

The piano recital of Mr. Bryceson Trehearne, A.R.C.M., the new professor of music at the Conservatorium, was a triumph. Mr. Trehearne simply took his audience by storm. His technique is wonderful, memory marvellous, poetic intonation perfect, brilliancy superb. Now, I've used up all the adjectives I can think of at present, so I'll no more, in case the unthinking call it gush.

The contrasts between Brahms' brilliant Rhapsodie and Chopin's delicately poetic Ballade showed Mr. Trehearne's versatility, as well as his perfect command of the instrument, to perfection. In the Rhapsodie his power and expression was fully shown, while in the Ballade he picked up the notes with a beautiful grissing touch, and let them fall with an exquisite softness, which showed the finish of a perfect artist.

Till now Mark Hambourg has been my ideal pianist; that is, of the younger school of performers. Now—well, anybody can have forty Mark Hambourg's all playing at the same time; one Trehearne is enough for me. There is just the difference in their playing between a ploughman and a courtier.

His Schumann is very lovely and satisfying. In the Sonata, Op. 22, he simply played with one's emotions, and more than once the beauty of his notes sent cold thrills along one's spinal column. Now, that's what I call real art—a live, warm, throbbing emotion. I remember once my old singing master Signor Buzzi once telling me, "Ach, sing your notes so, so, that makes ze people feel all cold—all that you call like ze gooseflesh—rise." That's what Mr. Trehearne does. He makes you feel his playing.

Whoever was the most instrumental in bringing Mr. Trehearne to this province is to be congratulated, and very heartily thanked, as I'm sure his teaching will do much to raise the musical taste of young

Australia. In appearance he is tall, slight, with deep brown velvety eyes—the eyes of a musician and romancist. He has a modest, unassuming appearance, and looks earnest. That is why I think he'll be a successful master. I should imagine his work came with him before the benefits or public adulation to be gained by it. In fact, if he knew that forty girls were lined up at the door to throw flowers at him as he got into his cab, I'm perfectly certain he'd escape by a window.

I wonder why people will persist in warbling 'Callie Herrin', Annie Laurie, and awfulness like that while there are really charming ballads lying on the shelves of the music-shops. I got the latest written by Mr. Frederick Bevan the other day—The Gift Divine. It is a very beautiful—I was going to say tune—but it isn't; anybody can write a tune. Mr. Bevan's song is melody—pure, rippling, entrancing melody, every note of it with sympathetic words, written by Clifton Bingham.

LADY KITTY.

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THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC.

The Elder Hall at the Conservatorium of Music is to be informally opened by a concert this evening. The formal opening of the institution and special congregation for the conferring of degrees will take place in June. The accommodation even of such a spacious place being limited, the invitations issued by the University for the concert have necessarily a basis official or academic; but it is pleasant to learn that promenade concerts are presently to be given, at which the public can make acquaintance with a building designed for the benefit of all who care to take advantage of it. The connection between learning and democracy is rightly being drawn closer year by year. There has been a Chair of Music at the University of Adelaide since 1884, the efforts of Sir William Robinson having been chiefly instrumental in establishing it; but even then, during the first five years, when it was supported by public subscription, Sir Thomas Elder provided the greater part of the money required. That the new course of study—presided over then as now by Professor Ives—met an existing want was shown by the fact that it became practically self-supporting after the first few years. The teaching given by the University was, however, limited for a long time to that of the theory of music, and it was only two years ago that the splendid Elder bequest of £20,000 to this particular Chair made possible the establishment of the present Conservatorium. Since Sir Powell Buxton laid the foundation-stone of the handsome building that is now an added ornament to North-terrace, rooms have been hired for teaching, but latterly the new building has informally been taken possession of, and various members of the now greatly augmented teaching staff carry on their duties there.

It is interesting to observe the place taken by such an art as music in a practical age like the present, and especially in a severely practical country like Australia. A London critic, complaining some time back that although Wagner concerts were profitable there the masterpieces could not be produced in their entirety—a reproach which has since been removed—suggested as a reason that "in so far as the English are a musical people at all they are a concert-going, not an opera-going, people." This is even more true of Australians. And that same concert has established a mighty hold. The prospect of hearing a little instrumental music and a good deal of singing, of quality not always guaranteed and frequently only moderate, can nearly always be relied upon to bring together a paying audience. Pictures and plays appeal after all to but a limited public, while a new and striking tune runs through the whole community like an epidemic. Evidently Apollo has opportunities denied even to the Muses. Music skillfully rendered may be trusted to bring men's minds to almost any desired condition. It will make them cheerful, and lure their feet to keeping time. It will soothe and soften and elevate, bringing vague thoughts of the mysteries of life and death. Or it will lead a crowd of everyday men contentedly into the face of extreme peril, "going direct to the heart, and putting madness there, and that disposition of the pulses which we, in our big way of talking, nickname heroism." It is curious to note how the old writers and painters make music an adjunct of Cupid, who typifies the tenderest passion of all. "Love makes musicians," was an axiom of Erasmus, who studied other things besides the Scriptures. And old Burton has a curious flash of cynical observation on the matter. "We see this daily verified in our young women and wives; they that being maids took so much pains to sing, play, and dance, with such cost and charge to their parents to get those graceful qualities, now, being married, will scarce touch an instrument, they care not for it." Parents of to-day have been known to make much the same complaint.

Those who would contend that the English nation is not as a whole musical have to face the fact that the tendency of all European performers, whether vocal or instrumental, seems now to be Londonwards. "Where on earth," says the "Saturday Review," "all these pianists, fiddlers, whistlers, singers, and what not come from, is a problem that defeats us. Someone seems to have plucked up the continent of Europe and shaken it as a mat may be shaken, driving a dust of musicians from its surface, the which dust has settled on this England of ours, and most thickly on London. The stern reality of heaven-knows-how-many concerts per week there is to be faced." And yet all Australian students of music who have the chance of European experience, tend as strongly to Paris or Dresden or Rome as do the young painters, whether of Australia or of America, to Paris only. The Elder Scholarship, which has afforded various promising performers of Adelaide a splendid chance of completing their education, is not given by the University, though that body may probably have the awarding of it in the future. It was the outcome of a separate benefaction by Sir Thomas Elder, who endowed the Royal College of Music in London with a sufficient sum for the purpose. The Conservatorium itself has various scholarships projected, whether for composition or for performance on an instrument, some of them being open to all Australia, others restricted to residents in this province. This should extend its sphere of influence considerably, even as a small portion of the same generous donor's bequest to the Art Gallery has been able to make Adelaide the Mecca of rising Australian painters.

MUSIC AND THE ELDER HALL.

A large number of invited guests will attend to-night in the Elder Hall of the Conservatorium of Music to witness what is termed an "opening concert." Now that the building is finished there is practically a consensus of opinion concerning the admirable taste in which it has been designed and constructed. Certainly the period for its completion has had to be specially extended, but the delay has been due probably to an underestimate of the duration of the labour involved in such a structure. The founders of the Gothic Florentine style of architecture never attempted to erect their choice buildings in a few months; and it could not fairly be expected that a hall in the same style could be finished as expeditiously as a brick factory; and the building as it is to-day is well worth waiting for. Nothing else on North-terrace can fairly be placed in comparison with it, either for dignity or for appropriateness to the purpose to which it is to be devoted. Seen from the front or from the Exhibition Grounds the new hall is reminiscent of the best architecture of the South of Europe, and the well-informed spectator sympathizes with the preference expressed by Ruskin for the Florentine Gothic school of architecture. It might not, however, be pleasant for a sensitive citizen of Adelaide to conjecture what the sage of Coniston would have said of some of the specimens of buildings which are to be viewed during a walk along North-terrace. He would probably have remarked, for instance, that our Art Gallery is one of the structures which externally have very little of the artistic about them; but colonists know that public money is limited in South Australia, and that a building severely plain in the exterior may be peculiarly well fitted internally for the display of treasures of pictorial art. The real failures of the architect are those buildings in the designing of which he has made elaborate efforts at ornamental effect and has produced only ugliness.

The acoustic properties of the Elder Hall, with its "hammer-beam roof," are believed to be admirable; and, indeed, they could hardly fail to be when the models found suitable in ecclesiastical edifices have been so closely studied. Some authorities contend that the Gothic style in all its branches originated simply from the need for having pointed gables and decidedly sloping roofs in northern climates, in order to throw off the snow in winter; but the main reason for its perpetuation in Cathedrals and other Church buildings concerns the fine acoustic effects produced when the roof is of such a shape as to destroy all reverberatory echoes of an unpleasant character and give to the tones of an organ both clearness and mellowness. It is satisfactory to feel that the hall which in succeeding ages is to be the central home of the sister art of music will remain as a fine example of the art of architecture. It is the crowning material result of the late Sir Thomas Elder's munificence. As a temple dedicated to the refining influences of music it will doubtless long remain the pivot and centre of studies which will help to make thousands of homes happier. From memories of the cadences heard within its walls many of the music teachers of the future will be enabled to draw inspiration which shall render their instruction really effective for good. The hall and its uses will doubtless aid in raising the standard of Church music throughout the province, helping the people to recognise and to approve what is in good taste, and to reject that which is degenerate. High-class Church music—to use the simile of good Bishop Atterbury—has the same elevating influence on the religious and other emotions of the people as the sound of the trumpet on the field of battle has upon an army of soldiers. It would be a serious mistake to neglect the cultivation of an art which brings out and accentuates all that is noblest in the mind of man. "Let me make the songs of a nation, and I care not who may make its laws," Thus spoke a philosopher, who knew the indwelling power of the allied arts of poetry and music to mould the national character and direct the thoughts and sentiments of the people.