

after, taken down to a house that I saw, a house standing alone in a field, and there flogged severely. When told to strip she indignantly refused, and—tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon!—the great Southern General with his own hands stripped the girl to the waist and stood by while she received her punishment. I heard the girl's own sister tell the story, most unwillingly, for she seemed to have a great regard for her old master, and she told these things only in reply to the questioning of a colonel of the army who was with us. The system is so bitter and bad, that when it touches even a noble nature it turns it sour, and burns all the gentler feelings out of it. A thing quite as disreputable although in another way, was told us of Davis, on unquestionable authority. And the state of things to which I refer existed at the very time when he was appointing days of fasting and prayer, and issuing most religious manifestoes. (Commotion.) But enough, I hate to refer to these things. The men have failed in a great enterprise, and they deserve the consideration which magnanimity always affords to the vanquished. But it was a moral enterprise, or rather an immoral one; and it is right that those who had Southern proclivities should know what stuff their heroes are made of. I wish them no evil. I hope Lee may spend the remainder of his days in peace, and that Jefferson Davis may never come nearer the "Sour Apple Tree" than he is at present. But never shall their names be written on my list of heroes; and as often as I think of the starvation of the tens of thousands of helpless prisoners, brave men, officers among them, while food in plenty was close by, I shall say with a shudder of repugnance and execration, 'My soul, come not thou into their secret, and unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united.'

Dr. Raleigh next declared his conviction that the Americans, as a whole, were a peaceful people, "that therefore the world has nothing, or very little, to fear from the growth of their power." Then follows a picture from New England:

"I could like to say a little—indeed, I could like to say a great deal—about New England life as I saw it, that quiet normal country life, and town life too, which is the present product of their history and their institutions, and which to me is the surest auspice and promise of their future greatness. One cannot tell all the little things in daily life and travel that go form general impressions—the sights seen, the persons met with, the conversations held: one can hardly even remember them. I only know this, that my impression is, that I have never seen anywhere in the world—not even in this dear old England,—a state of society on the whole, so good as I saw in the heart of New England. We have here, as I believe, in some of the upper parts of English society, a more perfect culture and nobler things, than any they possess. But then we have the dreadful background; we have our lower classes—dark, degraded, dangerous, a phenomenon quite or almost unknown among them. None are poor to dependence or starvation; none are ignorant. Their land enriches them with plenty, their common schools inform and enlighten them, their free religious teaching is the power of God unto the salvation of very many of them, and it is a moral safeguard to them all. Their best is not equal to our best, but their common is better than our common, and their worst is far less ominous than our worst. Why should this be incredible or strange to us? Is not all this just the outcome that we ought to expect of the dear old principles we hold and propagate? I stood one day on a hill-top near Northampton, commanding a vast and various view, one of the finest of the kind in the whole world. We had crept up slowly—a gentleman of Northampton and myself—for it was a hot summer day), through the leafy woods, now admiring the beauty of the foliage, and now talking of the past and the present, of England and America, when all at once we emerged from the umbrage and stood upon the hill-top. There came to my lips in a moment some lines of Thomson's "Seasons," which had been in memory since boyhood, and which I had always thought rather mythical considered as the description of an actual scene: