

"JONES."

[The following little story, with its moral, though written for the Macon, Ga., Telegraph, is quite too good to be enjoyed by the farmers of the South alone:]

I knew a man and he lived in Jones—
Which Jones is a county of red hills and
stones.

And he lived pretty much by getting of
loans,
And his mules were nothing but skin and
bones,

And his hogs were as fat as his corn-pones,
And he had 'bout a thousand acres of land.

This man—and his name was also Jones—
He swore that he'd leave them old red hills
and stones,

For he couldn't make nothin' but yellowish
cotton,

And little of that, and his fences were
rotten,

And what little corn he had, that was
boughten,

And he couldn't get a living from the land.

And the longer he swore the madder he got,
And he rose and he walked to the stable lot,
And he hallooed to Tom to come there and
hitch,

For to emigrate somewhere where land was
rich,

And to quit raising cock-burr, thistles and
sich,

And wasting their time on barren land.

So him and Tom they hitched up the mules,
Protesting that folks were mighty big fools
That 'ud stay in Georgia their lifetime out,
Just scratching a living, when all of them
mought

Get places in Texas, where cotton would
sprout

By the time you could plant it in the land.

And he drove by a house where a man nam-
ed Brown

Was living not far from the edge of the
town,

And he bantered Brown for to buy his
place,

And said that seeing as money was skae,
And seeing as sheriffs were hard to face,

Two dollars an acre would get the land.

They closed at a dollar and fifty cents,
And Jones he bought him a wagon and
tents,

And loaded his corn, and his women, and
truck,

And moved to Texas, which it took
His entire pile, with the best of luck,

To get there and get him a little land.

But Brown moved out on the old Jones
farm

And he rolled up his breeches and bared his
arm,

And he picked all the rocks from off'n the
ground,

And he rooted it up and plowed it down,
And sowed his corn and wheat in the land.

Five years gild by, and Brown, one day,
(Who has got so fat that he wouldn't weigh),
Was a sitting down sorter lazily

To the grandest dinner you ever did see,
When one of his children jumped on his
knee

And says, "Yan's Jones, which you bought
his land."

And there was Jones, standing out at the
fence,

And he hadn't no wagon, nor mules, nor
tents,

For he had left Texas afoot and come
To Georgia to see if he couldn't get some
employment, and he was looking as hum-
ble as if he had never owned any land.

But Brown he asked him in, and he sot
him down to his victuals smoking hot,

And when he filled himself and the floor,
Brown looked at him sharp and rose and
swore

That "whether men's land was rich or poor,
There was more in the man than there
was in the land."

The Sandwich Islands Social Sit-
uation.

MR. EDITOR:—The late census
returns furnish us matter for serious
thought and unpleasant foreboding.

To be sure, this is for us, by no
means, a new sensation. For long
years past, these periodical spasms
have, at brief intervals, been sweep-
ing over the community like huge
tidal waves of the ocean, till at
length there has come a general
conviction that the case is hopeless;
and so the nation is given over to
an early and dishonorable grave.

We have discussed this question
of national extinction in its moral
bearings as well as in its economic
relations, perhaps sufficiently. And
possibly it would be quite as well
to let the matter rest where it is.
But somehow it is not pleasant, nor
is it in any sense easy, thus content-
edly to face the idea of the nation's
doom. Is there no way of escape?
Has the Almighty fiat fixed irrevoc-
ably, the cruel destiny? Must we
stand listlessly by and see a whole
people disappear beneath the sod
and, without a tear, write "Finis?"

upon its eventful history? These are
some of the inquiries which invol-
untarily thrust themselves upon us.
Who can bring us to a satisfactory
solution of the problem?

Meantime, the nation is sinking;
and our capitalists, keenly feeling
every fresh turn of the screw which
threatens disaster to their financial
interests, cry out, in an ever-
sharpening key, "Labor!" "More
labor!" And then comes up for
fresh thought and re-discussion,
those two ever-recurring and never
satisfied inquiries—"Whence shall
fresh labor be obtained?" and "How
shall it be obtained?" Shall we
look to Japan, China, the Southern
Archipelagoes of the Pacific, to In-
dia or Northern Europe? And shall
private enterprise introduce the de-
sired immigrants, or shall govern-
ment undertake the costly enter-
prise?

For the solution of these grave
problems, I have no fresh thoughts
to bring, neither any skill to offer
in pushing them forward to their
practical results. There is, how-
ever, still one remaining inquiry
involved in this scheme to intro-
duce foreign labor to Hawaii nei,
upon which, in common with many
of my fellow citizens, I have some
thoughts, viz.: To what is our
imported labor to be introduced?
As none who know anything of
Hawaiian social life, can doubt, it
is, and for years past has been, in-
creasingly horrible in its state of
disease and rottenness. And it is to
this alarming condition of things
that I desire for a moment to call
the attention, not solely of the moral-
ist, but especially of the political
economist, who is thoroughly
awake to the planting interests of
the Islands.

It is scarcely wise to spend one's
strength in the futile effort to fill a
sieve with water. But what of the
attempt to bring in a healthy ele-
ment of labor into our diseased
population as a reliance for future
necessities? Is this any wiser? Is
it not here, for our own social con-
dition, that our first thoughts and
our best skill should be called into
exercise?

You speak possibly, in reply, of
the board of health and its wide-
spread sanitary provisions through-
out the group. And this is all true.
But of what avail are the wisest
and most liberal efforts of any
board of health, so long as the ad-
ministration of the laws continues
what it has been for the last decade
of years? The great public ulcer is
not to be cured by the wiping away
from its surface of the corrupt hu-
mors which it engenders. A fig for
all your superficial practice. The
disease is radical, and involving, too,
the national life. We need, and
must have a practice corresponding
thereto! For as things now are, for
every specific case of rescue from
the power of any disease, we have
a hundred new cases of tainted life
springing up to curse the land and
its people.

The administration of justice, in
the inferior courts, during the past
ten years, will ever be known in
Hawaiian history as *The Reign of
Licentiousness*. Not, indeed, that
licentiousness was an unknown evil
in Hawaii nei, previously, but it
was never before so openly protected
by those in authority throughout
the Islands. In previous reigns there
had been honest endeavors made
by the Government to keep the
evil in check; and whatever may
be said of the prevalence of vice,
this certainly is true, that it did
not install itself unblushingly in
public places all over the land, as
of late years it has everywhere done
with impunity.

It is, indeed, admitted that the
"Law to Mitigate" had prepared
the way for just such a state of
things as has since existed by de-
bauching the nation's conscience.
And this, allow me to say, in pass-
ing, is the heaviest and most dead-
ly charge to be laid at the door of
that infamous law. Public prosti-
tution came thereby to be an hon-
orable calling, as far as the govern-
ment could make it such. The
public funds were freely expended
upon it; public officers devoted
themselves to its interest, while
under its ægis the hydra-headed li-
ciousness of the Islands found
ample shelter, as the Courts and
the quarterly returns of Sheriffs
gave ample testimony. Naturally,
therefore, this simple people came
speedily to regard illicit intercourse
of the sexes as not at all illicit; and
from this corrupt fountain broad
streams of vice poured themselves
over the land. In a population of
near 2,000 souls, an employee of the
Government assured me less than
two years since, that he could count

up SEVENTY COUPLES openly living
as man and wife, in adultery.
And this statement I subsequently
verified by detailed inquiry. And
the same ratio, so far as my in-
quiries have extended, is found in all
parts of the Islands.

To this fearful condition of social
life the nation has been brought, I
repeat, by the policy of the recent
Administration. Police and other
Justices did not dare to issue war-
rants for the apprehension of per-
sons thus living in open violation
of all human as well as Divine
Law. I read a letter three or four
years since from a high Govern-
ment official warning a police offi-
cer not to meddle too much with
parties living thus in adultery, on
pain of dismissal from the service.
A Circuit Judge, too, was so zealous
to please his master, that upon the
arrival of a foreigner in the Dis-
trict in which he, the Judge afore-
said, had his residence, with another
man's wife as the companion of
his bed and board, the said Judge
volunteered to call upon the for-
eigner and assure him that he need
have no fears of being disturbed in
his manner of life. For a slight
consideration the Judge pledged
himself to ward off all annoyance
from the said foreigner. Judges,
too, District and Circuit, openly
sold permits to all who
desired them, licensing them to
keep women, and these permits
were actually hawked about and
sold for the paltry sum of three
dollars; and upon many, these
licenses to live in adultery were
urged as earnestly as a zealous sales-
man urges his goods upon a custo-
mer.

In thus speaking, I say only what
has come under my own observa-
tion; and only what scores of wit-
nesses could testify to, as having
been notorious, in all parts of the
group. Now it is to this corrupt state
of the social life that we owe
the terrific spread of leprosy, and
the general prevalence of venereal
diseases of every type, within the
last few years. I speak plainly.
It is of no possible use to handle
this subject with gloves, whilst
the nation is rotting under our
eyes.

And what is any Board of Health
going to do in such a case as this?
And what will our capitalists do by
bringing in a few hundreds of male
laborers from abroad, but heap fuel
upon the flames? To my mind, it
would be quite as merciful to dis-
charge a cargo of laborers into the
ocean—after the prevailing custom
of our Pacific slavers—as to land
them on these shores under existing
circumstances.

But take the most hopeful view
of the situation you can, it is dark
and forbidding—and so it will re-
main, till the public conscience
shall have been aroused to attempt,
at least—and honestly—a reform.
None of us can mistake the road in
which we are now travelling. It is
fast taking us to the bad. Thrust
the Bible aside if you will, as offer-
ing inadmissible testimony—Con-
science still remains, and so does
some sort of a Providential Econ-
omy, ruling in the affairs of this
world. On every side, Nature
teaches us that "as a man (or
a nation) soweth so shall he also
reap." And then, what? Only
this, that if this is so, it is to be
expected that a system of financial
prosperity and commercial success
can be built up on such a basis as
we now have? Temporary success
may, indeed, be achieved in our
business enterprises, but can more
be expected? Is not a tolerably de-
cent morality needful to a radical-
ly sound national system of finance
and to the general well-being—
social and material—of any people?
—*Hawaiian Gazette*, April 23.

The Indian Policy.

HON. FELIX F. BRUNOT'S VIEWS—
THE CAUSE OF INDIAN WARS AND
WHAT THEY COST.

NEW YORK, May 3, 1873.

The Times correspondent had an
interview to-day with Felix F. Brun-
not, chairman of the Board of In-
dian Commissioners, in regard to
Indian affairs in general, and in
particular in relation to the present
policy of the government toward
the Indians, and rumors of Indian
preparations for war in the South-
west. As will be seen, Mr. Brunot
supports Grant's Indian policy, Mr.
Brunot remarked:

"Whatever I may say is not to be
considered official in any manner,
and whatever opinions I may ex-
press are to be considered my own
individually, and not those of the

Board of Indian Commissioners."
In reply to a question as to whe-
ther he considered the peace policy
of the President had tended to the
Modoc outbreak, Mr. Brunot said:
"The President's Indian peace policy
is in no way responsible for the
Modoc war. The war originated in
an attempt to drive the Indians
from their lands, which were cov-
eted by the whites. This policy
would have given them the small
reservation in their own country,
which they were justly entitled to,
and the bloodshed, humiliation and
expense of the war would have
been avoided."

CORRESPONDENT—Do you place
any belief in the threatening re-
mors of other Indian tribes?

MR. BRUNOT—Rumors from the
West of a threatening general In-
dian war are sensational and ground-
less. A league for offense among
the Indian tribes is impossible.
Nearly all the late rumors of Indian
outrages and threatened hostilities
in the West have no foundation in
fact.

CORRESPONDENT—What do you
consider are the objects of the
sensational and groundless reports?

MR. BRUNOT—But men interest-
ed in the profits of war, and specu-
lators greedy for Indian lands—an
attempt to incite war against peace-
able tribes for their own selfish
ends, and they will circulate any
reports to injure the Indians under
cover of the Modoc war and public
indignation against that tribe. It
is, however, to be hoped that the
Modoc lesson will not be lost upon
the nation, and all such attempts
will be frustrated. It is a common
thing in some marketless regions of
the west, to get up an Indian ex-
citement so that troops may be
sent to eat up and pay for the set-
tlers' surplus product. In some
cases actual war is made for this
and similar purposes. In proof of
this, I will say that a letter from
the commanding officer of the mili-
tary post where the Indians have
long been harmless, lately received,
says: "I am daily in fear that some
of these ruffians will kill an Indian
on purpose to bring on war."

CORRESPONDENT—Can you give
me any instances of such wanton
and criminal outrages by the
whites?

MR. BRUNOT—Yes. A short
time ago Whistler and another
Sioux chief were killed in cold
blood by the side of their camp
fires by a desperado, who publicly
boasted of having committed this
murder. Murderers like these go
unhung, and the deeds excite no
horror. The public do not hear of
them. They are only known in
official circles. But when, as will
surely happen, the savages avenge
the blood of their chiefs, the whole
press opposed to the peace policy
will ring with cries for their exter-
mination.

CORRESPONDENT—Mr. Brunot,
what do you think of a vigorous
campaign against the hostile tribes?
Would it not have a beneficial ef-
fect upon other tribes disposed to
be unfriendly, and be the cheapest
way of establishing comparatively
general and permanent peace?

MR. BRUNOT—Previous to the
peace with Red Cloud, the govern-
ment had sixty years' war in trying
to exterminate the Sioux. Every
Indian killed cost us more than ten
white men. Thirty millions were
expended, and 1,000 miles of fron-
tier desolated. Transporters, con-
tractors, teamsters, whisky-traders,
scouts and army followers flourish-
ed at the expense of the nation.
The same class of people would
like to see another Sioux war.

CORRESPONDENT—What is your
opinion regarding the isolated cases
of murder and outrage by Indians,
and how they could be possibly
prevented?

MR. BRUNOT—Depredations or
murders by individual Indians or
by small bands are to be expected.
It is said murders in your own city
of New York average one daily, and
assaults, robberies, pilferings and
other crimes count by hundreds.
We cannot expect savages to be
better than white men. It is only
the opponents of the President's
policy who seem to expect this de-
gree of virtue from the Indians.
Four years of general peace with
the Indian tribes have proved the
President's policy to be a success.
With the exception of a few of the
Apaches, all the nomadic and previ-
ously hostile tribes have been at
peace. Of 1,000,000 Indians in the
United States and Territories, about
10,000 are civilized, 125,000 partially
so, and the remainder in a wild
condition.

CORRESPONDENT—How many of
these support themselves?

MR. BRUNOT—About 180,000, and
receive nothing from the govern-
ment except interest on their money
or payment for their lands. About
100,000 more chiefly support them-
selves by hunting and fishing, the
deficiency being supplied by the
government. Those figures show
the folly and wickedness of the
proposition to hold the Indian race
responsible for the acts of a few in-
dividuals of a single tribe. The at-
tempt in certain quarters to stimu-
late bad feeling between the sup-
porters of the President's Indian
policy and the military is the work
of men in whom the wish breeds
the thought.

CORRESPONDENT—Is the Board of
Indian Commissioners aware of any
such attempt?

MR. BRUNOT—As far as the
board has any knowledge or is con-
cerned, no such feeling exists. The
lamented General Canby was cordi-
ally in favor of the President's
policy of humanity and justice to
the Indians, and nearly all the
general officers have expressed
their opinions substantially in ac-
cord with the Board of Indian Com-
missioners.

CORRESPONDENT—Is it not said
that General Phil. Sheridan is and
has been opposed to the President's
policy?

MR. BRUNOT—No. General Sheri-
dan, in his official report to the
War Department, printed in 1872,
last year, said: "I fully indorse the
efforts now being made to civilize
and Christianize the wild Indians,
and think that the reservation sys-
tem and policy of the government
toward the wild tribes is the most
liberal and humane that has ever
been adopted by any government
toward savage people." These are
General Sheridan's words in his re-
port for 1871, and I have no reason
to believe that he has changed his
views since.

CORRESPONDENT—Do you think
this Modoc massacre will cause any
change in the President's policy, or
in the opinions of those who sup-
port it?

MR. BRUNOT—President Grant
knows he is right in his Indian
policy, and those who seem to
think they can move him from the
right by personal denunciation,
sneers at "Quakers," and "Peace
Commissioners," or flings at "poor
Lo," "red devils," "humanitari-
ans," may as well give up.—*Chi-
cago Times*.

The Shah of Persia.

Among the many notables whose
presence is expected at the opening
of the Vienna Exhibition, not the
least interesting to Europeans will
be the Shah of Persia, commonly
known as Nasser-ed-Deen, but
whose real name, on the authority
of Mr. Eastwick, is Nasiru'd diw
Kajar. To most persons Eastern
personages and affairs are enveloped
in a sort of traditional haziness not
without a certain charm. The
London Times speaks of jewels in
the possession of the Shah valued
at two or three millions sterling,
and which have never been seen
by any European. This is not cor-
rect. Mr. Eastwick, formerly in
the diplomatic service, has seen
them, and has given an account of
them in the second volume of the
"Journal of a Diplomat," and esti-
mates their value at £6,000,000, or
\$80,000,000. This is, no doubt, by
far the most valuable collection of
precious stones in existence. Among
these is the Darya-a-Nur, the sister
jewel to the famous Kuh-a-Nur,
which, according to tradition, was
with it in the hilt of the sword of
Afrasiab 3,000 years before Christ.
Rustam took it to Persia, Timour
carried it away, and Nadir Shah
recovered it when he conquered the
Great Mogul, took Delhi and car-
ried away its treasures. The cas-
ket of jewels of the Mogul was taken
to Meshed by Nadir Shah, and
continued in the possession of his
descendants till Aga Mahomet, the
founder of the dynasty of which the
present Shah is the fourth, over-
threw the reigning monarch and
carried off his treasure to Teheran.
It is not improbable that some of
the most famous jewels of antiquity
are in this collection, and among
them the sacred gems that once
adorned the breast-plate of the
Jewish High Priest.

The present dynasty is not Per-
sian but Turkish, descended from
the Kajars, a tribe of Turks whom
Timour transplanted, for their loy-
alty to his person, from Syria to
Persian Armenia. Under subse-
quent monarchs they obtained the
rich district around Asterabad, in
the southeastern extremity of the