

Truth's Contributors.

THE SUNNY SOUTH.

FROM TORONTO TO SAVANNAH,
GEORGIA.

BY THE REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, M. A., PASTOR
METROPOLITAN CHURCH, TORONTO.

Having found myself suddenly *hors de combat*, my good physician insisted on my taking rest, and some of my noble officials of the Metropolitan church, thinking that a change of scene was also desirable, I yielded to their kind proposal, and took a two or three weeks' run away from work and worry, and so in a few hours I was whirling along the Great Western on the way to New York. Pausing at Hamilton for rest, my dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lester, were easily persuaded to accompany me, and we left Canada with frost in the air, and snow upon the ground, and the thermometer down among the zeros. Having travelled the Erie, as well as the New York Central, we concluded to try the new iron road, the West Shore, which runs in close connection with the Grand Trunk, and carries passengers, in competition with the other lines, at the amazingly cheap rate of a cent a mile—that is about \$4.50 from Suspension Bridge to New York. At Albany we found the air balmy and spring-like; the fields were bare of snow, and the run down the west shore of the Hudson, with its gleaming waters and purple mountains on the other side, was charming in the extreme.

The great metropolis seemed more alive than ever; the streets thronged with business and ablaze with light and fashion, the thunder of Broadway, the roar of the Bowery, and the murmur of Fifth Avenue. Along its miles of river docks were crowded steamers and vessels of every size, from every shore. Its public buildings and bridges, parks and avenues, are too well known to need description, and so we plunge into the roaring, surging, living crowd of traffic choked men, crammed Broadway, and tetch up at the office of Leve & Alden, the great agency for tours and excursions to the south.

The out-rate business in travel is quite satisfactory to us, and, taking advantage of the reduction of rates to the New Orleans Exposition, we find ourselves in the position for obtaining, at an extraordinarily moderate expense, a glimpse of the winning charms of the whole fair sisterhood of the Southern States.

A little later, and we are found on board the *Chattahoochee*, one of the finest iron steamships of the Ocean Steamship Co., of Savannah, bound for the land of the pine, the cedar, and the vine. The bell sounds; there is the rushing and hissing of steam, we feel the motion of the screw, the pulsing of the strong-unscrewed engine, and amid the waving of farewells the vessel moves out toward the open sea.

As we steam down the harbor, no noller view can be presented than the panorama of cities with their towers and spires, massive buildings, the North and East rivers with their forests of shipping, and the mighty bridge rising in mid air like some mystic structure.

We pass the Islands, among them Baldie, where the foundations of the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty are being reared, and the Government forts, by which the entrance to the metropolis is guarded, and are now out upon the broad Atlantic, and as we get a glimpse again of old ocean, boundless, endless, and sublime, we cry out with Campbell, "Hail to thy face and odors, glorious sea!" even though we may expect to toss and pitch, and pay tribute to old Neptune, yet we love old ocean's saturnalian days and roaring nights of revelry and sport.

Never sink lights are out of sight, and every trace of shore, so let us look around us. Our ship is indeed a leviathan of the deep, an elegant and commodious floating palace. It is one of four new vessels of the line, built two years ago at a cost of \$350,000 each, of three thousand one hundred tons; its compound engine is 1600 horse-power, and the ships well proportioned, and complete in

all its appointments. Its elegant saloons are furnished with highly polished hardwoods; its state-rooms are large and well ventilated. The table spread is sumptuous, including delicacies from the markets of the South and North, and the eating done on board can champion the world.

The passengers belong largely to the "invalid brigade"—worn out physicians, parsons, commercial men, and feeble looking women, but at meal times you would not suspect any failure of health.

That dire malady, the bans of ocean travel, has never once broken out amongst us.

Great things are said of the *mal-de-mer* as a therapeutic measure, the general stirring up relieving the stomach of its accumulated bile, but I, for one, am glad to be relieved of this house-cleaning process.

I attributed it in no small degree to the thorough ventilation of the state rooms. It is foul air that has much to do with sea-sickness, for the tempest may scowl on the face of the deep, and the billows roll, yet with an abundant supply of fresh air we may bid defiance to the horrid qualms.

Our captain is a typical American, genial, experienced and thorough-going.

At eleven at night every light in the state-rooms must be extinguished, and every day at eleven he makes a thorough inspection of the ship. He gave me his history. He was an orphan boy; at eleven he went to sea, soon became an officer, then master. He has sailed round and round the world, and a more thoughtful, careful, intelligent, reliable seaman one does not need to find than Captain Catharine. He is proud of his nation, and with great gusto told us that when the Great Eastern was rudderless and helpless in the storm, an American sea captain on board constructed a rudder of ropes and brought her safe into harbor.

Among the passengers are an operatic company en route for New Orleans. They are busy with rehearsals, and we have snatches of the most classic music, mingled with the sounds of the banjo and airs other than classic. Just as we were departing from New York a lady passenger inspected carefully the saloons, and then said to her companion:

"No pianos on board, thank God." She had not counted on a whole company of musicians.

We watch the stately ship go by, and are amused by the gambols of the dolphins, as in their graceful antics they toss themselves in somersaults in the air, and plunge one over the other as if playing at leap-frog.

Early next morning we pass Cape May, where the fair *Susquehanna* pours its waters into the Atlantic through the Delaware Bay. At noon we are at the north of the Chesapeake Bay, which receives the waters of the stately Potomac: in the evening we see the tree-covered islands of North Carolina, and pass the stormy Cape Hatteras.

This was the terror of early mariners, and many a ship has gone down here, gulphed in an ocean grave. But our good captain told us that he had been passing up and down the coast for twenty years, and had never encountered a terrible rounding of the Cape. The chief difficulty is that the winds suddenly change, and the vessel that has had a favoring gale is suddenly met by opposing blasts that strike from another point of the compass. At noon we are off the coast of South Carolina, and pass the Port of Charleston. And now our good steamer slackens her speed, for she has to wait the evening tide to bear her into the Savannah River, and but for this delay we would have accomplished our sea voyage of over 700 miles in less than 50 hours.

Political Corruption.

BY COL. WYLIE, BROCKVILLE.

Is political corruption less prevalent now than it was half a century ago? When Castlereagh held power in England, and sought to stem the all but universal cry for reform by having poor agents traverse the country and incite the masses, or rather those accounted leaders of the people, to give utterance to their grievances, marking these for Government persecution, political corruption was at the base of these base actions. No wonder the anger of the populace was aroused, and less wonder that the name of Castlereagh was

abhorred. So much was this the case, that his self-destruction was a subject for lampoons. Doggerals were plentiful. The following is a specimen from the pen of a Scottish local poet, read and remembered by the writer:—

"Noo Castlereagh is e'en awa',
He's paid the debt o' nature's law.
He cou'dna wait till death wou'd ca',
But he took his life hissel, O!

"When he approach'd the gates o' h—l,
The de'il got out in a yell,
Oh! here comes Castlereagh himsel',
O! he him j on cooey corner."

Whether politicians of the Castlereagh school, from his time to the present day, will receive a similar destruction is not yet recorded; imagination is left to do duty in the matter.

Why should professed politicians be more corrupt than other men? Yet the cry is heard from both political parties of corruption in political measures, in leading partisans, in political services, in the dispensation of offices, in the management of the press, and even a growing indifference to the fact among the people themselves. It has even come to this, that to hear a man denounce corruption is no proof that a man is a Tory or Reformer; corruption may be denounced, but actions are more powerful than words.

Good men of both parties see and abhor the fact. There are men, however, and sorry 'tis, 'tis true, who seek either to condone the evil or openly uphold it. Some men maintain political corruption to be inseparable even to the purest administration. But why is such an idea essential to the well government of the state? Is it capable of a true aspiration, presenting at once its inherent nature, and its inseparable moral turpitude? To pervert, in any sense, the measures, the appointments, the powers of government, whether legislative, judicial, or executive, from common to private ends, from catholic or universal, to individual or partisan aims, whether on a large or small scale, whether secretly or openly, whether with a redeeming hypocrisy, or with an unblushing avowal of falsity—all these come directly under the name of political corruption, and so the great instinct of mankind has rightly named it. It is a disease in the body politic, destructive of its healthy organization, unfitting it for the performance of its true organic functions, and an unnatural violation of the purpose for which government is created. It is worse than private dishonesty, inasmuch as it is a breach of the highest earthly trusts. It is worse than private gambling, for it puts at stake, not the gambler's own property, but what has been committed to him as a secure deposit in the names of millions now living, and many more millions yet unborn. It adds the meanness of theft to the lawlessness of robbery. It is lying, it is perjury; it is the foulest, the rankest, the most Heaven-daring perjury. It is a violation of the solemn oath taken to guard against the private feeling, or the private partisan interest in the management of a commission sacredly intended for the public good.

Justice and common sense will characterize the evil as a decided breach of trust. This has ever been supposed a higher crime than ordinary theft, or ordinary dishonesty, where no great confidence is reposed, and cannot, therefore, be said to be violated. Private gambling is universally condemned as vile and abominable, but the private gambler, as has been said, gambles with his own property. The political gambler, on the other hand, employs for his purpose the people's offices. The stakes are not his own, but deposits of the highest value committed to his care and keeping; offices created especially for their most careful conservatism, he regards in no higher light than the rewards of private partisan services, and the punishment of partisan opponents. Trusts so sacred might well beget, in any honest mind, a feeling of religious awe, even without the religious solemnities of an oath, and yet his morality and religion may be summed up in the maxim: "To the victors belong the spoils."

The enormity of the evil may yet work out its own cure. The honorable men of both parties have a personal interest in the reform of such an abuse, because the irresistible tendency of the practice is to exclude all of this character from public trusts. It may not be said that the doctrine openly avowed must bring into power the worst party, but if it does not bring into power the worst party, it has a most

decided tendency to do so, unless a salutary defeat comes now and then for its purification. This, however, may be attained, if it does not give success to the worst party, it must certainly tend to the advantage of the worst faction of any predominant party; and not only that, but must also bring up to the political surface, the worst men of that worst faction, thus ever producing a worse political pestilence, a more wide-spread and malignant moral malaria.

Music and the Drama.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—What may be justly described as an innovation, was the production of "Notice to Quit" at the Grand last week. The opportunity of witnessing a performance where each character is portrayed by an artist of exceptional and undoubted ability is rarely, if ever offered. But Mr. McKee Rankin's company is composed of those who have long been known to the public as star performers. It was to be expected, therefore, that the audiences which assembled to see "Notice to Quit" would be more than ordinarily critical. So they were. At every performance the audience was composed of those who knew what good acting was, and who expected from this company something out of the ordinary. And they were not disappointed. Unfortunately for theatre-goers, such companies as Mr. Rankin's are too rare. The cast of the play could scarcely be improved, except, perhaps, in the case of Mr. Rankin himself, who, in the role of the villain John Rivers, is compelled to bury the peculiar faculties which made his reputation in *Sandy in the Danitex*. *Je l'embrasse* is undoubtedly the strongest part in the piece. Mr. Frank Mordaunt assumed this character, and he never played in a role which suited him better, and he never, we think, more emphatically displayed his great talent as an actor. In some scenes, notably the meeting between the father and long-lost son, he displays a dramatic power which few actors possess. We have only space to mention the extraordinary performance of Mr. J. J. Wallace as *Jacob Neutral*. It was, without doubt, one of the most brilliant pieces of versatile and eccentric acting ever seen here.

On Saturday afternoon and evening the Hamilton Opera Co. presented at the Grand "The Pirates of Penzance." This was a social as well as theatrical event. Being under the patronage of the Lieut-Governor and Lady Robinson, it attracted a large and brilliant assemblage.

Monday and Tuesday evenings of this week Henley's company presented the comedy of "Dan's Tribulations."

MONTEFORD'S MUSEUM.—Skiff & Gaylord's novelty company was the attraction last week. Lots of fun, good houses, and everybody satisfied. This week the old and popular "Muldoon's Pic-nic" is on.

The "Bunch of Keys" is to be produced in Australia.

Mr Edwin Booth's business at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, N. Y., has been very large, the gross receipts of last week being over \$11,000.

Mrs. Langtry has sent instructions to her agent to buy for her out and out the house she formerly lived in at 13th street, New York, if it can be had at a reasonable price. She states that she has determined finally to become an American. There is an agent of hers already on the lookout for a piece of Newport property, where she will take up her summer residence and probably her official one, because she has not abandoned the idea of her divorce suit, and has been assured that divorces are easier in Rhode Island than in New York.

The world deals good-naturedly with good-natured people; and we never knew a sulky misanthrope who quarrelled with it, but it was he, and not it, that was in the wrong.

Good manners declare that their possessor is a person of superior quality, no matter what his garb, or however slender his purse. They prove his respect for himself, and also prove his respect for those whom he addresses.