

MURDER'S RED HAND

President Garfield Twice Shot and Desperately Wounded While About to Depart for New York.

The Tragedy Enacted in the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Depot in Washington.

Two Shots Fired, One Entering the Liver and the Other the Arm of the President.

Charles Julius Gitteau, a Whilom Lawyer of Chicago, the Would-be Assassin.

He Proclaims Himself a Stalwart and Boasts of Having Made Arthur President.

Speedy Arrest and Incarceration of the Wretch—His Career in the Northwest and Elsewhere.

SHOT THE PRESIDENT!

A SAD TRAGEDY IN WASHINGTON. WASHINGTON, July 2.—The president has been assassinated! He is now lying at the point of death in the White House, and his physicians say he cannot recover. That the deed was well planned and long premeditated there can be no doubt. Some persons go so far as to assert that it was the result of a conspiracy, but there appears to be no evidence to sustain such a belief. The assassin, Charles Gitteau of Chicago, was arrested, and is safely lodged in jail. It has been well known for several days past that the president, accompanied by several members of his cabinet, and their ladies, would leave Washington this morning for a two weeks' trip in New England. Gen. Garfield had been looking forward to the trip with great pleasure. He had mapped out himself the route the party was to take, and the details of the trip were entrusted to Mr. Jameson, assistant superintendent of the railway mail service. Mrs. Garfield was to be one of the party. Her sojourn at Long Branch had completely restored her to health, and Gen. Swain had been sent to the Elberon to escort her to New York, where she

WAS TO HAVE JOINED THE PRESIDENT this afternoon. Two sons and a daughter of Gen. Garfield were with their mother. The two elder boys, James and Henry, were to have accompanied their father. To-day was a magnificent one for traveling. The president arose at an early hour, attended to considerable executive business, left his instructions with Private Secretary Brown, and was preparing to start when Secretary Blaine came to the White House. The other members of the party, it appears, had gone to the depot some minutes before the time for the train to start, 9:30 a. m. Secretaries Windom, Hunt, Lincoln, and Postmaster General James, accompanied by Mrs. Windom, Mrs. Hunt and Mrs. James, had taken seats in the special car attached to the train. It was within five minutes of the time of starting when the president's carriage drove up to the B street entrance to the depot. Mr. Blaine accompanied Gen. Garfield to the train and both gentlemen slowly alighted from the carriage.

THE SCENE OF THE ASSASSINATION of President Garfield was in the ladies' reception room. This room is situated on the north side of the building and has one main entrance in the center of the B street front, and two doors on the opposite side that connect with the general reception room. The ladies' room is provided with wooden seats arranged so as to be perpendicular to the B street front and leave an aisle from the B street entrance and a passage way by the end of the seats, through either the right or left door, which are about fifteen feet apart. The president and Secretary Blaine, arm-in-arm, and walking slowly, had taken but two or three steps in this aisle near the B street door, when Gitteau entered by the left door from the general reception room, and passing quickly around the back of the benches, came behind the president and fired the shot that struck his arm. The president walked about ten feet to the other end of the aisle and was in the act of turning to face his assailant, when the second shot struck him in the small of the back, and he

FELL DIAGONALLY ACROSS THE AISLE. A scene of the most intense excitement followed. There was a larger crowd present at the depot than usual, many persons having been attracted there to see the president and members of the cabinet. As soon as the reports of the pistol were heard a rush was made for the ladies' waiting room. Somebody shouted "Blaine is murdered," but the secretary of state rushed frantically into the main room shouting for Col. Rockwell. Mrs. White, the woman in charge of the waiting room, was the first to reach the president. The crowd

stood aghast with horror. She lifted up his head. He was deathly pale, but retained consciousness. His son bent over his father and sobbed frantically. The secretary of state could hardly repress his emotion. Mr. Jameson and others called upon the police to disperse the crowd, that the president might have air. A small space was made, but the policemen were absolutely powerless to preserve order. The news of the assassination flew along the street

LIKE WILD FIRE.

and within ten minutes there were over 1,000 people at the station. The members of the cabinet and their wives were notified of the event. A man burst into the car exclaiming "The president has been murdered!" The gentlemen rushed from the car into the station, while the ladies were left in a state of speechless surprise. As soon as those who surrounded the president recovered their almost paralyzed senses a mattress was brought down from the Pullman office and the president was laid upon it. Blood was oozing from his wounds and soaking through his clothes upon the floor. He was tenderly carried upon the mattress through the large waiting room and up stairs into one of the private offices. The officers succeeded but poorly in keeping the crowd back, and the doors of the depot were closed and fastened against the people. Physicians were immediately summoned. Those called were Dr. A. M. Bliss, who was placed in charge of the case; Dr. C. M. Ford, Mr. Hartington, U. S. A., Dr. J. S. Woodward, U. S. A., Dr. Townshend, N. S. Lincoln, Robt. Reibum, Surgeon General Barnes, Surgeon Basil Morris, Surgeon General Wales of the navy, and Dr. Patterson. A preliminary examination of the wounds was made at the depot.

CAPTURE OF THE ASSASSIN.

Meantime the assassin had not been allowed to escape. After firing the fatal shot he started at a rapid pace through the main waiting room, apparently intending to escape by the entrance on Sixth street. He held the smoking revolver in his hand, but was prevented from passing by the crowd which pushed toward the spot where the president was lying. He turned sharp about, passed within ten feet of his victim, and attempted to pass out at the B street entrance, through which the president had just passed. A policeman named Kearney was standing on the corner of Sixth and B streets when the shots were fired, and he ran through the entrance on the last named street just in time to meet Gitteau as he was coming out of the door. Without knowing that he was the assassin, but attracted by the man's desire to get away, the officer grabbed him and held him as in a vise. Gitteau struggled a little to get away, his shirt being torn in the encounter, but Special Officer Scott came to Kearney's assistance, and the murderer submitted quietly. "Yes," said the assassin, "I have killed Garfield. Arthur is president of the United States. I am a stalwart. I have a letter that will tell you all about it. I want you to take it up to Gen. Sherman." His pistol was taken from him and he was removed without delay to the police headquarters, corner of Pennsylvania avenue and Four and a half street. Quite a crowd followed the officer and the prisoner to headquarters, but no violence towards him was attempted. In fact, but few of the people who saw him rushing through the streets were aware of the gravity of his offense. He was entered on the police books as follows:

Charles Gitteau, arrested at 9:35 a. m., July 2, 1881, for shooting President Garfield, age 36, white, born in the United States, and a lawyer by profession. Weight 130 pounds. Has dark brown hair, thin whiskers, and sallow complexion; dressed in a dark suit, with black slouch hat.

SEARCHING THE PRISONER

After answering the questions which led to the entry above quoted, Gitteau was searched and placed in one of the cells at headquarters. A number of papers were found upon the assassin, all but one of which the authorities refuse to make public. This one is as follows. It shows clearly that the murder was premeditated:

JULY 2, 1881, THE WHITE HOUSE.—The president's tragic death was a sad necessity, but it will reunite the Republican party and save the republic. Life is a flimsy dream, and it matters little when one goes. A human life is of small value. During the war, thousands of home 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 Mrs. Garfield, dear soul, to part with her husband this way than by natural death. He is liable to go at any time, anyway. I have no ill-will toward the president. His death was a political necessity. I am a lawyer, theologian and 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 1420 New York avenue, where all reporters can see them.

[Signed] CHAS. GITTEAU.

In a short time after the news of the attempted assassination spread through the city, a crowd, numbering about 200 people, gathered about police headquarters. Anticipating a possible attempt to lynch the prisoner, it was determined to take him at once to the district jail, which is a mile east of the capitol. The prisoner was considerably excited, and evidently feared rough treatment at the hands of the crowd. In this he was mistaken. The news that the president's wounds had not resulted fatally, was circulated among the people. The prisoner was rushed down the stairs and placed in a carriage with Lieut. Austin and three detectives, and escorted by a squad of mounted police, they were driven to the jail.

TALKING WITH AN OFFICER.

On the way the prisoner conversed freely. He held a conversation with Detective McElfresh, and the latter relates it thus: He said, "I am a native born American, born in Chicago; am a lawyer and a theologian." I asked, "Why did you do this?" He replied, "I did it to save the Republican party." "What are 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?" I replied, "A detective officer in this department." "You stick to me and have me put in the third story front of the jail. Gen. Sherman is coming down to take charge. Arthur and all his 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. Bass, the deputy warden, said: "This man has been here before." I then asked him: "Have you ever been here before?" He replied, "No sir."

THE WOUNDED PRESIDENT.

The physicians made an unavailing effort to discover the ball, at the depot. It was evident that nothing could be done in the presence of such a crowd, and that the slim chance for saving the president's life depended upon placing him where he could have absolute quiet. A police ambulance was sent for, and it was backed up to the B street entrance of the depot. The president was brought down stairs upon a stretcher borne by Chief Cronin of the fire department, Officer Cornell and two other gentlemen. The doors were thrown open and the crowd parted while the wounded man was gently laid upon mattresses in the bottom of the vehicle. The president was very pale and weak, but conscious. He opened his eyes and gently waved his hands towards the crowd. Strong men sobbed and cried at the pitiful sight. A squad of twelve mounted police surrounded the ambulance. Col. Corbin took a seat by the side of the driver. Col. Rockwell was inside, and three or four attendants clung to the steps in the rear. The vehicle was driven slowly over the Belgian pavement to Pennsylvania avenue. As soon as the smooth pavement was reached the horses were

PUT AT A GALLOP.

and the cavalcade dashed up toward the White House at full speed. Preceding the ambulance a few minutes were several physicians in their carriages. The avenue was crowded with people, who stood upon the sidewalks watching with tearful eyes the mournful procession as it bore the almost lifeless body of the president to the White House. The east gates, south of the treasury building, were thrown open. The ambulance passed within, and the gates were closed against the crowd. Officers were immediately placed at the entrances to the grounds, and the public were excluded. As the ambulance was driven up to the south entrance to the executive mansion the president was lifted out. He looked up and saw Private Secretaries Brown and Crook looking down from one of the windows. He smiled and saluted them with his uninjured arm. Arriving at the stairway, directly back of the blue room, the ambulance was brought to a stop, the president carefully removed and placed upon a stretcher, and brought up the stairway through the blue and red rooms to his private apartments on the second floor, and on the south side of the mansion. While being carried through the blue room, the president made an effort with his left hand to salute those who stood about the room, and whom he apparently recognized. Among those present were Secretary and Mrs. Blaine, Mrs. Windom, Admiral Porter, Mrs. Blaine, Mrs. Attorney General McVeagh and Mrs. Secretary Hunt and others. The president looked very badly despite an evident effort to pacify the excited and weeping friends who had hastily assembled in this historic room to await his arrival. The white covering of the stretcher was crimson with the blood which had oozed from his wounds. While the body was passing through the room to the apartments above

MRS. WINDOM WAS OVERCOME

with emotion, and had to be conveyed to a sofa. Mrs. Blaine was also much affected, and was taken from the room. The others present engaged in suppressed conversation upon the horrible crime, and at short intervals would individually visit the apartments above to ascertain the president's condition. Postmaster General James and Attorney General MacVeagh joined the assembly and participated in the conversation, the former detailing the incidents as they occurred at the scene of the shooting. Presently one of the colored attendants of the White House brought in the coat and vest of the president, which had been removed at the depot. The coat had a cut about two and a half inches immediately below the elbow of the right arm, which presumptuously had been made by the ball first fired. The back part of the vest near the buckle showed a hole an eighth of an inch in diameter and was so shaped as to lead to the conclusion that in firing this probably fatal shot the assassin held the revolver in an inclined position as though reaching over some obstruction in order to make sure of his victim. The front portion of the vest was covered with vomit.

THE SCENE AT THE WHITE HOUSE

has been beyond description. The ponderous iron gates of the capitol grounds were closed and three members of the capitol police placed on guard at each, with orders to admit no one but members of the cabinet and relatives of the family. Scores of congressmen and senators were either turned away or compelled to cool their heels at the gate until their cards could be carried to the house and an order for their

admittance sent back. Newspaper correspondents were furnished with passes and every facility given for obtaining full and complete accounts of the affair. The streets outside the White House grounds were packed with a motley crowd, many of whom were clinging to the iron railing, staring at the White House, with faces full of sympathy, and low voices, full of tears. As some newspaper man or messenger came down the walk and through the gates he was seized by the eager crowd and plied with questions as to the condition of the president, and it was the work of a moment for the man who would talk to get a thousand listeners. There were many ladies in the crowd, and a deep

SYMPATHY WITH THE INJURED PRESIDENT

was plainly manifest by the handkerchiefs which sought brimming eyes, and the dry gulping sobs with which strong men cleared their throats before venturing to ask a question. As the departments closed the crowd was swelled to enormous proportions by the clerks and from the squads of marines which patrolled the White House door yard; a detail of sentries was made to clear the sidewalks for carriages and pedestrians. Within the White House, the scene was indeed a sad one. Toward noon the restriction which had been observed toward callers was relaxed and many congressmen and intimate friends were admitted and given passes to go and come as they pleased, and the corridors, staircases and offices were filled with an anxious, sad-eyed crowd of distinguished men. In the cabinet room and the president's private office sat the members of the cabinet, who had gathered at the news of the assassination and who have remained in attendance all day and a good portion of the night. In the president's private office

SECRETARY BLAINE

sat with a sad face, but cool, collected and ready to direct any necessary movement. As he moved around and conversed with his brother cabinet officers or awaited with anxiety each twenty minute bulletin which the corps of physicians sent out, the power and strength of character of the man became apparent; and instinctively every person turned to him for advice and suggestions, while the words "poor president," that fell from his lips showed that the broad heart felt as if a brother lay at death's door and was wrung with anguish therefor. Up and down the room, chewing a cigar, paced Robert Lincoln, secretary of war, anon pausing to relieve the monotony by meeting some anxious inquiry and relapsing into thought and gazing down upon the placid Potomac with misty eyes as his memory went back some sixteen years, to the time one nearer than this came into the White House, the victim of an assassin's pistol, cold in death. In a deep window seat, attempting to read, sat Secretary Kirkwood, his plain, practical face flushed with suppressed grief, and his thin, gray hair tumbled in his efforts to appear calm. Wayne McVeagh sat at the table writing, his calm, stoical demeanor

COVERING THE ANXIETY AND BROW

which crept out at his eyes and into the tones of his voice as he twisted his mustache and answered some inquiry. Secretary Windom sat conversing with Gen. Sherman, and Secretary Hunt walked from one room to another, restless and nervous, asking questions and tendering suggestions with an effort to appear calm and collected; but the quiet, tender, womanly heart of Gen. James seemed to have a load greater than it could bear. To him was delegated much of the work of answering telegrams and inquiries, and already the favorite of the correspondents among the cabinet officers was called upon almost constantly by them for information. To every person he gave the brightest side of the situation, and it seemed impossible to him to think that the president should die. When some correspondent in the crowd around him would speak of the unfavorable reports, the postmaster general would turn to him, grasp him by the hand and, in an agonized tone, exclaim: "Oh, don't you say that, let us look at it in the best light," and the handsome face would flush, the eyes suffuse with tears, and the postmaster general would turn away.

THE PICTURE OF GRIEF.

Private Secretary Brown, although overwhelmed with grief for the man whose relations to him have been of the most intimate and affectionate character, was engaged in managing the large number of visitors, answering innumerable questions, furnishing passes, replying to telegrams and watching the president's condition. All work in the executive offices was suspended, and the clerks and secretaries wandered through the rooms or sat at their desks, grief stricken. At noon telegrams of inquiry and sympathy began to pour in, and all the afternoon the White House wires were busy, employing three operators. Among the telegrams received was one from Gen. Grant, expressing sympathy and asking for further particulars. Nothing was heard from Gen. Arthur, and although Secretary Blaine telegraphed him four times, no reply was received. Much bitter comment upon this action was indulged in. Finally Gen. James sent to New York the following dispatch:

"Washington, July 2.—The secretary of state has telegraphed Vice President Arthur four times today. The gravity of the situation requires that we should communicate with him at once. Can you tell us where a telegram will reach him?" [Signed] "T. L. JAMES, Postmaster General."

The following message was shortly after received to:

T. L. James: I have learned nothing officially regarding the president's condition. I have relied upon newspaper accounts. I hope to receive more favorable tidings. Please answer at once. Please present my deepest sympathy to Mrs. Garfield. [Signed] C. A. ARTHUR.

THE FIRST TO SOOTHE

WASHINGTON, July 2.—Mrs. Sarah N. White, the lady in charge of the waiting room at the Baltimore & Ohio depot, was the person who first saw and reached the president after he was shot. In reply to questions asked her, she said: "The man came in from this door (pointing to the door east) from the waiting room just as the president entered the middle door from B street, when he approached within five feet of the president he fired. He aimed. I thought at

the president's heart and missed him. The president did not seem to notice him, but walked right on past the man. He fired again, and the president fell. He fell right at the turn of the second row of seats. It was the first to reach him and lifted up his head. The janitor rushed in and called the police. I held him until some man came and lifted him up. He did not speak to me or to any one till a young man who I think was a son of the president, told me something to him when he was lifted up on the mattress. He spoke on the ground no words at all. The man walked deliberately out of the center door where somebody headed him off. He turned and started back and was seized at the door by a policeman. I have seen the man once or twice before—one time in particular a few years ago he promenade up and down, just as he did today, wiping his face and apparently as though he was waiting for some friends. This morning he waited half an hour waiting up and down. There were few people in the room when the shot was fired.

THE ASSASSIN. HIS PRECARIOUS CAREER.

CHICAGO, July 2.—Charles E. Gitteau, is well known in Chicago. He came here fifteen years ago and began the practice of law. He was always regarded as more or less insane. He married a beautiful young lady, the sister of a leading attorney named George Scoville. After a while he betrayed evidences of being a dead-beat, and was virtually forced to quit the city. He went to New York, and opened an office in Broadway, but led a precarious existence. In 1875 he returned to Chicago and, professing to have been converted, began work as a revivalist. He wrote a pamphlet on the second coming of Christ, which stamped him as a lunatic. He also delivered one or two lectures here to empty benches. He then turned his attention to journalism, and proposed to found a great daily newspaper. He issued a prospectus and made contracts for presses and press dispatches, but of course the thing fell through. Nothing is known of his career for the past six months. It is known that he became possessed of the idea of assassinating the president during Hayes' administration.

Gitteau is said to be the son of the cashier of the Second National Bank of Freeport, Ill. A prominent lawyer said Charles J. Gitteau is known to have been insane for years. He pretended to practice law in this city, and engaged in schemes that showed he was an insane man. On being questioned in relation to the assassin, United States

AS A SPIRITUALIST.

It was while in Chicago that he fell in with Geo. G. Jones, Maj. Bundy and other noted spiritualists. It will be remembered that Jones was murdered in Chicago a few years ago while conducting an investigation of certain alleged spiritual phenomena by Pike, one of the party, who, in a moment of jealousy, and while the light was turned down behind Jones, was indulging in criminal relations with his wife. Gitteau was one of the party, and was present when the murder was committed. Jones was editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal, of Chicago, the same paper which Maj. Bundy, of the same clique, now runs as a spiritual trumpet. While in Chicago Gitteau married a young lady who was librarian in the city library and subsequently she left him. He has been an outcast from his home, not recognized by relatives or former acquaintances. While in Chicago Gitteau was full of theories and ideas, in short, a monomaniac. The Chicago Times devoted a column or two to him in an expose, and told of his attempt at beating boarding houses. He sued the Times for libel, prosecuting his own case, and was ridiculed, beaten and still further shown up. He has vibrated between Chicago and New York and has asked out a living by his connection with Spiritualists, long hair, and short hair, and has from his boyhood been more fit person for an asylum than to be at large, though he was never considered dangerous, but on the contrary was an ardent coward. He has been arrested, repeatedly, for some time to be put in the Wilkes Booth order. His inordinate desire to achieve notoriety has led him to dwell upon the present political disturbances, and in a recent issue, committed the deed which has shocked the civilized world.

HIS PRECOURTIES.

WASHINGTON, July 2.—The assassin is now in jail. Many think he is crazy. He has sandy complexion, and is slight, weighing not more than 125 pounds. He wears a mustache and light chin whiskers, and his sunken cheeks and eyes far apart from each other give him a sullen, or as an official described, a loony appearance. The floor in question gave it as his opinion that Gitteau is a

CHICAGO COMMUNIST.

and stated that he had notified it to be a peculiarity of nearly all murderers that their eyes are set far apart, and Gitteau, he said, proves no exception to the rule. When the prisoner arrived at the jail he was attired in a suit and short hair, and wore a drab hat pulled down over his eyes, giving him the appearance of an ugly character. It may be worthy of note to state that some two or three weeks ago Gitteau went to the jail for the purpose of visiting it, but was refused on the ground that it was not visitors' day. He at that time mentioned his name as Gitteau, saying he came from Chicago. When brought to jail to-day, he was admitted by the officer, who had previously refused to allow him to enter, and a mutual recognition took place, Gitteau saying, "You are the man who would not let me go through the jail some time ago." The only other remark that he made before being placed in his cell was that Gen. Sherman would arrive at the jail soon. The two jailers who are now guarding his cell state they have

SEEN HIM AROUND THE JAIL.

several times recently, and on one occasion he appeared to be under the influence of liquor. On one of his visits, subsequent to the first one mentioned, these officers saw Gitteau succeed in reaching the rotunda of the building, where he was noticed examining the scaffolds from which the Hirth murderers were hanged. Gitteau left town immediately after this for some months. One gentleman remarked: "I remember this Gitteau well. He was here two or three years ago, and seemed to have no visible means of support. He preached or lectured on religious and social subjects, upon which he was an enthusiast. He started in here as a lawyer, but failed utterly, and then tried to lift himself into notoriety by lecturing on religion one evening in each week. His card in the newspapers produced to-day, is a literary curiosity. He bored the newspapers by trying to get his manuscript printed. He failed also as a lecturer, and then began life as a tramp of the more respectable order. He was branded by the Hotel-Keepers' association as a dead beat. In appearance he is an American of French extraction, thirty-five to forty years old, medium height, slender build, fair complexion, brown hair, French-shaped mustache, and beard tinged with gray. His whole appearance was that of a dandified

MAN OF SMALL MENTAL CALIBER.

He was unusually fond of notoriety and would go almost any length to get his name in the paper. He was arrested here once for embezzlement. He got the idea in his head that he was fit for an official position and has been trying with all his power to get the consulate at Marseilles. About 9 o'clock the assassin went to a hack stand adjoining the depot and engaged a hack from Barber, 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 into the hack. He agreed to pay \$2 for the hack on condition that the hackman would drive fast. When stopped, the hackman said that 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.

SECRETARY BLAINE'S OBSERVATIONS.

Secretary Blaine was met by a representative