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recently appeared in "Literature":—Chicago University, J. D. Rockefeller, £1,002,848; Gerard College, Stephen Gerard, £1,458,333; Pratt Institute, Charles Pratt, £750,000; John Hopkins University, John Hopkins, £625,000; Drexel Institute, A. J. Drexel, £625,000; L. Stanford University, Leland Stanford, Jun., £520,833; Cornell University, Ezra Cornell, £312,500; Vanderbilt University, the Vanderbilts, £229,166; Columbia University, Seth Low, £208,333. It is noteworthy that in the United States the movements in favour of supporting universities, and the encouragement of technical education, have to a large extent been merged in one. The principal reason for this is the opportunity afforded to American university students to train their hands as well as their brains. This wholesome rule, as M. Edouard Rod recently remarked in the "North American Review," "gives the deathblow to the prejudice which despises manual labour, and exalts beyond all reason the work of the brain."

Scientific study, combined with practical work of any kind, is much more expensive than the purely literary branches of university instruction. This is one of the main reasons why the leading collegiate institutions should be well provided with funds if they are to keep up with the times. Greek may be learnt by the aid of a grammar and a dictionary, with a few volumes of classical literature; but physics and chemistry require expensive laboratories for their adequate study, and in the march of progress students prefer to go to universities well provided in this respect. Dr. William Wallace has recently written, in the "Fortnightly Review," an article deeply deploring the poverty of the Scotch universities, and urging that by some means or other a sum of money approaching to a million and a half sterling should be raised to give these ancient institutions a proper modern equipment. When Scottish seats of learning based their eminence largely on their proficiency in metaphysics the lack of pence which vexed them did not interfere with their reputation; but matters are altered now. Science investigates the laws of heat, light, and electricity; and it must have rooms and instruments with which to accomplish this work. The Council of the University of Adelaide has thoroughly considered the scheme for the erection of a new physical laboratory. The additions to the university are to be so managed as to provide for the teaching of physical science on a proper scale, and also for the examination of candidates in places less liable to distractions than those hitherto assigned to some of them. The object is one to which private munificence might appropriately be applied, and not necessarily in the shape of last wills and testaments. There is much wisdom in the philosophy of the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table:—

God bless you, gentlemen! Learn to give Money to colleges while you live. Don't be silly and think you'll try To bother the colleges when you die With codicil this and codicil that That Knowledge may starve while Law grows fat.

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UNIVERSITY OF ADELAIDE.
The following is the pass list for the senior public examination held this month:—
Third Class. — William Morgan Hunn, 1,2,4,7, private tuition; Archie Ferguson Miller, 1,2,4,9, Queen's School.
Fourth Class. — Richard Edgar Law Smith, 1,2,12,13, Mr. F. A. d'Arenberg; William Newman Twiss, 1,2,12, Rev. D. A. Kerr.
1, English; 2, Latin; 4, French; 7, pure mathematics; 9, chemistry; 12, physical geography and geology; 13, preliminary arithmetic and dictation.

HOLIDAY REFLECTIONS.

GRAND OPERA—ONCE MORE.

[By Professor Ives.]
I.—ANTICIPATION.

What a thrill of delightful anticipation ran through the body at the bare prospect of once again revelling in the delights of grand opera! For the daily round of duty does grow monotonous in the very regularity of its recurrence, and life in Adelaide is apt to grow plain in its uneventfulness. And the horizon does not brighten if one, falling into an abstraction, ponders ever past days spent perchance amid the charming bustle of a large city in the old land, where one could satisfy every whim or fancy, and by slipping on one's coat hurriedly, and stepping round to the next street be just in time for the overture at the opera house, or the first movement at the symphony concert.

When one was in the heyday of youth, and saw everything through rose-tinted glasses—when the very atmosphere seemed filled with strange spiritual art forms, whose faces shone with ethereal beauty, and whose siren-like voices at least lured us further on our student ways by the sweet voluptuous songs of future greatness they poured into our believing ears—how we music lovers rushed to the opera in those days to gain relief from the perplexities of contrapuntal study or pianistic drudgery. For was not the opera the highest glory of recreative forms? Poets, dramatists, painters, and fiction-mongers might have the right to their choice of loves, but their goddesses paled in countenance before that face of our charmer, which shone with the mingled sweetness and beauty of each. And, as we sat in the front row of the gallery, our minds swung back from the stiffened condition into which our day's work had forced it, our youthful elasticity returned, and we watched with rapt eagerness the progress of events in the life of say that fair somnambulist Anna told in melodious accents by Bellini. And how our virtuous emotions were tried as the jealous Lisa's malicious tongue sought to ruin the fair sleepwalker. How we held our breath as she crossed the frail bridge—thank God, safely!—and what a sweep of joy and gladness came over us as she reached the ground safely, and was received with open arms by her noble-minded Elvino! What wouldn't we have given in those days to have had a fine tenor voice, so as to be such a lucky hero—the hero is always a tenor, never a bass—basses are generally villains in opera! And as the curtain fell, what a sigh escaped us! What a lot it meant! Back from our land of dreams to a world of dry study; from the company of lords and ladies to that of Jack and Tom, our room-mates; from the glowing beauty and grandeur of a village high up amid Swiss mountains to the commonplace of a city designed strictly for utilitarian purposes—possessing certainly an admirable sanitary system, but in other respects unattractive to a lover of the beautiful.

Ah, me! those golden days of youth! Sweet memory! wafted by thy gentle gale, Oft up the stream of Time I turn my sail, To view the fairy-haunts of long-lost hours, Blest with far greener shades, far fresher flowers.

But, there! what am I doing? Falling into reveries? Idle pastime, useless pastime, dangerous pastime—for one prone to think only of the sweetest experiences of past days and of the dullest of the present days. Vain regrets will not make tomorrow's sun rise in greater splendour, or to-day's tasks seem lighter. Enough that we are to have a change from the long run of musical dulness amid which we have existed. So our spirits rise, our energy returns; already the sky seems brighter, and for a time at least we may venture to long for night to come and bring in its train the voluptuous melody of Verdi, the rich harmony of Gounod, and the glorious art creations of a Wagner's mind.

II.—REALIZATION.

Sometimes we build bridges of fancies for the delectation of our yearning souls, and oftentimes, alas! the material is of such frail character that the structure crumbles as we seek to cross it. At other times, happily, it bears our bodies, and we are able to cross over and enter the garden wherein dwells Hope. I have once more lived for a few brief hours—lived in the dreamy atmosphere of that sunny land which Verdi has peopled with gypsies, and witches, and cruel counts, and noble-hearted but sadly unfortunate troubadours. No wonder that "Il Trovatore" appeals to so many opera-goers when its characters are so well distributed. What a triumph of dramatic art and splendid vocalism was that portrayal of Madame Janson's! How she carried us away with the horrible visions she brought before our minds' eye as she told her story of cruel persecution amid the wild splendour of the gipsy camp! Never since I heard the great Delna in Paris have I seen such an artistic success. And only because they were being overshadowed for the moment did the singing of the other artists seem to leave room for perfect contentment. Leonora and Manrico were both artists of high attainments, and the presence of such a company among us is an educational instrument for which all true lovers of art progress must feel grateful. But when we think, too, of the splendid orchestra and its talented conductor our admiration for the enterprise of the impresario is brightened. Such men are worthy of highest regard for placing before us the means by which music students can enlarge their minds and increase their knowledge.

"Il Trovatore" is built up on the old Italian model of grand opera. Its story deals with wicked counts, noble but misunderstood and unlucky lovers, and the other sensational paraphernalia that are used to complete a successful novel. For the average mind loves the grandioso, and delights in the company of its worldly superiors, be they counts, or lords, or dukes. On such a sensational structure has Verdi constructed his musical art forms, the character which appeals to the same class of auditors, the same standard of intellect. Warm glowing arias, almost sensuous in their beauty of melodic succession, well managed duets such as that in the prison

scene, and startling declamatory fragments for concerted pieces for principals and chorus characterize an opera well conceived to win the approval of those who go to the theatre for amusement only. But it is not an artistic work; and, despite the strong dramatic situations and glowing "tuney" music, it will not live long in the world of art progress. Art truth is sacrificed without compunction, and the dramatic situation is subordinated to the requirements of the singer. It belongs to the old school of Italian opera, which elevates melody to the highest rank and glory, but treats her sister muses Poetry and Drama with studied neglect and indifference. "Il Trovatore" is tuneful—the ear readily catches the airs; whistling them is still a favourite amusement with some folks. And, after all, this world of ours is made up of many varieties of men, with equal diversity of tastes; and the voice of the multitude is always loud, if not always refined.

Gounod's "Faust" is of a higher standard of merit; for, although it is built on Italian models, the writer displays praiseworthy earnestness in the music he gives us. Gounod is always serious, indeed; and one can readily understand how near he was to being a priest instead of a musician when one listens to such scenes as that before the cathedral and that of the finale. There is a flavour of the church in almost every part of "Faust"; and this, with the interesting though perplexing problem with which the libretto deals, partly accounts for a popularity of the work. One cannot help regretting that we do not hear that beautiful ballet music which Gounod wrote. It is never used in English performances, for some reason or other. Is it because English girls can't dance, or is it merely a question of cost of production? Whatever be the reason, I think that future performances of the work should include this delightful music. That scene where Valentine meets his death was very fine, and until we get to Wagner it is difficult to name any other writer who has given us music so full of beauty and dramatic truth.

What a pity Bizet died so young! For in "Carmen" he gave us an opera of highest merit—strong, sincere music, wedded to a story full of incident, with pictures of sunny Spain painted in tints of richest glow. What chance the title role gives to a singer with dramatic instinct; and how well Miss Jensen played the part of the fascinating coquette! The opera is full of clever musical imaginings; but that scene in the last act, where Don Jose stabs his false temptress, was especially dramatic in its intensity, and Signor Salvi gave us a fine display of his great powers of depicting the wide extreme of emotion, from soft pleading to fevered passion. The orchestration is very rich in tone colouring, and some of the effects—one with the flutes in particular—is strikingly original. What a pity that Bizet died so early!

I am sorry that English and German operas were placed on the stage in juxtaposition; for, although I would be patriotic, I am forced to be truthful, and confess that my countrymen did not show to advantage. In fact, I think I will say nothing further about the "Bohemian Girl" and "Maritana," except that I wish Wallace had got some music student to give him a few hints about scoring for an orchestra.

Whatever opinions one may have decided to possess before going to listen

to Wagner's creations one cannot fail to be impressed by the obvious sincerity of the composer and the nobility of his ideas. Only a great minded thinker could have aimed so high as he did. Only an earnest believer in truth in art could have braved so much that stood in the way of the reforms he sought to accomplish on the operatic stage. The abuses that have crept into writings for the lyric stage he found difficult in getting rid of; yet he fought the difficulties, and now the musical world is the richer for his courage. Only one who united in himself the instincts of the poet, musician, dramatist, and artist could have given us such art products as "Tannhauser," "Lohengrin," and those other works to which these but serve as preludes. And what preludes they are! Can you forget that scene where a magnificent crescendo of soulful music reaches its climax, and serves to lift us to a very heaven of expectation preparatory to the appearance of the celestial knight in his swan-drawn boat. And what a vision of voluptuous luxury is that which Wagner points in the first act of "Tannhauser"—a vision of witching but dangerous pleasure which nearly stifles all that is good in the dreaming of Tannhauser! What grave questions affecting the good or evil in human nature are raised in both librettos. Was Wagner struggling with the absorbing problem when he chose his subjects? One cannot help noticing how admirably the component parts of the music-drama are balanced—text, music, action, scenery, all helping each other for the production of a beautiful whole, while none unduly protrudes. And where this equipoise is obtained by the earnest creator, the resultant form will ever deserve to be classed as works of art. Both "Tannhauser" and "Lohengrin" do deserve the title.

III.—RETROSPECTION.

Only a true soul,
Only a greater skill;
And lo! the artist plays
On human hearts at will.

What a delight it was to come under the influence of such artists as Madame Jensen and Mr. Arens. Both are truly great in their portrayal of human character. On the lyric stage it is most essential that the singer shall also be an actor; for it is in this that opera differs from drama and from mere concert-roomism, and the sweet-voiced tenor who stands like a stick has missed his vocation when he ventures to shock us by his intrusion on the operatic boards. But what really artistic natures were revealed in Madame Jansen's "Azucena" and in her "Carmen"! One must indeed have been callous not to have been carried away by her flashing eyes, her wondrous declamation, her intense pathos, and her cleverly assumed don't-care-ism. A great artist, truly!