THE REPUBLICAN.

JUDSON HOLCOMB, CHAS. L. TRACY, } PROPRIETORS.

JUDSON HOLCOMB, Editor.
CHAS. H. ALLEN, Associate Editor.

"Reasonable taxes, honest expenditures, competent officers, and no stealing."—Harpers Weekly.

☞ Entered in the Post Office at Towanda as SECOND CLASS MATTER.

THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1882.

Republican State Ticket.

FOR GOVERNOR,
GEN. JAMES A. BEAVER, of Centre Co.

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR,
WILLIAM T. DAVIES, of Bradford Co.

JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT,
WILLIAM HENRY RAWLE, of Philadelphia.

SECRETARY OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS,
JOHN M. GREER, of Butler Co.

CONGRESSMAN-AT-LARGE,
MARRIOTT BROSIUS, of Lancaster.

The Republican national policy with regard to the management of the public debt has been so wise, so statesmanlike, so sound, so honest to the national creditors, yet so little burdensome to the people, that all the Republican States of the north and west have imitated it in the management of their own State debt, and have thus been enabled to pay off and reduce both the principal and interest of their debts without increasing the burdens of taxation.

Says the *North American*: "It is ill wind that blows no one any good. Owing to the political disturbance by which it has been agitated, and to the still unsettled condition of the country, Egypt this year will not have so much wheat and cotton to spare for British use as heretofore, and this will have the effect of increasing the demand for the American products. According to the latest crop reports, the demand is one which there will be no difficulty in supplying."

At the Democratic State Convention at Harrisburg last week, the following ticket was placed in nomination: Robt. E. Pattison, for Governor; Chauncey F. Black, of York, for Lieutenant Governor; Silas M. Clark for Supreme Judge; J Simpson Africa, Secretary of Internal Affairs; Montimer F. Elliot, for Congressman-at Lrrge. Owing to the crowd of other matter we are unable to give the proceedings or platform this week, but will speak of both in a subsequent issue.

The important question as to the coronation of the Russian Czar appears to be, remarks the Philadelphia *North American*, whether the anticipated attempt at the assassination of the Emperor shall precede, accompany or follow the act of coronation. For it seems to be tolerably clear that the conspirators meditating these attempts are powerful enough to defy the government, and that no actual discovery has yet been made of the machinery or participate in the conspiracy, which latter in fact is now recognized asi being a distinct element, fully organized, self sustaining and in possession of abundant resources.

Five years ago, the United States Fish Commission sent shad eggs to California, and hatched them in the Sacramento River. Shad have been caught in small numbers in Monterey, SanFrancisco and Humboldt Bays. Two years ago two were caught in the Columbia river, Oregon, and last year quite a number were taken. Now comes along the Olympia *Transcript*, of Washington Territory, which says two shad were caught away up in the head waters of Puget Sound. Would it not be singular, if that million of shad eggs taken from the hatchery at Port Deposit, at the mouth of the Susquehanna River, had stocked the Pacific coast rivers with Susquehanna shad. The world "do move."

Now that Guiteau is hanged and the hanging written up, it is to be hoped that he and all the rest of the Guiteau family will be allowed to drop out of sight. The public mind has been sated for a year with the blasphemous utterances of the vilest criminal this country ever produced. The laws delays have been vexatious. The people feared that the assassin would escape justice. But they now know that justice though slow, is nevertheless sure. We never believed in the insanity theory. Our own conviction, which we think is founded in reason, is that in his insatiate desire to obtain an office, which he failed to get from the Garfield Administration, he conceived the idea that by killing Garfield and making Authur President, he would place him and his political friends under such strong obligations to him, that Arthur would not only protect him in his crime, but would give him the office he wanted. He deliberately planned and executed his purpose. His whole conduct shows this. The sentences of his dying prayer, in which he implores the vengeance of the Almighty upon Arthur because he did not pardon him shows this. No, he was not insane, but most maliciously wicked and devilish. The world is the better off to be rid of such a monster.

A MOVE FOR REPUBLICAN UNION.

The effort for Republican union which is demanded by the earnest Republican masses throughout the State is at length taking practical shape. The Regular candidates and the Regular State Committee are moving forward together in this direction.

The conference of General Beaver and his associates yesterday was of the highest significance and importance. The second Republican Convention at Harrisburg directed the Seate Committee to take measures towards harmony. THE PRESS said the day after that the Committee would naturally be expected to act in concurrence with the candidates. Indeed, it was plain that the candidates must really take the initiative and the responsibility. In the conference of yesterday they met this obligation in a manly and patriotic spirit. They have determined to join in a letter which shall open the question of an understanding with the Independent Republicans by which the union of the two elements of the party can be effected.

We have had faith that when the right time should come General Beaver would prove his honest devotion to the true interests of the Republican party by responding to the call for all reasonable efforts to promote its unity and harmony. He has justified this confidence by the honorable and chivalrous spirit which be manifests in the prssent movement, and his action deserves cordial recognition. His associates have cooperated with him, and while this is only the first step there is much to encourage the hope os an adjustment which will lead to Republican success. —*Phila. Press.* July 1st.

We hail with pleasure this evidence of a patriotic spirit on the part of the candidates nominated on the Regular Republican ticket in taking the initiative steps toward an amicable adjustment of the existing division in the Republican party. The ticket nominated by the Democrats at Harrisburg on June 28th, though much stronger than any they have for many years past presented, can easily be defeated by a united Republican party.

The nominees representing the respective wings of the party, have it in their power by the exercise, mutually of a patriotic devotion to the principles of the Republican party, to bring about a cordial union of the party forces and insure success in the State. The Regulars have taken the initiative under the lead of General Beaver who heads the ticket, and he is seconded by his colleagues. This movement is highly commendable and evinces an unselfish devotion to the principles of Republicanism. It will be seconded by every Republican in the State whose attachment to principles is stronger than his devotion to men. The propositions to be submitted as a basis of union should be so eminently just and fair, and square, that there will be no ground left for the cavillier to stand upon. The people will not fail to distinguish betwixt the mere captious cavillier and the earnest, sincere temper of a genuine proposition for harmony. The rejection by either wing of the party of an honest and reasonable basis of harmony will greatly weaken the party rejecting it.

The REPUBLICAN of June 1st. our readers will bear witness, said: 'We submit a proposition to all the candidates on both tickets viz: That they meet together and settle the conflict independent of dictation from any quarter. They are all intelligent men. and if they are imbued with that unselfish devotion to the cause of Republicanism they profess, they can lead the Republicans of the State to a successful and satisfactory solution of the whole difficulty. Dont stop to ask Cameron or Mitchell, Quay or Wolfe, Cooper or McKee, what you shall do, but at once what the duty of the hour demands of you. Follow Marshall's example and decline and demand that a union convention be held under the new rules and have party reform now. If the candidates will adopt these suggestions they will be wiser than the bosses and wiser than the conventions which placed them in nomination.'

Our mind is unchanged in this regard and we therefore hail with sincere rejoicing any movement that looks to the restoration of party unity in our State.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LAST OF GUITEAU—SCENES AND INCIDENTS CONNECTED WITH HIS EXECUTION—THE HOOTING CROWD OUTSIDE THE JAIL.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 3, 1882.

In a letter of reasonable length, it is not possible to give a detailed report of all that transpired at the Jail of the District of Columbia on Friday last connected with the execution of the man who one year ago assassinated President James A. Garfield. I must therefore content myself with giving some of the most notable incidents.

WONDERFUL IN HIS WICKEDNESS.

The mock heroism displayed by this great criminal through all his confinement, did not desert him in the final hour.

The efforts of his attorneys to prevail upon President Arthur to grant him a reprieve for a short period were not entirely abandoned until within less than a week of the day set for the execution. Five days prior to that day he was informed that the last hope was gone. This information, to all outward appearance, produced no change in the mental or physical conduct or appearance of the prisoner. Up to the last night prior to his execution, he ate and slept well. But the last night prior to the dread ordeal he tossed restlessly on his couch until morning. After partaking of his last breakfast, he was escorted by his watches to the bath and he enjoyed his last bath. He said but little, and appeared as though in deep meditation. The day prior and during the early morning of Friday he employed his time in writing, and composed the prayer, which he read upon the scaffold and which for the purpose of preserving it, we reproduce in connection with the account of his execution. The first sign of emotion was at 12 o'clock m. when the guard of soldiers marched into the corridor and brought their muskets to the floor. As the sound struck his ear, he for the moment became tremulous with emotion. He soon recovered himself, under the reasuring words of the Rev. Hicks, his spiritual adviser who remained in his cell all the morning and accompanied him to the scaffold. At a few minutes after 12 o'clock Warden Crocker appeared at the door of his cell and read to him the death warrant, which the Warden preceeded with some remarks reciting the events of the year. Guiteau cut him short by saying "I want to hear no more! I spit upon that document! You will all go to hell who take part in killing me." Immediately after the reading of the document the arms of the prisoner were pinioned and

THE MARCH TO THE SCAFFOLD

began, formed as follows:

Gen. Crocker, the warden with Mr. Robert Strong.

Rev. W. W. Hicks, of the Tabernacle Church, (Congregational.)

The prisoner with Messrs Woodward and Coleman.

Messrs. John M. Jones and W. W. Hudson.

Messrs. W. C. Crocker and T. T. Johnson.

As the prisoner stepped out into the corridor, he gave one look backward into his cell, placed himself between the guards and moved forward. The scenes at this moment were deeply impressive. A crowd of about 250 persons were inside the jail inclosure, watching every movement and pressing forward to get a glimpse of the doomed criminal. Outside of the jail yard stood a crowd of several thousand people who could not gain admittance, waiting in brethless silence to catch the first word that Guiteau was dead. The distance from the prisoner's cell to the gallows was more than fifty yards, through the corridors of the prison. As the assassin, immediately behind the warden, emerged from the gate at the end of the long corridor, his eyes were restless and he appeared under great excitement. The muscles about his mouth twitched and his face grew deathly pale as he advanced toward the gallows. It was a moment of profound silence, broken only by the tread of the procession. Guiteau walked on without faltering and ascended the steps of the scaffold. He stopped a moment as he reached the last step as if exhausted, but was soon helped up, and then stood on the platform behind the drop facing the spectators.

FACING DEATH.

The crowd at this moment began jostling each other to get in full view, which attracted the attention of the prisoner, and for a moment he scanned the noisy flushing crowd below. He then surveyed the frame-work of the gallows above him, and was looking from the gallows to the crowd when, on a motion from the warden, all hats were removed and the religious exercises began. This consisted of a prayer by the minister. Guiteau meanwhile standing with bowed head. Dr. Hicks then opened the Bible, and the prisoner, with a strong voice, read a selection from the 10th chapter of Matthew, from the 28th to the 41st verse, inclusive, beginning with: "And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul, but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell."

Then followed the prisoners prayer, which he read from manuscript, the minister holding it for him while he read. No tremor was noticeable in his voice, but a decided emphasis when allusion was made to President Arthur and the future destiny of the nation.

After closing his prayer, he was allowed to read a foolish little poem, which was the merest drivel and nonsense, after which the attendants quickly pinioned his legs, placed the noose around his neck, and drew the black cap over his head and face, and the assassin stood ready for the final launch into eternity.

As soon as the cap was drawn down Guiteau shouted in a loud voice, "Ready! Glory! Glory!" at the same time dropping a piece of paper, which was to be a signal that he was ready, and the drop fell, and the tragic scene was ended. There was hardly a perceivable motion of the body, and after half an hour it was cut down and placed in the coffin.

As soon as the crowd outside the jail got the word that Guiteau was hanged, they rent the air with shouts of rejoicing. Persons came many hundred miles to be present at the execution of the most execrated criminal in American history, but failed of the opportunity of witnessing it. A very general expression of relief is heard on all hands that his miserable life is ended.

Yesterday, July 2d, was the anniversary of the wounding of President Garfield. The Vermont Avenue Christian Church (Disciples) where he worshipped, of which denomination he was a member, made it the occasion for laying the corner stone of the

GARFIELD MEMORIAL CHURCH,

a handsome brick edifice now in process of construction. The ceremonies were of special interest. A general invitation was extended to members of the Christian church throughout the country. The ceremony of laying the corner stone took place at 6 o'clock p. m. President Hinsdale, of Hiram College, Ohio, delivered the address, and gave an interestig history of the rise, progress, and present membership of the denomination known as Disciples or Christians. Hon. A. S. Willis, of Kentucky, and Hon. A. H. Pettibone, of Tennessee, who were students at Hiram College, delivered addresses, Rev. Dr. Butler, of the Lutheran church, Vermont Avenue, made the opening prayer, and Rev. F. D. Power, pastor of the church, Chaplain of the House of Representatives pronounced the benediction. The allusions to the life history of the late President Garfield and the tragic ending of his useful life were touching in the extreme. The whole ceremonies attendant upon the occasion were of a highly interesting character. It is expected that the new church structure will be ready for occupancy by the congregation, which now numbers about 400, by December next.

J. H.

PENNSYLVANIA PARAGRAPHS.

The Salem Lutheran Church, Bethlehem, was broken into one night recently, and the two contribution boxes robbed of their contents. There is no clue to the robbers.

At a recent sale of old coins in Norristown a copper cent of 1792 was bought by a Boston collector for $300, and two other rare specimens of the same date brought $290 and $120 raspectively. A number of other coins were sold at prices far above its face value.

The Anchor oil well at Cherry Grove has been burning for a week, during which time 15000 barrels of oil have been burned as it reached the top of the casing. It is described as a monstrous lamp with a wick six inches thick and 1600 feet long, and an unknown supply of oil at the bottom. An offer of $3000 has been made for quenching the flames. A number of attempts have been made, but at last accounts none had proven successful.

GENERAL GLEANINGS.

Mississippi, with a population of 1,131,000, has but 9,209 foreign-born citizens.

A billhas been introduced in the National House of Representative providing for the transfer of three counties of California to the State of Nevada.

At Huntington, Long Island, last week, Rebecca Scudder, the owner of $28,000 worth of property, died of starvation. She had refused to take food for twenty-four days.

An attempt was made on Tuesday night of last week, to blow up the jail at Mount Grove, Mo. Two kegs of gunpowder were placed under it, but the strength of the building withstood the shock. There is no clue to the perpetrators.

The Prussian Government has selected Aiken, S. C., as one of the stations for the observation of the transit of Venus in December next, and the members of the expedition from the Royal Observatory in Berlin are expected to arrive there about the end of October.

A French photographer at Tangiers has received an interresting order from the Sultan of Morocco. He is to photograph the 364 wives of the polygamous potentate, who, it will be seen, has a wife for every day in the year but one. Their pictures are to be placed in an album for the Sultan's exclusive use.

An experienced miner, with some associates, has taken up a quartz claim within the limits of San Francisco city, near the Industurial School. The lode is claimed to be over 600 feet wide, and to be traceable two miles. A tunnel has been begun. Assays of the rock run from a trace of gold and silver to over $12 per ton.

A picnic party in the Concordia Cemetry, at Chicago, on Sunday, quarreled over their beer and a battle royal ensued, in which heads without number were broken with pickets torn from the fence. The women watched the fight from a platform, which finally broke down, injuring a number and breaking several tombstones.

The fact that a quart of pins, hair pins and needles were found in a mouse nest at Newton Lowell Falls, in pulling down the piazza of an old hotel, may not be a fact of importance in itself. Nevertheless, a partial solution of the puzzle of generations as to what becomes of the pins, is furnished by this Massachusetts mouse.

The vitality of the Presbyterian Church in the United States is strikingly attested by the energy with which it carries on the great work of preaching the gospel to the heathen world. During the past thirty years it has spent more than ten million dollars in supporting missionaries in foreign lands and upwards of six hundred thousand dollars has been appropriated for the maintenance of its missions for the next twelve months. If the material strength and spiritual earnestness of a church are in proportion to its missionary enterprise, Presbyterianism must be in a healthy and vigorous condition.

GUITEAU GONE!

Dies Without a Struggle.

He Reads a Poem and a Prayer,

And Meets Death Unfalteringly.

WASHINGTON, June 30.—Guiteau was yesterday visited by his brother, sister and her daughter. The interview, at which the warden and deputy were present, lasted fifteen minutes. The prisoner became excited and vehemently abused the president and others, and pointing to Warden Crocker and the deputy cried "And you too, you will both be sent to hell." He soon became calm and said he was ready to die. At parting he said, "Let me kiss my sister through the grated bars, and let it so go on record." After kissing his sister and niece, he turned to his brother and handing him a dime, said: "Here is ten cents due a washerwoman. I guess you had better settle that balance to day." Mrs. Scoville and her brother then departed. At four o'clock Guiteau was perfectly composed and apparently in deep meditation.

GUITEAU'S WILL.

At Guiteau's dictation, yesterday afternoon, Mr. Reed wrote the prisoner's will. The document was as follows:

WASHINGTON. D. C., June 29, 1882.—To the Rev. Dr. William W. Hicks: I, Charles Guiteau, of the city of Washington, in the district of Columbia, now under sentence of death, which is to be carried into effect between the hours of twelve and two o'clock on the 30th day of June, A. D., 1882, in the United States jail, in said district, do hereby give and grant to you my body after such execution, provided however, that it shall not be used for any mercenary purposes; and I hereby, for good and sufficient considerations, give, deliver and transfer to said Dr. Hicks my book entitled "The Truth and Removal," 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 Guiteau." 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 any mercenary purpose whatsoever. And if at any time hereafter any person or persons shall desire to honor my remains, they can do it by erecting a monument whereon shall be inscribed these words: "Here lies the body of Charles Guiteau, a patriot and christian. His soul is in glory."

(Signed) CHARLES GUITEAU.

Witnesses:
CHARLES H. REED,
JAMES WOODWARD

ANOTHER LETTER TO ARTHUR.

WASHINGTON, June 30.—Over fifteen hundred people yesterday viewed Guiteau's coffin at the undertaker's shop. Hicks took to the white house a letter from the assassin to the president. The letter called on the president very peremptorily for a positive answer instead of "evasions" and silence, appealed to his conscientiousness, and sternly addresses him with "now Arthur." Several bridal couples appeared at the jail yesterday and seemed to enjoy the visit.

HOW GUITEAU SPENT THE NIGHT.

WASHINGTON, June 30, 9:45 A. M.—Guiteau was very restless during most of the latter part of the night, not sleeping more than twenty minutes. Towards morning he fell into a sounder sleep from sheer exhaustion. He rose a few minutes after 5 o'clock and breakfasted heartily at 6:30, eating steak, eggs, potatoes and other dishes. When the cook took his breakfast in the cell Guiteau told him to bring dinner at 11 o'clock. Hicks, who remained at the jail all night, called in at the cell soon after the prisoner rose and held a conversation on religious subjects with him. At eight Hicks saw the prisoner again. The latter made a request for a bath, and asked Hicks to go and see the scaffold. Guiteau desired him to arrange with the warden to have the trap sprung as soon after twelve as possible.

FEARING AN ACCIDENT.

He also expressed considerable anxiety lest some accident occur, and insisted that Hicks see that the scaffold and appurtenances were all in a proper and safe condition. After Guiteau disposed of these matters he read a poem composed by himself, which he calls "Simplicity, or religious baby talk" after reading it aloud he attempted to sing it, but broke down in the effort, which would have appeared ridiculous if the occasion were less solemn. Guiteau then talked about his future. He remarked that his heart was tender. "Don't think," said he, "that I can't go through this ordeal without weeping, not because of any great weakness, for principle in me is strong; but because I am nearer the other world. I hold to the idea that God inspired me."

THE PRISONER'S REQUESTS.

Guiteau subsequently asked that in his books all complimentary remarks about President Arthur and his administration be eliminated. Then he presented to Hicks the books that have been his companions during his lonely hours. He told Hicks he would like to have him offer the first prayer on the scaffold, saying that he (Guiteau) would then read his favorite scripture passage, the tenth chapter of John, and offer a prayer on his own account; then he intended, he said, to read his poem, "Simplicity." He desired to have the execution so arranged that just as he uttered the last word the drop be sprung. John W. Guiteau arrived at 9 o'clock and was followed a few minutes later by Warden Crocker. These two with Dr. Hicks had a consultation as to the disposition of the body.

At 9:15 the prisoner came into the corridor and exercised fifteen minutes. He walked very briskly, making it rather difficult for the guards to keep pace with him.

BEGINNING TO WEAKEN.

At 10 o'clock Guiteau expressed a desire to take a bath. A large tub was taken into the cell and at this hour no one but the death watch was with him. Guiteau nervously disrobed and plunged into the path. It was quite evident, and the guard closely watching his every movement, that his object for asking for a bath was to simply have some employment which might distract his thoughts from the contemplation of approaching death. He evidenced increased nervousness and his uncertain movements and the marked tremor in his tones when he attempted to speak, impressed the guard with the belief that he was rapidly weakening.

EXAMINING THE SCAFFOLD.

At 10 o'clock seventy policemen, under Captain Vernon and Lieutenant Boteler, Guy and Austin arrived and were posted along the road outside of the building. In addition to the regular jail guards and all available men, battery C, Second United States artillery, commanded by Lieutenant Crawford, is now on duty inside the jail.

PREPARING HIS PRAYER.

WASHINGTON, June 30, 11:30 A. M.—Shortly before eleven Guiteau called for some paper, and for twenty minutes busied himself making a copy of his prayer to be read upon the scaffold. As his hands will be pinioned Hicks will hold the manuscript while Guiteau reads. Now that he is employed, he appears much calmer, and is rapidly completing the work of writing in a large, round, legible hand. At 11 o'clock contrary to the general expectation, Mrs. Scoville arrived at the jail and sought admission. She appeared to be laboring under great excitement. Crocker declined to admit her unless the prisoner specially requested it. J. W. Guiteau, in the rotunda, was informed that his sister was outside, and at first started to go to her, but after a moment's hesitation decided not to interfere, saying, "I will leave the whole matter with Crocker." Guiteau was informed of his sister's presence. It is believed that he would not desire to have her present. His great desire now seems to be that there shall be no scene and his program carried out without interruption or incident to detract from the heroic picture he believes he is about to present.

AWAITING THE FINAL ACTION.

A large crowd of newspaper correspondents loitered about the gate leading into Guiteau's corridor. They could see nothing except the wooden door which screens Guiteau's cell from view. Now and then a guard appeared at the door and sent a message to the warden. At such times those at the gate got a view of the table in the corridor and the chair on which the death watch sat.

SISTER AND BROTHER.

After Guiteau had finished copying his prayer 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 took a message and hurried off, and soon returned with Dr. Hicks, who went into the cell. Guiteau was then apparently very composed. After a short conference with the warden, John W. Guiteau went outside the jail to see his sister. He found her in great excitement, bordering on hysterics, but he soon calmed her and dissuaded her from any attempt to gain admission. She acknowledged the propriety of such a course, but said she could not possibly remain in the city during all the wretched hours of the morning. She brought with her the flowers Guiteau asked for, and they were taken to the prisoner. Mrs. Scoville also brought a handsome floral cross and anchor. She will be permitted to view the remains and place a floral offering upon the coffin.

THE LAST MEAL.

WASHINGTON June 30, 11:35. A.M.—While Hicks was in the cell Guiteau made some requests as to the execution, and having copied the prayer, and other writings, tore up the originals. He sent for the jail bootblack and gave his shoes to shine for the last time. Dinner was brought and he ate with much relish. The dinner consisted of a pound of broiled steak, fried potatoes, four slices of toast, a quart of coffee, of which very little was left. Hicks, when he came out of his cell, said the prisoner had not the slightest fear. We have had a pleasant religious talk. He feels now that his preparation is finished, and he is ready for the last formality. He commits himself to God with confidence. I think he will show some emotion, because the nervous strain is so great.

GUITEAU IN TEARS.

Shortly before 12 Guiteau seemed to break down completely, and burst into tears and sobbed hysterically. Hicks fanned and tried to calm him. At half-past eleven preparations began to be made for the execution. At 11:50 a detachment of artillery was formed on the east side of the rotunda and brought their muskets to parade rest. At that time there were about 250 people in the rotunda. Hicks was with the prisoner engaged in prayer.

OVERCOME BY HIS FEELINGS.

Guiteau showed great nervousness and appeared greatly startled when he heard the rattle of muskets on the stone floor of the rotunda. From that moment Guiteau appeared to be thoroughly overcome with emotion. He wept freely and seemed to be in great anguish. An autopsy will be performed at 2 o'clock in the chapel of the jail. The scene on the rotunda while waiting for the prisoner was one long to be remembered; soldiers were drawn up on one side and a long line of spectators opposite them on the other.

REGAINING HIS COMPOSURE.

After the death warrant had been read, the prisoner became much more composed, and turning away began to brush his hair with his old apparent swaggering sang froid.

APPROACHING THE SCAFFOLD.

At 12:25 the steam whistle was blown at the work-house near the jail. Two minutes after the iron gates at the end of the corridor clicked, and the warden appeared, and a moment later Guiteau with face paled. The muscles of his mouth moved about nervously. There was no signs of faltering. The procession moved quickly to the scaffold. Guiteau ascended the twelve somewhat steep steps with as much steadiness as could be expected from a man whose arms were tightly pinioned behind him. At the last step he faltered a moment but was assisted by two officers. Guiteau was placed immediately behind the drop with his face to the front of the scaffold. Captain Coleman stood upon his right. Robert Strong on his left and Woodward behind him. Jones took his position on the north side.

GAZING AT THE GALLOWS.

Warden Crocker took his position on the southeast corner of the structure. There was a slight delay while 250 or more spectators were pushing through the door from the rotunda to the corridor, at the lower end of which the gallows was placed. Guiteau gazed on the crowd and looked on the beam overhead and quickly surveyed all the dread paraphernalia.

DR. HICKS' PRAYER.

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 that Thou will 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 bloodguiltiness deliver him and us. God have mercy on us. Christ have mercy on us. Lamb of God that takest away the pains of the world, have mercy on us. Amen and amen.

THE LAST DYING PRAYER.

During the prayer Guiteau stood with bowed head. At its conclusion Dr. Hicks opened the Bible and Guiteau in firm tones said, "I will read a selection from the tenth chapter of Mathew, from the twenty eighth to the forty first verse, inclusive." He then read in a clear, strong voice, and with good intonation, showing little; if any nervousness. Dr. Hicks then produced the manuscript which was prepared by the prisoner this morning, and held it before him while Guiteau read. While Dr. Hicks was arranging the manuscript Guiteau exhibited a slight nervousness and moved several times from one foot to the other. He soon recovered his composure, looked over the sea of upturned faces and said: "I am now going to read you my last dying prayer." He then read in a loud tone and with distinct and deliberate emphasis, the following:

Father, now I go to Thee and the Saviour. I have finished the work Thou gavest me to do and I am only too happy to go to Thee. The world does not 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, didst inspire the act for which I am now murdered. This Government and Nation by this act I know will incur Thy eternal enmity as did the Jews by killing Thy Man, my Saviour. The retribution in that case came quick and sharp, 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, toward 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, Thou 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 blood will satisfy them, and now my blood 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, Righeous 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 towards a human being. Farewell, ye men of earth.

HOW THE PRAYER WAS READ.

At several points the assassin half paused and endeavored to impart increased emphasis to his words by a peculiar facial expression so often noticed during the trial when he was angered at something. This peculiarity was noticeable when he alluded to Arthur and when he declared the nation would go down in blood. When he finished reading he again surveyed the crowd, and said in a firm voice "I am now going to read some verses intended to indicate my feelings at the moment of leaving the world. If set to music they may be rendered effective. The idea is that of a child babbling to his mamma, and his papa. I wrote them this morning about 10 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 Lord.
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.

I saved my party and my land, glory hallelujah.
But they have murdered me for it, and that is the reason I am going to the Lordy.
Glory hallelujah, glory hallelujah, I am going to the Lordy.

Here again his feelings overcame him and he leaned his head on the shoulder of Mr. Hicks and sobbed pitifully. Still he went on.

"I wonder what I will do when I get to the Lordy.
I guess that I will weep no more, when I get to the Lordy.
Glory hallelujah."

Here there was another interruption caused by sobs and emotion which he was unable to repress. He wept bitterly. With quivering lips and mournful tones, he went on to finish his ditty.

I wonder what I will see, when I get to the Lordy,
I expect to see, most splendid things beyond all earthly conception,
When I am with the Lordy. Glory hallelujah.

(Raising his voice to the highest pitch he could command.)

Glory hallelujah I am with the Lord.

Thus closed the chaff, and then Rev. Dr. Hicks gave to Guiteau his final benediction.

HOW THE CRIMINAL BEHAVED.

Guiteau when he came into the rotunda from his cell looked calm and collected, but very pale. His arms were pinioned behind and he held his head erect. He gazed upon the crowd without flinching. He wore a black suit, and instead of a collar had a handkerchief thrown loosely about his neck. Those expecting distressing scenes were disappointed. Guiteau walked firmly through the rotunda and crowd. He stumbled on one of the steps of the scaffold, but recovered at once. When he began to read his voice was loud and firm. He gave the words now and then a sort of singing inflection, like a preacher reading a hymn.

After Dr. Hicks had pronounced the benediction, Old Bob Strong came forward in his grizzly personality and tied Guiteau's legs, spending it seemed, a needless long time at it, for the suspense was terrible. Then Strong adjusted the rope about the neck, Guiteau bending his head and stooping to permit it to be done with greater ease. The knot was carefully placed behind the left ear, Guiteau flinching no more than a statute. Then Old Bob took from his grizzly coat the horrible black cap and pulled it over the murderer's head, the latter shouting "glory," "glory," "glory."

A more perfect picture of resignation could not be imagined than Guiteau waiting for his legs to be tied. He stepped forward, so as to get to the centre of the trap, stood erect as an Indian, and, with his head well balanced, shut his eyes. Not a feature gave way or showed any weakness. At last everything was ready. Nothing more remained to be done. The attendants had stepped off the trap.

The condemned man stood alone on the frail bridge separating this world from eternity. The vulgar crowd looked up expectant. Nature is hushed; the sun shines calmly through the windows, bright with warmth and joy. The warden bows his head; the preacher turns his back from the spectacle and kneels at he rail, his Bible in his hand. The guards half turn away. From under the black cap comes the word, strong and distinct, "ready." The criminal at the same time drops a piece of white paper from his hand; the executioner from his blind cell looks through a little hole in the curtain. He hears the word. He sees the signal. A quick pull at the rope within his hand, the bolts are slipped from their places, the trap falls like lightning, and the end is at hand. Then a shout went up most joyously, as though some great victory had been won. The prisoners locked up in their cells joined in the cheer, and clanked their tin cups and plates against the iron gratings of their pens.

This was echoed outside by the voices of a thousand or more people who hurrahed lustily. There was a general onslaught by the populace upon the door, which was so powerful that the officers were unable to withstand it. Hundreds of people crowded into the office and there was a terrible crush at the doors.

THE DEATH AGONY.

For at least forty seconds after the drop fell the body hung motionless, then there was a slight motion of the shoulders and legs, due to muscular contraction. Three minutes after the trap fell the body was lowered to be examined by the physicians. There was a decided action of the heart for fully fourteen minutes, and the pulse fluttered two minutes longer. When the body had hung with the feet just touching the ground for over half an hour it was lowered into the coffin, which was waiting for it under the scaffold. When the body was lowered the black cap was removed and the face exposed. The features were pallid and compressed. About the mouth there was considerable moisture.

After the body had been arranged in the coffin, Warden Crocker ascended the steps of the scaffold, and, addressing the crowd which was kept back from the scaffold by a line of officers, said those who desired could pass along the side of the scaffold and view the body. Then the crowd of spectators was formed into line, and, passing between the scaffold and the wall of the jail, viewed the dead face. Some jail officers, two or three physicians and Dr. Hicks stood about the coffin. John W. Guiteau joined this company and fanned his dead brother's face to keep away the flies. When liberty was given to the crowd to view the remains the scaffold was at once filled with people who curiously examined every joint and bolt.

At 1:40 P.M., the lid of the coffin was put in place, and the body was borne to the jail chapel, where the physicians who were to make the autopsy were assembled.

DETAILS OF THE AUTOPSY.

Dr. Bliss arrived at the jail at 3:30 in the afternoon, and joined the physicians making the autopsy. The brain was found in a normal condition and weighed forty-nine ounces. The heart weighed a little over nine ounces and was healthy, as were all the other internal organs. The surgeon's report will probably not be ready for publication before next Wednesday.

GUITEAU'S BODY.

WASHINGTON, Jnly 2.—The body of Guiteau was buried this afternoon in the northeast corridor of the jail. The only persons present were John W. Griteau, Rev. Mr. Hicks, Warden Crocker and son, and undertaker, several jail officers and the six prisoners who acted as pall bearers. Mrs. Scoville came to the jail in the afternoon and importuned the warden to be allowed to witness the burial, but Gen. Crocker remained firm in his determination not to accede to her request, and she returned to the city. After the top of the grave had been leveled off John W. Guiteau placed at its head a crown of white immortelles. Not a word was spoken, not a tear was shed.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

President Arthur was given the degree of LL. D. at Union College Thursday.

Miss Annie Louise Cary has been restored to health, but has not recovered the use of her voice. Her physicians say she must not attempt to sing again for a year.

James W. Crandall, fifteen years of age, is the youngest pensioner in the United States. He was shipped as a boy in the navy, lost his hearing by typhoid fever, and will draw thirteen dollars a month while he lives.

It is said that Prince Charles of Germany, brother of the Emperor, consumes daily from eighteen to twenty-four strong Havana segars. He smokes three at a time, in a tripple-barrelled holder made according to his own design.

Lord Roseberry has offered the Duke of Hamilton one million sterling for the island of Arran, on which Hamilton Palace is situated, but the Duke declines to sell. We know of a half dozen islands Lord Rosebery can buy for a much less sum than a million sterling.

James Russell Lowell treats the numerous applications made for his autograph in a decidedly summary manner. He drops the enclosed stamps into his stamp box, and consigns the letters to the waste-paper basket. That's just what we do with anonymous communications.

Miss Jesse Green, of New Orleans, La., daughter of Protestant Episcopal parents, embraced the Jewish faith, and was married to Mr. Isaac Feitel, a Hebrew, in that city on the 14th ult. Shortly before her public declaration of her change of faith they were married by a civil magistrate, after they were united by the Jewish rabbi.

General William Raymond Lee, of Boston, carries in his pocketbook a little slip of paper bearing the single word "Death." It is the ballot he drew when a prisoner of war in a rebel jail at Richmond, when he and two others were chosen by lot to be hanged, in retaliation for the sentencing to death of certain confederate officers convicted of piracy. The sentence of the pirates was, happily, commuted, and General Lee and his comrades were subsequently exchanged.

POLITICAL POINTS.

Every indication points toward the election of the Republican State ticket and a majority of the members of Congress at the next election, in North Carolina, Tennessee and Virginia. This will add three southern States to the Republican column.

What supreme folly for the Republicans to remain divided in Pennsylvania, and throw success to the Democrats! Especially so in view of the prospect of Republican sucsess in the States above mentioned. We know whereof we speak with reference to the political situation in the South.

The Independents may have something to contend for within the party, concedes the Beaver *Argus and Radical*, some advance position to urge: some faults to correct or some grievances to be redressed but they cannot have, as Republicans, any excuse for defeating their party. To do so is to teach disrespect for proper authority; to raise the standard of revolt because they happened to be in the minority; to secede because they could not rule.

Julia wants to know what a platform is? Well, a platform, Julia, is one ream able and twenty resolutions, strong in non-essentials, vague in essentials; round the bush on tariff and rough as thunder on the Mormons; clamorous for civil service reform with a reserved definition of civil service reform; down on curruption, loud in its praise of purity and determined to have it if it takes every cent the party can raise. The platform, you understand, Julia, is a legitimate and necessary part of the campaign pomp and circumstance; it goes along with the banners, transparences, and torches and when the campaign is over—well, it is stored away in the cellar or garret, along with the rest of the uniforms and torches. A campaign platform is very much like the campaign torch, indeed; it gives out a great deal of smell and smoke with a very uncertain, flickering light.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

There is a good deal of wit wasted over Flanigan, of Texas, who wanted to know in the National Convention of 1880, "What are we here for, anyhow," yet aspirations for office are considered laudable when felt by some people. It was not considered w