

WHY LINCOLN WAS KILLED.

A Hitherto Unpublished Chapter in American History.

New York Truth.

Among the chosen friends of John Wilkes Booth's boyhood was a dashing, chivalrous young man by the name of John Y. Beal, whose home was in the beautiful Shenandoah valley, not far from Winchester. When the war broke out Beal, who was a fanatical secessionist, went to Canada, and from there joined a party of Southerners engaged in carrying on an irregular kind of warfare on the northern lakes against the Union. Their chief object was to release Confederate prisoners of war quartered on Johnson's Island, near Sandusky, O., but they also set fire to ships and public buildings, and even took measures to send infected clothing into the North for the purpose of spreading the pestilence. Finally a number of them were captured, and the rest disappeared. Among the unfortunate who fell into the hands of the enraged Northerners was young Beal. He was brought before a court martial and convicted of an attempt to wreck a passenger train near Buffalo. The sentence was death by the rope.

One afternoon, while Beal was under sentence of death, there alighted from a carriage two men, who walked into the room occupied by Washington McLean, editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer, who was at the time in Washington in the interests of his business. The visitors were Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, and John Wilkes Booth. Booth was anxious to save the life of his friend Beal, and had interested the Senator in his behalf.

They importuned McLean to go with them to the President—as a Democrat, as a friend of Booth, as a man who exercised influence over Mr. Lincoln—and to vouch with Mr. Hale for any promises Booth might make in return for this great favor to him. After a protracted interview, Mr. McLean decided that the best plan would be for him to write to the President, begging for Beal's pardon. Should a letter not have the desired effect, Mr. McLean promised to intercede personally with Mr. Lincoln. Before his visitors left, however, he advised them to enlist the sympathies of Colonel Forney on Beal's behalf.

Booth was not slow in following the advice. Not being personally acquainted with the gallant Colonel, he visited one of the latter's friends, Colonel Lee, an old Washington resident. Through Colonel Lee and Thaddeus Stevens, then the Republican leader of Pennsylvania, Colonel Forney was induced to address an earnest letter to his friend the President, imploring him to exercise his clemency for the convicted man.

Several days passed, but neither Forney's nor McLean's letters were answered. The date fixed for the execution was rapidly approaching, and Booth became alarmed. Once more, accompanied by Hale, he knocked at Mr. McLean's door. The latter declared himself ready to fulfill his promise. It was an hour or more past midnight when Hale, McLean and Booth were driven to the White House. The guard, at McLean's request, admitted the carriage to the grounds. Mr. Lincoln was called from his sleep, and there, in the dead of night, he sat and listened to the prayers of Booth and the indorsement of those who came with him to ask the favor of executive clemency.

This interview lasted until four in the morning. It was one of tears, prayers and petitions. There was not a dry eye in the room as Booth knelt at the feet of the President, clasping his knees with his hands and begging him to spare the life of a man—a personal friend, who, in serving the ones he loved, had come to the door of death.

Booth told all. He told how, long before, in a fit of passion to do some bold deed, he joined a conspiracy to kidnap the President and hold him a hostage for the release of certain military prisoners who were Booth's friends, and who it was thought were to be shot. He told of the meeting they held at the house of Mrs. Surratt, and that all of that plan had fallen to the ground long before.

He offered his services at any time, and in any place or capacity, free of cost and fearless of consequences. The eminent gentlemen who were there with him joined in the request that the prayer of Booth be granted, and that Beal should be pardoned.

At last President Lincoln, with tears streaming down his face, took Booth by the hands, bade him arise and stand like a man, and gave him his promise that Beal should be pardoned. He then asked the party to depart that he might gain rest for the work of the morrow, and said the official document that they asked should be forwarded at once to the United States Marshal, Robert Murray in New York, and through him to the officers charged with the execution of Beal.

After breakfast next morning, Lincoln informed Seward, Secretary of State, what he had done, or promised to do. Seward said it must not be done; that public sentiment in the North demanded that Beal should be hung. He declared that to pardon Beal would be to discourage enlistment, lengthen the war and insult the sentiment that called for blood. He chided Lincoln for making such promises without asking the advice of his Cabinet, or advising with himself (Seward) on State policy. As the argument grew warm Seward declared that, if the conduct of the war was to be trifled with by appeals to humanity, he should go out of the

Cabinet, and use his influence against the President, and should declare him as being in sympathy with the South. Lincoln yielded and Beal was executed. The reaction on Lincoln's nervous system was such that for days he was far from well.

The effect on Booth was terrible. He raved like a madman, and swore that Lincoln and Seward should both pay for the agony and grief he had been put to. From the death of Beal, Booth brooded over schemes of vengeance for that which he considered a personal affront. His rage took in Seward, and he engaged Harold, Atzerod and others to avenge Beal's death by killing Seward, while he wrecked human vengeance on the President.

At last the hour came. Booth killed Lincoln. His friends and relatives, or avengers of Beal, tried their best to kill Seward, but failed.

Such is the true inwardness of one of the most horrible and startling tragedies of modern times.

Served Him Right.

An interesting case came up before the recorder, Saturday, in Rome, N. Y., between a schoolma'am and a scholar. The complainant was a 19-year-old burly fellow by the name of William Brodock. The prisoner was Miss Helen M. Stevens, of Delta. The complainant was man grown and appeared in court with his pants in his boots, and wore an air of defiance. The teacher is a young lady of petite figure, black eyes, clear complexion, and an abundance of wavy black hair, which partly concealed a fine forehead. She was attired in a garnet velvet dress, a black cloak and white hat. The complaint against the fair prisoner was assault and battery, alleging that undue and unnecessary violence was used in trying to govern the complainant and maintain order in the school. The evidence on the part of the prosecution showed that the teacher attempted to make the complainant mind by using her hand, then a book, and lastly a stick of wood. The latter was produced in court as evidence. It was a dry hemlock stick, about an inch and a half through, and stove-wood length. The young man displayed marks on his shoulders where he was flogged by his teacher.

The latter was sworn in her own behalf, and said that Brodock disobeyed her; that he used profane and insulting language; that she attempted to punish him with a book and he knocked it out of her hand; that he continued to resist her and be impudent, whereupon she took the stick of wood and subdued him. She told a straightforward story, and won the favor of the crowd in attendance.

After reviewing the evidence, the recorder said that the prisoner had a right to use such means to maintain order as the circumstances and occasion required; that, taking into consideration the size of the scholar, his age and his manner on that occasion, his conduct was such that the prisoner was fully justified in adopting the course which she did. She was discharged and congratulated by her many friends present.

One Legged Pants.

A one-legged soldier walking up the Bowery was accosted by a clothing merchant with the usual "Sell you something to-day?" Entering the store the veteran was invited to inspect the large stock, but having looked through the pile of coats and vests and pants he turned to go saying that he saw nothing there that would suit him.

"Well, vat you wants?" "I want a pair of one-legged pantaloons."

"Vas dat all? Yacob bring me one of dem one-legged pants on dat pile in the corner." In a few minutes Jacob returned and reported that the last pair had just been sold.

Meantime the partner next door, who had been listening through the thin partition had mapped out a plan of campaign against the one legged cripple.

"Yohn," he whispered to an attendant "cut me off de leg of one of dem gray pants and sew him up quick."

By the time this had been done the soldier had hobbled out of the first store only to be inveigled into the second. Again he went through the inspection of odds and ends, and again demanded one legged pants, intimating that he didn't believe the trader had them.

"Not haf one-legged pants! Fadder Moses vat you takes me for? Yohn, bring me one of dem gray one-legged pants in dot pile in de back of de store."

The newly altered pants were produced, and the waggish soldier gave himself up as lost. But as he spread them before him he became conscious, as did the dealer, of something wrong?

"Mein Gott! Fadder Abraham! Yohn, you haf ruined me! You haf cut off de wrong leg!"

PERSONAL POINTS.

Captain DeLong, of Arctic fame, was an office boy at \$3 a week in New York twenty years ago.

President Arthur keeps his dead wife's portrait, which hangs in his room at the White House, wreathed with flowers, which are renewed every day.

The ex-Empress Eugenie is said to be fading and breaking down rapidly. Once a famed beauty, though not yet aged, she already shows the heavy hand of time. The once lithe and graceful figure is bent; and the

glossy nut brown hair is faded silvery white by grief and reverse of fortune. Her health is failing and she is a mere wreck of the once glorious woman who ruled the world's fashion from the Tuilleries.

President Arthur is, perhaps, the Inter-Ocean thinks, the most methodical man of business who has occupied the Executive chair for a quarter of a century. He understands the entire business of the Executive Mansion, dictates replies to all important letters received, and is so thoroughly conversant with the facts involved in important questions brought before him as to surprise those who call to enlighten him.

The acting Vice-President, Senator David Davis, performed a picturesque little deed of kindness on Christmas Eve. He sent to the tailor a small and ragged newsboy, from whom he usually buys his papers at the Capital, and had the youth entirely clothed from cap to boots. Then after having his hair cut, the amiable Senator took the boy to his room, gave him some fatherly advice, and sent him home rejoicing in the possession of a Christmas gift of small coin. It is said of Senator David Davis that he "is constantly doing that sort of thing."

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NOTICE OF FINAL ENTRY.

LAND OFFICE AT HELENA, MONTANA, December 29, 1881.
Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at Helena, Montana, on Saturday, January 28th, 1882, viz: James Edwin Lyon, pre-emption declaratory statement No. 5,397 for S. half of the S. E. quarter, the S. E. quarter of the S. W. quarter, and lot 4 of section 18, township No. 33 N., range 5 W. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Charles W. Grey, John W. Ward and Herman U. Dennis, of Old Agency, Chouteau county, M. T., and William Simms, of Helena, Lewis and Clarke, M. T.
J. H. Mos, Register.

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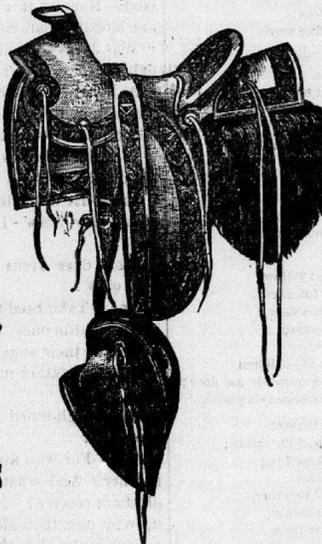
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