so many-sided in many other styles, should attack the symphony from his own side, and hit the exact point from whence it and the multitude are to be got at, has been most admirably fulfilled. Certainly he never thought of continuing the ninth symphony of Beethoven, but, being a most industrious artist, he created out of himself and uninterruptedly one symphony after another; and perhaps the only cause for regretting the appearance of the seventh, and the only thing that may lead to the work not being understood, is that the world has been introduced to the seventh first, without having seen its development, or having known its predecessors. Perhaps some of the others may

soon be released from their dungeon, the most insignificant of them will have its Schubertian significance; aye, the Viennese copyists of symphonies need not have looked so far for the laurels that they wanted, for they lay seven-fold in Ferdinand Schubert's little study, in a suburb of Vienna.*

“Here was a worthy crown to be bestowed! But this is often the case: if in Vienna you speak of—— —— they know no end to their praise of Franz Schubert: but when they are by themselves, they don't think much of either one or the other. Be this as it may, let us refresh ourselves now with that fountain of genius which pours from this precious work.

“It is true, this Vienna, with its tower of St. Stephen's, its lovely women, its pageantry, and the way it spreads over the smiling plain, that

* In allusion to the prize offered for symphonies in 1836 by the Viennese Musical Society; it was carried off by Franz Lachner, of Munich, with the *Sinfonia Appassionata* in C minor.

gradually rises into ever loftier hills, enwound by the Danube with countless bands,* this Vienna, with all its memories of the greatest German masters, must be a fruitful field for the musician's fancy. Often, when I gazed on it from the mountain-tops, it came into my mind how often Beethoven's eyes must have wandered restlessly to that distant chain of Alps; how often Mozart may have followed dreamily the course of the Danube, which always seems to swim in wood and forest;

* Is not this exactly identical with Tennyson's

"Let her great Danube rolling fair
Enwind her isles:"

and other passages have the same resemblance. Compare again Schumann's "its pageantry" and Tennyson's

"And yet myself have heard him say,

That not in any mother town
With statelier progress to and fro
The double tides of chariots flow
By park and suburb under brown

Of lustier leaves."

and how often father Haydn may have looked up at the tower of St. Stephen's, and shook his head at such a giddy height. The pictures of the Danube, the tower of St. Stephen's, and the distant Alpine summits, put in one frame, and breathed upon with a faint odour of Catholic incense—that is a picture of Vienna; and with that charming landscape living before you, you feel that chords are touched within you which otherwise would never have vibrated. At the touch of Schubert's symphony, and the clear, blossoming, romantic life in it, the town rises more clearly than ever before me, and again I see most plainly that it is just in such a neighbourhood that such works can be born.

“I will not attempt to explain the symphony. Different ages of life form such different views in what they derive from music, and the youth of eighteen often sees an event of universal significance in music which to the man seems to shadow something purely local,

and in which the musician thought of neither one thing nor the other, and only poured out the best that he had in his heart. But if we would believe that the external world, which is bright to-day and to-morrow lowers, often has its effect on the soul of the poet and musician; that in this symphony there lies concealed something more than mere beauty of melody, more than mere joy and sorrow, as they have been a hundred times expressed in music; that it leads us into a region where we can never remember that we have been before; if we would admit this, we must hear the symphony. In addition to the masterly technicalities of musical composition, it contains life in all its fibres, the finest gradation of colour, a purpose throughout, the strongest expression of individuality, and a romanticism shed over the whole which we have learned to associate peculiarly with Franz Schubert. And this heavenly length, like a thick novel of Jean Paul's, in four volumes, which can never come

to an end, and that for the best of all reasons, in order that the reader may have plenty to think about. How refreshing this is, this feeling of fulness everywhere, while with others one is always afraid of the end, and is so often vexed at being disappointed. It would be impossible to guess how Schubert suddenly attained this playful, brilliant mastery in the management of the orchestra, if one did not know that the symphony was preceded by six others, and was written in the ripest force of manhood.*

“It is a proof of his extraordinary talent that, little as he had heard of his own instrumental works during his lifetime, Schubert should have succeeded in such an original treatment of the several instruments, and the body of the orchestra, as to produce an effect like the alternation of human voices and chorus. I have never met with this resem-

* “March 1828,” is written on the partition; and Schubert died the ensuing November.

blance to the human voice in so startling and deceptive a degree, save in many of Beethoven's works; it is just the reverse of Meyerbeer's treatment of the voice. Another sign of the masculine origin of the symphony is its entire independence of Beethoven's. Observe in it how correctly and wisely Schubert's genius manifests itself. Conscious of his lower powers, he avoids all imitation of the grotesque forms, the daring situations which we find in the later works of Beethoven. He gives us a work of the most attractive form, and yet on a new plan, never diverging too far from the centre point, and always returning to it again. This must be the conclusion of everyone who gives more than one examination to the symphony. Some, indeed, might be confused at the beginning (as the first sight of anything unusual is likely to confuse) by the brilliancy and novelty of the instrumentation, the breadth of form, the charming alternation of sentiment, the new world into which we are

thrown; but even then it leaves a delicious feeling, like a fairy tale, or play of magic; we feel that the composer was master of his subject, and that everything will be duly unravelled. This effect of certainty is produced by the sumptuous romance of the Introduction, although everything is still veiled in mystery. The transition from thence to the Allegro is perfectly new, the *tempo* does not seem to change; we have arrived without knowing how. It would give no pleasure to ourselves or to others to analyse the various movements; one would have to copy out the whole symphony to give an idea of the romantic spirit that breathes through it. But I cannot part without a word from the second movement, which speaks to us in such touching tones. There is one place in it where a horn sounds as from a distance, as if it came down from another sphere. Everything else listens, as if a heavenly visitor were gliding about the orchestra.

“No symphony has had such an effect on us

since those of Beethoven. Artists and amateurs vied in praising it, and I heard the master, whose intense care in studying it had procured this admirable performance, let fall a few words which I would gladly have repeated to Schubert, and which he would have received as the highest of all glad tidings. Years may pass before the symphony is naturalised in Germany, but there is no fear of its being forgotten or overlooked, for it bears in it the seeds of eternal youth."

This eternal youth did not avail the symphony when it was really young. As we have mentioned, Schubert made it over to the Musical Society of Vienna; the parts were at once distributed, and the work was put in rehearsal. It was, however, soon laid aside as too long and too difficult. The composer on sending it in had stated to a friend that he would have no more to do with songs, he meant to devote himself to operas and symphonies; but he found that his symphonies met with the same

neglect as his operas. On the rejection of his seventh as too difficult, he recommended the Society to try his sixth, but he did not live to witness its performance. It was not till eleven years after the composition of the Seventh Symphony that it was brought to light, as Schumann has narrated. On the 22nd of March, 1839, it was performed in the Gewandhaus at Leipsic, with Mendelssohn for conductor, and the applause it met with on all sides was something unparalleled.

Even this success in Leipsic did not ensure the symphony a proper reception in Vienna. It was announced for a concert in December, 1839, and was to be given entire. But at the first orchestral rehearsal, the paid artists refused to go through the practice necessary for a good performance, and the result was that only the two first movements were given, with an Italian *aria* between them. The work went to sleep again for another period of eleven years, and it was not till 1850 that the public

of Vienna had an opportunity of hearing it in its completeness. Nor was there much applause even then. The symphony which Mendelssohn and Schumann considered the most important orchestral work after the symphonies of Beethoven, has never yet been properly recognised in the birthplace of its composer.

Other works of the same year are the Mass in E flat, the splendid string quintett in C, the cantata called "Miriam's Song of Triumph," in which Schubert's native genius rises to Handelian greatness, the "Hymn to the Holy Ghost" for eight voices, the last three sonatas for the pianoforte, and several vocal pieces. The last three sonatas were intended by Schubert for dedication to Hummel, but their publishers dedicated them to Schumann. They were brought out by Diabelli as Schubert's "very last" compositions, but, as it was natural for their publishers to attach as much interest to them as possible, we have

some excuse for doubting if they were really what he represented them. "Remarkably enough," says Schumann, "the sonatas are described as Schubert's last composition. Any one who was ignorant of the time of their production would probably judge otherwise. I myself should, perhaps, have assigned them to one of the artist's earlier periods, as the trio in E flat has always seemed to me Schubert's last work, his most independent and most characteristic. It were, indeed, superhuman for any one who composed so much, and so much daily, as Schubert, to go on always rising and always surpassing himself, and, therefore, these sonatas may really be the last work of his hands. I have not been able to learn if he composed them on his death-bed, the music itself would almost tempt one to believe it. However this may be, these sonatas seem to me strikingly different from his others, especially in their much greater simplicity of invention, their willing resignation of that brilliant novelty

to which on all other occasions he lays such high claims, and their spinning out of certain common musical phrases instead of linking together new threads as was his usual custom, from period to period. They go rippling on like a stream as if they were never coming to an end, careless of what is coming, always musical and melodious, occasionally broken by bursts of violent agitation which, however, is speedily subdued. Such was their effect on me. He closes cheerfully, easily and pleasantly, as if he could begin again to-morrow."

The secret of this judgment is that Schumann's musical tastes were more captivated by the rhapsodic character, the bold modulations and transitions, the sharp contrasts and the undeniable novelty in the earlier sonatas than by the calm, even, and harmonious flow, which, to our mind, gives these very sonatas the stamp of ripeness and dignity.

A letter from Schubert to his friend Anselm Hüttenbrenner early in 1828 speaks of the suc-

cessful performance of one of his pieces, the trio in E flat. At the same time the composer is mindful of the wants of his family. The place of drawing-master at the normal school in Gratz (where Anselm Hüttenbrenner was) happened to be vacant, and Schubert proposed his brother Carl as a fitting candidate. "My brother is very clever," he wrote, "both as landscape-painter and as draughtsman. If you can do anything to get him the post you will confer an endless obligation on me. He is married and has a family and would be very glad of a settled employment. Remember that anything you do for my brother you do for me."

Schubert's compositions, especially his songs, had produced a great effect in various concerts since the first success of his "Erl King," and the composer himself had often accompanied them on the piano. His friends had often suggested to him that he should give a concert of his own, but he was not quick enough in taking

measures to advance his own interests, and he had hitherto declined. At last, as his friends grew urgent, and he found the publishers tardy in their acceptance of the mass of songs he produced, Schubert consented. He gave a private concert in the hall of the Musical Union on the 26th of March, 1828. All the pieces performed were of his own composition. The programme advertised in a newspaper of the day, ran as follows:—

“1. First movement of a new String Quartett, performed by Messrs. Böhm, Holz, Weiss, and Linke.

2. Four songs: *a.* ‘The Crusade;’ *b.* ‘The Stars;’ *c.* ‘The Wanderer to the Moon;’ *d.* ‘Fragment from Æschylus;’ sung by Herr Vogl, Imperial Royal retired opera singer, with pianoforte accompaniment.

3. ‘Serenade,’ words by Grillparzer, soprano solo and chorus, performed by Dlle. Josephine Fröhlich and the pupils of the Conservatoire.

4. New Trio for Pianoforte, Violin and

Violoncello, performed by Messrs. Bocklet, Böhm and Linke.

5. 'On the Stream,' words by Rellstab, song with accompaniment of horn and pianoforte, performed by Messrs. Tietze and Lewy junior.

6. 'Omnipotence,' words by Ladislaus Pyrker, song with pianoforte accompaniment, sung by Herr Vogl.

7. 'Battle Song,' by Klopstock, double chorus for male voices.

Entrance, 3 florins Viennese."

The hall was full to overflowing, and the success of the concert was so brilliant that a repetition was proposed. But Schubert did not live to carry out this plan. The present concert was his first and last; the two which were got up later served to defray the expenses of his tomb.

As the spring advanced Schubert looked forward to a summer trip either to Gratz or Gmunden. The friend in the latter place,

with whom he had passed such pleasant days three years before, wrote and urged him to come again. His old room was at his disposal, and lest he should think himself burdensome to his host, he was to pay a certain sum daily for board and lodging. But Schubert's circumstances were such that he had to give up both journeys. The friend who had accompanied him to Gratz writes:—"The absence of two *employés* in my chancery who have gone to take the baths at Baden, and the not very brilliant financial circumstances of our friend Schubert (who desires his kindest remembrances to yourself and Dr. Carl) are the obstacles which prevent us from availing ourselves of your invitation to Gratz. Schubert had formed the project of passing part of the summer in Gmunden and the surrounding country, but the same financial difficulties have prevented him. He is still here, working hard at a mass, and is only waiting for the money he wants (from what quarter soever it may come)

in order to take instant flight for upper Austria."

While thus giving up all chance of a visit in July, Schubert and his friend still clung to the hope of getting to Gratz in September. But even this had to be abandoned. Instead of recruiting his health in the fresh air of Styria, and cheering up his spirits in the pleasant and attached family of the Pachlers, Schubert had to remain in Vienna. Unfortunately, too, he moved at this time into a newly built house, the damp and cold of whose walls had probably much to do in laying the seeds of his fatal illness.

The beginning of this illness prevented Schubert from accompanying his friend Lachner on an expedition to the capital of Hungary. Lachner, who had then an appointment as chapel-master at the Kärnthner Thor Theatre, had been invited to Pesth, to superintend the production of his first opera. The invitation proceeded from Anton Schindler, the bio-

grapher of Beethoven, whose sister was one of the singers in the Pesth theatre, and Lachner started for Pesth in September. Before leaving Vienna he tried to induce Schubert to follow him, and Schubert promised to be present at the first performance, if it could possibly be managed. A short time before the opera was ready, Schindler wrote a most pressing letter to back up Lachner's solicitations.

“My dear good friend Schubert (it runs), our friend Lachner is too busy with the arrangement of his opera, and, therefore, I undertake, not only to invite you in his name to be present on the important day when this great work will be performed, but to add my own and my sister's invitation and our wish to receive you amongst us and show you honour as a truly excellent friend. There is plenty of room for us all under one roof and at one table, and we shall rejoice to see you accept without a refusal, and occupy without delay, the place which is provided for you. You must, there-

fore, make arrangements to start on the 22nd at latest by the diligence; please let us know two days beforehand if we may expect you on the 24th. This is one part:—the other follows.

“As your name is in good report here, we propose to make the following speculation with you. You must resolve to give a private concert here, composed principally of your own vocal pieces. A good result is expected from it, and as it is known that your timidity and love of your own ease will not naturally lead you to embark in such an undertaking, let me tell you that there are people here who will most willingly raise you up by the shoulders, although you are heavy. However, you must contribute something to this, by getting five or six letters of introduction from noble houses in Vienna to noble houses here. Don't be troubled by the thought of this, for it entails neither trouble nor paying court; you present the letters if you think it necessary, and *basta*. To pocket a few hundred florins in this way is not

to be despised, and there are other benefits which may be looked for as well. Come along then! No pauses and deliberations! You will be supported with all our power. There is a young *dilettante* here with a tenor voice who sings your songs well, very well; he takes part; the gentlemen of the theatre ditto, my sister ditto; you have, therefore, only to sit down with your fat chops, and accompany whatever is performed. Your glees also would not fail to produce their effect. Many of them are known here already. You need not write any new ones, that is not necessary.

“And with this we commend you to God. We all expect you to act sensibly, and not to be refractory. Hoping to see you soon in the land of the moustaches,

“Your sincere friend,

“ANTON SCHINDLER.”

But Schubert did not answer, and did not appear at the performance. Lachner returned

to Vienna the beginning of the next month, and found that his friend had been ill for three weeks. The two men spent some hours together, and this was their last meeting on earth. Lachner received orders just then to make a tour through Germany and pick up singers for the Kärnthner Thor Theatre. While he was on this journey a letter from a common friend informed him of Schubert's death.

CHAPTER X.

SCHUBERT'S ILLNESS—NOTHING SERIOUS APPREHENDED—
THE LAST DAYS—SCHUBERT'S DEATH—PROPERTY HE
LEFT—HIS MONUMENT—SCHUMANN ON FAIRER HOPES—
SCHUBERT'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE—NOTHING REMARK-
ABLE IN HIS FACE—A SECOND FALSTAFF—HIS CHARACTER
—SCHINDLER ON HIS LIFE—PRODIGALITY—ABSENCE OF
PRACTICAL INDUSTRY—INSTANCES—PLAYING IN COMPANY—
ACCUSTOMED TO NEGLECT—SCHUBERT WITH HIS FRIENDS
—LOVE OF WINE—OCCASIONAL EXCESSES—BREAKING
GLASSES—LATER FEELINGS—REVIEW OF HIS LIFE.

It was in September, 1828, that Schubert began to feel the approach of illness. He became subject to giddiness, and a rush of blood to the head, and the doctors ordered him moderation and exercise in the open air. A little trip he took with his brother and two

friends to Eisenstadt, and the grave of Haydn, seemed to do him good in body; it certainly raised his spirits. But on his return to Vienna his illness came back again. Dining at an inn the last day of October he suddenly flung down his knife and fork, and said the fish he had just begun eating filled him with a sensation of disgust and horror, as if he had taken poison. From this time forward he scarcely touched any food, took much medicine and exercise. On the 3rd of November he took a long walk to hear a Latin requiem, composed by his brother Ferdinand, the last music that he ever heard. Going home, after walking for three hours, he complained much of weariness.

Even then he did not apprehend any serious illness, for he was meditating lessons in the art of writing fugues. He had lately taken much to the study of Handel, and he consulted the Court organist Sechter on the subject of contrapuntal instruction. But increasing weakness confined him to his bed, and though he

felt no pain, the want of sleep oppressed him. His illness lasted nine days. The first few days he was not entirely confined to his bed, and even after that his mind was active. He asked one of his friends for a new book of an opera, and talked with the others on the music he intended to write for it. On the 16th of November the doctors held a consultation, and dreaded an unfavourable turn of his malady, the setting in of a nervous fever. By the evening of the 17th the delirium became frequent. Schubert called his brother, made him bend down his head, and put his ear close, when he asked in mysterious whispers, "What is happening to me?" He wanted to go out, and seemed under the impression that he was in a strange room. The doctor came and tried to re-assure him, said he would recover if he stayed quietly in bed. But Franz looked fixedly at him, raised his heavy hand to the wall, and said solemnly, "Here, here will be my ending."

He passed away the next day, the 19th of November, 1828, at three in the afternoon, having not yet completed his thirty-second year. Two days afterwards his body was conveyed to the churchyard at Währing, and consigned to a grave next but three to Beethoven's. It had been Schubert's wish to repose near the great composer whom he so loved and honoured. In the delirium which possessed him the night before his death, when he told his brother that he was in a strange room, he had answered all assurances that this was indeed his own room and his own bed, with the words, "No, that is not true, for Beethoven is not here." Many of his friends and admirers joined in the procession, and his bier was covered with many garlands. Poems, tributes of affection, musical compositions, were devoted to the memory of the young composer, and a subscription was at once started among his friends to raise a monument over his grave.

That neither the cost of the monument, of the requiems performed in two churches, or even of the funeral itself, could be defrayed without assistance, was plain from the circumstances of Schubert's family. The property left by the composer himself consisted simply of his clothing, and was officially valued at a little more than £6. More than four times this sum had been expended by his father on medical attendance, and on the funeral. It was, therefore, necessary that Schubert's friends should club together, and either raise the money themselves or procure it from the public. None of them being very wealthy, the latter expedient was adopted. A concert was got up, several of Schubert's pieces were given, and the success of the first concert was so great that it led to a second. What with the sums thus collected and a few friendly offerings, a monument was put up in the churchyard at Währing. The bust of Schubert

adorns this monument, and below runs the inscription penned by the poet Grillparzer:—

“Death buried here a rich possession,
But yet fairer hopes.
Here lies Franz Schubert.
Born January 31st, 1797.
Died November 19th, 1828.
Aged 31 years.”

The second line of this inscription has provoked, and continues to provoke, much adverse criticism. Schumann closes his discussion of the last sonatas with the words, “Schubert might await his last minute with a serene countenance. And if on his grave-stone we find the words, that a rich possession but still fairer hopes lie buried beneath it, we will merely think with gratitude of the first. To speculate on what he might have attained leads to nothing.” But at the time when Grillparzer wrote these words the greater part of Schubert’s songs were still unknown to the public. It

was natural to think that a genius dying at the age of thirty-two, five years before the "fatal thirty-seven," that carried off Raphael, Mozart, and Byron, might have done still more if some years of life had been spared him. In the case of Schubert, we are as much struck by constant progress as by early fertility. He was not only earning fresh laurels in the higher walks of music, and meditating severer studies, but he had broken new ground in the line of his first successes, by the series of songs called "The Winter Journey." However, with what he has given us, we have no need of complaining. Better to echo the concluding words of Robert Schumann: "He has done enough, and praised be those who, like him, have striven and achieved."

The external appearance of Schubert was anything but attractive. His round, fat, puffy face, with his low forehead, projecting lips, bushy eyebrows, stumpy nose, and frizzly hair, gave him rather the appearance of a negro.

When his remains were disinterred, in 1863, the doctors who examined his skull were astonished at its feminine organisation. Neither his skull, nor that of Beethoven, showed the bump of music in the place generally indicated. The rest of Schubert's person bore out the description given of his face, and confirmed by the bust over his grave. He was under the middle height, round-backed and round-shouldered, with thick fleshy arms and hands, and short fingers. There was nothing remarkable in the expression of his face, his look was neither clever nor pleasing. But when the conversation turned on music, and especially on Beethoven, his face lighted up and his eyes began to sparkle. "He was exactly like a 'tallow-ketch' in outward appearance," says one who knew Schubert, and seems to have had Falstaff in his mind; "but his eye glittered so that the first glance betrayed the fire within."

Certainly his interior did not bear out the

unfavourable promise of his outward appearance. All his friends and relations vied in praising him as a good son, a loving brother, a true friend, good-tempered, well-meaning, free from hatred and envy, large-hearted, and enthusiastic for nature and the art which he held sacred. He was lively and good-humoured, honest and straightforward, and free from all affectation and sentimentalism. He had not the opportunities vouchsafed to Handel and Mozart of seeing the world and gaining large experience of men and things, of making great journeys, and performing or producing works before courts and potentates. Nor had he the literary training, the political sympathies of Beethoven, or the wide culture of Mendelssohn and Schumann. His education at home had been confined to the barest rudiments, and in the *Convict* he had given more time to composing than to sterner studies. But we must not conclude from this that he was ignorant or uncultivated, and that the

beauties of his music came to him by unconscious inspiration, as if he was in a dream, or in what Vogl called a state of musical *clairvoyance*.

“It is true,” says Schindler, whose statements must, however, be taken with some reserve, “that there was neither hill nor valley in Schubert’s life, nothing but a level plain, over which he moved at an even pace. His frame of mind was also flat and smooth as a mirror, difficult to be irritated by external things, and in perfect harmony with the essence of his character. His days passed as befitted an offspring of a lower sphere, who had been born poor and remained poor. Living at home till his tenth* year; from thence to his seventeenth year a singer in the imperial *Convict*, and on the benches of the gymnasium; three years usher with his father in the Lichthenthal school; finally a pianoforte player, and an admirable

* Till his twelfth would be nearer the mark.

one, as well as a composer, writing what he chose, and remaining free and independent, as his publisher gave him fifteen florins for a sheet of songs, and fifteen florins for a pianoforte composition. His early poverty had guarded him against the temptation of the high wants and desires which we meet with in other musicians. Family wants and cares, dating from an early and imprudent marriage, did not hamper his genius; for he stood alone in his magic circle, not disturbed by the prose of domestic life. During the last eight years of his life he had given up the office of musical teacher,* which was also the source of much labour and great ingratitude. He made no journeys, with the exception of short trips to Upper Austria.

“One reason of the obscurity to which Schubert’s talent was condemned during his

* This again is wrong, Schubert had given up all tuition long before 1820, with the exception of his lessons to the Esterhazy family.

lifetime, lay in a certain obstinacy, an unbending habit, which, without detracting from his declared independence, made him absolutely deaf to good and practical counsels on the part of well-meaning friends. This characteristic often appeared in social intercourse, as well as in musical matters, but it is not to be attributed to an excessive self-esteem, or overweening self-confidence. The devotion shown by Schubert on all occasions for the great musicians, his unwearied endeavours to improve himself, show that there is no ground for such an accusation. Schubert did not know the feelings of jealousy and thirst for fame which do so much in stimulating some artists to activity; his love of retirement, and his quiet life, bear witness to the purity of his ambition. He was quick to detect flattery, however cautiously it was administered, and he was positively indifferent to praise; the utmost applause bestowed on any of his works did not produce a change of countenance.” •

Looking over the list of Schubert's works, it is evident that his fertility must have been equalled by his ease and fluency. He generally began working early in the morning, sitting on his bed and writing, or going in the utmost *negligé* to the piano, and extemporising. He worked till the middle of the day without interruption. His whole soul was then in his music; and people who have seen him at work declare that his eyes would sometimes brighten, and his voice would change, showing the power of the thoughts to which he was giving expression. But while thus industrious in his art, he was a stranger to any practical industry. He was unpunctual at rehearsals, and was loth to go to them, or to undertake any duties that entailed punctuality. In like manner he generally absented himself from the performance of his own works. He scarcely ever made any corrections, as is proved by the state of his manuscripts. One of the results of this is, that the close of many of his instrumental works is inferior to

what has gone before. But the shorter pieces, which were poured upon the paper under the immediate effect of inspiration, seem to have needed none of the labour of the file to make them perfect.

Some instances of Schubert's astonishing rapidity have been given already, especially in the case of the "Erl King" and the "Serenade." But there are others no less striking. "If fertility," says Schumann, "is the chief test of genius, Schubert is one of the greatest geniuses. He might, by degrees, have set the whole literature of Germany to music, and Telemann's dictum, that a good composer should be able to set a placard to music, is best answered by Schubert. Whatever he touched, music flowed from it. Æschylus, Klopstock, difficult as they are, yielded to his hand, and he touched the deepest strings of the lighter pieces of such as W. Müller." One of his overtures is endorsed, "Written in November, in Herr Joseph Hüittenbrenner's room; took

three hours to write, and made me late for dinner." Another time he wrote a terzett in bed, having forgotten all about it till the last moment.

This wonderful prodigality was often overlooked when the composer came to accompany his own pieces at some evening party. The singer was loaded with applause, but few thought of the small heavy figure sitting at the piano, and accompanying so feelingly the songs that had sprung from his own breast. But he never noticed this neglect. If the singer was applauded, a part of the applause fell to the share of the song. The composer sat reserved and serious at the piano, and withdrew into a side-room as soon as his task was done. On one occasion the hostess (Princess Kinsky) was afraid the indifference of the company to the real hero of the evening would wound his feelings. She came up, and addressed a few graceful phrases to him, conveying at once her admiration of his genius, and her regret that it

was not properly recognised. But Schubert did not need her excuses. While thanking her for her courtesy, he replied that he was too much accustomed to such treatment to be hurt by it.

Among his friends the composer was under no such restraint, and in no lack of recognition. His tongue was loosed, and he was merry. Practical jokes, parodies, and humours of all kinds abounded. So common were they, and so closely associated with the composer's name, that they were called Schubertiads. Though Schubert did not dance, he was often a guest at balls in the houses of familiar friends, would sit at the piano for hours, and extemporise delicious music while the others danced to it. His afternoons were almost always spent, like German afternoons, in pleasure and amusement. In fine weather the lovely environs of Vienna were the constant resort; and when the scenery was beautiful, and the wine in some suburban tavern had equal charms, even-

ing engagements were too often thrown to the winds.

It is certain that Schubert loved good wine. Some have gone so far as to call him a drunkard, and there seems reason to believe that he sometimes exceeded the bounds of moderation. The same, however, is said of Beethoven, who was habitually moderate; but was led, by example or temptation, to exceed occasionally in one year of his life. Yet Schubert's excesses were certainly more frequent. When there was much good wine on the table, it was necessary for his friends to keep an eye on him. He could not bear a great quantity, and his taste was too critical to allow a dilution with water. Some of his friends attribute his last illness to his indulgence in liquor, and attribute his headaches, and the rushes of blood under which he suffered, to the same cause. Wilhelm Chezy, the son of Helmina Chezy, whose name we have mentioned apropos of a drama to which Schubert furnished the music, gives, in his auto-bio-

graphical recollections, a strange picture of Schubert's revels. "He was as devoted to wine as any young learner to the loveliest art. But when the blood of the grape glowed in his veins, he was not noisy; he loved to sit retired in a corner, and give himself up in comfort to silent fury, a laughing tyrant, who, when the humour took him, destroyed, without the slightest noise, glasses, plates, or cups, smiling all the while, and squeezing his eyelids together till his eyes were almost shut." When Schubert had drunk more than his friends approved, he would make secret signs to the waiter at the time of reckoning, and keeping his hand low down, so that his friends could not see, would hold out as many fingers as he had drunk measures.

That these excesses did not recur often is, however, proved by the narrow circumstances in which Schubert passed his life, as well as by the enormous quantity of music he composed. A man who is always poor, and is yet particu-

lar about his liquors, cannot spend much upon them, and a man who is constantly intoxicated does not produce so great and so many masterpieces in the short lifetime of a Schubert. We must also allow for the greater temptations that beset men of genius, to whom nature has been so prodigal of intellectual wealth, and whose great expenditure of intellectual power makes them need constant recruiting. What was perhaps an occasional weakness in Schubert, may have passed for a settled vice, as it has done with Mozart.

In his late years the pressure of want, and the constant recurrence of failure gave a more serious and melancholy tinge to Schubert's character. We see this marked in the series of songs called "The Winter Journey." Much as we may regret to find these things having such an effect on him, we cannot wonder at it. We should not have thought it strange if he had yielded, long before this, to despondency. The events of his life—as far as there were any

events in his life—have been told, and we think our readers will come to the same conclusion. They have seen the composer struggling against want from the very first; gifted with a genius which all who came in contact with him were quick to recognise, and which yet could not win its way to the public so as to earn a competence for its possessor; repulsed by publishers, managers, chapel-masters, or put off with praise and promises; and dying at last before a fifth of his works were known, at an age when many have not done more than lay the foundation of their greatness, when some most prolific authors have not even begun to write, and others, without being either famous or prolific, are already earning their livelihood. Vienna killed her prophets, and stoned those who were sent unto her. Neither Mozart nor Beethoven were recognised, while they were living, by the city in which they had settled; and if that city was so hard to strangers, she was still more unjust to her own son. To the names of Mozart and

Beethoven, to the histories of two such composers, who were either starved or neglected, we may add the name and history of a third on whom both those fates were visited, the subject of our narrative, Franz Schubert.

CHAPTER XI.

SCHUBERT'S WORKS—SKETCH OF THE GERMAN SONG—ITS EARLY HISTORY—EFFECT OF THE REFORMATION—NORTH GERMANY—RISE OF GERMAN POETRY—MOZART—BEETHOVEN—SCHUBERT—POETS CHOSEN BY SCHUBERT—CYCLES OF SONGS—LARGER COMPOSITIONS—MIRIAM—TREATMENT OF THE EXODUS—SCHUBERT'S SONGS DURING HIS LIFETIME—HIS POSTHUMOUS POPULARITY—HIS MASSES—A PIRATE AT PRAGUE—SYMPHONIES—TRIOS—SONATAS—SCHUMANN ON THE SONATAS—A LUDICROUS ENDING—COMPARED WITH BEETHOVEN—OTHER WORKS—CONCLUSION.

ALL that remains for us now is to take a survey of the works which Schubert left behind him, and to see how far his time was justified in its neglect of him. This survey is the more necessary, as so many of his compositions are still unknown, and as it was impossible to con-

vey a just idea of his extraordinary productiveness, while narrating his life.

The German song owes its highest development to Schubert. His genius is most strongly marked, and most perfect, in his songs, but this is not from the absence of competitors, or from any new discovery of a neglected branch of music. We can trace back the beginnings of this branch to the earliest times of the spread of Christianity, though centuries elapsed before the song had passed through the many phases of its existence, and it was not till our own times that it attained its present height of artistic development. The real history of its progress begins with the time when it shook itself free from the bands of the old recitations of church music, and of the minne and master-singers. With the introduction of an energetic popular spirit, the popular song burst into life; the people sang its own songs, which went the rounds from mouth to mouth, and no one thought of taking down the fami-

liar tunes and of fixing them on paper. But musicians began to see what powerful spells were contained in these melodies, and they worked up the popular songs into a more artistic form.

In the sixteenth century the Reformation gave a new significance to religious chants. Choruses were got up, and the chorale was to some extent developed from the popular song. But as music began to exercise a more general power on the nation, the popular song was driven more and more into the background. It gave way to the national song, something between the actual song of the people, and the artistic form into which that song of the people had been laboured. The greatest masters did not despise the employment of these humbler tunes, and thus won an easy way to the heart of the people. The imperishable greatness of Handel's oratorios proceeds in great part from the national element that pervades the choruses. In the vocal and instrumental music of Haydn

and Sebastian Bach, in the finished operas of Mozart and Weber, this national element is also found, and it infuses the freshness of youth and unrivalled powers of attraction.

Till the eighteenth century, the art-song had been supported entirely by the north of Germany. The north possessed a body of composers bent on maintaining and improving the old tradition; while in South Germany and notably in Vienna, the prevalence of Italian singing had driven out the national feeling. In the north of Germany Italian opera exerted but a slight influence. Dramatic music was confined to the *sing-spiel*, more resembling the English opera or French *vaudeville* than the kind usual in Italy, and this *sing-spiel* had much effect in preserving the German song. Moreover, in the middle of the last century German lyric poetry began to make itself felt. The odes of Klopstock were composed by several musicians, and by Gluck among the number, though with no very decided success. But

when Herder revived the old feeling for the popular song, and Goethe's songs gave birth to a new spring of lyrical poetry, a new period began.

At first the north of Germany retained its supremacy. But the composers of the south, though their contributions to the song were disproportionate to their efforts in other branches, showed a superior genius. The songs of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven were masterpieces both in melody and harmony, and eclipsed all that had gone before. Mozart does not seem to have been acquainted with Goethe's poems, and was not inspired by the much weaker lyrics of some other contemporaries. What he might have done with Goethe, is shown by the only one of Goethe's songs he composed, that exquisite song, "The Violet." Beethoven set ten of Goethe's poems to music, one of them four times over. He also made use of many of the loveliest popular airs in the adagios of his instrumental pieces,

and from his greater mastery of instrumental music, the airs he has thus introduced are more striking than when they are fitted with words and confined to the sphere to which they more strictly belong.

It was, however, reserved for the son of a poor schoolmaster in Vienna to give the German song its full significance. When we name the name of Schubert, we have before us the true creator of the German song, a master without a rival in that branch, and without a pattern, a musician who brought within those narrow limits a world of the tenderest and most passionate emotions. Unlike the isolated, fugitive, occasional songs of other masters, Schubert's songs form a continuous chain, partly from their extraordinary number, partly from their close mutual connection. The number of Schubert's known songs is about 600. The words of them are taken from poets of many nations, but the poet of all others to whom Schubert's muse did most honour, was

Schubert's great fellow-countryman, Goethe. He set no less than sixty of Goethe's songs, as has already been stated, and about twenty of Schiller's. The poems of his friends Mayrhofer and Schober figure largely in his list. Heine's appearance as a poet dates from the last years of Schubert's life, which accounts for the fact that only six of Heine's songs have been set to Schubert's music. But, of all these 600 songs, including those of Goethe, Schiller, and Heine, the cycles of songs from Ossian, from Walter Scott, and less famous poets, not more than 360 have been published. And, while some of the published songs might easily be spared without much loss to the composer's fame, some of the unpublished ones would advance it signally, and are too precious to be withheld from the public.

Special mention must be made of the songs which form a cycle, either intentionally on the part of Schubert, or from their own unity of feeling. We allude to the "Miller's Fair

Wife," the "Songs from Ossian," the songs from the "Lady of the Lake," and the "Winter Journey." In these, the character of the individual song is expanded, and the continuity of a larger work imparted to the series. We notice particularly the accompaniment to the songs of the "Miller's Fair Wife," in which the sound of falling water is exactly imitated. The "Winter Journey" is often supposed to testify to the existence of sad and bitter feelings in its composer; an air of deep and cheerless depression breathes through the gloomy melodies, reminding us of the bounded landscape, and bounded sky of winter. Yet, in power of lyrical expression, in simple and harmonious unity, these songs are equal, if not superior to most of Schubert's other productions. The melody and the instrumentation are full of novelties, which mark a transition in Schubert's style, and prepare the way for those later composers, who have followed in his track.

Glees, part songs, hymns and cantatas flowed

in plenty from Schubert's pen; many of them were written for friends and social gatherings. But the most important of these have found their place in the story of Schubert's life. After the cantatas of Prometheus and Lazarus, "Miriam's Song of Triumph" is most important. The words of this cantata are by Grillparzer, and both poet and composer were inspired by so grand a subject as the safe passage of the Red Sea by the Israelites, the destruction of the bands of the tyrant, and the exultation of the delivered people at their escape and their safety. The history of the Israelite exodus and the passage through the desert, is the grandest instance of a national triumph. Moses has inspired Rossini with a splendid revolutionary epic, as it was natural that an Italian should feel keenly the delivery from Egypt, and should look forward to a similar release from bondage. Not only did Moses bring out the children of Israel, but he freed them from the degraded mind and the

servile contentment which mark an oppressed people. And thus his mission is highly significant for all ages; his character is one with which all nations can sympathise, and he has been chosen as a hero by poets, and painters, and musicians.

The first strophe of Schubert's cantata reminds us—intentionally, no doubt—of Handel. In the second, we have a picture of the Lord leading his people out of Egypt, as a shepherd leads his flock; and the air of confidence and tenderness in this strophe changes in the third to the astonishment of the Israelites, while passing between the piled-up mounds of the sea. Next comes the approach of Pharaoh, the danger is imminent, but the waves break loose again, and overwhelm the enemies in the sea. But when the waters have returned to their strength, and have subsided again, the opening chorus is taken up, and a vigorous fugue ends the cantata.

Although Schubert was most known during

his lifetime as a composer of songs, it is astonishing how small a proportion even of his most popular works found their way to the public. Not more than a hundred of his songs were published before his death. When we consider that his great works remained unknown for many years afterwards, and that his fame was based purely on these songs, it is hard to exaggerate the injustice done him. It is plain that he was esteemed for a small side of his character, and that even this small side was imperfectly known. His larger works did not begin to make their appearance till his fame as a song-writer was well established. Fragments of them, indeed, were resuscitated by different musical directors, and received with favour by the public. But this was not enough to convince the directors of greater musical institutions that there was a mine of wealth in the remains of Schubert, and his acceptance has been almost as tardy since his death as it was during his lifetime.

That Schubert's songs have made the round of Europe and America, are most popular in France, and household words in Germany, is more gratifying as an evidence of public taste than as a tribute to the composer's genius. We may say it boldly, even now Schubert is not fully or properly appreciated, either in his songs or his greater compositions. There are still manuscripts without number, which have not seen the light; songs, overtures, orchestral pieces, operas, and religious works of which not a note has been heard. Many valuable compositions have vanished altogether, have been cut up into autographs, or sold to foreign collectors. In the year 1835 Schubert's surviving brother, Ferdinand, addressed theatrical directors and conductors of concerts in a public advertisement, offering them nine operas, six symphonies, and four masses for a small sum. He seems not to have received an answer.

The opinion entertained by an imperial chapel-master on Schubert's masses, has found

later, perhaps unconscious, echoes. Scarcely any of these pieces have passed the Austrian frontier. Some of them are occasionally given in Vienna; the Stabat Mater of 1816 was given in 1863, after lying dormant for twenty-two years. But as a proof of the general ignorance of Schubert's masses, nothing can be more striking than the mystification practised by a recent composer. The chapel-master of a church in Prague published Schubert's Mass in G as his own composition, stamped it with his own name, and dedicated it as his own work to an Austrian Archduchess. The mere fact of his daring to do so, speaks volumes. Many men steal with some slight disguise; many steal without being conscious of it. But as no man would steal anything that was not worth having, and no man would steal anything if he was certain of being detected, this action of the Prague chapel-master bears witness to the universal ignorance of Schubert's masses, while it establishes their intrinsic value.

Schubert's religious works consist of seven Masses, two Stabat Maters, a Magnificat, and a Hallelujah, besides many detached pieces. But admirable as much of this music is, it is not equal in merit to his symphonies and instrumental works, many of which have been so eloquently described by Robert Schumann. Like so many other composers, Schubert was drawn irresistibly from vocal to instrumental music, but the point where he differs from them is that in him the influence of the voice on the instruments is more remarkable. His instrumental works are, to some extent, a series of exquisite melodies, but without the mastery of form, the concentrated energy of the great masters. This characteristic may displease pedants and rigorists, but it does not prevent some of Schubert's instrumental works from being masterpieces of genius, worthy to be placed by the side of the highest creations. The great Symphony in C, the string quartetts in G and D minor, the string quintett in C, the

sonatas in A minor and G major, the three last sonatas and the two trios are, perhaps, the best instances.

Of these the symphony and the last sonatas have already been described, and we will only say a few words about the others. The two trios were performed in private circles during their composer's life, and are the most familiarly known of this class of his works. They were composed within a short time of each other, and belong to Schubert's last period. Of the trio in B flat Schumann says:—"A glance at Schubert's trio, and the world is fresh and lovely once more. The trio which has just appeared seems older than that in E flat, though the style does not betray an earlier period. But the two trios are materially different. The first movement, which in the work in E flat expresses deep rage and overflowing desire, is here cheerful, confident and virgin-like; the adagio which there is a sigh rising almost to heart-breaking anguish, is here a blissful dream,

a rise and fall of lovely human feelings. The scherzo in each is alike, though I give the preference to the one in the trio which was written later but appeared earlier. On the last movements I will not decide. In a word the trio in E flat is more manly and dramatic; this one is more womanly and lyric; the other acts, this suffers."

Of Schubert's fantasias the grand Fantasia in C, Op. 15, is one of his most important works for the pianoforte, and perhaps his most attractive. The construction of the first and last movements is indeed, rather clumsy, but the music is full of beauties. With the exception of the song woven into the middle, the whole work is so well suited to orchestration that Liszt composed the orchestral accompaniment for it, and it has frequently been performed in that shape. The Fantasia-sonata in G major, Op. 78, forms a direct contrast to the work just cited. Dream-like and idyllic is the feeling that pervades the two first movements, and the trio of the minuet,

yielding to tantalising play in the allegretto. The sonata in A minor, Op. 42, is one of the most popular, as well as the most finished. The first movement is filled with a certain disquietude and secret anxiety;—though that is hardly the opinion of Robert Schumann, whom we had better hear on the subject of the sonatas. Speaking of the Fantasia-sonata in G major, the sonata in A minor, and the sonata in D major, Op. 53, Schumann says:—“As we must characterise all the three sonatas as simply ‘glorious,’ without using a thousand words where one suffices, we must yet consider the Fantasia-sonata the most perfect in form and spirit of all Schubert’s similar works. Everything in it is organic, everything breathes the same life. But let the man who has no imagination of his own to solve its problems keep away from the last movement.

“The most closely related to it is the one in A minor. The first part is so still, so dreamy; it almost moves one to tears; at the same

time it is composed so lightly and simply of two subjects, that we wonder at the enchanter who can combine and contrast them so strangely.

“What a very different life sparkles in the vigorous sonata in D major, stroke upon stroke, seizing us and carrying us along with it. And then an adagio, belonging entirely to Schubert, so full of impetus and so overflowing that it is difficult to bring it to an end. The last movement does not suit the whole and is farcical enough. Any one who should take it seriously would make himself laughable. Florestan thinks it a satire on the night-cap style of Pleyel and Zanzhal; Eusebius finds that the strongly contrasted passages are grimaces with which you frighten children. Both solutions amount to the same thing,—to its being humorous.

“Perhaps Schubert is more original in his songs than in his instrumental compositions, but we value the latter equally as purely

musical and independent in themselves. As a pianoforte composer especially he surpasses others, and even Beethoven himself (though even after his deafness the ear of Beethoven's imagination was wonderfully acute) in this respect, that he wrote thoroughly for the piano ; everything in him sounds properly, it comes from the very depths of the piano ; while in Beethoven we must borrow something from the horn, or the oboe to give the note its full expression. If we were to say anything more about the internal characteristics of these creations we should say this.

“ Schubert has notes for the finest sensibilities, thoughts, nay, for events and situations. Although there are myriad forms of human wish and endeavour, Schubert's music has myriad ways of expressing them. All that he sees or touches is transformed into music ; living forms spring out of the stones he casts, as once with Deucalion and Pyrrha.”

It is difficult to go through the list of Schu-

bert's other compositions without trenching on what has been said already. We think that enough has been said to give the reader an idea of that wonderful genius, and still more wonderful fertility, which were so little appreciated while their owner was living, and even now have not been duly recognized. Once before we have said that a mere detailed account of musical pieces is unsatisfactory; and though we have given several passages from Schumann's writings as conveying in the most picturesque manner all that can be said in description, we have not attempted to add anything of our own, and we have left many of Schumann's words unquoted. Weber said that music must be heard to be appreciated; and his biographer has acted wisely in abstaining from all analysis. The same choice is not left to the biographer of Schubert. For though the great and glorious part of Schubert's life is written in his works, and may be sought there by all who would really know him, our know-

ledge of the man would be imperfect if it did not include a knowledge of his struggles and distresses, his short life and his marvellous activity, his attempts and his failure.

APPENDIX.

A P P E N D I X .

ON MUSICAL BIOGRAPHY :

AN ESSAY.

THE objections which have been made to literary biographies, apply with equal force to musical biographies. I speak of the higher kind of objections; those which are best stated in Tennyson's lines "After reading a Life and Letters." For the lower kind, those which are made for the benefit of the general reader, have not the same chance of applying. Musicians as a rule live a more active life than men of letters. Their biographies are fuller of incident and anecdote—in all cases except the present. They are often called upon to show

their skill before the great and illustrious, and sometimes their employment about courts brings them in close contact with royalty. Those of them who have written for the stage have mixed with actors and actresses, and their biography has touched one corner at least of the wide field of theatrical anecdote.

Assuming that biography is to present us with an interesting picture of its subject, within certain bounds, let us ask how far this requirement is fulfilled by the lives of musicians. What these bounds are, it is easy to decide. Biography is not to be made an engine for the diffusion of idle gossip. What we want to learn is the man's character, not the dark side of it. We do not want the hero sketched from the point of view of his valet, nor do we want the hero's friends as they would be discussed downstairs while they were dining with the hero. This valet element in biography is the first thing to be avoided, and the first thing to be sought by the biographer

is that his work should stand the test prescribed by Tennyson.

“ You might have won the Poet’s name,
If such be worth the winning now,
And gain’d a laurel for your brow
Of sounder leaf than I can claim ;

But you have made the wiser choice,
A life that moves to gracious ends
Through troops of unrecording friends,
A deedful life, a silent voice :

And you have miss’d the irreverent doom
Of those that wear the Poet’s crown :
Hereafter, neither knave nor clown
Shall hold their orgies at your tomb.

For now the Poet cannot die
Nor leave his music as of old,
But round him ere he scarce be cold
Begins the scandal and the cry :

“ Proclaim the faults he would not show ;
Break lock and seal : betray the trust :
Keep nothing sacred : ’tis but just
The many-headed beast should know.”

Ah, shameless ! for he did but sing
A song that pleased us from its worth ;
No public life was his on earth,
No blazon’d statesman he, nor king.

He gave the people of his best :
His worst he kept, his best he gave.
My Shakspeare's curse on clown and knave
Who will not let his ashes rest !

Who make it seem more sweet to be
The little life of bank and brier,
The bird that pipes his lone desire
And dies unheard within his tree,

Than he that warbles long and loud,
And drops at Glory's temple-gates,
For whom the carrion vulture waits
To tear his heart before the crowd !”

But the severity of these lines is not aimed against the true art of biography. The fitting presentation of great men as they lived should not be discouraged, because many lives have fallen into bad hands, and have been made to seem worthless. If any were to imply from Tennyson's lines that a poet's life is altogether private, and that biography should be confined to kings and statesmen, they would commit a grievous error. Of all others, kings and statesmen are the least suited for biography. They

have two lives, a private and a public life, and often when their public life is best fitted to grace the rolls of history, their private life is the most worthless, the most suited for oblivion. The true poet, on the other hand, lives but one life, and as this life is written in his works, it is already in some sense given to the public. The fact that his genius has marked him out as being apart from his kind, makes him a beacon to his kind. In this way even his faults are valuable, for if he were without our faults, he would be too much removed from our sympathy. Sometimes his faults make his verse more dear to us, and the coldest poems grow warm when read by the light of their parents' struggles. The man who is sliding and falling takes heart at seeing where another and a greater has slipped and fallen, and he fights his way on as he feels the other must have fought. There is scarcely any poet whose life does not furnish morals as striking as his works furnish, and reverent

spirits are as grateful for the one, as for the other. If this man had not stumbled, we should have fallen; he showed us the dangerous part, while his greater strength enabled him to recover himself.

Written in this tone, biography would be most instructive. But if a man resents instruction being made out of him, on the ground that he has not lived a public life, we must ask if the most retiring, the humblest in the world can escape the effects of his example. The man who commits a crime is held up to execration; the man who does a good action may do it by stealth, but he will blush to find it fame. Does any man lead a deedful life and find troops of unrecording friends? We have only to look at the examples of those who live more retired, more truly private lives than men of genius ever have lived, or ever can live, to see the publicity that attends on goodness. All who have a right to escape are those whom

Dante tells us are to be passed without a word ;
the abjectly mediocre, those

“ Che visser senza infamia, e senza lodo.”

I do not mean that bad biographies are better than none, but good biographies are the best safeguard against bad ones. If those who know the lives, and respect the characters, of great men, do not commit their knowledge to paper, the result will be that the biography will fall to those who have neither that knowledge nor that respect, and whose books will be either imperfect in point of information, or bad in tone and feeling. Unless you can put down biography altogether, there will always be writers ready to take the life of every great man ; and if you deprive them of genuine materials, they will seize on the gossip that filled the corners of local papers during his lifetime, and passed unrefuted because it was too ridiculous for refutation. Newman assigned as a reason for writing his *Apologia*, that the

only way to destroy a false theory of his opinions was to give the true history of their growth.

This, however, is rather beside the present question. As far as I am aware, no claim has been put forward by musicians for the privacy of their lives. One of them has written an autobiography; others have left diaries behind them; one of the most recent has found a biographer in his son, which would hardly have been the case if a biography had been opposed to the parental wishes. And as musical lives are marked by a certain similarity, there has generally been a certain similarity in the biographers. Till the life of Weber, which I hope may be taken as marking an epoch in musical biography, there seemed to be two ways in which the life of a musician could be written. There is first the purely musical way, which consists in a classified catalogue of a man's works with a quotation of a few bars to give the general reader an idea of the beauty of some grand composition, or in describing a

man's works by means of rhapsodies. There is next the purely biographical way, by which instead of having the music without the composer, we have the composer without the music. In the first case the man retires with becoming modesty into the background, in order that the lives of his operas, oratorios, or symphonies may be told in the fullest detail. In the second case you might be reading about a butcher, or a baker, or a candlestick maker, who went to the opera or the concerts regularly and spent the "balance" of his time in his profitable but mechanical avocations. One of the most complete, I cannot say the best, instances of this second style is a small French Life of Rossini by a notorious "biographer;" and the most striking passage in it is a vehement apostrophe to the composer: "Non, vous n'avez pas le feu céleste! You bargain for asparagus!" It is rather rash to say that the man who wrote the "Barbier" in thirteen days had not the sacred fire, even though he did commit such an

unpardonable crime as that of bargaining for asparagus. But with such a biographer we may well ask if the fact is certain. Who are the witnesses? What are the original authorities on which the biographer relies? And, perhaps, even if the fact is true, and its use can be justified in a musical biography, it may admit of some explanation. Perhaps it took place late in the season when the first fierce rage inspired by the *feu céleste* and the thought of asparagus had subsided into calm delight. A biographer who attaches such weight to these facts should take care to make them impregnable. Otherwise, if he was going to write my life, how should I shudder at the thought that in a restaurant of the Palais Royal I once refused to give five francs for a peach.

Better, infinitely better, than this is the first kind of musical biography, though no one reads it. The second kind degrades its subject; the first kind has a chance of being utilized at some future time. We must look on many of

the lives that have been written by the Germans as materials rather than finished works, just as the collections which have been made of the letters of several musicians are invaluable to the future biographer. The letters of Mendelssohn, indeed, form more of a substantial book than many of the professed biographies, but as few musicians lived the happy life of Mendelssohn, few have written letters as charming as his. Mozart's letters are very different in tone, and stand in need of a constant commentary.

There can be little doubt that if Schubert had written letters like Mozart's, this Life would have possessed some of the interest which belongs to the life of Mozart. For with almost all great musicians, as with poets and men of letters, the real biographical interest lies in our glimpses of the inner life. Leaving home early and having a father who watched his career with the deepest interest, Mozart naturally wrote long and full letters about himself,

and all that he was seeing and doing. The actual events of his life were few, but he made very much of them. How much we are indebted for our knowledge of Mozart to his father's interest in him, and to the fact of his being away from home, is evident by the sudden falling off in the bulk and interest of his letters with the death of his father. In youth, when he had little to say and when his judgment was not matured, his correspondence is full. In his later years, when he was composing "Don Juan," the "Magic Flute," the "Requiem," when he was pouring forth his ripest and richest creations in a way to make any allusion to them on his own part extremely valuable, his letters are fewer and shorter. There is one reason for our not regretting this as much as otherwise we should do. Work and trouble and failure had told severely on Mozart, and the cheerful fun of his boyish style had changed to bitter and sarcastic tones. Even while young he despised the judgments which

he heard around him, and the music which had exclusive possession of the field. When a boy, he was making a tour through Germany, and seeking employment in vain. At Mannheim he heard the organists of the court, and his verdict was not very flattering.

“Who is that playing?” he asked.

“Our second organist.”

“He plays miserably.”

A short time elapsed, and another succeeded.

“And who is that?”

“Our first organist.”

“Why he plays still worse.”

But at Vienna in after years, when his works had placed him first among living composers, Mozart had to struggle against worse obstacles, the emperor's ear was closed against him by intriguers, and his rivals commanded the market. “It would be an everlasting shame for Germany,” he remarks in one letter with bitter irony, “if we Germans ever began seriously to think in German, to act like Germans,

to speak German, and even to sing in German!" And in another, "If Germany, my beloved country, of which as you know I am proud, will not receive me, then in God's name France or England must be made richer by another talented German to the disgrace of the German nation." Might not these very words have been written by Schubert?

Might they not have been written by almost every composer? The one point at which nearly all musical biography seems to touch is failure. Can we name any great composer whose genius was fully recognised during his lifetime, who, depending on music for his bread, got anything more than dry bread by his music? Some have been fully recognised and almost starved. Others have had food and have wanted recognition. Others again, like Schubert, have wanted both. For an example of the first we have only to open the "Life of Rossini." The Rossini *furor* at Vienna has already been mentioned in this volume, but the whole of Rossini's

youth was passed in a course of similar triumphs in Italy. "Since the death of Napoleon," says Henri Beyle, writing in 1823, "another man has appeared of whom the whole world is talking every day, the world of Moscow and that of Naples, that of London and that of Vienna, that of Paris and that of Calcutta. This man's glory knows no bounds but those of civilization, and he is not yet thirty-two." How was it that Rossini earned such fame at such an age? When he produced his first *opera seria*, "Tancredi," at Venice in 1813, the whole town repeated its airs. The gondoliers sang the music, and the nobles sitting in the gondolas caught it up from their mouths: people in the courts of justice hummed it over till the judges had to enjoin silence. When he wrote the *Italiana in Algeri*, Beyle says, "he was in the flower of his youth and genius; he had no fear of repeating himself; he did not wish to write violent music; he was living in that amiable Venice, the gayest country of Italy, perhaps

the gayest in the world, certainly the least pedantic. The result of this characteristic of the Venetians is that they want music to consist above all of agreeable airs, more light than impassioned. They had exactly what they wanted in the *Italiana*; no people ever had a spectacle more suited to their character; and of all the operas that ever existed this is the one that should best please the Venetians. Thus it was that travelling in the Venetian territory in 1817 I found them playing the *Italiana* at the same time in Brescia, Verona, Vicenza and Treviso. We must confess that in many of these towns, Vicenza for example, this music was sung by singers whom one would compliment too highly by comparing them with the worst of our singers; but there was a *verve* in the execution, a *brio*, a general entrainement which we never find at the opera in our reasoning climates. I saw this sort of musical madness seize on the orchestra and the spectators from the beginning of the first act, with

the first access of somewhat warm applause, and give each the most rapturous pleasure. I took my part in this *furor* which caused so much joy in a mean theatre where assuredly nothing was above mediocrity. I cannot explain the reason of it all. Nothing was made to recall the reality and the melancholy of this life. There was not one head in the house attempting to judge what it saw. We were all given up to the wildest illusions of music. The actors emboldened, inspired, by the extravagant applause and the cries of the spectators, took liberties which they would not have dared to repeat the next day. I have heard the exquisite *buffo* Paccini, who played Messer Taddeo in the San Benedetto Theatre at Venice, admit at the end of an evening of great success and *haute folie* that no pleasure in the world was equal to such a performance”

Here is the fullest recognition. Now for the other side of the account. Let us see how this man, who was so generally applauded, and

whose lightest works caused such popular frenzy, supported himself by his music. Beyle's description of Rossini's way of life is exceedingly happy. "It was a life entirely without analogy in France. Rossini went successively through all the towns in Italy, passing two or three months in each. At his arrival he was received, feasted, raised to the skies by the *dilettanti* of the place; the first fifteen or twenty days were spent in accepting dinners and shrugging his shoulders at the stupidity of the libretto. Besides having an astonishing fire in his own composition, Rossini had been familiarised by his first mistress with Ariosto, Machiavelli's comedies, Gozzi, and Buratti, and he could have no difficulty in detecting the inanities of a libretto. 'You have given me verses but not situations,' I have often heard him say to the poet, and the poet would pour forth excuses and come back in two hours with a sonnet. After fifteen or twenty days of this dissipated life, Rossini begins to refuse dinners and musical soirées,

and occupies himself seriously with studying the voices of his singers. He makes them sing to the piano, and is obliged to mutilate the most beautiful ideas in the world because the tenor cannot reach the note required by the thought, or the prima donna always sings false in passing from one note to another. Sometimes there is no one in the whole company who can sing, except the basso. At length, twenty days before the first representation, Rossini knows the voices of his singers, and sets to work on the composition of his opera. He rises late, composes in the midst of the conversation of his friends, who, do what he will, never quit him for an instant. He dines with them at a tavern, and often sups with them; he returns home very late, and his friends accompany him to the door, singing at the top of their voices some music which he has just improvised, sometimes a *miserere* to the great scandal of the *dévots* of the quarter. At last he is at home, and it is at this time of night,

generally about three in the morning, that he gets his most brilliant ideas. He writes them down on little scraps of paper, hurriedly, and without a piano, and arranges them the next day, instruments them, as he says, while talking with his friends. . . . At length comes the decisive evening. The *maëstro* takes his seat; the theatre is as full as it can hold. People have come in from twenty miles round. Some bivouac in their carriages in the street; the inns are full to bursting. All other occupations are at an end. From the moment the performance begins the town has the look of a desert. All the passions, the uncertainties, the very life of the population, are concentrated in the theatre. Rossini presides during the first three representations of his new opera: after that he receives his £32, has a farewell dinner given him by his friends, and goes off to the next town."

Receives his £32: that is the moral. Four operas a year for rather more than £120.

This is the history of Rossini's youth. No wonder that he composed as long as he was forced to do so; then made haste to marry for money; and after pocketing what he could of the wealth of England and France, flung down the lavish pen from which had flowed the *Barbiere*, the *Italiana*, *Otello*, *Mosé*, *Semiramide*, the *Gazza Ladra*, and *Guillaume Tell*.

The life of Handel leads to the opposite conclusion. Handel made money, and if he became bankrupt at one time it was the result of speculation. But a public which received the "Messiah" coldly, and left the greatest religious composer to vie with Italians in the composition of operas, can hardly be said to have recognised his genius. Even with this the history of Handel's life stands in pleasing contrast to that of some of his greatest successors. But then Handel had the wisdom to renounce his own country. It is a singular fate which condemns composers, like prophets, to be without honour in their own country.

Rossini made *his* fortune by leaving Italy. What might not Mozart have made if he had left Vienna? Haydn's journey to England turned out so prosperously that "it brought some of his best works to light, and founded the fortune on which he retired from public life. Its most striking effect, however, was to silence professional enmity. Haydn described himself on his return as for the first time free from the malevolence of rivals." But musical biography does not teach us that the rule of success abroad is as universal as that of failure at home. Mozart tried in vain to find occupation in Paris, and Weber's visit to London was fatal. In all respects save this, however, Weber's biography agrees with the lives of other musicians. He, too, was ever struggling and ever unsuccessful. It may seem natural that such a musician as Beethoven, whose works were written for the minority during his lifetime, and could not be accepted by the majority till they had filtered through the

minds of the few admirers into the minds of those who take their ideas second-hand, and had found their way thence into the larger *strata* of minds which take their ideas at second-hand from second-hand sources,—that such a musician should not enjoy popularity. But Weber wrote for the people, and all classes could take delight in his music. We find his biographer compelled to resort to a theory of an “evil star” to explain the difficulties against which he had to struggle.

I have stated already that one of the great merits of Weber’s biography is, that we always keep the musician in view, while we are not worried with analysis or quotation of his music. It is not in every life that this is possible. Some musical lives present little external incident, while the materials for portraying the inner life were not thoroughly at the command of the biographer. An instance of this is given us in the latest life of Beethoven by Dr. Ludwig Nohl, the editor of the

collections of letters of Mozart and Beethoven. Dr. Nohl has fallen into a mistake which is very common with the Germans, and is fatal to all literature, of putting the interesting part of his work into notes, and founding a thin, dry, allusive text upon them. Then, too, he is very diffuse. He devotes 436 pages to the twenty-two least eventful years of Beethoven's life, a period of which the facts might be told in fifty pages. Beethoven's birth at Bonn introduces a long description of the character of Rhinelanders and Westphalians. His *specifisches Deutschthum*, which I need hardly say is a quality common to all German heroes, brings in an account of the German character. A slight hint that he took an interest in politics justifies one chapter on the *Ancien régime*, and another on the Revolution; and while a journey to Vienna leads to an account of music in Austria, a youth passed at Bonn is a hint for a history of the Elector of Cologne during whose reign Beethoven was born, a

catalogue of the musicians and men of letters who flourished before or together with Beethoven, a similar catalogue of the members of the orchestra and theatre at Bonn, and even of the repertory of the theatre.

Now, have facts of this kind any right to be included in a musical biography? They may have, if the biography is called "The Life and Times of Beethoven." But we judge a biography and a "Life and Times" by a different standard; and, while we are curious about the one, we have learnt by experience to avoid the other. We may judge by Mozart's letters what sort of digression is allowable; anything that illustrates the man's own life, or his circumstances; anything that, occurring within his own experience, or affecting him strongly, sheds light on the time in which he lives.

Too many modern biographies are spoilt by plethora, by the habit of publishing every letter without regard either to its intrinsic interest, or its value as illustrating the cha-

racter of the hero. This would be avoided if collections of letters were published separately, and the letters of great men would certainly never lack readers. Where there is little to be told, and there are many interesting letters, the objection does not apply. The artistic way in which Moore and Lockhart have woven together biography, diary, and letters; the intense interest which Stanley has extracted from Arnold's life, are more apt to make others despair, than to assist them in their task. Yet, even if the ability is wanting, an infusion of the spirit of true biography, and a sense of the value of biographical materials, may be derived from the study of those works; and no wise man has ever turned away from models because he despaired of equalling them. If it can once be recognised that the same merits are needed in musical biography, that we want a picture of the man and of the life he lived, not an account of his works,—we may have heard, or read, or seen them already; nor

of the man in all other relations of life except the one in which he earned his fame, and to which he gave all his efforts; if this can be recognised, we may have works of the deepest interest in the place of thematic catalogues and gossip about singers.

Social Life in Munich.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Mr. Wilberforce is a very pleasant and agreeable writer, whose opinion is worth hearing on the subject of modern art which enters largely into the matter of his discourse.—*Saturday Review*.

The "Social Life" is altogether an admirable photographic picture, sharp and clear and true in every line of light and shade.—*Spectator*.

Mr. Wilberforce, who dedicates his well-written volume to his uncle the Bishop of Oxford, brings fresher memories, and brighter power to give expression to them.—*Athenæum*.

Mr. Wilberforce has written a clever and characteristic account of this famous city of art. He has had good opportunities for observation, and has used them carefully. The book is comprehensive in its points of view; and it contains the promise of much instructive study of the real characteristics of German society.—*Guardian*.

We conclude by recommending this pleasant book to all our readers. What we have said of it, and what we have extracted, give no adequate notion of its liveliness, sense, and extent of real and practical information.
Edinburgh Courant.

Written throughout in a pleasing, lively strain, it is evidently the work of a keen observer who benefits the Germans whilst he amuses his own countrymen.—*Reader*.

Mr. Wilberforce brings together a number of amusing experiences of Munich life.—*Press*.

Mr. Wilberforce is favourably known by his Sketches of Brazil to many readers of light descriptive books of travel. They will find his account of Munich one of the most agreeably written works of this class.—*London Review*.

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

If the book contained no other point for praise, its Dresden pictures would place "One with Another" high amongst the best novels of the season.—*Athenæum*.

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