

(Brisbane Courier, 1 March 1886)

**FLOGGING AT THE GAOL.**

DANIEL CARMICHAEL, sentenced with two others to imprisonment and flogging for garrotting in Edward-street some months ago, received his last flogging on Saturday morning at the South Brisbane Gaol. It will be remembered that Carmichael alone of the three was sentenced to three floggings, the first of fifty lashes and the two second of forty each. He received the whole of his fifty lashes in the first instance, but the punishment was too great for his endurance at the second flogging, and, owing to the interposition of the Government medical officer, he only received a portion of his allotted number of stripes.

The flogging was announced to take place at 9 o'clock on Saturday morning, and at that hour everything was in readiness, but a painful delay ensued owing to the absence of Dr. Hobbs, the Government medical officer. Carmichael was very prostrated after his first punishment, and looked forward with terror to the next, but since his last flogging he had been completely unmanned, and it was feared the ordeal of a third flogging would be too much for him. At 9 o'clock, as there were no signs of Dr. Hobbs, a cab was despatched for him, and a period of suspension took place. Dr. Hobbs arrived eventually at a quarter to 10, and a move was immediately made to the hard labour yard, where the triangle was erected. There were present, in addition to warders and turnkeys, Captain Jekyll, the governor of the gaol, Mr. H. Thompson (Under Sheriff), Dr. Hobbs (Government medical officer), Dr. Wray, Colonel Ross, J.P., and the representatives of the Press. Carmichael, who was dressed in the ordinary prison costume, was conducted to the triangle, and looked the picture of abject terror, his face pale and contorted, and the muscles of his back and legs quivering with fright. His shirt was taken off and the marks of his previous floggings were plainly visible on his broad back. As the warders were strapping him up to the triangle he complained that his legs were strapped too tightly, but the warders assured him that he would be able to stand it better if his legs were fastened tightly to the padding that intervened between his limbs and the wooden framework. Turning to Dr. Hobbs Carmichael said, "O, doctor, tell him to be quick about it, tell him to be quick about it; oh God! oh God!" and, leaning his head against his left arm, commenced moaning piteously. The doctor, noticing his extreme weakness and terror, ordered brandy to be administered. The executioner now entered the yard, clad only in shirt and trousers, and bearing in his hands the dreaded cat-o'-nine tails. He at once took up his position on the left of Carmichael, and as the head turnkey called one the lash fell, eliciting a loud groan from the prisoner. The lash fell with pitiless regularity and great rapidity; but it was evident that the executioner was laying it on very lightly; nevertheless Carmichael groaned at every stroke, and for the first fifteen lashes kept wailing to the executioner "Oh, have mercy, have mercy!" His head then sank between his arms, and there he remained moaning pitifully until the forty lashes had been administered. The punishment, compared with his former floggings, was trifling, and though his back was sharply marked at the first stroke blood did not appear until about the thirtieth lash. When the last lash had fallen he was immediately taken down and by Dr. Hobbs's orders was given some more brandy, while water was poured on his head. He was completely broken down, and still moaned as two warders supported him

across the yard back to his cell. Halfway across he stopped and retched violently, although he seemed unable to vomit. But though weak from exhaustion, and smarting with pain, there was a look of relief on his face as though he realised that he had endured his last flogging, and had nothing worse to look forward to than rest and imprisonment until his term had expired.