

carry seven shots about with me myself."

As he spoke he drew up a corner of his vest and gave me a glimpse of a revolver that was stuck into his trousers pocket.

"That's a six shooter," he said, "and I like to have this besides to be handy," saying which he brought out from his breast-pocket a little single-barrelled steel pistol.

I found he was connected with the Government operations for completing the national cemeteries; so that he might be, or might suppose himself to be, more in danger than ordinary men. The disturbed state of the country at the time probably caused an unusually large number to have been always common over a great part of the South. In the South West you will see men in liquor saloons and gambling-houses unbuckle their revolvers and lay them down at their elbows, probably just to warn others that they will be dangerous characters to trifle with. Men who will frequent such places must, of course, take their chance, and are themselves to blame if they get into a brawl at last, and are carved with a bowie-knife, or shot. I am disposed to estimate as very slight the danger which any man really runs, even in the worst parts of the South West, if he is engaged in honest work and attends to his own business. At New Orleans—the wildest city for murders and outrage before the war—I was spending one evening with Mr. McCoard, a Scotchman, who has been there for the greater part of his life, and took the opportunity of questioning him also about this practice of carrying arms.

Mr. McCoard put his finger into his waistcoat pocket and brought forth a small pen-knife with one of the blades broken.

"This," said he, "is the only weapon I have ever carried, and I have been here for thirty years, and have often had occasion to pass at night through the worst parts of the city. But, then, I attended to my own business, and interfered with nobody else."

Those, therefore, who are going out to follow the same wise course need not be alarmed by the reports of outrage and murder which are so continually reaching us through the press. I travelled round the Gulf States myself, visiting town and country, living sometimes in excited districts with Southern men who were supposed to be objects of hatred to the blacks, and sometimes at mission homes supposed to be in danger from the fiery Southerners around, and especially from the members of the mysterious and formidable organisation known as the Ku Klux-Klan. I had also occasion in the course of my inquiries to explore regions where, if I had had any wife or children to mourn my loss, I think I should have considered twice before venturing. And yet, as the readers of the *Herald* know (to their cost), no harm befell me. I prepared myself once or twice for defence when going where I thought my life might be in danger, but I never once needed to touch a weapon, and everywhere else I went about no better armed than Mr. McCoard himself, and had never any more occasion to rue it. Another word on this subject. I had heard a great deal of the fierce and dangerous intolerance of the Southern people. I do not deny that this quality exists, as it also existed to some extent amongst our own forefathers when they were passing through similar crises. But allow me to say for myself, that though in my intercourse with the Southern people subjects of the most exciting description were warmly discussed, and though on many of these our views were totally at variance, I found myself always listened to with patience and treated with the most perfect courtesy.

I confess to having doubts whether the

same patience and courtesy would always have been extended to me had I been what the Southern people call a Yankee. It was a source of constant pain to me, knowing the Northern people as I did, to find them as a people so much misunderstood and so bitterly hated as they are in the South. It was especially painful when I had been spending perhaps a week at a mission home with the teachers—noble, Christian men and women, who had come from the North to devote themselves to the education and evangelisation of the freed-people, and whom I saw busy at their work in the day and night and Sabbath schools, and heard praying with passionate earnestness for its success when we gathered to our morning and evening prayers—it was peculiarly painful to see that the Southern people not only shut out these teachers from all sympathy and all society, but imputed to them motives of the basest character, and would not believe even of the best of them that they had come with any better object than to stir up the black people against their old masters.

It was but one illustration of their antipathy to the whole of the Northern people. Even Northern officers were excluded from Southern society, and I found Southern children in many cases being trained to hate the Yankees as we in Scotland used to be taught to hate the English. Fancy a little girl (a mere child) offering up a prayer like this:—

"O God, bless our folks, but don't you, God, be agoing and blessing the Yankees!" And this the little daughter of a clergyman.

Or fancy a question like this, which I found in a Southern school-book, printed at Raleigh during the war time, for the use of the Dixie children:—

"What interferes with Confederate commerce in the meantime?"

"Answer—The blockade of our ports, established by the infamous and hellish Yankee nation."

All this is very sad, but it is true; and needs to be told if the strange and exasperated state of Southern feeling, especially during the progress of the war, would be adequately realised.

I feel bound to say that this bitterness of feeling is almost entirely on the Southern side. In the North I heard almost nothing expressed but compassion for the South in her desolation and bereavement, regret that the war had become necessary, and sincere desire (the war being over and the new principles established) to live with the Southern people on terms of cordial friendship. Anything like bitterness of feeling was the exception; while truth compels me to say that in the South it was unhappily not the exception but the rule. Of course the exasperation caused in the South by loss and humiliation and defeat must not be forgotten. Magnanimity and kindness of feeling are virtues much easier of practice to the victor than to the vanquished. And yet it is deeply to be regretted that the Southern people hold themselves aloof and cherish feelings of contempt and hatred for the North, which a better acquaintance with the Northern people would inevitably dissipate. I was glad to see that in some cases this state of things was already changing for the better. And now that slavery, the great wall of partition, is thrown down, and intercourse between North and South is daily increasing, it is most earnestly to be hoped, and my, I think be confidently anticipated, that the two peoples, coming to know each other better, will come to love and honour and respect each other more.

Jeff. Davis is living quietly in private apartments in London.

We take the following extract from the *Times'* correspondent's account of the Prince of Wales' visit to Constantinople.

If the Prince's caïque is seen on the water, guards are turned out along all the batteries, and the strains of music are borne on every breeze that blows. Yards are manned and crews turned out on the slightest provocation. The least wish is an order. It appears that the Sultan retains lively recollections of his own reception in England, and desires to express his sense of it; and his subjects are, we hear, equally anxious that the guests of his majesty should feel they are conscious of the honors that were paid to him, and of the friendly offices of Great Britain in their time of trouble. There is a great change in the *materiel* and *personnel* of Constantinople. After the great fire of '54, orders were given that no houses of wood should be erected in future, and there are great open spaces yet to be filled up in Stamboul. There is gas in all the main streets on both sides of the Golden Horn. The water supply is abundant. But the change in the aspect of the population is not so gratifying to the eye. The grand old turban is rarely seen. Moolahs and "fanatics"—i.e., men who believe are the only people who wear them; and the fez, in all its ugliness, is the universal substitute. The women have discarded the great yellow papposes of slippers, and toddle about in patent leather spring boots of the newest Franklin fashion. Their yashmaks are made of the thinnest stuff, but they still retain the most charming of all dresses, though we hear that crinolines are not unknown beneath those flowing robes of silk. There is an excellent and numerous police force, and many old Crimean and Indian officers would be pleased and astonished to see Tuner Bey, Kotwal of Shahjahanpore, acting as Superintendent of it, an old servant of the Crown in India during the mutiny, although he is by birth a Mussulman of Constantinople. The "sick man," to the outward eye, has shaken off all signs of the incurable disease from which he was supposed to be suffering so dreadfully. The troops are well equipped, and armed with Snider conversions and Boxer cartridges. The artillery are provided with still muzzle loading rifle guns, on the Armstrong principle, made in the Constantinople arsenals, and to-day the Turks could put 800,000 men in the field. Hobart Pasha, who is believed by many to have saved Europe from a war, is reorganising the navy with his utmost energy, and there are now four heavy iron-clads in the Bosphorus, which look fit for any work that may be demanded of them.

PRINCE ARTHUR IN IRELAND.

The Queen's contract with the clerk of the weather does not appear to extend to her children. Prince Arthur has been having anything but "Queen's weather" in Ireland. For him the National Anthem has had a new but scarcely improved version, though "Long to rain over us" was at least a truthful description of facts. To make up for the absence of the sun there has been an abundance of loyalty, which is "still the same" in cloud or sunshine. Even the weather gave the Prince an opportunity of gratifying the Irish national feeling, for it induced him to invest in a Waterford overcoat, and to vest himself in it. The cheers which greeted him at "Cashel of the kings" were something startling. Clearly they did not speak without reason who said that an important part of the Irish question was the residence of a Royal Prince in Ireland.