

THE EXECUTION.

And now comes the last sad tragedy. On Tuesday, the 30th of December, 1873, at 8.30 a. m., Peter Mailman paid the extreme penalty of the law for his terrible crime. The evening previous he was attended by several from whom he received words of comfort and consolation. He professed great penitence and sorrow for his crime, and avowed his hope and trust in Jesus Christ for pardon and redemption.

Before the hour of execution arrived a vast throng numbering over 2000 persons congregated to witness the sad scene. The prisoner accompanied by several clergymen and the Sheriff and his Counsel walked from the jail to the scaffold. He was calm and unmoved. He surveyed the dreadful instrument of Death to see that all was right. When asked if he had anything further to say, he replied that Mr. Owen would speak for him. He manifested no emotion while his hands were being pinioned, and died bravely, if we may so put it. After ten minutes suspension, life was pronounced extinct, and his body was taken down and buried in the corner of the jail yard. A solemn scene this, and it is to be hoped that its impressive lesson will not be forgotten by the thousands that witnessed it!

These are his last words as read by the Rev. Mr. Owen from the scaffold :

" My good friends all ! I was very sorry when the murder was committed ; and when I found there was no life to be had any more, I made up my mind, and set my head, that if the Law would give me clear, I would be clear in this world, but not in the next. And if the Law did not give me clear, I set my head to lay down my life for the life I took. I was sorry, and am sorry yet.

I only ask you all to be kind to my poor children, who will soon be fatherless and motherless. I hope they will live in the fear of God, and keep clear of sin, and anger.

My good friends, I ask you all to pray for me. I die looking to the blood of the Lamb, and praying, Lord remember me when Thou comest in Thy Kingdom. Into Thy hands I recommend my spirit, for Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, thou God of truth.

Lord, have mercy upon us, &c.

Our Father, &c.

The Grace of our Lord, &c.

We conclude this record with the following lines, composed by an aged Barrister, at present residing in Lunenburg, appropos the sad event. This closes our chronicle of the unfortunate fate of Peter Mailman.