

Truth's Contributors.

THE SUNNY SOUTH.

SAVANNAH TO JACKSONVILLE, THE NEWPORT OF THE SOUTH.

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We did not reach Savannah until nearly midnight, as we had to take the top of the tide to carry us over the bar at the mouth of the river. For a distance of twenty miles we saw the gleaming electric lights of this famous city of the South, for it is lighted by electricity, set upon towers sixty or seventy feet in height—an elevation far too great to be of service to the city, for the light with difficulty struggles down through the luxuriant foliage of the tree-covered streets and squares and gives but a feeble illumination. Nearly twenty miles we followed the wanderings of the lazy, muddy stream, its banks densely covered with vegetation, with rice and cotton fields dipping into its waters, until we reached the city, perched upon a bluff, beautifully located. It is the chief port of the South, and yet it has not the aspect of thrift of one of our Northern towns. The town still bears the mark of General Oglethorpe, who laid it out so handsomely in grassy quadrangles. Wherever the streets cross is a lovely park in the gorgeous display of the foliage of the live water oaks, orange, laurel and magnolia. The old town is fragrant with the memories of John Wesley, who came out with Gen. Oglethorpe. I visited the church on the spot where he first preached, Christ Church. What an eventful history it has had. It bears this inscription—

I. H. S.  
Glorry to God,  
Christ Church,  
Founded in 1733,  
Destroyed by fire, 1766.  
Re-founded on an enlarged plan, 1800.  
Partially destroyed in the hurricane of 1804.  
Rebuilt, 1810.  
"Surely the Lord is in this place I knew it not  
Surely this is none other than the House of  
God. This is the gate of Heaven."  
Rebuilt, 1833.

What a failure Wesley made of this mission! After his return to England he wrote "I went to Georgia to convert Indians, but oh, who shall convert me?"

Another place of interest is the Monumental Church, erected to his memory. It is a fine structure, but still incomplete and needing a few thousands more to be worthy of the object for which it has been reared.

The market place is also of absorbing interest, for here in the days of slavery, that "sum of all villainies," stood the block where men, women and children, God's image carved in ebony, were set up and publicly sold to the highest bidder. About 2 1/2 miles out of the city, in a place called Bonaventure, an old plantation, is the cemetery of the city. It is a venerable grove of massive oak, whose forms are barely discernable in their wreaths of trailing vines and mosses. The branches of these stately trees form grand cathedral isles, adorned with pendent evergreens and flowering shrubs. The cypresses are there, but it is fitly draped by nature for the ever-present Spanish moss. Death's banner is there in its mournful fall. We took the Sea Island Route from Savannah to Fernandina, and had a charming sail among the thousand islands and lagoons along the seaboard of Georgia, ever and anon within sight of the ocean, but always close to the land, through Romley river and marsh, and over the Cumberland Sound to Amelia Island. At the mouth of the St. John's River, we had rather a novel experience, being left in the mud of the river for 12 hours. The journey is usually made by steamer in 20 or 24 hours, but we were 36 hours in making it, from the fact that owing to two hours delay in starting we were caught by the deficient tide in the narrows and bends of the river. Our captain made noble efforts to get us through. One of the expedients, when the vessel ran aground, was to strike out in a little boat to the opposite shore, two men would then land

with a long plank having a notch cut in one end and sharpened at the other. The darkies would then struggle through the mud up to their arm pits to get the plank's length on the shore; one would tie a rope around the notched end, the other stood upon the sharpened end; the rope would then be pulled in, when the plank would sink to its full length and thus become a holding place to draw the vessel into the centre of the stream. By this means we succeeded in reaching the last bend where we were caught. No darkey would venture upon that shore, for to set foot upon the treacherous mud would have been to have sunk at once out of sight. And so we made the most of our delays. The last evening on board the *Chattahoochee*, we had an improvised concert, the musical portion of the passengers uniting with the members of the operatic company in making a very choice entertainment. The prima donna of the band rendering with exquisite taste and feeling the air "Way down on the Swannee River." On board the *Florida* we went below to hear the dusky sons of the south render their weird melodies accompanied with the banjo and the guitar, and for myself I must say that I preferred the plantation songs and hymns of Zion. The entire journey was made most agreeable by the geniality and the attention of the purser, Mr. Dozier, of Atlanta, Georgia, a fine specimen of the Southerner. His father was an officer in the confederate army; his family refuged in Florida during the rebellion, and he gave us many thrilling incidents of the war. The last day spent upon the boat was truly glorious. The skies were soft and Italian in their azure, the atmosphere hazy, dreamy and golden, like Southern California, and the breeze gentle and tender, as the zephyrs of Ceylon. The thermometer ranged between 70° and 80°, and I sat with my friends at the bow of the boat amusing myself, as we came every half hour to two or three diverging channels, by guessing which one we would be likely to take. All this warmth and comfort while the dear ones at home are shivering with the temperature down to 10° to 12° below zero.

We reached Fernandina in the evening, and spent the Sabbath in this charming little city on Amelia Island, the very northeast corner of Florida; it lies on the South bank of the St. Mary's River, which separates Georgia from the land of flowers. The town is well laid out; the principal street is called Centre and those running at right angles to it have numbers, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, etc. The climate is superb—the sea breezes being delightful. The great attraction of the place is the magnificent sea beach, which extends for twenty miles or so in beauty of shore line. It is reached by a long, smooth shell road of two miles, that gleams in snowy whiteness like the roads in southern Italy, and is terminated by the white surf of the Atlantic. Here is a sea beach, the finest I ever saw, finer than Old Orchard by far, finer than the Pacific beach drive which runs from Sea Cliff for miles and miles away, a hard-beaten, smooth-surface, level as a floor and solid as granite, where for 20 miles a thousand teams could drive abreast. The Gardens of Fernandina are very beautiful; roses of many kind are blooming in the open air; bananas are ripening, oranges hang golden on the trees, and

"Stately palm-trees lift their heads on high  
And spread their feathery plumes along the sky."

In Southern travel admirable hotels are a rare qualification. We were charmed with the Egmont House, one of the most elegantly-furnished and perfectly appointed houses in the land. The rooms are very clean and elegant, the table unsurpassed.

From Fernandina we take train for Jacksonville. The road lies across the St. Mary's River to the mainland, then through swamp to the Queen City. It is the dread of tramps. Put one off between the stations, and he is in mortal terror of his life, for let a train overtake him and he has nothing for it but to sink in the bog, or swim for dear life. A ride of an hour and a half, and we reach Jacksonville, the Floridian Mecca of tourists, on the banks of the beautiful St. John's River, the health and business centre of the State—the Newport of the South.

Decollete dresses have a knot of ribbons almost at the shoulder, and the long gloves nearly meet it.

When we know a man has deceived us, we appear more ridiculous to ourselves than to him.

Early Newspapers.

BY COL. D. WILTE, BROCKVILLE.

All interested in the newspapers of the present day, (and what intelligent man is not) may be curious to know something respecting the ancient newspapers of the old land. The first produced in Scotland appeared in 1661, under the title of *Mercurius Caledonius*. It was printed by a society of stationers at Edinburgh, in 4-to form of eight pages, and appeared weekly. The editor of this paper was Thomas Sydeserpe, son of the Bishop of Orkney, whom Mr. Chambers describes as one "who thought he had the wit to amuse, the knowledge to instruct, and the address to captivate." But he was only able, with all his powers, to extend his publication to ten numbers, which Chambers says "were very loyal, very illiterate, and very affected." In the same year *Mercurius Publicus* appeared. In fact the first number of the latter was issued only two days later than the former, the first being dated January 8, while the latter bears the date of January 10, 1661.

On the 5th of January, 1693, the *Kingdom's Intelligencer* of the affairs now in agitation in England and Scotland and Ireland, came out. In this paper many regular advertisements appeared, one of which, Timperley says, is worth noticing. It begins thus: "There is stolen abroad a most false and imperfect copy of a poem called *Hudibras*, without name of either printer or bookseller, as fit for so lame and spurious an impression. The true and perfect edition, printed by the author's original, is sold by Richard Marriott, under St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet Street; that other nameless impression is a cheat, and will but abuse the buyer as well as the author, whose poem deserves to have fallen into better hands." Also another advertisement announcing "that the faculties for granting licenses by act of Parliament to eat flesh in every part of England is still kept up at St. Paul's churchyard, near St. Paul's churchyard." With respect to this liberty of the citizens to eat flesh, there is a document in existence signed by "H. Coko, minister and preacher of the Word of God in the parish of St. Alkmun, Darby," giving a sick woman leave to eat flesh because of her dislike to eat fish, but "his permission to eat flesh was only to last while her sickness continued."

In the same year a most important character made his appearance in the person of Roger L'Estrange, who was appointed "Surveyor of the Imprimery and Printing Presses." This person had spent more than twenty years in the Royal cause, nearly six of them in goals and almost four of them in Newgate, under sentence of death. Notwithstanding this, he had influence to obtain his freedom, and petitioned the king to appoint him to the office. What he submitted to his majesty was a document containing "considerations and proposals in order to the regulation of the Press; together with divers instances of treasons and seditious pamphlets, proving the necessity thereof." The considerations submitted contained a most daring attempt to suppress free thought and free printing. One of the clauses is worth reciting: "Let no press or printing-house be erected or let, and let no joiner, carpenter, smith, or letter-founder work for a printing-house, without notice, according to the late act." The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Bishop of London were authorized to license printers to print books on divinity, physique, philosophy, science or art. Any one acting contrary to this mandate was liable to be punished in stocks, pillory, by whipping, casting, standing against the gallows with a rope around the neck, condemned to work in mines, plantations, or houses of correction, &c.

Hard times for printers these "considerations" contemplated, but he succeeded in securing the appointment, and, under his authority had the sole licensing of all ballads, charts, printed pictures, books, and papers, except books concerning common law, affairs of state, heraldry, titles of honors and arms, which were under the care of the Earl Marshal. He was also granted the monopoly of printing the matters controlled by his position as surveyor. He commenced his monopoly by printing the *Intelligencer*

and the *News*—the one being printed on Monday, the other on Thursday. These two papers were continued till January, 1666, when they were superseded by the *Gazette*. L'Estrange held that he, above all other men, knew what the country wanted in the way of newspapers, for in his prospectus he says: "First, as to the point of printed intelligence, I do declare myself, that, supposing the press in order, the people in their right wits and news or no news to be the question, a public Mercury should never have my vote, because it makes the public too familiar with the actions and counsels of their superiors, too pragmatical and censorious, and gives them, not only an inch, but a kind of colorable right and license to be meddling with the Government." In order to make his monopoly more secure, this tyrannical surveyor ordered, "If any person can give notice, and make proof, of any printing press erected and being in any private place, hole or corner, let him repair with such notice, and make proof thereof, to the surveyor of the press, at his office at the Gun in Ivy Lane, and he shall have forty shillings for his pains, with what assurance of secrecy himself shall desire." Such were the means used to keep down public sentiment and trammel the greatest bulwark of English liberty—a free press.

In ages past inquiring men, no lettered page could tell  
How feeble nations rose to power—how potent  
Nations fell,  
Then, was the poor man's night of mind—for teacher  
There was none  
To trace the printed pages, or tell what wonders had  
Been done;  
For in those mind-mist centuries of ages long gone  
By,  
In deep recess of cloister'd cell, hid from the peasant's  
Eye,  
The knowledge of a thousand years, in damp and  
Dusty dress  
Lay, known to few, till light burst forth, all glories,  
From the press.

Personality in Handwriting.

Persons writing naturally do so without thought regarding the peculiar construction of their writing. The hand operates the pen as it were automatically through the sheer force of habit, by which all the innumerable personalities are unconsciously imparted to writing. Learners and forgers think respecting their writing, and hence, the more stiff and formal style of their work; there is wanting the easy, graceful flow apparent in thoughtless or habitual writing. Lines show more of nervousness and hesitancy, while the whole construction of the writing is more exact and formal; and, besides, every different handwriting abounds in well-nigh numberless habitual peculiarities, of which the writer himself is unconscious, and cannot, therefore, avoid. Thus, two other insurmountable difficulties are placed in the way of the forger—first, to observe and imitate all the characteristics of the writing he would simulate; and, second, to note and avoid all the habitual characteristics of his own hand. Habit in writing becomes so fixed and arbitrary (not to mention the great artistic skill required to exactly imitate an unpractised hand), that I do not conceive it to be possible for any one to simulate the writing of another, or to so dissemble his own writing, in any considerable quantity, as to defy detection through a really skilled expert examination.

Church Manners.

The majority of congregations might easily improve their manners and add to the impressiveness of the services. It is a common habit, when the audience are to stand during the singing of a hymn, to wait until the first line is begun, and then run the verse by the confusion of the rising. Again, during the latter part of the last verse the clattering of books into the pew-racks before the close of the song is a serious interference with all devotional effect, and especially so when that opportunity is seized for the putting on of wraps, rubbers, etc. No one would do this during the closing sentences of a prayer; why should it be done during the ascription of praise to God? Hundreds, yea, thousands of Christian people thus thoughtlessly mar the song worship in the sanctuary.

Without content, we shall find it almost as difficult to please others as ourselves.