

pensity to horse-stealing growing upon him, and that predatory excursions, to the great inconvenience of the settlers and the Mounted Police, have been the result. Any inference more serious than this should be made with great caution. The present report doubtless received colour from the fact, not widely known, that a party of horse-stealing Indians fired ineffectually upon sentries about a month ago, also from the statement, as yet unverified, of the arrest of two Blackfeet runners. Even this simply shows the dissatisfied and uneasy condition of a people who are incapable of understanding that the clemency with which they were treated was anything but an indication of fear on the part of the Government. Philanthropy is a virtue without meaning to the average Indian. Consequently gratitude is a virtue without existence in him. And it is not surprising to find him regarding the exercise of forbearance toward him chiefly in the light of further opportunity. It is useless and foolish for us to flatter ourselves that there has not been ever since the rebellion, and will not be for years to come, necessity for strict vigilance and a constant show of authority in the North-west, if petty robberies are to be prevented, petty disturbances quelled, and settlers kept in that peaceful state of mind conducive to the rapid filling up of a great country. But while this is being done, and done each year more efficiently, the fear of any general uprising is most unfounded.

THE negro was once a postulate in the history and development of the United States; then he became a theorem, bloodily demonstrated; now he is a problem whose solution taxes the nation's ingenuity. It is gratifying to see that it is beginning to tax his own. "It has been suggested by some of the newspapers edited and published by coloured men in this country," says the *Boston Advertiser*, "that a convention of representative Negroes be held in Washington next July, for a free interchange of views upon the condition, prospects, and duty of their people." The puzzled friends of the black man could hardly desire a more trustworthy indication that he will finally develop in harmony with the national life and character. Hitherto the forces that have been uplifting him have been directed from the outside. They have been directed for the most part wisely and well, and by private, municipal, state, and national agencies, have brought him to that all-desirable point, where self-help presents itself to him as a profitable auxiliary to the philanthropic efforts of another race. But the most effectual leverage of this sort always operates from within, and the Ethiopian must work out his own intellectual, moral, and economic salvation if he is to be saved. Once he becomes thoroughly and intelligently interested in himself, he ceases to be the cloud upon the future of the country that he has been. He cannot help seeing that his best lines of growth are those which make toward the stature of an American citizen, that his interests are indissolubly bound up with those of the State, and that in all things, to enjoy her prosperity fully, he must be in harmony with her. All these things must be apprehended; they cannot be communicated. We think the *Advertiser* a little over sanguine, however, in expecting from such a convention, "a full and accurate presentation of the condition of the negro from Maryland to Texas," a "distinct and cognate setting forth of present and prospective needs," and other things. The aims of such a convention would doubtless be much more ambitious than its achievements would be practical. Its oratory would be inflated, its purposes indefinite, its aims amusing. An organisation to unify negro interests, and solidify negro influence from Hudson's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, was entered upon a year ago in New York, and thus far the white-washer hath not prospered greatly by it, nor hath any cyclone arisen on American politics as the direct result. As an indication, such a movement is valuable and suggestive, but that will be its only important aspect for some time to come.

THE fact that it has finally been found possible to present Zola's play of "Renée" before houses composed to a somewhat greater degree than commonly of typical Parisian society is perhaps as strikingly illustrative of the present moral stage of that interesting people as anything that could be imagined or desired. Written several years ago, and known to have been flatly refused by at least three managers at that time, although made personable by a favourable verdict from the great Bernhardt herself, the production of the play last month marks a distinct advance along the ethical lines laid down for itself by the intellectual and artistic centre of France. The Parisians are fond of regarding moral altitudes, but they like to do it from a point on the level that ensures a beautiful and sublimated view. To note the gradual convergence of these lines to such a point is an interesting mathematical exercise when we note, as we may in this case, that the view is often lost after all. Having sacrificed the last shred of that stupid rectitude that sometimes opposes itself to the supremest achievements of art, and betaken itself to see "Renée," the Parisian public find no divine spark in the

humanity of the play that might serve by contrast as an excuse for the murkiness to be expected in it. There is no character poor and weak enough in the right way to merit sympathy, none with that virile quality in wickedness that claims interest. As usual, Zola has treated an exceptional case. He has treated it with the vivid realism with which his name is identified. His eye for the unpleasant is not dimmed, and none of his natural force is abated. But this is all the Parisians have gained in encouraging the liberal morality of the manager of the Vaudeville to the extent of paying fifty dollars apiece for certain balcony stalls at the *première* of "Renée." Their own rag-pickers have often been more lucky.

LAST year's exhibition of English paintings in Berlin, and the recent performance there of Sir Arthur Sullivan's music, seem to be more than superficial indications of a very general awakening of Herr Teuton to the advisability of becoming *en rapport* with English art and literature. German critics are finding an immense field, in both of which the yield in popular interest is most satisfactory. One of them, Herr Herman Wichman rubs his eyes in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, and makes discoveries about the music of the Elizabethan period which are interesting to us, chiefly because they are novel to him and his spectacled countrymen. He finds nothing in the work of the Italian, French, or German composers writing during the reign of the "Great Queen" to be compared either in melody or harmony with the work of the progressive English. He thinks, too, that in the motet and anthem for choir singing, and the domestic glee and madrigal, we have musical forms peculiarly our own. And he declares, moreover, that these conclusions are but preliminary to elaborate and weighty consideration of the subject in the musical gazettes of Berlin. All of which is naturally inspiring English musical circles with a greater respect for German authority than has ever existed before.

THE Manchester *Guardian* notes that an important article upon "Competition in Wheat-Growing" appears in the *Quarterly Review*. The chief purpose of the writer—a competent authority—is to show that the price of wheat has now fallen to a point so low that British farmers who are at present cultivating that cereal have no reason to fear competition from any quarter except India. Of the whole amount of wheat and wheat flour imported into the United Kingdom last year—equalling altogether nearly 121,600,000 bushels of wheat—about 72,000,000 bushels came from the United States, 20,000,000 bushels from India, 72,000,000 bushels from Russia, and about an equal quantity from Austria and Germany together. Canada sent 7,488,000 bushels; Chili, 3,144,000 bushels, and other countries 2,960,000 bushels. "What is the condition of the wheat-growers in these various fields of production, who are obliged to accept existing low prices? And are they likely to extend, or even to continue their present rate of production? We (the *Guardian*) have repeatedly drawn attention to the absence of expansion in the area under wheat in the United States for some years past as good evidence of the unprofitableness of its cultivation there, and the article adduces abundant statistical and other facts confirming this view. Especially significant are the facts that the wheat area of the States, notwithstanding their vast area of virgin land, has not increased since 1880, and that the wheat-growers are steadily becoming poorer. In no other great wheat-growing country is the condition of the producer any better, and in most it is worse. What, then, is the conclusion? Simply that 'in all parts of the world, with the doubtful exception of India, wheat-growers have been partially or wholly ruined by the long period of low prices, and British growers have only suffered with the rest.' The writer hits the nail on the head when he says: 'The low gold value of silver has had the effect of a handsome bounty on the export of wheat from India.' Perhaps a better way of stating the conclusion would be to say that, while in gold-standard countries wheat-producers are being ruined by the depression of prices, those in silver-standard countries are not suffering at all, and that the gradual extension of railways in India is bringing into the general markets of the world supplies hitherto out of reach."

A CORRESPONDENT of *Public Opinion*, referring to the letter of another correspondent, who, writing about bathing, referred to the mouth being kept closed while swimming against the wind so as to avoid the danger of water dropping suddenly into the windpipe and so causing suffocation, says that danger would be more effectually guarded against by in all cases keeping the mouth closed. This should be done whether bathing, running a race, or running after an omnibus, as the breath then comes and goes automatically, and without what is called losing your wind. In bathing, instead of counting your strokes, each respiration with closed lips should be counted, one hundred respirations occupying five minutes. This way