

# THE GUTEAU FAMILY.

A SKETCH BY THE ONLY SURVIVING BROTHER OF THE ASSASSIN.

*From the Boston Herald, July 10.*

The following statement is made by John Wilson Guiteau, the only surviving brother of Charles Julius Guiteau, who shot President Garfield July 2:

Charles Julius Guiteau was born at Freeport, Ill., Sept. 8, 1841, and was the fourth child of Luther Wilson Guiteau and Jane A., his wife. He never held any position of trust, responsibility, or profit under any Government, corporation, firm, or society.

Luther W. Guiteau, the father, was born in Utica, N. Y., March 2, 1810, and was the youngest and eleventh child of Dr. Francis Guiteau and his wife, Hannah Wilson Guiteau, of Charlotte, Vt. He died at Freeport, Ill., July 21, 1880, at the age of 70, the oldest age attained by any member of his father's family. From the date of its organization to his death he was the Cashier of the Second National Bank of Freeport, Ill. He removed to Freeport from Ann Arbor, Mich., where the writer (John W.) was born in the Fall of 1836, and lived there, with the exception of a short residence in Wisconsin, until the day of his death. In his youth he was a druggist, subsequently a dry goods merchant in the firm of Maynard & Guiteau, Ann Arbor, and subsequently at Freeport on his own account. He became an earnest Christian in early life, and died in the faith, having lived a consistent and conscientious life, honored and loved in the community where he lived and died. He was actively connected with whatever appertained to public interests, financial, political, or educational. Most of his life he was a merchant. Politically he was a Whig, an anti-slavery man, and a Radical Republican. He was a popular man, having been twice elected Clerk of the Circuit Court and Recorder of the county. He was for years School Fund Commissioner of the county, and nearly always an active member of school committees. He organized the first Sunday-school in Freeport, and canvassed the county advocating the people to subscribe for the stock of the first railroad built there. Horatio G. Burchard, the present Superintendent of Mints, was a Director in father's bank and knew him intimately.

Dr. Francis Guiteau, Jr., was the son of Dr. Francis Guiteau, Sr. The former was born Nov. 13, 1765, (I suppose in Pittsfield or Deerfield, Mass.) and died in Whitesboro, N. Y., April 18, 1825, from injuries received by being thrown from his chaise while in active practice of his profession. He also was a Christian and a man of strong character and ability. His father, Dr. Francis Guiteau, Sr., died July 12, 1814, in Deerfield, Mass., at the age of 78. I have no record of the family further back than this; our ancestors were Huguenot exiles, having fled to America on account of Catholic persecution immediately after the siege of Rochelle and the surrender of that place. All who have borne our name have heretofore had a laudable pride in their ancestry and the high character of the descendants, none of whom, until this evil hour, have ever brought reproach upon it. Dr. Luther Guiteau, Sr., was an eminent physician of his day, and practiced in Trenton, N. J., where his son, Dr. Luther Guiteau, now resides and practices. The former was my father's uncle and the latter his cousin. Frederic W. Guiteau, of Irvington, N. Y., belongs to this branch of the family, being a brother of Dr. Luther, Jr. Thus, on the father's side, the family is of French origin, but of American birth for many generations.

The mother of Charles Julius, myself, and Mrs. George Scoville, (*née* Frances M. Guiteau,) was a woman of rare purity of life and Christian character, as well as a lady of cultivation. She was the daughter of Major John Howe, a man of heroic individuality and sterling old-fashioned character. He was a surveyor by profession, and at one time was a Custom-house officer at Sandy Creek, N. Y., but when my mother was born resided in Denmark, N. Y. His people were of English origin. I recollect that he was an intense temperance man, and would never hire or fellowship with a man who drank to any excess. He was a Jackson Democrat. His son, John Randolph Howe, was in early life a sailor, but in manhood Captain of some of the largest passenger steamers running from Chicago to the upper lake region, and was noted for his gamy qualities and reliability. Grandfather Howe was, with my father, a pioneer in the West.

I have given this family history of my brother, as it may have a legal bearing on his responsibility for the foul assassination he has attempted. May the President be spared to his family and the country.

I know of no case of insanity in either my father's or my mother's family, with the exception that my father had a brother who died, at the age of 29, Dec. 20, 1829, in the insane asylum in New-York City, his insanity being caused by disappointment and remorse at the result of a duel in which he killed his rival in an affair of love. No record of particulars. I see by the papers that Julius says he has two cousins who are insane. I think this is not true, as I never heard of any other case than the one I have mentioned.

I have but little personal knowledge of my brother's life. Our mother died in 1848, when I was 14 years of age and he 7. Soon afterward my father removed to and lived for a year or two in Port Ulaio, Wis., where he, my grandfather, Major Howe, and my uncle, Capt. Howe, owned a pier and a large tract of woodland and other property. Julius went there, but I remained at Freeport, pursuing my studies. In 1852 I commenced the study of law at Freeport, went to Chicago in the law office of Goodrich & Scoville, and in January, 1853, to Davenport, Iowa, in the law office of the Hon. James Grant. In 1869 I removed to New-York, and for two years was statistician of the largest company in the world. Since 1871 I have lived in Boston. Julius and I never knew each other intimately. What I did know of him was by seeing him occasionally, at intervals of years, and hearing unpleasant things of him through the newspapers, by letters from my father, and by what I saw and heard while he was in Boston two years ago. Upon reading the report of his attempted assassination of the President, I immediately concluded that my duty to the country and my family was at once to give to the public all the facts I knew about him, and, after consulting with one of the proprietors of the *Boston Herald*, who is my friend, I gave an interview to a reporter of that paper from the best recollections I could then recall of the facts of his career and my impressions of his character, as I had heard it from time to time. Saturday evening reporters for other newspapers called at my house, and I gave them all the information I could and any facts which would soonest relieve the intense excitement likely to become a flame of revengeful indignation if the impression remained that the assault was the result of an assassination plot directed by disappointed politicians. I knew that my brother had been for years insane to a certain degree, and, knowing less about his life and character than I have since learned by reading the various accounts of him which have been published, I supposed his insanity had reached a point of wild irresponsibility; that he had committed the act in a moment of mad frenzy, under the hallucination excited by the failure of his crazy attempts to get an office and the interest he had taken in the Senatorial fight at Albany. Whether he is insane to the extent of not knowing the moral character and effect of his own act, or of losing the power to restrain his criminal intentions, if he had any desire to do so, will undoubtedly be properly investigated in the light of all the facts by the proper tribunal.

A most atrocious, foul, and bloody murder has been committed, or attempted, in the assassination of the President of a great Republic. The crime is against the Nation and the progress of Christian civilization throughout the world, and it becomes every one not to think of himself and his own life or interests, but to stand for righteousness and justice and against sin, whether manifested in personal or national affairs, leaving to God the execution of His judgments with speedy severity, and to exercise His mercy and forgiveness to those who first are truly penitent and sorrowful. The President may die—the Nation may pass through the deep waters of civil commotion and distress for a time—but God lives and reigns.

I respectfully, and in deep humiliation and sorrow, request the prayers of all who know God in spirit and in truth, that the Father may cause my brother's darkened understanding to be opened, that the evil spirit which now possesses him may be cast out, and that he may in true penitence and sorrow turn, while he yet has life, to the God his father and mother and his ancestors for so many generations loved and worshiped, and to his Lord and only possible Saviour, upon whose name and cause he has brought the reproach of a false and wicked life, to the great injury of those who do not believe, but lay the sins of hypocritical and lying professors to the door of a religion which never fails of good in those who are true to its pure teaching and almighty power.

JOHN WILSON GUTEAU.

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