

any allusion to the man at all. Yet Guiteau has proved himself to be a man of so peculiar a character, that, now the last act in the tragedy has been played, I feel constrained to allude to him in a general way and to refer also to the scene in Washington upon the day he expiated his crime.

As is well known, every effort was made to get Guiteau respited. The courts, through his attorney, Mr. Charles Reed, were appealed to in every shape and form, but to no avail. As a last resort, the clemency of President Arthur was sought. Deputations waited upon him day after day. Those who believed, or affected to believe, that Guiteau was insane, were anxious to secure a respite that the question of his sanity might be settled before and not after he had been jerked into eternity. It was doubtless a trying time for President Arthur. He occupied a peculiar position. By virtue of Guiteau's crime he had been made President of the United States. But inasmuch as President Arthur deplored the death of President Garfield as much as anybody in this country; inasmuch as Guiteau was an assassin, and as such had been tried and convicted by the courts of the land; inasmuch as Guiteau was not believed to be insane by experts who had examined him, President Arthur, by the advice of the Attorney General, backed up by the opinion of his cabinet, had only one duty to perform in the premises, and that was to let the law take its course. This he did, and there is scarcely a paper in all the land but approves of his action in the case.

With the President's refusal to interfere in the matter, departed the last ray of hope the assassin may have entertained of saving his neck. It was when the President's decision was conveyed to him that Guiteau showed himself in a light in which he has more than once been very prominent. It was then his foul, vindictive spirit asserted itself. He cursed the President and everybody else who did not believe that he was "God's man;" predicted that the nation would go down in blood; that the destruction of Jerusalem and the calamities that befel the Jews at the crucifixion of the Savior, would sink into insignificance compared with the vengeance that would be poured out upon this nation if they "murdered" him who, in "removing" Garfield had obeyed the instincts of "inspiration" and thereby saved his party and his nation.

As the time drew near for his execution he apparently became more reconciled to his fate. His talk became less vehement. He saw there was no hope of either a respite or a reprieve. He was regularly visited by his self-appointed spiritual adviser, the "Rev." Mr. Hicks. He was prayed with; exhorted to prepare for death; exhorted to repent, to believe in the Savior—and it would be well with him in the other world. Fortunately or unfortunately, however, for Guiteau, he could not be made to see that he had anything of which to repent, and as for "going to the Lord" he felt he was sure to do that, for he was "God's man," and he had nothing to fear. His spiritual adviser, I should imagine, found him one of the hardest cases he ever tackled in a religious sense. Guiteau was not a man that was ready to grasp at a straw. He showed no special liking for any of the religions of the day. He had a religion of his own, and part of the creed of that religion was that he was "God's man;" that his crime—if it could be called such—was "inspired," and with this theory on his lips he was launched into eternity. However intensely one may detect his crime; however much of a crank he may have been considered; yet the fact remains that Guiteau died sincere. He never let up for one moment. He stuck to his original theory to the last. He had no use for spiritual advisers. It was a waste of time for anybody to try and convince him that he had committed any crime. On the contrary, he flatly asserted that the country only wanted "educating" up to his inspirational theory to see that his bloody deed was no bloody deed at all.

Such were the ravings of Charles Julius Guiteau, the assassin of President Garfield. Until almost the last moment he was believed to have acted well the part of a knave. But as the final hour drew near; as he read his dying prayer on the scaffold, with the rope that was to hang him dangling at his side; as in that prayer he reiterated that God inspired Garfield's "removal," and denounced President Arthur as "a

coward and an ingrate," it began to dawn upon those who heard the "prayer" that its author was a crank, or if not a crank, one of the most consummate knaves that ever drew the breath of life. Yet I find, now the execution is over, that most people believe Guiteau to have been a crank—that is, he was a man whose mind was not well balanced; he was subject to manias religious, political and otherwise; yet that he had a mind sufficiently well balanced to make him responsible for his actions. He himself scouted the idea of being insane, and any of his relations and friends who ventured to make insanity a plea for respite or reprieve received nothing but abuse in return for their trouble. Sane or insane—however, nothing but the breaking of his neck—which by the way the hangman failed to do—would satisfy the clamor of the nation, and on the 30th day of June, 1881, that clamor was appeased. Personally I think Guiteau—if there was the slightest doubt of his sanity—ought not to have been hung; but under the circumstances, as President Arthur was the only man who could have stayed the execution, and there being the possibility that Guiteau was sane enough to be responsible for all his actions, perhaps it is better that a dangerous character as he was should be placed beyond the reach of doing any more harm to himself or any body else.

The morning of the 30th of June opened dull. The air was cooler than it had been for some days previous. It looked as if it would rain. Altogether the gloominess of the sky seemed in keeping with the tragedy about to be enacted in the Penitentiary a few hours thence. It was very plainly to be noticed, albeit—there is no particular excitement—that something unusual was about to transpire. People stood in groups around the hotels, and the chances of Guiteau's breaking down, or the possibility of his evading the hands of the hangman by poisoning himself, were freely debated. All sorts of rumors were afloat the previous evening as to certain parties having been approached with the view of conveying poison to the assassin, and in view of all this extra precautionary it was a strange day in Washington. The approaching execution was the only topic of conversation. For days, if not for weeks, the local press—more especially the evening press, *Star* and *Critic*—had been making great preparations to furnish their readers with an execution of Guiteau edition of no ordinary dimensions. Woodcuts of all the principal scenes in the tragedy were promised, and in the matter of rapid printing, the *Star* informed its readers that, so as to be equal to the demand, it would run "its two lightning web printing and folding machines with the great capacity of 48,000 papers an hour," while the *Critic*, in the matter of woodcuts, rapid printing, etc., promised to leave all the other papers behind. The *Post*, too—although a morning paper—had also announced that it would be on hand with an "extra," and altogether the greatest preparations had been made to satisfy a hungry public for full particulars of the execution at the earliest possible moment. The Associated Press also made elaborate arrangements for the occasion, and as the sequel showed the report sent out by the A. P. was as accurately and as expeditiously done as could be. The representatives of the New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Boston press were also alive to the importance of the occasion; for in all the leading cities, and indeed in all the smaller ones, the public, as was afterwards learned, simply panted for news of the assassin's death.

Those who were provided with passes for admission to the jail—some two hundred or two hundred and fifty—began to arrive as early as 9 o'clock. At that hour, too, the public began to assemble outside of the Penitentiary, and by 12 o'clock the number of people congregated outside of the prison must have numbered thousands. It was a curious crowd. It was composed of whites and blacks, young and old, of both sexes. Gazed by the number of ginger beer, peanut, and other stands, and peddlers of all kinds it more resembled a crowd to be seen outside of a circus; certainly there was an entire absence of grief for the individual who was about to forfeit his life on the scaffold.

Guiteau requested that he might be hung promptly at 12 o'clock, and he wanted no bungling about it

either. The authorities complied with his request as far as possible, for the bolt was drawn at 12:40, Guiteau hung in mid air, and the doctors afterwards declared that his neck was not broken, but that death had ensued from strangulation.

The news of the execution was flashed into the town, and in a very short space of time the streets were perfectly flooded with news boys. The scene around the different newspaper offices was one not easily to be forgotten. The papers were snapped up eagerly, and it was not until five or six editions had been issued that the excitement began to abate. Guiteau's execution was the topic of the evening as it had been of the day. So far as the newsboys are concerned, they have not had such a harvest for a long time; at least, not since the 2nd of July, 1881, the day upon which Guiteau committed his dastardly deed. And what applies to Washington in this respect, applies also to every large city in the Union. It was a national execution. As the fatal day drew near, excitement on the part of the public seemed to be intensified by the efforts of the parties from Boston to secure a respite long enough, at least, to inquire into the assassin's sanity or insanity. If President Arthur had seen fit, at the suggestion of the Bostonians or any other outsiders, to grant a respite, it is very easy to understand that the conjectures put upon his action would have been the reverse of favorable. Perhaps it is as well that he did not interfere. Sane or insane, Guiteau has been hanged, and it is to be hoped that his name may soon pass into oblivion. For twelve months his character has been prominently before the public, his sayings and doings were daily recorded. He loved to have people talk about him. His vanity knew no bounds. He was an egotist of the first water. It is to be hoped we shall never see his like again.

I have written a great deal more about Guiteau than I intended when I started to; but as the execution of this notorious character has been the main topic of the week my lengthy remarks may not be out of place. While Guiteau was in prison he was handy for one thing—he always furnished newspaper men sufficient material for a paragraph. Now that he has been "removed," something else must turn up to engage the public mind, otherwise one will hear the stereotyped cry of "There's nothing in the papers." There is something sensational wanted all the time, and verily this is the land of sensations. If another country exists to compare with it in this respect I have yet to learn of it.

The "glorious" fourth of July in Washington was somewhat spoiled by the unpropitious state of the weather. The morning opened very dull, yet the overhanging clouds did not deter thousands from starting out on pre-arranged excursions. Many, however, must have regretted they did not stay at home, for about 10 o'clock it commenced to rain, and for nearly four hours it simply came down in torrents. For the time being this put a perfect damper on fire crackers, etc., and so far as I am concerned—for I utterly detest the discharge of squibs, crackers, rockets, in the streets—I am sorry it did not put a damper on them altogether. In the afternoon it cleared up and the opportunity was embraced to fire off the stored up crackers much to the annoyance of nervous people. But all this must be set down as patriotism.

I feel very glad that I wrote as I did in one of my former letters regarding what is known as "the bill to regulate emigration," or the "steerage bill." Considerable pressure was brought to bear upon the President in the matter, and he vetoed the bill. Before another such bill is drawn up, perhaps some respect will be paid to the existing rules in England; for while emigrants may have to suffer great inconveniences on sea, yet in trying to do away with these it will be better to avoid anything that will effect the interests of the great shipping companies on both sides, so far as the carrying of emigrants is concerned.

In the House of Representatives the Navy Department bill has been under discussion for about a week. The bill, as was expected, has provoked a great deal of discussion, and much bitterness of feeling has been manifested on both sides. From past experience, there is an utter distrust in Robeson. His record for squandering money, while the navy was under his administration, is one

that justifies this distrust, hence it is not surprising that during the course of the debate upon this bill his motives past and present have been fearlessly impeached. Yet Robeson is not to be put down. He repels every charge of fraud, or attempted fraud, with the greatest vehemence. Possessed of a fine voice, a commanding appearance, and being a good speaker, he always delivers himself with great force. The bill itself is considered dangerous, inasmuch as it proposes to incorporate new or independent legislation into an appropriation bill. The bill proposes as changes in existing law, first; to retire certain naval officers; second, to change materially the organization of the line and staff corps of the navy; third, to change the management of the navy yards by investing the Secretary of the navy with power in his discretion to dismantle navy yards; fourth, the completion of the monitors; and fifth, the sale of ships and materials. A great many amendments have been submitted, but with the exception of one or two they have all been solidly voted down. The bill has been discussed—as other very important measures have this session—under a suspension of the rules, which practically excludes expositions of the merits or demerits of the measure. Notwithstanding all this opposition, however, the bill will likely pass the House to-day or to-morrow, and whatever "jobs" underlie it they may be carried out with impunity, and the taxpayers will be the sufferers. The Democrats, however, have only to keep together and show the frauds that are being perpetrated to obtain an overwhelming majority in the next House. Certainly a more unscrupulous majority never sat in the House than the present.

The cool weather here for the last eight days has had its effect in retarding the quick dispatch of business in Congress. If it would only set in blazing hot, the congressional savans might be hurried up; but the present prospect seems to indicate no adjournment before the 20th or 25th of July, and some people even whisper that it might probably not adjourn until the 1st of August. I learn from a pretty reliable quarter that the Utah commission will not be in Utah much, if any, before the 1st of September. J. I.

\$1500 per year can be easily made at home working for E. G. Rideout & Co., 10 Barclay Street, New York. Send for their catalogue and full particulars. w 40 17

"Utah and Its People," for Sale at the "Deseret News Office," 25 Cents a Copy.



RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Directions in Eleven Languages.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

BALM OF LIFE
Has come to the front as a standard **FAMILY MEDICINE.**

Not a cure-all, but for diseases of the STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, ETC., it has no equals.

Prepared by **A. B. THOMAS,** Lehi, U. T.
Z. C. M. I. Drug Department, General Agents, Salt Lake and Ogden. w21

25 Steel Plate and Pearl Chrome Cards (half each) name on, 10c. 14 packs \$1.00. \$50 given to best Agent. Full particulars with first order. NATIONAL CARD WORKS, New Haven, Conn. w20ew 4t

Uncle Sam's Nerve and Bone Liment will relieve Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Stiffness, Burns, Scalds and Rheumatism. Sold by **GODDE, PITTS & CO.**

1842 **AGITATOR.** 1882

What Farmers and Threshermen say about this Agitator.
Manufactured by **J. I. CASE T. M. CO., RACINE, WIS.**
"Don't Change It" "Perfectly Reliable"
"It's the Best Thing I Ever Used" "Covers and Presses"

PORTABLE ENGINE.
8, 10, 12, 15 HORSE POWER.
Write for Catalogues and Prices.

J. I. CASE T. M. CO.
RACINE, WISCONSIN.

SKID ENGINES.
8, 10, 12, 15, 20, 25, 30 HORSE POWER.
All Machinery Warranted.

PORTABLE SAW MILL.
DO YOU LIVE NEAR TIMBER?
If so, BUY OUR PORTABLE SAW MILL.
Take it to the Timber! Save Hauling Logs to Mill.
5,000 to 10,000 Feet per Day.

JOHN W. LOWELL,
General Agent, Salt Lake City and Ogden.

Write for Catalogues and Prices.
We Make the Most Economical Straw-Burning Engine in the World.