

punishment practised in the Austrian Army; for example: "Desertion and other serious offences are punished by running the gauntlet. The soldier condemned by a court-martial to this punishment is stripped to the hips, and compelled to pass and re-pass ten, fifteen, twenty, or thirty times, through one or several battalions of infantry, ranged in two lines face to face: the space between the two lines is three or four paces broad. Each soldier, furnished with a willow stick, strikes the culprit as he passes, with his whole might, on the bare back. As a precautionary measure, the soldiers are furnished with several sticks, in case of their breaking. If the unfortunate faints, and cannot any longer proceed, he is then laid on a bench, and the soldiers, passing and re-passing at the ordinary step, strike him as he lies. If he dies under the blows, which often happens, (as I personally witnessed in 1808 and 1809) they strike the body until the number of blows are completed. After passing a few times the length of a battalion, composed of from eight hundred to a thousand men, the flesh of the back falls off in pieces, and very often the entrails protrude through the lacerated sides."

If, after the punishment, the wretched creature is able to rise, he is made to drag himself to the commanding-officer, bow himself to the ground, and thank him in these words—*habe dand*—(receive thanks!) Is not that, good-reader, a picture disgusting and degrading, and worthy of the devil's hand? But thank God! Clemency is displacing Cruelty, and many years shall not pass away, before such horrors will be only read of in the melancholy history of "Man's inhumanity to Man."

That the criminal should be restrained (if unhappily beyond reclaim), there cannot be two opinions about; but shedding his blood, does not restrain those who behold the execution. The annals of crime demonstrate that fact. Then, why is he executed! If hanging a human being, or shooting him, will deter all who behold the awful spectacle from the commission of crime,—then the argument for putting to death is a good one,—but if the spectacle does not deter (and it does not), then is it a monstrous argument, most wicked and most false.

The cruel Persecution for religious belief, which has stained and disfigured so many pages of history, affords another proof, how natural it is to mankind to use compulsion, force, instead of kind persuasion and benevolent restraint. How many thousands of men and women have suffered torture, and even death, under the especial direction of men impiously and insolently calling themselves Christian Ministers! because they dissented, or were suspected of dissent, from the dogmas and doctrines of Churches or Sects! The fires of Smithfield are an example in point. The more were burnt, the more there were to burn; and so with the soldiery is it, the more are flogged, the more there are to flog. The fact is, man is an animal who will not be driven: he may be led, and is led,—but he will not be compelled to any thing. Gentleness, Mercy,

Benevolence, Kindness, are the sure conquerors of Vice and Immorality. They are the distinguishing features of Christianity, and may we be permitted to add, of Odd Fellowship. Would that all of us bore more constantly in mind that noble line of the Poet:—

"To err, is Human; to forgive, Divine."

In our Lodges, nightly, is the soft, sweet, voice of Gentleness, in melodious accents, heard discoursing of Benevolence and Good-will to man on earth. It is presumed, therefore, these observations are a proper offering for the *Odd Fellows' Record*, and as such, they are tendered.

H.

(For the *Odd Fellows' Record*.)

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A CONVICT.\*

BY "Y-LE."

CHAP. IX.—RETURN TO HOBART TOWN.—THE TRIAL.—AN UNEXPECTED FRIEND.—SENTENCE OF DEATH AND ITS COMMUTATION.—FELLOW UNFORTUNATES.—THE DEATH AT SEA.—A CONVICTS FUNERAL.—ARRIVAL AT MACQUARIE HARBOUR.—ANOTHER APPOINTMENT AS COXSWAIN.

BEING at length beyond the sound of the howling of the dogs, I again took my seat at the stern of the boat, the constables having placed me in that position in order that they might have an opportunity of watching my movements. By firing upon one of the soldiers, and also wounding one of themselves when they captured me, I was looked upon as a determined and dangerous character. They had promised the farmer not to use me harshly, but they took the precaution to have their guns laying alongside of them, after having loaded them with ball in my presence. Neither of them spoke a word, and my mind was busy enough in revolving fears for the future, to keep me in meditation, and thus the thought of again attempting escape had no place in my ruminations. The day was beautiful and calm, the little air that passed along the surface of the sea being just sufficient to catch the curling waves at the top, throwing them into beautiful and variegated particles as the rays of the sun descended upon them. Afar on the bosom of the ocean the eye might distinguish a lone and solitary sea-bird, buoyantly breasting wave after wave, and, like some aerial spirit after its mission to earth had been completed, it again soared aloft in its flight of sweet and blessed freedom.

My mind was full of gloomy fears, and I continued to muse until aroused by the loud voice of some one hailing the constables. On looking up, I saw another boat rowed by two men, who were proceeding in another direction. The strangers seemed to be aware of the errand on which my captors had gone, for no sooner had they come within a short distance of our boat, than one of them exclaimed—

"Halloo, Jack, you have nailed him at last."

"Ay, ay," returned the party who had been addressed.