

ASSASSINATION.

The Attempt on the Life of the President.

There is probably not an intelligent person in all this broad domain—not, probably, in the whole civilized world—who has not ere this heard of the assassination, or attempted assassination, of the President of the United States, on the morning of the 2nd inst., and the regret and sorrow is nearly as universal. In the United States a gloom impends over all the land and sorrow has a place in all hearts which are lifted or intensified with the varying news of the President's condition. In this locality the interest of the people has been great to learn the full particulars of so momentous an affair, of which they heard only by brief and unsatisfactory dispatches; and with impatience have awaited through the Sabbath and the holiday for the coming of the great daily newspapers upon which all depend for complete details of events. During this suspense many rumors and different stories have been told, which have caused much vain comment, and the formation of various opinions generally erroneous.

We find the reports of the shooting of the President and the scenes and incidents connected therewith so very lengthy that we are unable to copy them in full, but will pick out the gist of the matter ample for the full information of our readers.

Between 8 and 9 o'clock on Saturday morning, 2nd inst., President Garfield accompanied by Secretary Blaine and some other members of his cabinet, went to the Baltimore & Potomac depot, at Washington City, for the purpose of going to Long Branch. The shooting was done in or near the door of the ladies room of the depot. The following are accounts given by "eye witnesses. One gentleman said:

"I was coming down Pennsylvania avenue when I saw a carriage coming so fast I thought the horses were running away. I saw a man put his head out of the window and shouted 'faster! faster! faster! damn it, faster!' Hearing this, I thought there was something wrong and I ran after the carriage. When it reached the depot a man jumped out and entered the ladies' room. He had not been there more than three minutes when the President arrived, stepped out of his carriage and entered the ladies' room. The President, after passing through the door, was just turning the corner of a street when the assassin, who was standing on the left of the door, fired. The ball struck the President in the back and he 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. Just after firing the shot the assassin exclaimed: 'I have killed Garfield. Arthur is President. I am a stalwart.' While the President was lying in the ladies' room he was surrounded by secretaries Windom, James and Blaine, Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. Windom and Mrs. James were also standing near the President. In three or four minutes after the shooting occurred Dr. Bliss arrived. The President was then put on a bed and carried up stairs, where an examination was made by the doctors. Gen. Sherman then came and called an ambulance to carry the President to the White House."

Another statement is: "The President had alighted from his carriage and was passing through the ladies' room to the cars, when a few feet inside the room the assassin, who was within three feet of him, fired one shot. The President was dazed and made no attempt at self-protection. Blaine had turned toward the door, and the assassin fired the second shot in ten seconds. The President fell and Mrs. White, who attends the ladies' waiting room, rushed to him and raised up his head. Blaine also rushed to the assistance of the President. The assassin passed out toward B street, but Captain Parker, ticket agent, jumped through the window and arrested the assassin, who made no resistance. Officer Carney, depot policeman, rushed up and took hold of the assassin and immediately afterward officer Scott also took hold of him. Parker let the officers have him and turned his attention to the President. Help came, and the President was taken up stairs. He said not a word until he was laid down, when he asked that his shoes be taken off, saying he felt pain in his feet. As soon as the shoes were removed he said to Secretary Windom, 'Go right now and send a special telegram to Mrs. Garfield, saying I feel considerably better, and if she feels well enough tell her to come to Washington immediately.'"

The telegram sent to Mrs. Garfield was worded as follows:

"The President desires me to say to

you for 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."

Secretary Blaine said to a representative of the press: "The president and I were walking arm in arm toward the train. I heard two shots and saw a man run. I started after him, but seeing that he was grabbed just as he got out of the room, I came to the president and found him lying on the floor. The floor was covered with the president's blood. The prisoner made no resistance to arrest, saying that he had contemplated the killing of the president, and it was for the good of the country. . . . I don't know what to make of it. It is too horrible. The man who did the shooting has been hanging around the department of state for some time. He has had no occasion, beyond his own desire, to apply for appointment, and we have never encouraged him. He is crazy, I believe."

The president was removed to the White House soon after he was shot, and the removal is thus described: "The president lay in the ambulance propped up with pillows, and with his right arm thrown over his head. His face was ashy white, but bore a calm, placid look. He seemed perfectly conscious and opened his eyes frequently to observe the surroundings. While he was being carried up stairs he smiled sadly, and waved his hand in recognition of friends. His suffering must have been intense, but he gave no sign of it, and was as gentle and submissive as a child." About 9:30 Saturday night when he had rallied a little, and the doctors seemed despairing, the president spoke to Dr. Bliss, his most trusted physician, saying: "Doctor, what are the indications?" The doctor replied: "There is a chance of recovery." "Well, then," replied the president, "we will take that chance."

The correct name of the assassin is Charles Guiteau. He wrote his address on a card, "Ghas. Guiteau, attorney at law, Chicago." He is by birth a Canadian Frenchman. The following sketches from different sources will give a correct idea of the sort of man the assassin is. A gentleman of Milwaukee says of him:

I was well acquainted with Guiteau. His name is Charles Guiteau. During the winter of 1878-79 he had a desk in my office in this city, and attempted to practice law here. He had but little business and seemed very poor. Though it was winter, he went about with only a summer coat on. He was not a foreigner, as reported, but I think was of French descent. I used to regard him as a little insane. He had some theory in regard to the erratic meaning of the Bible, and claimed that it was then generally understood right. Sometimes he would sit the whole day in the office and read the Bible. When I entered the office I sometimes found him on his knees in prayer. He also published some pamphlets on religious subjects, which were kept for sale in book stores. He was a good deal in the rooms of the Young Men's Christian association, and took part in the weekly prayer meeting there. I regarded him as a harmless fellow, but very eccentric. He had some business, as after he left the city parties used to call for him occasionally in regard to matters they had entrusted to him. Among those who know Guiteau is Judge Mallory, in whose court he had practiced for some time. The judge stated that he was a tall, swarthy, ill-natured looking fellow, who was certainly now entirely insane. In the municipal court it was stated he was known as the defender of vile women, and was never known to have had a respectable client. He was, in every sense of the word, a pettifogger.

The following is given regarding his career in Chicago: Guiteau came here three years ago, and during the time he had preached and lectured on religious subjects and on different subjects on which he was an enthusiast, and tried to lift himself into notoriety by lecturing on religion one evening each week. His card in the newspapers is produced to-day, and is a literary curiosity. He bored the newspapers by trying to get his manuscripts printed. He failed also as a lecturer, and then began life as tramp of the more respectable order. He was branded by the hotel keepers' association as a dead beat. In appearance he is an American of French extraction, thirty-five to forty years old, medium height, slim built, fair complexion, brown hair, French shaped moustache and beard, tinged with gray. His whole appearance was that of a dandified man of small calibre. He was unusually fond of notoriety, and would go at anything to get his name in the papers. He was arrested here once for embezzlement. He got the idea in his head that he was fit for official position, and has tried with all his power to get a consulship.

Charles Guiteau has been more or less known in Chicago for the past ten years. He was a disreputable lawyer, and has generally been considered half-insane. He went to New York seven or eight years ago, and upon his return in 1876, professed to have been converted, and delivered several lectures under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A.

WASHINGTON, July 2.—Chas. Guiteau, the assassin of the president, is a Canadian-Frenchman. He hails from Chicago. He came here in February with recommendations from various parties in Illinois to secure the United States consulship to Marseilles, France. He went in March to the

well known boarding house of Mrs. Lockwood and tried to secure boarding. Mrs. Lockwood did not like his appearance, and gave him an out-of-the-way room in the house in hopes of getting rid of him. He pretended to know Gen. Logan and others then boarding there. Mrs. Lockwood states he acted strangely at times, and about the middle of the month, when she presented his bill, he could not pay it. He afterwards left the house and sent Mrs. Lockwood a note, saying he expected a \$6,000 position, and would soon pay the bill. Mrs. Lockwood showed the note to Gen. Logan, who said the man was crazy. He afterwards met Mr. Rockwell, of Mrs. Lockwood's boarding house, and requested that nothing be said about his bill. Mrs. Lockwood says that Guiteau was a great bother. Since that time he has stopped at various places, but not long at one place. He told one of the boarders at Mrs. Lockwood's that he expected to be appointed minister to France, but did not desire it to be known. Up to day before yesterday when he registered at the Riggs house, Guiteau has been stopping for six weeks with no baggage but a paper box, at 920 Felton street.

The following is a copy of the letter the assassin wanted delivered to General Sherman:

July 2, 1881. To the White House—The President's tragic death was a sad necessity, but it will unite the republican party to save the republic. Life is a flimsy dream, and it matters little when one goes. A human life is of little 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 toward the President. I am a stalwart of the stalwarts. I was with Gen. 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 1420 New York avenue, where all reporters can see them. I am now going to the jail. (Signed) CHARLES GUITEAU.

New York, July 4.—Guiteau was a shyster lawyer with an office in a liquor store here twelve years ago. His business was to hunt up cases and divide with police court justices of notorious repute. In nefarious ways he would mule innocent persons of files and allow vile women and criminals to escape punishment by payment of compromise money. He "worked" the demi monde in successful ways. The policeman who arrested Guiteau says he has noticed him suspiciously hanging around Sixth street for three days, watching carriages and vehicles arriving and departing. Guiteau was consul to Marseilles, it is said, during the last administration. Through the influence of Senator Logan he was recalled by Garfield on the charge of using his pistol freely.

Guiteau is confined in a cell, closely guarded, and no one is permitted to visit him without official authority. On the 4th inst., Chief Brooks of the treasury secret service had a long interview with the prisoner. He is of the opinion that Guiteau had no accomplices, but that the act was the result of insanity. Another report says:

"Chief Brooks, of the secret service, says he has followed up every clue and every theory of conspiracy and has proven satisfactorily that there was none. He has reported to Secretary Windom that Guiteau had no confederate, not even a confidant; that he was alone in the assassination. The conspiracy theory has been abandoned by everybody."

On the evening of the 3d Secretary Blaine sent the following dispatch to the Vice President:

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Hon. C. A. Arthur, vice President.—It is the judgment of the cabinet that you should come to Washington to-night by midnight train. (Signed) JAMES G. BLAINE.

The Vice President immediately went to Washington, called at the executive mansion and paid his respects to and expressed his sympathy with Mrs. Garfield and her family. He has been in communication with members of the cabinet ever since his arrival and has been governed in his action by their suggestions.

Soon after the President had been shot down, Secretary Blaine sent a telegram to the Vice President communicating the fact, to this he sent the following answer:

New York, July 2.—The Hon. James G. Blaine, Secretary of State, Washington: Your telegram with its deplorable narrative did not reach me promptly, owing to my absence. I am profoundly shocked at the dreadful news. The hopes you express relieve somewhat the horrors of the first announcement. I await further intelligence with the greatest anxiety. Express to the president and those about him my great grief and sympathy in which the whole American people will join. C. A. ARTHUR.

Col. Cook said: "Of course you knew that the White House has become, in latter years, a sort of headquarters for all the lunatics in the country. We are continually being inundated with

letters from crazy people, and there is hardly a day that some lunatic does not call at the white house upon some very important mission who desires a special audience with the president. Most of the people who call are perfectly harmless. Guiteau never, to my mind, has suggested the idea of danger. He has been coming in and going out ever since the 4th of March. He came to me one morning and threw his card on my desk and said, 'I want to see the president.' He always claimed that he was largely instrumental in carrying Illinois, and ought to be recognized. After that I went out and told him he could not see the President. One day, however, he got in with the general crowd and presented his hand to the president. That was some time ago. The president treated him as he did that class of callers, and got rid of him as easily as possible without making any promises. Since then he has been coming here every day. He was a very peculiar man, so peculiar that I have made a sketch of him," and here the colonel showed a pencil sketch representing a man with a good forehead, clear staring eyes, sharp nose, full moustache, flowing beard, and stubby hair combed right back from the forehead without parting. He had been very impudent and insolent to most of the people about, but never approached violence or disorder to warrant his arrest. He came in one day and called for stationery and cards, and gradually began to use one of the large ante rooms of the White house for a private office. He would come up there with his papers and read them, and borrow stationery and write letters, and making himself so much at home that only yesterday Col. Cook suggested that he was encroaching upon the privileges of the office. This seemed to irritate Guiteau very much.

Col. Cook thinks the proof of his lunacy lies in his letters. He belongs to the class of crazy men who feel it their duty to send a daily missive to the White House. His letters have become so notorious that they are thrown into the waste basket. Secretary Brown says he has known Guiteau. He had given orders some time ago to not have him admitted. He has never regarded him as anything but a harmless lunatic. The letters that he has been sending to the president were made up of twaddle.

The following is a specimen of his frequent notes to the president: "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 should like an audience of a few moments."

Last Thursday he met one of the employees, and was very particular in inquiring when the president would leave and by what train and road. He has an idiotic grin at times. One day he said this was "a hell of a government. The people are no better than slaves."

While there have been constant expressions of hope, uttered and issued from the White House, the general tenor of the related facts have given the close observer little reason to believe that those hopes were based upon more than sheer possibility; and on the night of the 3d Dr. Bliss, being implored by the President to tell him truly and unreservedly his condition, told him he had but a few hours more to live; but soon afterward the symptoms improved, and while they have fluctuated, leading his friends from hope to despair and from despair to hope, the general progress of the case has led to a genuine hope and a firm belief that the president will survive that fearful assault. The last official bulletin issued, before we go to press, from Washington, at 3 o'clock a. m., 6th inst.; 114 hours since he was wounded, says the condition the president continues to improve, and every symptom is favorable. If medical skill, a strong will and a powerful constitution are of avail the President will live.

Our reporters have failed to write up the celebrations and other doings in the county on the 4th, but we learn there was an immense crowd of people at Sheridan, that Mr. Broady delivered an excellent oration, that Messrs Church Howe, David Mercer and Samuel Winters entertained the people in brief speeches in a very acceptable manner, and that a good time was enjoyed by everybody. Of Peru we have heard nothing, but we presume their celebration was well attended as there are plenty of people to supply any number of celebrations. In Brownville there was only a drunken fight or two during the day, and a shooting match, and the Masonic sociable and ball at night, and each was a success of its kind.

Homewood's flour is now taking the lead. Since his new machinery has been in operation, with Henry Shiffer at the fore, the best flour is put upon the market.

LOCAL PERSONALS.

- Miss Anna Browning returned Saturday from a visit to her aunt at Corning Mo.
- Ben. F. Loranee has been engaged as principal of the Nemaha City schools. He will give satisfaction.
- Hon. J. H. Broady, and little son Bracton, arrived at home Saturday from a trip to Red Cloud, Bloomington and other points in the west.
- Andy Berger, James Den, and Roy Harmon came up from St. Joe, Saturday, to spend the Fourth at home.
- Chas. Chatfield arrived home Friday evening to spend the Fourth with parents and friends.
- At the shooting match on the 4th W. W. Browning was overcome by the heat and had to withdraw from the contest.
- Henry Baker came over from Rockport on the Fourth to take part in the shooting match.
- Mrs. Bowers, wife of a former station agent at this place, returned home Wednesday, after a few days visit with friends in Brownville.
- Mrs. Julia M. Hulburd, Humboldt, arrived in the city last week, and will ere long go east to visit relatives in Illinois and Pennsylvania.
- Miss Cora Belle Clark, Nemaha City, was in the city doing some shopping on Saturday last.
- L. L. Hulburd, Esq., went over to Humboldt Friday last.
- Rolla Heikes and his jolly father-in-law, Mr. Marbuton, of Dayton, Ohio, arrived in this city Sunday morning. They are traveling agents for a buggy company, and expect a car load of buggies here in a few days. Roll got here just in time to take a hand in the shoot on the Fourth.
- Rev. S. P. Wilson, of Nebraska City, is to hold the quarterly meeting at Peru next Saturday and Sunday, in the place of the Presiding Elder, Rev. H. T. Davis.
- The following gentlemen won first prizes at the shooting match on the 4th: F. W. Dunham, first pigeon match, 7 birds; W. W. Hackney, first glass ball match, 10 balls; W. T. Den and Henry Baker tied and divided money on second pigeon match, 5 birds; R. O. Heikes, the double pigeon match, 6 birds, and Wm. Kauffman the second glass ball match, 15 ball. Dunham won the silver cup offered by Joseph Schultz, and Heikes the \$5 bill offered by Philip Fraker.
- Fruit jars at J. L. McGee's.
- Champion Reaper & Mower AND NEW CORD BINDER, For sale by DAVID CAMPBELL.
- Ladies fine shoes and slippers, all grades, at J. L. McGee's.
- No Hospital Needed. No palliative hospital needed for Hop Bitters patients, nor large salaried talented purifiers to tell what Hop Bitters will do or cure, as they tell their own story by their certain and absolute cures at home.
- Salt at J. L. McGee's. Ladies should use Dr. Marshall's Bromine for constipation, biliousness, or any liver complaint. Big bottles, fifty cents. Your druggist sells it.
- For a torpid liver, biliousness, dyspepsia and all liver complaints, the Big Blood and Liver Cure, (Dr. Marshall's Bromine) is just the thing. Ask your druggist for a bottle.
- Trade Booming and on the increase daily, at J. L. McGee's. The Republicans of Iowa have nominated Hon. Buren R. Sherman for Governor. He is not a brother of General and Senator Sherman.
- For Rent. A new Store Room in Nemaha City—a desirable location for business. Apply to JNO. S. MINICK.
- For Sale. Twenty head of two year old steers. 3-4 w JOHN STOKES.
- The Comet has Come, So has Judkin's mammoth stock of furniture.
- Gold Coin makes the whitest and best bread. Try it. — Call at this office for all kinds of job work, at reasonable rates.
- Fine teas at J. L. McGee's.