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**Pirates own book, or authentic narratives of the lives,
exploits, and executions of the most celebrated sea
robbers**

ELLS, CHARLES

New York [u.a.], 1842

Gow taken, tried, and executed with two others.

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ishment was several times repeated by the executioner and another officer, they drawing the cord every time till it broke. But he still being stubborn, refusing to submit to the court, the sentence was pronounced against him, which the law appoints in such cases; that is, "That he should be taken back to prison, and there pressed to death." The gaoler was then ordered to conduct him back, and see that the sentence was executed the next morning; meanwhile the trials of the prisoners, his companions, went forward.

But the next morning, when the press was prepared, pursuant to the order of the Court the day before, he was so terrified with the apprehension of dying in that manner, that he sent his humble petition to the Court, praying that he might be admitted to plead. This request being granted, he was brought again to the bar, and arraigned upon the first indictment, to which he pleaded Not guilty. Then the depositions that had been given against the other prisoners were repeated, upon which he was convicted, and received the sentence of death accordingly, which he suffered in company with Captain Weaver and William Ingham.

The stories of these two men are so interwoven with others, that it will be impossible to distinguish many of their particular actions. They were, however, proved to have been concerned, if not the principal actors, in the following piracies: first, The seizing a Dutch ship in August, 1722, and taking from thence a hundred pieces of Holland, value 800*l.*; a thousand pieces of eight, value 250*l.* Secondly, The entering and pillaging the *Dolphin* of London, William Haddock, out of which they got three hundred pieces of eight, value 75*l.*; forty gallons of rum, and other things, on the twentieth of November in the same year. Thirdly, the stealing out of a ship called the *Don Carlos*, Lot Neekins, master, four hundred ounces of silver, value 100*l.* fifty gallons of rum, value 30*s.* a thousand pieces of eight, a hundred pistoles, and other valuable goods. And fourthly, the taking from a ship called the *England*, ten pipes of wine, value 250*l.* The two last charges both in the year 1721. Weaver returned home, and came to Mr. Thomas Smith, at Bristol, in a very rag-

ged condition; and pretending that he had been robbed by pirates, Smith, who had been acquainted with him eight or nine years before, provided him with necessaries, and he walked about unmolested for some time. But Captain Joseph Smith, who knew him when a pirate, one day met him, and asked him to go and take a bottle with him; when they were in the tavern he told him that he had been a considerable sufferer by his boarding his vessel "therefore," said he, "as I understand that you are in good circumstances, I expect that you will make me some restitution; which if you do, I will never hurt a hair of your head, because you were very civil to me when I was in your hands." But as this recompense was never given, Weaver was apprehended and executed.

PIRATE'S SONG.

To the mast nail our flag! it is dark as the grave,
 Or the death which it bears while it sweeps o'er the wave;
 Let our deck clear for action, our guns be prepared;
 Be the boarding-axe sharpened, the scimeter bared:
 Set the canisters ready, and then bring to me,
 For the last of my duties, the powder-room key.
 It shall never be lowered, the black flag we bear;
 If the sea be denied us, we sweep through the air.
 Unshared have we left our last victory's prey;
 It is mine to divide it, and yours to obey:
 There are shawls that might suit a sultana's white neck,
 And pearls that are fair as the arms they will deck;
 There are flasks which, unseal them, the air will disclose
 Diametta's fair summers, the home of the rose.
 I claim not a portion: I ask but as mine—
 'Tis to drink to our victory—one cup of red wine.
 Some fight, 'tis for riches—some fight, 'tis for fame:
 The first I despise, and the last is a name.
 I fight, 'tis for vengeance! I love to see flow,
 At the stroke of my sabre, the life of my foe.
 I strike for the memory of long-vanished years;
 I only shed blood where another shed tears.
 I come, as the lightning comes red from above,
 O'er the race that I loathe, to the battle I love.

FINIS.