The Somerset Herald.

EDWARD SCULL, Editor and Proprietor.

WEDNESDAY.....July 4, 1882.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

STATE TICKET.

GOVERNOR,
JAMES A. BEAVER,
Centre county.

SECRETARY OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS,
JOHN M. GREER,
Butler county.

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,
WILLIAM T. DAVIES,
Bradford county.

FOR CONGRESSMAN-AT-LARGE,
MARIOTT BROCIUS,
Lancaster county.

JUDICIARY TICKET.

JUSTICE OF SUPREME COURT,
WILLIAM HENRY RAWLE,
Philadelphia.

COUNTY TICKET.

ASSEMBLY,
WILLIAM S. MORGAN,
Jenner township.
ANDREW J. COLBORN,
Somerset borough.

POOR HOUSE DIRECTOR,
JESSE HOOVER,
Milford township.

JURY COMMISSIONER,
CHARLES F. RAYMAN,
Brothersvalley township.

On Tuesday of last week the Independents attempted to capture he "Young men's Republican Club of Philadelphia." The vote stood fifty-eight for Beaver and four for Stewart.

In the Democratic State Convention of Maine, held on Wednesday last, H. M. Plaisted, the present Greenback Governor, was adopted and renominated as the Democratic candidate.

It is clearly ascertained that a large fraction, possibly a majority, of the Republicans who last year voted for Wolfe for State Treasurer, will heartily support General Beaver for Governor.

If the evangelist Barnes, who has been so successful in converting Kentucky politicians, would visit Pennsylvania he might reap a rich harvest. A good many half-breed politicians in this State are already on the "anxious bench."

The boys ran the Democratic State Convention at Harrisburg last week. Pattison, the nominee for Governor, is only thirty-two years of age. There is an adage that "Young men think old men fools; old men know young men are."

The only hope the Democrats have of carrying Pennsylvania this fall, is through the division in the Republican party. Therefore, the Republican that supports the Independent ticket is knowingly helping the Democrats to win.

A READER of the Independent newspapers of the day, would suppose that the man to be voted for is not General Beaver but Don Cameron. As Cameron has yet more than two years to serve, he is a weak man who can be deceived by this false alarm.

One thing should be borne in mind by all Republicans. The Independents know that they cannot elect their ticket. They only hope to defeat General Beaver and the regular Republican ticket, and thus deliver the State into the hands of the Democrats.

Let any one examine closely the reasons given by the "Independent Republicans" for their revolt against the party, and he will discover that they believe themselves to have been cheated in the general distribution of the offices. And for this cause they are willing to break up the party.

No man is a Republican who does not believe in the correctness of his party's principles, and desires to see them enforced by keeping his party in power, and no man is worthy the name of Republican who will let any personal prejudice or grievance stand in the way of his party's success.

The people of Kansas, under the forestry laws of the State, have planted 93,000 acres in trees. The largest number of acres are planted in cottonwood, it being a rapid grower. About 6,000 acres are planted in black walnut. There are many places in this State that could be profitably planted with forest trees.

During the last fiscal year Uncle Sam sold 13,000,000 acres of his farm. The various railroads and States parted with at least 7,000,000 acres, and most of it was sold to actual settlers. That means wealth and prosperity in the future. It is not the men in cities, but those on the fertile acres that hold the keys that will open the vaults of the world.

Some of the fellows who insult the honored dead by calling themselves Garfield Republicans are wailing about campaign assessments. They might read with profit this letter written in 1880:

My Dear Hubbell: Please say to General Brady that I appreciate his services. Let me know how the departments generally are doing.

J. A. GARFIELD.

The primary election held last week for the purpose of nominating a county ticket, was called by the Chairman of the County Committee, was held in strict accordance with the rules of the party, and the candidates were nominated by a decided majority of the vote cast. Notwithstanding this, the *Commercial* predicts their defeat by an Independent ticket that will be placed in the field. We mention the fact only to show how cleanly that paper has kicked itself out of the party.

We learn from the Philadelphia *Press* of Saturday, that after a conference with General Beaver and other Republican candidates, held in Philadelphia, on Friday last, Chairman Cooper has issued a call for the Republican State Committee to meet at its headquarters, 1205 Chestnut street, on Wednesday, July 12, 1882, at 11 o'clock a. m.

The *Press* says the object of this meeting is to consider what, if any, proposition should be made looking to a settlement of the differences between Republicans and Independents, in accordance with the resolution adopted by the re-assembled State Convention at Harrisburg on 21st of last month.

When an editor wilfully lied Horace Greeley believed in calling him in plain Saxon a liar. If the owner of the white hat were alive to-day the four letters would be in constant use in the *Tribune* office. When the *Tribune* says that an overwhelming majority of the people of this State are "against Cameron and his ticket," it lies twice and in two ways. It is a lie to say that a majority is against General Beaver, and when it indirectly says that General Beaver was not the choice of the people, independent of "Cameron or his friends," it lies again. There is nothing clearer than that General Beaver is the choice of the Republicans of this State, independent of "Bosses," "Machine," "Cameron," or the *Tribune*, and the editor of the *Tribune* knows it.—*Harrisburg Telegraph.*

Let it be remembered that not one word has been said against the honesty, ability or purity of character of the gallant one-legged soldier who leads our ticket. The only excuse the Independents make for their opposition to General Beaver is that Senator Cameron favored his nomination, and that by beating him they will whip Cameron.

The lack of all manliness, the petty meanness of attempting to defeat one man because they dislike another, is paralleled only by the attempted revenge of the cowardly bully who swore if he couldn't whip his opponent, he could make mouths at his sister. But these Independents know very well, that as Mr. Cameron is not a candidate for re-election, and will not be, if ever, before 1884, they cannot reach him now. Their howl against Cameron is the merest pretext for their design to hand over the State to the Democratic party and give us a Democratic Governor and a Democratic Legislature that will district the State so as to place the Democrats in power in Congress, and probably secure the election of a Democratic President in 1884. Republicans should weigh this matter, and make up their minds as to the inevitable results of this Independent movement.

It would be well for the Independents who are masquerading under the assumed title of "Garfield Republicans," and at the same time are plotting to give the party over to the Democrats, to ponder over the words of the lamented Garfield, to be found in his speech in presenting the name of Sherman, of Ohio, for President, at the Chicago Convention. On that occasion he said:

> In the settlement of these questions, the Republican party has completed twenty-five years of its glorious existence and has sent us here to prepare for it another lustrum of duty and of victory. How shall we accomplish this great work? We cannot do it, God forbid that I should say one word, or cast one shadow upon any name on the roll of our heroes. The coming fight is our Thermopylæ. We are standing upon a narrow isthmus. If our Spartan hosts are united, we can withstand all the Persians that the Xerxes of Democracy can bring against us. Let us hold our ground this one year and then the stars in their course will fight for us. The census will bring reinforcements and continued power. But in order to bring victory now, *we must the vote of every Republican*—of every Grant Republican and every anti-Grant Republican in America—of every Blaine man and every anti-Blaine man. *The vote of every follower of every candidate is needed to make success certain.*

There is in this campaign no quarrel among Republicans over the principles of the party. All agree that they are as sound and healthful and pure as when first Abraham Lincoln was elected; but the so-called independents started out to cavil about the methods of conducting nominating conventions, and finally placed a ticket in the field nominated by a convention composed of self-constituted delegates, and are now assailing the Regular Republican organization with greater violence than was ever done by the Democrats, well knowing, as Garfield said, that "The vote of every follower of every candidate is needed to make success certain," and that unless "our hosts are united" we cannot withstand the forces that the Democracy can bring against us.

On Friday last the sentence of the law was carried into effect, and the brutal murderer of President Garfield was hanged by the neck until he was dead. That Charles J. Guiteau was deservedly and justly executed admits of no doubt. The plea of insanity that was raised in his behalf was fully and patiently investigated and passed upon by a competent court and jury, and although his conduct before and during the trial, and since his conviction, up to the moment of his execution, showed a dreadfully unbalanced mind and gives ground for cavil, yet there can be no doubt that at all times he realized the difference between right and wrong, was aware that he was violating the law with malice aforethought, and knew the penalty, and therefore was amenable and was justly punished. Still, it is hard to reconcile his apparent hallucination and persistent declaration to the end, that he was God's chosen instrument, together with his shockingly revolting and blasphemous prayer and silly baby talk and chant at the gallows, with the belief of perfect sanity. On the other hand, that he was a sharp-witted man, who appreciated all his chances of defense and of escape on the plea of irresponsibility is most fully attested by his conduct during his trial and afterward. The public is satisfied and gratified with the execution of righteous judgment in his case, and the more so because it was so long delayed that many began to fear that in some way or another the wretch might escape the punishment due his crime. Now, that the law hath finally dealt with him, all people will look back with satisfaction to the fact that this hated criminal, execrated by the civilized world, was not done to death until after he had been allowed to exhaust all the known agencies of the law in his behalf.

The Democratic State Convention assembled at Harrisburg on Wednesday of last week, and nominated Robert E. Pattison, of Philadelphia, for Governor; Chauncey F. Black, for Lieutenant Governor; Silas M. Clark, of Indiana, for Supreme Judge; J. Simpson Africa, for Secretary of Internal Affairs, and Mortimer F. Elliott, of Tioga county, for Congressman-at-Large.

Pattison, the candidate for Governor, is the present Comptroller of Philadelphia, elected to that position by a combination of Democrats and Independent Reformers. He is a young man, thirty-two years of age, and of respectable antecedents. He is unknown outside the city of Philadelphia, has no known ability save as a clerk, and will prove a very weak candidate, especially with the old Democratic war-horses.

Black, the candidate for Lieutenant Governor, is the son of his father, Judge Jere Black. He has had no political experience, is "one of those d——d literary fellers," who has whiled away his idle time by writing for the N. Y. *Sun*, and attempting to resurrect the bones of T. Jefferson, and coming from the stock he does will be acceptable to the Bourbons.

Clark is a most excellent country lawyer whose limited experience at the Indiana county bar will not be accepted as evidence of his fitness for the Supreme Bench. He is a gentleman of unblemished character, but people look for Judges of their highest Court among lawyers of higher training and riper judgment.

Africa was formerly a clerk in the office which he now aspires to manage. He is a worthy man, and would creditably fill the position of Secretary, if he could be elected.

Elliott is almost as little known throughout the State as is Pattison. He is a lawyer and was nominated principally on account of his location. Take it all in all, the ticket is a very respectable but a very weak one, and is destined to certain defeat.

The Political Adventurers.

Lebanon Courier.

John Stewart is just utterly opposed to any movement among Republicans to determine the strongest man for a candidate, so that Republican unity may follow. Of course he is. He knows very well that he would not prove the strongest man; and as he wants notoriety, the only way he sees a prospect of getting it is to stay at the head of a faction. The honest Republican masses, who are Republicans from principle, should set down, hard, on all office-seeking factionists, no matter to what faction they may attach themselves. Such men are utterly selfish, and would join any party or faction that promised them political advancement. Sincere men can have no sympathy with such adventurers.

General Beaver's Challenge.

In a speech at Towanda, General Beaver said:

"In this campaign no man shall question my manhood. Here and now I challenge any man, and shall never cease to challenge any man in this Commonwealth, to single himself out and say that by word or act I ever framed my acts or utterances, at the dictation, or to suit the purposes of any living man, nor will I ever do so. I owe allegiance to, and recognize, no power but that of the whole Republican party of Pennsylvania. I gather up now, and shall never cease to do so, all the idle insinuations to the contrary and put them in the face of those who utter them. My whole life gives the most emphatic denial to all such innuendos, and I would like to see the man who would question my manhood or my fidelity to the aggregated force of the Republican party and that only."

The Independent Programme.

1st. Crush Cameron because he won't divide the offices with them.

2d. Disorganize the Republican party, by playing second fiddle to the Democracy. Andy Johnson tried it, Horace Greeley tried it, the Philadelphia *Press* tried it, and the Democracy has been trying it for twenty-two years, and all failed. Will the people now let a side-show to the Democratic circus do it?

3d. To elect the Democratic State ticket, a Democratic Legislature, a Democratic U. S. Senator in 1884, a majority of Democratic members of Congress, a gerrymandering apportionment, a Democratic President in 1884. Free Trade, destruction of the National banks, to be followed by grand steals of millions where thousands are now taken by dishonest office holders.

If you can stand all this—and it will come as surely as the sun shines if Beaver and the ticket with him are defeated—why then go and vote the self-styled Independent ticket, half of which goes to the Democrats and the other half is thrown away.

GIBBITED GUITEAU

GARFIELD'S ASSASSIN PAYS THE PENALTY.

The Terrible Crime Avenged and the Nation Relieved a Year After Its Committal.

LAST EXHIBITION OF CRANKISM ON THE GALLOWS.

Denouncing His Murderers and Declaring He is Going to His Lord—A Temporary Break-Down—Scenes of the Execution.

Washington, June 30.—The final scene in the tragedy of President Garfield's death has closed and the curtain drops forever upon one of the saddest episodes in our country's history. To have been stricken down at a time when men were aroused by war and revolution might have been regarded as a consequence but to have been felled to earth at a time of political and social tranquility was a crime without a palliating circumstance. The last night of the assassin on this earth was eventful. He awoke early and called for his breakfast, which he apparently relished for a few moments, and then pushed it aside, saying that he would enjoy it better if he had some exercise. This being refused, after some effort to persuade the deputy, he returned to his breakfast and finished it. About 10 o'clock those who were required by the law and others permitted to witness the execution began to arrive. An immense crowd was also gathering outside of the building. A strong detachment of mounted police were stationed at different points, so that the crowd was kept at a distance. Among the earliest arrivals was John W. Guiteau, the brother of the prisoner. He wore a Panama hat, suit of black broadcloth and patent leather low shoes. He was stirring about talking to his acquaintances and altogether displayed a great amount either of nerve or indifference. Finally he took a seat near the iron grating which shut off the cell corridors from the main central hall and remained there as the solemn hours of his brother's life were ebbing upon the stream of time.

MRS. SCOVILLE ENTREATS.

At 10:30 there was much excitement in front of the main entrance to the jail, occasioned by the efforts of Mrs. Scoville to secure admission. The pathos of her entreaties and the violence of her emotions were insufficient to move the relentless officers of the law. She fingered about the door persistently, and was only persuaded to withdraw after her brother John assured her that it was no use, that the officers desired to prevent any exhibition of emotion. At this juncture a young girl came up with a beautiful funeral emblem in flowers ordered by Mrs. Scoville, which John promised to place on the coffin. The assassin made frequent inquiries for a bouquet, which had been sent him by his sister, but this was declined, as there was a fear that the suspicion of some of the flowers being saturated with a deadly fluid might be true. The singular conduct of Mrs. Scoville yesterday and her persistency to-day seemed to give credence to these suspicions. During the whole affair two detectives were secretly at the elbows of John Guiteau, fearing that he, by his complacent acts, was contemplating some sudden effort to prevent his brother from the ignominy of death upon the scaffold.

FULL RELIGIOUS PREPARATION.

At 11 o'clock Dr. Hicks came out of the cell and said that he had just finished a pleasant religious talk with the prisoner; that he was ready for the last dread scene in this painful tragedy; that he commended himself to God with confidence, and he thought that the inspiration which he considered himself under would serve him to the last, though he might show some transient emotion. Just as Dr. Hicks left the cell the dinner, consisting of four slices of toast, a tin box containing beefsteak and a tin coffeepot containing coffee were carried in. The assassin also asked for a bath, which was granted, after which he began to arrange his toilet with scrupulous care. At 11:15 the number in the rotunda had swelled to at least two hundred persons, but no one of any distinction in official life was present. The military guard, a detachment of Battery C, Second Artillery, Lieutenants Eastman and Crawford, now marched down the iron stairway and across the rotunda. The tramp of measured steps and the commands of the officers resounding in the spacious dome with a solemn effect. The guard was formed in line on the east side, and a command of muskets came to an order with a sound which rang through the corridors with startling effect.

A TEMPORARY BREAK-DOWN.

At this moment the prisoner was engaged in religious meditation. As the dread sound of the unerring and relentless march of time to the hour of his doom broke upon the silence of the cell the assassin was completely overcome. He seemed to realize for the first time that the end of his existence on earth was at hand. Shortly before twelve the assassins courage seemed to forsake him, and fears were entertained that he would not be able to pass the ordeal as he intended, thus setting at naught the inspiration theory. Dr. Hicks fanned him and spoke encouraging words. The assassin for a few moments wept bitterly and then rallied. The tears seemed to be the overflow of anguish. At 12:25 the steam whistle of the Alms House near by was heard. The prisoner had through his long confinement taken his record of the passing hours of the day by it. He started as he heard it, knowing that the legal time of execution had arrived. The signal, however, was purposely delayed so that when he heard it the preparations and consummation of the last march and ceremonies of the gallows should follow in prompt succession. Very soon after the prisoner was brought from his cell. As he passed for the last time the iron portals of the corridor, he gazed at the towering ceiling overhead and then cast his eye along the narrow way with the line of military with fixed bayonets on one side and of civilians on the other. These reached from the corridor of incarceration to the corridor of death. The prisoner wore a black suit and a handkerchief about his neck, and had his arms pinioned behind him. The solemn march began. Warden Crocker led the way, and next followed the criminal, with "Bob" Strong, the executioner, on one side, and Rev. Dr. Hicks on the other, followed by the prison guard and physicians.

A LAST LOOK AT EARTH.

As the assassin approached the entrance to the gallows corridor he halted for a moment, and looked upon the smiling face of nature, and the emerald hills which fringe the placid waters of the Anacosta. He took in, with a deep sigh, this last draught of nature, and her serene beauty and then motioned forward with his head. He descended the iron steps to the pavement of the narrow corridor below the solemn procession, and soon reached the foot of the scaffold. With a firm tread the asssassin ascended, embarrassed perhaps a little by his arms being pinioned, and took his place on the quivering drop. He suryeyed for an instant the soulless engine of death, and then looked towards the spectators.

LAST EXHIBITION OF CRANKISM.

After a prayer by Dr. Hicks the assassin, in a loud, clear voice, said he would read from the 10th chapter of Matthew, 28 to 41. Having finished this he read his last prayer from the gallows. During the reading he emphasized those parts that most interested him by a vigorous action of the head. When he reached the qotation about those whom he called his murderers he was particularly emphatic. This followed by his last poem, in imitation, he said, of a child's invocation of the Deity. At the third stanza he broke down and burst into tears. These, however, did not deter him from reading. He continued amid tears and sobs. He rallied again, taking farewell and receiving the pastors blessing, and while the executioner was fastening his legs and adjusting the fatal noose, the assassin was perfectly collected. He stood firmly on the trap and moved his head several times as if anxious to adjust the nouse comfortably.

GONE, SHOUT GLORY.

As Bob Strong was placing the the black hood over the head of the prisoner he shouted "Glory, glory, be to God—Igo." The hood was fastened, the executioner drew back and in an instant, at 12:42, the drop fell, followed by a fatal thud, and all was over. There was a slight drawing up of the legs and relaxing again. There was not another motion. In ten minutes the body was lowered. In seventeen minutes life was extinct and in thirty-five minutes the body was lowered into the coffin.

At the foot of the scaffold, during the scene, stood John W. Guiteau, the brother, and next he was by the coffin fanning his brothers face while the witnesses passed viewing the body. The coffin with the remains of the tenantless clay of the assassin of James A. Garfield was carried to the chapel where the autopsy was held. The brother speaking of the execution said that it was a terrible ordeal through which to pass, but it was over; that it was better for his brother that he were dead, for his insanity made him a wreck and his life was without value, and as a result of his mental condition he had thrown a whole nation into mourning He seemed quite relieved. The disposition of the body will be kept secret as the desire to secure it is such that to place it in a common grave would ensure desecration.

A TYPICAL EXECUTIONER.

The executioner did his work well as he had promised. He reminds one of the executioners of history. He wears a solemn and savage expression, a short cut beard with a short but powerful frame. He was a prize-fighter in his youth and to-day saw the thirteenth execution at his hands. After the work was done the witnesses withdrew and the ominous silence of the prison again reigned.

GUITEAU'S LAST NIGHT.

The last night of the assassion on earth was one of the finest ever seen in Washington. The broad slanting shadows of cornice and abutment formed weird figures on the dusky walls and whitewashed tree trunks and neighboring fences, adding to the ghostlike visions of the horde of colored prisoners huddled in the female quarters over the main entrance. A bomb had burst in the midst of this assemblage by the arrival during the day of a crazy woman, alternating shrieks, suggesting dire horribilities, and kept the keepers in a constant tour of inspection. Her conduct incited many others, and out on the still night rang shouts like these: "See dat gobler." "He come for Guiteau." "Oh, my king." "I'se glad I ain't going to be hung to-morrow." "I pray de rope 'ill break." "Good enough for such trash, anyhow!" and many more far less worthy of repetition. Once the maniac burst into a fit of uncontrollable boisterous laughter, so loud and so long that it became almost unbearable A guard spoke briskly from below, "Stop that noise!" Down came the reply, "Shut up, fellah! I'll laugh as much as I please, I'se God's woman, I am." "No use," said the guard, 'they've all got it. They're God's own now—man and woman." Meanwhile "God's man" in the cell in the corridor was restless and nervous.

There has been one peculiarity about Guiteau, which is that he never seemed to rest. It matters not at what hour the guards looked in his cell he was apparently wide awake. Sometimes at night the guards sneaked in the corridor on which his cell faced in their stocking feet, but it often happened that they did not find him asleep once in two weeks. It is not denied that he slept, but being of a nervous and highly excitable nature, he was awakened by the slightest whisper; so as to force him to sleep to get the rest absolutely necessary during his long imprisonment, the jail physician, Dr. Young, gave him bromide of potash and hydrate chloral in large doses During the first hour after daylight Guiteau slept almost steadily. Just before five o'clock Mr. Hicks went to lie down. Dr. McWilliams, the jail physician, went to the door of the cell and found Guiteau awake.

"How have you rested?" he asked.

"Pretty well," was the reply; and he turned toward the wall.

At 6 o'clock Guiteau roused up, took his bath and ordered breakfast as if he expected to do so foreyermore. "Bring me," said he to the keeper, who asked his wish, "an omelet, broiled steak, fried potatoes and toast bread." While breakfast was cooking he dressed himself partially, asked where Dr Hicks was, but said little else. When the breakfast came he sat down to eat, and eat, heartily for a few woments, but soon he began to take little nibbles of this and that as if he did not relish the food as usual.

THE SCAFFOLD SCENE.

Washington, June 30.—Considerable excitement was caused just before noon by the report that Guiteau was so much prostrated by his terror that he would be unable to ascend the scaffold. At a quarter before twelve a guard of marines was drawn up in the rotunda and came to "order arms." The sound of the muskets made Guiteau so nervous that he fell back upon his cot and became so faint restoratives had to be applied. After being restored by Surgeon Williams he appeared to be thoroughly overcome with emotion. He wept freely and seemed to be in great anguish. The scene in the rotunda waiting for the prisoner was one long to be remembered. The soldiers were drawn up on one side, a long line of spectators facing them on the other. It was understood that Guiteau was very much depressed, and it was expected his passage to the gallows would present a very distressing sight. The movements of the officers about the jail door were watched with eager attention.

READING THE DEATH WARRANT.

At a few minutes past noon Warden Crocker and his attendents came to the cell of the assassin, and the Warden read the death warrant as follows:

In the Supreme Court of Columbia, May 22, 1882, Charles J. Guiteau, No. 14,056—murder.

The President of the United States to the Warden of the U. S. jail of the Distrist of Columbia. Creeting:

Whereas, Charles J. Guiteau has been indicted of felony and murder by him done and committed, and has been thereupon arraigned, and upon such arraignment has pleaded not guilty and has been lawfully convicted thereof, and whereas judgment of said court has been given that the said Charles J. Guiteau shall be hanged by the neck until he is dead; therefore you are hereby commanded that upon Friday, the 30th of June, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-two, (A. D. 1882) between the hours of twelve (12) o'clock meridian and two (2) o'clock past meridian of the same day, him, the said Charles J. Guiteau, now being in your custody in the common jail, of the District of Columbia, to convey to the place prepared for his execution within the walls of the said jail of the District of Columbia, and that you cause execution to be done upon the said Charles J. Guiteau in your custody, so being in all things according to said judgment, and this you are by no means to omit, at your peril, and do you return this writ into the clerk's office of said Court so indorsed as to show how you have obeyed the same.

Witness: D. K. Cartter,
Chief Justice of said Court.

After the death warrant was read by the warden the prisoner became more composed, and turning away, began to brush his hair.

FORMING THE PROCESSION.

At 12:25 a loud steam whistle was blown at the Work House, which is near the jail. This whistle usually blows at 12 o'clock and by it Guiteau was in the habit of gauging time. The delay to-day was by special arrangement, so that its startling summons might not come before the officers were ready. Two minutes later the iron gates at the end of the corridor clicked. First came Rev. Dr. Hicks, then Warden Crocker, then Guiteau. He was carefully dressed, nervous, and looking as he did during the trial when he was going to the van. His face was pallid and the muscles about his mouth moved nervously. Other than this there was no sign of faltering. On one side of him was Keeper James Coleman, on the other James Woodward, before him Keeper Strong. The procession moved quickly to the scaffold and Guiteau ascended the somewhat steep steps with as much steadiness as could be expected from a man whose arms were tightly pinioned. At the last step he faltered for a moment, but was assisted by the officers who walked upon either side. Upon reaching the platform Guiteau was placed immediately behind the drop, facing the front of the scaffold. Captain Coleman stood upon his right, Robert Strong upon his left, and Woodward directly behind him. Jones took a position on the north side, near the upright of the beam. Warden Crocker took his position at the southeast corner of the structure. There was a slight delay while the spectators were pushing and jostling through the door leading from the rotunda to the corridor, at the lower end of which the gallows was placed. Guiteau meanwhile gazed upon the crowd, looked up at the beam over his head, and quickly made a survey of all the dread paraphernalia.

DR. HICKS' PRAYER.

As soon as the crowd had gained access General Crocker waved for them to uncover, and all heads were bared. Dr. Hicks then prayed these words:

Father, out of the depths we cry to Thee. Hear Thou our supplication for the sake of Jesus Christ, the Saviour, who has made full propitiation for us. Behold this Thy servant. We humbly pray Thou wilt deliver him at this supreme moment of his life. Let Thy light descend upon him. Liberate his soul from prison. May he appear before Thee absolved by Thy great mercy from blood guiltless; deliver him and us, God, have mercy on us; Christ, have mercy on us; Lamb of God that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us. Amen and amen.

During the prayer Guiteau stood with bowed head. At its conclusion Dr. Hicks opened the bible and Guiteau, in a firm tone said: "I will read a selection from the 10th chapter of Matthew, from the 28th to the 41st verse inclusive." He then read in a clear, strong voice, and with a good intonation, showing little if any nervousness.

He then read in a loud voice the following:

"*My Dying Prayer on the Gallows:*

Father, now I go to Thee and to the Saviour. I have finished the work Thou gavest me to do. I am only too happy to go Thee. The world does not yet appreciate my mission, but Thou knowest it. Thou knowest Thou didst inspire Garfield's removal and only good has come from it. This is the best evidence that the inspiration came from Thee, and I have set it forth in my book that all men may read and know that Thou, Father, did inspire the act for which I am now murdered. Father, I tremble for the fate of my murderers. This Government and this nation, by this act, I know they will incur Thy eternal enmity, as did the Jews by killing Thy man, my Saviour. The retribution in that case came sharp and quick and I know Thy divine law of retribution will strike this nation and my murderers in the same way. The diabolical spirit of this nation, its government and its newspapers towards me will justify Thee in cursing them, and I know that Thy divine law of retribution is inexorable. I, therefore, predict that this nation will go down in blood, and that my murderers from the Executive to the hangman will go to hell. Thy laws are inexorable. Oh! Thy Supreme Judge! Woe unto the men that violate Thy laws. Only weeping and gnashing of teeth awaits them. The American press has a large bill to settle with Thee, righteous Father, for their vindictiveness in this matter; nothing but a load be on them and this nation and its officials. Arthur, the President, is a coward and an ingrate. His ingratitude to the man that made him and saved his party and land from overthrow, has no parallel in history. But Thou, righteous Father, will judge him.

"Father, Thou knowest me, but the world hath not known me. And now I go to Thee and the Saviour without the slightest ill-will toward a human being. Farewell, ye men of earth."

"I AM GOING TO THE LORDY."

When he had finished reading his prayer he again surveyed the crowd and said, still with a firm voice: "I am now going to read some verses which are intended to indicate my feelings at the moment of leaving this world. If set to music they may be rendered effective. The idea is that of a child babbling to his mamma and his pappa; I wrote it this morning about ten o'clock." He then commenced to chant these verses in a sad, doleful style:

"I am going to the Lordy;
I am so glad,
I am going to the Lordy;
I am so glad,
I am going to the Lordy,
Glory hallelujah!
Glory hallelujah!
I am going to the Lordy,
I love the Lordy with all my soul,
Glory hallelujah!
And that is the reason I am going to the Lordy;
Glory hallelujah!
Glory hallelujah;
I am going to the Lord."

Here Guiteau's voice failed and he bowed his head and broke into sobs, but he rallied a little and went on with his chant:

GUITEAU GIVING THE SIGNAL.

The attendants then pinioned his legs and carefully adjusted the noose about his neck. Mr. Strong placed the black cap over his head and, as he did so, Guiteau called out in loud tones, "Glory! Glory! Ready!" By a previous understanding with the warden a paper was placed in Guiteau's hands. He was to drop this paper when he was ready. Guiteau, when he called out Glory, Glory, ready," dropped the paper. The warden's handkerchief followed, and then the drop of the body.

Instantly the spring was touched, the drop fell and Guiteau swung in the air. The body turned partly around, but there was not the slightest perceptible movement of the limbs.

TRAIN FROM LONG BRANCH THROWN FROM A BRIDGE.

Several Persons Killed and number Injured, Including Gen. Grant—The Result of Carelessness.

Long Branch, June 29.—The Express train leaving Long Branch at five minutes past 8 o'clock this morning, on the Central New Jersey Railroad, met with a terrible accident while crossing a bridge over a branch of the Shrewsbury river, near Little Silver station. The accident was no doubt caused by the spreading of the rails. Six cars—four ordinary passengers coaches, the smoking car and a parlor car—left the rails and ran over the ties of the bridge, tearing them into splinters

The cars kept on the bridge until the train was half way across, when four possenger coaches and the smoking car went into the water with a terrible crash. The cars landed on their sides in about four feet of water. The scene that followed beggars description. The following is a partial list of the casualties:

THE KILLED AND INJURED.

James H. Bradley, produce dealer, New York, taken out dead.

G. W. Demorest, of Demorest & Co., New York, died of injuries.

Wm. R. Garrison, son of Commodore C. R. Garrison, terrible hurt in the chest, both legs broken and suffering from concussion of brain.

Charles M. Woodruff, of New ark, fatally injured.

J. Mitchell, of Scranton, seriously injured.

Robert Roberson, New York, iron merchant, badly hurt.

Jos. Brooks, of Brooks & Dickson, theatrical troupe, collar bone broken.

Morris H. Brown, son of Thos. J. Brown, Superintendent of Erie Railroad, severely hurt on head and back.

James E. Mallory, New York, fatally injured.

George R. Blanchard, Vice President New York and Erie Railroad, slightly injured.

Robert B. Mintum, New York slightly injured.

Annie Irwin, of Brooklyn, seriously hurt—unconscious.

John T. Raymond, actor, collar bone broken and otherwise hurt.

Mr. Fox, his father-in law, badly injured.

Gen. U. S. Grant, knee slightly injured—pulled out of smoking car by C. H. Foster, fireman of the engine.

Arthur L. Sewell, slightly injured.

CAUSE OF THE ACCIDENT.

The cause of the terrible disaster was the changing of the track for the Monmouth Park races, which commence on Saturday next. The frog at the switch was not properly spiked, and when it was struck by the engine it spread the track and tore up the rails for one hundred feet. While the engine and forward cars were piled up on the side of the track, the succeeding five cars plunged forward on the bridge, and were precipitated into the water. It was a case of inexcusable carelessness on the part of those entrusted with the task of altering the track. Coronel Cooper impanelled a jury and visited the scene of the disaster at noon. The inquest will be held to-morrow. The railway officials were at the scene as soon as possible, and physicians summoned from all directions. The badly wounded were picked up and taken to farm houses, near the cene of the accident, where they were promptly attended by physicians.

Mobbed the Wrong Man.

Elizabeth, Ill., June 29.—A young negro was lynched by a mob who took it for granted that he was John Jolly, a negro who attempted to force an entrance into the residence of Mrs. Howe when alone.

GUITEAU'S LAST DAY.

He Makes His Will and Takes Leave of His Brother and Sister.

U. S. Jail, 2:40 p. m.—At half-past one o'clock Guiteau's counsel, Rev. Dr. Hicks and Dr. Beard arrived at the jail. Mr. Hicks reported that the President now declines to see any person in relation to Guiteau's case, and he (Hicks) should announce to the prisoner that no earthly hope remains. After an interview with Warden Crocker Mr. Reed and Mr. Hicks were admitted to Guiteau's cell. Soon after Mr. Reed entered the prisoner's cell, Jno. W. Guiteau, Mrs. Scoville and her little daughter, arrived at the Warden's private office, where at this hour they are still waiting an opportunity to take leave of the prisoner. When told by the Warden that his sister wished to see him Guiteau remarked he did not want any "crazy talk," but if she could restrain herself he would be pleased to see her and would bid her an affectionate, brotherly farewell.

While Mr. Reed, counsel for Guiteau, was in the cell with Guiteau, an attendant came in and presented Guiteau with a large and beautiful boquet. "Where did that come from?" asked the prisoner. "From your sister," the guard replied. Guiteau pressed it to his lips and wept bitterly for a few minutes. Then he suddenly exclaimed, "This does not become a man who is about to meet his God for doing God's will." This was the only exhibition of tenderness he had given. At his request and dictation Mr. Reed then drew up his will, in which he desires that his body shall be given to Dr Hicks, but on no account to be used for any mercenary purposes. He also gives to Dr. Hicks his book and other papers to be used in writing his biography. Mr. Reed also drew up the following paper at Guiteau's request, which was presented to Gen. Crocker:

Washington, June 29.—To Gen. J. S. Crocker, Warden U. S. Jail: We, Frances M. Scoville and John W. Guiteau, sister and brother and only heirs of Charles J. Guiteau, to be executed on the 30th day of June, 1882, in the United States Jail in the District of Columbia, hereby request you to deliver the body of our brother, Charles J. Guiteau to Rev. W. Hicks after said execution.

Frances M. Scoville,
John W. Guiteau.

Witnesses: Charles H. Reed, Louis Seire A. Chevailliere, W. A. Cook.

Guiteau thanked Mr. Reed for his efforts in his behalf, and then, becoming excited he exclaimed, "As President Arthur, he is a coward and ingrate, and he will be punished hereafter." Mr Reed started to go when Guiteau said, "Wait one moment; I wish to say some more." He then sat down at a table and in a firm, bold hand wrote the following and handed it to Mr. Reed, who came from the cell visibly affected:

"To my dear friend, Charles 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.

"Charles J. Guiteau."

Dr. Hicks remained about 5 minutes longer with the prisoner but was unable to turn his thoughts away from the consideration of immediate surroundings. When he retired from the cell Mrs. Scoville and her little daughter and John Guiteau were admitted. The interview with Guiteau lasted 5 minutes, the Warden and Deputy being present. Guiteau was very much excited and roundly abused the President and "those women" as he termed those who had been with him to the scaffold, "and you," he cried out, pointing his finger at Gen. Crocker and Deputy, "you will be both sent to hell." In a few minutes he calmed down and said he was ready to die and would be hung at 12 o'clock sharp. Just parting he said: "Let me kiss my sister through the grated bars, let it be so on record."

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