

Shorn of His Dignity

The Assassin's Tongue at Last Gets Him Into the Dock, Guiteau and His Counsel Claim That This is an Invitation to Shoot Him.

Ex-Secretary Boutwell, who made, officially, an examination of the insane asylums of Massachusetts, is of the opinion that Guiteau is insane. He bases his opinion on his laugh and talk, which, he says, are always peculiar in insane people.

THIRTY-SIXTH DAY.

Dr. A. E. McDonald, Superintendent of Ward's Island Insane Hospital, testified that during his practice he had 6,000 cases of insanity. He had given special attention to the study of insanity. Witness stated the difference between "delusions" and "insane delusions"—the one being the subject of correction by the judgment and the other, the latter not being correctable, and for that reason denominated an insane delusion. Also, of illusions and hallucinations, giving illustrations from his own experience. He believed, judging from experience, that the claim of inspiration frequently asserted by insane persons proceeded from a source of hallucination or insane delusion affecting the senses. The witness was then asked if a person's action under the claim of "inspiration" would indicate it in any other way than by their assertions, and replied: "Their actions and behavior would indicate it as well as their assertions. To illustrate it: A person claiming to be Jesus Christ, and under an inspiration clothed himself like the Saviour, gave away his property and slept out of doors, because the Saviour had not where to lay his head."

Witness was asked if such persons would feel any apprehension of bodily injury, or would take any precaution to guard against danger.

He replied: Inspiration always overrides all fear, bodily pain or injury, and renders the person who believes he is acting under inspiration wholly oblivious to such considerations.

Witness was asked if such persons usually planned with deliberation, and replied: "On the contrary, their acts are sudden both in conception and execution, as a rule, and they seldom attempt to avoid the consequences in any way."

"There two kinds of insanity, Doctor," suggested the prisoner; "the crank insanity and the Abraham insanity. The latter is the school I belong to. Tell us what you think of Abraham, Doctor."

Witness described what is commonly called temporary insanity, where the mind commits an act which is the only evidence of his insanity and where the person is, to all appearances, perfectly sane in all other respects, both before and after the act.

Guiteau—That's just my case exactly.

Witness—I do not believe in such insanity, and in all my experience have never seen an instance of it.

Colonel Corkhill—Doctor, we had a young man here from Chicago, an agnostic, who testified that one person in every five was insane. What would you say of that?

Scoville asked to have question read by the reporter, and sharply rebuked the District Attorney for his persistent attempts to injure the character of, and to cast slurs upon, the witnesses for the defense. "I do not care," he continued, "to be continually objecting to such matters. He may continue to do so if he chooses. We will wait till we get to the jury."

Corkhill—Well, then, suppose you wait.

Witness in reply to the question: "In the group of which that Young makes one, the other four will be pretty safe." Witness thought that a person acting under an inspiration to commit certain deeds would not be deterred from the commission of that act through any consideration of personal harm to other persons.

Guiteau—Oh, you are talking about cranks; now I don't belong to that school.

Witness visited the prisoner in his cell at the jail, remaining two hours and making the usual mental examination in such cases. He talked over with the prisoner all the main incidents of his life up to and including the shooting of the President. The prisoner spoke of the act as "my conception," and soon after, "I conceived the removal of the President." Witness asked, why, if the act was the Almighty's, and he was simply the agent, he was so particular to practice his aim, and why he did not trust details to the Almighty, and the prisoner hesitated, flushed a little, and said, "The Almighty often trusts details to his agents." Witness talked at considerable length with the prisoner in regard to the crime, and asked him what plans or expectations he had for the future, and his reply was to the effect that while he did not consider himself insane, he had studied up the subject of insanity, and believed he would be found by a jury

to be legally insane at the time of the commission of the act and would be acquitted. He was asked, "What do you suppose will be done with you?" and replied, "I will be sent to an insane asylum, and I find, under the law, that I can, after a few months, have a commission of lunacy to pass upon my case, and of course they will find me sane, and I will be discharged."

Witness believed from his examination and observation of the prisoner in court that he is a perfectly sane man. The witness then proceeded at some length to give the reasons for his opinions, using the expressions: "I have frequently noticed that his most violent interruptions have been made when the weight of evidence was against him."

Counsel for defense objected that the witness was usurping the functions of the jury, who alone could pass upon the fact that the evidence was for or against the prisoner.

The court overruled the objection, and the exception was noted by the defense.

Guiteau, who had kept unusually quiet all through the morning, here addressed the witness (speaking without any show and excitement): "You are making a great ado about nothing, Doctor. I don't pretend that I am insane now. Tell us what you know about Abraham. Get your money and go home."

Witness, continuing, closely analyzed conduct and remarks of the prisoner during the trial, and concluded that he had been playing a part ever since the first day. At the outset the prisoner, he said, had directed all his abuse against one of the counsel, and afterward against all of them.

Guiteau—Well, you see, Doctor Corkhill has corrupted the rest of them. "Evil communications," you know, "corrupt good manners."

The first hypothetical question of the prosecution was read and objection made by the defense to the clause "assume that he raised an ax to his sister, which act the prisoner himself denies," on the ground that the witness could not be asked to pass upon a hypothetical question containing two propositions diametrically opposite.

After argument, the court sustaining the objection, the prosecution modified their question, and in a modified form it was put to the witness.

He replied: "I believe the person to have been sane."

Objection to the question, and reply was noted by the defense.

After recess Dr. McDonald again took the stand. Guiteau, who had just taken his seat, looked over to the jury and said: "These experts are doing this business with a good deal of parrot-like talk. Dr. McDonald deviated somewhat from the course pursued by the rest of them. I deem it but justice to myself to say I did not say to him I had examined the law in relation to this matter."

Corkhill then read a second hypothetical question upon which Guiteau commented en passant with such expressions as "That is absolutely false," "That is that fellow Shaw's lies," "That is all rubbish," "It is nobody's business where I got the money," "I did not kill him," "Doctors killed him," etc.

Witness answered: Assuming the facts set forth to be true, and adding that statement to others, it strengthens my opinion that the man was sane on the 2d of July.

Exception to the question, and answer was noted by the defense.

THIRTY-SEVENTH DAY.

The Guiteau defense has decided to present more expert testimony, so the case will not end for some time yet.

Guiteau came into the court room this morning looking paler than usual. He complained that he had not slept well. Last evening a man was placed in a cell near his who was suffering from the most violent type of mania, caused by the excessive use of morphine, and during the whole night his shrieks rang through the jail. Guiteau was annoyed, and asked what was the occasion for such riot. The keeper replied: "We've got a crazy man on our hands to-night." "Well," said Guiteau, "why don't you choke him and make him keep quiet, and not let respectable people be disturbed in this way by a miserable lunatic?"

Doctor McDonald again took the stand this morning, and was cross-examined by Mr. Scoville. The questions were directed mainly to the subject of temporary insanity, and the witness was asked if, in his practice, he had met an instance of temporary insanity. He replied: "Yes, sir. I know of a man who was insane for twenty-four hours."

Scoville (eagerly)—And then he got well?

"No, sir. He died." [Laughter at Scoville's expense.]

Witness was asked what he meant yesterday by saying, "I think he (the prisoner) has been playing a part in court," and replied: "I believe he has been feigning what he believed to be insanity; not really insanity. I believe he has been attempting to give an impression in court that he is insane, and with that idea has been acting a part."

Scoville soon became involved in a discussion with counsel on the pertinent question, when Guiteau shouted:

"You had better let him go. You are making altogether too much of him. If you have not got sense enough to see it, I will have to tell you."

Allusion was made to the axe incident, when Guiteau commented, contemptuously: "Oh, nonsense, that axe story is the merest fiction. It's all rubbish," and shortly afterwards: "Doctor, just tell us something about Abraham, and we will let you go."

Witness was asked if he was not discharged for granting a false certificate of health to William M. Tweed when the latter was in confinement in the penitentiary, and replied: "I never gave to Tweed a certificate of health or ill health, and I never was discharged from any position in my life."

Dr. Randolph Barksdale, Superintendent of the Central Lunatic Asylum, near Richmond, Va., visited the prisoner in jail. He had also closely observed him in court, and from his personal examination and observation, was of the opinion that he was sane. Witness also testified that he believed Guiteau had been feigning in court. Witness believed, taking as true the facts set forth in two hypothetical questions of the prosecution, that the prisoner was sane when he shot the President.

Dr. John H. Collender, of Nashville, Superintendent of the Tennessee State Asylum for the Insane, had given special attention to the study of insanity for the past twelve years, and had seen about 2,000 cases during his connection with the Tennessee asylum. Witness visited the prisoner in jail, and also closely observed the prisoner in court, and believed him perfectly sane.

Witness did not believe the Deity ever inspired a man to take the life of a fellow creature; that if a person labored under the insane delusion that he was inspired to kill the President of the United States, he would, even if he did not talk about it, disclose his purpose by his changed manner and conversation. Witness not having heard the hypothetical questions, they were read to him by Corkhill.

Guiteau prefaced the reading by saying: "Your whole question is full of falsehoods and misstatements. I make this assertion now at the outset to avoid interrupting you as you go along."

Witness believed, taking the facts set forth to be true, that the prisoner was undoubtedly sane.

Guiteau again commented: "Two-thirds of that stuff is all bosh."

Scoville noted an objection to both questions and answers.

Upon cross-examination Scoville took up the hypothetical question, clause by clause, and questioned the witness closely as to the weight and bearing of each in the formation of his (witness') opinion.

Recess. After recess, Scoville put a hypothetical question which embraced the clause: "Suppose the prisoner believed himself to be a partner with a Jesus Christ?"

Judge Porter protested against the question as blasphemous, and said it would be an disgrace to a court of justice and to a Christian nation to allow it to be entertained for a moment.

Scoville replied that if no allusion could be made to what was claimed by the prisoner to be the actuating motive or influences that led to this act, then the whole defense would be wiped away at a single stroke.

Judge Porter proceeded to insist upon his view, and declared the time had come when, in the name of the American people and on behalf of the government in a Federal court, he felt his duty to demand that the prisoner be remanded to the dock.

Guiteau (spitefully)—Oh, you do; you big-mouthed Porter.

Court officials sitting behind the prisoner attempted to quiet him, when he whirled around and snarled at one of them: "Well, you mind your business or I'll slap you in the mouth, you fool, you."

Judge Porter continued his remarks and Guiteau again interrupted him and shouted out: "Well, you had better mind your business."

Judge Porter—That is my business here to-day, and your Honor, I must now insist upon my motion of Saturday, that the prisoner be placed in the dock.

Scoville arose to speak, when Judge Cox said: "Let me know first, if the counsel desire to be heard upon the motion to remove the prisoner to the dock."

Judge Davidge then proceeded to speak to the motion. He believed the time had come when every one present was satisfied that the prisoner was perfectly sane in respect of his behavior, and amenable to the same rules as other prisoners. In the case of General Sickles, who was tried in this court for murder, the Judge refused to deviate from the rule, although he was a distinguished lawyer and member of Congress at the time, and he sat in the prisoner's dock during his trial.

Scoville said he would assent to any proposition which might be deemed necessary. No one had suffered more than he had from the prisoner's behavior.

Guiteau (interrupting)—Well, it's because you are a jackass on this case. If I had decent counsel I should not

have any occasion for remarks. You are doing well enough on your theory, but your theory is altogether too narrow. You haven't got brains enough for this case.

Mr. Reed denied the assumption that the prisoner's sanity had been established. No human knowledge could fathom the workings of the insane mind, and humanity would dictate, if a reasonable doubt should exist, that leniency be extended toward him. He thought an admission from the court would suffice.

Mr. Corkhill insisted upon the removal of the prisoner to the dock, and the removal from around him of special policemen who were not regular attaches of the court; that he should be kept in the dock with no other special protection than is accorded any other prisoner.

Guiteau trembling with anger or apprehension, shouted out: "You want to shoot me, do you, Corkhill? You can't convict me, so you want to get me shot. You might just as well hang me up outside and tell the mob to shoot at me. I tell you (raising his voice almost to a shriek) God Almighty would curse you, sir, if I was put in that dock and shot. You miserable wretch, you."

Scoville, with much feeling, protested against the proposition of the District Attorney, which could not be understood by any one other than an invitation to all who heard it to shoot the prisoner if opportunity afforded.

After a most impressive argument by Judge Porter, in which he repelled the reflection of counsel for the defense upon the District Attorney, Judge Cox gave his opinion, stating that no certain measure to silence the prisoner could have been taken that would not have abridged his constitutional rights, whereas it had been deemed, and he thought rightly, that the prisoner's behavior and utterances would prove the best means of determining his mental condition. He ordered the prisoner removed to the dock, which was then done.

The rumor that Jeff Chandler, of St. Louis, is to be counsel for Guiteau is denied by Chandler himself.

The report that Mrs. Scoville had started home was incorrect. She refuses to go though her friends desire her to do so.

The Use of Short Words. Ex-Governor Horatio Seymour.

We must not only think in words, but we must also try to use the best words, and those which in speech will put what is in our minds into the minds of others. This is the great art which those must gain who wish to teach in the school, the church, at the bar, or through the press. To do this in the right way they should use the short words which we learn in early life, and which have the same sense to all classes of men. The English of our Bible is good. Now and then some long words are found, and they always hurt the verses in which you find them. Take that which says: "O ye generation of vipers, who have warned you to flee from the wrath to come?" There is one long word which ought not to be in it, namely, "generation." In the old version the old word "brood" is used. Read the verse again with this term, and you feel its full force: "O ye viper's brood, who have warned you to flee from the wrath to come?" Crime sometimes does not look like crime when it is set before us in the many folds of a long word. When a man steals we call it "defalcation," we are at loss to know if it is a blunder or a crime. If he does not tell the truth, and we are told it is a case of "prevarication," it takes us some time to know just what we should think of it. No man will ever cheat himself in wrong doing, nor will he be at loss to judge of others, if he thinks and speaks of acts in clear crisp terms. It is a good rule, if one is at loss to know if an act is right or wrong, to write it down in a short straight English.

Louis Napoleon's Courage.

At Strasburg, when the Regiment on which he depended refused its support, he ran and was found in a state of abject terror hiding under a carriage. In the Boulogne attempt, when he had got halfway across the channel he became alarmed, and wished to turn back. The people about him called for champagne, and kept him to his purpose by making him half drunk. As he approached, and no friends appeared, his alarm returned. The first troops that met him were under the command of a sensible old officer, who, when he saw the strange procession, accompanied by the tame eagle, and was told that Louis Napoleon was at its head, instead of joining him, summoned him to surrender. Vaudreuil had said that at Strasburg Louis Napoleon had not dared even to fire a pistol in his own defence. He recollected this mob kept a pistol in his hand, and fired at the officer, but his hand shook so that though the man was not five paces off he missed him and wounded a poor cook, who, in his white apron, was standing at a door to see what was going on. Louis Napoleon turned, ran into the sea, and got into a boat. A boat from the shore pulled after him. He gave himself up, begged them not to hurt him, and said that he had 200,000 francs in his pocket which he would give them. He was landed, and begged M. Adam, the maire, to take the 200,000 francs. Adam said he would take care of them, but, with business-like habits, chose to count them first. It was lucky for him, for when it was counted in the presence of the crowd, there were found to be only 120,000. This sum, when he was on trial before his peers, he claimed, and the cruel government of Louis Philippe let him have them. He never crossed the Ticino. He was smoking in a house during the whole time. At Solferino, where he was two miles in the rear, he did not move or give an order, but he smoked fifty-three cigars. We know this, as he always carries with him 14 boxes, each of which

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contains fifty cigars. One was quite exhausted, and three had been taken out of the other. Once a spent ball came near him, but that is the only occasion on which he could be considered as under fire. I saw letter from one of the Cent-Sussex to his mother: "You need be under no anxiety about me. I am with the Emperor, and therefore out of danger." In fact, none of them were hit.

Crazy on Cats.

Philadelphia Press.

Cats recently, if not in past ages, have been accepted as the symbolic representatives of maidenhood passed to the serene and yellow leaf of unmarried decadence. In fact, caricaturists have provided aged spinsters with a common coat-of-arms consisting of cats rampant and couchant, and in various other attitudes of heraldic significance, quartered upon shields of azure, gules, etc. Miss Esther M. Myers, who died two days ago at the ripe age of 73, seems to have been the only recorded instance of acceptance as a fact of what had come to be the emblem of pouted satire. It is nearly a year since her friends charged with her welfare, found her in an almost starving condition, surrounded by Angora, Maltese, and less pure-blooded tabbies and toms, who stared rather than make a meal off their benefactress, who had cultivated a small family of them numbering fifty of all ages. This squallor was due to no lack of support but, rather, to a diseased condition of mind which preferred the companionship of pets to association of those with whom her early and middle as well as declining years had been spent.

Quite sixty years ago a most attractive young woman was a pupil at the most fashionable school of this city of that day, kept by Mme. Jordan. There are not many to-day living who recall the tall, slender blonde whose attire was the envy of many blessed with a plentiful wardrobe and an accent of a island cottager, which not a few thought it tony to imitate. With bills promptly settled, and teachers treated with consideration, fellow-pupils regretted the lot that consigned them to plain clothes and stringent discipline. The favored maiden was she whose death is herein recorded. In her later years a little house in the outskirts of

the city was all too large for the aged lady, who manifested a great interest in the propagation of chickens and ducks as well as cats. The former furnished food in eggs and meat for herself and favorites. This eccentricity was not discouraged; in fact, the kind and charitable people, who were interesting themselves rather encouraged it as a harmless and not expensive way of soiling the retirement of their ward. Letters were written to addresses given by the recluses as those of her relations, but no replies having been received their existence began to be doubted as the figments of a disordered brain. It is related that she was never happier than when she watched a favorite tabby feloniously appropriating the meat which she ought to have eaten herself. They grew so bold that they would even paw it out of the stew pans in which it was cooking, while she looked on in ecstasies of merriment at the cleverness of her pets in running over a hot stove.

Work of the Whipping Post.

Toronto (Ont.) Globe.

James Coulter, for attempting to outrage Miss Campbell at Kingston last month, and who, for this outrage was sentenced to two years in Central Prison, and forty-eight lashes with the cat-o-nine-tails, received the first installment of his whipping to-day. The prisoner was stripped and placed on the triangle. He showed considerable terror at the approaching punishment. One of the guards bared his arms, and taking hold of the instrument of torture, he swung it around his head and bringing it down with great force over the prisoner's bare back, who roared with terror and pain, and implored the doctor to have mercy on him. His cries were unheeded, and again and again the blows fell with redoubled force, while the victim continued his cries for mercy. After the flogging was over the prisoner's back was torn and bleeding, and a cloth saturated with oil was placed over his back. He will receive the balance of the flogging in nine months.

Resonance in public halls can be modified or prevented by stretching wires across the ceiling so that the vibrations are absorbed, conveyed from one wire to another, and spread over the building.