

EXTRA

LAST OF GITEAU

Garfield's Murderer Expiates His Crime.

HIS DEATH ON THE GALLOWS.

How He Passed His Last Night on Earth.

THE SCAFFOLD SCENES

Incidents Connected With the Hanging.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE TRAGEDY.

President Garfield shot, July 2, 1881.
His progress warrants discontinuance of military bulletin, July 16.
Alarming illness, July 20.
Operation performed, August 8.
President signed an official paper, August 10.
Dyspeptic symptoms, with vomiting, August 14.
Appearance of swelling gland, August 18.
Removal to Long Branch, September 7.
Mason shoots at Giteau, September 11.
The President's death, September 19.
Funeral services at Washington, September 22.
Funeral at Cleveland, September 26.
Trial of Giteau began, November 14.
Jones shoots at Giteau, November 19.
Giteau found guilty, January 24, 1882.
Giteau hanged, June 30, 1882.

The curtain has fallen on the last dread scene of the national tragedy which for well nigh a twelvemonth has held the attention of the world. From the lamentable scene of the assassination in the railroad depot in Washington to the final act of retribution in the jail on Friday, June 30, no event in American history comprises so many dramatic features. The long days of alternate hope and despair in the sick chamber in the White House and the dark nights that settled over the cottage on the cliff at Elberon; the unprecedented trial of the assassin, during which he donned the motley habiliments of the clown; the determined attempts by would-be avengers to save the nation the expense of a trial; the extraordinary efforts to save the wretch's life, and the final scene of the writhing, struggling form at the end of the hangman's rope are memorable in the history of the past year. Below will be found the full details of the assassin's final taking off, beginning with an account of his actions on the day preceding his execution, and including everything of interest connected with his last moments on earth.

The Day Before the Execution.

WASHINGTON, June 29.—Giteau was alone with his keepers to-day until noon, but from that hour until evening he was scarcely a moment without company. He had passed the night well, dropping asleep early and apparently not awakening until daylight. He did not toss about in his sleep or exhibit any of the symptoms of restlessness that sensational accounts have attributed to him, nor upon rising this morning were there any traces of special anxiety in his looks or manner. The warden and his deputy and the officers of the death-watch declared that with due allowance for Giteau's pride and for his desire to carry out his inspiration boasts to the end, they have never seen any one on the verge of death bear himself with such nerve and fortitude.

The arrival of a bouquet of flowers from Mrs. Scoville, which preceded her visit to the cell this afternoon, was potent to reduce him to tears when thoughts of his impending doom had failed to move him to a display of feeling, but he quickly conquered even this display of emotion as unworthy an agent of the deity about to suffer for performing his duty. The visit of the Rev. Mr. Hicks, who was the first of the afternoon visitors to reach the jail, was prolonged until evening, and upon his departure he bore concurrent testimony to the prisoner's calmness and readiness to meet his fate. Mr. Reed was the next arrival, having come upon the double errand of taking farewell of his client and of preparing the much-talked-of will.

Shortly after Mr. Reed's arrival Giteau was informed by Mr. Hicks of the fruitless mission to the White House last evening. "Oh, well, doctor," Giteau said cheerfully, "that's all right. Don't go to Arthur any more, but see Crocker. Have him show you that the scaffold is all right, for we want no bungling about this, and tell him I want to be swung off at 12 o'clock sharp." Mr. Reed then led Giteau to talk of his final arrangements, and in an hour's conference they were completed so far as essential. The importance attached by Giteau to his book and its value in his estimation led him to such a display of earnestness that Mr. Reed was overcome and hurried from the cell brushing his eyes. He went at once to the outer reception-

room and from there to a side room, to which Mrs. Scoville and her child Bertha, John Giteau, Miss Chevalier and Mrs. Godding and Beard had been shown upon their arrival a few minutes before. Mrs. Scoville showed traces of care and anxiety, but she had lost none of her firmness of expression, and when informed that Giteau would be pleased to see her, but was desirous of avoiding a scene, she said quietly that she would make no scene.

It was about 3 o'clock when she was summoned to the interior of the jail. She had hardly reached the corridor door, however, when a hand was put out to stop her, and she was detained outside the grating for a moment. Her bearing there was admirable. A matronly dress of black silk, with a black thread-lace shawl, a wide lace collar of white, and a black straw hat with black feathers completed a toilet both neat and becoming. Her child, whose hand she held, was dressed in white, with a parti-colored sash. The object of Mrs. Scoville's detention outside the bars was that Mr. Reed might perfect the instrument which Giteau calls his will, and in regard to which Mr. Reed had consulted Mrs. Scoville in the reception-room. The party thereupon returned to the reception-room and after a few moments again started for the cell, accompanied by Mr. Reed and John W. Giteau. The scene in the cell between the assassin and his sister was quite reserved. "How are you, Charles?" "I am glad to see you," said Mrs. Scoville. Giteau's response was commonplace. They talked of family matters, of the days long gone, but no allusion was made to to-morrow's event. Not a tear was shed. The interview lasted probably fifteen minutes. Mrs. Scoville seemed in distress as she came out in the rotunda.

When Mr. Reed was about leaving the cell after having drafted the brief will, Giteau called him back. "You have been my firm friend," said he, "I want to testify to it." He then sat down at the table, and in a firm, bold hand wrote the following and handed it to Mr. Reed:

"To My Dear Friend, Charles H. Reed:
"I am only too glad to express to you my unbounded appreciation of your services in my behalf. You did splendidly. May God reward you for it. Meet me in heaven."
"U. S. Jail, Washington, D. C.
"June 29, 1882."
GITEAU'S WILL.
The letter by which Giteau disposes of his body is as follows:
"WASHINGTON, D. C., June 29, 1882.
"To the Rev. William W. Hicks:
"I, Charles Giteau, of the city of Washing-

ton, in the District of Columbia, now under sentence of death, which is to be carried into effect between the hours of 12 and 2 o'clock on the 30th day of June, A. D., 1882, in the United States Jail in said District, do hereby give as I grant to you my body after such execution; provided, however, it shall not be used for any mercenary purpose. And I hereby, for good and sufficient considerations, give, deliver and transfer to said Hicks my book entitled "The Truth and Remedy" and the copyright thereof, to be used by him in writing a truthful history of my life and execution. And I direct that such history be entitled "The Life and Work of Charles Giteau." And I hereby solemnly proclaim and announce to all the world that no person or persons shall ever in any manner use my body for mercenary purpose whatsoever. And if at any time hereafter any person or persons shall desire to honor my remains they can do so by erecting a monument wherein shall be inscribed the words, "Here lies the body of Charles Giteau, patriot and Christian; his soul is in glory."

"Witnesses, Charles H. Reed, James Woodward."

A consultation was held to-night at the Riggs house between John W. Giteau, Dr. Beard, a medical expert, and Dr. Godding, the former superintendent of the insane asylum, as to the autopsy. It was a strange scene to look upon, Giteau having willed his body to the Rev. Mr. Hicks, who in turn gave it to Dr. Beard and other medical gentlemen to conduct the autopsy. Mrs. Scoville and John W. Giteau joining in the following order for the body:

WASHINGTON, June 29.
To General John S. Crocker, Warden U. S. Jail:
We, Frances M. Scoville and John W. Giteau, sister and brother and only heirs of Charles J. Giteau, to be executed on the thirtieth of June, 1882, in the United States Jail, in the District of Columbia, hereby request you to deliver the body of said Charles J. Giteau to Rev. Wm. W. Hicks after such execution.
FRANCES M. SCOVILLE,
JOHN W. GITEAU.
Witnesses: Charles H. Reed, Alister A. Chevalier, W. W. Godding.

Incidents of the Morning.

WASHINGTON, June 30.—As early as 7 o'clock the crowd began to assemble in and about the jail. The holders of tickets were subjected to a critical inspection at the door by W. C. McGill, who will be remembered as the guard who had the scuffle with Giteau in the latter's cell at an early stage in the case. Outside the jail was presented an animated scene. The crowd of hangers-on began to assemble early in the morning. They perched themselves in trees surrounding the building and mounted every point of ground that commanded a good view of the building. The scene reminded one of a country fair or circus. Enterprising vendors of lemonade, pies, cakes and other delicacies erected stands and dis-

posed their stores to a profitable advantage. By half-past 10 o'clock there were at least 3,000 or 4,000 people, including young and old, rich and poor, male and female, in the vicinity of the jail. Early this morning the military guard was increased and stationed around the jail to prevent the crowd from approaching too near the building. A large detail of police were also on hand and rendered valuable assistance in manipulating the crowd. Several detectives were also present.

Giteau was very restless the latter part of the night, not sleeping more than twenty minutes at a time. Toward morning he fell into a sounder sleep from sheer exhaustion. He rose a few minutes after 5 and breakfasted heartily at 6:30, eating steak, eggs, potatoes and other breakfast dishes. When the cook took his breakfast into the cell, Giteau told him to bring his dinner in at 11 o'clock promptly, having prepared himself. He preferred to have his sentence executed as promptly as possible.

A few minutes before 11 o'clock Giteau asked for Dr. Hicks, who had taken a little stroll about the rotunda, and said he wanted the basket of flowers his sister, Mrs. Scoville, had sent him.

The corridor in which stands the scaffold was well sprinkled to aid in securing cool atmosphere, as it was feared he otherwise might become weak and enervated.

There has been a great deal of sensational talk about a bouquet, it being reported that it was poisoned. It will be remembered Mrs. Scoville had promised a great sensation for to-day, and it was said that poisoning her brother was what she intended. When she came to the jail at 11 o'clock this morning, and made an ineffectual effort to enter, she also had a bunch of flowers, and this renewed the report that she was endeavoring to furnish the condemned with a means to suicide. All kinds of sensational stories were circulated in consequence, none of which, however, could be verified.

As the day wore on the crowd gathered. On the slope in front of the jail, a constantly increasing number of carriages showed that many of those holding passes to the jail had arrived.

During the morning he had shed tears copiously in joyful exaltation at the near approach of his entry into Paradise. He expressed an anxiety to have the execution take place as soon after 12 o'clock as possible. Members of the press and others entitled to admission were admitted to the rotunda at 10 o'clock.

Shortly before 11 o'clock Giteau

called for paper, and for twenty minutes busied himself in making a copy of what he termed "his prayer upon the scaffold."

After he had finished copying his "prayer upon the scaffold" he began to arrange his dress, putting on a pair of navy-blue trousers. At 10:30 the guard came out of the door and said: "He is ready for the doctor now and wants the flowers to come." Another guard, who took the message, hurried off, and soon returned with Dr. Hicks, who went into the cell. Giteau was then reported by his guard to be apparently very composed.

While Dr. Hicks was in the cell, Giteau sent out for "Jun" Curtis, the jail bootblack, and gave him his shoes to be shined for the last time. His dinner was brought as the doctor was leaving, and he ate with much relish. His dinner consisted of a pound of broiled steak, a dish of fried potatoes, four slices of toast, and a quart of coffee, of which very little was left when he finished eating.

The Assassin's Brother.

Wilson Giteau rode down to the jail with a correspondent about half-past eight. Unlike Mrs. Scoville, who passed the night in agony like to that of Giteau himself, Wilson Giteau had slept well and eaten a good breakfast. On the way to the jail Wilson Giteau said that he had very little more to say. His course throughout has been, he thought, sensible and consistent. He had stood to his brother to the end, and had done everything that he could for him. There seems to be nothing now to do but to face the inevitable.

He felt sure that his brother would die game. He had never wavered in his belief in his inspiration and would die as God's man. For this reason the talk about a possible suicide, with or without the aid of his relatives, was absurd, as martyrs never commit suicide. No one had ever suggested it to him or to the assassin, but the idea was not to be entertained for a moment. The assassin would die on the gallows like a man—like God's man. Wilson Giteau added that it was a very unfortunate event, because it left unsettled the great question of his mental condition. To all ages it would be a vexed question to be determined by strong partisans pro and con.

Wilson Giteau went on to say that he thought George Scoville, next to his brother, the most miserable man in America. He had wrecked himself and his family by his injudicious course,

and Wilson Giteau would not be surprised if he cut his own throat or that of his wife within a twelvemonth. He ought to be put in an insane asylum. He thought the authorities would see that he was, and if they didn't, they would be criminally responsible. Wilson Giteau dilated, as he has before, on the momentous effects which the assassin's shots had produced. He had done the country a service, although the country did not recognize it, in exposing humbug and bringing about desirable changes.

Arriving at the jail, Wilson Giteau was conducted by General Crocker into the interior of the jail, and was permitted to see his brother. The latter was not particularly enthusiastic over him.

Mrs. Scoville at the Jail.

At 11 A. M., contrary to general expectation and her purpose as expressed yesterday, Mrs. Scoville arrived at the jail and besought admission. Her manner was excited, and she appeared to be laboring under great excitement. General Crocker declined to admit her unless the prisoner specially requested it. John W. Giteau, who was sitting in the rotunda at the time, was informed that his sister was upon the outside, and at first started up to go to her, but after a moment's hesitation decided not to interfere, saying, "I will leave the whole matter with Crocker." Giteau had not been informed of Mrs. Scoville's presence, and even if he had been, it is believed that he would not have desired to have her present.

After a short conference with Warden Crocker, John W. Giteau went outside the jail to see his sister. He found her in great excitement, bordering upon hysteria, but after a short time he succeeded in calming her and dissuading her from any further attempt to gain admission. She acknowledged the propriety of such a course, but said that she could not possibly remain in the city during all the wretched hours of the morning. She brought with her the flowers which Giteau had asked for, and they were taken in to the prisoner. Mrs. Scoville also brought two handsome flower pieces, a cross and an anchor, which she intended placing upon her brother's coffin with her own hands.

No Feeling for Remorse.

At half past 10 o'clock this morning Rev. Dr. Hicks was sitting in the rotunda surrounded by a group of correspondents who were plying him with all manner of questions. He said that Giteau would go to the gallows without the slightest feeling of remorse for the crime he had committed, for he firmly believed he was inspired by God Almighty "to remove President Garfield" as he termed it.

"This morning, during our devotional exercises," said the doctor, "he wept copiously, but it was for joy. I repeatedly asked him if he did not feel sorry for what he had done and urged him to make his peace with Jesus before it was too late. He replied that he could not help committing the deed. He was inspired to do it and could not but obey the call that was made upon him. While in mind he appeared perfectly calm, in physical ability he is completely preternatural."

Dr. Hicks, after the execution, emphatically declined to be interviewed, saying that he was entirely broken down, and that he needed rest and seclusion for a day or two at least. He had suffered more than any one knew during his connection with the case. There are certain portions of his journal which he has kept during the time he has been Giteau's spiritual adviser, which he will give the public at the proper time. There are also sections of it that will never be published until the actors in the great tragedy are dead.

Scenes in the Jail Rotund.

Toward 11 o'clock the crowd waiting in the warden's office was admitted to the great rotunda. It is an immense room, occupying the nave of the Greek cross, in which shape the jail is built. Steps ascend on the north and south sides to the several stories in which the cells are located, all behind heavy iron lattice work. Wilson Giteau sat on the north side of the rotunda, his chair tilted comfortably back against the iron lattice.

"No," he said to your correspondent, "I did not go into the cell. I left before seeing his face, because Mr. Hicks told me that he did not want to see any of his relatives. He is afraid they might unnerve him. I don't care. I bid him good-bye yesterday and don't care to see him again until I see him on the scaffold. I shall be with him there. He thinks he may need some moral support. Mr. Hicks and I will be with him. I have just been down at the scaffold, which is, you know, just a half a hundred feet down the corridor to my left. Mr. Hicks, at Giteau's request, went all over the scaffold arrangements last night and again this morning and found them all as they should be. I walked upon the scaffold myself just now and found it substantial and complete. Nothing lacks. The rope is perfect and so is the scaffold."

At this moment Dr. Hicks and Dr. Young, the jail physician, passed across the rotunda, arm in arm, toward the gallows, which they once more inspected, and then returned to Giteau's cell. The latter was within view of the rotunda and fully within ear shot. The voices of the throng that began to fill it was easily heard in the cell. Soldiers in undress uniform passed to and from the iron stairway behind the iron