

# POOR DOCUMENT

## GUITEAU PROCLAIMED GUILTY.

THE VERDICT OF THE JURY HAILED WITH GREAT APPLAUSE.  
(Special dispatch of Jan. 25th to the Boston Herald.)

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict," said the young, fair-haired clerk of the criminal court, at 5:30 o'clock this afternoon. "We have," responded gray-haired Foreman Hamlin, standing erect, leaning upon his gold-headed cane. He trembled perceptibly as he realized the importance of the announcement he was about to make, and some of his colleagues seemed as agitated as himself. Two or three of them stood up when he rose, and the others seemed uncertain as to what they should do. However, there was no confusion. In the silence which followed the foreman's first answer, the somewhat tremulous, perfectly clear tones of the clerk sounded with impressive distinctness, as he inquired: "What say you, is the defendant guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty as indicted," said Mr. Hamlin, in his most solemn manner, and then his associates affirmed their entire concurrence in the conclusion which he had announced, amid the stamping of feet and clapping of hands, which was the first greeting in America of this historic verdict. A few hisses were audible in the applause as it began, only a few though, and they were soon dropped in the chorus of approval, which swelled until it was beyond control of the marshal, who, standing within the witness box, shouted "Silence!" until he was hoarse, and the echoing deputy marshals and bailiffs throughout the court room. Only one person in the crowded assemblage seemed absolutely unaffected. Judge, jury, counsel and audience were visibly affected. Emotions of joy were represented by smiles on the faces of the majority, and the minority, a small one, seemed about to burst into tears with grief. Only one man, and that man the one most deeply interested, seemed imperturbable, sitting on a backless chair in the narrow dock, his repulsive, wolfish, wicked face grotesquely illuminated by a tallow candle in a tin candlestick on the broad railing of the dock. The convicted assassin made no movement, and uttered no sound.

There was not the slightest manifestation of interest on his part, except a scarcely perceptible tremor of the upper lip, which has been noticed before during the trial.

"Let the jury be polled," said Mr. Scoville, when the applause had been suppressed, having died a natural death, rising as he made the motion.

"Let the verdict be recorded first," said Col. Corkhill, who had been standing ever since the jury came in, and Mr. Davidge, who rose by his side at this moment, and Clerk Williams, resuming his seat, wrote in the minutes of the court under the title, United States vs. Charles J. Guiteau, "Verdict guilty as indicted."

"Now," said Mr. Scoville, when the clerk had finished, "let the jury be polled if your honor please."

"Yes," said the judge, "poll the jury."

Whereupon, the clerk stood up again, and called the roll of the jury. To each man he propounded the question: "What say you as to the defendant, guilty or not guilty?" To this the foreman first replied, "Guilty," then one by one the other jurors, Brandenburg, Bright, Stewart, Langley, Sheahan, Prather, Hobbs, Browne, Wormley, Heinline, and Gates, rose in their places and responded "Guilty." Mr. Hobbs, who went home to a wifeless house to-night, was the only one whose utterance was at all indistinct. He has been so wrought up by his bereavement as to be choked with emotion at all times within the past few weeks. Bright and Wormley, the colored jury, who were to have "hung" the jury, gave their concurrence louder and clearer than the others. The unanimous conclusion of the jury having been announced, Guiteau, for the first time, spoke, sitting erect, he said, in the familiar, firm, hard tone, apparently without excitement, "My blood will be upon your heads, and don't you forget it," and then resumed his attitude of indifference. Then Mr. Scoville rose to ask when he should file his motion for a new trial and his motion

IN ARREST OF JUDGMENT.  
Judge Cox told him that he could file them at any time within four days. As he finished speaking Guiteau, whose words were evidently beginning to rankle, spoke once more to say, in the same arrogant, defiant way: "God will avenge this outrage on his servant." The last words which he will utter in this court room, which has been for two months the arena of his antics, until he shall appear to receive the sentence of his judge, must, of necessity, be blasphemous. A stranger scene in this epoch of strange things is rarely witnessed than the court room, at the moment of Guiteau's final outgoing. The old-fashioned hall is without gas or even lamps, and was black with the darkness of a late winter afternoon, save as its gloom was made visible by three students' lamps from the marshal's office, and nineteen tallow candles in tin candlesticks, placed in rows on the desks of the judge, the clerk and the correspondents. One placed on the railing of the dock lit up the pale face of the convict. The audience and the jury were in the shadows, which became absolute darkness at the rear,

and against which Mr. Scoville and Col. Corkhill and Mr. Davidge, who stood by the counsel tables, Deputy Marshal Williams, who stood by the dock, surrounded by Guiteau's double guard and Marshal Henry, who stood with ex-Marshall Frederick Douglas, beside the jury, were in strong relief. The silence was as impressive as that of some great cathedral, when

UNDER THE GHOSTLY LIGHT of the flickering candles, Judge Cox turned to the jury, and thanking them for their faithful attendance, and assuring them of his belief that they went to their homes, after their long absence and fatiguing labor, conscious not only of the approval of their consciences, but of their fellow-citizens, discharging them from further service at this term of court. With grateful hearts for their deliverance, they walked out of the court room freely, for the first time since last November Mr. Scoville then having announced his intention to file his twin motions and to take exceptions to the charge of the court to the jury, the court then adjourned until to-morrow. The cynosure of all eyes, more than ever the object of universal interest, but still outwardly calm and confident, whispering to those who cared to speak to him, as he was led hurriedly through the crowd, "This amounts to nothing; the court in banc will reverse a decision made, as this was, in face of the law and the facts," the convicted assassin was conducted for the last time to the waiting room overhead, where he has often enjoyed himself thoroughly after his fashion. The audience, impressed by the solemnity of the occasion, went out slowly, and for the most part, silently, leaving Mr. Scoville at his table, and Judge Cox on the bench, leaning his head on his hand, with an

EXPRESSION OF INTENSE RELIEF. on his handsome face. The court room was soon empty, and the candles and lamps were out. Mr. Scoville went down to his boarding house in quest of Wilson Guiteau, who was not present at all, and Judge Cox walked across Judiciary Square to deliver a lecture at the Columbian College Law school on contracts, while the prisoner, who stopped in the strong room only long enough to get his coat and hat, was hurried through a larger crowd than usual standing on the frozen snow outside, rendering the air with alternate cheers and jeers, to the cold, inhospitable van, and thus he went out alone, though surrounded with guards, into the street and darkness. The almost universal expression of the crowd he left behind was one of personal congratulation at the happy solution of what had at times promised to be a troublesome problem. The jurors were personally thanked by enthusiastic hundreds, some of whom had never seen them before, in the name of the people of America. To their friends the jurors said substantially, what one of them said to your correspondent, that they made up their minds weeks ago, and that they did not require five minutes for deliberation after receiving the charge. Their verdict was rendered on the first ballot.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26.—There was an animated discussion in the Warden's room at the jail this afternoon between Mr. Scoville and Warden Crocker over Guiteau's new address.

It was arranged that for the next week no one shall be permitted to interview the prisoner, and that no communication shall go to him or come from him without passing through Mr. Scoville's hands. When Guiteau spoke of his address Mr. Scoville at once told him that he must not attempt anything of the kind in the future as it only prejudiced his case and injured his ultimate prospects. Mr. Scoville's manner was kind but firm as he added:

"You have talked and written too much already, and to your own utterances you are indebted for the verdict which was given yesterday."

"Guiteau's eye flashed with anger and with great vehemence he turned upon Mr. Scoville and poured out a torrent of denunciation.

"It was your blunderous management that did it—a series of mistakes all the way through. In the first place, the idea of putting Spitzka on the stand—a bright fellow, and he meant well; but what did his evidence amount to? Simply that I was a moral monstrosity, just playing right into the hands of the prosecution and supporting their theory of depravity instead of insanity. Then my sister, with that axe story, another evidence of depravity according to the prosecution; and then, last of all, my brother. I have made an appeal to the people, and I shall soon have plenty of money, and then I will employ two or three first-class lawyers, and when I get my case to the court in General Term they will put this thing all right."

"But," expostulated Mr. Scoville, "don't you see that the papers comment on your address, and the people look at them in a different light from what you intend and expect?"

"No they don't," angrily retorted Guiteau. "Don't I read the papers, and haven't I got judgment?"

Mr. Scoville—Now, can't you yet see the folly of this course? Have you read what the jury say about your talk and your speech?"

Guiteau—I don't care a snap what the jury says. A nice lot they are to sit in

judgment on a Christian gentleman when, by their own showing, they passed their time smoking, drinking grog, and playing cards.

## CANNIBALISM IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The following sickening story comes from the frontier between Massachusetts and New York:

At the house of Mr. Calkins had boarded for several years Simon A. Vandercook, a powerfully built man, of fine personal appearance, between 55 and 60 years of age, and weighing something over 200 pounds. One evening Vandercook didn't come home as usual, and Calkins felt so uneasy that he went up to a shanty occupied by an aged man named Oscar F. Beckwith, to inquire for him. Beckwith said that a stranger from Chatham, N. Y., had called there that day, and that Vandercook would not return before March. Calkins noticed that the stove in the shanty was red-hot, and he also detected the smell of burning meat. Upon inquiring the cause of this smell, Beckwith told him that he had just been burning some ham rinds. Calkins then returned home, but, after thinking the matter over, he, with others, returned to the place. This time he found the building fastened, and, supposing that Beckwith had gone to sleep, made no effort to enter. The next morning a party of men, headed by a constable, broke into the house, and upon proceeding to make an investigation of the premises, their attention was directed to the stove, one of the ordinary box pattern.

## A SICKENING SPECTACLE.

On opening this was revealed the head, feet and one hand of a human body charred and blackened by fire. Sickened, by the sight, but resolutely bent on probing the matter to the bottom, the party pursued its investigations. In the adjoining room, lying alongside a miserable cot, they found the rest of a human body, the trunk split through the backbones, with several ribs split off, and the entrails taken out and lying in a basket near by. The naked body, waiting in a pool of blood, was a most horrible sight, and the lookers-on shrank back appalled. Great slices of flesh had been cut from the arms and legs, and evidence of a ghastly and fiendish purpose was complete. The clothing of the dead man lay in a heap beside him, while near by were his boots and overalls. The body was fully identified as that of Vandercook. The head, right arm, left hand, and both feet were severed from the body, the chest was cut midway through the sternum, while the entire back bone had been taken out and burned, together with the liver, head, left hand and both feet. The left hip was missing, and the rest of the body was cut into lengths of about one foot. The bowels and entrails had been taken out and placed in a half bushel basket. The skull was so burned that it crumbled to pieces at a touch. A wound from some sharp instrument was found on the body near the shoulder. The remains were deposited at Green River—a small village in the town of Austerlitz—in a hog pen, and who were apparently at liberty to paw over the mutilated fragments to their hearts' content.

The latest development in the case are the most horrid of all. The theory is—and it is a well founded one—that Beckwith is a cannibal. It is thought that he intended to eat portions of Vandercook's body, it being rumored that the liver of the victim was found in Beckwith's frying pan cooked, and a portion of it gone. It is also claimed that the murderer had washed his victims' remains, and others were prepared then for salting down in a barrel, to serve as a supply of food during the winter. That Beckwith's stomach was not too fastidious for this sort of diet, would seem to be implied by the remark of the stage driver, "that Beckwith ate one of his own horses that died from disease early this winter." Some of the people of Alford say that they have heard the murderer boast that he

## HAD EATEN HUMAN FLESH.

in Australia, and that he could do it again, if necessary. It is called to mind that an lady, named Mrs. Willesey Peck, went out baying on the mountain in the vicinity of Beckwith's cabin, several years ago, and has never since been seen. At the time of her disappearance 100 men made search for her. Now Beckwith's recent crime gives color to the suspicion that he also murdered this woman, and perhaps ate portions of her flesh. When Beckwith was last in the village of Great Barrington, a few weeks ago, he inquired of one of the butchers whether he wished to purchase some pork. When his cabin was searched, soon after the murder, no pork or other provisions of any account could be found, and the startling query is now raised, among those possessed of vivid imaginations, whether he intended to sell human flesh as pork. There is evidence that Beckwith tried to conceal the traces of his crime in a cool and calculating manner. One of Vandercook's feet, which was considerably deformed, was cut off and burned, and the flesh about a bullet wound, in one of his hips, was also cut out and destroyed. Beckwith's cabin has been burned, and it is reported that there has been found, beneath the rubbish, a subterranean passage, in which it is thought that the remains of some of his victims have been buried. The authorities were so tardy in stirring

in the matter, after the terrible crime had been discovered, that the murderer managed to get away. He was seen several times at points distant from the tragedy, but no one seemed to take any special interest in securing his arrest. It is said Beckwith was once a counterfeiter. He is thought to be a native of Alford, is some 72 years of age, and, so far as can be learned, a widower. Some years ago he went to California overland, a good portion of the way on foot, and stayed there some time. In 1877 he returned from a Kansas trip, bringing with him 35 head of cattle. He is a roving, restless man, and has been in the habit of taking long trips over the mountains. Beckwith is said to have been in the habit of carrying two revolvers. Beckwith was a gold hunter in California, and is familiar with the mining business. He said he had killed a good many Indians, and "some pretty white, too." Whether his stories are believed or not, it is certain that a good many people about Alford have feared him. Though an old man, he was quite strong and fitted to stand hardship. It is not believed he will ever be arrested.

## CAPT. MOONLIGHT AND HIS GANG.

New York, Jan. 24, 1882.—A Cork despatch of last night gives the following details of the trial and sentence of the Twoheys. Jeremiah and James Twohey, two of the thirty men arrested on information supplied by Connell, alias Capt. Moonlight, were tried to-day, and sentenced each to seven years' penal servitude. Connell, during the cross-examination, stated that, at a general meeting of the body, he was unanimously elected lieutenant-armer of the Mill street district, which embraces an area of 15 or 20 square miles. The captain is Jeremiah Riordan, a baker's son in Mill street. All the members had sworn on the Bible to observe the following oath:

"I swear to be true and faithful to the Irish republic, to obey my superiors, and to take up all arms when required. Death to the traitor, so help me God!"

The oath was in writing. "I swore it myself," said Connell, "and would never have turned informer but that I was informed on by some one who swore that oath. I swore in about a dozen members who were brought me by fellow-members for that purpose. We were not in the habit of swearing members against their will, though we slept at farmers' houses without being asked. I always commanded in the absence of the captain. The captain made written orders in a book kept for the purpose. My duty was to copy these and see them executed. Two of the orders so copied by me were found on me when arrested. One of them reads: 'Pat Twohey and Pat Ring, with four men, to appear under arms at an early hour at James Twohey's, on the night of the 30th December. Bring heavy shears and false whisks for Owen Riordan, also.' The other reads: 'Regimental order by Capt. Moonlight for appointing raids on the 30th of December: James Sullivan, to be shot in the legs; his mother and daughter clipped for dealing with the Haggerty; John Linahan, story telling, to be clipped; Dennis Costley, for turning out his laborer, to be shot in the legs; Maurice O'Brien, to be shot in the legs for paying rent.'

Replying to the crown counsel, Connell said that he had no communication with the authorities previous to his arrest. There was no foundation for the assertion that he had made a pre-arrangement with the police to get arrested. "There were rewards given us for bravery. I myself got £12 from Dublin. The letter had a post mark, but there was nothing to show from whom it came. Members could have the choice of either money or medals. I saw some medals; Riordan, the captain, has one." Connell added: "There are moonlight bands in other districts, and captains whom I don't know." Judge Fitzgerald, in charging the jury, said that, independently of Connell's testimony, there was strong testimony against the prisoners. The state of affairs was shocking, and there could be no doubt but Fenianism in its worst form was deeply rooted in the country. The jury, after two hours, found the prisoners guilty. Judge Fitzgerald said that the sentence would have a good effect on the community, though from his experience he thought the trouble would not end. The evidence of Connell has created a profound sensation.

A REMARKABLE CONSUMER OF DRUGS.—Sarah Gorham, one of the most expensive citizens Indianapolis, Ind., has ever had, died recently at the county asylum, where she has been an inmate 35 years. She was a native of Scotland, and has no known relatives, her parents having been shipwrecked en route here 40 years ago, she alone of the family being saved. A marvel in connection with this woman was the inordinate quantities of opium she consumed. For several months past her daily allowance ran from 90 to 100 grains of opium, beside one pint of whiskey and more or less morphine. She has been known to consume 200 grains of opium a day, and the enormous quantity may be judged when it is considered that three or four grains is a fatal dose to a person unaccustomed to the drug.

James R. Keene has nine and Pierre Lorillard forty-nine entries for the spring handicaps in England.

## TO RENT.

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## New Brunswick

RAILWAY COMPANY. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. COMMENCING TUESDAY, January 3rd, 1882. Trains carrying passengers will run as follows:

LEAVE GIBSON, 7.45 A. M., for Woodstock, Grand Falls, Edmundston, Presque Isle and intermediate stations.

LEAVE WOODSTOCK, 11.00 A. M., for Grand Falls, Edmundston, Presque Isle and intermediate stations.

LEAVE WOODSTOCK, 1.10 P. M., for Gibson and intermediate stations.

LEAVE PRESQUE ISLE, 6.30 A. M., for Gibson, Woodstock and intermediate stations.

LEAVE EDMUNDSTON, 10.30 A. M., for Woodstock, Presque Isle, Woodstock, Gibson and intermediate stations.

Passengers for St. Leonard and Edmundston arrive at Grand Falls 6.00 p. m., where they will remain until 6.30 a. m., next day, at which time they will leave for Woodstock.

Passengers from St. Leonard, Edmundston and Grand Falls for points south of Aroostook will remain at Aroostook until 9.15 a. m., next day, or will be taken free of charge to Grand Falls, where good hotel accommodation can be procured. Trains leave Fort Fairfield at 8.45 a. m.

Passengers for Bangor, Portland, Boston and points West, connect at Woodstock with the N. B. & C. Railway train, which leave Woodstock at 2 p. m., making connection at Vanocro with night trains for the West.

Passengers from the West by night train can also make connection with the 11.00 a. m. train from Woodstock to Presque Isle, Grand Falls, etc. Freight trains run between all stations.

ALFRED SEELY, Asst. Superintendent. Gibson, Jan. 4, 1882.

## ORGANS. ORGANS.

Just received direct from the Manufactory TWO SUPERIOR CABINET ORGANS. WILCOX & WHITE, MAKERS. Which will be sold cheap for cash or approved paper. JOHN RICHARDS & SON. 12-17-81

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## 1881. CHRISTMAS. 1881.

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He feels confident in saying that the stock of BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS and OVERBOOTS to be found at

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FASHIONABLE SHOE STORE is the largest in the city.

In fact his stock is such that he is able to meet the wants of the most fastidious.

Wholesale and Retail buyers will find an excellent stock to select from.

Give him a call and see for yourself.

POLITE TREATMENT, whether you purchase or not.

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Scotch and New Brunswick Apples, at G. T. WHELPLEY'S, Under the Barker House.

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