

rom the time of his offence to that of punishment endured three weeks, and the excitement of fear of death, in the first place, and subsequently he was wan, and worn, seemed when he came on deck, on the, to him, fatal morning, more fit for the hospital than the torture.

It was a few minutes before eight o'clock in the morning, when the first Lieutenant of the ship ordered me to take charge of the launch, and see the punishment carried into effect. Had he given me order to mount the sides of an enemy's frigate, at the head of a launch's crew, it would not have distressed me half so much; as I might have considered that my good luck might bring me a broken head or a Lieutenant's commission; but here was a service devoid of honor and full of painful consequences, from which, however, there was no chance of escape. I must needs obey; and the heaviest, bitterest hour of my life was when I stepped into the boat to superintend the infliction of five hundred lashes on the back of poor Evan Evans.

It was on a dull, misty gloomy morning, towards the end of October, and there were ten lines of battle ships and frigates lying in the Downs, alongside of each of which was to receive fifty lashes with the cat-o-nine tails, or 4,500 strokes in all. The launch of a line-of-battle ship is a large wide boat, which may contain easily from thirty to forty men. On this occasion it was to be taken in tow by otherboats, and, therefore, there was no rowers in the boat. Its crew consisted of the steersman, four active seamen, to superintend the holding on the boat when alongside the different ships, and to attend to the fastenings which were to be passed round the knees and elbows of the prisoner; also two others, (his own messmates,) to place or remove the blankets around him, as occasion might require, give him water, &c.; also the drummer, who was placed in the bow to beat the Rogue's March while passing from ship to ship; the surgeon, to watch the pulse; the master-at-arms, to count the lashes, four marines, with fixed bayonets; and, lastly, myself to command the boat.

The boats from the fleet, one from each ship, with an officer and six or eight seamen, and two or more marines in each, were now assembled round the ship by signal; and exactly at a quarter past eight o'clock, the prisoner, in charge of the master-at-arms, came down the side, and stepped into the boat, in which I had already taken my station. The seats of the boat were covered with gratings, and above them was erected a stage, consisting of two triangles, one at each end of the boat, between which were lashed two strong and long poles. To these poles the knees and arms of the prisoner were fastened with small cords, and he being stripped all but his trowsers, was then covered with a blanket tied round his waist, and another thrown over his shoulders.

The men on board were next ordered up to the rigging, so that every person onboard might see the whole operation. The Captain, taking off his hat, which was followed by all on board, and in the boats which were lying on their oars, within ear-shot, then proceeded to read the sentence of the Court-Martial.—This effected, the boatswain of the ship appeared in the launch; the blanket was removed from the culprit's shoulders, and he (the boatswain) in solemned, and groaned, and struggled; but all this, like the struggles of the dying sheep under the knife of the butcher, passed unheeded. The boatswain returned on board, and two boat-swain's mate came down and completed the number of fifty lashes. The blanket was immediately thrown over his shoulders, the people were piped down out of the rigging.—I gave the word of command to shove off, and the boats which took the launch in tow began to row towards the Admiral's ship, the drummer striking up the Rogue's March. The origin of this idea of having music in the boat was no doubt to drown the groans of the sufferer, lest the ordinary feelings of humanity should revolt against the barbarous practice of so mutilating the body of a fellow-creature.

A quarter of an hour elapsed, during which the poor Welshman's groans mixed with the vile sounds of the drum, and we were again alongside of a large two-decked ship, the men of which exhibited themselves in the rigging on our approach. The towing boats lay on their oars we looked on to the ship, and three stout fellows jumped into the launch, with each, a new cat-o-nine-tails ready in his hand, prepared to expend his strength on the back of the sufferer. The first Lieutenant of the ship came to the gangway. I handed him a copy of the sentence, which he read aloud to the crew, and the boatswain's mate removed the jackets ready for the infliction. The cats, as I have just observed, were new; their lashes or tails were made of strong white cord, just the thickness of a common quill; and the glue or size, which is worked into a cord, had not been removed by soaking in water; they curled up, and were literally almost as stiff as wires. As officer of the boat, I objected to their being used, for the first time, on the poor man; others were procured, which had been well worn, and told many a tale of suffering. He looked at me gratefully, and said, in a weak voice, "I thank ye, sir."

The blanket was removed and I observed the poor fellow shudder, as the cold air struck the bleeding sore on his flesh. The next moment a heavy lash fell on it, and his screams were agonizing. He received a dozen lashes, and then began to cry out for water. The punishment was stopped till he had taken some. He told me, that at this period, the thirst he felt became insupportable, and that each lash caused a violent burning pain at his heart, and seemed to fall like the blows of a large sick on his body; but that the flesh was too dead to feel that stinging smart, he felt at first and when the flogging was removed.

The same scene was repeated alongside two other ships, with the like interval of misery to the sufferer, and of disgust and vexation to myself for ever becoming one of the many unfeeling wretches, who were so seriously occupied in torturing this poor wretch.—Perhaps many others felt as disgusted as I did. Two hundred lashes had now been inflicted with a cat-o-nine-tails, or eighteen hundred strokes with a cord of the thickness of a quill. The flesh, from the nape of the neck to below the shoulder-blades, was one deep purple mass, from which the blood oozed slowly. At every stroke a low groan escaped, and the flesh quivered with a sort of convulsive twitch; the eyes were closed, and the poor man began to faint. Water was administered, and pungent salts applied to his

nostrils, which presently revived him in a slight degree.

At this period I gave the doctor a hint, by asking the master-at-arms, in a loud tone, how many lashes the prisoner had received, "Two hundred lashes exactly, sir," was the reply. I knew this very well; but it answered the purpose; for I saw the Doctor look at me, and then order him to be taken down. This was instantly done, and I ordered a fast boat in the vicinity to take him on board. The poor fellow was laid on some blankets in the stern sheets, the sail hoisted, and in a quarter of an hour he was in his hammock in the sick berth, and the Doctor was engaged dressing his wounds. Five weeks after this, I was again compelled to superintend a further mutilation of the back of poor Evans. This time he looked more miserable than ever; his frame was shrunken and his cheeks fallen; and when his shirt was removed, I observed that the wounds barely healed over, and that all about the sides of them there were dark discolorations, which indicated a state of disease. I was surprised that the medical men allowed him to be again taken out for punishment. The first six lashes, given by the arm of an Herculean Irishman, brought the bloods pouring out from the old wounds, and then almost every blow brought away morsels of skin and flesh.

It would be disgusting the reader to detail again the minutiae of his second flogging. Suffice it to say, that the poor fellow fainted when he had received another 150 lashes; but Surgeon deeming him still capable of a little more punishment, another thirty-three were inflicted. A second faint and a convulsive action of the guard ship; and having taken 383 lashes, the remaining 117 were remitted by order of the Admiral. The ship sailed for a cruise in the North Sea; and some months after, we heard that poor Evan Evans had been sent to the prison at Marshalsea, where he fell into a consumption and ended his days. This was just what I had expected; for it was clear that the first flogging had given the death-blow to the unfortunate Welshman.

PLANTERS' BANNER.

D. DENNETT, EDITOR.

PRAXLIN, La., THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1849.

OFF FOR CALIFORNIA.—Quite a number of the citizens of this parish started for California on Tuesday last. Some of them go across the country, others by way of Chagres. They are a hardy, energetic set of fellows, and will be sure to see the diggings in due time. They usually go well prepared for the business in which they are to engage. We wish them success, but we fear they will meet severe hardships and privations before their return.

Mr. Lewis R. Curtis gives notice this week that he is prepared to collect notes, accounts, &c., and invites the attention of steamboat captains to the fact that he will pay particular attention to the collection of steamboat accounts. He will prove an efficient agent to all who employ him.

THE PLANTATION GRINDSTONE.—Many planters are not aware how much is lost yearly by having a bad plantation grindstone, and by not requiring their negroes to keep their hoes, axes, spades, &c., in the best of order. If a grindstone is too coarse, or too hard, or not of the proper grit, it is difficult to put a good edge on an axe with it, and the consequence is that a negro requires eight or nine hours of hard work to chop an amount of wood that, with an axe in good order, could be easily done in six hours. Any one can easily conceive that there is a vast difference between chopping with an axe having a thick, dull edge, and with one having a thin, sharp edge.

Suppose there are on a plantation twenty-four hands, who lose each one hour out of twelve by chopping with a dull axe. That would be losing the work of two entire hands each day, or two years' work in a year. This is an item of much importance. A dull hoe, or a dull spade causes a loss of time equally great. Let every planter have a good grindstone, cost what it may, and let every overseer see that the utensils we have named be kept, if possible, always sharp, and the importance of this regulation will be at once discovered.

OVER CROPPING.—We have often been astonished at the practice of over-cropping so common in this parish. We were conversing upon this subject with one of our most intelligent and successful planters, a few days since, and his remarks struck us with much force.

He is of the opinion that a planter can make more money by cultivating seven acres to the hand than by cultivating more than that amount. His reasons are these.

His hands are not overworked, are therefore vigorous and strong, and are able to perform much labor in a short time when the state of the crop demands it.

He can run his plough through the ground often which does not give the weed and grass a chance to get a start.

He can keep his crop perfectly clean and highly cultivated in spite of foul weather.

He can have his land thoroughly ditched, and the ditches kept in fine order, which is highly important to every plantation.

He can make much more cane to the acre by such cultivation, and can make plenty of corn and fodder to keep his horses and stock thrifty and strong.

He can make up his crop without hiring hands and without waste or losing part of it by late freezes.

He can supply himself with an abundance of wood, and can keep all of his fences in prime order.

He is less liable to suffer losses by the sickness or death of his negroes and horses, and is better prepared to carry out a thorough system of economy in all departments of his business.

We heard ideas somewhat similar advanced last year by one of the best overseers on the Lafourche. He stated that with but seven acres to the hand, if he could get a good stand of cane in the spring, he could make a good crop in spite of rain or drought, grass, weeds, &c., or anything else. He stated that seven acres to the hand are as much as should ever be put under cultivation.

"Tempest in a Teapot."

There is a little newspaper, about the size of the "Planters' Banner," published at Alexandria, Lou., bearing the title of "Western Democrat." It has an editor of ordinary dimensions, and he is capable of writing a right smart article. He is courteous too, for we have lately noticed in his paper something in which there were the strongest symptoms of courtesy. In short, this "Western Democrat," of Feb. 28th, contains a most execrating article in relation to an article put forth in the Banner some weeks since relative to Mr. Calhoun's southern address.

The editor of the Democrat says that we "Commenced by finding fault with the style of the Address." We are happy to inform this verdant sprig of Democracy that we did not commence with anything of the kind. The following is the language we used:

"We have perused this Address (Mr. Calhoun's) with much care, and must say that we were much disappointed in its tone and character. It was drawn up with the most scrupulous care—from appearance, every sentiment, word and syllable must have passed through the most rigid examination."

Does the above look like finding fault with the style of the Address? Such an idea never entered our minds. That promising youth must have been dreaming over some spirited review, the language of which he must have confounded with our opinions of the Address. This erring dreamer should wake up, and endeavor to scratch a brighter idea out of his head next time.

He farther remarks:

"It is difficult to conceive how any man having charge of a southern press can thus vilify a gray-haired patriot." We never vilified the patriot Calhoun, Mr. Democrat! but it we had done it, it need not shock the editor of a Democratic newspaper, for Mr. Calhoun, in several instances, has been abused by the Democratic press, in the most shameful, heartless, piratical manner; and by that same press he has been stigmatized as a traitor, and in contempt called "John Catiline Calhoun." It is ludicrous to see a Democratic editor going into spasms on account of a very moderate article in relation to the old politician. Why, the outrageous slanders put forth last year by the Democratic press, against our noble hearted Old Zack, were enough to damn a nation. The Democratic press is black with the stains of libels, false charges and venomous wholesale abuse against Henry Clay, John Quincy Adams, when nearly eighty years of age, was jeered and ridiculed on the floor of Congress by young Democrats—an outrage which should make a clown or a criminal blush with a sense of the deepest shame. If our mild article shocked the feelings of the sensitive Democrat, the slanders proceeding from his own editorial fraternity should produce paralysis or apoplectic fits. But we perceive that he is of that class, spoken of in old times, "who strain at a gnat and swallow a camel."

The indignant critic, speaking of other remarks of ours, says:

"Such baseness chills the blood, and calls up feelings which reason alone can restrain."

If baseness chills his blood, he will find enough among his own editorial brethren to freeze him up so solid that Satan's fires could not thaw him. We are sorry to see that he is afflicted with an excess of the more elevated faculties.

Our crusty snapping-turtle goes on to state that "The editor enumerates the grounds of complaint set forth by Mr. Calhoun and with the impudence of hell's high priest, places in juxtaposition the complaints of northern Abolitionists." We were ignorant, Mr. Democrat, that hell had any high priest, until you apprised us of the fact. As Democratic editors, in such matters, are better informed than their Whig brethren, we will admit that hell has a high priest, and we thank the priest adopted for the information he has given us. If they have a regular Apostolic succession in the priesthood, probably Mr. Polk will be entitled to priestly honors before long. As it regards "the complaints of Abolitionists," we presented them to our readers in connection with Mr. Calhoun's Address, to show the position which the north maintains in regard to the South. We presented them in precisely the light in which they have been held up to the northern people and to Congress for years. Nothing is more foolish or more stupid than the idea that we should keep ourselves in profound ignorance of the actual position and complaints of the north. Let us understand them all, and let the north understand the true complaints of the South, and let their difficulties be settled on reasonable grounds. We say—away with you Democratic gags, veils and stampedes, and give us an "open field and fair play."

Our unsparring critic goes on to make many other smart statements and wise comparisons. The following is decidedly ahead of *Æsop*—

"The position of the scribbler reminds us of the picture we have seen of a rat playing with a lion's tail." This is Greek or Mormon to us. How J. C. Calhoun's Address can bear any similarity to a lion's tail, or what resemblance there can be between the editor of the Banner examining this address, and a "rat playing with a lion's tail," we are at a loss to conjecture. If John C. Calhoun is the lion, it would seem proper to compare the address to something in the neighborhood of the head. The critic is decidedly deficient in taste or he would have made a more tasty comparison. The nigger's remark that a "cow is no more like a horse than but your head against a stone wall" is about on a parallel with the lion and rat comparison.

But, as the "Western Democrat" appears to be a sort of door-yard cur, or natural appendage to Mr. Calhoun, he probably assumes that he himself is the tail of the lion, and this may account for the fact that he takes our remarks so personal as he appears to; but we must be allowed to express our astonishment that the devotee selected so dishonorable a part to attach himself to. The office of jackal would be more enviable than that of the tail of the beast; but the caprices of taste are sometimes very remarkable.

After more than a column of misrepresentation, false inferences, wit, humor, sarcasm, irony, corn-field logic and fish market eloquence, the lion's tail sweeps us from the board, and winds up with the following touching soliloquy:

"We now take leave of the 'Planters' Banner' forever, having erased it from our exchange list. Under no circumstances whatever would

we touch it with a ten foot pole."

Magnanimous resolution! You make a furious attack upon one who has never treated you un courteously, and, to avoid the possibility of a defense on his part you coolly inform him that you wish to have nothing more to do with him. The carion-crow, after having glutted his filthy appetite upon a putrid carcass, flaps his clumsy wings and flies to his silent roost. We can bear to be barked at by a dog, hissed at by a goose, or brayed at by an ass; but for our earthy remains to be preyed upon by hideous birds, is an insult that "calls up feelings which reason alone can restrain." The insult offered by the dog to the dead lion is perfect politeness compared to it.

That the promising youth who figures in the "Western Democrat" may not suffer himself to be grieved about these things in future, we recommend that he remain as quiet as possible. When he becomes fretful he will do well to retire to his cradle and take a refreshing nap; and while his nurse is rocking his little resting place she should sing the following touching ode, taken from that excellent Democratic publication called the "Youths Penny Gazette."

Sleep, baby, sleep,
Till dawn to-morrow!
Why shouldn't thou weep,
Who knows't no sorrow?
Too soon come pains and fears;
Too soon a cause for tears;
So from thy future years,
No sadness borrow.

Solomon advises us to "answer a fool according to his folly." Whether we have succeeded in following his advice, let our readers judge. We would remind the "Western Democrat" that it is imprudent for those who live in glass houses to make war on their neighbors.

The Whig Convention.

Since last Thursday we have had an opportunity of seeing several of our Whig friends on Bayou Sale, and have conversed with them and with many others in relation to the coming Convention. Their views and feelings are precisely what we would wish them to be: not that they point out the candidates which suit our fancy, but that they say with one voice and one heart "let our Parish officers be sound-hearted Whigs, and let us no longer be led by the nose, and tampered with, by the Democrats." Our party are opening their eyes to the humiliating fact, that for twenty years, terminating on the 4th of March, the Democrats have had the control of our general government, and have thrust those of their own party into every office into which they could be crowded, and have rewarded the magnanimity of the Whigs with inveterate opposition and the most unsparring proscription. Our friends are opening their eyes to the fact that the Whigs of this parish have hitherto been notoriously duped by the cunning and plausible no-party professions of the Democrats. They begin to feel that these professions are false, and that we, as a party, degrade ourselves by selecting our candidates for office from among those who are at heart our most bitter enemies and unsparring opponents. We glory in this spirit which see evinced among our Whig friends. Our self-respect imperiously demands that we show these wily Democrats that their professions are not always kept in subjection to their secret opponents.

From what we can discover, the Whigs intend to come up to the Convention strong handed, and in the spirit of the most perfect harmony. They know that the craft of the Democrats will be employed to divide and weaken us, and they appear determined to come up to the convention in the spirit of forbearance and compromise, resolved to go heart and hand for those candidates whom the majority of our party may select.

We hope that no Whig will suffer himself to be over-reached by the artful brotherly pretensions of electioneering Democrats, nor on any consideration allow himself to promise his vote to any Democrat who may or may not solicit it. Be assured that that party, which for twenty years have monopolized nearly all the offices in the country, know how to attack the weak points of our defense; and they never despair of securing to themselves all of the offices, though the Whigs may out-number them two to one.

It is to be hoped that no more pledges will be made to any candidate before the meeting of the convention, that we may then vote, untrammelled by previous promises, for those whom we may think the most worthy of our votes.—These pledges to vote for any particular candidates, are contrary to Whig principles. They bind us to do what we may afterwards find to be highly detrimental to the interests of the party. Our decisions should not be unalterably fixed, nor should our hands be tied, until we have the most positive proofs that we are right.

As it regards the candidates to be selected, we have strong preferences, but we are ready to fling those preferences to the wind when we find that the majority of the Whigs do not sanction our choice. It is folly for any man to throw a random vote barely because he has a right to do so. We have the right to vote as we choose, though the convention may oppose us; but it would be the height of folly to split up and weaken the party for the sake of exercising this right.

Our Whig brethren should bear it in mind that our general government is now under the control of the Whigs, that we have the fairest of prospects before us, and can retain the power and secure the blessings which may be secured by Whig principles, but that these never can be secured to us while Democrats are permitted to have such an exclusive control of the offices of the country.

What good has our Whig majority ever done in this parish? Democrats profess to feel the necessity of putting into office every Democrat that is available, and it appears that the Whigs have believed in helping them do it. What are our majorities good for? The same object would be attained if we were in the minority, viz: the election of Democratic officers. Have we no Whigs that are capable of filling our offices? If we have not let us impart some from Whig states. If we feel more sympathy for Democratic office-seekers than for honorable and worthy members of our own party, if we like their policy and measures better than our own, then let us join their party and no longer be called "Whigs."

As it regards the men to be selected from amongst us, let every Whig use his own judgment unbiased by the opinion of any man.—Let the ballot box at the convention express

the actual preference of every Whig, regardless of every other person's opinion. And when the majority of the party have agreed upon the candidates, the minority should respect their views, and unite with them to a man, and use every fair and honorable measure in their power to secure the election of their party selections.

Nullification Waking up.

Ever since we first read Calhoun's Southern Address, we have entertained the opinion that it was intended as the foundation of a wild revolutionary movement. The complaints themselves we do not object to. There are many glaring facts in them that ought to be indelibly impressed upon the mind of every American citizen. But there was an evident intention beneath those smooth sentences and mild words to conceal the most dangerous designs. Though there was nothing said about appealing to arms, the subject was strongly hinted at. It was intended as a calm that precedes the hurricane. There was a deep malignity in it which aimed at something far beyond moral revenge.

A late number of the Charleston Mercury contains an account of a Meeting of the citizens of Charleston, S. C. to respond to the Address of the Southern Representatives to their constituents. The tone of the Address submitted to the meeting, by the committee appointed for that purpose, is louder by far, and more inveterate than that of the Southern members that put forth the Southern Address.

They do not hesitate, in this address, to denounce the Oregon Bill, and declare that "it answered no practical or other purpose than to insult and degrade the slave holder with the imputation of inequality."

This bill which they denounce was signed by Mr. Polk. Why did these friends of Mr. Calhoun not denounce Mr. Polk; a Southern man, a slave holder, and sustained by the Southern Democracy, for not vetoing such a bill! especially, as he maintains in his last message that a president is in duty bound to veto every bill presented for his signature when he believes it to be unconstitutional.

We must do Mr. Calhoun the justice to acknowledge that he did reflect severely upon this measure in his Address as it first appeared, but the Southern Democrats would not allow Mr. Polk to be branded as an enemy to the south, endorsing her disgrace, and they therefore had this objectionable clause expunged from the Address.

The following resolves were passed by the citizens of Charleston at the meeting which we have noticed:

"Resolved, That in the event of the passage by Congress of the Wilmot Proviso, or any equivalent measure, or any measure for the abolition of slavery or the slave trade, or the admission of slaves, to vote in the District of Columbia, that the Governor of this State be, and he is hereby requested, immediately to convene the Legislature of this State (if it be not in session) to consider the mode and measure of redress."

"Resolved, That the citizens of Charleston District will hold themselves ever ready to cooperate with their fellow-citizens of the slave States in any and every measure that may be considered by them expedient for the principles in the foregoing resolutions; and that for the purpose of being always prepared for such cooperation and producing concert of action, a Committee of Safety to consist of twenty-one persons, be appointed by the Chair, which shall be charged as a Committee of Vigilance and Safety to correspond with other like Committees and take all future measures necessary to carry out the foregoing resolves."

We consider the attempts of northern members of Congress to tantalize the south to be reprehensible in the highest degree—and we conceive that every man at the north who wishes to deprive the south of any of her constitutional rights is base at heart, and emphatically an enemy to his country; but it is not perfect insanity to talk about sundering the Union, appealing to arms and closing the tragedy with revolution and bloodshed? In all such movements there is more reckless ambition than patriotism more fanaticism than reason, more imaginary than real insult. We maintain what we have heretofore adhered to, that the country must look to the Whig party for its security in the emergency—that this party alone contains the true spirit of conservatism and patriotic concession. The Democratic party both north and south, have run mad since the defeat of Cass and the party—they are ready for any event however deplorable to the country.



Grand St. Joseph's Ball

By Mr. G. KROLLMAN, assisted by Messrs. Edgar Voorhies and Gallatin Reeves, will be given at the Franklin Ball Room, on the evening of next Monday, the 19th of March. He will, if requested, play any of the music adapted to the dances of Mr. St. Maur Stuart.

Admittance:—Gentlemen, \$1.50.

L. R. CURTIS,

AUCTIONEER.

Tenders his services to the citizens of the Parish of St. Mary.

He will also attend to the collection of all bills, notes, accounts, &c., &c., that may be entrusted to him for that purpose. Those who may favor him with their patronage may rely upon their business being punctually attended to.—Steamboat bills left with him will be collected with all possible promptness.

Franklin, March 15, 1849.

Notice.

All persons having claims against the Estate of James Connor, dec., and all persons owing to said estate are requested to settle with PATRICK CHEEVERS, Indian Bend, St. Mary, March 15, 1849.

Avis.

Toutes personnes ayant des réclamations contre et devant la succession de James Connor, décédé, sont priées de régler avec PATRICK CHEEVERS, Administrateur, Indian Bend, Ste Marie, m15-4