CHAS. J. GUITEAU IN COURT.

PRESENTING THE SPECTACLE OF A TREMBLING, COWARDLY ASSASSIN.

In Mortal Fear that Some One Might Attempt to Take his Life—Arraigned for the Murder of James A. Garfield—His Counsel Pleading Insanity, Want of Jurisdiction, and that Garfield's Death was Caused by Malpractice.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 14.—"I am sick. I am not well enough to go to-day." This is what Guiteau said to the deputy warden who called at his cell at about 9 o'clock this morning to inform him that he was to be arraigned to-day, and to prepare to go to court. Guiteau lay upon his bed and stubbornly refused to obey the warden. He had not received any previous notice of the arraignment, and the sudden announcement caused him to quake with fear. The warden left Guiteau, and soon afterward Chief Detective McElfresh entered and said:

"I have come to take you to the court to be arraigned and I want you to get up and dress. You don't know me?"

The assassin, looking toward the light from the dark corner of his cell, did not at first recognize his visitor, but as soon as he had spoken he did and said: "You are McElfresh." It was before McElfresh that Guiteau was brought hurriedly from the depot directly after he had shot the President, and it was McElfresh who at that time made the arrangements which doubtless protected Guiteau then from the mob. Guiteau added: "I know you well. Do you promise me that I shall be safe?"

The detective answered: "I give my personal promise that you will be brought back here without a hair of your head touched, and I will be at your side every minute." McElfresh has a strange tower over criminals, and his words reassured the cowardly murderer. "He was dressed inside of three minutes," said McElfresh, in narrating the proceedings afterward, "but he is in mortal fear of the soldiers about the jail. He hurried through the jail corridor, where they are still on guard, casting very nervous, anxious glances at them and stepping to me. He has always been afraid of them, and has been very much more afraid since Mason tried to kill him and so nearly did it and he is afraid of the guards, too, since McGill attacked him. He told me that story to-day, and if what he says is true, McGill evidently tried to kill him. He says he was lying on his bed when McGill entered, pistol in hand, evidently prepared to shoot him. Restraint upon him, for Guiteau is as quick as a cat, and in the struggle the pistol fell to the ground. Guiteau has told the same story before, and insists on it, and it may be true. The guard who saw us put the handcuffs on him said: 'You want to watch his feet too, for he's nimble and can run.' He was nimble and strong, except when overcome by fear. He sprang across the room from the door of his cell near the door house when he found we were progressing unmolested."

Those who had charge of Guiteau had made very careful arrangements for his safe keeping. The prison van is a strong wagon, but it was thought it would not be safe to drive it before an infuriated mob. Guiteau was not placed in it. He was taken from the jail and put in an ordinary closed carriage, with horses specially chosen for speed and endurance, and with a driver who knew the road. He was accompanied and closely guarded by Deputy Marshal McElfresh, and the court and one jail official, all of them men of nerve and prudence, and all well armed. The carriage was driven leisurely along the usual road, at an hour when the van does not generally leave the jail, and at a time when the crowds were assembling in the street to witness the arrival of the van and to meet with the reception of the French and German visitors. Guiteau was taken to a side entrance into the basement room of the court house unnoticed.

IN THE COURT ROOM.

Meanwhile, in the court room nothing was definitely known as to whether Guiteau would be arraigned to-day or, if so, at what hour. Col. Ingersoll was there, with other counsel in the Star route cases, in support of the motion to postpone was carried. Soon after this it was whispered around the court that Guiteau would certainly be brought in before long, and, as the moments passed, these reports were confirmed. Soon afterward a deputy marshal came into the court and announced, and a bailiff in a whisper informed the Judge that the duty had been accomplished, and the prisoner brought from the jail in safety. An observer would have noticed preparations in the court room such as are not usual for ordinary trials. The room itself was densely packed by persons, most of whom were on such relations to the authorities as to have had intimations that something might occur. District Attorney Corkhill, who has nothing to do with the Star route cases, was there in charge of special counsel, was in attendance, and had numerous conferences with the Judges. He seemed to be anxious that the clerks should have certain papers, and had a preoccupied air, scuttered through the audience were a number of detectives in citizens' dress at every entrance, near every window, were policemen in uniform, and near the main door a captain and lieutenants of police. The bailiffs, too, were watchful, and the faces of all in attendance were almost every moment carefully scrutinized by officials in search of a Jersey avenger. The detectives had been in the room from the early morning, but the policemen were instructed there until about 1 o'clock. Their sudden appearance, and the manner in which they arranged themselves, indicated unusual precautions.

Soon after District-Attorney Corkhill entered he was followed by George Scoville, the assassin's counsel and brother-in-law, who took a seat at the table in front of the bar at which criminals are arraigned to plead. Mr. Scoville is a very cool, and seated himself as though about to engage in an ordinary law case. He was hardly seated when the bailiffs made a passage through the crowd about the door through which prisoners are generally brought in, and the President's assassin was before the court. It was a startling sight to those who had known Guiteau for many years, and a much more startling one to those who for the first time saw the murderer. He was preceded by United States Marshal Henry, behind whose stalwart form he seemed to cower as though in fear. He was firmly held on the one arm by Detective McElfresh, and on the other by the Deputy Warden. His hands were bound in front by handcuffs. A search had much moved his nervousness. He was in his usual dress, a suit of seedy black, which shone from constant sitting in a chair and working at a desk, and had on a striped shirt. He walked with weak and faltering steps.

As he was brought before the bar, he awkwardly raised his trussed arms and leaned on it. It was then that the most startling effect was produced. His hair, which always stands on end and is cut short, was cut still more closely in accordance with prison regulations. The face was deathly pale, and had that ashen pallor of which, it is said, it takes released convicts years to rid themselves. His eyes were wild and rolling, and he looked about in a nervous, terrified sort of way. Before taking his seat, and before the handcuffs were loosed, he turned himself fully around and looked upon the dense mass which filled the room behind him, almost with a shriek, almost as though to make sure that some avenger with a "bull dog" was not also at his back, satisfying himself apparently that the crowd was orderly, and seeing the officers massed about him, he became more calm, and turned to face the court. His hands were unbound, and he took his seat, a miserable, abject, unkempt, seedy-looking wretch, the President's friendless murderer. The audience watched every detail in painful silence. There were many who seemed involuntary to say, "The man must be insane."

GUITEAU'S PLEA.

Meanwhile the indictment was procured, and the District Attorney somewhat peremptorily directed Guiteau to stand up. He rose, stood quietly, showing much less nervousness, and listened to the prolix document as it was read. The clerk, in clear tones, and with an easy manner, read the seemingly endless legal jargon for half an hour. Guiteau meanwhile stood, as he was about to do, could not have gently shifts his feet, scarcely changing his position, listening to the document that was arraigning him at the bar of justice. During the reading he for the most part closed his eyes. It is true he did so his nervousness was the result of detectives in citizens' dress at every entrance, near every window, were policemen in uniform, and near the main door a captain and lieutenants of police. The bailiffs, too, were watchful, and the faces of all in attendance were almost every moment carefully scrutinized by officials in search of a Jersey avenger. The detectives had been in the room from the early morning, but the policemen were instructed there until about 1 o'clock. Their sudden appearance, and the manner in which they arranged themselves, indicated unusual precautions.

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