

the English hate the Scotch; and, later on: do not the English hate the Irish. What are the full answers? There are special differences of course; and American prejudice, Northern (including Canadian) and Southern, is astounding to born Europeans; prejudices against meeting even refined mannered negroes at table, at parties, even in hotels and in schools. But the whole truth is not unlike the whole truth to be told in other cases of stronger and weaker races, races more civilized and less civilized, if you like, superior and inferior, better and worse. Read even the powerful young *Southern* orator, Henry Grady; read his last speeches in Boston, just before his death, declaring the belief of the South in a regenerated negro-dom, a nation of coloured Americans, improving further in such ways as they are now improving. He declared indeed, also, that not even if "civilized" in every way as the whites, would he admit them to equality, not even then would his South admit them to rule; but how absurd in the light of even his speeches does the notion of necessity of shipping off the hopeless negro appear. But, further, read the answers of the Northern papers to these speeches, and consider the men in North and in South who speak in those answers, not John Brown's disciples but Lincoln's, and then ask if the negro himself is determined to stay and to be more worthy to stay. Will you get a steadily increasing number of answers *yes*, both in word and in action as proof of his sincerity? And is America the country where sympathy grows less with a weaker race, showing itself more worthy of it?

If in addition to the other side of the case, in defence for the negro, you begin a case of *tu quoque* aggression, is it not only natural to find barbarous negro outrages side by side with barbarous South Carolina sentences of life imprisonment for negro children? What was the English penal code necessary to keep down savages, our great grandfathers said—when Smollett's criminals rebelled and rioted?

This case of the negro is surely one where we can make use of opinions founded on experiences of other cases of race difficulties; and are there not often before us in this very case facts which justify those opinions?

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#### MODERN DOCTORS AT THE SORBONNE.

THE last two "doctors of the Sorbonne," if one may say so, have been priests—that is, the last two candidates admitted at the Sorbonne to this degree in the University. From the manner of their admission men have not failed to take consolation, because it reminds them of quieter worlds where those that differed no less strongly than do the most noisy, yet treat one another with courtesy and respect when these are due, and with a tolerance satisfied with the weapons of reasoning and persuasion, and marked by generous emulation in the place of unjust strife. Men feel gratified at being reminded of those things; they feel they are typical of so much that is fact; for apart from those who are always noisy because empty-headed, it is pleasant to recollect that many others, obliged in honesty to differ noisily in public, do yet in as great honesty understand one another in private. To be reminded of that is, perhaps, specially gratifying to patriotic Frenchmen, and particularly when religious questions are concerned, because in France the differences in religion are so marked; and when once the differences are touched compromise in principle is so impossible. Besides, so many details seem to logical or over-logical people to involve principles.

To Frenchmen to-day the name of the Sorbonne suggests all the questions of religion, and the State, and modern society. And perhaps some readers of English may forgive a word of explanation as to what the Sorbonne was and what it is. First a college founded by Robert de Sorbon, a priest in the thirteenth century under St. Louis, and enthusiastic for piety and learning; increasing then to be famous as a theological school, until doctors of the Sorbonne came to be consulted as Fathers in the Church, and their body to be called the Council of the Church existing in France. Richelieu in the seventeenth century built what is now known as the old Sorbonne, the picturesque if gloomy parallelogram of college buildings with the south side formed by the church where is Richelieu's own tomb; and now within the last few years outward changes have been made by the addition of great new buildings. But before that last outer change a greater change had been made in the spirit of the Sorbonne. Doctors of the Sorbonne no longer mean the authorized theologians declaring for the persecution of Protestants, or afterwards for the Gallican declaration of 1682; in 1790 the Sorbonne College, with all the other religious foundations, was suppressed; and since the foundation of the University of France under Napoleon the Sorbonne is merely the Paris seat of the University's lectures and functions of all sorts—the Academy of Paris, as it is called, just as the Academy of Lyons, or those of other large towns, are the seats of the University of France in those towns. Each of these Academies is, roughly speaking, what in England would be called a University; and, of course, in France the title "the University" embraces even more than these Academies, and includes also a great secondary school system of education. In a sense, it will have been seen, there is, therefore, now no such thing existing as "the Sorbonne," and no such persons existing as its "doctors." The Sorbonne is, as has been said above,

simply the building where the Paris division of the University gives its lectures, and one of the centres where examination for degrees is held. No body other than "the University" can grant degrees, nor can any other college body take the title of University.

Such another body there is at Paris (not to speak of such bodies elsewhere), *l'Institut Catholique*, as well equipped for a University as some or many bearing that name in the British Isles. It is a recent but rapidly growing foundation, the work of those giving effort and money to keep the young men coming from the Catholic schools in a Catholic University throughout the later years of education, and until they have got their professions.

It was a priest-professor of this Catholic University who was the last examined for doctor's degree by the laymen, all, it may be, non-Catholic, sitting in the seats of the Catholic doctors of the Sorbonne, and in the college taken from the Church to serve as part of a totally secular foundation. One might say, what a scene of strife and quarrelling would historical and almost theological discussion raise between the representatives of the old and the new systems; what angry expressions from minds full of thoughts of spoliation and ruin of France, or of triumph over superstition and ignorance.

There was no such unpleasant scene, but the pleasant one giving the sense of relief at watching the meeting of honourable opponents. Not that these can have felt relief during the examination, even though one may like to suppose they did afterwards; for the examining began at twelve, and, with a short interval, went on until six; the *salle du doctorat* not being large, the air was close and stifling. At first there are not many present, but gradually the number of priests and laymen, students ecclesiastical and lay, rises to what the room would hold, perhaps one hundred. At the end is a semi-circular tribune at which are seated the president (M. Himly, *doyen de la faculté des lettres à l'académie de Paris*) and six professors. Each has a printed copy of the two theses, or rather books (one in Latin, one in French), written by the candidate for doctor's degree; he, after being greeted by the president, sits at a table facing the tribune, with his back turned to the audience. It is certainly a change of position between priest and laymen which cannot but strike one as typical of a great deal. And one recollects that it is popular feeling in France which has so often seemed in demand that all at the tribune shall be priests, or none. Sitting, indeed, in a place of honour beside the examiners, there was an exceptional priest, M. l'abbé Duchesne, member of the Institute, and himself professor in *l'école des hautes études* at the Sorbonne—*en pleine république! en plein dix-neuvième siècle!* as no doubt good radical Republicans have exclaimed with the indignation born of their wish not to grant equal liberty to a priest. But as for those in authority, they are all laymen.

The theses were written on the divine honours granted to Alexander and to Roman Emperors. At first the president praised the works in general, and criticized them in detail, asking the writer to explain what was in his writing, and to justify himself for not having put in more; then a professor spoke in the same way for an hour, and another for three quarters, and so on, giving very little time to praise indeed, being satisfied with declaring that conscientious, serious work had been done, and then proceeding to note the sins in it of commission and of omission—the easier part of criticism, and, perhaps, the part forming the duty of examiners. There was courtesy and even friendliness at first, but much vigorous denunciation afterwards, and severe, at least serious, tone of reproach—the most excited words coming at the beginning of one examiner's speech, when he convicted the candidate-doctor of having confused one Berenice daughter of Ptolemy who was a priestess with another Berenice daughter of Ptolemy who was not. The offender humbly acknowledged his mistake. Of course the examiner was right, but there was a touch of mock heroic donnishness in his eagerness to make his point; he had had to keep it to himself for two or three hours, and with the chance of one of his colleagues making it before him. There was praise given for good indices to these books; is it not wonderful how little progress France makes in this luxury of civilization, notwithstanding the methodical spirit she rightly, of course, gets credit for?

But what was more interesting was the general criticism, which amounted to a reproach for having confined the theses to facts without giving a judgment on them, and specially for not considering what the examiners felt to be to us now the most interesting question of all concerned in such subjects: How far did the Greeks believe in these developments of religion? Apropos, the president cited a conversation he had had with a colleague in the last years of the Second Empire. The King of Prussia had been making one of his speeches, so strangely half mystical and half military; and this French professor was expressing himself in astonishment to M. Himly that in the nineteenth century men could speak so about God and soldiers and soldier kings. But M. Himly reminded him that these words were still real to the king in Prussia and to the people loyally accepting him as a divinely appointed ruler—in certain moods at least, belief in a sort of semi-deified family apart was possible to them. It is true, he went on to say, that for all of us in France, "Monarchists" or Republicans, such a belief has been for a long time impossible. There was once a belief of the sort in France; but it is dead. Is it not? he added, in appeal to priests and laymen present; and there was a general movement of assent.

The *eau sucrée* was given to the candidate; it ought to have been given to the examiners, better talkers than listeners. Perhaps they felt all the more bound to be severe because once the candidate's books have been seen the oral examination is in a sense formal. But what was more to be noted, as every one must feel, is the meeting on neutral ground of the chiefs in the fight, which sounds so noisy sometimes that one thinks it must destroy France. But as in two countries with large armies, there is much more occupying the Governments than the war, even if sooner or later that must come.

This M. l'abbé Beurlier was announced, with his doctor's title, to give the next week a lecture on "London" to a Catholic working men's club, one of those founded through the Comte de Man. The other recently received doctor at the Sorbonne is M. l'abbé Lacroix, who gave, during Lent at St. Ambrose's Church, *conférences*, democratic in tone, on "Jesus Christ judged by History."—W. F. Stockley, in *The Guardian*.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE Maggi Opera Company has made its *début* in Rio de Janeiro, playing "Otello" to a 15,000-francs house.

It is now announced that Boito's "Nero" will be produced at the Scala, Milan, in the autumn, and then be given at Bologna.

WAGNER triumphs in Italy. Next season "Tannhäuser" will be heard at La Scala, Milan; "Lohengrin" at the Carlo Felice, Genoa; and the "Walkyrie" at the Regio, Turin.

A CONCERT has been given in London by a ladies' orchestra conducted by the Countess of Radnor. Fifty girls from fashionable circles in London took part. The players were dressed in white, and the Countess wore a gorgeous tiara of diamonds.

NAT ROTH's Opera Company formed in New York and playing at Queen's Hall, Montreal, has given during its season there a number of operas, including "The Pirates of Penzance," "Black Hussar," "Amorita," and "Fledermaus." After eight weeks in Montreal, the company will play two weeks in Toronto. Lily Post and George Lyding have become great favourites with the Montreal public.

At a fashionable concert recently given by the Duchess of Newcastle, at her residence in Hill Street, Berkeley Square, the programme included performances on the banjo, and by a gentleman called the "American Bird Warbler," with recitations. The Duchess has a perfect right to arrange her own entertainments; all the same, such a scheme inclines one to suspect that our nobility are apt to forget their responsibilities as patrons and promoters of art. The wealthy leaders of society, it might be added, have a further duty in setting examples of good taste and correct judgment.

A CURIOUS confirmation of the truth of that oft-repeated quotation: "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," is afforded by some revelations in the current number of the *Nouvelle Revue*. The writer is describing the happy position of French convicts in New Caledonia; among other examples he gives that of the esteemed organist of the Cathedral at Noumea. His savage breast is soothed not only by the holding of that position, but in being also employed in training the girls to sing, and giving music lessons to families in the town. And what are his special qualifications? Well, he is "a convict whose conviction for gross offences against morality is overlooked in consideration of his having formerly gained a prize at the Conservatoire." What the authorities of that institution think of their old pupil our French contemporary says not.

SOME Americans are much exercised over the want of music that is truly national, and of sufficient dignity musically to represent their great country. Writing about a *pot-pourri* of "strictly American airs," the *Pittsburg Dispatch* says: "It may indeed be seriously questioned whether he has not, in giving to these songs of the people a permanent, musicianly form and a wide circulation abroad, actually accomplished more for the musical reputation of the American nation than has been gained by certain much more pretentious efforts in that direction." Another journal remarks: "We do not think the matter can be seriously questioned at all—for certainly America's musical reputation cannot be greatly enhanced by 'Yankee Doodle,' 'Dixie,' 'Red, White and Blue,' and a lot of things of that sort. The orchestral arrangement may be all right and reflect credit upon the musician referred to, but to seriously intimate that a conglomeration of cheap tunes has 'accomplished' anything creditable for the musical reputation of this country is putting it rather strong. America has done good musical work, for which she need not be ashamed, but it is hardly fair to class such 'tunes' as above referred to as representative of that work."

THE performance of "Tristan and Isolde" at Bayreuth during the third week in July attracted an international audience, which filled the Wagner theatre to overflowing. The Alvary and anti-Alvary factions were strongly represented, but whatever bias the latter party entertained before the performance was transformed into enthusiasm under the spell of the artist. Although visibly nervous in the first act, Herr Alvary, when he had fully seized the spirit of the personation, became master of all his powers and acted and sang with marvellous force. The love duet