

**Charles J. Guiteau**

Washington, D.C., 1 June 1882.

Autograph manuscript signed, 6 pages.

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For Saturday Star.

My Case.

Today, before [*struck: I*] my God

I stand,

A patriot and a Christian man;

Condemned, by men to die;

For Obeying,

God's Command.

“Ye murdered Garfield,

And ye must die”.

‘Twas God's will,

Not mine,

That he should die.

Thirty eight cases,

In the Bible

Can be found,

Where the Almighty

Has directed

[*struck: The*] The Removal

Of Rulers, who were going wrong.

I executed,

The Divine Command

And Garfield did remove,

To save my party,

And my country

From the bitter fate of War. –  
(A war with Chile and [*struck*: Perrue] Peru;  
[2] If nothing worse,  
Concocted by the scheming brain of Blaine.)  
For this;  
Say fools and devils,  
“On the gallows, ye must die!”

Had ye Garfield,  
Were living,  
And die in War?, or,  
Garfield, dead, to [*struck*: die,] live,  
In peace?  
Garfield, dead,  
Is worth more than  
[*struck*: Than] Garfield living;  
Because, Garfield, under  
Blaine’s vindictive spirit,  
Proved a traitor,  
To the men that made him,  
    And imperilled the Republic  
Hang Blaine!  
If some one ye [*struck*: will] must hang;  
For his vindictive spirit,  
Caused poor Garfield’s death.

Garfield’s exit in New Jersey,  
Was an act of God.  
But the Washington Court,  
In bane.  
[3] Are cowards,

And cranks,  
And failed [*struck*: to]  
To execute the law.  
(For six and twenty states  
Have passed laws,  
To remedy the defects.  
Of the common law,  
Which they followed  
To get their law!)

These gentlemen  
In bane,  
Would have me go,  
Whether or no,  
I appeal, therefore,  
To higher officials,  
For justice and freedom.

My inspiration made  
General Arthur President.  
He made Supreme Court Judges.  
To their courts,  
I Appeal,  
To test the legality,  
Of my conviction.  
I judge the United States  
Supreme Court Judges  
Have backbone and brains.  
[4] To administer the law,  
As they find it,  
And they will say: go.

Arthur, and his officials, Know,  
I saved our party and our land.  
They fatten at the public crib,  
While I, in prison, languish;  
Condemned to die!  
Is this right? I say no.  
It is the basest ingratitude,  
And nothing but a sickly sentiment, –  
Makes it so. –  
That I should pi[*struck: m*][*inserted: n*]e, and die  
While they fatten at the crib.  
Because, I made them;  
And saved my county, [*struck: and*]  
And theirs, from overthrow.  
A[*struck: nd*][*inserted: s*] men of honor,  
They are bound,  
To stand by me, now.  
And woe, [*struck: be*]  
Be unto them,  
If they do not!

Moses killed a man.  
This made Pharaoh mad.  
And Moses he would slay.  
[5] God kept Moses.  
He will me.  
I fear no man!

Fools and devils,  
Crucified Our Lord.  
“Father, forgive them”.

But the Almighty,  
Does not,  
Do business,  
That way!  
The [*struck: answer*] [*inserted: retribution*] came,  
[*struck: q*][*inserted: Q*]uick and sharp,  
In fire and [*struck: flood*] [*inserted: blood,*]  
In shot and shell,  
In endless pain [*struck: !*]

[*struck: illegible phrases*  
Rename, ye Americans,  
And ye men of power,  
What ye do;]  
[*inserted: When Jerusalem went out!*  
(See my book on this.)  
So it will be, –  
With my enemies.  
For I am God's Man,  
And don't forget it!]

Lest the almighty  
Follow you,  
As he did  
The Jews!

[6] This [*inserted: is*] fact; not blasphemy.  
Corkhill his wife did loose.  
And Gray was shot.  
And thus, did God relati<sup>ate</sup> [*sic*]!

Some think me a devil.  
Some a lunatic.  
Some an inspired patriot.  
The last is right;  
And I stick to it!  
I Command,  
All men, every where,  
To believe it,  
Under penalty,  
Of God's wrath.

Charles Guiteau

United States Jail

Washington D.C

[*struck*: m] June 1, 1882.

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Notes: On page 5 of Guiteau's poem, several lines of the second stanza were pasted over with a smaller sheet of paper. This made the first three lines illegible due to the adhesive. As the remaining three lines are legible they have been indicated in the transcript. All the text is in Guiteau's hand and the additional text appears to be a revised stanza.

