

VILLAGE RECORD.



By W. Blair.

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POETICAL.



MOMENTS.

A moment! what a little space
Amid time's rolling years!
How rapid, in this life's short race,
A moment's course appears!
'Tis come—but quick as thought 'tis gone,
No power can make it stay;
'Twas ours but scarcely called our own,
Eye it had fled away.
Thus rapidly, with dashing haste,
Time's little seconds flee,
But leave a record ne'er erased.
All through eternally.
How precious should these moments seem
Which God to us has given;
How wise, our moments to redeem,
And seek the way to Heaven.
For moments, as they stood apace,
Reduce the years we have,
And brieter make one day of grace,
Before we reach the grave.
A moment—and the hand of death
Some fatal dart may send;
May stop our ever-flashing breath,
Our fragile lifetime end.
A moment to the dying saint,
And all his griefs are o'er;
To mourn—to sigh—to drop—to faint—
To want—to die no more.
Lord, on our hearts impress the thought
Of time's uncertainty;
That, by the Holy Spirit taught,
We now may haste to thee.
So shall life's little moments go
Like all before have passed;
But we be safe while here below,
And raise to heaven at last.

MISCELLANY.

DAYTON AND COMPANY.

Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes
An empty pocket the worst of crimes.
"Weston," said Mr. Dayton to one of his clerks, as they were alone in the spacious counting-room which was attached to the large store of which Mr. D. was proprietor, give me leave to say I do not think your dress sufficiently genteel to appear as a clerk in a fashionable store. A deep flush suffused the face of the young man, and in spite of his endeavors to repress it, a tear glistened in his full black eye. "Did I not know your salary was sufficient to procure more genteel habiliments, I would increase it."
"My salary is amply large, sir, replied Weston, with a mortified air, but with that proud independence of feeling which even poverty had not been able to displace him.
"Oblige me, then, by changing your apparel, and presenting a different appearance in the future. You are wanted in the store."
Weston turned and left his employer, who muttered to himself as he took up the paper, "How I do detest these parsimonious fellows."
Mr. Dayton was a man of immense wealth. He was a widower and had but one child, a daughter, who was the pride of his declining years. She was as good as an angel, and as beautiful as she was good. She was simple in her taste and appearance. Such was Laura Dayton when Weston May first became an intimate friend of her father's house, and what wonder that he soon learned to love her with a deep and ardent affection. Though their tongues never gave utterance to what their hearts felt, yet the language of their eyes was not to be mistaken. Weston was the very soul of honor, and although he perceived with pleasure that he must be distasteful to her, still he felt he must conquer the passion that glowed in his heart.
"I must not win her heart," he said to himself. "I am penniless and her father would not consent to our union. Thus he reasoned, and thus he manfully endeavored to subdue what he considered an ill-fated passion.
Laura had many suitors, and some of whom were worthy of her, but she refused all them with gentle yet decisive firmness.
Her father was in the decline of life, and wished to see her happily settled ere he departed from this world. It was not long before he surmised that young Weston was the cause of her indifference to others. The pleasure in which she took in hearing him praised, the blush which mantled her face when their eyes met, served to convince the old gentleman that they took more than a common interest in each other. He forbore to make any remark on the subject, and was not so displeased at the thought as Weston imagined he would be.
Weston May had now been three years in his employ. Mr. Dayton knew nothing of his family; but his strict integrity, good morals, and pleasing manners conspired to make him esteemed. He placed unbounded confidence in him, and was very proud of him. He wished him to dress as well as others, and often wondered at the scantiness of his wardrobe; for although Weston dressed with the most scrupulous regard to neatness, his clothes were almost threadbare, which Mr. Dayton thought proceeded from a niggardly disposition, and, accordingly addressed him on the subject, as before related.
Soon after this conversation Mr. Dayton left home on business. As he was riding through a pretty village, he alighted at the

door of a cottage and requested a drink of water. The mistress, with an easy politeness which told that she had not always been the humble cottager, invited him to enter. He complied, and a scene of poverty and neatness met his gaze which he had never before witnessed. The furniture consisting of nothing more than what was actually necessary, was so clean and neat that it cast an air of comfort around. A venerable old man sat in the window with his staff in his hand. His clothes were old and so patched that they seemed a counterpart of Joseph's coat of many colors.
"This is your father I presume," said he addressing her.
"It is sir."
"He seems quite aged."
"He is in his eighty-third year, and has survived all his children but myself."
"How you always resided here?"
"No, sir; my husband was once wealthy, but endorsing ruined him, and we were reduced to this state. He soon after died, and two of my children followed him."
"Have you any children living?"
"One sir, who is my only support. My own health is so feeble that I cannot do much; and father being blind and deaf needs a great deal of attention. My son will not tell me how much his salary is, but I am sure he sends me nearly all of it."
"Then he is not at home?"
"No, sir, he is a clerk in New York."
"Indeed! Pray what is his name?"
"Weston May."
"Weston May! Is it possible. Why he is my clerk. I left him in charge of my store only two weeks ago."
"Explanations followed, and Mr. Dayton left promising to call some other time.
"Noble fellow," said he mentally, as he was riding slowly along, and ruminating upon the call. "Noble fellow! I believe he loves my girl, and he may have her and part of my money too. Let me see, here he fell into a thinking mood, and by the time he had reached home, he had formed a plan which he had determined to execute. How it terminated we shall see. Full of this new plan he entered the breakfast room where Laura was awaiting his coming.
"So Weston is going to England said he.
"Sir," said Laura, dropping her coffee cup, "going to England?"
"To be sure, what of it child?"
"Nothing—only—I will shall be rather lousesome," replied she vainly endeavoring to repress her tears.
"Come, come, Laura, tell me do you love Weston? You never deceived me, and don't do it now."
"No well I—I do love him most sincerely."
"I thought so," said he as he left the room.
"Weston, said he, as he entered the store, you expect to go into the country shortly do you?"
"Yes, sir, in about four weeks."
"If it would not be inconvenient I wish you would defer it a week longer," said Mr. Dayton.
"I will, sir, with pleasure, if it will oblige you."
"It will oblige me greatly, for Laura is to be married in about six weeks, and I wish you to attend the wedding."
"Laura married?" said Weston, starting as if shot, "Laura married?"
"To be sure. What ails the boy?"
"Nothing, sir, only it was rather sudden—unexpected."
"It is rather sudden; but I am an old man and wish to see her have a protector before I die. I am glad you can stay to the wedding."
"Indeed, sir, I cannot stay," said Weston, forgetting what he had just said.
"You cannot! why you just now said you would."
"Yes, sir, but my business requires my presence and I must go."
"But you said you would with pleasure."
"Command me to any thing else, sir but in this I cannot oblige you."
"Weston, tell me frankly, do you love my girl?"
"Do you love my girl?"
"I do, sir."
"Will you give me your mother for her?" Mr. Dayton spoke earnestly.
"My mother! what do you know of her?" Mr. Dayton repeated his incident already related, and in conclusion said:
"And now, my boy, I have written to your mother and offered myself, and she has accepted. What have you to say?"
"That I am the proudest fellow on earth, and proud to call you father, replied the young man with a joyful face.
A few weeks after a double wedding took place at Mr. Dayton's mansion, and soon after a sign went up over a certain store, bearing the name of Dayton & Company.
Young men, you may learn from this that it is not fine clothes that would win for you the esteem of those around you.
WOMAN'S MISSION.—To the question "What is woman's mission?" Punch facetiously replied, "To stay at home and keep the kettle boiling!" Ah, there are thousands of working men's homes where there would be tenfold more domestic happiness if the wives did stay at home, instead of going out to work at the mill. Make your homes attractive. Keep not only your homes, but your persons clean and tidy. Let home be to your husband the brightest and happiest spot on earth. Let not your husbands be able to say that they are driven from their homes to seek a bright fire abroad! Wives, keep the kettle boiling.
What is the worst sort a man can sit on? Self-conceit.
A man of an uncertain age—Jeff. Davis, for he may come to an end at any day.

Don't Get Discouraged!

Don't get discouraged! Who ever gained anything by drawing down the corners of his mouth when a cloud came over the sun, or letting his heart drop like a lead weight into his shoes when misfortune came upon him! Why, man, if the world knocks you down and jostles past you in its great race, don't sit whining under people's feet, but get up, rub your elbows, and begin again. There are some people who even to look at is worse than a dose of camomile tea. What if you do happen to be a little puzzled on the dollar and cent question? Others besides you have stood in exactly the same spot, and struggled bravely out of it, and you are neither lame, nor blind, that you cannot do likewise! The weather may be dark and rainy. Very well—laugh between the drops, and think cheerily of the blue sky and sunshine that will surely come to-morrow! "Business may be dull; make the best of what you have and look forward to something more hopeful. If you catch a fall, don't lament over your bruises, but be thankful that no bones are broken. If you can't afford roast beef and plum pudding, eat your codfish joyfully, and bless your stars for the indigestion and dyspepsia you thereby escape. But the moment you begin to groan over your troubles and count up the calamities, you may as well throw yourself over the docks and done with it. The luckiest fellow that ever lived might have woes enough if he set himself seriously to work looking them up. They are like invisible specks of dust; you don't see 'em till you put on your spectacles. But then, is it worth while to put your spectacles to discover what is a great deal better let alone?
Don't get discouraged, little wife! Life is not long enough to spend in inflaming your eyes and reddening your nose because the pudding won't bake, and your husband says that the new shirts you worked over so long "set like meal bags." Make another pudding—begin the shirts anew! Don't feel "down in the mouth" because dust will, and clothes will wear out, and crockery will get broken. Being a woman don't procure you an exemption from trouble and care; you have got to fight the battle of life as well as your husband, and it will never do to give it up without a bold struggle. Take things as they come, good and bad together, and when ever you feel inclined to cry, just change your mind and laugh! Keep the horrors at arm's length; never turn a blessing round to see if it has got a dark side to it, and always take it for granted that things are blessings until they prove to be something else. Never allow yourself to get discouraged, and you'll find the world a pretty comfortable place, after all.
Alphabetical Record of the Rebellion.
An exchange publishes the following:
A—Stands for Andersonville—the ghastly monument of the most revolting outrage of the country.
B—Stands for Booth—let his memory be swallowed up in eternal oblivion.
C—Stands for Canada—the asylum of skeddaddlers, and the nest in which foul traitors hatched their eggs of treason.
D—Stands for Davis—the most eminent law comedian, in the female character of the age.
E—Stands for England—an enemy in our adversity; a sycophant in our prosperity.—(Music by the band, air, Yankee Doodle.)
F—Stands for Freedom—the bulwark of the nation.
G—Stands for Grant—the undertaker who officiated at the burial of the rebellion.
H—Stands for Hardee—his tactics could not save him.
I—Stands for Infamy—the spirit of treason.
J—Stands for Justice—give it to the traitors.
K—Stands for Kearseage—for further particulars see Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup.
L—Stands for Lincoln—we mourn his loss.
M—Stands for Mason—(More music by the band; air, "There came to the beach a poor exile," &c.)
N—Stands for Nowhere—the present location of the C. S. A.
O—Stands for "O dear, what can the matter be?" For answer to this question apply to Kirby Smith.
P—Stands for peace—woolly won by the gallant soldiers of the Union.
Q—Stands for Quantrell—one of the guerrillas in the rebel menagerie.
R—Stands for Rebellion—which is no longer able to stand for itself.
S—Stands for Sherman—he has a friend and dictator in Grant.
T—Stands for Treason—with a halter around its neck.
U—Stands for Union—"now and forever one and inseparable."
V—Stands for Victory—further explanation is unnecessary.
W—Stands for Washington—the nation is true to his memory.
X—Stands for Xtration—English papers please copy.
Z—Stands for Zodiac—the stars are all there.—(Music by the band.)
The Star-spangled Banner, O long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.)
The Kentucky rebel sympathizers are cursing their children with bad names. The Louisville Press says that at a quilting party in the neighborhood of Bloomfield the other day, where all the neighbors had gathered for a justification, there was, of course, a grand array of the "young hopefuls" of the country. A friend took the names of the rising generation, and found three Jeffs, two Braggs, two John Morgans, two Beauregards, one Stonewall, one Dixie, and one Sue Monday.

A Mountain of Salt.

On the south side of the island of St. Domingo, is the most singular salt deposit to be found in the world. From an intelligent gentleman recently there, and a document issued by the New York Company, we learn that there is a mountain of salt six miles long, from one-half to a mile wide, and from four to five hundred feet high. In some places where the sides of the mountain are nearly perpendicular, large cliffs of salt are exposed to view, while in other parts a coating of earth, from ten to thirty feet deep, covers the salt. This salt, in a crude state, contains 95 7/10 per cent of pure salt, while the purest found elsewhere is but 96 7/10. By the skill and energy of Dr. Hatch, of Massachusetts, grants have been obtained of the Spanish Government, and the way is being opened for bringing this immense treasure to the markets of the world. A railroad some twenty miles in length, is to be constructed, which will bring the salt to the little port of Barahona. Whatever in our world can be kept from spoiling by salt, here is enough of it to make the pickle as large and as strong as can be demanded, and the thing will be fully and speedily developed by Yankee enterprise.—Mining and Scientific Press.
Worth of Widows.
"Rich widows are about yet (said Nicky Nollekins to his friend Bunkers,) though they are snapp'd up so fast. Rich widowers, Billy, are special evidence," sent here like rafts to pick up deserving chaps, when they can't swim no longer. When you've bin down twy'st Billy, and are jist off again, then comes the wider floatin' along. Why, splatter-docks is nothin' to it; and a widder is the best of all life-preservers when a man is a most swamped and sinkin', like you and me."
"Well, I'm not partic'lar, not I, (replied Billy,) nor never was. I'd take a widder, for my part, if she's got the muddrops, and never ask no questions. I'm not proud—never was harrystocratic—I drink with anybody, and smokes all the cigars they give me. What's the use of bein' stuck up, stiffy?—It's my principle that other folks are nearly as good as me, if they're not constables nor aidmen. I can't stand them sort."
"No, Billy," said Nollekins, with an encouraging smile, "no, Billy, such individuals as them, don't know human nature."
Now—"Now" is the constant syllable ticking from the clock of time. "Now" is the watch-word of the wise. "Now" is on the banner of the prudent. Let us keep this little word always in our mind, and whenever anything presents itself to us in the shape of work, whether mental or physical, we should do it with all our might, remembering that "now" is the only time for us. It is, indeed, a sorry way to get through the world, by putting off till to-morrow, saying, "Then I will do it." No! this will never answer.
The way in which words are often divided when set to music, sometimes produces a rather ludicrous effect. A stranger was once surprised on hearing a congregation, mostly of women, cry out:
"O for a man!
O for a man!
O for a man in the skies!"
While on another occasion a choir sang out to the best of their ability:
"We'll catch the flea!
We'll catch the flea!
We'll catch the flea-ing hour!!
It is hoped nobody was bitten.
At a recent election a merchant presented himself at the polls, accompanied by a well known physician, when, with a view to avoid taking his turn in the long row of voters the physician interceded for his friend, and requested that the crowd would give him the head of the line, on the ground of being under medical treatment. The merchant looked as if he was in prime of health, when Fred. Walter, penetrating the dodge, spoke out:
"I say, doctor, is that man under your treatment?"
"Yes, sir," said the doctor, with exquisite politeness, "he is now under my treatment."
"Then, gentlemen," exclaimed Fred, "let the man vote at once he'll never have another chance."
"Bob, Harry Smith has one of the greatest curiosities you ever saw."
"Don't say so—what is it?"
"A tree that never sprouts, and becomes smaller the older it grows."
"Well, that is a curiosity. Where did he get it?"
"From California."
"What is the name of it?"
"A xetree—it once belonged to a California omnibus."
Scene closed by Bob throwing an inkstand at a half closed door.
Mrs. Partington, in illustration of the proverb, "a soft answer turneth away wrath," says, "that it is better to speak paragonically of a person than to be all the time flinging epithets at him."
"Papa," said the youngster, "what is punctuation?"
"It is the art of putting stops, my child."
"Then I wish you would go down into the cellar and punch into the cider barrel, as the cider is running all over the floor."
The fellow who took the mantilla from the boudoir of a pretty girl in Fifth Avenue, justifies himself on the ground that "it is no harm to steal from a thief;" as the owner of the mantilla has stolen the hearts of some forty or fifty old bachelors.

TERRIBLE RETRIBUTION!

THE MURDER OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN AVENGED!

Four of the Assassins Hung!

WASHINGTON, July 7, 1865.—To-day the last scene of the terrible tragedy of the 14th of April took place. Lewis Payne, David E. Harold, George A. Atzeroth, and Mary E. Surratt, the ringleaders in the murderous plot to assassinate the heads of the Government, and throw the land into anarchy and confusion, paid the penalty of their crime upon the gallows.
Between nine and ten o'clock in the morning the three ante-rooms of the prison, on the first floor, were thronged with army officers, principally of Hancock's corps, anxious to get a view of the execution from the windows, from which the scaffold could be plainly seen.
While waiting here for over two hours, the clergyman passed in and out through the heavily riveted doors leading to the prisoners' cells, which creaked heavily on its hinges as it swung to and fro, and the massive key was turned upon the inner side with a heavy sound as a visitor was admitted within its portals.
Mrs. Surratt's daughter passed into the ante-room, accompanied by a lady, who remained seated, while the daughter rapidly entered the hall, and, passing through the heavy door, is soon in the corridor where her mother is incarcerated.
Messrs. Cox, Doster, Aiken and Clappitt, counsel for the prisoners, are specially passed in for a short interview, and in a few minutes they return again to the ante-rooms.—Time flies rapidly, and not a moment is to be lost. No useless words are to be spoken, but earnest, terse sentences are from necessity employed when conversing with the doomed prisoners, whose lives are now measured by minutes.
Aiken and Clappitt are both here. They walk impatiently up and down the room, whispering a word to each other as to the prospects of Mrs. Surratt's being relieved through the operations of the habeas corpus, which Aiken confidently tells us, has been granted by Justice Wylie, and from which he anticipates favorable results. Strange infatuation! It was the last straw to which, like drowning men, they clung with the fond hope that it was to rescue their client from his imminent peril.
Atzeroth passed the night previous to the execution without any particular manifestations. He prayed and cried alternately, but made no other noise that attracted the attention of his keeper. On the morning of the execution he sat most of the time on the floor of his cell in his shirt sleeves.
He was attended by a lady dressed in deep black, who carried a prayer book, and who seemed more exercised in spirit than the prisoner himself. Who the lady was could not be ascertained. She left him at half-past twelve o'clock, and exhibited great emotion at parting.
Eleven o'clock. The crowd increases.—Reporters are scribbling industriously. A suppressed whisper is audible all over the room and the hall as the hour draws nearer, and preparations begin to be more demonstrative.
The rumbling sound of the trap as it falls in the course of the experiments which are being made to test it, and to prevent any unfortunate accident occurring at the critical moment, is heard through the windows, and all eyes are involuntarily turned in that direction, for curiosity is excited to the highest pitch to view the operations of the fatal machinery. There are two or three pictorial papers represented. One calmly makes a drawing of the scaffold for the next issue of his paper, and thus the hours till noon passed away.
Twelve o'clock. The bustle increases.—Officers are running to and fro calling for orderlies and giving orders. General Hartranft is trying to answer twenty questions at once from as many different persons. The sentry in the hall is becoming angry because the crowd will keep intruding on his beat, when suddenly a buggy at the door, announces the arrival of General Hancock.
He enters the room hurriedly, takes Gen. Hartranft aside, and a few words pass between them in a low tone, to which Hartranft nods acquiescence; then, in a louder voice, Hancock says, "Get ready General! I want to have everything put in readiness as soon as possible." This was the signal for the interviews of the clergymen, relatives and friends of the prisoners to cease, and for the doomed to prepare for execution.
The bustle increases. Mr. Aiken approaches Gen. Hancock and a few minutes' conversation passes between them. Aiken's countenance changes perceptibly at Gen. Hancock's words. The reason is plain; there is no hope for Mrs. Surratt. The habeas corpus movement, from which he expected so much, has failed, and Aiken, in a voice tremulous with emotion, said to your correspondent, "Mrs. Surratt will be hung."
The bright hopes he had cherished had all vanished, and the dreadful truth stood before him in all its horror. Clappitt, too, till General Hancock arrived, indulged the hope that the habeas corpus would effect a respite for three or four days.
One o'clock. Three or four of Harold's sisters, all in one chorus, sit weeping, come through the prison doors into the hall. They had left their brother and spoken to him the last words, and heard his voice for the last time.
At fifteen minutes after one o'clock Gen. Hartranft blandly informs the "press gang" to be in readiness for the prison doors to be opened, when they can pass into the prison yard, from whence a good view of the procession can be obtained as it passes by to the

scaffold. About 1 1/2 M. the prison yard was thrown open to those having passes, and about fifty entered. The first object in view was the Scaffold, which was erected at the northeast corner of the Penitentiary yard, and consisted of a simple wooden structure of very primitive appearance, faced about due west. The platform was elevated about twelve feet from the ground, and was about twenty feet square.
The graves, four in number, were dug close to the scaffold and next to the prison wall. They were about three feet and a half deep, in a dry clayey soil, and about seven feet long and three wide. Four pine boxes, similar to those used for packing guns in, stood between the graves and the scaffold.—These were for coffins; being in full view of the prisoners as they emerged from their cells, and before them until they commenced the dreadful ascent of those thirteen steps.
About a thousand soldiers were in the yard and about the high wall around it, which is wide enough for centries to patrol it. The sun's rays made it very oppressive, and the walls kept off the little breeze that was stirring. There was no shade, and the men huddled together along the walls and around the pump to discuss with one another the prospect of a reprieve or delay for Mrs. Surratt. But few hoped for it, though some were induced by Mrs. Surratt's counsel to believe she would not be hung to-day.—When one of them came out and saw the four ropes hanging from the beam—he exclaimed to one of the soldiers, "My God, they are not going to hang all four, are they?"
But there are times when it is mercy to hang criminals, and that time was drawing nigh, it seemed, for those who have been used for years to apologize for the Rebellion, and its damning acts, to be brought to believe that any crime is to be punished. Of such material were the prisoners' counsel.
The drops at eleven-thirty, are tried with three hundred pound weights upon them, to see if they will work.
Twelve-forty, four arm chairs are brought out and placed upon the scaffold, and the moving around of General Hartranft, indicates the drawing near of the time. The newspaper correspondents and reporters are admitted to a position about thirty feet from the gallows, and about one o'clock and ten minutes, the heavy door in front of the cells is swung upon its hinge for the hundredth time within an hour, and a few reporters, with Gen. Hancock, pass in and through to the yard, and the big door closes with a slam behind them. All take positions to get a good view. Gen. Hancock for the last time takes a survey of the preparations, and being satisfied that everything is ready, he re-enters the prison building, and in a few minutes the solemn procession marched down the steps of the back door into the yard, in the following order:—The condemned, Mrs. Surratt, supported by Lieutenant Colonel McCall, Two-hundredth Pennsylvania Regiment, on her left side, and Sergeant, W. R. Kenney, Company A, Twelfth Veteran Reserve Corps; Fathers Walker and Weigel walking together. Harold, accompanied by Sergeant Thomas, Company B, Eighteenth Veteran Reserve Corps, and an officer attached to Col. Baker's Detective force. Payne, accompanied by Sergeant Grover, Company D, Eighteenth Veteran Reserve Corps, and one of Colonel Baker's detectives.
Atzeroth, attended by Sergeant White, Fourteenth Veteran Reserve Corps, and one of Baker's detectives. Mrs. Surratt, on emerging from the back door, cast her eyes upward upon the scaffold for a few moments with a look of curiosity, combined with dread. One glimpse, and her eyes fell to the ground, and she walked along mechanically, her head drooping, and if she had not been supported would have fallen.
She ascended the scaffold, and was led to an arm-chair, in which she was seated. An umbrella was held over her by the two holy fathers, to protect her from the sun, whose rays shot down like the blasts from a fiery furnace. She was attired in a black bombazine dress, black alpaca bonnet, with black veil, which she wore over her face till she was seated on the chair. During the reading of the order for the execution by General Hartranft, the priests held a small crucifix before her, which she kissed fervently several times.
She first looked around at the scene before her, then closed her eyes and seemed engaged in silent prayer. The reading and the announcement of the clergymen in behalf of the other prisoners having been made. Col. McCall, assisted by the other officers, proceeded to remove her bonnet, pinion her elbows, and tie strips of cotton stuff around her dress below the knees. This done, the rope was placed around her neck and her face covered with a white cap reaching down to the shoulders.
When they were pinioning her arms she turned her head and made some remarks to the officers in a low tone, which could not be heard. It appeared they had tied her bows too tight, for they slackened the bandage slightly, and then awaited the final order. All the prisoners were prepared thus at the same time, and the preparations of each were complete at about the same moment, so that when Mrs. Surratt was thus pinioned she stood scarcely ten seconds, supported by those standing near her, when Gen. Hartranft gave the signal by clapping his hands twice for both drops to fall, and as soon as the second and last signal was given both fell, and Mrs. Surratt, with a jerk, fell to the full length of the rope. It was done as quick as lightning. She was leaning over when the drop fell, and this gave a swinging motion to her body, which lasted several minutes before it assumed a perpendicular position. Her death was instantaneous; she died without a struggle. The only muscular movement discernible was a slight contraction of the left arm, which she seemed to try to disengage from behind her as the drop fell.
After being suspended thirty minutes, she