

THE INDIAN QUESTION.

THE Indian question, at the last advices from the East, was occupying considerable attention, the subject being brought on the tapis by the visit of Spotted Tail and Red Cloud to Washington. These chiefs, with their squaws, had a grand reception at the White House, where the greatest honor was done them by President Grant, the Cabinet Ministers, members of Foreign Legations and the ladies. Everything combined to make the occasion one of astonishing interest to the Red men. The table was covered with flowers and all the decorations customary on grand occasions. But of all the beauties of the festive scene, it is said there was nothing which so captivated the Indians as the ice-cream and strawberries. These tickled their palates, and had a treaty been presented to them at that juncture, the voracious chroniclers who allude to this feature of the entertainment, have no doubt but they would have signed it, whatever its terms might have been. But the propitious hour was permitted to pass unimproved, and the next day the chiefs met Secretary Cox and the members of the Peace Commission in solemn council at the Interior Department. The effect of the good things eaten the previous day had departed. The Secretary told them that their Great Father (President Grant) wanted them to live on their reservations and be peaceable, and clothing and provisions would be given them; but they would not have guns and ammunition given them until they showed that they were willing to live at peace.

To this Red Cloud made a speech. Its purport has already appeared in our telegraphic dispatches. But though it has been styled worthy of Red Jacket, it does not generally suit the journalists of the country. They think the question raised by the demands of Red Cloud is a conflict between civilization and barbarism. One of them puts the question in this form:

"Shall the United States close the Territories to the white man, stop the construction of railroads, drive out the miners, turn the country between the Missouri River and Rocky Mountains into one Indian camp, and wait till the last survivor of their deadly wars offers to sell out the vast region he has inherited?"

It replies to its own question by saying it may be hard for Spotted Tail and Red Cloud to submit, but they must. The world cannot postpone its progress because they refuse to abandon the antics of their fathers.

Another paper thinks "a dose of Phil. Sheridan would be more wholesome medicine for the savages than ice cream or strawberries."

The country is evidently in no mood to endure anything from the Indian. His destruction, in the eyes of many, is determined upon. He has no rights which, in their opinion, the Government ought to respect, except to have him conform to the civilization provided for him, and they think his utter extinction is only a question of time, and a very short time, too. *Nous verrons.*

FENIANISM.

MAJOR W. C. McCURE is out in the papers with a report of the causes of the failure of the late Fenian raid. The point selected for the invasion of Canada was situated on the north-western frontier of the State of New York and twelve miles from the quiet town of Malone. It was at this point that Col. Owen Starr, of Louisville, Kentucky, took charge of 184 men and crossed the boundary about fifty yards on Canadian soil. Soon the British troops appeared, numbering 1,500 men. They were forming a horse flank, which would have resulted in the capture or slaughter of every Fenian, had not Starr ordered a retreat on to American territory. All was then lost. The men became demoralized and were left without a single leader. They were ready and willing to fight, but had no commander. Major McClure says:

"All the men who went to the front (except the New York drunken rabble, who were not Irishmen) behaved with courage and displayed devotion and determination."

He says,

"Any body of men would have become demoralized under the unfortunate circumstances in which they were placed, without a commander, without any food, and left to shift for themselves as best they could."

"The Fenian invasion having ended and everything lost, the men began to turn their attention homeward. How was this to be secured? The government refused to give one dollar for this purpose, after which the men became uneasy and almost

furiously until Governor Hoffman despatched an agent to Malone and had the men transported to their homes in New York state and the Western Fenians to Buffalo."

He thinks,

"The Fenians who went there were honest and meant fight, but unfortunately permitted themselves, against their convictions, to be dragged into the net, and now they feel compromised by the cowardly and drunken conduct of the incompetent leaders. The effect of all this demoralization on the movement will tend to purify and rid the Brotherhood of a squad of New York drunken loafers, whose devotion to the whisky bottle was certainly greater than to the cause of Ireland."

The following paragraph of his report must be very satisfactory to the Canadians:

"It should be thoroughly understood that this movement against Canada is not the result of embittered feelings against the Canadians, but against the British government, and the Irish people claim the right to attack English rule wherever they can meet it."

The Canadians ought to claim the right to hang up, on the nearest trees, every one of the "drunken rabble" they can catch, who crosses their lines, and attacks peaceable, unoffending people against whom it is acknowledged they have no embittered feelings. The conduct of the men who make such raids is atrocious, and deserves the most severe punishment. Are the people who live on the Canadian side of the boundary, who happen to be subjects of the British government, to have their property destroyed and themselves to be shot down in cold blood, because there is a class of men who think they are aggrieved and who claim they have the right to attack English rule wherever they can meet it? Such a course of proceeding is absolute savagery, and reduces warfare to the Indian method. If this system of retaliation be sanctioned among white men who profess to be civilized, who shall condemn the red man who wreaks his vengeance, not upon the individual alone who wrongs him, but upon his race?

A PROMINENT gentleman of color at Washington, Mr. George F. Downing, has written to the New York Tribune about the discrimination which has been made in the burial of white soldiers whose remains repose in the National Cemetery at Arlington and their black comrades. He calls the discrimination in the case of the colored race odious, and says when he visited the cemetery, at the annual celebration last year, to strew flowers on the graves of the soldiers, he found the "black martyr" was not permitted to rest where the flowers were strewn, and that his remains were placed in a corner by the wayside. He protested against the arrangement, and was told that it should be different this year. But to his great mortification he learned at the annual celebration this year that there were two distinct orders of exercises, one for the white and one for the colored soldier. He says:

"We went, after the first celebration, to the hollow where lay the despised black hero, with no flag, no trophy, no monument, like those which mark the spot where the white hero lies; nothing but a common broad flat field of earth, with headboards, marks the desolate spot, no seats were there, no water, no ice, no stand for speakers, such as was provided for those at the cemetery for the whites. No white visitors repaired to the shrines to strew flowers over the black soldier's grave, save half a dozen indignant Germans."

"I feel," he adds, "that I may be pardoned for alluding to this circumstance, but black men feel as well as white men."

This speaks badly for the whites at Washington, especially those who are so fond of lauding the negro as "a man and a brother."

GATH the Washington correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, in a recent letter to that paper alludes to the question of Chinese labor, and thus discourseth concerning another class of emigrants:

"If the Chinese rear no families and acquire no landed property amongst us, what far superior chances have our own workmen to utilize this cheap and willing labor for their benefit upon the homestead provided for them? What right has an Irish emigrant to retard the development of the country which has sheltered him and tried to make him a pacific citizen? Abusing hospitality to use our frontiers for imbecile forays, this incomprehensible society is now leaguering to shut out the Chinese from the Pacific coast, and, what is worse, it finds Republican Congressmen willing to truckle. The wages paid in California are the highest in the world, and yet the country is declining. If the Great God made this earth for the Milesians' absolute use, he might have spared the rest of us the trouble of peopling it; for we are utterly unable to come to any understanding with a class of folks who do not want to see further than to-morrow's dinner, who entertain no broad views of governments, whose wars are hubbaloos, whose exchequer is the aggregate wages of their poor women,

and whose political economy dovetails so precisely with Pennsylvania's that, if we could shut them up within that State's boundaries, give them their own Custom houses, and let them prey upon each other, we would be willing never to look in for one hundred years, at the end of which time we should probably find the surface of that commonwealth strewn with shillalehs, red hair, and pig iron, and the epitaph of the State recorded on the Blue Mountains, at Harrisburg, in the words:

"Par nobile fratrum.

No pauper labor of Europe.

O tempus edax rerum."

SAN DOMINGO ROW.

THE reports which come to us by telegraph, which are published in another column, concerning San Domingo affairs, show that there is considerable feeling not only on the part of the Democrats, but also on the part of the party of which President Grant is the head. It could not be expected that the Democrats would sustain a measure which President Grant is said to uphold and urge. But it might be thought that Republican Senators, members and editors would be found, if not aiding the treaty, at least not opposing it. Yet there are no more determined opponents of the scheme than are to be found in the Republican ranks. Among other comparisons which the Chicago Tribune institutes upon the subject, is the one of the philosopher who was engaged at a dark and silent hour of the morning in removing chickens from a hen roost not his own:

"Do you think this is quite right?" asked his companion and faithful collaborer. "That," replied the philosopher, "is a great moral question which we haven't time to consider. Hand down another pullet."

The impertinent question as to "How came the treaty to be made?" it thinks is not to be considered for a moment, when the loss of that moment may lose forever the coconut groves and banana plantations which are at stake. So, it says, "hand down another pullet."

Public journals do not hesitate to say that this is the largest job, after the railroad spoliations; which has been put up; some of them even go so far as to say that the ramifications in it extend to all the sources of real or supposed influence from an authority which Republicans, at least, should shield and defend. There are grounds, we hope, to believe that these assertions are slanderous.

A THREATENING CLOUD.

THE strawberries and cream, and the other good things on which the Indian chiefs were fed at Washington, failed, it seems, to reconcile them to the determination of the Government to maintain Fort Fetterman. They, or at least Red Cloud, had evidently set his heart on gaining this point. The other requests which they had made, and some of which the Government acceded to, were insignificant in his eyes compared with the removal of this fort. He was in a bad humor at this request not being granted, and the probability is that his and the other chiefs' visit to Washington may not, in the end, be very productive of good. At the final council which they had with Secretary Cox and Commissioner Parker, the Chiefs expressed considerable dissatisfaction, as the following report of the speeches will show:

Red Cloud said the troops in his country were all fools, and the government was throwing away its money for nothing. The officers there are all whiskey drinkers. The Great Father sends out there the whiskey drinkers because he does not want them around him here. I do not allow my nation, or any whiteman, to bring a drop of liquor into my country. If he does; that is the last of him and his liquor. Spotted Tail can drink as much as he pleases on the Missouri River, and they can kill one another if they choose. I do not hold myself responsible for what Spotted Tail does. When you buy anything with my money I want you to buy me what is useful. I do not want stale flour, rotten tobacco, and old soldiers' clothes, dyed black, such as you bought for Spotted Tail. I only tell you what is true. You had a great war, but after it was over you permitted the Chiefs who had been fighting to come back."

Secretary Cox explained the treaty of 1867 to the Indians, and said the best way is to be friendly and deal honestly with each other. The last treaty made provided for a railroad to be built. The Sioux agreed not to disturb it, and that it should be built. Now if the road interferes with hunting we will try to make good the damage by feeding you. We mean that the government shall keep back the white men from going into the Indian country, as well as bad Indians from going into the white country. This is what the troops are there for. If any of our people at the forts do not do what is right, the President will punish them and send

better men in their places. The same treaty gives the lines of the Indian country. A map was produced, and the Secretary explained the boundaries fixed in the treaty of 1867, Red Cloud looking on with great interest. He said he was asked to sign the treaty merely to show that he was peaceable, and not to grant their lands. He continued, saying:

"This is the first time I have heard of such a treaty, and do not mean to follow it. I want to know who was the interpreter who interpreted these things to the Indians." The names of three were mentioned, and he said: "I know nothing about it. It was never explained to me."

Bear in the Grass said:

"The Great Spirit hears me to-day, and I tell nothing but what is true, when I say that these words of the treaty were not explained. It was only said that treaty was for peace and friendship among the whites. When we took hold of the pen they said they would take the troops away, so we could raise children."

Secretary Cox explained that the treaty was signed by more than 200 different Sioux of all the bands.

Red Cloud. I do not say the Commissioners lied, but the interpreters were wrong. I never heard a word only what was brought to my camp when the forts were removed. I came to make peace; you had your war harness. When you removed, I signed a treaty of peace. We want to straighten things up.

Secretary Cox. I have been very careful, so that no mistakes should be made, and that our word should be as open as daylight, so that we may understand what binds the Sioux and ourselves. We are trying to get Congress to carry out our promises, and we want the Indians to do their part. We simply say this is the agreement made as we remember. We have copies printed. We will give one to Red Cloud, so it can be interpreted to him exactly what is.

Red Cloud said all the promises made in the treaty have never been filled. The object of the whites was to crush the Indian down to nothing. The Great Spirit would judge these things hereafter. All the words I sent never reached the Father. They are lost before they get here. I am Chief of the thirty-nine nations. I will not take the paper with me. It is all lies.

The Secretary distributed copies of the treaty to the interpreters, agents, and traders present, and adjourned the council.

IT is said that unbounded enthusiasm prevails among yachtmen at New York as the time approaches for the arrival of Mr. Ashbury from England with his yacht, the *Cambria*, and her competitor, Mr. Douglas' yacht, the *Dauntless*. Nearly every schooner is getting ready for sea, and these will receive a warm welcome, when they arrive from their ocean race. Mr. Ashbury has entered his yacht for all the races in New York waters, and no opportunity is to be lost of testing her speed. He seems confident of winning, judging by his expressions at the dinner given by a friend of his in London last Saturday. A cable dispatch stated that in a speech which he made on that occasion he remarked that he had purchased six of the finest cups he could procure for a contest in American waters. He hoped to bring them all back, and also to pass the Sandy Hook light ship ahead of his competitor, the *Dauntless*. But if he does, his craft must do better than she did in her recent race in British waters with the American schooner *Sappho*, which beat him badly; though it is asserted in English papers, as a salve probably for the mortification of defeat, that in his anxiety to prepare for the ocean race across the Atlantic with the *Dauntless*, Mr. Ashbury paid too little attention to the contest with the *Sappho*. To show the means adopted to ensure success in these races, it may be mentioned that the *Sappho* was carefully covered with blacklead and polished from keel to gunwale. The *Cambria* also had her copper black-leaded most carefully. This was done that the yachts might slip more freely through the sea and to make the water fly off the hull speedily.

LEVEES OF THE MISSISSIPPI—OVER FLOW OF THE JORDAN.

SENATOR HARRIS, of Louisiana, lately made a speech in the Senate in favor of national aid for the improvement and perfection of the levee system of the Mississippi. He described the existing system as radically defective. The embankments, being built and cared for by different parties and States, are described by him to be "a patchwork of levees." The system is so imperfect that crevasses—that is, the breaking away of the embankment—are of frequent occurrence, and vast tracts of country are submerged and all their crops are destroyed. Mr. Harris said "it is a yearly occurrence for the river to rise fifty feet above low-water mark, and for weeks to keep at that height. Once in three or four years it sweeps up above even this