

PROPOSED WHOLESALE EMIGRATION TO LIBERIA.—A pamphlet has been lately published by Mr. Alexander G. Murray, of Georgia, advocating the removal of the whole body of the negroes of the United States to Africa. The writer, who is a prominent lawyer and an ardent supporter of General Grant, takes the ground that the negroes are a burthen to the country, being totally deficient in energy, foresight, economy and intellectual capacity. He asserts that the best workers among the old negroes will do no more than sixty per cent. of the work they did as slaves, and the young men not more than forty per cent. of what they ought to do. The losses by stealing before the fruits of the earth or animals can be brought to maturity are so great that it discourages the raising of vegetables, fowls or stock. Mr. Murray apprehends the abject impoverishment of both whites and blacks whenever the latter equals or nearly equals the former. To remedy this state of things, he proposes that all the negroes should be shipped off to Africa, a country which "God made to suit the negro," where the spontaneous productions of the earth supply him with food, and where the climate is so warm the year round that the transported freedmen will have no need to buy clothes. A more impracticable suggestion was never made. Conceding the desirability of removing the negroes in the United States to Africa, will Mr. Murray inform us, pertinently inquires the *Baltimore Sun*, how it is to be effected? Let us suppose, in the first place, that they decline to go, which is a very reasonable supposition. How does Mr. Murray propose to deal with them in that event? Is there any power in Congress to order and compel the departure from the country of any class of its inhabitants, not to say citizens, not convicted of crime? We have had the experience of the long existing colonization societies of the country to prove to us that but a limited number of the colored race born and reared on this continent are disposed to make the venture of emigration to Africa, either for their own or the good of the race in general. Why, then, should it be expected that the negro in this wholesale way would want to go to Africa? What opening is there for such numbers? What business could they engage in? Supposing, however, that there were inducements in Africa for the emigration of the black race from this country, how would they go, at whose expense, and how long would it be before they were all gone? There are 4,000,000 of them at least in the United States. In the last fifty years 9,000,000 of Europeans have come to this country. This is an enormous influx, but it has been stimulated by the unheard-of demand for labor here, the vastness and variety of our natural resource, the penury of the European masses, the attractions of free government, and the indomitable enterprise of the European races. They came, too, at their own expense, spread over a great length of time. No Government on the face of the earth could, in a limited period, have paid the cost of such an exodus, even if it had been willing to do so. The negroes of the United States have no means of their own to emigrate, and the immense expense of the wholesale emigration would have to be borne by the General Government. Does Mr. Murray think this practicable, especially with such a national debt as we now have? If they are a burden to the country now, when they produce by their labor the most valuable of its exports, what would they be if the country had to pay their way to Africa, especially if their place as laborers is not properly supplied? Making all reasonable allowance for what is stolen, it is but a drop in the bucket compared with the national wealth which they produce, even with their labor in a disorganized condition as at present. There is no country in the world which has labor better adapted to its section or products, if properly regulated, than the South has in its negro population. While the North and West are ransacking the earth for workmen, the South has them in abundance for the cultivation of its leading staples. What would become of this cultivation if the negro laborers could be suddenly shipped off at once to Africa? Where would the men come from to supply their places? We look upon all such projects as utopian in the highest degree. The negroes will not go; they could not go if they would, and if they would go and could go their places could not be supplied in many a day to come. Hence the proposition is not only impracticable, but undesirable.

A TALK WITH THE INDIANS.—Those of our readers who have been befogged as to the exact nature of the negotiations which were carried on during last week with Spotted Tail and his party at Washington, will find the following a very entertaining letter from a Washington correspondent of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, who gives the results of an interview with Spotted Tail and a description of the talk with Secretary Delano and Commissioner Smith. Spotted Tail's exposition of the religious status of our red brother is quite encouraging

and highly poetical. The Heaven of Spotted Tail is strongly materialized, quite enough so to satisfy the authoress of "Gates Ajar," as Lo will have his gun, dog and pony and other material comforts in the other world. Spotted Tail's views concerning civilizing influence are highly intelligent. He says all the Indians want is a chance and time. But then there is little doubt that Spotted Tail is a first class liar:

The Sioux Indians are still undecided as to what they will do with regard to the propositions made to them by the Government, and the strong likelihood now is that they will go back to their homes in Dakota without signing any treaty whatever. The pow-wow which was held yesterday at the rooms of the Secretary of the Interior, between Mr. Delano and Commissioner Smith on the one side and the whole Sioux deputation on the other, was a very remarkable affair. It exhibited to a very great degree the utter ignorance of the red men of the binding force of the white man's statute laws, and the extraordinary amount of patience that is required of the persons who deal officially with these savages.

Red Cloud, in preparing his toilet, had endeavored to appear from the waist up as a white gentleman, but from the waist down, in that regard, he was sadly deficient; the white man's apparel in that part being represented only by the tail of his close-bodied black cloth coat. His coat was of good cut, was new and glossy, his black silk vest fitted him well, and his white linen shirt, with its plaited bosom, was faultless; but it was a number fifteen around the neck, and the paper collar he wore was about number seventeen and a half, and the result was that on both sides of the collar button the collar bulged out in an ungraceful curve so as to turn the little black bow or neck-tie outwards and display it under side. It was some little time before I discovered that Red Cloud didn't wear trousers, that below his vest his shirt made a part of his outside apparel, and that he wore on his nether limbs the usual Indian leggings. When he arose to speak, his shirt in front appeared somewhat like a Mason's apron. Red Cloud was the only person of the Sioux who, on this occasion, wore a coat. All the rest wore shirts, vests and leggings. All wore, or had with them, their blankets. Red Cloud had no paint upon him whatever, and Spotted Tail was also unpainted, except on his scalp where the hair parted, which was colored with a streak of vermilion. All the balance were painted—no two alike—and seemed to vie with each other as to who should look the ugliest. Bull Eagle was smeared all over his face, scalp and hands with a light yellowish green, suggesting at first sight a bad case of jaundice, while Black Bear was marked with streaks of red vermilion around his eyes, nose and mouth very much after the manner of the scarification of the South Sea Islanders. The paint in most instances covered the whole face, neck, scalp and hands. It was very warm; the perspiration flowed copiously from the "white brothers," but the colors of the red man remained unbroken. Their suffering from heat must have been intense, as they each used a fan, and that a large one, as vigorously as the hottest blooded Japanese.

When the Secretary of the Interior finally arrived, the "how! how!" had passed around, and Commissioner Smith had explained the object of the council. Red Cloud came to the front. There was some disappointment manifested by the whites present at this movement, for it had been expected that Spotted Tail would be the speaker. However, when Red Cloud commenced his speech, the impressiveness of his manner and the words used seemed to suggest the idea that probably he had been under-rated. With uplifted hands and eyes reverently turned to Heaven, he said: "Great Spirit, hear my voice; have mercy upon me now, and pity me. Before I speak, I wish to call Heaven and earth to bear witness to what I say." He then proceeded in quite a long speech to say that he and the bands connected with his agency had concluded to accept the \$25,000 offered by the Government, but not on the terms under which it was offered. He wanted \$10,000 in one hand and \$10,000 in the other, and the \$5,000 laid on top of that. He wanted it now in cash and not in presents, and he wanted the Government to be ready with more money next winter. He commenced then a long and tiresome statement of the grievances of his tribe, and before he concluded had to be reminded that such matters could not be considered at that time. Altogether his speech was a failure. The first impressions created by him were dispelled by his subsequent talk, and he stepped down and out rather in disgrace, and much to the relief of all his "white friends."

He was followed by White Swan, who was put forward by old Lone Horn, as a "young man" who knew the wishes of the Sioux well, and who dared to say what he thought was right. White Swan in dress was the best representative present of the wild Indian chief. He was crowned with a high band of eagle feathers, from which there hung a trail of the same materials about ten feet in length, and which stood out on his back much like the fin of a sun-perch. On his breast was a shield of porcupine quills, bright silver bracelets were on his arms, and large rings in his ears. He is evidently a swell among his people, and a great heart-smasher among the maidens of his tribe, but there was not a single point or angle about his features that did not indicate the most heartless cruelty. Your correspondent was informed by one of the agents present that White Swan had just come in off the war-path when he was summoned

by the Great Father to come to Washington. The burden of White Swan's speech seemed to be an endeavor to have all the people of the great Sioux nation regarded as equals in whatever distribution of presents should be made, but he was far from being intelligible as to any matter that he spoke about. Notwithstanding his great apparent gravity, he became confused, got his subjects mixed up, and finally wound up by saying: "Well, I'd like to know what you all want with us, anyhow?" Many of the Indians seemed to appreciate the fact that he was making an ass of himself, and told him to stop; but he didn't heed them. The report of his speech in the papers is very much embellished. Having heard every word of it, however, your correspondent was impressed with the idea that White Swan was a court that didn't know itself, and that his talk simply amounted to nothing.

As soon as White Swan had finished, Little Wound, a chief of no mean qualifications, belonging to the Red Cloud agency, arose, and, in a very decided manner, told the Secretary and Commissioner that he and his band would not accept their propositions. That while he had counseled his young men, since the establishment of the agency, to peace, and would do so still, yet if the Government should offer them \$40,000 a year for 100 years, they would not yield the rights, or any of them, they now had. Little Wound was remonstrated with by several of the chiefs of his agency for his course, but he remained unmoved. Mark the word! That Indian will give the white people trouble before he dies. He is yet a young man.

When Little Wound had concluded, Mr. Delano said he wanted to hear from Spotted Tail. The latter did not hesitate to arise, but before speaking very solemnly went through with a hand-shaking all around, saying "how" to each person. After calling on the Great Spirit to hear what he said, he immediately announced that he and the bands of his agency would be entitled to \$10,000 of the money offered by Congress, and that they accepted the offer. Here was a long pause. The Secretary and Commissioner seemed pleased, and expected that this speech would make a pleasant finale to the council, but the next sentence told on them very differently. "But," said the chief, "I want the cash in my hands before I sign the paper." It was here explained to him, as it had in the outset been explained to Red Cloud, that the North line of Nebraska included the South part of the Sioux reservation, which extended to the North fork of the Platte; that it was absolutely necessary for the Sioux to give up their hunting privileges South of the Niobrara River, because this privilege resulted in an endless collision between the Indians and whites, in murders, robbery and other crimes, and that Congress had, last year, authorized the payment of \$25,000 for presents, to be distributed among the Sioux, if they would give up the privilege mentioned; that if the deputation present, or a majority of them, would sign a treaty for that purpose now, the probabilities were that more would be given them by the next Congress. Spotted Tail said that the matter was of so grave a nature that he would rather, before signing the treaty, submit it to the whole Sioux nation in grand council; but he was reminded that the Act of Congress expired by limitation on the 30th day of June, 1875—about one moon—and that he would not have sufficient time to call this grand council, and that if the treaty was signed now, the Indians present might nominate their own agent to make the distribution of their presents. Spotted Tail insisted on the cash, and said that if the presents were bought here and distributed out in his country after the treaty was signed, his children (meaning his people) would get very few of them. He further suggested that the money be drawn now, so as to bring the matter within the limitation of the Act of Congress; let the presents be bought and distributed, and then the treaty would be signed. The Secretary and Commissioner now became impatient, and told him that his suggestions were entirely impracticable, as the treaty must be signed, and presents bought afterwards, before the vouchers for the money would be cashed by the disbursing officers of the treasury. The council came abruptly to a close, Spotted Tail saying that he would go and have another talk with the Great Father before he signed the paper, and at once, without further ceremony, getting up with all his people and stalked out of the room.

The deputation had their proposed talk with the Great Father, this morning, but they were told just what Mr. Delano and the Commissioners had said to them, and still they refuse to accept the terms of the treaty. Red Cloud, Little Wound and Spotted Tail each distinctly and more than once said that it would be of no use whatever for the Government to propose that the Sioux should move away from their present reservation, yield up the Black Hills and go to the Indian Territory, for they would not do so under any circumstances.

After the close of the council yesterday, your correspondent was accorded a long interview with Spotted Tail. Several Indians and half-bloods were present. The conversation was opened something after this manner:

"Spotted Tail, you are regarded by the white men as the wisest chieftain of your nation. Have you any objection to talking with me on matters not pertaining specially to your visit to this city?"

"I have no objections, except that my mind has been, and is now, troubled about that paper which the Commissioner wants us to sign, and I cannot talk to you long. What do you wish to know from me first?"

"I was very much impressed with the manner of Red Cloud and yourself when you opened your speeches in the council this morning, and I want you to tell me

something of your religious belief." Spotted Tail, after quite a pause, proceeded, in answer to questions, to talk very gravely, the following being substantially what he said:

"Most Indians believe in the Great Spirit, in a heaven and in a hell. But some are unbelievers, and think that, when they die, they are no more, just like the dog and the horse. There are but two worlds, the one on which we live and that one where the Great Spirit dwells. The spirit world is more than 10,000 times larger than this, its hunting fields have no end, and the game there is inexhaustible. Its flowers are more beautiful and fragrant than any we have ever known, and its maidens are lovely as the colors of the clouds before a setting sun, and never grow old. The land does not have to be cultivated there, but every kind of good fruit, and in the greatest abundance, hang upon the trees and vines continuously waiting to be plucked. Nothing ever dies there, and the wants of all who go there are constantly and forever supplied without the necessity of any work. All good men, whether they are white or red, go to heaven, but a great difference will exist between the conditions of the races of men and individuals there and what they are here. Everything nearly will be reversed. The wealthy here will be poor there, the powerful and great here will be humble there.

"The Indians who have been overpowered by the intelligence and skill of the white man here will have a better chance there. Everything which has been taken from them here will be given back to them there, even to his gun, his dog and his pony. Here the Great Spirit has been on the white man's side; there he will lean to the cause of the Indian, and then," said the chief, his eyes flashing the meantime a fearful realization of the present condition of his people, "we'll fight it out, and we will not be driven from our hunting grounds like the sneaking, savage wolf. The bad men of all nations will go down into the centre of the earth and be excluded from the spirit land."

"But tell me, you know that when you die—when your people die—they rot like the horse and dog, and their bodies go into the earth, the air and water. How is it that you are to go to the spirit land and do everything there as individuals very much after the same manner that you do here?" "We go there as spirits, and there get new bodies, which the white man cannot kill."

"Have you not heard through your missionaries about Jesus Christ, the Son of the Great Spirit?" "Yes, I have heard all about Him; how good He was; what great things He did; how He would help the bad man to be good, and how He would lead all who would listen to Him to the Great Spirit, His Father; and I have also heard how the white man killed him. The Indian never would have done that; he never would have murdered the Son of the Great Spirit. He would rather have loved Him better than his own life; would have given Him anything and all he had, and for Him would have gone upon the war-path and conquered the world. It was for a long time after I first heard about Jesus Christ that I did not understand how the white man could have killed Him; but when I got better acquainted with the whites, when I realized the fact that they had no respect for the rights of the Indian, would take away his home where he was born, murder him and his children, despoil his women, and rob him of his winter's food, I then very readily understood how they could even kill the Son of the Great Spirit as they did."

"Do the Indians often pray to the Great Spirit?" "Yes; on almost all occasions, whether great or small."

"Does the Great Spirit answer their prayers?" "Yes; he always answers the good man. He has given us all we have, and is always present to give us more, if we only do no wrong."

This conversation was, notwithstanding that Spotted Tail had said it must be short, prolonged for nearly two hours, and much was said by this chief which was of great interest to all who had heard him, even to the Indians and half bloods present.

On the subject of dress and civilization, the following conversation in substance occurred:

"You have said to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs that you want in your annual distribution of rations," (which for the last seven years to the Sioux has amounted to from \$1,000,000 to \$1,200,000 per annum.) "you want the same kind of food the white man eats. Don't you think it would be much more comfortable if you would wear the same kind of clothes as the white man? Would not the white man's trousers suit you better than your leggings and blankets?"

"Yes, I would much prefer the trousers, but if I put them on my people would laugh at me. You would not like to put on the Indian dress and walk about the streets of the city of Washington among your friends, for the same reason that I don't wear your breeches. My people would prefer to be and do like white people, but they must have time. We have only had agencies about seven years, and grand councils are not often called. Seven years is not enough to change the Indian into a white man. How long," continued Spotted Tail, turning to your correspondent and laughing, "do you think it would take to make an Indian out of you? Would seven years be enough? My people are not lazy; for years my women have raised fields of corn and pumpkins with the spade alone. We have no good farming implements, but if the Great Father will give us some, he will soon see what we can do. Our ground is very rich and fertile. Whatever we plant grows well and high, and it would not be many years, if we had the implements, before we could grow all the food we wanted. The Yanktons, on the Missouri, have

their farms and houses and plows, their school-houses and churches, and their young men dress like the whites and speak English. Fourteen years ago they were as wild as my people, and my people can do as much as they. Give us time and you will see what we can do. But we will never move from our present land."

"You said some time ago that all good men went to Heaven. What is a good man?" "I must go and think over that paper the Commissioner wants me to sign," and he strode out of the room as unceremoniously as he had out of the room of the Secretary.

In a talk with the Sioux agents, your correspondent learned that none of the Sioux could be trusted; that they were in all respects like children, and were totally unconscious of gratitude; that if the Government or any of its officers yielded to them at all, it was accounted to cowardice, and not to the desire to benefit the Indian. All in all, they are a very curious people.

CITY MATTERS.—Cool spell continued yesterday.

The hair is to be worn up high on the head again.

Figures never lie, but they don't always stand straight.

"Yours truly," often means "not yours by any means."

A well known medicine, of recognized merit, is Heintsh's Queen's Delight. 8

The festive mosquito is now practicing industriously at the bar—netting.

The Randolph Rifles pic-nicked, yesterday, at Fielding's grove, and had a target-firing also.

A new and popular perfume is called "Modesty." It knocks the spots out of all others.

A man too busy to take care of his health, is like a mechanic too busy to take care of his tools.

The Fourth of July falls on Sunday this year, and what are we going to do about it?

If Seth Green is right, you can take your wife fishing with you. He says fishes are not frightened by talking; they have no sense of hearing.

Old type metal, suitable for many purposes about mills, can be obtained at PHOENIX office at 25 cents a pound, or 20 cents by the 100 pounds.

Round trip tickets are being sold by the Greenville and Columbia Railroad officials for the college commencements at Williamston and Walhalla.

A double daily passenger train is soon to be run over the Spartanburg and Union Railroad—avoiding the tedious delay at Alston.

If there is not a city ordinance subjecting to a fine any person throwing orange and banana peel on the pavements, there should be one. If there is such an ordinance, it should be enforced.

Malony and Hayward, convicted of personating Deputy United States Marshals, passed through this city, yesterday, on their way to the prisons in Newberry and Anderson.

Rev. W. S. Plumer, D. D., Professor of Didactic and Polemic Theology in the Theological Seminary, in this city, has resigned his chair. Subsequently Rev. John L. Girardeau was elected to fill the vacancy.

A colored forger, named Frank Chirp, was arrested, yesterday. He had attempted to pass notes at Mr. Gyles' grocery store, and being suspected, a policeman was sent for, when Chirp ran off, but was overhauled. He was lodged in the guard house.

Col. LeRoy F. Youmans delivers an address before the Richland Rifle Club, in the Opera House, this evening, at 8 o'clock. He is an excellent speaker. The doors will be open at 8 o'clock, and members of the club, acting as ushers, will be on hand to seat visitors.

The Baptist Sunday School have a picnic, to-day, at Fielding's Farm. We have been requested to say that wagons conveying the children will leave the church at half-past 8 o'clock. Persons furnishing baskets will please send them around by 8, with a card attached, bearing the contributor's name. The members of the congregation are invited.

The following table shows the rate of commission charged by the Post Office Department for money orders: On orders not exceeding \$10, 5 cents; over \$10 and not exceeding \$20, 10 cents; over \$20 and not exceeding \$30, 15 cents; over \$30 and not exceeding \$40, 20 cents; over \$40 and not exceeding \$50, 25 cents. No fractions of cents are to be introduced on an order. United States treasury notes or national bank notes only received or paid.

COMMITTEE OF TWENTY-FIVE.—At the request of E. J. Scott, Esq., Chairman of the Committee of Twenty-Five, who is now absent, I give notice that a meeting of the committee will be held at 10 o'clock, this (Thursday) morning, at Hibernian Hall, over Agnew's store. Punctual attendance is requested.

JOHN FISHER.