

forth his groans. The first twenty-five lashes generally fetched blood; the first hundred would tear the flesh almost to pieces, and before he had received the whole of his punishment, the blood would run copiously down his back into his shoes, flooding the ground. In this situation, with his back mangled as if ravenous dogs had fed upon it, the poor culprit would in vain beg for mercy; sometimes he would fill the air with his groans and howlings, and beg for the remission of half the sentence, exclaiming like Cain, 'My punishment is greater than I can bear.' But no; the cruel appetite of the colonel must be glutted to its full; he would stand unmoved at the painful and bloody spectacle, and sometimes biting his lips (one of his peculiarities), would walk in front of the troops as unconcerned, as if the scene before him was one of the most pleasing nature. But not so with the soldiers, for their hearts were touched with compassion, and many of them fainted and fell to the ground; and others turned their heads from beholding the inhuman spectacle. These punishments were always attended within the barracks-yard, and every entrance to the streets closed, to prevent the inhabitants from obtaining a knowledge of what was transpiring. And, indeed, well they might seclude their diabolical deed; for it was too barbarous for humanity to look upon and not weep. It was a punishment as bitter as death!—a punishment which the heathen savages, in comparison with civilized England, would shudder to inflict upon their vilest enemy. After the execution, a wet cloth was thrown on the back of the prisoner, and he was conveyed to the hospital, more dead than alive, to be cured; which would take from a month to six weeks, if he ever recovered at all. Such indeed has been the horrid effects of this punishment, that many have been known to die in receiving it, and others have had their flesh whipped off, so that their bowels have fallen out."

“THE TRIUMPH OF PEACE.”

Our President, more than a year ago, visited Dickinson College, Pa.; and we suspect that this beautiful volume, in part an offering on the shrine of peace, should be regarded as an indirect result of his labors there. His hand has been scattering far and wide the seeds of peace; and we already begin to witness the fruits in different parts of our country. The author, from whose preface alone we infer that he was graduated at Dickinson College last year, has chosen to conceal his name; but, if he does not belie the promise of this youthful effort, his name must, sooner or later, be known. A fine spirit pervades the whole volume; and from the principal poem, delivered at the time of his receiving his first degree, and unanimously requested by his classmates for the press, we quote a few specimens.

“Though bards of eld and modern times,
 Warmed with poetic fire,
 Have strung the chords, and swept the strings,
 Of many a ‘living lyre,’

The invocations of their songs
 Have wakened into life,
 Malignant fiends that flit around
 The deadly battle-strife;
 And the deep thrilling notes they sung,
 Along the bristling ranks of war have rung.
 If I may breathe an humble note
 Amid that noble throng,
 The stirring praise of murderous war
 Shall not inflame my song:
 I'll sing the softer strains of Peace,
 The favorite child of Love,
 Whose smiles irradiate the fields
 Of endless bliss above:
 And O, do 'Thou my voice inspire,
 Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!'"

"The dark and fathomless abyss of hell
 Sent from its dismal dungeon-depths a yell
 With most intense and frenzied torment rife;
 Then, with his thirsty and accursed knife,
 The primal murderer o'er his victim stood,
 And bathed his weapon in his brother's blood:
 The stained earth sent up to heaven a cry,
 And the sun's blushing darkened all the sky;
 The pit sent forth a desolating breath
 To mark the spot which crowned the monarch Death.
 And from that hour of crime, by Heaven abhorred,
 Man with his fellow-man has ever warred.
 Terrific Discord o'er his couch has stood,
 And Slaughter slaked his burning thirst with blood;
 Malignant Envy, of foul hell the spawn,
 Has waked his slumber long before the dawn,
 And unrelenting Hate, from shore to shore,
 Has made the earth to blush with human gore:
 The cloud of war has shrouded the sun's light,
 And baleful watch-fires broke the gloom of night."

"Go to the field! see fierceness of despair
 From the strained eyes of dying wretches glare!
 What racking recollections of his home,
 And widowed mother, to that young heart come!
 How many a brilliant hope and glorious dream
 Is drowned in the outgushing of life's stream!
 How many a groan, unutterably deep,
 Woos the crushed heart to its unbroken sleep!
 The foul bird battens on the fallen form
 Whose spirit fattens the undying worm.
 O! Mercy weeps to view the battle-field
 Where all that's noble in man's breast must yield,
 While, in their frenzy, passions black and foul
 As those which from a devil's features scowl,
 Reign uncontrolled, and the loud voice of hell,
Io triumphe! shouts amid the swell
 Of martial notes; and in the armor's sheen,
 And cannon's blazing, the reflection's seen
 Of that unbounded lake of quenchless fire
 Which lights for damned souls their funeral pyre!"