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The Lesson of the Assassination.

If the murderous assault upon President Garfield fails to impress the minds of the people of the Republic with the lesson that it naturally teaches, then indeed has the President been a victim and a martyr without good result.

The assassin, of course, did not desire to teach through his murderous assault that the grade of office seekers, of which he is to a certain degree a representative man, must be changed or raised if the Republic is to live.

The shooting of the President has opened the eyes of all the people so that they see the quality of men that are in office, and are being pressed for official appointment. The lowest grade of men are being appointed to office. Men that have been elected to Congress, and other offices upon little other qualification than animal cunning, have allowed themselves to be pressed by the most vicious classes of politicians, and under the impulses of a fellow-feeling, or under the belief that the vicious men can help them in political trickery and deviltry, have filled up the list of their appointments from the bad class of men. In that way the public service of the country has become filled with vicious people, that levy blackmail, and run the list of despicable things to such a degree that it is scarcely safe to oppose their demands. So much have they been encouraged, and so many are in places of appointment, that when their demands are not agreed to, they plot for revenge in the most villainous manner.

During campaign times candidates for elective office make promises, directly or indirectly, to the vicious element of society. Promises should never be made to such people, for when they are not fulfilled, or cannot be fulfilled, such people become revengeful, and gratify the impulses of depravity.

If reports be correct, Guiteau, the the assassin of President Garfield, has been living on promises ever since the election last November. Who the people are that promised him office, time will reveal.

Certainly, to the victorious party at the polls belongs the distribution of the offices that the election confers. Such has always been the case, and so it will continue to be to the end of government, in church, in state, in business, in every department of life where office or degrees are elected or conferred.

In a free elective form of government it is particularly so that the victorious candidate will give the offices of appointment to his party friends, but there is no obligation whatever, to give the appointments to the vicious and bad men of the party or society; and yet such has been the case too often—so often, indeed, that the vicious men are the majority power in the offices now held. It is the placing in office of such men that has brought a great deal of disrepute upon the Republican party, and a continuation of such appointments will cause it to be voted out of power. It is the bestowal of office upon the bad men of the party that encourages such people as Guiteau to come to the front insolently and demand office. They have no influence at home where they are known, but their impudence, audacity and depravity leads them to make any and all kinds of representation, and without proper inquiry as to their standing and representations they are appointed or promised appointment to office.

Almost every county in this Commonwealth, and almost every county of other States in the nation, have men in office that are a disgrace to the private and public interests of the Republic. They represent nothing but trickery, fraud, deceit and lies; that is their whole power, and when they receive appointment they are being paid for work in trickery, fraud, deception, and lies, or they have tricked, defrauded, deceived, or lied to the men that secured them appointment.

There are thousands of men now in office by appointment that should be removed. They represent not a single thing in society, or politics, but that which is foul and objectionable to the forces that keep up free church and state. In the respective communities in which they reside their conduct is pernicious, their language is foul, and their manner is offensive. Guiteau was a representative of that class. He was a trickster, a man that made false representations. He lived by false representation; he was a fraud, a great stickler for the fulfillment of a promise made to him, but one that cared nothing for his own promises or obligations whenever confered. The assassination of President Garfield brings all these facts out clearly before the country. The people are shocked, but not dismayed. Their verdict is that trickery, fraud, murder, and assassination have no rights that the people of the Republic, acting in their integrity, have a right to respect. Such is the Lesson of the Assassination.

It is quite an important matter for a people that claim to be able to govern themselves, to know how a proper sense of right and wrong is to be imparted to the minds of the people, and how it may be maintained. If a correct sense of right and wrong is born in people, then those that act properly have had the sense of right by birth; and if they act improperly, they have had the sense of wrong born in them. People will be slow to accept that theory. If the sense of right and wrong are matters of education, then it is high time that the correct theory and practice of education be put into practice. It is a demonstrable fact that intellectual education—that is, text-book learning—does not make men better. Notably, for example, the assassin that took the life of Abraham Lincoln, and the murderer that assaulted President Garfield were both men of intellectual attainments. The people in this country must find out what is needed to correct the tendency to over-reach each other, by fair or foul means. Intellectual training will not do it. A remedy must be found, or the much-talked-of theory of man's capability of self-government will explode by the weight of its own vanity. It is a subject for every man to think about, for every individual is interested in the matter of self-government.

All-powerfull is woman. Woman has always exercised a controling influence among men. To-day her influence is, if possible, more powerful than at any other period of past time. On the higher and better plain of society it is so; there she is the golden halo that mellows and refines, and influences all around her, and strong, self willed men are oftimes influenced to a line of action in social life, in church, and in matters of state, and business, when the influence of astute men have utterly failed to influence others into favorable action. So unconsciously insinuating and winning is the influence of a virtuous woman that her power is almost resistless. In the church her request unites men in almost any movement within the limit of church government; so it is in society, and history is full of record how legislators and jurists have yielded to the smiles and courteous requests of women, where the influence of men failed to produce a favorable result. It is particularly so to-day in the Protestant and Christian world. But while woman execises a powerful influence in the higher phases of human society, her influence is no less powerful in the lower phases of society. One unchaste woman in a community will spoil a dozen men; and here, as in a purer social atmosphere, and in church circles, she oftimes becomes the medium through which greatly desired ends are reached. For example, it was the longing desire of many members of the New York Legislature to get rid of Mr. Platt as a candidate for United States Senator, but all efforts of his enemies to do so failed. As a last resort a woman became the medium through which he withdrew. Her presence produced a scandal that drove the aspirant from the Senatorial track. Mr. Platt was seen to enter the room of a strange woman at the hotel at which he was stopping at Albany, N. Y., late one night. Perhaps she had been put up to call Mr. Platt on business at a late hour of night; but, no matter, it was just the sort of scandal his enemies were looking for. A number of men posted themselves in the corridors of the hotel, and when Platt came out of the woman's room they spoke to him, and laughed, and had evidence sufficient to fix the scandal. The next day an account of it appeared in the papers, and so potential was the report, that it drove Platt from the track as a candidate. How it comes that the gentleman allowed himself to be so entrapped is another question. All powerful is woman in every phase of life.

It seems strange that so much insanity should develope itself at Washington immediately after the shooting of the President. One man was hunting Secretary Blaine for the purpose of shooting him. Another "went into the office of Adjutant General Drums and slapping him on the back exclaimed, "I am commissioned by revelation to assassinate Arthur." Another man walked up to the door keeper of the White House and said: "I am directed by the Lord to apply the salve to the wounds of the President, which will then be instantly cured." A public whipping at a post erected under legal enactment, or confinement in some house set apart for such self-constituted insanity would rid society quite soon of such pests. The country takes no stock in the insanity dodge of Guiteau, or Gitto, and other men that are skulking about Washington.

Senator Ingolls, of Kansas, delivered the Adelphi address at Williams College, Massachusetts, and, if correctly reported, expressed the belief that compulsory education will prove a remedy for such outbreaks of men like Guiteau. The trouble with Guiteau was not want of intellectual text-book training or schooling. Intellectually considered the assassin is an educated man, and when the Senator made the application he was as wide of his mark as if he had directed it at the moon.

A great slip of earth took place in Switzerland a few days ago. Land and houses slipped down toward Lake Thun. Thirteen hundred sheep with their shepherds were overwhelmed by the avalanche.

The next great questions that will enter politics are the questions of woman suffrage, and corporations.

Pennsylvania is falling behind as a wheat growing State, but is advancing as a tobacco growing State.

Colonel M. S. Quay, Secretary of the Commonwealth, has sent his two sons to Germany to school.

The right of women to hold office is now the great feature in the canvass in Vermont.

Ninety-seven arrests were made in Philadelphia for firing squibs on the 4th of July.

STATE ITEMS.

A Catholic Church to cost $10,000 is to be erected at Milton.

John Shoff, of Martic township, Lancaster county, died on Thusday from the effect of sunstroke.

David Moyer, a prominent citizen of Coplay, Lehigh county was thrown from his carriage on Friday and killed.

Peter T. Phillippi, a machinist of Reading claims to have a bullet in his liver which he received at Spottsylvania Court House in 1863.

An unknown man was found wandering about Altoona on Thursday with a double-barrelled shotgun. He said he was looking for General Grant.

Of the ten cases of sunstroke in Pittsburg on Thursday the following have proved fatal: John Dillon, Mrs. Albert Lee and William Miller. William Wallace was killed the same day by lightning.

William Varner, of Johnstown, insulted Elizabeth Roger, of that place, whereupon she went for him with a handspike and nearly killed him.

A shopkeeper in Mahanoy City, who was reported to have made some remarks approving of the assassination of President Garfield, was waited on by a large deputation of excited citizens on the 4th of July with the intention of administering summary punishment. When the crowd appeared, he denied having used any expression of the kind, and through the persuasion of a number of the citizens, he was not molested.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD SHOT

BY AN ASSASSIN.

The President's Concern for His Wife.

HIS FORTITUDE.

The Fortitude of His Mother.

The President's Condition Up to July 12th.

The Arrest of the Assassin—Who He Is—His Business.

WHAT HIS FATHER SAYS.

The Cause of the Crime.

PROMISES TO THE ASSASSIN.

President Garfield had mapped out a tour for the New England States, on which he expected to enter on Saturday, the 2nd day of July, 1881. The trip was not made. The hand of a murderer, an assassin, was interposed, and the President was shot down just as he was about to start upon the tour from Washington City, the political city of the nation. He had come down from the White House to the depot of the Baltimore and Potomac railroad at 9:17 o'clock in the forenoon, and three minutes later, 9:20 o'clock, he received two shots from behind him as he was walking by the side of his Secretary of State, James G. Blaine, through the ladies' waiting room at the depot.

Consternation.

Consternation seized upon the people present in the depot, most of whom were ladies. Secretary Blaine turned in the direction from whence the reports of the shots came, and ran, shouting for help, in the direction of the murderer that had fired the shots, and who was then doing his utmost to get out of the room. Mrs. White, the lady in charge of the ladies' room, was collected enough amidst the general consternation that prevailed to run to the help of the President, and as he sank to the floor lifted his head to her lap and bathed his face with water. Members of the Cabinet that intended to accompany the President had already taken seats in the cars, but when the assassination was reported, which was as if by the speed of the wind, they all came rushing into the presence of the prostrate President. Doctors were hastily summoned, and a mattress was secured and the President put upon it and carrried to an upper room in the building.

Where Shot.

Cowards, assassins, never propose that their victims shall look upon their face, nor have a chance of securing a weapon to defend themselves with; hence they invariably approach from behind. Booth delivered his shot from behind into the head of Abraham Lincoln, and so the present assassin, following in the instinctive track or course of assassins, approached President Garfield from behind and shot him in the right arm, inflicting a flesh wound by the first shot, and by the second shot inflicting a dangerous wound, the ball entering the back on the right side of the spinal column, above the hip, cracking two ribs in its passage toward the liver, through the lower lobe of which it perhaps passed and entered the abdominal cavity, where it was lost to all hopes of recovery by probing. The President did not for a moment

Lose Consciousness.

He was collected and conscious of all that was going on, and even gave directions as to what should be done. He felt deep concern for Mrs. Garfield, his wife, and before he was removed from the depot he dictated the following dispatch:

Mrs. Garfield, Elberon, N. J.—The President wishes me to say to you from him that he has been seriously hurt—how seriously he cannot yet say. He is himself, and hopes you will come to him soon. He sends his love to you.

A. F. Rockwell.

Removed to the White House.

At 10:30 A. M. the President was carried down stairs, out of the depot on the mattress, and quietly placed in an ambulance and removed to the White House. What a change! One hour and thirteen minutes previous he had walked into the station house a man in perfect health, with the prospects of a most successful administration before him.

The Fortitude

of the President did not for a moment forsake him. He requested Secretary Blaine to refrain from shedding tears, saying, "I don't want a scene like this." He inquired as to the supposed motive of the assassin in shooting him, and supposed himself that the fellow did it for glory. To his weeping son, James, he spoke words of comfort by assuring him that he should recover. When he was told by the doctor, "Mr. President, you have one chance," he quickly responded, "Doctor, I'll take that chance. But conceal nothing from me; remember that I am not afraid to die. God's will be done, doctor. I am ready to go if my time has come."

The President patiently awaited the coming of his wife, Mrs. Garfield, from Long Branch, N. J. She arrived at the depot at 6:35 in the evening, and was driven with great speed to the White House. Her husband, hearing the approach of the rapidly running carriage, he said, "That's my wife." Fears were expressed that she could not bear up under the sight of her prostrate husband, which was quickly answered by the President saying,

"She Has Fortitude."

Mrs. Garfield had the fortitude that was becoming to the wife of the great large-spirited man that was stricken down because he had not appointed a worthless citizen to an office. She looked excited when she stepped from the carriage. Cabinet officers and military officers were in waiting, but she was attended to the room of her husband by her son James, a youth of about 14 years. The President put his left arm around her as she stooped to kiss him. All friends and attendants left the room, and no one was present to witness the silent and impressive meeting of about 15 minutes of father, mother and son.

During the Afternoon

that preceded the above sad family meeting, that part of the United States connected by telegraph was informed of the fiendish act or attempt to kill the President. The assassin had been arrested and lodged in jail. Troops were called out to guard the prison, so that the murderer might not be taken out and hanged by the infuriated people. Troops were also placed around the Presidential mansion, for no one knew what the shooting of the President might indicate. Mrs. Eliza Garfield,

The Mother

of the President, was telegraphed to, at Solon, Ohio, and she sent a dispatch in return, that is characteristic of the heroism and virtue of the Spartan mother that told her son that she preferred to have his body borne home dead upon his shield to having him return home with the brand of a coward attending him. She sent the following dispatch:

"Tell James that I hear he is cheerful, and that I am glad of it. Tell him to keep in good spirits, and accept the love and sympathy of a mother, sister and friend."

Secretary Blaine,

who was overwhelmed with grief, did not for a moment forget his duty as the first and nearest officer to the President; he at once caused a dispatch to be sent to American legations across the sea, and to Vice President C. A. Arthur in New York, and to other officials close up to the Administration, which were all responded to in the most sympathetic despatches.

The President's Condition

was one that awakened the most serious apprehension in the minds of Dr. Bliss and other attending doctors, and Cabinet officers and private friends at Washington. Dispatches that indicated the speedy demise of the President were sent out over the wires of the country at short intervals from the time of the shooting of the President till at 4 o'clock on

Sunday Morning, July 3,

when the glorious discovery was made that the President had just awakened from a short sleep greatly refreshed. The favorable manifestation brought forth from most of the persons around him the hearty ejaculation, "Thank God!" and when the news was dispatched over the wires throughout the land on that bright Sabbath morning, the people that heard it uttered the same ejaculation and smiled amidst their sorrow. Dr. Agnew, of Philadelphia, and other prominent surgeons and doctors held a consultation, and the view of the case in the main was favorable; still the conditions were not so favorable as to warrant a declaration that the President could live on the

Fourth of July.

Many took it, that as Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, both representative men and both Presidents, had died on the 4th of July, that the condition of Garfield certainly must needs terminate fatally on the natal day. The work of the murderer wrought on the minds of the public so powerfully that the festivity and hilarity that is now common in large towns and cities on the 4th of July was almost entirely suspended, and such celebration as was indulged in was of the most subdued quality. The country felt like the President, not killed but shocked. The day wore away and the President's condition was no worse, but slightly improved. At an hour to midnight the following dispatch was issued:

Executive Mansion,
Washington, July 4—11 P. M.

To the Press: On behalf of the President and Mrs. Garfield I desire to make public acknowledgment of the very numerous messages of condolence and affection which have been received since Saturday morning. From almost every State in the Union, from the South as bountifully as from the North, and from countries beyond the sea, have come messages of anxious inquiry and tender words of sympathy in such numbers that it has been found impossible to answer them in detail. I therefore ask the newspapers to express for the President and Mrs. Garfield the deep gratitude which they feel for the devotion of their fellow-countrymen and friends abroad in this hour of heavy affliction.

James G. Blaine,
Secretary of State.

On the Fifth of July

the pulse of the Chief Executive came down to 114; it had previously been up to 156. His condition was reported as still favorable, with increasing chances for recovery. One of the Washington incidents of the day relative to the case may be mentioned. Every day since the murderous attempt to take the life of the President, meeting had been held twice a day for prayer in the Christian Church which Garfield attended, but the pastor withheld an account of his first meeting with the President after the shooting till to-day, when he said: "I was passing down Pennsylvania avenue at the time of the shooting, when I was called and told the news. I ran to the depot and was permitted to speak with the President, who had then been removed to the upper room. Kneeling by his side, I said: 'Mr. President, you are the servant of God, you are in His hands, you have long trusted Him, and I say to you the heart of this whole people will go out to God in prayer that you may be spared.' The President calmly replied: 'I know it, doctor. I believe in God, and trust myself in his hands.' These meetings will be continued twice daily during the President's critical condition."

On the Sixth of July

there was a marked change for the better in the condition of the President; his pulse was reduced in frequency to 100. He expressed a desire for a piece of beef-steak, which his doctors would not consent that he should eat. Instead of the beef-steak the President ate an egg, and then proposed to hold a Cabinet meeting. The doctors would not consent to that.

Thursday, July 7.

The pulse of the President fluctuated between 94 and 104. A quarter of a grain of morphia was given. He partook of chicken broth, scraped beef tenderloin, oatmeal gruel and milk. Jaundice or yellowness of skin appeared, which is looked upon by the doctors as certain evidence of derangement of the liver caused by the wound.

Friday, July 8.

The President suffers from pain in legs and ankles. This is looked upon as a critical day. The pulse has gone up to 108, which is said to be caused by the process of suppuration—the process of forming pus in the wound.

Saturday, July 9.

The President's pulse was reduced to 100. His diet has been slightly reduced, but not materially changed. He was given broth and milk, with a little dash of rum. He did not relish the stimulant particularly, and asked if they were not "rumming him too much." Three teaspoonfuls of healthy pus were taken from the wound.

Sunday, July 10.

The President's diet consists principally of milk. He appears to relish it. He complains of soreness of the muscles. The President desired to see the report of his case as telegraphed to the country. It was shown to him. He smiled over it, and thought that it is not necessary to telegraph his name every few hours over the country. Pulse, 108.

Monday, July 11.

The President's condition is favorable. He has a relish for his milk diet of a pint to a pint and a half a day. A quarter of a grain of morphia a day is taken. His mind is cheerful, and his bodily strength is unabated.

Tuesday, July 12.

The President's condition remains without any marked change. Pulse, 106.

The Assassin at the Depot.

The assassin reached the depot in a closed carriage about three minutes before the President arrived, which is evidenced by a citizen of Washington. The citizen said: "I was coming down Pennsylvania avenue when I saw a carriage coming down the avenue, the horses running so fast that I thought they were running away. Just as the carriage arrived in front of me a man put his head out of the window and said, 'Faster, faster, faster! Damn it!' After hearing this remark I thought there was something wrong and ran after the carriage. When it reached the depot a man jumped out. He was soon in conversation with another man. I took them to be pickpockets. I thought they planned to do something to some one to arrive. When the President came the man that had come in the carriage entered the ladies' room. Where the other man went I do not know. By my watch only three minutes elapsed between the coming of the two carriages. The President, after passing through the door to the ladies' room, was just turning the corner of a seat when the assassin, who was standing on the left of the door, fired. The ball struck the President in the back. The President fell forward. I ran into the depot and just then the man fired again, while the President was falling. The moment the President fell a policeman, who had been standing at the depot door, keeping the way clear for the President and his party, grabbed the assassin by the neck, and as he pulled him out of the depot another policeman came to his assistance."

The Police

hurried the murderer down Pennsylvania avenue to the District jail at the eastern extremity of the city, and lodged him at 10:30 o'clock A. M., just one hour and ten minutes after the assassination. Policeman Kearney said that he had heard the prisoner arrange at the depot with a hackman to drive him in a hurry from the depot if required, and for that reason he had put a sort of a half watch upon him, and when he heard the report of the pistol he somehow or other connected him with it immediately. He was close to the President at the time, with his back to the direction from whence the report came. He further said, "I quickly turned and saw that man that I had been watching previously, standing about ten feet away in the shadow of the main entrance to the waiting-room, leveling his pistol across his arm. He fired a second shot before I could speak to him, and darted between myself and the President and Secretary Blaine into the street. The President reeled and fell just in front of me. As he fell he said something that I could not exactly understand, and Secretary Blaine, with a terrified look, pushed towards him, exclaiming, 'My God, he has been murdered!' I did not stop longer, but ran out after the assassin, and arrested him just as he started across B street towards Sixth."

What the Assassin Said.

The policeman shouted, when he arrested the assassin, "In God's name, man, what did you shoot the President for?" and his answer was, "I am a Stalwart, and want Arthur for President."

The Assassin's Papers.

The assassin had three papers on his person. The first was a package addressed to a newspaper man in Chicago, which the murderer said will reveal all. He desired the newspaper man to have the statement published in the newspapers. The authority of the District of Columbia have that package and refuse to reveal its contents. The newspaper man says that he has never had acquaintance with the assassin. The second paper reads:

"July 2, 1881.—At the White House.—The President's tragic death was a sad necessity, but it will unite the Republican party and save the Republic. Life is a flimsy dream, and it matters little when one goes. A human life is of small value. During the war thousands of brave boys went down without a tear. I presume the President was a Christian, and that he will be happier in Paradise than here.

"It will be no worse for Mrs. Garfield, dear soul, to part with her husband this way than by natural death. He is liable to go at any time any way. I had no ill-will towards the President. His death was a political necessity. I am a lawyer, a theologian, and a politician. I am a Stalwart of the Stalwarts. I was with General Grant and the rest of our men in New York during the canvass. I have some papers for the press, which I shall leave with Byron Andrews and his co-journalists, at No. 1420 New York avenue, where all the reporters can see them. I am going to the jail.

(Signed) "Charles Guiteau."

The third paper reads:

"Please deliver at once to General Sherman (or his first assistant in charge of the War Department). To General Sherman:—I have just shot the President. I shot him several times, as I wished him to go as easily as possible. His death was a political necessity. I am a lawyer, theologian, and politician. I am a Stalwart of the Stalwarts. I was with General Grant and the rest of our men in New York during the canvass. I am going to the jail. Please order out your troops and take possession of the jail at once. Very respectfully.

(Signed) "Charles Guiteau."

General Sherman's Disposition of the Letter.

On receiving the above General Sherman gave it the following endorsement:

"Headquarters of the Army, Washington, July 2, 1881—11.35 A. M.—This letter * * * was handed me this minute by Major William J. Twining, United States Engineers, Commissioners of the District of Columbia, and Major William G. Brock, Chief of Police. I don't know the writer, never heard of or saw him to my knowledge, and hereby return it to the keeping of the above-named parties, as testimony in the case.

(Signed) "W. T. Sherman, General."

Who the Assassin Is.

The first reports from Washington stated that the assassin is a Frenchman named Charles Guiteau or Gitto, and people breathed easier under the belief that the un-American crime had been committed by a foreigner; but, alas! for even that small comfort was swept away by succeeding information that Charles J. Gitto or Guiteau is an American-born citizen of considerable pretension. He is a native of Illinois, aged about 40 years. His height is about 5 feet 5 inches, has a sandy complexion, and weighs about 125 pounds. His expression, as reported from Washington jail, "is certainly not that of an insane man nor yet that of an intelligent man. His face is unshaven, the beard perhaps being three inches long and thinly scattered. The eyes are large and apparently grey. His hair is cut rather close. He wore a neat necktie carefully arranged, a round, dark cutaway three, buttoned coat, buttoned up to the neck, pantaloons of a dark pattern the same as the coat, somewhat bagged at the knees, and a black slouch hat."

His Business.

He has stated that his business is that of a lawyer, a theologian or preacher, and a politician, in all of which professions he has done more or less work. His father gave him an academic education. About the first thing he did after leaving school was to join a colony of Communists. It is reported that he liked their freedom as extended to him, but when the same freedom was required of him in return he fled the community. After that he read law, and practiced—that is, he collected bills for people that trusted him, and put the money in his pocket, being destitute of integrity. Meanwhile he got religion and became a zealous worker and promoter of religion. He joined the Young Men's Christian Association and sang, prayed, preached and lectured, and wrote extensively on the "Second Coming of Christ." He met a young lady from Philadelphia in Chicago, where she was engaged as a telegraph operator. He was then playing the part of a good man in church, in Sabbath-school, and in the Association just mentioned. She thought that she had captivated a first-rate man—he would reform semi-occasionally; during the time of his acquaintance with her he kept up the appearance of good—and when he proposed she accepted him; but she soon found out that he was not paying his bills, but would shift about so as to avoid too many debts at one place. He thus dragged her about from place to place. Sometimes she would have to go out and earn her own living. They were finally divorced. Mrs. Guiteau was re-married to Theodore Dunsmore in 1878. She lives with her husband in Leadville. A dispatch from Denver, Col., on Saturday reports her as saying of Guiteau, her former husband: "He was very cruel to me from the time of our marriage. When he was a member of Henry Ward Beecher's church he would lead in prayer, and so soon as the meeting was dismissed would tell me of some of his swindling schemes, that when given a note to collect for a client he would turn over one-half of the collection and report it impossible to collect the remainder." Her friends urged her to get a divorce, which she did. A decree of divorce was granted on the ground of adultery. She was afterwards a clerk in the Treasury Department at Washington. Guiteau had ambition for business that he had no capacity for, and such things as he had capacity for, and at which he might have earned a good and honorable living he would not engage in. He was a politician, an office-seeker, a so-called Republican, a Greeley Republican. At Chicago he was with the Blaine people. He sought to be put on the stump as a speaker in the Garfield campaign, but wherever he delivered a speech it was of such a character that it did more harm than good. After the election he was one of the first to put in a claim to President Garfield for an office. Soon after the November election, while the President was at Mentor, Ohio, he received from the then unknown Charles Guiteau the following letter, dated New York city, and written upon headed paper of the Fifth Avenue Hotel:

Dear General:—I, Charles Guiteau, hereby make application for the Austrian mission. Being about to marry a wealthy and accomplished heiress of this city we think that together we might represent this Nation with dignity and grace. On the principle of first comes, first served, I have faith that you will give this application favorable consideration.

(Signed) Charles Guiteau.

From that time on, till within a recent period or date, his business has been the seeking of an office at the hands of the Garfield Administration. He had, however, relinquished the claim to a foreign ministry, and would have been content to take almost any office.

An Anti-Conkling Man.

He was at no time connected with the Grant or Conkling people, but he made no disguisement of his dislike to Conkling and his friends. He even went so far as to presume that a statement of his disapproval of Conkling would carry favor with Garfield and secure him a place. To make his position plain to the President in his last appeal he wrote:

"I regret the trouble you are having with Senator Conkling. You are right, and should maintain your position. You have my support and that of all patriotic citizens. I would like an audience of a few moments."

He would give the names of President Garfield and Secretary Blaine as reference to secure quarters in boarding houses. About three weeks ago he was forbidden to again enter the anteroom—upstairs in the President's house—a room in which people that have business with the President in regard to office sit till they are admitted to present their claims. That the assassin is a man that is totally depraved, and given to good and bad spells, as it suits his purpose, is best told by what

His Father Says

in a letter written eight years ago to another son then in Boston, Mass.:

"I have been ready to believe him capable of almost any folly, stupidity or rascality. The one possible excuse I can render for him is that he is insane. Indeed, if I was called as a witness upon the stand I am inclined to think I should testify that he is absolutely insane, and is hardly responsible for his acts. My own impression is that unless something shall stop him in his folly and mad career he will become hopelessly insane and a fit subject for the lunatic asylum. Before I finally gave him up I had exhausted all my powers of reason and persuasion, as well as other resources, in endeavoring to control his actions and thoughts but without avail. I found he was deceitful and could not be depended upon in anything; stubborn, willful, conceited, and at all times outrageously wicked, apparently possessed of the devil. I saw him once or twice when it seemed to me he was willing to do almost anything wicked he should happen to take fancy to. You will remember, perhaps, at the last conversation we had about him I told you to keep clear of him and not have anything to do with him. Should anybody ask about him now I should be compelled to say to them that I thought he was insane, or at least a monomaniac, and should there leave it and say no more about him. His insanity is of such a character that he is as likely to become a sly, cunning desperado as anything. Could I see him I might possibly make another and vigorous effort to change the whole channel of his thoughts and feelings. If I could not do this I should have no hope whatever of being able to do him any good. I made up my mind long ago never to give him another dollar in money until I should be convinced he was thoroughly humbled and radically changed. I am sometimes afraid he would steal, rob or do anything before his egotism and self-conceit shall be knocked out of him, and perhaps even all that will not do it. So, you see, I regard his case as hopeless or nearly so. I know no other way but to dismiss him entirely from my mind, and leave him entirely in the hands of his Maker, with a very faint hope that he can be changed either in this world or the next."

The Assassin's Pistol,

used in the murderous work against the President was a five-chambered revolver, shooting a 44 caliber ball, that is, a bullet about seven sixteenth of an inch in diameter.

The Crime.

The shooting of Abraham Lincoln was a great crime, but in point of enormity it is not to be compared to the crime of shooting President Garfield. The shooting or assassination of Lincoln was an act that under the then existing circumstances might have taken place any hour. He was the head of a system of government that was engaged in crushing out a military rebellion that was intended to perpetuate a slave system of government. It was indeed a war of two different systems of civilization for the mastery. Washington was full of spies in the interest of the slave power; men that were in the pay of the secret service of the rebel government were spying every movement of the President, and the conspirators that took his life had their headquarters at the house of Mrs. Surratt, one of the "underground posts" that the Confederates had north of Mason and Dixon's Line. But now, the present Administration is not engaged in a war with a hostile system of civilization. The man Guiteau does not belong to the class of men that organized rebellion; he was indeed among those that were against the South, which only proves that there were men in the North vehemently against the South, that were worse enemies of liberty than the rebels, for they made a manly, vigorous stand for what was antagonistic to freedom, while the Guiteau tribe professed to be freemen, while in truth they were the worst of despots, ready to murder one of the ablest and most consistent champions of Northern free government. The work of Booth and his confederates was assassination, but they were the avowed enemies of everything governmental that President Lincoln and his Northern friends were struggling for. Such was not the case of the assassin that shot President Garfield; he claimed to be in sympathy not only with the system of government that President Garfield represents, but he claimed to be still closer in sympathy, by being an advocate of the peculiar system of party organization that President Garfield, Secretary Blaine and other friends of the Administration advocated. He was at Chicago as a hanger on, and there he professed to be in full accord with the anti-unit rule, and acted with the Blaine people throughout all of their movements, till General Garfield was nominated for President. When the President was inaugurated he came to Washington and demanded office. He claimed deep friendship from the days of the meeting of the Chicago Covention to the inauguration days; and his papers sent to men in prominent place at Washington went so far as to express hostility to such men as were not in accord with the Administration in its views as to who it should appoint. Guiteau claimed to be in close sympathy with the Garfield Administration, and acted with the Republicans in sustaining it. Booth always claimed to hold the Lincoln Administration in contempt, and his friends were in military arms against it. The assassination of Abraham Lincoln is only to be thought of with deep horror, but how infinitely deeper is the feeling or thought that attends the contemplation of the crime of Guiteau.

The Cause of the Crime

was not in the interest of a different system of civilization—that is, if the expressions of the murderer are to be taken as a standard to judge from. It is true that in his day he has been a Communist, and his Communistic or Nihilistic proclivities may have prompted him to commit the act. It is probable that his desire for office and utter disregard of integrity have been the cause of the crime.

A Common, Defective, Education.

He seems to have received a common, defective, education, as to what he should do in the pursuit of a living. His text-book, or school, or intellectual training seems to have been abundantly good. His father provided, it is said, good and competent teachers, but he, like the majority of people now, was taught to look to office for a living. His father was an office-holder; he held the office of cashier in a bank, and was a sort of a preacher. His education was not common in intellectual training and text-book learning, but it was of the common and most defective kind as regards the every-day life; he was taught the common education to look for office. The youth of the land are taught to look for office all the time—for office in the church, in the school, in the state, and in the country. Guiteau grew up under the common defective education that was destined to operate outside of the routine of private life. He was not taught the uncommon education that the best people, and the best of everything in this country is found in the private every-day life of the people. His mind was poisoned by a false ambition that is filling this country with just such miserable wretches as he is. If he ever had a spark of honesty his inordinate desire to hold a prominent place in society entirely destroyed it, and out of revenge for broken promises, or half promises made to him he became a murderer.

Who Promised Him?

As to the question, of who promised him an office? there is a great desire to know more. If he was promised an office, it is probable that the names of the people that gave him such promise cannot long be kept from the public. While he was not considered among the Grant people, he had no doubt heard of the Mentor promises, in which it is said Garfield had promised to do so and so for Grant and Conkling, but which story General Grant has long ago pronounced to be untrue. Grant says there were no promises made by Garfield while he was at Mentor. Guiteau was not one of the Grant people, and if he received promises he must have received them from people nearer to the Administration than Grant, Conkling or Arthur. If he is correctly reported he did not consider them as the people that could help him to an office under the Administration. If he received promises he must have received them outside of the circle of the people just spoken of; he must have received them from men that were dispensing Administration offices. The story of the violation of the Mentor promise reminded him of the promise that had been made to him and not fulfilled. He saw how many of the Grant people and the Administration did not agree, and the cause he attributed to be disappointment at the failure to control appointments to office. That was pretty nearly his grievance. He wanted office for himself, and because he did not get an office he became a stalwart opponent of the President, and determined to kill him. Such are among the thoughts that suggest themselves when the question of "who promised him?" is asked.

STORM NOTES.

A midnight storm at Lewistown, Mifflin county, frightened the people. It blew off part of the roof and chimney of the depot, carried a baggage truck fifty yards and dashed it to pieces, and damaged a number of trees in the town slightly. There was a heavy fall of rain, but no hail.

A few days ago, at Alexandria, Iowa, during a terrible storm, a fire, supposed to have been caused by lightning, destroyed a row of the best business houses in the town. The loss will amount to $32,000.

A terrific tornado, accompanied by lightning and thunder and rain, visited Pittsburg some days ago. Houses, stables and trees were blown down. No lives were lost. A butcher, who was driving a wagon, was struck by lightning and nearly killed.

A tornado visited Delaware county, Pa., since our last issue. Houses were unroofed, trees were blown down, and the standing grain was blown down and ruined. Its path was about a half mile wide.

In New Hampshire a storm struck the village of Franklin some days ago. Hail stones, many of them more than an inch in diameter, fell in great numbers and spread ruin everywhere. Half the houses in the place had their windows shattered, multitudes of chimneys were swept down, trees uprooted and gardens everywhere ruined. The damage was confined chiefly to the town and and the valley for a mile or two on each side. The path of the tornado was about two miles wide.

In West Rockingham county, Va., during a storm, recently, hail fell to the depth of six inches, the stones being of unusual size and remaining on the ground for twenty-four hours. In the region of Port Republic the circuit of the tornado was a mile and a half wide and five miles long, overturning houses in its track, and literally destroying whole fields of wheat and corn.

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