

SUPPLEMENT.

ASSASSINATED.

President Garfield Shot Down at Washington.

The Assassin a Chicago Lawyer, Named Guiteau.

Full and Accurate Details of the Horrible Crime.

The President of the United States was shot twice on the morning of Saturday, July 2, in the Pennsylvania railroad depot in Washington, by Charles J. Guiteau, of Illinois. One shot inflicted a mere flesh wound—not at all dangerous—in the left arm. The second shot entered the lower left side from the back, fractured one of the ribs, and lodged in the lower part of the liver. When the President received this shot he fell to the floor. The assassin cried out: "President Garfield is dead. Arthur is President, and the stalwarts are avenged! Bring on the police. I have a letter for Gen. Sherman that will explain everything." He was at once seized by two officers in the depot, and, almost before the crowd could realize what had happened, the assassin had been taken to jail. From the voluminous mass of telegraphic dispatches to the daily press we condense the following connected account of the dreadful affair:

The President had alighted from his carriage and was passing through the ladies' room to the cars. When about five feet inside of 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. Secretary Blaine had turned toward the door. The assassin fired a second shot within ten seconds from the first. The President fell, and Mrs. White, who attends the ladies' waiting-room, rushed to him and raised up his head. Secretary Blaine also rushed to the assistance of the President. The assassin passed out toward B street, but Capt. Parke, the ticket agent, jumped through the window and caught the assassin, who made no resistance. Officer Carney, the depot policeman, ran up and took hold of the assassin, and immediately afterward Officer Scott also took hold of him. Parke 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 his shoes were removed, he said to Secretary Windom: "Go right home now and send a telegram to Mrs. Garfield, saying: 'I feel considerably better,' and, if she feels well enough, tell her to come to Washington immediately." This dispatch was sent, and a special train was at once sent to Long Branch for Mrs. Garfield.

Col. Rockwell, who was with the President's party, at once dispatched mounted orderlies for physicians. The President was laid upon a couch at the depot. The doors were guarded against the crowd that began to mass about the depot, pale with excitement. Surgeon General Barnes of the army; Surgeon General Wales of the navy; Dr. Bliss, one of the most skillful of the army surgeons, and a host of local practitioners were soon at the depot. The President did not lose consciousness, but his pulse ran down to 55, and after a short time he vomited. The shot in the back was thought for a time to be fatal. Reports that death had already resulted speedily became current. Crowds gathered everywhere; carriages blocked every crossing; every one seemed wild with excitement. The public departments at once suspended business, and nearly the whole population of Washington poured out into the street. The air was fresh and crisp; the wind was from the sea; a more lovely day had never been known there at this season. Instead of the usual sultry atmosphere of a Washington summer, the air was as fresh as a Northern seaside resort. The President himself was in a happy and chatty mood that morning when he left the White House. He was in perfect health, and looking forward with delight to his trip to New England. He wore a frock suit of tourist's gray, and a silk hat. He was accompanied in his ride to the depot by Secretary Blaine and Col. Rockwell. The carriage that followed him contained his two boys, Harry and James, and Don Rockwell son of Col. Rockwell. Of the Cabinet officers beside Mr. Blaine, Messrs. Hunt, Lincoln, MacVeagh and James were at the depot.

INSIDE THE WHITE HOUSE.

The President was taken to the White House on a mattress in a police ambulance about 10 o'clock. Looking up as he reached the entrance he saw Cols. Crook and Morton, of his personal staff, and pluckily waved his hand to them, as if to assure them that he was not so badly injured as had been reported. As he was brought in upon the stout shoulders of policemen, he passed Mrs. Blaine in the ante-room below, and kissed her hand to her with a reassuring air. He was then carried up to his own bedroom, where Mrs. Garfield was sick so long, and laid upon the bed. A consultation of physicians was at once held. Mrs. Dr. Edison was installed as nurse. Col. Rockwell sat upon the bed, watching the President, while Mr. Crump, the steward, stood at the head of the bed. Dr. Bliss was placed in charge of the case. All the physicians were pale and trembling with excitement. The President was the coolest person in the room. He was perfectly cheerful, and immediately ordered dispatches to be sent to his wife and mother, to contradict rumors of his death that might have reached them.

The bedroom was cleared of all but the physicians, the personal attendants of the President and his two sons. All the members of the Cabinet were in the hall adjoining the bedroom, where they remained until favorable symptoms began to appear. At twenty minutes of 11 o'clock, Harry Garfield dashed into the private telegraph office in the White House and sent a dispatch to Mrs. Eliza Garfield, his grandmother, saying that the doctor's opinion



JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD.

then was that the wound was not fatal. A consultation was had at 11 o'clock, and Surgeon General Barnes said a few moments afterward that a final examination would be made at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The patient's condition was so far favorable. His pulse had gone up from below 55 to nearly the normal rate. His face was losing the look of pain, and the tense muscles were relaxing. He did not think the President could move his legs up and down without any trouble. Whether the intestines had been cut was not certain. If the spine and intestines had escaped there was every reason to hope for recovery. The wound was made by a very large flaring ball, and the edges were ragged.

The President was very brave and collected. He was continually reassuring those about him, and made not a single word of complaint. When Dr. Bliss handed him a large glass of whisky, the President said, with a smile, as he took it: "Doctor, you will make me drunk. After the reaction and the stimulants inclined him to doze, the hope that he was not fatally injured quieted the excitement in the White House, but the excitement outside continued.

After the President's arrival at the White House, there was a continued stream of diplomatic callers and officials. They were received in the hallway, near the President's private room. Here, scattered about upon the lounges and easy-chairs of the waiting-rooms, were grouped, at various times in the day, all of the representative men at Washington. The glass doors which separate the large, wide hall of the White House from the hallways of the executive offices were closed and locked. The correspondent was admitted by Private Secretary Brown to the private part of the house, in the neighborhood of 11 o'clock. This hallway was darkened. Passing down this to the extreme end, another glass door, also locked, was opened, and the private room of Gen. Garfield was passed. It is a large, spacious room. The furniture is a light wood. The carpet is dark, overrun with small crimson roses and straggling vines. The room itself was moderately darkened, enough light coming in from the southern windows to light up the scene about the bed. There lay Gen. Garfield, with his head slightly supported upon a low pillow. Half reclining upon the bed near him was Col. Rockwell, in a gray tweed suit. He rested on his right elbow, gazing attentively at the President to anticipate every movement of his will almost before the utterance.

The stolid and faithful house steward stood at the head of the bed, and one or two messengers were ranged about, obeying the orders of the physicians. Mrs. Dr. Edison, the celebrated woman doctor of the city, who was one of the principal physicians attending on Mrs. Garfield, was also in the room. She is a tall, broad-shouldered, robust-looking woman, dressed in plain, rather seedy-looking black bombazine. Her yellowish-gray hair was cut short, and combed down straight like a man's. She wore gold-bowed glasses that were continually falling off from her long, thin nose, so nervous and excited was this great friend of the President's wife.

Mrs. Edison occupied the position of nurse. She was not recognized by the doctors during the consultation. It was she who remained a greater part of the time by the General's bedside, every now and then leaving the room and rushing to the telegraph office to send a dispatch to Mrs. Garfield, at Long Branch, or to Mrs. Garfield, senior, in Ohio. Coming in and out of the room constantly during the physicians' long consultation, held at 11 o'clock, were the two boys of the President, Harry and James. Harry is a tall, stout boy, in the neighborhood of 16, although he looks a trifle older. The younger boy, James, is in the neighborhood of 14. The two lads behaved very bravely throughout the whole affair.

THE EXCITEMENT IN WASHINGTON.

Before the President was removed from the depot no one was permitted to enter except those whose presence was absolutely required. By some unaccountable means news was conveyed to multitudes in the streets to the effect that, although the President was not dead, he was mortally wounded. Then a gloom seemed to settle down upon the city like a great pall, and the vast concourse of people waited patiently outside the depot for news from within. They reminded one strongly of the friends and relatives of a dying man waiting in the ante-room of the chamber of death.

The suspense was dreadful. Business men and ladies, with faces pale with excitement, and eyes bloodshot with straining, stared fixedly at the door of the depot, and strove painfully to learn or divine something about the wounded man within. At last

afternoon. He said that at one time the President alluded to the assassin, and that is all. He asked who it was, and was informed. He said, "What could have been the man's motive?" Mr. Blaine said he thought he was some crazy man—that it was an act of lunacy. He said it was charitable, at least, to suppose that. The President then looked up with a smile and said, "Probably he thought it a great thing to be a pirate King."

ARRIVAL OF MRS. GARFIELD.

The most touching episode of the day was the home-coming of Mrs. Garfield. A dispatch had been sent to her early in the day to come. The dispatch was carefully worded so as not needlessly to alarm her. A peremptory dispatch was sent to Judge Swayne, who was with her, to charter a special train and bring her on as rapidly as possible. All the afternoon the President kept inquiring for her. At the time the carriages first appeared in sight, there was a cry: "Oh, there they come!" There were three carriages, and the horses attached to them were lashed into a gallop. So furious and swift were they coming that hardly had they appeared in sight when there was a crash and roll on the gravel, and the close black carriage and black horses belonging to the President's own stable came with a whirl up in front of the Attorney General, and were checked by a blue-coated messenger who stood there waiting. The colored man on the box did not turn his head. He sat as if carved in marble. The Attorney General ran forward, seized the door of the carriage and opened it. Just back of him came running little James Garfield, young Rockwell and Mrs. MacVeagh.

Every head was bowed as Mrs. Garfield stepped resolutely out. There were traces of tears about her eyes. She showed no other signs of weakness. Her little boy sprang forward and cried: "Oh, mamma." That was all he said. She pressed his hand warmly, and then, leaning upon the arm of the Attorney General and leading her little boy, she started up the steps. Then came Mollie Garfield, weeping, a pleasant-faced little lass in gray. She was followed by Mrs. Rockwell, a snow-white haired lady, whose appearance of youthfulness did not correspond with the gray of her hair. A servant or two with wraps followed. They walked quickly up-stairs. There was hardly a dry eye among the few spectators who watched the pathetic home-coming of the poor woman who had suffered so much. Something of her resolute character was shown as she walked almost without assistance to her husband's room. She went in and walked up to him quietly without the first evidence or sign of any emotion that would annoy or irritate or make him nervous. She said simply: "I am glad to be home." He said: "I am very glad to have you." They kissed, and then she, after a moment or two, passed into a side room, fearing that she would not be able to control herself in his sight. A moment or two afterward she was seen in company with Judge Swayne and her boy James. The boy had his arm about his mother's waist and he was doing his best to console her. She very nearly broke down after this, but in a moment she regained her self-control.

THE ASSASSIN'S LETTERS.

When Guiteau was arrested he made no resistance, saying that he had contemplated the killing of the President, and it was for the good of the country. About 9 o'clock the assassin went to the hack stand adjoining the depot to engage a hack from Barton, a colored hackman. He said he wanted to go to Glenwood Cemetery in a short time, and wanted the hackman to drive very fast when he should get in the hack. He agreed to pay \$2 for the hack on condition that the hackman should drive fast. When stopped, the assassin was going to the hack he had engaged, and he insisted that it was important for him to go and deliver a message to Gen. Sherman. When the officers refused to let him go he begged them to take a letter he had to Gen. Sherman.

Following is a copy of the letter:

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 small importance. 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 Mr. Garfield, dear soul, to part with his husband this way than by natural death. He is liable to go at any time, anyway. I had no ill-will against the President. His death was political necessity. I am a lawyer, a theologian and a politician. 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 No. 1,420 New York avenue, where all reporters can see them. I am now going to jail.

CHARLES GUITEAU.

The following letter was found on the street shortly after Guiteau's arrest. The envelope was unsealed and addressed: "Please deliver at once to Gen. Sherman or his first assistant in charge of the War Department."

TO GEN. 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 stalwart of the stalwarts. I was with Gen. Grant and the rest of our men in New York during the canvass. I am going to jail. Please order out troops and take possession of the jail at once.

Very respectfully, CHARLES GUITEAU.

TALK WITH THE ASSASSIN.

The assassin was taken to jail by Lieuts. Austin and Eckloff and Detective McElfresh. The following conversation took place on their way to the jail: McElfresh said: "I asked him, 'Where are you from?' I am a native-born American, born in Chicago." He said he was a lawyer and a theologian. I asked 'Why did you do this?' and he replied, 'I did it to save the Republican party.' 'What is your politics?' said I. He answered, 'I am a stalwart among the stalwarts. With Garfield out of the way we can carry all the Northern States, and with him in the way we can't carry a single one.' He then said to me, 'Who are you?' and I replied, 'A detective officer of this department.' You stick to me,' he said, 'and have me put in the third-story front at the jail, and Gen. Sherman is coming down to take charge. Arthur and all those men are my friends, and I'll have you made Chief of Police. When you go back to the depot you will find that I left two bundles of papers at the news stand, which will explain all.' I asked him, 'Is there anybody else with you in this matter?' and he answered, 'Not a living soul. I contemplated this thing for the last six weeks, and would have shot him when he went away with Mrs. Garfield, but I looked at her and she looked so bad that I changed my mind.' On reaching the jail the people there did not seem to know anything about the assassination, and when we took him inside the door, Mr. Russ, the Deputy Warden, says, 'This man has been here before.' I then asked him, 'Have you ever been here before?' He replied, 'No, sir.' I said, 'Well, the Deputy Warden seems to identify you.' He said, 'Yes, I was down here last Saturday morning and wanted them to let me look through, and they told me that I couldn't, but to come Monday.' I asked, 'What

THE PRESIDENT'S WONDERFUL NERVE.

Said Dr. Bliss: "From the very first the President has been plucky and brave. Indeed, he has at times been in an almost-frolicsome mood. I never, in all my experience, met with such a patient. I never have seen such nerve—never have seen such coolness, such self-possession. The President has discussed his case with me at different times all day. When I came to him at the depot he shook me by the hand and said: 'Bliss, how is it?' and it has been 'Bliss, how is it?' at different times all the afternoon." "Yes," said Gen. James, "he shook me by the hand down at the depot, and as he gave me a strong grip he said: 'James, what do you think was the motive of this man?' and I replied: 'Well, you will have to ask Father Kirkwood—he is here—he is older than I, and he then turned to Kirkwood, and all that Kirkwood could say was, 'Devilish, infamous.'"

Mr. Blaine gave a very interesting incident of the