

his foot against it, (it was a sliding door), that the cook tried them to clutch him through the door with his arm, which was all bloody. The mate told him to go away and not touch him, when he left him saying, "what are you afraid of?" As soon as he was gone, the mate came out of his cabin to go to the fore-castle to get Charley to help him seize the cook; that he expected to find Charley asleep, as it was his watch below, that as he ran to the fore-castle, the boy was standing near the poop-deck with his hands in his pocket, and said, "Why, Mr. Douglas, what's the matter?" that without stopping to answer him, he rushed to the fore-castle, and to his surprise saw Charley dressed, leaning against the door. "Oh," said he, "Charley is not this a dreadful thing," and before he could finish, what he was about to say, Charley interrupted him, saying, "yes, but you must take us to the West Indies."

The mate further states that it instantly flashed on his mind—"This is a mutiny; they have murdered the Captain and I suppose will murder me." That, in a dreadful state of mind, scarcely knowing what he did, he went into the fore-castle and threw himself upon a chest there—trying to collect his thoughts. (I subsequently asked him, were you smoking then? his answer was, "I do not see how I could have been I was trembling so, I do not think I could have lighted a pipe; but I cannot say, certainly, about it, for I did not know what I was doing, I was so unnerved and alarmed.) That almost immediately they all came into the fore-castle, and the cook said, "Mr. Douglas, help me throw the body over." "Never," he replied, "never, you have murdered the poor Captain, and now you want me to take a part in the murder, I never will." The cook then said, "come you Charley," he replied, "I will if the mate will." That he, the mate, continued to say, he never would; that then, Bill said to him, "shall I go," and that in his confusion of mind, not knowing what he was doing, he said, yes; that the word was not out of his mouth, before Bill went, showing how anxious they were to get him to compromise himself. That soon after he heard a groan, oh, said the mate, "the captain is not dead; before this he had thought the captain had been dead, having seen him stretched out like a corpse in his berth; that he rushed out and met the cook and Bill coming towards the fore-castle laughing. "Oh, where is the captain," said the mate, "he is not dead," said the cook, pointing downwards, "by this time, he is at the bottom of the sea."

Then the mate went back to the fore-castle and tried to think what to do. The capt. was dead, he could do nothing to save him, and now all that he could do, would be, to try and save the vessel and cargo for the owners out of the hands of the mutineers and murderers. That they came to him and said, you are captain now, you must take us to the West Indies. That it seemed to him, his only plan was now to temporize with them. That there was no use for him to try to seize the cook, for he looked upon them all as in the plot, and should he make any such attempt, they would murder him; indeed he felt sure, they only saved his life because they could not navigate the vessel without him; he therefore appeared to assent to their purpose. That he said, "well, we are too short handed to take so heavily laden a vessel to the West Indies, especially as she leaks, I will run her in here near the coast, and take the boat and go ashore, and engage one or two men to come with us." "No," said they, "we won't trust you to do that." That after some time, the cook, the boy and the Germans, having gone down into the Cabin and divided the Captain's clothes &c., among them, and having thrown over the blood-stained bed clothes and carpet, came back to him to the quarter-deck, and the cook brought up the deck, containing the Captain's papers, &c. That as none of them could read, he, the mate, selected a number of old letters of the Captain's and ordered the boy to burn them, as though their destruction was of some moment; that he carefully preserved all the ship's papers, and looking over them, as if in deep thought, he said, "Oh, I find this can't be done," or "we can't take the vessel to the W. Indies, for these are English and not American papers." "Oh yes, we can," said the cook, "you need not talk in that way, I am sure we can"; that he insisted it was impossible, and that on appealing to the boy, who could read, he agreed with the mate, and said, "no it can't be done with these papers." That this, at length, seemed to satisfy them, and then they began to talk about what was now to be done (and here the mate says naturally enough, "If, as has been asserted by the boy on the trial, there had been a plot between me and the cook, to take the vessel to the W. Indies, what was to hinder my carrying the plot through? Why should I have changed my purpose? The papers were just what I knew them to be. I knew they were English papers. If I had had any idea of going to the W. Indies, there was nothing in the papers that I know of, to have altered my determination. I do not know now of anything to have hindered me, if I had plotted to go there." He says, "the idea of using the ship's papers as a means of thwarting their evil purpose suggested itself to him at the moment, and he immediately made use of it.") [This statement the mate made to me, after the trial.]

He further, in his first statement, to me, and he has never deviated from the whole statement, in the slightest degree, said, that having persuaded them, they could not take the vessel to the W. Indies, he said, "I will take the vessel to her port, and not enter it for 24 hours, and thus give you a chance to escape." (They answered, "no, we would be afraid to trust you, you might trick us.") That he then offered to let the cook have the boat and escape, the vessel being run by him near the shore. But he refused. That he then said, "Well, if nothing else can be done,

I will run the vessel on shore and let her go to pieces." Intending to run her on the sands of Petite Rivere, when, as soon as she was lightened of her cargo, she would float safely. That they positively refused to allow him to do that, and then they determined they would scuttle her. That, having tried everything, he could think of to prevent their doing so, he could not hinder them, and they set about the work; that they used the hatchet on the outside of the vessel, the handle of which after some time broke off; that they were also boring with an auger on the outside; that a vessel hove in sight, and some of them suggested to paint out the name, that the vessel should not be recognized, which was done; and that then supposing they had finished their work, they left the vessel. And here the mate says, "If I had desired to scuttle the vessel, could I not easily have done it. There was another and larger auger on board, I knew where it was. What was to hinder me from going down to my state-room, and boring through the planks where it was far under the water, and thus easily sinking her. Surely, one who has been at sea as long as I have and know everything about vessels, would not have blundered as the crew did."

And now his statement reaches that place, where he says he consented to take part in the lie that had been agreed upon: he never mentions it without the deepest shame and contrition. He says he has suffered for it most deeply, but that he deserves all he has suffered for consenting to lend himself to that lie. I asked him what induced him to do as he had done. "Oh," said he, "I was under a dreadful cloud. The crew had all agreed that if I dared to tell the truth they would all combine to say I was the instigator, if not the perpetrator of the murder. How could I prove the truth. I was afraid it would bring me into great trouble; I have also tried to keep clear of all trouble, and get along peacefully. I am a nervous person, and was afraid for my life, too, for I felt sure they would, as they threatened, or that the cook would murder me, and my nerves were so shattered with the horrible idea of the murder, that had been committed, that I could not stir myself up to do what I well knew I ought, besides, the thought of being the informer, and the instrument of causing all these men to be executed, affected me greatly, and," said he, "you cannot, sir, know what I have suffered. I had no peace day or night. I knew I was doing wrong all the time, my judgment told me so; but my feelings overpowered my judgment I could not pray, as I had been used to do, for that lie was upon my conscience. I could not read my Bible, for every word seemed to condemn me, and, again and again while I was at Lunenburg, and after I came here, I determined I would tell; but I shrunk from doing so, till at last so terribly did my conscience lash me for the lie, that I could bear it no longer, and I made the confession; every word I have said on the case is true, and though it has brought me to the gallows, I do not regret that I have confessed. My grief is, that I could have acted so sinfully in telling such a lie, and persisting in it so long, and have thus sinned against my God and Saviour, and brought such disgrace upon myself and the holiest of causes."

The above is as briefly as I could write it, the statement made to me by the mate; numerous other circumstances were mentioned, but I have stated the principal ones. And I ask any candid person whose mind is not so warped with prejudice as to unfit him for a right decision, to look it over carefully, and tell me where it is impossible, or even improbable; and after reading the appended certificates to decide, whether a boy who is confessedly a wicked boy, who acknowledged in the witness box that he told a falsehood about his parentage, who ran away from his parental roof, having probably robbed his father, for he could give no account of how he received the \$15 he acknowledged he took with him, who lived for some time in the lowest dens of Boston and New York, and whose whole conduct has evidently been so wicked that his father, a Minister of the Gospel, should be compelled to address him in these terms:— "where you are, for months together, and then write to us, calling yourself our affectionate son. I am not at all surprised to hear that you have got into trouble, I hope you will have repentance, and return home a better boy. Here are 100 little negro boys that behave much better than you. We should be glad could you come home and be a good boy. But as you have got into trouble, you may not have the chance. You must ask God to forgive you, and we will forgive you also. From your father." That the statement of such a boy is to be believed, rather than that of one who, up to the present time, has borne an unblemished character, as the following letters and certificates will prove.

The following letters were addressed to the Rev. Mr. Munro, the writers not knowing that he had left Halifax. Mr. Munro enclosed them to me, requesting me to make what use of them I thought best. The first is from the Rev. Ira B. Steward, late Pastor of the Mariners' Baptist Church, New York.

Dear Brother Munro,—Information has reached me of an unhappy affair concerning our dear and good Bro. Douglas, as we have always esteemed him to be. I have learned by my wife, who is at my house in New York, that she had received a letter from Bro. Douglas to me, informing me that he had been arrested for mutiny. My wife read the letter to me after opening it, and somehow or other it has miscarried, and not having seen it I hardly know how to answer it. My wife informs me this morning that the Pastor, Dr. Hodge, and some of the brethren, have written to you, giving all the information they

can concerning our Bro. Douglas. Still she thought I had better drop you a line, as it might be a confirmation of what you had already received from our brethren.

I have intimately known our Bro. Douglas personally and by correspondence for several years; have not the least doubt of his innocence in this matter. Indeed I should have been as much astounded to have learned that I was a mutineer myself, as to hear that our pleasant, kind, loving, beloved Bro. Douglas, had become such a character. I can say no more, only what I have said, is that in which you can place the utmost confidence and act with entire satisfaction in relation to its truth.

Your affectionate Brother,
IRA B. STEWARD.

The following is an extract of a letter from the same clergyman to Douglas, dated Nov. 14th—

"All who know you, dear Bro., deeply sympathize with you in deep affliction and sorrow. May the Lord give you grace to bear the trial, and suffer, if need be, even unto death, and help you to 'come off more than conqueror through him who hath loved us.'"

Here are extracts from other letters:—

NEW YORK, Nov. 14.

MR. J. C. DOUGLAS—Dear friend,—Hearing through Pastor Steward of your imprisonment in Halifax, on such serious charges, we deeply sympathize with you, and feel anxious to do all we can to assist you. Knowing your previous good character, we cannot believe you guilty. My mother, Mrs. Thoms, and the Dr., have addressed letters to the Rev. Mr. Munro, asking him to help you, and enclosing certificates testifying to your Christian character, and showing your manner of spending the few evenings you were here—at Church and Prayer Meeting, before sailing in the brig Zero.

Sincerely yours,
BENJAMIN BLOWSTON, Principal,
N. Y. Nautical School, 92 Madison street.

The following is a certificate from the mother of the above, who is also a principal of a Nautical School—

"I have been acquainted with John C. Douglas for several years, and know him to be a person of exemplary christian character, a member of the Mariner's Temple Church, New York."

The following is a letter to Mr. Munro from Dr. Thoms:—

Dear Sir,—We have been informed by Mrs. Steward, wife of Rev. J. R. Steward, who is at present in the country, that Mr. J. C. Douglas is in jail in your city, charged with the murder of the captain of the brig Zero. He is a member of the Baptist Mariner's Church, in this city, and we have every confidence in him as a man and a christian. Bro. Steward being absent, I take the responsibility of addressing you, as I understand his trial comes on in a few days, and we regard him perfectly innocent of the crimes laid to his charge. Mr. Thoms also sends the following certificate:—

This is to certify that I have been acquainted with Mr. J. C. Douglas between six and seven years, he has always borne the character of an honest, upright man, one in whom I could place the most implicit reliance.

Wm. F. THOMS, M. D.,
Surgeon and Physician to Eastern Dispensary,
Oct 30th. City of New York.

Here is a certificate from the last captain that Douglas sailed with from Glasgow to Jamaica. He came as passenger from Jamaica to New York in a steamer. He also states that there are a number of such certificates of regular discharges from former captains and owners with whom he was connected, in a bag containing his clothes, &c., which bag he has not received, but supposes it is in the Zero, or at the police office.

ANNATTO BAY, July 11, 1865.

This is to certify that J. C. Douglas chief officer of the bark *Lance*, of Whitby, has been discharged by me, and that the said J. C. Douglas has always been an efficient officer during the voyage from Glasgow to Jamaica, and the said seaman has borne a good character.

Witness—H. R. Hill, Ship Master.

I have also received to-day a letter from Rev. Dr. Hodge, a gentleman holding a high position in the denomination, with whom I am personally acquainted, and who may be relied upon as a wise and judicious judge of character. I give an extract:—

NOVEMBER 25.

The newspapers here announce the conviction, in your courts, of a Mr. J. C. Douglas mate of the brig Zero, for the murder of the captain at sea. Yesterday I saw that in the case of Douglas, sentence has been deferred. Now my dear Doctor, this poor man is a member of the Baptist Mariner's Church, under my pastoral care, located in Oliver street, N. Y., and can do no less than write you these few lines and beg you, on the score of humanity, to intercede yourself sufficiently in the case to get the poor fellow in the jail. He is a Scotch man, and has hitherto borne an excellent character. No man stood better in our church than he has hitherto. Of course I cannot, at this distance, know anything of the case, but we who know him cannot be persuaded that he has been guilty of murder. The last time I saw him, he spoke to me most tenderly of his mother in Scotland. He was baptized into our church by my predecessor, Rev. J. R. Steward, who gave

him an excellent name as a devoted and good man."

The last extract I shall give, is from his poor aged mother, in Scotland, who had just heard the news from him, and one would contrast her letter to her affectionate son, with the letter from his father to the wretched boy Stockwell.

GREENOCK, Nov. 7.

"My Dear Son,—It is with a grieved mind that your sisters and I send you this, in answer to your letter, and we are very sorry to hear that you have got into such trouble; but I trust the Lord has delivered you from it. My dear son, I have buried 9 children and your dear father, and news of your being in prison went sorer to my heart than all, for I never thought that ever I would bring a child up to be in prison. But I trust in God, my dear son, that you have nothing to do with such a crime, for we are breaking our hearts night and day thinking about you, for this is the sorest trial that ever I got in this world. My dear son, I have been very poorly myself and this news has made me no better. We heard in the newspapers, but we never thought it was you, nor your sisters nor your brothers, or you would have had a letter from them before this time. My dear son, as soon as Minister Muir received the letter, he came down and it was a sore meeting to us, and my dear son, he prayed sincerely on your behalf, as I we all are praying for relief, as you had no hand in it; and Mrs. McFadden also came down, when she received her letter, and my dear son, there was a great meeting in all the church, that you were named in." I must conclude, with your two sisters' and my kind love to you, I remain your affectionate mother till death.

MARGARET DOUGLAS."

I have trespassed so much on your space Mr. Editor that I can only say in conclusion, that after very many interviews and conversations with Douglas, I am bound to declare that I believe him to be perfectly innocent of the charge brought against him, that he had no hand in the murder, nor was he accessory to it, either before or after its commission; and from my long experience and knowledge of the character of boys, having had charge of many of them for more than 20 years, and from several conversations held with the lad Stockwell, I am compelled to conclude that his word is not to be relied upon; and though I have had to do with some boys as wicked as he, and as false, I have never found one more artful, and more ready when pressed, to make his lie appear plausible. I could mention some of the most extraordinary stories he has told me, which I knew could not be true, but which he told me, with all the appearance of perfect innocence, and with all the melo-dramatic air, with which he said in his testimony. "Tell me to throw myself overboard and I will do it, but do not tell me to go into the cabin," though but a very short time afterwards the young scamp was down in the cabin, with the cook and the Germans, and even in the captain's stateroom, dividing out the murdered man's clothes, and claiming a considerable portion as his share, and yet it is upon the testimony of this wicked boy, the community are crying out for the hanging of a man, of whose previous excellent character we have the above testimony. Even a heathen writer could say, *Nemo repente fit turpissimus.* I thank you truly Messrs. Editors for enabling me to present this communication to the public and allowing me so large a space in your valuable paper. I have placed the original letters and certificates in the hands of Mr. Creed in the Reading Room, and the public have full license to inspect them for themselves.

JOHN PRYOR.

Halifax, December 4th, 1865.

A poor attempt has been made by an anonymous writer in the *Morning Chronicle* to denounce Dr. Pryor, for publishing the above, after the jury had pronounced Douglas guilty. The said writer asserts "The only strong point in Dr. Pryor's letter is, that the prisoner is a BAPTIST and therefore worthy of mercy."

Any one who reads the letter may decide whether it gives the least sanction to such a statement. We consider that Dr. P. would have been highly culpable if he had not made public the documents so coming into his possession. Those who are really wishing for "Fiat Justitia," will feel indebted to him for so doing; especially since the Judges themselves decided that because there were some points which required reconsideration, they felt it their duty to defer the passing of sentence upon Douglas.

For the Christian Messenger.

More about the Poet Young.

Robert Chambers observes that Young "was not weaned from the world till age had incapacitated him for its pursuits."

The Rev. Richard Cecil says:—"Young is, of all other men, one of the most striking examples of the disunion of piety from truth. If we read his most true, impassioned, and impressive estimate of the world and of religion, we shall think it impossible that he was unacquainted with the subject. It is however, a melancholy fact, that he was hunting after preferment at eighty years old, and felt and spoke like a disappointed man. The truth was pic-