

EXECUTION OF WIRZ.

WASHINGTON, Nov 10.

Capt. Wirz was hung this forenoon between 10 and 11 o'clock. He exhibited the same defiant composure that he has manifested all along.

Wirz was attired in a long robe or shroud of black cambric, and an attempt was made to handcuff his wrists, but his right arm was so swollen that the iron could not be fastened without giving him pain. "I don't want to be cross," said he, "but don't hurt me." The shackles were removed. When summoned to leave the cell, Wirz remarked to Father Boyle, "I hope this black dress will soon be turned into a white robe. I go willingly."

On reaching the gallows, he ascended the steps with alacrity and seated himself in a chair placed upon the drop. Father Boyle, from whom he had received the sacrament, stood at his right hand, holding a small crucifix, and at his left hand stood Father Wigget.

Major Russell then read, in a clear voice, the long charges and specifications. Wirz listened to the tedious document with attention, nodding assent to some portions and shaking his head negatively when other sections were being read.

Occasionally, the impatient crowd without would give hideous yells, at which the criminal would betray some uneasiness. Then Father Boyle would display the symbol of redemption, saying, "Faith, hope, charity, repentance will save you."

At last, the reading of the charges, the specifications, the finding of the Court and the President's approval of the sentence had been completed, and Major Russell, turning toward the criminal, asked him if he had any remarks to make. He replied in an unconcerned tone that he had no wish to say anything to the public. To the Major he would say that he died innocent. He had but once to die, his hope was in the future.

Major Russell then shook hands with him, receiving his thanks for courteous treatment. The priest bade him farewell, with words of consolation, and retired. He stood erect upon the drop. The hangman pinioned his arms and feet, adjusted the fatal noose, and put on the black cap. Then commenced unearthly yells from those outside of the prison yard, as if execrating the perpetrator of atrocious cruelties. Major Russell raised his cap — the drop fell — Henry Wirz, with a sudden plunge, was hung by the neck until he was "Dead, dead, dead."

It was seven minutes after the drop fell before the convulsive movements of the body ceased, and the subsequent surgical examination showed that his neck was not broken.