

Advertiser 12<sup>th</sup> July 1901.

Register 16<sup>th</sup> July.

GORGEOUS ROBES AND HARMONIOUS STUDENTS.

A FINE ACADEMICAL PROGRAMME.

MAMMOTH STATE SCHOOL DEMONSTRATION.

PICTURESQUE, WELL-MANAGED, AND ATTRACTIVE.

OFFICIAL FUNCTIONS AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

ILLUMINATIONS AND PYROTECHNICS.

Thursday was an exceedingly bright and busy day, both for Royalty and the citizens. At every stage there was some particularly interesting function to be attended. In the morning the University was the centre of attraction, for the Duke of Cornwall graciously consented to accept a degree from that seat of learning, and a special congregation was held so that it might be conferred. In the afternoon nearly 6,000 of the school children of the metropolitan area assembled on the Adelaide Oval, and, in the presence of both the Duke and the Duchess, carried out a remarkably successful and spectacular programme, which was heartily enjoyed both by the Royal guests and by the magnificent throng which not only filled every inch of accommodation within the gates, but covered Montefiore Hill thick with humanity, while certain enterprising youths nestled like ripe fruit among the boughs of neighboring trees. The sight was most exhilarating. "They will grow," said the Duke to happy Mr. Oreswell as the distinguished guests left the ground, and that thought was prominent in many other minds, for, like the future King, they recognised that here were clustered thousands of the men and women destined to take distinguished positions in this community a quarter of a century hence. In the evening there were brilliant official functions at Government House, where the Duke and Duchess attended both the dinner and the reception. Each guest at the latter fashionable gathering was personally received by their Royal Highnesses, whose cordial desire to show appreciation of the welcome accorded them in this capital has increased the enthusiasm their visit has created. At night, too, the streets were again brightly illuminated, while there was a splendid pyrotechnic display on Montefiore Hill, which was watched by entranced and exuberant crowds. Still the central thoroughfares streamed with vehicles and pedestrians. Trams and trains were once more filled to overflowing, and the different places of amusement were in the same profitable, if uncomfortable condition.

The congestion of carriages before the entrance gates of the University on Thursday morning marked it out as a point of general interest. Before 11 o'clock the sightseers had begun to gather, and during the next two hours their eyes were feasted with frequent glimpses of gorgeousness, for learned ladies and scholastic dignitaries in variegated hoods were as plentiful as flowers in a summer garden. It was but fitting that the most spectacular pageants of the week should be brightened by the most sustained beams of sunlight. Fleecy clouds flecked the sky, but the orb of day was seldom obscured, so that the academical robes of the forenoon and the wealth of color spread out on the cricket ground later in the day were seen at their very best. Music floated through the air continually, and the military element was very prominent in guards of honor and marching troops, the handsome young cadets, with their kiaki uniforms and feather-decorated hats, being universally admired. The spacious and stately Elder Hall is splendidly suited to set off to excellent advantage a ceremony such as that of Thursday. Its lofty walls and open-timbered roof give an aspect of airiness and nobility, while the tints of windows and sides convey a suggestion of classic repose, which is emphasized by the tasteful greens of the organ. The chamber was filled with the learning, the rank, and the fashion of Adelaide, while at the south end, and piled up high above the entrance, were scores of harmonious students in their academical gowns. The pretty faces of the young ladies, who are soon to become "sweet girl graduates," presented a charming picture, strength and manliness being lent to the prospect by the handsome smiling countenances of the male element in the student area. On the dais at the northern extremity of the building sat a dazzling throng of University notabilities, the space behind being filled by graduates holding less distinguished offices.

The part taken by the undergrads was a most important one. They were no longer regarded, as they have been at some former congregations, as "a wholly unauthorised horde." Their position was legalised, and their programme was approved, while their choruses were led by Mr. Bevan, an official of the Conservatorium. Very well did the learned choir acquit themselves under his direction, and the concert they provided was in every respect delightful, the many coruscations of humor with which it was illuminated being highly pleasing to the audience. Their programme was not included in the official order of the proceedings, but that little defect was amply atoned for by the pretty illustrated book of songs, which was issued by the "Faculty of Fun." These young ladies and gentlemen had the first hour of the ceremony all to themselves. Two processions were arranged, one to carry a brooding nagan key up the aisle to open a miniature organ, and the other to bear it back again, while much amusement was caused by the prompt upstanding of the waiting audience when the students struck up "God bless our 'Varsity," to the tune of the National Anthem. Once or twice afterwards they sprang the same surprise, but after the second attempt the people were awake to the subterfuge, and smilingly kept their seats. "Hello," cried a voice to one of the white-wanded ushers, "the Duke of York wants you! Beware, No C.M.G., mind." But the gentleman addressed looked as if he would rather like it. There was a foundation-stone to be laid before the Duke entered the hall, but the strains of the National Anthem shortly after noon proclaimed that Royalty was close at hand. Almost immediately afterwards the Registrar, Mr. Boothby, and the Vice-Chancellor entered; then came the ever-radiant Duchess, who was escorted by Lady Way, wife of the Chancellor, Lady Tennyson being escorted by Mrs. Barlow (wife of the Vice-Chancellor), after whom walked the members of the Royal and viceregal suites. The Duchess took her allotted seat, and once more the students

broke out into song after the strains of the National Anthem and the echoes of the lusty cheers had died away. Ten minutes later the main procession, rich in color, filed up to the dais. The Duke wore the crimson robe of a Doctor of Laws, Lord Tennyson was in the scarlet and crimson of a Doctor of Literature, the Chancellor in rich scarlet, and the Vice-Chancellor of the Melbourne University (Sir Henry Wrixon) in magnificent robes of black-and-gold, while there were countless other magnates in all the colors of the rainbow. A fanfare of trumpets blew, once more the British Anthem pealed forth from organ and undergraduate choir, and then roof and walls vibrated to the vociferous cheers of the enthusiastic throng. The Duke being seated, Professor Bensly read the conventional Latin address with fine rhetorical effect, and the students poured forth a humorous dog-Latin ode to the evident enjoyment of the Duke, who at its close was duly made an LL.D. of Adelaide. A loyal anthem of homage and congratulation, composed by Mr. Bevan, well sung, elicited a grateful bow and a charming smile from his Royal Highness. Then degrees were conferred on Sir John Madden (in absentia), Sir Henry Wrixon, and Professor Morris, of Melbourne. "My young friends," began the Chancellor, and there was a whirl of frantic cheers which drowned further utterance. "My young and enthusiastic friends," he continued, and there was another tempest, followed by a calm, in which Sir Samuel announced that he had a favor to ask. There was hushed expectancy, during which the Chancellor in clear tones informed the audience that at the request of the Duchess and on her behalf the organ was declared open. This was the signal for the rendering of the gem of the programme, the music being as touching as the words:—  
There is a lady, sweet and kind,  
Whose winsome face so pleases our mind,  
We die but see her passing by,  
Yet we shall love her till we die.

There were two other verses equally eloquent of admiration and affection. The Governor led the tumultuous applause which rewarded this vocal jewel, and the Duke bowed pleased acknowledgments of the well-deserved compliment to his charming spouse. There were other songs, all of sterling merit and singularly appropriate, before the vokal farewell was taken. Then Sir Samuel Way called for cheers for the Duke, while the students invited and gave even louder cheers for the Duchess, and others for the Chancellor, and the Governor. Once more the National Anthem, and again a procession, this time of departure, through lines of cadets, the Duke and Duchess bowing and smiling as they slowly passed down the aisle. They were again heartily greeted by the students, on whom they beamed graciously, and those lively young gentlemen also recognised and called for shouts of approval for Mr. Barr Smith, Professors Murray, Salmon, and "Watty," as well as for the Mayor, Mr. Commissioner Russell, and Sir Edwin Smith. Just before the memorable episode closed, but the cadets still blocked the gangway, being unable to find an exit, and occupants of the gallery, who throughout behaved themselves like so many academical angels, cried, "You're looking very nice, young boys, but do move on." The Duke and Duchess expressed themselves as being delighted with the morning's experience, and the smiles on their faces throughout showed that these words of praise were earnestly meant.

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PROFESSOR IVES.

To the Editor,  
Sir—How much more sentimental twaddle are we to hear about Professor Ives? I defy any one to point to one single action Professor Ives has done more than his duty that has elevated music one jot. When would oratorio music be to-day if it were not for the ability and persistency of Mr. C. J. Stevens, say nothing of the enterprise of Mr. Howells? Where would orchestral music be if we had not Herr Heinicke? Where would organ and choir music be if not for Mr. T. H. Jones, Mr. W. R. Pugh, Mr. Harold Davies, and others? I consider that Professor Ives's absence will be no loss to music in South Australia, and, further, I am not afraid to sign my name.  
I am, Sir, &c.,  
T. C. PALTRIDGE.

To the Editor,  
Sir—In connection with the proposed resignation of Professor Ives I should like to mention an incident which occurred at the last examinations for the degree of Mus. Bac. At that examination there was a gentleman from Sydney, and I asked him why he came so far for degree examinations when Melbourne University was so much nearer. (There is no chair of music at the Sydney University). "Well," he replied, "I did it wholly on the advice of my tutor, an Oxford graduate in music, who said the Adelaide degree was far and away the best obtainable in Australia." The high standard set up by Professor Ives is therefore appreciated by those who have opportunities of judging of the relative value of degrees granted by the various universities. To show that the professor is still wide awake in reference to the qualifications for the degree I may mention that in December of last year (from memory) regulations were approved by the council demanding that all students should be able to play certain set pieces which demand a fair amount of technical skill. This requirement, in addition to playing at sight from full and vocal score, is demanded by only two of the seven leading universities in Great Britain; and these, singularly enough, are both in Ireland—viz., Trinity College, Dublin, and the Royal University of Ireland. Oxford and Cambridge do not insist on this qualification, but the idea is rapidly gaining ground that practical work should be an essential, and Professor Ives is evidently determined to keep the Adelaide degree above reproach. It has been asserted that a small city like Adelaide needs no chair of music at the university, but the knowledge that the chair of music is self-supporting is surely sufficient answer to this statement. In addition, however, compare the number of undergraduates (Mus. Bac.) with those at Oxford. At this latter university there were last year 25; at the Adelaide University, 18. It seems to me that if a large university like Oxford can only produce 25 students, while we in Adelaide have 18, there is most emphatically a need for a chair of music. The value of the professor's services must not in any way be judged by the number of degrees won; for, while the Adelaide University has granted only some half dozen musical degrees, many of our leading teachers have been through the course for the benefit of the lectures; and the value of the sound doctrine imparted to them by Professor Ives, and passed on by them in their turn to their pupils, can never be estimated. I have gone somewhat into detail to show that in Professor Ives we have most certainly the right man in the right place; and I trust that all teachers and lovers of good, pure music will support the movement afloat to try to retain his services.  
I am, Sir, &c.,  
N. L. BURNELL.  
Hindmarsh, July 11.

PROFESSOR IVES.

To the Editor,  
Sir—Permit me to express my grateful acknowledgment of the many kind things that have been said by your numerous correspondents during the past few days on a subject upon which, until I have had a reply to a letter which I have addressed to the Chancellor of the University, I do not feel at liberty to speak. To do one's duty according to one's own views of what is best to do is always a source of pleasure to one's artistic spirit; but that pleasure is greatly enhanced at finding that, despite slight differences of opinion on some points of detail, my conscientious efforts to wisely, yet fearlessly, conduct the affairs of the important office I hold have commended themselves to the appreciation of so large a number of those members of the musical profession who are competent to understand and rightly estimate the merits of my aims and doings. Besides those appearing in your valued columns I have received many other kind letters from all sections of society, and I beg you to also allow me to acknowledge my gratitude for the appreciation and sympathy they show with my work.  
I am, Sir, &c.,  
J. IVES.

To the Editor,  
Sir—In this matter correspondents take a great deal too much for granted. They nearly all assume that Professor Ives is giving up his position of his own accord, and cry out that he should be asked to reconsider his decision. Is it his decision? I have not seen it stated so in any of the papers. "Justice" remarks that "if things at the university are wrong the public will insist that they shall be put right." Why this heroic and threatening tone? Are things not being put right? Is the proposed step not in the right direction? Shall we never (as "Franciska Kelly" and others evidently imagine) get a more capable man than Professor Ives? Has he done more than any other man in South Australia for the art? Nay, rather—has he done anything beyond what he is paid for to advance the art of music? Is he really such a Colossus in the divine art? Surely! for has he not proved himself so? Would it not be a great calamity to allow such a giant in energy and talents to go? Down on your knees, musical Adelaide, and beg the gentleman not to go! Ask him to stay and continue to talk, write, or lecture to you about anything under the sun, from the aesthetic properties of a smoky, smothering town to his suggestions on modern medical tendencies; to awe the erudite pedagogue, the mental and moral philosopher, or the musings and dreamy sentimental on occasion; to talk to you about art—high art—in a vague sort of fashion; and in these several manners to keep music alive in Adelaide! For truly it is much to be doubted whether any attempts which may be made to keep the art of music a-going concern will be of avail after Professor Ives's magic presence has departed. The scene of his most monumental and unassailable labours! Music will become a lost art, especially if, as "Student No. 2" suggests, "some old, ranting fossil is imported to take the professor's place, there being (according to him) but two alternatives—either to keep Professor Ives here or else to get some one who will "undo all the good that has been done, and who will give 'Rule Britannia' and 'Rock of Ages' as organ recitals." (By the way, Professor Ives's organ recitals have been magnificent, haven't they?) Of course we may be certain there is no possible chance whatever of getting out a better man than Professor Ives! I say what "Perplexed" said in your paper a few days ago: "if Professor Ives wants to go, by all means let him go; if not, why is he going?"  
I am, Sir, &c.,  
MUSIC ROMINUS.

To the Editor,  
Sir—Mr. Paltridge is quite right in calling attention to the merits of other workers in musical life. No one denies the right of recognition which those whose names he mentions possess; but, as even Mr. Paltridge says, Professor Ives has done his duty. We only claim that, having done that duty well—some say more than well—his services to the art should receive recognition by the followers. If any faithful worker for the state's material or moral welfare receives unjust treatment, Mr. Paltridge will, I am sure, be one of the first to join in insisting upon right being done.  
I am, Sir, &c.,  
RIGOLETTO.

To the Editor,  
Sir—There are several good points about the letter from "T. C. Paltridge" that are worth noting. First, his brevity, which, as we know, is the soul of wit; and his statements, verily seem humorously inclined. Second, he is not afraid to sign his name. There is far too much anonymous correspondence in the papers. Third, last, and most important, he has paid Professor Ives a compliment which all great men have deserved when he says that the Professor has done his duty. Plato said—"Let men of all ranks—whether successful or unsuccessful, whether they triumph or not—let them do their duty, and rest satisfied." Nelson's last words were—"I thank God I have done my duty." I ask "T. C. Paltridge" in return of duty. I ask "T. C. Paltridge" to return of duty. Your correspondent asks where organ music would be to-day without Mr. C. J. Stevens, orchestral music without Herr Heinicke, &c. While constant of our great willingness to acknowledge the great assistance given to the cause of music by the gentlemen mentioned, I remind "T. C. Paltridge" that performances of oratorio and orchestral music cannot continue without an artistic standard of excellence in music, and it is the standard of excellence required by the public examinations in music instituted by Professor Ives, which has produced more than any other single cause the taste for good music existing in Adelaide to-day. Your correspondent evidently thinks Professor Ives should have taken charge of some orchestral society or something of that kind. That is all very well; but of that kind, in all probability, the professor did that. In all probability Mr. Paltridge would not be the last to object, and say that a busy paid University Professor was taking a living from men capable of acting in the capacity of a volunteer. In this connection, I would