

the number of their fighting men, in sending culprits to the rear to undergo various periods of imprisonment for every punishable offence that occurs? According to this rule, it might very soon happen that one-half of the division or brigade would find itself engaged in guarding the other half as prisoners.

They must be in possession of a more summary check: deprive them of that check, by doing away with corporal punishment, and you must never attempt to send an army into the field. The consequences of such mistaken humanity are too obvious, and no general officer would be so foolish as to assume the command.

Sometimes too, in peaceable times, on the line of march, it may be indispensable to resort to it; but the number of lashes in every case, if you wish to retain the man's services, should never exceed five-and-twenty. This chastisement will be sufficient to recal the most turbulent and refractory soldier to a proper sense of his error, and will not disable him for resuming the march, or performing any other duty.

It is only in such cases, and to such an extent that I ever could approve of the use of the "cats." In settled quarters a commanding officer, unwilling to incur the charge of cruelty, will not find it necessary to have recourse to them.

They are never used in the French army; and we, the most enlightened and civilized nation on the face of the globe—men who tremble at the horrors of the Guillotine, turn pale at the bare name of the Spanish Inquisition, endow plans of education and chairs of humanity; expend millions in improving the social condition of the sable African; we, who reproach other States for trafficking in human flesh, are cast into hysterics when the screams of the Virginian black, suffering under the excruciating lash of his master, wafted over the expansive ocean by the western breeze, appeal to our sympathies;—in the teeth of all this fuss, in the middle of the nineteenth century, when civilization, refinement, and humanity have arrived at the highest point of perfection,—with one of England's sons, lacerated and torn, stretched before us upon his lowly bier;—one of those brave fellows whose indomitable valor and stern submission to command, vanquished on their own ground the chosen masses of the French nation, headed by the greatest soldier that ever waved a sword or led an army to battle,—and emblazoned Wellington's name on a pinnacle of martial renown hitherto unattained by any other subject.—With this sad revolting spectacle before us, and the recollection of that glorious achievement, not yet faded from our memories, we sit calmly down, and unblushingly proclaim to an astonished world, that the discipline of our noble army, in its settled quarters, in time of peace, with the laws of the realm within our reach, cannot be maintained without the torturing aid of the lash!!!