

that there gallus. Now nobody cares how he dies, and you are very mechanical, would you mind just going with me to test it, and *see if the drop'll act?*" We went, painful though the duty was, and with heavy stones well tested the large wooden trigger-like apparatus which drew the bolt from beneath the drop. Next morning and no steamer! The execution, too, fixed, from head-quarters, at eight o'clock. I went to the magistrate, and earnestly requested that it might be postponed to nine, so as to give the chance of a reply from the Governor, which Mr. Sanders very kindly ventured to grant. At six o'clock I had been with Wall. At about half-past eight we heard the well-known whistle of the steamer (like our locomotives) when below the riffle, just coming up to the bend described in my night adventure in the canoe. The first thing was the large ominous packet from the Governor, with the great red seal and the royal arms. How intense life is at certain points! The letter was opened, and read. *Doomed!* My kind-hearted old friend, Mr. (since, worthily, Sir James) Douglas, replied in the feeling and Christian way in which I knew he would reply; but, though agreeing with the view that the murderer was not fully responsible morally, proceeded to say that the act had been so dramatically public and daringly lawless, before the aliens, and the Americans, and the rowdies, that he dare not take upon himself the responsibility of staying the execution, as a solemn judicial warning to others.

As I had not spoken of my intended writing to the Governor, there was no additional suffering for Wall in the failure. How appalling it is to look upon the visage of one in the prime of life, and practically hale and well, who is face to face with an absolutely inevitable, an ignominious, and violent, death! Every circumstance, too, and association which could render it more distressing and harrowing, was present. He had nothing to leave but his short cutty pipe, which I have now, left half smoked, because the smith came to strike off his irons. His throat was dry, and he begged for something to lubricate it. Nothing was at hand, so he ate some soup. Then, as I said, he quietly addressed himself to die, and strode along, keeping all the time as close to me, as though his future hopes were in my power. I walked by his side across the flat of about a quarter of a mile, picking our way through boulders and charred stumps of pines, to the gallows, which was erected beneath a pretty hill, in a lovely spot. I could not supply him with texts of comfort