

was your object in looking through?" He said, "I wanted to see what sort of quarters I would have to occupy." I then searched him, and, when I pulled off his shoes, he said, "Give me my shoes. I will catch cold on this stone pavement. I told him he couldn't have them, and he said, "Give me a pair of pumps, then."

GUITEAU'S VISITS TO THE WHITE HOUSE.
Secretary Lincoln said that he knew the assassin of general reputation in Chicago. He had heard of him quite often in connection with Socialistic organizations, in that city, and he believed that once or twice he had some temporary connection with the bar. At least he called himself a lawyer, and perhaps had picked up a little practice. As soon as Secretary Lincoln announced in the White House the name of the assassin, all of the Secretaries of the President could call him to mind. Col. Crook, especially, had had a great deal to do with him, and gave, this morning, a very elaborate description of Guiteau, and some of the details of his many visits at the White House.

Col. Crook said: "Of course you know that the White House has become, in later 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 one 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 of here ever since the 4th of March. He came to me one morning in April, in my office, and threw his card down upon my desk and said: 'I want to see the President.' He always claimed that he was largely instrumental in carrying Illinois for Garfield, and for that reason he ought to be recognized. Well, after that I went out and told Mr. Guiteau that he could not see the President. The President was engaged. One day, however, he did succeed in getting by us, and got in with the general crowd, and presented his card to the President. That was some time ago, however. The President treated him as he did all that class of callers, and got rid of him as easily as possible, without making any promises one way or the other. 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 opened his book and showed a lead-pencil sketch that he had made of Guiteau several weeks ago. The pencil sketch represents a man with a good forehead, clear staring eyes, sharp nose, full mustache, flowing beard, and stubby hair combed right back from the forehead without parting. Col. Crook says he has always worn a blue gray suit, and a black, dirty hat. He had been very independent and insolent to most of the people about the White House and has annoyed them excessively, but has never approached anything like violence or disorder so as to warrant his arrest. He said that he came in one day and called for some stationery and cards, and gradually began to use one of the large ante-rooms of the White House as a private office. He would come up there in the morning with his papers and read them, and borrow some stationery and write a lot of letters, and in fact was making himself so much at home that yesterday Col. Crook suggested to him that he was encroaching upon the privileges of the office, and that he could not give him any more stationery. This seemed to irritate Guiteau very much. Guiteau at all times sought to produce an impression upon the Secretary that he was a very powerful politician. One day Gen. Logan came into the White House, and while there Guiteau ran up to him and shook hands with him. Gen. Logan looked at him as if he might have known him and might not have known him, and passed on. Then Guiteau came to Crook and said: "There, do you see, I know Logan. I know all them big fellows. You see how I stand with them. Now do you think I am a man the administration can afford to overlook?" The proof of Guiteau's lunacy lies in the letters that he has written. He belongs to the class of crazy men who feel it their duty to send each day a daily missive to the White House. His letters have become so notorious that they are simply thrown into the waste-basket without being opened. At the first part of the administration his letters were addressed to the President, congratulating him on his policy and giving him very elaborate advice. His sentences were well written and the words correctly spelled, but there was a lack of coherency. There was nothing in the way of sense in the communications from beginning to end. If the letters were not artful preparations and were the honest productions of Guiteau, any judge would certainly convict him of insanity upon their reading."

DISPATCH TO MINISTER LOWELL.

WASHINGTON, July 2.
The following was forwarded by cable:
DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, July 2.
To James Russell Lowell, Minister, etc., London:
The President of the United States was shot this morning by an assassin named Charles Guiteau. The weapon was a large-sized revolver. The President had just reached the Baltimore and Potomac station at about twenty minutes past 9, intending, with a portion of his Cabinet, to leave on the limited express train for New York. I rode in the carriage with him from the Executive Mansion, and was walking by his side when he was shot. The assassin was immediately arrested, and the President was conveyed to a private room in the station building, and surgical aid at once summoned. He has now at twenty minutes past 10 been removed to the Executive Mansion. The surgeons in consultation regard his wounds as very serious, though not necessarily fatal. His vigorous health gives strong hopes of his recovery. He has not lost consciousness for a moment. Inform our Ministers in Europe.
JAMES G. BLAINE, Secretary of State.
A MESSENGER FROM G. N. HANCOCK.
The following was received from Gen. Hancock:
GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, July 2.
To Gen. W. T. Sherman, Washington:
I trust that the result of the assault upon the life of the President to-day may not have fatal consequences, and that in the interest of the country the act may be shown to have been that of a madman. Thanks for your dispatch and your promise of further information.
W. S. HANCOCK.

GRANT'S WORD.
The following dispatch was received by Secretary Lincoln from Gen. Grant:
ELBERON, N. J., July 2.
To Secretary Lincoln, Washington:
Please dispatch me the condition of the President. News received conflict. I hope the most favorable may be confirmed. Express to the President my deep sympathy and hope that he may speedily recover.
U. S. GRANT.

THE QUEEN'S SYMPATHY.
The Secretary of State received from Sir Edward Thornton, the British Minister, the following telegram, dated London, July 2, 10:15 p. m.:
To Sir Edward Thornton, British Ambassador, Washington:
The Queen desires that you will at once express her sorrow with which she has learned of the attempt upon the President's life, and her warmest hope for his recovery. Her Majesty wishes for full and immediate reports as to his condition.
LORD GRANVILLE.

ARTHUR'S CONDOLENCES.
The following telegram was received by Secretary Blaine:
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 some-

what the horror of the first announcement. I await further intelligence with the greatest anxiety. Express to the President and those about him my grief and sympathy, in which the whole American people will join.
C. A. ARTHUR.

THE FEELING IN ENGLAND.

LONDON, July 3.
Intelligence of the attempt to assassinate President Garfield was received here about 5 o'clock yesterday, creating the most intense excitement among Americans. All sorts of speculations were indulged in. Some thought it was done by Socialists, as part of a general plan for the assassination of the rulers of the various countries, as lately announced in the Socialist programme. Supposing such to be the case, it was the universal wish that the assassin should never be permitted to reach the jail alive. It was also hoped that the people of the United States would at once commence a war of extermination against every socialist in the country who should endorse the deed. Every American center in London was besieged by Americans to get the latest news.
The office of the American legation was thronged by crowds, anxious to get the latest news, and personal calls were received from hundreds, many of whom were British officials, asking information and expressing regret over the event. Minister Lowell was not at all communicative, declining curtesy to express any opinion as to the occurrence, or as to the effect on the British people in case Garfield should die. Telegrams were received by Mr. Lowell from several members of the British Cabinet, and one from the Queen at Windsor, asking for the latest information, and expressing regret at the attempt made upon Mr. Garfield's life.

BRIEF BIOGRAPHY OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.
James A. Garfield, the twentieth President of the United States in succession to the office, was born at Orange, Cuyahoga county, Ohio (fifteen miles from Cleveland), Nov. 9, 1831. Both his parents were of New England stock. His father was a farmer in moderate circumstances, and died when James was only 2 years old. There were three other children, and upon the widowed mother devolved the rearing of her little family. James developed a stout boyhood in the rugged out-door life which filled his earlier years at farm work and canal-driving, and he had intended to ship as a seaman on a lake vessel, when a fit of sickness turned his destiny to another direction. He therefore entered Cuyahoga Academy, near his mother's home, and, working his way, was able, at the age of 23 years, to enter the junior class at Williams (Mass.) College, from which he graduated with honor in 1856. He then connected himself with the little college at Hiram, Portage county, Ohio, as Professor, and later as its President, and incidentally filled the pulpit of Campbellite churches, to which denomination Hiram College was attached. While college Professor, he married Miss Lucretia Rudolph, daughter of a neighboring farmer.

His political career began in 1859 with an election to the Ohio Senate, and the outbreak of the Civil War, in 1861, opened to him a wider life. He went to the field as Colonel of the Forty-second Ohio regiment, was soon put in command of a brigade, and, as a brigade commander, participated in the earlier campaigns of Kentucky and Tennessee, including the second day's battle at Pittsburg Landing, the siege of Corinth, and operations along the line of the Memphis and Charleston railroad. In January, 1863, he became Chief of Staff to Gen. Rosecrans, in the Army of the Cumberland, and bore prominent share in all the campaigns in Middle Tennessee in the spring and summer of that year. His last conspicuous military service was at the battle of Chickamauga. For his services at that battle he was promoted to a Major-General's rank.
In 1862 the district long represented in Congress by Joshua B. Giddings had made Gen. Garfield a Congressman-elect, and, with the assembling of the House, in December, 1863, his Congressional service began. Successive re-elections extended that service over a period of seventeen years, and it was begun and continued in a manner to place him in the front rank of Republican leaders.

Gen. Garfield was elected a Senator of the United States, as the successor of Thurman (Democrat), by the Legislature of Ohio, in January, 1880. Gen. Garfield's term as Senator began with the 4th of March, 1881, but the political events of 1880 decreed that he should, instead, be inaugurated President of the United States on that day.

BEARING THE NEWS TO THE GOOD OLD MOTHER.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, July 3.
The news of the shooting of the President was broken to his mother this forenoon. She had been so much overcome by the fatal accident which resulted in the death of Thomas Garfield and Mrs. Arnold that the family had kept from her the intelligence of the attempted assassination. But this morning she felt better, and spoke of attending Mrs. Arnold's funeral, which took place at Bedford to-day. In announcing her intention, she remarked: "Last Saturday Thomas was buried, to-day Cornelia. I wonder who it will be next Sunday?" Mrs. Trowbridge, at whose house Mrs. Garfield was, then sent for Mrs. Larrabee, another daughter. When the latter arrived Mrs. Garfield inquired if she was going to Mrs. Arnold's funeral. Mrs. Larrabee replied that she guessed she could not, as something had happened, so the sisters thought it best not to go.

"What has happened?" inquired Mrs. Garfield.
"We have heard that James is hurt," replied Mrs. Larrabee.

"By the cars?" asked the mother.
"No. He was shot by an assassin, but he was not killed," replied the daughter.

"The Lord help me!" exclaimed Mrs. Garfield.
Mrs. Larrabee assured her mother that the latest reports were favorable, and showed that the President was resting quietly and in a fair way to recovery.

"When did you hear of this?" queried Mrs. Garfield.
"Yesterday noon; but we thought best not to tell you. The news was not as favorable as to-day," was the reply.

"You were very thoughtful. I am glad you didn't tell me," said Mrs. Garfield, adding that she thought something had happened, as she had noticed that the manners of her daughters had been peculiar toward her during yesterday. She added: "How could anybody be so cold-hearted as to want to kill my baby?"

This afternoon she dictated the following dispatch to her grandson:
Harry A. Garfield, Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C.:

The news was broken to me this morning, and shocked me very much. Since receiving your telegram I feel much more hopeful. Tell James that I hear he is cheerful and I am glad of it. Tell him to keep in good spirits and accept the love and sympathy of mother, sisters and friends.
ELIZA GARFIELD.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE ASSASSIN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 3.
Guiteau sent for District-Attorney Conkling this afternoon, and had for an interview. Col. Conkling took a stenographer with him, and the interview lasted for three hours. The District Attorney refused to give to the press the story told by the prisoner, but says that he made a very full statement, which he is now engaged in verifying. In answer to a suggestion made by Col. Conkling that it was a horrible crime, of which he was guilty—so horrible that all having any connection with him in any way would be suspected of being implicated with him—Guiteau said: "If that was so, he would tell all." He then told all the incidents of his life in Washington, from his arrival here until the attempt to assassinate him. He told where he lived,

what he did from day to day, where he received his money, who lent it to him, whom he knows and associated with, and where he bought his pistol. He reiterated the statement contained in his published letter that his motive in shooting the President was to save the Republican party. He told how he had formed the plan and when, how long he had brooded upon it, and how it had become a fixed fact in his mind that the only salvation of the Republican party was the death of the President. He seems to have said very little about the defeat of his aspirations for office, and the District Attorney rejects the theory that he is insane. He has no delusion, and talks rationally and calmly about his crime, gloating in it, and evinces no symptoms of regret at its commission. On the contrary, he is as firmly convinced as ever that it was his duty to kill the President, and says that he shot him with precisely the same feeling that he would have shot a rebel had he been in the army. His talk on this subject is apparent that of a fanatic. The only regret that he expresses at all is that the President is not dead. He said that he learned with sorrow that he is growing better. This was early in the afternoon, and he based his remark on the talk he had heard among the officers of the jail, who had been expressing their pleasure at the favorable bulletins that were then issuing by Dr. Bliss. Guiteau scoffs at the idea that he is an ordinary criminal, and desired to save himself from punishment. On the contrary, he says that the happiest moment of his life since he matured his plan to kill the President he experienced when he was on his way to jail. The carriage that he hired to take him to the Congressional Cemetery was really intended to carry him to the jail, which adjoins the cemetery. He had the carriage ready and waiting for him, and had instructed the driver to hurry quickly as possible to the cemetery when he should jump in.

There is no one here who believes that the crime has any political significance whatever. The District Attorney says that Guiteau now talks very little of his stalwartism. At any rate, whether he does or not, there is a general feeling here that it is cruelly unjust to hold the stalwart in any way responsible for the criminal vagaries of a man who is not absolutely crazy, but is a most deluded fanatic. No one, of course, thinks that Conkling or Arthur, or any other stalwart, had anything directly to do with the shooting of the President, but they or their friends here say that an effort is making to cast odium upon them by reason of the shooting.

GUITEAU'S RECORD.

[From the Chicago Tribune.]
Guiteau is a man now 39 years of age. He was born at Freeport, Ill., where his father—the cashier of a bank for many years, but now dead—was a respected citizen. He studied in Ann Arbor, and went from there to the Oneida Community in New York. His father was a believer in the doctrines of the peculiar people of whom Mr. Noyes was the head, and the young man had read much in earlier days of the literature of the Community. His life there, however, was rather very long nor a very happy one. He was unwilling to work, and finally left the Community, demanding the return of the \$700 which he had put into the common fund when he entered the Community there. This was at first refused him, and in 1868 he became a sect member of the Community for the recovery of this money. Finally, with the aid of Mr. George Scoville, lawyer, who had married his sister, he succeeded in getting some of it back, and, after a very brief residence in New York, he came to this city, where he appeared in 1869 as a lawyer, officiating at No. 66 La Salle street. The following year he moved his quarters to No. 104 Dearborn street, still professing to be a lawyer. At this period he got into trouble with the Young Men's Library, from which he was charged with stealing some books. He was prosecuted, but was acquitted, and afterwards brought suit against the association. Toward the close of 1870 he married a young lady in this city and moved with her to New York, where they lived unhappily for a few months, and she finally got a divorce from him on account of his cruelty and ill-treatment. He remained in New York until the latter part of 1874. During his residence there he got into difficulty on account of his cheating the hotels out of their board bills, was imprisoned in Ludlow street jail, and was released only by the exertions of his brother-in-law. In 1875 he was back in the city, officiating at No. 176 Fifth avenue, and living for a time at the Clifton House. Failing to pay his bill at this hotel, as he had failed to pay it at so many others, he was summarily ejected. The following year he was over at No. 147 La Salle street, and was making an effort to live at the Gault House, but was put out of there for his peculiarities. During this year he went to New York and again resumed the practice of the law there. Owing to his irregularities when intrusted with the collection of debts—for he collected his share first and then let his client do the rest of the collecting for himself—he was written up extensively by the New York Herald, his practices being commented on in very unfavorable terms. After this article he sued the paper for \$100,000, and in October of that year returned to Chicago. In January, 1877, he broke out with his religious mania. He had conceived the idea that the second coming of Christ occurred at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem, and that we were not living under the new dispensation. He tried to enforce these doctrines through lectures delivered in the city, and through pamphlets and books which he printed. In July of that year he was arrested on a charge of embezzlement—failing to turn over money which he had been employed to collect, and was sent to the county jail, but was released on the 28th of July, the grand jury failing to find an indictment against him. After that he again delivered his lectures at various points throughout the country, and in September, 1877, was over in Detroit, Mich. Here he tried to steal away without paying his board-bill, was arrested in the interior of the State, and, while being taken back to Detroit in the cars, jumped from the train and escaped. It was at first thought that he had been killed, but this, unfortunately, turned out to be an error. In 1879 he was back in the city, officiating at No. 93 Randolph street, and employed as an insurance agent.

His dishonesty, however, drove him out of the business, and he spent his time from that period till the time of the murder in wandering around the country, seeking to deliver his lectures, turning up occasionally at his brother-in-law's house for the purpose of getting some clean clothes and a decent meal. During the national campaign last year he suddenly appeared in New York, at the headquarters of the National and State Committees. He had meddled in politics to some little extent here, and on this occasion transferred his activity to a broader sphere. He produced a printed speech which he said he had delivered at various points, and tried to get money and a position from the committee. After President Garfield's inauguration, he wandered to Washington in quest of a Consulship, his claim being the political services he had rendered during the campaign. He also bore with him a petition signed by one or two people of this city, who had put their names to the document simply in order to get rid of him, and without being aware of the rascally features in the man's character. He hung around there all through the spring months, but returned to this city in May, stayed a few days, and then, on the 1st of June, left again for Washington.

A FASTING FOURTH.

Gov. Cullom has issued the following:
STATE OF ILLINOIS, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
SPRINGFIELD, July 3, 1881.
In pride and prosperity the people of Illinois and of the Union were preparing to celebrate the 105th

anniversary of American independence, when the appalling news broke upon them that, on Saturday morning last, the President of the United States was shot by an assassin.

In the providence of God, President Garfield, though dangerously wounded, still lives, and, at the writing of this proclamation, at midnight preceding the Fourth of July, the attending physicians report that the wound is not necessarily fatal, and his condition gives hope that he may ultimately recover.

WHEREFORE, I, Shelby M. Cullom, Governor of the State of Illinois, do recommend to the people of this State, that, in their public ceremonies on to-morrow, they manifest, by appropriate expressions, their thankfulness to Almighty God for the preservation from death thus far of the President of the United States, not forgetting that he still lies in great danger.

In testimony whereof, I hereto set my hand, and cause the great seal of the State to be affixed.
Done at Springfield the day and date above named.
S. M. CULLOM.

By the Governor: Henry D. Dement, Secretary of State.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, July 3.

Gov. Foster has issued the following proclamation:
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, GOVERNOR'S OFFICE,
COLUMBUS, Ohio, July 3, 1881.

Suggestions are coming to me to counsel Mayors of cities and villages and the people of the State to suspend the usual Fourth of July celebration, and substitute therefor exercises in harmony with the universal feeling of distress over the attempted assassination of the President. These suggestions being so heartily in accord with my own feelings, I earnestly request that the people assemble in the churches at 10:30 a. m. and engage in devotions to Almighty God, and that the celebrations of the day be conducted in accord with what may then be known of the physical condition of the President.

Thanks to kind Providence, it is a great joy to add that present advices give hope for the recovery of the President.

CHARLES FOSTER, GOVERNOR.
SPRINGFIELD, Ill., July 3.

THE DAY AFTER—HOPEFUL FEELING.

WASHINGTON, July 3.
President Garfield still lives. That such is the fact is largely due to his vigorous constitution, his temperate habits, his robust health and his indomitable pluck. As Secretary Windom remarked this morning: "If the President had not been one of the greatest men in the world he would not now be alive. He does not treat his condition lightly, nor assume an air of bravado, but, contemplating the probabilities of his situation with the calm heroism of a Christian, he is firm and determined, yet cheerful. This seems to describe the President's mental condition perfectly. He has a soul that knows no fear, and while he undoubtedly fully realizes the imminent danger of his situation, he has not permitted it for an instant to unnerve him or to cloud his faculties. His pain, which has been at times intense, has been borne with patient cheerfulness. No murmur has escaped him. He has been as tender and considerate of the feelings of those around him as he used to be in the hours of his greatest vigor and joyousness. During the night, although the wound was not probed, medical tests were employed by the surgeons to track the course of the ball, and they gave the alternative of two positions. They said it was either lodged in the lower edge of the right lobe of the liver, or that it had passed through that portion of the liver and was lodged in the anterior wall of the abdomen. Through the night morphine was constantly used to deaden the pain, and for other repressive purposes.

Ice was also constantly used to prevent inflammation, and the wound was continually swabbed. Mrs. Garfield is very certain that her husband will recover. The President himself shares this opinion. Once only has he felt that his hours were numbered, when, at his own request, at a time when he seemed to be sinking rapidly, the physicians told him that the chances were that he had not many hours to live. But it was only for a very short time that he seemed to feel that his end was near, and, even then, he was not despondent.
Late in the night he talked of pleasant things, and discussed with the watching physician, Dr. Bliss, what the effect upon him (the President's) career would have been had a brother of Dr. Bliss (who was Garfield's boon companion) failed to return to him a \$10 note which he had lost. "The loss of that note," said the President, "might have prevented my going to school, might have prevented me from becoming President." The President's mind during the night was constantly on pleasant things of this sort, and he conversed cheerfully, in all his waking intervals, during the night.

Commissioner of Pensions Dudley passed the night with the President. The latter, in all his waking hours, was eager to talk. His mind was clear. He had great confidence that he was improving and would ultimately recover. He asked about the assassin, but from the description was unable to call him. He suffered much pain at times in his legs, but did not at any time complain. As to the possibility of death he spoke calmly, and said, with great deliberation, that, if it was God's will that he must die, he was ready to go and was not afraid to die.

Secretary Blaine has been deluged by telegrams of condolence and sorrow from prominent people in every part of the country, including one from Senator Conkling.

Senator Jones, of Nevada, called at the White House and informed the members of the Cabinet that Vice-President Arthur had arrived in the city and was his guest, and would like to see the President if he could be permitted to do so. Senator Jones was told the physicians did not think it best to allow any one to see the President except the members of his family.

EX-SENATOR CONKLING.

NEW YORK, July 3.
Late in the evening, when Mr. Conkling had partially recovered from the awful news, he left his room and paced thoughtfully along the halls of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. "I hardly know what to say," he remarked to a party of gentlemen who met him. "I was prepared for almost anything rather than this. When I saw that dispatch in General Arthur's hands to-day I was almost stunned. I felt as if I could scarcely hold my breath. God grant it be not true. I cannot yet bring myself to believe it is as bad as was first reported. It is, if true, the most terrible scourge that has afflicted this country since the murder of Lincoln. All I have to say further, gentlemen, is (turning to go to his room and throwing up his hands) may Heaven help our country!"

MOMENTS OF ANXIETY.

WASHINGTON, July 4, 4:20 a. m.
The President is given up as beyond recovery. He is dying under the influence of opiates. Mrs. Garfield has been with him almost all night, and is now prostrated with grief and exhaustion. The President is suffering intense pain in the feet, which is considered a fatal symptom. The abdominal swelling was only slight, but peritonitis has set in, and his fever is rising. Powerful opiates are being administered and patient is barely conscious. Secretary Lincoln says "hope is dead." Dr. Bliss refuses to concede the worst.

HOPE REVIVES.

WASHINGTON, July 4, 9:15 a. m.
The general symptoms of the President are much better. He is conscious, and says if it was not for the pain in his feet he would feel as well as he ever did. Dr. Bliss is very hopeful that his patient will pull through.