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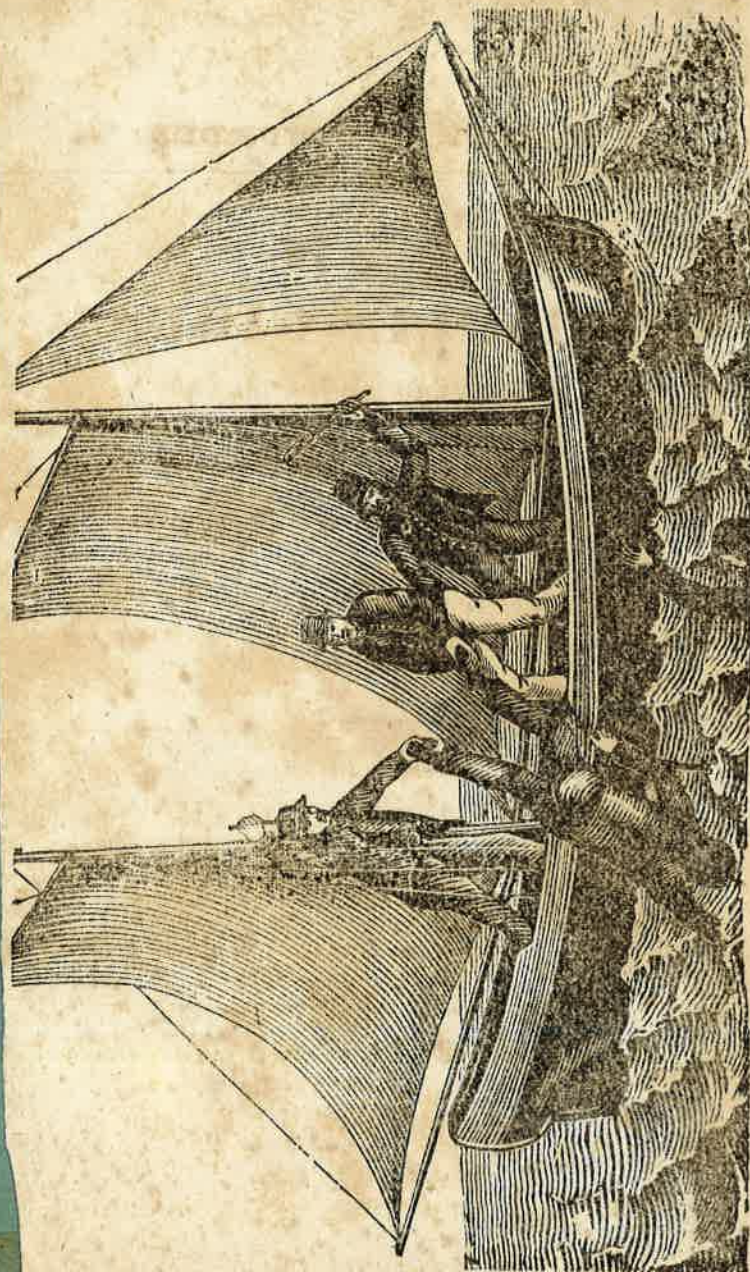
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MUTINY AND MURDER.

CONFESSION

OF

CHARLES GIBBS,

A NATIVE OF RHODE ISLAND.

Who, with THOMAS J. WANSLEY, was doomed to be hung in New-York on the 22d of April last, for the murder of the Captain and Mate of the Brig Vinyard, on her passage from New-Orleans to Philadelphia, in November 1830.

GIBBS confesses that within a few years he has participated in the murder of nearly 400 human beings!



ANNEXED, IS A SOLEMN

ADDRESS TO YOUTH.

Youths! by their example learn to shun their fate,
(How wretched is the man who's wise too late!)
Ere innocence, and fame, and life be lost,
Here purchase wisdom cheaply at their cost!

PROVIDENCE:

PRINTED FOR AND PUBLISHED BY ISRAEL SMITH.
1831.

CONFSESSION
OF
GIBBS THE PIRATE.

THE poignant affliction which the infamous crimes of children bring upon their relatives, ought to be one of the most effective persuasions to refrain from vice—the confessions of the wretched "Gibbs," unveil a career of long and desperate crimes. He has been familiar with scenes of blood and carnage, even from his boyhood, and an active participator in the commission of crimes that are stamped with the most shocking barbarity! He was born in the State of Rhode Island about the year 1794, his Parents and connexions (many of whom are now deceased) were of the first respectability, and we are happy to find that however great has been his villiany, he in his last moments manifested so great a degree of regard for them, as not to disclose his real name, as that of "Gibbs" is an assumed one—the former were well known to many, and we shall only say of them, that had this wretched young man improved by the pre-

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cepts and examples and good advice of the best of parents, instead of having been doomed to suffer an ignominious death upon the gallows, he still might have lived an ornament to society. Gibbs has since the awful sentence of the law was pronounced upon him, and a few days previous to the one appointed for his execution, voluntarily confessed that in early life, he became addicted to vices uncommon in youths of his age—that so far from the gentle reproof and friendly admonition or more severe chastisement of a fond parent, having its intended effect, it seemed to render him still worse, and to incline him to repay those whom he ought to have esteemed as his best friends and who had manifested so much regard for his welfare, with ingratitude and neglect.

When about 15 years of age, feeling an inclination to roam, and like too many unreflecting youths of that age, a great fondness for the sea, he in opposition to the friendly council of his parents, privately left them and entered on board the United States sloop of war Hornet, and was in the action when she captured the British sloop of war Peacock, off the coast of Pernambuco. Upon the return of the Hornet to the United States, her brave commander, capt. Lawrence, was promoted for his gallantry to the command of the unfortunate Chesapeake, and to which he was followed by young Gibbs, and who as he states took a very distinguished part in her engagement with the Shannon, which resulted in the death of capt. Lawrence, and the capture by the British of the Chesapeake. He states that while on board of the Chesapeake the crew, previous to the engagement, were almost in a state of mutiny, growing out of the non payment of their prize money, and that the address of captain Lawrence was received by them with coldness and murmurs. After the engagement Gibbs became with

the survivors of the crew a prisoner of war, and as such was confined in Dartmoor prison until exchanged.

After his exchange, he returned to Boston, where having determined to abandon the sea, he established himself in the grocery business, with a capital of one thousand dollars, which he procured from his friends in Rhode Island—through negligence and inattention his new business proving unsuccessful he resolved again to try the sea for a subsistence. With a hundred dollars in his pocket, the remnant of his property, he embarked in the ship John, for Buenos Ayres and his means being exhausted soon after his arrival there, he entered on board a Buenos Ayrian privateer and sailed on a cruise. A quarrel between the officers and crew in regard to the division of prize money, led eventually to a mutiny; and the mutineers gaining the ascendancy, took possession of the vessel, landed the officers on the coast of Florida, and steered for the West Indies, with hearts resolved to make their fortunes at all hazards, and where in a short time more than twenty vessels were captured by them and nearly FOUR HUNDRED HUMAN BEINGS MURDERED.

Havana was the general resort of the pirates, to dispose of their booty. There they sauntered about without apprehension and even lodged at the same houses with many of the American officers who were sent out to destroy them. He states that he was acquainted with many of the officers, and was apprised of all their intended movements before they left the harbor. He further stated that on one occasion, an American ship, the Caroline, was captured by two of their piratical vessels, and run ashore off Cape Antonio—they were busily engaged in landing the cargo, when the United States brig Enterprise hove

in sight, and sent her barges to attack them. The Pirates defended themselves for some time behind a small four gun battery which they had erected, but in the end were forced to abandon their own vessel and the prize, and fly to the mountains for safety.

It may not be improper here to mention that Gibbs probably mistook the British sloop of war Icarus for the Enterprise, which it appears destroyed a piratical sloop and schooner near Havana, in the summer of 1824, under similar circumstances, and that most of the Pirates when attacked by her barges, made for the shore and fled to the woods. The sloop of war found there twelve vessels which had been burnt to the water's edge, and it was satisfactorily ascertained that their crews, amounting to ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY PERSONS HAD BEEN MURDERED. Nor is it improbable that there were associated with this gang of blood thirsty Pirates, some of those who convicted of similar barbarities, met the fate which they so justly merited in front of the harbor of Cadiz about sixteen months since—there was one indeed whom we think by his confession of the great destruction of lives in which he participated, about the time and place mentioned by Gibbs, must have been a companion—we will here present the public with an extract from his dying declaration—"In the summer and fall following (1824) we were more fortunate in making prizes; eleven or twelve vessels (mostly American) were captured by us, bound to and from different parts of Europe and the West Indies, and some with valuable cargoes—our place of rendezvous and deposit of goods at that time, was a small island or key in the neighborhood of Cuba; our prizes were generally conveyed there, and after being disburthened of the most valuable part of their cargoes, were

sometimes burnt and at other times scuttled, and the crews, if it was thought not necessary otherways to dispose of them were sent adrift in their boats, and frequently without any thing on which they could subsist a single day—nor were all so fortunate thus to escape—"dead men can tell no tales," was a common saying among us, and as soon as we got a ship's crew in our power, a short consultation was held; and if it was the opinion of a majority that it would be better to take life than to spare it, a single nod or wink from our captain was sufficient—regardless of age or sex, all entreaties for mercy were then made in vain—we possessed not the tender feelings to be operated upon by the shrieks and expiring groans of the devoted victims!—there was rather a strife among us, who, with his own hands, should dispatch the greatest number, and in the shortest period of time.

Without any other motives than to gratify a such like hellish propensity (in our intoxicated moments) blood was not unfrequently and unnecessarily shed, and many widows and orphans probably made, when the lives of the unfortunate victims might have been spared, and without the most distant prospect of any evil consequences (as regarded ourselves) resulting therefrom."

Gibbs states that sometime in the course of the year 1819, he left Havanna and came to the United States, bringing with him about \$30,000. He passed several weeks in the city of New-York, and then went to Boston, whence he took passage for Liverpool in the ship Emerald. Before he sailed, however, he had squandered a large part of his money by dissipation and gambling. He remained in Liverpool a few months, and then returned to Boston. His residence in Liverpool at that time is satisfacto-

rily ascertained from another source besides his own confession. A female now in New-York was well acquainted with him there, where, she says, he lived like a gentleman, with apparently abundant means of support. In speaking of his acquaintance with this female, he says "I fell in with a woman, who I thought was all virtue, but she deceived me, and I am sorry to say that a heart that never felt abashed at scenes of carnage and blood, was made a child of for a time by her, and I gave way to dissipation to drown the torment. How often when the fumes of liquor have subsided, have I thought of my good and affectionate parents, and of their Godlike advice! But when the little monitor began to move within me, I immediately seized the cup to hide myself from myself, and drank until the sense of intoxication was renewed. My friends advised me to behave myself like a man, and promised me their assistance, but the demon still haunted me, and I spurned their advice."

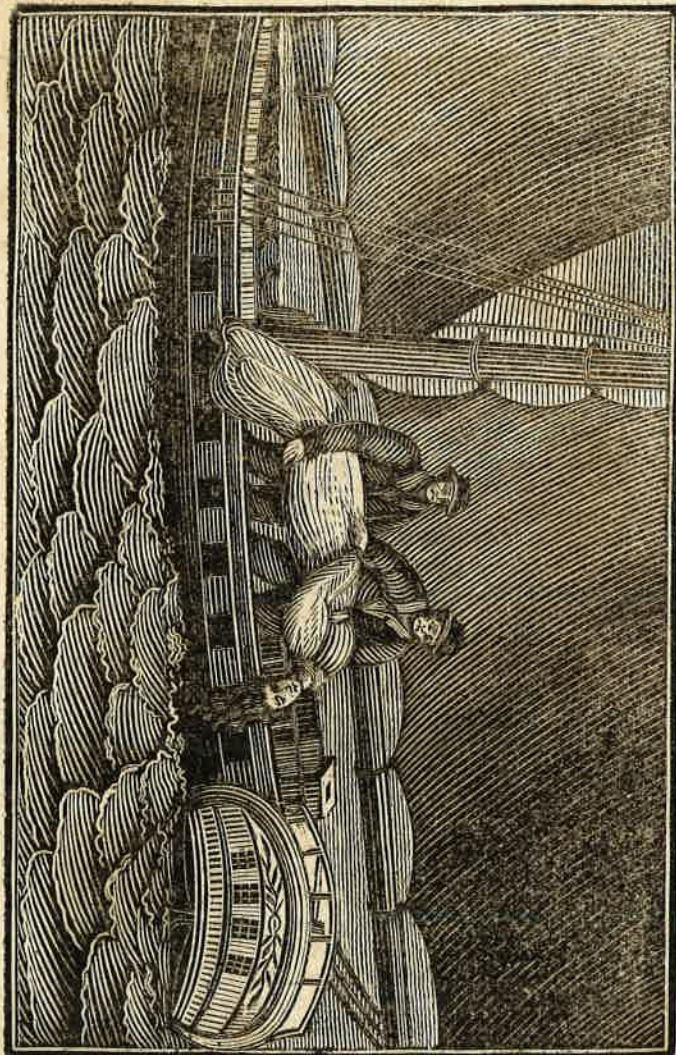
In 1826, he revisited the United States, and hearing of the war between Brazil and the Republic of Buenos and Ayres, sailed from Boston in the brig Hitty of Portsmouth, with a determination, as he states, of trying his fortune in defence of a republican government. Upon his arrival he made himself known to Admiral Brown, and communicated his desire to join their navy. The admiral accompanied him to the Governor, and a Lieutenant's commission being given him, he joined a ship of 34 guns, called the 'Twenty Fifth of May.' "Here" says Gibbs, "I found Lieutenant Dodge, an old acquaintance, and a number of other persons with whom I had sailed. When the Governor gave me the commission, he told me they wanted no cowards in their Navy, to which I replied that I thought he would have no ap-

prehension or my cowardice or skill when he became acquainted with me. He thanked me, and said he hoped he should not be deceived: upon which we drank to his health and to the success of the Republic. He then presented me with a sword, and told me to wear that as my companion through the doubtful struggle in which the Republic was engaged. I told him I never would disgrace it, so long as I had a nerve in my arm. I remained on board the ship in the capacity of 5th Lieutenant, for about four months, during which time we had a number of skirmishes with the enemy. Having succeeded in gaining the confidence of Admiral Brown, he put me in command of a privateer schooner, mounting 2 long 24 pounders and 46 men. I sailed from Buenos Ayres, made two good cruises, and returned safely to port. I then bought one half of a new Baltimore schooner, and sailed again, but was captured seven days out, and carried into Rio Janeiro, where the Brazilians paid me my change. I remained there until peace took place, then returned to Buenos Ayres, and thence to New-York.

After the lapse of about a year, which I passed in travelling from place to place, the war between France and Algiers attracted my attention. Knowing that the French commerce presented a fine opportunity for plunder, I determined to embark for Algiers and offer my services to the Dey. I accordingly took passage from New York, in the Sally Ann, belonging to Bath, landed at Barcelona, crossed to Port Mahon, and endeavoured to make my way to Algiers. The vigilance of the French fleet prevented the accomplishment of my design, and I proceeded to Tunis. There finding it unsafe to attempt a journey to Algiers across the desert, I amused myself with contemplating the ruins of Carthage, and

reviving my recollections of her war with the Romans. I afterwards took passage to Marseilles, and thence to Boston.

An instance of the most barbarous and cold blooded murder of which the wretched Gibbs gives an account in the course of his confessions, is that of an innocent and beautiful female of about 17 or 18 years of age!—she was with her parents a passenger on board a Dutch ship, bound from Curacao to Holland—there were a number of other passengers, male and female; on board, all of whom except the young lady above mentioned were put to death—her unfortunate parents were inhumanly butchered before her eyes and she was doomed to witness the agonies, and to hear the expiring heart-piercing groans of those whom she held most dear, and on whom she depended for protection! The life of their wretched daughter was spared for the most nefarious purposes—she was taken by the Pirates to the west end of Cuba, where they had a rendezvous, with a small fort that mounted four guns—here she was confined about two months, and where, as has been said the murderer Gibbs, “she received such treatment the bare recollection of which, causes me to shudder!” At the expiration of the two months she was taken by the Pirates on board of one of their vessels, and among whom a consultation was soon after held, which resulted in the conclusion that it would be necessary for their own personal safety, to put her to death! and to her a fatal dose of poison was accordingly administered, which soon proved fatal! when her pure and immortal spirit took its flight to that God, whom, we believe, will avenge her wrongs! her lifeless body was then committed to the deep by two of the merciless wretches with as much unconcern, as if it had been that of the meanest brute! Gibbs persists in the declaration



that in this horrid transaction he took no part—that such was his pity for this poor ill-fated female, that he interceded for her life so long as he could do it with safety to his own!

Gibbs in his last visit to Boston remained there but a few days, when he took passage to New-Orleans, and there entered as one of the crew on board of the brig Vineyard—and for assisting in the murder of the unfortunate captain and mate of which, he was justly condemned, and the awful sentence of death passed upon him!—The particulars of the bloody transaction (agreeable to the testimony of Dawes and Brownrigg, the two principal witnesses) are as follows: The brig Vineyard, Capt. William Thornby, sailed from New-Orleans about the 9th of November, for Philadelphia, with a cargo of 112 bales of cotton, 118 bhds. sugar, 54 casks of molasses and 54,000 dollars in specie. Besides the captain there were on board the brig, William Roberts, mate, six seamen shipped at New-Orleans and the cook. Robert Dawes, one of the crew, states, on examination, that when about five days out he was told that there was money on board, Charles Gibbs, E. Church and the Steward then determined to take possession of the brig. They asked James Talbot, another of the crew, to join them. He said no, as he did not believe there was money in the vessel. They concluded to kill the Captain and mate, and if Talbot and John Brownrigg would not join them, to kill them also. The next night they talked of doing it, and got their clubs ready. Dawes dared not say a word, as they declared they would kill him if they did—as they did not agree about killing Talbot and Brownrigg, two shipmates, it was put off. They next concluded to kill the Captain and Mate on the night of November 22, but did not

get ready—but, on the night of the 23d, between twelve and one o'clock, as Dawes was at the helm, saw the Steward come up with a light and a knife in his hand—he dropt the light and seizing the pump break, struck the Captain with it over the head or back of the neck—the captain was sent forward by the blow, and hallowed oh! and murder once!—he was then seized by Gibbs and the cook, one by the head and the other by the heels, and thrown overboard. Atwell and Church stood at the companion way, to strike down the Mate when he should come up. As he came up and enquired what was the matter, they struck him over the head—he ran back into the cabin, and Charles Gibbs followed him down; but as it was dark, he could not find him—Gibbs came on deck for the light, with which he returned. Dawes' light being taken from him, he could not see to steer, and he in consequence left the helm, to see what was going on below. Gibbs found the mate and seized him while Atwell and Church came down and struck him with a pump break and a club—he was then dragged upon deck; they called for Dawes to come to them, and as he came up the mate seized his hand, and gave him a death-gripe!—three of them then bove him overboard, but which three Dawes does not know—the mate when cast overboard was not dead, but called after them twice while in the water! Dawes says he was so frightened that he hardly knew what to do. They then requested him to call Talbot, who was in the fore-castle, saying his prayers—he came up and said it would be his turn next!—but they gave him some grog, and told him not to be afraid, as they would not hurt him, if he was true to them—he should fare as well as they did. One of those who had been engaged in the bloody deed got drunk, and another became crazy!

After killing the captain and mate, they set about overhauling the vessel, and got up one keg of Mexican dollars. They then divided the captain's clothes and money—about 40 dollars, and a gold watch.—Dawes, Talbot and Brownrigg, (who were all innocent of the murder) were obliged to do as they were commanded—the former, who was placed at the helm, was ordered to steer for Long Island. On the day following, they divided several kegs of the specie, amounting to five thousand dollars each—they made bags and sewed the money up. After this division, they divided the remainder of the money without counting it. On Sunday, when about 15 miles S. S. E. of Southampton Light, they got the boats out and put half the money in each—they then scuttled the vessel and set fire to it in the cabin, and took to the boats. Gibbs, after the murder, took charge of the vessel as captain. From the papers they learnt that the money belonged to Stephen Girard. With the boats they made the land about day-light. Dawes and his three companions were in the long boat, the others, with Atwell, were in the jolly boat—on coming to the bar the boats struck—in the long boat, they threw overboard a trunk of clothes and a great deal of money, in all about 5000 dollars—the jolly boat foundered; they saw the boat fill, and heard them cry out, and saw them clinging to the masts—they went ashore on Barron Island, and buried the money in the sand, but very lightly. Soon after they met with a gunner, whom they requested to conduct them where they could get some refreshments. They were by him conducted to Johnson's (the only man living on the island,) where they staid all night—Dawes went to bed at about 10 o'clock—Jack Brownrigg set up with Johnson, and in the morning told Dawes that he had told Johnson

all about the murder. Johnson went in the morning with the Steward for the clothes, which were left on the top of the place where they buried the money, but does not believe they took away the money.

Dawes on examination further testified that he was that month eighteen years of age—a native of Lancaster, in England, where his parents both lived. He has sailed with Church and Gibbs before. After the murder he found out that a part of the plan of Atwell, Church and the Steward, was to kill him and throw him overboard! but Gibbs kept his spirits up more than any of the rest, and said as he was an old shipmate they should not hurt him. The murderers kept him hard at work, while they remained below, drinking and eating nuts, oranges &c. living on the fat. Johnson brought them off the island, to Mr. Leonard's tavern at Gravesend—where they sent for magistrates, and the murderers were taken into custody. When the officers approached the Steward (a black) ran off into the woods, but was pursued and soon taken.

The captain and all hands, as was further stated by Dawes, were all strangers to the vessel. Had it not been for Wansley the Steward, the deed would never have been done, and had it not also been that Gibbs was a good navigator—the former had seen the money conveyed on board, and communicated the information to the others. There were no arms on board save a few boarding pikes, and a small field piece.

Mr. Merrit, one of the police officers, who assisted in conveying the prisoners from Flatbush to the city of New-York, stated that they on their way conversed very freely respecting their participation in the bloody deed—Gibbs did not even seek to excu-

pate himself, or extenuate his crime—he declared that the proposition was first made by Atwell, who is supposed to have been drowned in the small boat, one morning while they were at breakfast—that Atwell addressed him, and asked him if he would navigate the vessel, if they would take possession of her—the plan appeared to have been concerted from seven or ten days beforehand, and was put into practice in the most cool and deliberate manner, the inhuman beings acting with the same want of feeling as if they were about their ordinary business.

The Prisoners (Gibbs and Wansley) were brought to trial at the February term of the United States Court, holden in the city of New-York; when the foregoing facts being satisfactorily proved, they were pronounced guilty, and on the 11th March last, the awful sentence of the law was passed upon them in the following affecting and impressive manner:—The Court opened at 11 o'clock, Judge Betts presiding. A few minutes after that hour, Mr. Hamilton, District Attorney, rose and said—May it please the Court, Thomas J. Wansley, the Prisoner at the Bar, having been tried by a Jury of his country, and found guilty of the murder of captain Thornby, I now move that the sentence of the Court be pronounced upon that verdict.

By THE COURT. Thomas J. Wansley, you have heard what has been said by the District Attorney,—by the Grand Jury of the South District of New-York, you have been arraigned for the wilful murder of Capt. Thornby, of the brig Vineyard; you have been put upon your trial, and after a patient and impartial hearing, you have been found Guilty. The public prosecutor now moves for judgment on that verdict; have you any thing to say, why the sentence of the law should not be passed upon you?

THOMAS J. WANSLEY. I will say a few words, but it is perhaps of no use. I have often understood that there is a great deal of difference in respect of color, and I have seen it in this Court. Dawes and Brownrigg were as guilty as I am, and these witnesses have tried to fasten upon me greater guilt than is just; for their life has been given to them. You have taken the blacks from their own country, to bring them here to treat them ill—I have seen this. The witnesses, the jury, and the prosecuting Attorney consider me more guilty than Dawes—to condemn me, for otherwise the law must have punished him; he should have had the same verdict, for he was a perpetrator in the conspiracy. Notwithstanding my participating, they have sworn falsely for the purpose of taking my life; they would not even inform the Court, how I gave information of money being on board; they had the biggest part of the money, and have sworn falsely. I have said enough—I will say no more.

By THE COURT. The Court will wait patiently and hear all you have to say; if you have any thing further to add, proceed.

WANSLEY then proceeded. In the first place, I was the first to ship on board the Vineyard at New-Orleans, I knew nobody; I saw the money come on board. The Judge that first examined me, did not take my deposition down correctly. When talking with the crew on board, said the brig was an old craft, and when we arrived at Philadelphia, we all agreed to leave her. It was mentioned to me that there was plenty of money on board. Henry Atwell said "let's have it." I knew no more of this for some days. Atwell came to me again and asked "what think you of taking the money." I thought it was a joke, and paid no attention to it. The next

day he said they had determined to take the brig and money, and that they were the strongest party, and would murder the officers, and he that informed should suffer with them. I knew Church in Boston, and in a joke asked him how it was made up in the ship's company; his reply, that it was he and Dawes. There was no arms on board as was ascertained; the conspiracy was known to the whole company, and had I informed, my life would have been taken, and though I knew if I was found out my life would be taken by law, which is the same thing, so I did not inform. I have committed murder and I know I must die for it.

By THE COURT.—If you wish to add any thing further you will still be heard.

WANSLEY—No Sir, I believe I have said enough.

The District Attorney rose and moved for Judgment on Gibbs, in the same manner as in the case of Wansley, and the Court having addressed Gibbs, in similar terms, concluded by asking what he had to say why the sentence of the law should not now be passed upon him.

CHARLES GIBBS said, I wish to state to the Court, how far I am guilty and how far I am innocent in this transaction. When I left New-Orleans I was a stranger to all on board, except Dawes and Church. It was off Tortugas that Atwell first told me there was money on board, and proposed to me to take possession of the brig. I refused at that time. The conspiracy was talked of for some days, and at last I agreed that I would join. Brownrigg, Dawes, Church and the whole agreed that they would. A few days after, however, having thought of the affair, I mentioned to Atwell what a dreadful thing it was to take a man's life, and commit piracy—and recommended him to "abandon" their plan. Atwell and Dawes re-

monstrated with me; I told Atwell that if ever he would speak of the subject again, I would break his nose. Had I kept to my resolution I would not have been brought here to receive my sentence. It was three days afterwards that the murder was committed. Brownrigg agreed to call up the Captain from the cabin, and this man (pointing to Wansley) agreed to strike the first blow. The Captain was struck and I suppose killed, and I lent a hand to throw him overboard. But for the murder of the mate, of which I have been found guilty, I am innocent—I had nothing to do with that. The mate was murdered by Dawes and Church; that I am innocent of this I commit my soul to that God who will judge all flesh—who will judge all murderers and false swearers, and the wicked who deprive the innocent of his right. I have nothing more to say.

By THE COURT.—Thomas J. Wansley and Charles Gibbs, the Court has listened to you patiently and attentively, and although you have said something in your own behalf, yet the Court has heard nothing to affect the deepest and most painful duty that he who presides over a public tribunal has to perform.

You, Thomas J. Wansley, conceive that a different measure of justice has been meted out to you, because of your color. Look back upon your whole course of life; think of the laws under which you have lived, and you will find that to white or black, to free or bond, there is no ground for your allegations; that they are not supported by truth or justice. Admit that Brownrigg and Dawes have sworn falsely; admit that Dawes was concerned with you; admit that Brownrigg is not innocent; admit, in relation to both, that they are guilty, the whole evi-

dence has proved beyond a doubt that you are guilty; and your own words admit that you were an active agent in perpetrating this horrid crime—Two fellow beings who confided in you, and in their perilous voyage called in your assistance, yet you, without reason or provocation, have maliciously taken their lives.

If, peradventure, there was the slightest foundation for a doubt of your guilt, in the mind of the Court, judgment would be arrested, but there is none; and it now remains to the Court to pronounce the most painful duty that devolves upon a civil magistrate. The Court is persuaded of your guilt; it can form no other opinion. Testimony has been heard before the Court and Jury—from that we must form our opinion. We must proceed upon testimony, ascertain facts by evidence of witnesses, on which we must inquire, judge and determine as to guilt or innocence, by that evidence alone. You have been found guilty. You now stand for the last time before an earthly tribunal, and by your own acknowledgments, the sentence of the law falls justly on your heads. When men in ordinary cases come under the penalty of the law there is generally some palliative—something to warm the sympathy of the Court and Jury. Men may be led astray, and under the influence of passion have acted—under some long smothered resentment suddenly awakened by the force of circumstances, depriving him of reason, and then they may take the life of a fellow being. Killing, under that kind of excitement, might possibly awaken some sympathy, but that was not your case; you had no provocation. What offence had Thornby or Roberts committed against you? They entrusted themselves with you, as able and trust worthy citizens; confiding implicitly in you; no one

act of theirs, after a full examination, appears to have been offensive to you; yet for the purpose of securing the money you coolly determined to take their lives—you slept and deliberated over the act—you were tempted on, and yielded—you entered into the conspiracy, with cool and determined calculation to deprive two human beings of their lives, and it was done.

You, Charles Gibbs, have said that you are not guilty of the murder of Roberts; but were you not there strongly instigating the murderers on, and without stretching out a hand to save him?—It is murder as much to stand by and encourage the deed, as to stab with a knife, strike with a hatchet, or shoot with a pistol. It is not only murder in law, but in your own feelings and in your own conscience. Notwithstanding all this, I cannot believe that your feelings are so callous, so wholly callous, that your own minds do not melt when you look back upon the unprovoked deeds of yourselves and those confederated with you.

You are American citizens, this country affords means of instruction to all: your appearance and your remarks have added evidence that you are more than ordinarily intelligent; that your education has enabled you to participate in the advantages of information open to all classes; the Court will believe that when you were young you looked with strong aversion on the course of life of the wicked—in early life, in boyhood, when you heard of the conduct of men, who engaged in robbery, nay more, when you heard of cold blooded murder; how you must have shrunk from the recital. Yet now, after having participated in the advantages of education, after having arrived at full maturity; you stand here as murderers and robbers.

It is a perilous employment of life that you have followed—in this way of life the most enormous crimes that man can commit, is MURDER and PIRACY—with what detestation would you in early life have looked upon the man who would have raised his hand against his officer; or have committed piracy! yet now you both stand here murderers and pirates, tried and found guilty—you Wansley of the murder of your Captain, and you Gibbs of the murder of your Mate. The evidence has convicted you of rising in mutiny against the master of the vessel, for that alone, the law is DEATH!—of murder and robbery on the high seas, for that crime, the law adjudges DEATH—of destroying the vessel and embezzling the cargo, even for scuttling and burning the vessel alone, the law adjudges death, if you had only destroyed the vessel, the law is DEATH; yet of all these the evidence has convicted you, and it only remains now for the Court to pass the sentence of the law. It is, that you Thomas J. Wansley and Charles Gibbs be taken hence to the place of confinement, there to remain in close custody, that thence you be taken to the place of execution, and on the 22d April next, between the hours of 10 and 4 o'clock, you be both publicly hanged by the neck until you are DEAD, and that your bodies be given to the College of Physicians and Surgeons for dissection.

The Court added, that the only thing discretionary with it, was the time of execution; it might have ordered that you should instantly have been taken from the stand to the scaffold, but the sentence has been deferred to as distant a period as prudent—six weeks. But this time has not been granted for the purpose of giving you any hope for pardon or commutation of the sentence—just as sure as you live

All the 22d of April, as surely you will suffer death—therefore indulge not a hope that this sentence will be changed! The Court then spoke of the terror in all men of death!—how they cling to life whether in youth, manhood or old age—what an awful thing it is to die! how in the perils of the sea, when rocks, or storms threaten the loss of the vessel and the lives of all on board, how the crew will labor, night and day, in the hope of escaping shipwreck, and death—alluded to the tumult, bustle, and confusion of battle; yet even there the hero clings to life. The Court adverted not only to the certainty of their coming doom on earth, but to THINK OF HEREAFTER—that they should seriously think and reflect of their FUTURE STATE! that they would be assisted in their devotions, no doubt, by many pious men.

When the Court had closed, Charles Gibbs asked, if during his imprisonment, his friends would be permitted to see him. The Court answered that that lay with the Marshal, who then said that no difficulty would exist on that score. The remarks of the Prisoners were delivered in a strong full toned and unwavering voice, and they both seemed perfectly resigned to the fate which inevitably awaits them—While Judge Betts was delivering his address to them, Wansley was deeply affected, and shed tears—but Gibbs gazed with a steady and unwavering eye, and no sign betrayed the least emotion of his heart. After his condemnation and during his confinement, his frame became somewhat enfeebled, his face paler, and his eyes more sunken; but the air of his bold, enterprising and desperate mind still remained. In his narrow cell, he seemed more like an object of pity than vengeance—was affable and communicative, and when he smiled, exhibited so mild

and gentle a countenance, that no one would take him to be a villain. His conversation was concise and pertinent, and his style of illustration quite original.

Gibbs was married in Buenos Ayres, where he has a child now living. His wife is dead. By a singular concurrence of circumstances, the woman with whom he became acquainted in Liverpool, and who is said at that time to have borne a decent character, was lodged in the same prison with himself. During his confinement, he wrote her two letters—one of them is subjoined, to gratify the perhaps innocent curiosity which is naturally felt to know the peculiarities of a man's mind and feelings under such circumstances, and not for the purpose of intimating a belief that he was truly penitent. The reader will be surprised with the apparent readiness with which he made quotations from Scripture.

"BELLEVUE PRISON, March 20, 1831.

"It is with regret that I take my pen in hand to address you with these few lines, under the great embarrassment of my feelings, placed within these gloomy walls, my body bound with chains, and under the awful sentence of death! It is enough to throw the strongest mind into gloomy prospects! but I find that Jesus Christ is sufficient to give consolation to the most despairing soul. For he saith, that he that cometh to me I will in no ways cast out. But it is impossible to describe unto you the horror of my feelings. My breast is like the tempestuous ocean, raging in its own shame, harrowing up the bottom of my own soul! But I look forward to that serene calm when I shall sleep with Kings and Counsellors of the earth. There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary are at rest!—There the prisoners rest together—they hear not

the voice of the oppressor; and I trust that there my breast will not be ruffled by the storm of sin—for the thing which I greatly feared has come upon me. I was not in safety, neither had I rest; yet trouble came. It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth to him good. When I saw you in Liverpool, and a peaceful calm wafted across both our breasts, and justice no claim upon us, little did I think to meet you in the gloomy walls of a strong prison, and the arm of justice stretched out with the sword of the law, awaiting the appointed period to execute the dreadful sentence. I have had a fair prospect in the world, at last it budded, and brought forth the gallows. I am shortly to mount that scaffold, and to bid adieu to this world, and all that was ever dear to my breast. But I trust when my body is mounted on the gallows high, the heavens above will smile and pity me. I hope that you will reflect on your past, and fly to that Jesus who stands with open arms to receive you. Your character is lost, it is true. When the wicked turneth from the wickedness that they have committed, they shall save their soul alive.

Let us imagine for a moment that we see the souls standing before the awful tribunal, and we hear its dreadful sentence, depart ye cursed into everlasting fire. Imagine you hear the awful lamentations of a soul in hell. It would be enough to melt your heart, if it was as hard as adamant. You would fall upon your knees and plead for God's mercy, as a famished person would for food, or as a dying criminal would for a pardon. We soon, very soon, must go the way whence we shall ne'er return. Our names will be struck off the records of the living, and enrolled in the vast catalogues of the dead.—But may it ne'er be numbered with the damned. I

hope it will please God to set you at your liberty, and that you may see the sins and follies of your life past. I shall now close my letter with a few words which I hope you will receive as from a dying man: and I hope that every important truth of this letter may sink deep in your heart and be a lesson to you through life.

Rising grief distress my soul,
And tears on tears successive roll—
For many an evil voice is near,
To chide my woes and mock my fear—
And silent memory weeps alone,
O'er hours of peace and gladness known,

I still remain your sincere friend,

CHARLES GIBBS.

In another letter which the wretched Gibbs wrote after his condemnation to one who had been his early friend, he writes as follows:—"Alas! it is now, and not until now that I have become sensible of my wicked life, from my childhood, and the enormity of the crime, for which I must shortly suffer an ignominious death!—I would to God that I had never been born, or that I had died in my infancy!—the hour of reflection is indeed come, but come too late to prevent justice from cutting me off—my mind recoils with horror at the thoughts of the unnatural deeds of which I have been guilty!—my repose rather prevents than affords me relief. as my mind, while I slumber, is constantly disturbed by frightful dreams, of my approaching awful dissolution!"

The following is a list presented by Gibbs of vessels taken and destroyed, and the crews murdered, and in the destruction of both lives and property, he confesses he took an active part:—

Brig Jane, of Liverpool—cargo dry goods—vessel burnt—crew MURDERED!

Brig (name forgotten) of New-York, from the Spanish Main—vessel burnt and crew MURDERED

Brig Belvidere, of Boston, taken in the Gulf—vessel destroyed—crew MURDERED.

Two French Brigs, in the Gulf of Mexico—vessel destroyed—crew MURDERED.

Ship William, of Salem—vessel destroyed—crew MURDERED!

Bark Dido, of Bremen—vessel destroyed—crew MURDERED!

Bark Larkin, of London—vessel destroyed—crew MURDERED!

A French Ship, vessel destroyed—crew MURDERED!—this wretched man, whose thirst for human blood appears to have been insatiable, confessed that he had participated in the murder of nearly FOUR HUNDRED INNOCENT HUMAN BEINGS!!!!!!!!!!

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ADDRESS TO YOUTH.

AFTER the dreadful representation of facts (as recorded in the foregoing pages) we think little need be added to convince youth, that to tread in the path of virtue, is the surest way to happiness—and that he who deviates from this path, is in the certain way to bring destruction on his own head!—It is a shocking part of the murderer Gibbs's confession, that while a youth, he was refractory, ungovernable, and disobedient to his parents! To your kind parents, my dear Youth, you are under obligations for a thousand offices of kindness, which you can never fully repay. You are bound to honor them by every token of filial respect, by sub-

mission to their just commands and reproofs; by a dutiful regard to their counsels and especially by a tender and affectionate treatment in old age. All this is enjoined by the law of nature, by the authority of God, and by many eminent examples in the sacred Scriptures. Disobedience to parents is among the signs of the perilous times, that shall come in the last days. The youth that has any proper regard to his own reputation, will never be seen to treat his father or mother with disrespect. For the disrespectful treatment of Ham, to his father, the curse of the Almighty has followed his posterity through every nation.

Gibbs has told us that he early left his parents and a peaceful home, where he might have been happy, and became the associate of loose and wicked companions! Dear Youth, it becomes you to be very careful in forming your connexions. Bad men often possess the subtlety united with the venom of the serpent. To the young, their company is more fatal than the pestilence. Nothing will more certainly efface the impressions of a good education, or more effectually extinguish the fear of God and the restraints of conscience. Here many a promising youth has made shipwreck of his peace and his moral principles—has “met his death where he thought to have found a prize;” has gone from prosperity to the prison—from the prison to a premature grave. Well did the inspired wise man lift up his voice and cry, *Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men.* I plead with every one of you, dear youth, to hear these admonitions. Permit the wicked life and wretched fate of Gibbs, to serve as an Awful Beacon to you all. Your period of life is very critical. One hour of temptation may seal your undoing. One false step

may draw after it another, till you are a shameless drunkard, a fearless blasphemer, or a confirmed infidel! Look at the men who have passed through the first grades of depravity and become veterans in sin. Once they were sprightly and merry.— Their intemperance passed for social cheer, their idleness for good humor, their profanity, their contempt of Sabbaths, and sermons, and prayer, for harmless mirth. The vacant hour drew them to idle company; the tempting glass led to the social evening; the social evening to the midnight riot.— With steady, but unsuspected progress, folly ripened into habit, and *habit* into ruin! See now their bloated faces, their trembling limbs, their shameless dissolute manners, their conscience, credit and senses gone; their bodies clothed in rags, and their families, ah! their families, made the wretched victims of their want and woe. Be admonished by such awful examples, to repel the first assaults of temptation. Few have resolution to tread back the steps of an evil habit. “The descent is easy, but to return is hard.” This is a deceitful world, which our first view appears to abound with sweets and flowers, but alas, too soon are they converted into thorns and thistles! Unreflecting youth beholds the downfall of man, pities him, yet does not improve by his errors, but traverses the same road, until he heedlessly precipitates himself headlong into the same abyss!

Remember that the wretched Gibbs has told you that he, in early life, in more than one instance, became the dupe of those most abandoned characters, who are the inmates of such haunts of vice and infamy with which our large cities too much abound— Tell me, ye thoughtless sons of folly, who seek pleasure in the midnight revel, what is there so at-

tracting in those detestable wretches, for whose sake you make a voluntary sacrifice of health, wealth, and reputation!—is it their lewdness, their wanton obscenity, their intemperance, and the vile imprecations which they never cease to utter?—or is it their apparent regard for wretches of the lowest order! Alas, whatever it may be, it is a serious fact that numbers (like the wretched Gibbs) are allured from the paths of virtue and innocence, and plunged into a state of unutterable despair!—O! innocent Youth! if your hopes of future greatness, rests upon the acquirement and support of an unblemished reputation—beware, I beseech you, of such companions as urge you on to the commission of the most atrocious crimes, and then leave you to deplore your thoughtless credulity.

Virtue is of intrinsic value and good desert, and of indispensable obligation; it is the foundation of honor and esteem, and the source of all beauty, order, and happiness in nature—one virtuous disposition of soul, is preferable to the greatest natural accomplishments and abilities, and of more value than all the treasures of the world. If you are wise, then study virtue and condemn every thing that come in competition with it. Remember, that nothing else deserves one anxious thought or wish. Remember, that this alone is honor, glory, wealth, and happiness. Secure this and you secure every thing.—Lose this and all is lost. Let not the season of youth be barren of improvements in virtue, so essential to your future felicity and honour.—Now is the seed time of life; and according to *what you sow you shall reap*.—Your character is now, under divine assistance, of your own forming; your fate is, in some measure, put into your own hands.—Whatever impulse you now give to your desires and passions,

the direction is likely to continue.—It will form the channel in which your life is to run; nay, it may determine its everlasting issue.—Consider then the employment of this important period, as the highest trust which shall ever be committed to you; as in a great measure decisive of your happiness, in time, and in eternity.—As in the succession of the seasons, each, by the invariable laws of nature, affects the productions of what is next in course; so in human life, every period of our age, according as it is well or ill spent, influences the happiness of that which is to follow.—Virtuous youth gradually brings forward accomplished and flourishing manhood; and such manhood passes of itself, without uneasiness, into respectable old age.—But when nature is turned out of its regular course, disorder takes place in the moral, just as in the vegetable world.—If the Spring put forth no blossoms, in Summer there will be no beauty, and in Autumn there will be no fruit.—So, if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will be contemptible, and old age miserable.

Youth is an entrance on a journey long and various—thro' an untried path, where are many dangers and difficulties.—They should therefore look well to the steps they are about to take, and use the precaution of travellers in a strange land—should inquire whether the way they are in is right or wrong—whether it is the path of honor and pleasure, or of disgrace and pain.

Were we frequently to attend to the flight of time, and consider its end; to examine on what our hope of future bliss is founded, and anticipate that day of discovery and decision which is hastening upon us, it would excite diligence, and weaken our attachment to inferior objects. To a mind conscious of

its native dignity and immortality, this employment cannot be either unpleasing or unprofitable. It is the highest proof of wisdom so to act in our present situation, that when removed to another, the change may be as happy as it will be lasting. We need not fear that this will diminish in the least our present happiness. The Gracious Being who formed us requires no service at our hands but will tend to promote our present good. "Godliness is profitable to all things;" by living in conformity to its rules, we escape many evils, and are preserved in virtue and innocence. We enjoy every gratification that can give delight to a reasonable mind—were mankind generally influenced by this noble principle, how happy would be the state of human society! The voice of discord would be no more heard—the various ranks and classes of men would be connected in the strongest and most pleasing band of union—the present state of existence would be only a happy prelude to one still more exalted and glorious in the realms of eternal day.

My dear Youth—impress your minds with reverence for all that is sacred, let no wantonness of youthful spirits, no complacency with the intemperate mirth of others, ever betray you into profane sallies. Besides the guilt which is hereby incurred, nothing gives a more odious appearance of presumption to youth, than the affectation of treating religion with levity. Instead of being an evidence of superior understanding, it discovers a pert and shallow mind; which, vain of the first smatterings of knowledge, presumes to make light of what the rest of mankind revere. Let the infinite indiscrutable blessedness of Religion, recommend it to your choice. Think what it is to come to God as a Friend, and a Father; to receive his blessing; to

be admitted to a place in his family, and in his heart. Think what is his happiness whose sins are pardoned—whose conscience is at peace—think of that sublime communion with heaven, which is the privilege of every christian—a communion in which he finds, not merely a pledge, but a prelibation of immortal glory. Think what sources of consolation are his: who has omnipotence for his guard, infinite wisdom for his guide, boundless mercy for his support, and the unfailing inheritance of heaven for his portion. In a word, think of that hour at which nature recoils, and which so often appals the heart of the stoutest and most abandoned sinner; and think what it is to enjoy, in that hour, a sweet peace, a holy calm and fortitude of soul.

Look around you, my dear Youth, and behold many a promising young person, plunged into wretchedness, whose ruin is to be ascribed to too great a love of pleasure; who has given way to the inclination, and precipitated himself into the habit of dissipation, till he has become deaf to all good advice—proof against admonition, intreaty and persuasion, and is now among the splendid ruins of human nature. Seriously consider, that you are born to die—that you will die, but to live again—live forever in the unexplored regions of futurity, to inherit the consequences of your present conduct! Remember immortal! that though thou may now whirl the giddy round of dissipating pleasures, and wantonly burst the bonds of reason and religion, and without regard to council and instruction to the contrary.—"walk in the ways of thine own heart, and in the sight of thine own eyes," that thou art accountable to thy Maker for thy whole conduct, and that—"for all these things he will call thee into judgement."

EXECUTION.

About 5 minutes after 12 o'clock, on the 22d of April, the sanguinary pirate GIBBS, and WANSLEY, paid the forfeit which the laws demand from those who perpetrate such crimes as they have been convicted of. They severally expressed their conviction of the justice of their sentence. When they were brought under the gallows, the rope was fixed loosely on their throats, and almost immediately after, Gibbs made the following address:—"Good people who surround me here, you behold me with this fatal cord around my neck, soon to appear before that just God whom I have so often offended. In youth I was on board a vessel of war, and took an oath that at any other time would seem horrible to me; I kept it, and was a murderer, and I hope you will all take warning by my fate. I was born of respectable parents, and received a good education, but I did not properly apply these advantages;—however, I hope that Christ will make my death as easy as if I had died on a downy pillow—I now confess as I have before confessed, that I have been guilty of shedding the blood of many of my fellow men, of which I humbly pray the forgiveness of God." Soon after Gibbs had done speaking, WANSLEY requested one of the clergymen in attendance to sing a part of a psalm; this was of course complied with, and Wansley joined in the air, together with many of the persons present. In their last moments both of the criminals appeared very penitent—at the conclusion of the Hymn, the fatal cords being adjusted they were both launched into eternity.