

## Truth's Contributors.

### THE SUNN ( SOUTH.

#### JACKSONVILLE, THE NEWPORT OF THE SOUTH.

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The chief city of the flowery state, in population, commerce and social life, is Jacksonville. It is the Newport of the South, towards which all social attractions tend and all winter resort travel converge. The invalid and the tourist alike find it charming. It has no equal in Florida, and South of Savannah is the place of first importance, with its luxurious homes and surroundings, its handsome private and public buildings, its broad avenues and busy streets.

The city was incorporated in 1833 and named in honor of General Andrew Jackson, who commanded the United States Troops in Florida during the Indian war. The Indian name is Wacca Pillaka, or Cow Ford. It is located on the St. John's river, that wonderful stream which flows for two hundred miles to the north, and for sixty miles its broad and graceful bosom is from three to five miles in width. Following the circuitous picturesque windings of the state-ly river, this health business centre is twenty five miles from the Atlantic, while in a direct course it is only ten or fifteen.

It has been almost entirely rebuilt since the war. The city was bombarded, its business ruined, its streets left desolate, everything deserted by the scourge of the demon war, but since peace and order have returned it has more than recovered its former thrift and enterprise. It has a resident population of from 15,000 to 20,000 which during "the season" is swelled to 40,000 or 50,000.

It is a city of charming residences and spacious hotels. The elegant residences of prominent citizens and northern owners are planted in the midst of gardens with their tropical shrubbery and constantly blooming flowers of every hue. The streets are well laid out, the principal ones running parallel with the river, and as out door life is the thing of fashion here, and everybody takes a constitutional sauntering for pleasure, or shopping for curiosities, they form a pleasant, busy, and lively scene. The spacious and shaded avenues, bordered with stately live oaks and their over pendent moss drapery, with the fragrant magnolia, the cypress, dogwood, laurel and other trees of that sunny clime, are delightful lounging places, and the sweet do-nothing feeling has unlimited indulgence.

Boating is a favorite pastime, and the river is as lively as the streets, while all the docks are thronged with shipping and pleasure yachts for making expeditions along the gulf shore, or up the St. John's river and the famous Ocklawaha.

Hotels and boarding houses are an institution of this vigorous and prosperous young metropolis. There are many northerners who, like the birds of summer, take annually their flight southward, when winter comes, and thus escape its chilly and icy discomforts. Jacksonville has all the essentials of a winter health-resort, with its pure atmosphere, equable temperature and bright, clear, sunny days, and these with its home comforts and conveniences, and its select and cultured society, make it a most desirable location.

Accordingly you will find its numerous hotels thronged with Westerners from Chicago, Milwaukee and Cincinnati, and Northerners from Boston, New York and Philadelphia—the wealth, and culture, and in-

telligence drawn from all portions of the country. If you want society where there is dancing every evening in the great hall, and a life full of gaiety, you will certainly go to the St. James Hotel. If you want elegance and especial attention you will go to the Windsor. If you combine health with pleasure-seeking, and are satisfied with abundant accommodations at little less prices, you will go to the Everett. And if you are disposed to be quiet, with all properly regulated, surroundings, and a table famous all over the land, you will go to the Carlton House. These are the great hotels, and their guests are in number like good-sized villages. There are also boarding-houses in abundance for those who desire the quiet home life. Our experiences of Southern boarding-houses is not the most pleasant. Southern cookery is altogether too rich to suit our tastes. You are sure of an abundance of fresh vegetables just out of the garden, and fresh ripe Florida oranges. You are sure also of the toughest, driest meat you ever put into your mouth, and of the fattest, greasiest pork you ever looked upon.

Hog and hominy are the staples. What roast beef and plum pudding are to John Bull—oatmeal to the Scotchman—sauer kraut to the Dutchman—olla podrida to the Spaniard—curry to the Hindoo—blubber to the Greenlanders—pemmican to the Blackfoot—and baked beans and brown-bread to the Bostonian, is hog and hominy to the Southerner. The negro and the mule are institutions of the South.

There are fine Churches and Schools in Jacksonville.

I looked into the Centenary Church where the Florida Conference of the M. E. Church was holding its sessions. Bishop Waldron presided, and the question of caste was being hotly discussed in the form of a resolution to separate the congregations of the white and black. The negroes in the South are still taught to recognise their color, although their condition is infinitely better than it was ten years ago.

The Cookman Institute is for the education of the colored children, and it is an interesting thing to visit this school, where the children will compare as favorably in quickness and intelligence and scholarship as any school of white children in the city.

Jacksonville is the great centre of the orange trade. This industry has grown to something enormous. Nearly 50,000,000 oranges were exported from the State last year. Over \$10,000,000 are invested in orange groves, and the business is worth over \$1,000,000 annually. I hope to discuss this fruit question again. But meanwhile I must close, promising to take my readers in my next letter up the glorious St. John's river, with its banks dotted with white villages and rich orange groves.

#### England and Her Troubles.

BY REV. JOSEPH WILD, D. D.

The present times are somewhat exciting. This is especially so in some of the older nations. The two colossal powers of the day are Britain and Russia—the Lion and the Bear. One or the other of these powers must finally have the sovereignty of the world. In days of old there seemed to be two political world-centres. One was localized and operative in the Hebrew nation. From this centre Providence seemed to work. To them as God's executive was entrusted the evangelization and civilization of the nations. The other, called the Gentile centre, was located in the Babylonian Empire. Since that time it has moved to Persia, Greece and Rome, and is now in Russia.

These two central powers are aiming for the central land, which is Palestine. In this land they will finally yet meet for a final struggle in the battle of Armageddon. Britain will come off victorious. All going on now is but preliminary. Both of them are on their way to Palestine—Russia is going by way of Asia, through India, and England by way of Egypt and Turkey.

If the reader could get and read the Will of Peter the Great, he would know the policy of Russia and be able to go before them. This will each successor takes oath at the time of coronation to carry out and forward. I will quote the 9th clause:

"Take every possible means of gaining Constantinople and the Indies, (for he who rules there will be the true sovereign of the world); excite war continually in Turkey and Persia; establish fortresses in the Black Sea; get control of the sea by degrees, and also of the Baltic, which is a double point, necessary to the realization of our project; accelerate as much as possible, the decay of Persia; penetrate to the Persian Gulf; re-establish, if possible, by the way of Syria, the ancient commerce of the Levant; advance to the Indies, which are the great depot of the world. Once there we can do without the gold of England."

When this will was made Russia was 2,500 miles from the Indies. At the close of last century it was 2,000, by the year 1810 it was 1,000 and in 1835 it was 400—and in 1835 the Bear and the Lion are now face to face. The past few years Russia has gained rapidly in territorial power. In her conquests of Bokhara and part of Turkistan she gained 500,000 square miles. Since the battle of Waterloo she has taken more from Sweden than remains, from Poland territory equal to the whole of Austria, from Turkey an area equal to Prussia, from Persia as much as the whole of Britain. She is 500 miles nearer Berlin and Paris, and 450 nearer Constantinople.

The reader may naturally ask where will Russia stop, and who will stop her? I answer, Britain will stop her. In her march east she is now at the end. Beyond the Afghan frontier she cannot go. I saw and wrote, ten years ago, that she would be just where she now is in 1835. Neither is the time come for them to fight, though it looks as if they would be at it before what I am now writing can be read.

England is in a critical position, but I have no fear of the final issues. The nations have choice of Russian or Britain's rule and lead, and surely it is not difficult to guess which both God and men prefer. England's present confusion and defeat in Egypt are all designed for a good purpose. She will be taught that she must lead among the nations or retire. But she herself will prefer to lead, so will other Christian nations prefer her lead, and so will the colonies prefer to be under her, hence it will tend to bind them all together. The doctrine of imperial federation is no nightmare dream but a reality. Neither Gladstone nor John Bright will after this be able to persuade England into a non-intervention policy. These are not the days for the formation of new nations, but the days of steel, and conquest, and federation. Men that talk of Canadian independence can scarcely know what they are talking about. Independence would be all very well if all the world let us alone and allow us to trade with all the world and never interfere with us; but who will guarantee all this for us? The best policy for us, and all the British empire for the next few years is to keep well together. Believing as I do that the Saxons are the ten lost tribes of Israel—as organized in Britain and the United States, I

have faith in the future, for through the mouth of the prophet ultimate pre-eminence and rule is assigned to Israel. God bless our Queen, and the Empire at large!

#### AMONG THE BRITISH WEST INDIES.

##### Life in Barbados Island.

BY REV. H. W. ATWATER.

Far away in the broad Atlantic lies Barbados Island, comparatively a mere speck in the waste of waters,—a place almost unknown to mankind, though it certainly possesses sufficient historical interest to rescue it from oblivion. Possibly a few notes about life in this important British colonial possession may be of some interest to the readers of TRUTH.

The Island lies but little over 13 degrees north of the equator, and the heat of the climate is therefore something to be held in lasting remembrance by the inhabitants. It is only 22 miles in length and 14 in width, and yet it is a little world of itself. It was settled by the English in 1627, a charter having been granted by Charles I. to James, Earl of Marlborough, and its settlement gave rise to the West Indian sugar trade.

The most imposing feature in the appearance of the Island from the water, is, of course,

##### THE CAPITAL, BRIDGETOWN.

Its flat roofed, chimneyless houses, its shade trees, its narrow streets, and the turbulent mass of colored humanity, which is constantly seething to and fro, intermingled with donkey carts and mule trains, form a picture, which is at once pleasing and unique. The streets, especially on a holiday, are crowded with curiously clad men and women of all shades of color, from the sable-browed African, whose only garment consists of a salt bag, with openings in the end and sides for the neck and arms, to the delicate and richly-clad quadroon, or octoroon. It is curious to notice the extent to which the customs of the whites, have become engrafted upon the very existence of their former slaves. Every-colored man who can afford it, has his top buggy and coachman. At any time may be met amongst the number of well-ordered equipages which convey rank and fashion to Hastings to enjoy the cool evening air, an open barouche, on the cushioned seats of which recline several "gentlemen of color," whose shillings earned by hoeing corn, or delving in the cane fields, have procured the luxury of a silk hat, a fancy cane and a suit of broad cloth, (a lie of the salt bag). A day spent in the country, after a drive through it, presents many varied aspects in its social life. The scenery is sufficiently diversified to vary the monotony of locomotion under a tropical sky. At first, after leaving the city, the hills stretch away before you—not grand and bold in their outline, but gently sloping towards their highest points, the gradual ascend being here and there interrupted by abrupt terraces, which time has faced with luxuriant mosses and ferns, which afford a pleasing relief to the monotony of the weather-worn coral. The Island being

##### A CORAL ROCK,

with only about three feet of soil on any part of it, the roads are free from those miry places which impede travelling in other countries, but the glare from the white dusty roads which necessitate goggles, or shades for the eyes, is most unpleasant. Passing by numberless sugar plantations, and interminable cane fields, the roads lined here and there with the stately magnolia, or the stately ebony, the cabbage palm overtopping all, whilst the sweet perfume from the spice trees, and the sight of the luscious fruit greet you at every turn