Cambria Freeman.

[…]. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." Terms, $2 per year, in advance.

[VO]LUME X. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 12, 1876. NUMBER 17.

THE

[N]EW-YORK

[T]RIBUNE

FOR THE

[C]AMPAIGN

([Fro]m May 10 to Nov. 16, 1876).

[RED]UCED RATES TO CLUBS,

AND

[Gre]at INDUCEMENTS

TO THOSE

[WH]O OBTAIN THEM.

[illegible] to meet the general demand for a [illegible] during the coming Centennial [illegible] campaign, subscriptions to [illegible] TRIBUNE will be received from [illegible] until the 15th of November, 1876, or [illegible] the Presidential election, at the [illegible] which are given below. [illegible] the reasons which will render THE [illegible] particularly useful and desirable dur[ing the] [illegible] months are the following: [illegible] publishes all the news. The servant of [illegible] the slave of no party, it can afford [illegible] tell the truth about all. [illegible] and independent. Believing [illegible] it aims to instruct voters [illegible] of their responsibility. [illegible] tone is pure and elevated, [illegible] is never profaned by anything [illegible] in the columns of THE TRIBUNE. [illegible] standard and current Lit[erature of] the day is presented in its columns. [illegible] correspondence, Poems, Stories, and [illegible] from the most talented and popular [illegible].

[illegible] the best and cheapest Farmer's [illegible] "THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE has [illegible] to make good farmers than any [illegible] which ever existed." [illegible] Market Reports of THE TRIBUNE [illegible] to every buyer and seller in [illegible]. Quotations are given daily and [illegible] of almost every article bought and sold [illegible] market of the world, and with unvary[ing and] almost infallible accuracy. Its Cattle, [illegible] Cheese, and other Markets are the [illegible] standard.

[illegible] copies of THE TRIBUNE are paid [illegible] the American people than of [illegible] newspaper of equal price in the [illegible] fact which is the best demonstration [illegible] of the paper.

[illegible] readers of THE TRIBUNE represent [illegible] enterprising and progressive minds [illegible] country. Persons who are interested in [illegible] of ideas, the advance of sci[ence] [illegible] the progress of opinion, will find [illegible] by THE TRIBUNE.

[illegible] approval and prosperity have [illegible] the independent and self-respectful [illegible] of THE TRIBUNE. It has a larger and [illegible] of earnest workers among its [illegible] than ever before, and constantly re[illegible] [illegible] new readers words of en[couragement].

[illegible] who desire to satisfy themselves [illegible] of the merits of THE TRIBUNE, or [illegible] show it to friends and neighbors [illegible] them to subscribe, specimen copies [illegible] free.

[Term]s of the *Tribune for the Campaign:*

([UNTIL] NOVEMBER 15, 1876.)

[illegible] by mail	$5 00
[illegible] Weekly	1 50
[illegible]	6 25
[illegible] and one extra	12 50
[illegible]	1 00
[illegible]	3 75
[illegible]	6 25
[illegible] copies	11 00
[illegible] copies	15 00

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[illegible] sending a remittance of fifty dol[lars] [illegible] subscriptions at the above rates, THE [illegible] will be sent free until Nov. 15, 1876. [illegible] at sender's risk, unless by [illegible] New York, Postal Order, or in Regis[tered] Letter. Address simply

THE TRIBUNE, New York.

NOTICE TO
[T]AX-PAYERS!

[In accord]ance with an Act of the General As[sembly] of this Commonwealth, approved the [illegible] April, A. D. 1873, "relating to the col[lection] of taxes in the county of Cambria," no[tice is] hereby given to the tax-payers residing [in the] districts below named, that the County [Treasurer], in compliance with the second sec[tion of] said act, will attend at the places of [holding] the borough and township elections on [the fol]lowing named days, for the purpose of [receiving] the county, poor and state taxes as[sessed for] the year 1876:

[illegible] borough, Monday, June 12th.
[illegible] township, Tuesday, June 12th.
[illegible] " Wednesday, " 14th.
[illegible] borough, Thursday, " 15th.
[illegible] " Friday, " 16th.
[illegible] township, Saturday, " 17th.
[illegible] borough, Monday, " 19th.
[illegible] township, Tuesday, " 20th.
[illegible] " Wednesday, " 21st.
[Chest] Springs borough, Thursday, " 22d.
[illegible] township, Friday, " 23d.
[illegible] township, on Monday, June 26th, at [illegible] & H. Fiske's, and on Tuesday, June 27th, [illegible].
[illegible] township, at Glen Connell, Wednes[day, June] 28th, and at A. Anna's, Thurs[day,] June 29th.
[illegible] borough, Friday, June 30th.
[illegible] township, Saturday, July 1st.
[illegible] " Monday, July 3d.
[illegible] " Wednesday, July 5th.
[illegible] township, Thursday, July 6th.
[illegible] Ward, Ebensburg, Friday, July 7th.
[illegible] " Saturday, July 8th.
[illegible] township, Monday, July 10th.
[illegible] " Tuesday, July 11th.

[illegible] in accordance with the second section of [said act,] on all taxes paid to the Treasurer be[fore the] 1st day of September there will be a [abatement of] FIVE PER CENT., while five per cent. [will be added] to all unpaid taxes, and placed in [the hands] of a constable.

[J.] J. FRIEDHOFF, County Treasurer.
[Treas]urer's Office, Ebensburg, April 24, 1876.

[A]UDITOR'S NOTICE!—In the [matter] of the second and partial ac[count] of P. F. Custer and Wm. H. Sechler, ex[ecutors] of Samuel Stiles, deceased. [illegible] April 6th, 1876, on motion of W. H. [illegible], Esq., the Court appoint John G. Lake [Auditor] to distribute the funds in the hands [of the said] executors, as shown by their second and [partial] account. Extract from the Record.
JAMES M. SINGER, Clerk O. C.
[Pursu]ant to the above appointment, I will sit [for that purpose], with the Recorder of Cambria coun[ty, at] Ebensburg, on THURSDAY, the 25th day [of May] next, at 10 o'clock, A. M.
J. G. LAKE, Auditor.
[Eben]sburg, April 25, 1876.-3t.

[A]UDITOR'S NOTICE.—The un[der]signed Auditor, appointed by the [Orphans'] Court of Cambria county to report [distribution] of the balance in the hands of [illegible], administrator of Jacob Settle[myer], [illegible] as shown by said administrator's [final] account, hereby notifies all per[sons] interested that he will attend to the duties [of his] appointment, at his office, in Ebensburg, [on] [illegible] 26th day of MAY, 1876, at 1 o'[clock], P. M., when and where all parties may at[tend] if they think proper.
ALVIN EVANS, Auditor.
[Eben]sburg, April 21, 1876.-3t.

[C]OAL AND LIME for sale in large [or] small quantities by
EVAN MICHAELS.
[illegible] 21, 1876.-tf.

MERCANTILE APPRAISEMENT.

LIST OF RETAILERS OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC MERCHANDISE, as appraised in Cambria county for the year A. D. 1876:

Class.		Lic'se.	Class.		Lic'se.
	ADAMS TOWNSHIP.				
14	Hiram Shaffer.	$7.00	14	George Orris...	$7.00
	ALLEGHENY TOWNSHIP.				
14	William J. Buck				7.00
	BARR TOWNSHIP.				
14	Casper Leib				7.00
	BLACKLICK TOWNSHIP.				
14	Isaac Michaels				7.00
	CARROLLTOWN BOROUGH.				
14	And'w Hauck.	7.00	14	A. Walters.	7.00
14	A. A. Barker...	7.00	14	Simon Schroth.	7.00
14	John Buck.	7.00			
	CAMBRIA BOROUGH.				
14	John Ryan.....	7.00	14	John Pfarr....	7.50
14	John Kintz....	7.50	14	Joseph Stibich.	7.00
	COOPERSDALE BOROUGH.				
14	Adams & McKelvey				7.00
	CONEMAUGH BOROUGH.				
14	Nutter & Cunningham.	7.00	14	Louisa Aaron..	7.00
14	Mich'l Toohey.	7.00	14	Jacob Widman	7.00
14	Wm. Donnelly	7.00	14	George Myer...	7.00
			14	Aug. Lehmire..	7.00
	CLEARFIELD TOWNSHIP.				
14	E. R. Dunegan..				7.00
	CROYLE TOWNSHIP.				
14	Thos. H. Heist..	7.00	14	G. B. Stineman	7.00
14	J. D. Weutroth.	7.00	14	P.M.&J.Brown	7.00
	CHEST TOWNSHIP.				
14	C. A. Langbein.	7.00	14	J. F. Carson...	7.50
	CHEST SPRINGS BOROUGH.				
13	E & H Nutter..	10.00	14	Cooper&Mellon	7.00
	EAST CONEMAUGH BOROUGH.				
14	P. F. Shaffer....	7.00	14	Wm. Sanderson	7.00
14	Leonard Kist.	7.00	14	R. P. Linton...	7.00
14	R Tradenick ...	7.00			
	EBENSBURG BOROUGH.				
13	A. A. Barker & Son..........	10.00	13	E.Roberts&Son	10.00
13	J. P. Thompson	10.00	14	Mrs. R.E. Jones	7.00
14	R. J. Lloyd.....	7.00	14	C. T. Roberts..	7.00
14	G. G. Owens...	7.00	14	D. E. Evans ...	7.00
14	Myers & Lloyd.	7.00	14	M. L. Oatman..	7.00
14	Lemmon&Murray	7.00	14	R. R. Davis.....	7.00
			14	Jacob Thomas.	7.00
14	Geo. Huntley..	7.00	14	Thos. Griffith..	7.50
14	E. C. Parrish...	7.00	14	A. Strittmatter	7.50
	FRANKLIN BOROUGH.				
14	A. & J. L. Custer	7.00	14	D. W. Coulter.	7.00
14	Peter Rubritz..	7.00	14	Martin Custer.	7.00
14	James Findley.	7.50			
	GALLITZIN TOWNSHIP.				
14	Patrick Smith..	7.00	14	J. P. Murray..	7.00
	GALLITZIN BOROUGH.				
14	T. J. Christy...	7.00	14	Thos. Bradley..	7.00
14	J. J. Troxell..	7.00			
	JOHNSTOWN BOROUGH.				
1	Wood, Morrell & Co..........	200.00	14	Kinney&Campbell....	7.00
12	Geis, Foster & Co..	12.50	14	John Thomas..	7.00
12	T. G. Stewart & Co..........	12.50	14	Wakefield & Harshberger	7.00
13	J. Dibert & Son	10.00	14	John Benton.	7.00
14	McPherson&Co	7.00	14	Louis Baumer.	7.00
14	Christ. Kreger.	7.00	14	F. Border......	7.00
14	W. Updegrave.	7.00	14	T. W. Kerlin...	7.50
14	Gotleb Bantley	7.50	14	M'Clelland & Co	7.00
14	E. L. Edwards.	7.00	14	John Hannan..	7.00
14	N. & C.A.Horne	7.00	14	Davis Myles ...	7.00
14	Jas. J. Murphy	7.00	14	John F. Barnes	7.50
14	George Kurtz..	7.00	14	J. S. Ashbridge	7.00
14	Jacob Wild.. ..	7.00	14	Brinker & Co..	7.00
14	Emil Young....	7.50	14	Rose Bloch.....	7.00
14	A. Burgraff.....	7.00	14	Geo. W. Hay...	7.00
14	E. Zang......	7.00	14	S. C. Bailey ...	7.50
14	C. S. Reuth.....	7.00	14	W.Owens & Son	7.00
14	H. J. Hite......	7.00	14	H. Pritchard...	7.00
14	A. & A. Reck..	7.00	14	Eben. James...	7.00
14	F.W. Hay & Son	7.00	14	Paul M'Creary.	7.00
14	L.F. Leitenberger	7.00	14	Blough & Stutzman..........	7.00
14	George Heiser.	7.00	14	Fockler & Levergood......	7.00
14	C. T. Frazer....	7.00	14	Chas.Hochstein	7.50
14	David Creed....	7.00	14	W. L. Levingston........	7.00
14	John Jordan...	7.00			
14	A.Montgomery	7.00	14	Crawford & Reipple......	7.00
14	Louis Cohen....	7.50			
14	D. Dibert & Son	7.00	14	T. H. Brinton..	7.00
14	A.Nathan &Bro	7.00	14	Chas. Oswalt...	7.00
14	J. A. McKinney	7.50	14	Kimple & Vierling..........	7.00
14	M H Nathanson & Co........	7.00	14	M. P. Colman..	7.50
14	Sol. J. Hess	7.00	14	C. O. Luther...	7.00
14	T & G Gallagher	7.00	14	J.Q.A.Benshoof	7.50
14	L. Luckhardt.	7.00	14	Fred. W. Kress	7.00
14	Geo.Unverzagt	7.00	14	H. L. Coulter..	7.50
14	Louther&Green	7.00	14	Marg't Brown.	7.00
14	Jno. Henderson	7.00	14	Osborne & Confer..........	7.50
14	John Brady	7.00			
14	Maggie Gocher	7.00	14	U. A. Griffith.	7.00
14	J. & H. Swank.	7.00	14	Jere. Hipple....	7.00
14	Wm. Caldwell.	7.00	14	E. Elasser......	7.00
14	A. Metz.... ...	7.00	14	Eman'l James.	7.50
14	W H Levergood	7.00	14	Beam & Conrad	7.00
14	A. Pfeifer.. ..	7.00	14	Wm. Wilhelm..	7.00
14	S. R. Varner....	7.00	14	Wm. S. Jones...	7.50
14	John Muller....	7.00	14	Geo. S. Orth....	7.00
14	Dopp & Bostart	7.00	14	George Mayer.	7.00
	JACKSON TOWNSHIP.				
14	David Simmons	7.00	14	Wm. Ford.. ...	7.00
14	Sam'l Albaugh.	7.00	14	George Wehn.,	7.50
	LORETTO BOROUGH.				
14	W. Litzinger...	7.00	14	J. E. Shields & Bro......	7.00
14	F. O'Friel ...	7.00			
14	A. J. Christy...	7.50	14	W. W. McAteer	7.00
14	M.A. Lacy & Co	7.00	14	F. X. Haid......	7.00
14	John Bradley...	7.50			
	MILLVILLE BOROUGH.				
14	P. Rodgers.	7.00	14	G. W. Stutzman	7.00
14	H. W. Given....	7.00			
	RICHLAND TOWNSHIP.				
14	Bernard Nees..	7.00	14	Geo. Berkey...	7.00
14	George Conrad	7.00			
	SUMMITVILLE BOROUGH.				
14	John Egar.....	7.00	14	C. H. Reich ...	7.50
14	Jas. M. Gillin..	7.00	14	Wm. M'Connell	7.00
14	John Riffel.. ..	7.00			
	TAYLOR TOWNSHIP.				
14	S. P. Morrell & Co...				7.00
	WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP.				
14	Wm. Pringle...	7.00	14	Eliz. Thompson	7.00
14	Martin & Co...	7.00	14	C. & J. Lahey..	7.00
14	Syl. McKenzie.	7.00	14	M. B. M'Laughlin	7.00
14	P.M.&J.Brown	7.00			
	WILMORE BOROUGH.				
14	John Schroth..	7.00	14	John M'Colgan	7.50
14	P. M. Wolslagle & Son....	7.00	14	P. F. Kirby....	7.00
			14	Mrs. H.Kephart	7.00
	WHITE TOWNSHIP.				
14	Geo. Walters..	7.00	14	J. E. Palmer...	7.00
14	J. C. Gates.....	7.00	14	J. S. M'Cartney	7.00
14	A.H.Fiske & Co	7.00			
	WOODVALE BOROUGH.				
14	John B. Clark..	7.00	14	W.H.Rosensteel	7.50
	YOLER TOWNSHIP.				
14	Jacob Ream....	7.00	14	John Seigh....	7.00

BREWERIES.

Oscar Graff, Johnstown Borough	15.50
Sieger & Wehn, " "	15.00
Max Heubach, " "	15.50
Henry Hausman, " "	15.00
Jacob Goerner, Cambria Borough	15.00
Lambert & Kress, Conemaugh Borough	15.50
Lawrence Kest, Conemaugh Township	15.00
G. J. Schwader, Washington Township	15.00
Henry Blum, Carrolltown Borough	15.00
Julius Stich, " "	15.00

BILLIARD TABLES.

J. D. M'Clelland (4), Washington Twp	62.00
John Jordan (2), Johnstown Borough	30.00

TEN-PIN ALLEYS.

John Jordan (1), Johnstown Borough	15.50
J. D. M'Clelland (4), Washington Twp	62.00
A. J. Christy (1), Loretto Borough	15.50

AN APPEAL will be held at the Treasurer's Office, in Ebensburg, on MONDAY, the 5th day of JUNE next, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

JOHN FERGUSON,
May 5, 1876. Mercantile Appraiser.

STATEMENT of Auditors' Settlement with the Collector and Treasurer of Wilmore Borough for the year ending April 13, 1876:

TOBIAS ASHE, Collector, DR.

To amount of Duplicate		$340 95
CR.		
By amount of orders paid	$117 93	
" " errors and exonerations	36 25	
" " paid Treasurer	62 61	
" " additional exonerations	2 40	
" " additional credit	50	
" " Collector's commission	12 81	$286 50
Balance due Borough		$ 54 45

JOSEPH MILLER, Treasurer, DR.

To amount at last settlement	$63 17	
" " received from Collector	62 61	
" " P. J. Wolslagle, Burgess' fines	10 26	$136 04
CR.		
By amount of orders paid		$136 04
ASSETS:		
Balance due from Collector	$54 45	
" " " fines	14 74	$69 19

We, the undersigned Auditors of Wilmore Borough, do certify that we have examined the vouchers and accounts of Tobias Ashe, Collector, and Joseph Miller, Treasurer, and find them as above stated, as is also the foregoing statement.

F. P. M'CORMICK, } Auditors.
[4-28.-3t.] T. M'G. OSTER, }

MRS. SURRATT.

A TRUE STORY OF HER EXECUTION, AND WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR IT.

The Richmond *Enquirer* of a recent date published the following:

A distinguished ex-confederate General, who fears recent publications may sully the good name of General Winfield S. Hancock, sends us the following graphic story of the execution of Mrs. Surratt. This narrative shows that General Hancock discharged his painful duty as a soldier, with all tenderness, delaying the execution until the last second, and making every effort to mitigate the sentence. The gentleman to whom we are indebted for this article is known throughout the country, and honored alike by the North and South. In a private note to the editor of the *Enquirer*, he says: "I have observed with regret an attempt being made by friends, perhaps, of interested parties to connect the name of the gallant General Hancock with the murder of Mrs. Surratt. I enclose to you what I believe to be a true account of that event, which I have never seen published in any of our papers. Hancock is not my first choice for the St. Louis nomination, but I think too highly of him to permit injustice to do its work." No one shall outrun us in denunciation of the murderers of Mrs. Surratt, but, like our correspondent, we cannot for a moment believe the General Hancock was one of the them.

THE EXECUTION DESCRIBED BY AN EYE WITNESS.

It was beneath a bright summer sun that Mary E. Surratt was murdered. The press of the United States was amply represented. A majority of it applauded the cowardly crime. When the improvised trap fell, and swung back, and left her body dangling lifeless on the fatal rope, there were present generals and officers of the nation, bearing its uniform, whose buttons and shoulder straps glittered in the bright rays. Save good Father Walter, no voice uttered "God bless her!" as she fell. The soldiers that paced the top of the surrounding walls made no sign. Several turned away their heads, sickened by the sight and awed to see a deed done in the nineteenth century that in the fourteenth would have been delegated to the secrecies of a dungeon or the knife of a solitary bravo.

Women have been murdered before—jealousy, drunkenness, despair, a maddened cupidity have all in turn murdered women. Never before was a hero called in the bright and open day to see such a deed done. Hancock was. He obeyed the call and saw that the hangmen were protected, that the assassination was not interrupted. How his spirit rebelled at the task, was written on his broad face. The writer saw it there as in a book.

It was in the old Arsenal penitentiary yard, in Washington, in the inner yard, that they strangled this woman. The arsenal and penitentiary face and terminate at Four-and-a-half street, which stretches to it from the city hall. They have erected there since then a statue of Lincoln. Were it the man himself he might see the site of the murder committed in his name from the paltry pedestal on which it is raised. The outer gate of the arsenal faces that statue at the other end of the long, wide street exactly. From the gate to the old penitentiary, where the mockery of the trial was played, runs a broad and gravelled path. This path turned around the penitentiary walls, and led to the gate of the yard where stood the scaffold. The walls of the penitentiary formed two sides of the yard, and the other two were walls built to enclose the yard, and these stood some fifteen feet high. Upon these walls sentries were placed.

Fronting the wall that ran at right angles with the end of the penitentiary stood a strange, weird-looking structure. The one end of it had a ladder that reached to the ground; beyond that end, some twenty yards, was a small iron door that opened into the penitentiary—in one of whose lower tier of cells, beneath a raised and replaced flag, were rotting the remains of John Wilkes Booth. This wooden structure was the scaffold. It consisted of a platform, resting on square wooden posts. The front part of the platform was attached to the back part by hinges, and this front rested on posts, which its weight held in place. Along the back and solid part of the platform were four chairs.

Around this yard lounged the correspondents, were ranged some soldiers, and right in the middle of the yard, when the writer entered it, stood the tall and ample form of Hancock in full uniform.

"General, may I go in once more and see the prisoners?"

"No, sir. One moment—Orderly!"

"Yes, sir."

"Mount your horse, go to the outer gate of the arsenal. Don't dismount, but keep your eye along Four-and-a-half street. Should you see a mounted soldier riding this way, then ride here and tell me. Stay there till you are relieved by the sight of that soldier, or by order."

"Yes, sir."

The orderly sped away.

"No, sir, I cannot permit it. They are with ministers and priests; have but a few minutes to live. I have refused every other correspondent."

"Do you expect a reprieve, General?"

"I expect nothing. That woman, however, shall not lose a chance of life, if I can help it. That's why I sent that orderly to the gate."

He did expect a reprieve, and his face showed he did.

The eyes of most were now fastened on the iron door that led into the penitentiary. It looked like a postern in a fortress, heavy, sullen and pitiless. My eyes wandered back to the scaffold. I then noticed, for the first time, that above the platform, resting on two firm posts, ran a beam. From this beam hung four ropes. It sickened me to see them. The sun in the meanwhile shone down on the whole ghastly scene as fierce in its unclouded splendor as ever it shone on the hot sands of Syria.

A sudden movement, a murmur, a low exclamation:

"Here they are!"

There they were, issuing, one by one, from the little door, preceded by soldiers, flanked by soldiers, followed by soldiers, accompanied by men in civilian dresses, the priest, the minister and the hangmen. There was a hangman to every prisoner.

Atzerot came first. Payne came second. Harold came third. She came last. Father Walter was talking to her all the way to the scaffold, all the way up its steps, and on it, when she took her seat. They sat in the order in which they had come.

The poor woman could scarcely walk, and they assisted her to her death very tenderly. As she sat down, I could not refrain from looking to the yard gate, thinking of the orderly at the outer gate beyond. There was no sign. I looked at Hancock; his eyes were turned the same way; his usually florid face was the color of ashes. I could see his hands open and close nervously. He looked at his watch, and the chain oscillated at the touch of his nervous fingers, usually as calm as is the hand of a heavy, lymphatic man, for Hancock was both.

Mary E. Surratt was praying while the crucifix was held before her by Father Walter. Each of the others was listening to the minister. At length Father Walter prayed aloud, and I reporting the prayer, for the time forgot the orderly. The prayer over, I looked gatewards again. No sign! Hancock's eyes were riveted on the gate. The arms of each were being pinioned. They were told to rise, and they all four rose. Each hangman placed the noose around each of their necks. I looked again at the gate. No sign! Hancock was looking at his watch. Turning again to the scaffold, I saw the straw hat of Payne blown by a sudden, unexpected breeze off his head, as if to make way for the white cap. Detective Roberts, his hangman, was about pulling it over his face. I turned to see her. She had lost the power to stand. They had to hold her up while they pulled down the cap. Great God! can a thought be more horrible?

Still no one at the gate!

They were told to walk forward upon the front and treacherous part of the platform.

There they stood. Atzerot swaying with fear; Payne erect and firm as the gladiator which he resembled, when awaiting the fatal fiat; Harold, still. She lifeless to all appearance. The sentries had ceased pacing. You could hear a pin drop.

"Goodbye, my friends, we'll meet again," exclaimed Harold.

Atzerot said something I could not hear.

Still no one at the gate!

Hancock closed his watch.

The men who upheld the lifeless woman stepped back on the solid half of the platform. She was falling, when suddenly the supporting posts in front were knocked down, and all four dangled and swung—the most ghastly spectacle man ever saw!

She never perceptibly moved. Her petticoats and dress had been gathered with a string about her ankles. She hung a dead weight of flesh, not less than two hundred pounds.

Payne writhed and twisted for several minutes.

There was no shout. There was a shudder went through all present—through soldier and civilian—nothing more.

Again I looked at Hancock. If ever he wore that frightened look on the field, his soldier fame is a lie.

Who withheld the reprieve?

Holt says Andrew Johnson did, Johnson said he was never asked for it. Holt admits that an official application by the murderous conclave of troopers, called the court, was made to Andy for a reprieve. Andy said Stanton withheld it. Each threw the blame on the other; but, whosoever was to blame, the deed was done in face of day, under the shadow of the flag of the United States, by the authority of its President, the acquiescence of his cabinet, the signing of the secretary of war, and under the actual supervision of a major general of its armies.

Of all the more active participants in that murder, Holt alone remains to face the strange fates that have overtaken his associates therein—dubious and sudden death.

Stanton died quickly after. He died suddenly and suspected of the suicide of remorse.

King drowned himself. And men do say he drowned himself from inability to face the constant memory of his unsolicited share in that woman's murder.

Andrew Johnson, whose demise recalls the whole of that awful story to the mind again, died suddenly. But not, we trust, because of this crime, of which a passing weakness alone made him a passive accomplice.

THE STORY OF THE ORDERLY.

On the day after the publication of the above the *Enquirer* contained the following supplement to it:

The story of the execution of Mrs. Surratt, which was sent to us by a distinguished ex-confederate and published in yesterday's *Enquirer*, was read with unusual interest; the reproduction of all matter tending to place the responsibility for the murder where it belongs being considered particularly pertinent at this time. Yesterday evening information was obtained that there was a gentleman residing in the city who bore an active part in the events that characterized the fatal day, and who could make some startling disclosures. Steps were immediately taken to secure an interview with him, and after some difficulty our representative succeeded in making an engagement for him to call at the office. The party proved to have been a member of Company A, Two Hundredth Pennsylvania Regiment, Third Division, Ninth Corps, U. S. A.; and at the time of the execution was an orderly to General Hartranft. He was detailed as an orderly on account of his youth and slight build. He expressed a perfect willingness to tell us all he knew; and after producing his discharge from the army as an evidence that he was what he represented himself to be, made the statement given below. The story is a plain, straightforward one, confirming our publication of yesterday, and leaving little doubt as to who was the responsible party in this great crime:

I was an orderly to Gen. Hartranft, commander of the Third Division of the Ninth army corps. After the surrender we were sent to Alexandria to be mustered out of service and to take part in the grand review. While waiting, a detail of officers and men was made to superintend the execution of the conspirators. The detail was all out of the Third Division of the Ninth army corps, and comprised General Hartranft, Colonel and brevet Brigadier-Gen. McCall, Col. Matthews, of the 205th Pennsylvania, and the Lieutenant-Colonel of the 207th Pennsylvania, a few captains and lieutenants, and twenty-two men from the 200th Pennsylvania. These men did all the guarding and carried out all the orders connected with the execution. Gen. Hartranft had personal supervision of it, and received his orders from Gen. Hancock. On the morning of the execution I was handed a dispatch by Col. McCall directed to Andrew Johnson, President of the United States.

I was then with the detail at the Old Arsenal grounds at Washington. Col. McCall told me to take it to Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, and to ride to the point of breaking my neck. He told me also to kill the horse if necessary in bringing a reply. Col. McCall was more excited than usual, and I noticed that his hand trembled as he handed the dispatch to me. He then informed me that it was a petition from the officers having charge of the execution for a reprieve for Mrs. Surratt, and that it was sent by Gen. Hartranft's orders, and that he told me this as there was so damned much red tape about the business, and I might appreciate the necessity of haste. This was about nine o'clock in the morning, I think. I got on my horse and rode in full gallop to the war department, and went immediately to Secretary Stanton's office.

I was met by an orderly who carried the dispatch to Mr. Stanton. After waiting about an hour I told the orderly to inform Mr. Stanton that the dispatch was urgent. He (Stanton) sent word back to attend to my own business, or he would put me under arrest. After waiting some time longer the orderly informed me that the reply would be sent to the arsenal grounds, and when I arrived there the execution had taken place. I could not go back until I received official endorsement on my envelope. The endorsement in this case was that answer would be sent. Just outside of the gate of the arsenal grounds I met a courier named Walter Ruby, who told me he had been looking for me; that Gen. Hancock had instructed him to keep watch for a mounted man. When I reported to Col. McCall he looked at me a moment, and without saying a word turned abruptly on his heel and walked over to where Generals Hancock and Hartranft were conversing. This is all I know of the circumstance.

Colonel McCall afterwards told me while tight that Andy Johnson had told him that the petition never reached him. I once asked Col. McCall why he turned Democrat and he said it was on account of the murder of Mrs. Surratt. He died from drink, and I believe the part he was forced to take in the execution killed him. When Hancock was canvassed for the Presidency I was up to see Col. McCall at his home, and he told me that Stanton was solely responsible for the execution of Mrs. Surratt, and this statement he repeated at a harvest home celebration in Manchester township, York county, Pennsylvania. From what I heard from the officers and men after the execution, I am satisfied that the *Enquirer's* article was the correct statement. I am confirmed in my opinion as to that portion about Hancock by the orderly meeting me outside of the gate.

Col. McCall was the man that sprung the traps, and I frequently heard him remark that it was a d——d nasty business. I did once hear General Hancock remark that it was a very disagreeable duty, and he wished it was over; and that he considered himself peculiarly unfortunate in being placed in the situation he was. I was about head quarters all the time, and heard a great deal, but I cannot recall any other particular expressions of opinion. I am willing to swear to this statement.

On my return to the Arsenal grounds, after the execution, I noticed that all the officers were very pale; General Hancock particularly so. I am satisfied in my own mind that Secretary Stanton delayed me for the purpose of having the execution take place before he gave me an answer. He knew perfectly well that I was liable to court-martial if I went back without his endorsement on the envelope containing the petition.

MEET ME AT THE GATE.

A USEFUL INVENTION WHICH WILL BE GENERALLY ADOPTED BY THE FATHERS OF MARRIAGEABLE DAUGHTERS.

A pale-faced, anxious-looking man, who looked as though he supped with sorrow every week, lives out on North Hill with his wife and seven lovely, blooming daughters. He has, with all these seven lovely daughters, only one front gate, and that is what makes him pale. Last summer he spent $217 repairing that front gate, putting in new ones, and experimenting with various kinds of hinges, and after all that the gate swung all through the winter on a leather strap and a piece of clothes-line, and there was peace in the household, and the man grew fat. But when the April days were nigh, it soon became apparent to the man that his troubles were at hand, and anxiety soon drove the roses from his damask cheeks and robbed his ribs of their subtance. He used to climb over the back fence to avoid calling attention to the disreputable looking old gate, but his self-denial was of no avail. One evening his eldest daughter, Sophronia, said:

"Pa, that horrid old gate is the most disgusting thing on this street. If you can't afford to have it fixed, I'd take it away and put up a stile."

And Pa only groaned. But an evening or so later, his youngest daughter came in and said with considerable warmth:

"Pa! I wish you had that beastly old gate tied to your neck, that's what I wish!"

And she dissolved in tears and evaporated up stairs in a misty cloud, while her sisters followed slowly, casting reproachful looks at Pa.

And the next evening his third daughter, Azalea, came bouncing into the room about 9.30 p. m., with her gloves in a condition to indicate that she had been patting gravel, and said, with some energy, that if Pa had no feeling other people had, and she wished she was dead, she did, and she hoped that the next time that Pa went out of that hateful old gate he'd fall from Arch street to the bridge, so she did. And she broke down and disappeared with a staccato accompaniment of sobs and sniffles. And the next time that Pa went out of that gate he found it prostrate between the two posts, and saw that the fragile strands of the clothes-line had parted, under some extraordinary pressure and that was what ailed Azalea's gloves. Pa saw there was nothing for it but a new gate, and he groaned aloud as he viewed the dreary prospect of furnishing gates to support the manly forms of the best young men of Burlington for another summer. He pondered, and pondered, and pondered. He became the confidant of carpenters; he was often seen guiltily showing certain plans and drawings to blacksmiths and cunning workers in iron and steel. And in due time he had a new gate up, a massive gate, with great posts, ornamented and substantial, and the seven sisters were pleased. They read in the little brass plate that informed them that a patent was applied for, the words, "for 130 pounds," but they didn't know what it meant until last evening.

Last evening the weather, though sufficiently cool to be bracing, admitted a test of the new gate. A murmur of voices arose from the vicinity of that popular lovers' retreat, as Sophronia swung idly to and fro on its heavy frame. Presently a pale-faced man, who held his hand upon his breast to still his beating heart, as he crouched in a dark corner of the porch, heard Rudolphus say:

"But, believe me, Sophronia, my own heart's idol, between the touches of the rude hand of ti——"

As he began the word he leaned forward and bent his weight upon the gate, and with a sharp click a little trap-door in the side of the post flew open, and a gaunt, many jointed arm of steel, with an iron knob as big as a Virginia gourd on the end of it, flew out, and, with the rapidity of lightning, hit Rudolphus two resounding pelts between the shoulders that sounded like a bass-drum explosion.

"Oh-h-h! gosh!" he roared, "I'm stabbed! I'm stabbed!" and, without waiting to pick up his hat, he fled, shrieking for the doctor, while Sophronia rushed into the house, crying, "Pa! Pa! Pa! Rodolphus is shot!" and swooned. The pale faced man said nothing, but shrank still further back into the shadow, and thrust his handkerchief into his mouth to stifle a smile. Pretty soon he heard the voice of his daughter Azalea at the gate [illegible] saying good-night. But a rich, manly voice detained her, and the measured swing of the gate was again heard in the distance. Soon he heard Lorenzo say, as he made ready to climb upon the gate:

"But whatever of sorrow may await our future, dear one, I would it might fall upon me——"

And just as he lifted his last foot from the ground, the trap opened and the gaunt arm reached out and fell upon him with that big knob four times, and every time it reached him, Lorenzo shrieked:

"Bleeding heart! Oh, mercy, mercy, Mr. Man! Oh murder!"

And as he ambled away in the starlight, wailing for arnica, Azalea fled wildly to her home shrieking: "Oh, Pa! Pa! Pa! somebody is murdering Lorenzo." And on the porch a pale-faced man thrust the rim of his felt hat into his mouth to reinforce his handkerchief, and hugged himself in placid content. Pretty soon the man's fifth daughter came home from a party, and she, too, perched on the gate. And in a moment or two Alphonso said:

"But, my own Miriam, would I could tell you what I feel——"

But he didn't, for just as he leaned upon the gate, the gaunt arm reached out and felt him, and knocked his breath so far out of him that he couldn't shriek until he had run half a mile from the house. And Miriam ran into the house screaming that Alphonzo had a fit. And the pale-faced man rose up out of the shadow and emptied his mouth, and as he stood under the quiet starlight, looking at the gate whose powerful but delicate mechanism repelled an ounce of weight over one hundred and thirty pounds, a look of ineffable peace stole over the pale face, and the smile that rested on the quiet features told that the struggle of a life-time was ended in victory and a gate had been discovered that could set at naught the oppressions of thoughtless young people.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

An Incident of the War of 1812.

The following incident, which we do not recall as having been made a matter of record, is related by the venerable Levi Gaylord, who was in the volunteer service. When General Hull surrendered the post of Detroit, great fears were felt of an Indian invasion in this section of Ohio and along the sparsely-settled frontier. The pioneers brushed up the old revolutionary muskets, and, in companies and regiments, reported for duty. Mr. Gaylord, then a young man of some nineteen years of age, was one of the company that reported at Cleveland from this and other towns of the northwestern part of the country. This introductory brings us to the incident in point. Among the prisoners who fell into British hands at the surrender of Detroit were certain officers and men living in Eastern Ohio. On the parole of these men at the post certain numbers, perhaps some sixty, were furnished with the means of reaching Cleveland by the lake in the shape of a large, roughly constructed boat capable of carrying about the number indicated. One of the conditions of the parole signed by these men was that so soon as they reached their destination, Cleveland, the boat should be destroyed. The boat put into the Cuyahoga safely but a short time before, or about the time our informant reached there, and the paroled officer in command reported his arrival and obligations to headquarters. For some reason the boat was allowed to remain at its moorings for a few days, and a knowledge that it was to be destroyed became general, and the fact was very distasteful to many, not at all friendly to the British cause, or not having a very nice sense of honor in a matter of obligation to an enemy. Of this class were quite a number of sailors—rough fellows—and other citizens of the place. They determined to rescue the boat and prevent its destruction; and a knowledge of the conspiracy reaching those in authority, it was determined to burn the boat at once. The relator is not certain as to the exact location of the boat in the river, but remembers that it was tied to the bank in a thicket of alder bushes. Lieut. Van Horn, who our informant thinks, was from Steubenville, and who was physically a noble specimen of manhood, standing some "six feet four," and as straight as an arrow, was detailed, with a squad of men, of which Mr. G. was one, to see the boat destroyed. They were none too soon, for the conspirators were on hand when they arrived, and a fight for the possession of the craft was emminent. Van Horn jumped upon the bow-deck with drawn sword, and the leader of the assailants called on his comrades, all armed with sticks and stones, to board her also. Van Horn flourished his sword and said, firmly: "I'll roll three heads off myself first, and then hand you over to my men." The determined bearing of Van Horn, and the presence of his armed squad, effectually cowered the rough assailants and they slunk out of sight in the alder thicket. A fire was at once kindled at either end of the boat, and the men stood guard over its burning till the blackened wreck settled into the waters of the Cuyahoga.—*Geneva Times.*

A GRANGER friend sends us the following for publication, and wants us to vouch for its correctness. As we are just entering upon a political campaign, and wish to preserve what reputation we have for veracity, we must decline. We give the story though as sent to us; "A gentleman of my acquaintance had a Durham cow that gave birth, all at one time to a two year old heifer that had no legs at all. Mr. Jones took a five-eighths auger and bored holes where the legs ought to be, and then drove in the legs of an old wash bench. He then applied Dr. Hutchin's celebrated Indian hair tonic to the legs, which haired them over in one night, and brought out the hoofs beautifully. The animal has since trotted her mile in 1:18, and took the first premium at a horse trot. During the month of March she suckled six calves and gave ten gallons of milk every day."

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—There is a magistrate in a town in Indiana named Helser. A clergyman in the same place was called upon by a young couple not long since, who wished to be joined in the holy bonds of matrimony. He asked the bridegroom for his marriage license. The man replied that he had been engaged to the girl for four years, and thought that would do. The clergyman thought not, and remarked, as the speediest way to obtain a license: "You had better take your girl and go to Helser?" "You go to hell yourself!" retorted the angry bridegroom. And seizing the bride by the arm he dragged her from the house wondering what manner of a profane minister he had met with.