

THE AVENGER'S DOOM,
OR THE
SINGULAR, THRILLING, AND EXCITING HISTORY
AND
LAMENTABLE FATE
OF
J. O. BEAUCHAMP AND MISS ANN COOKE.

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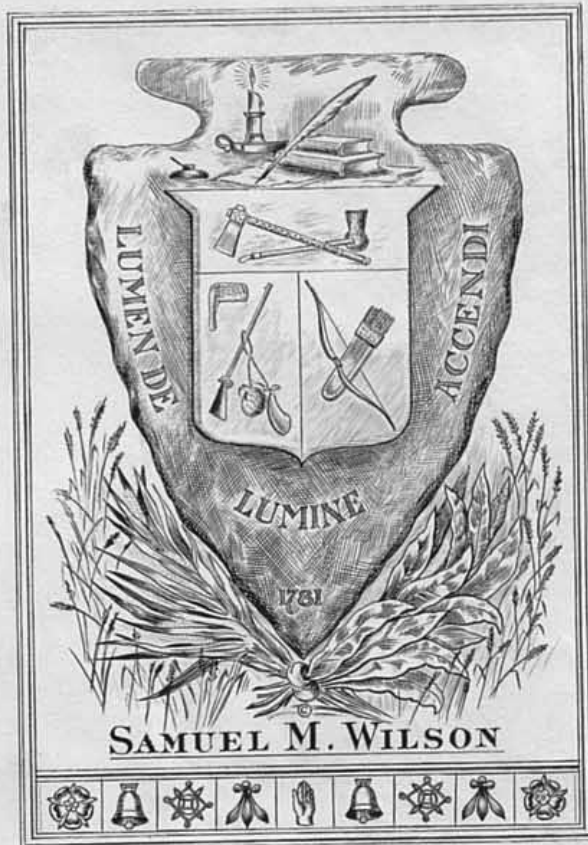
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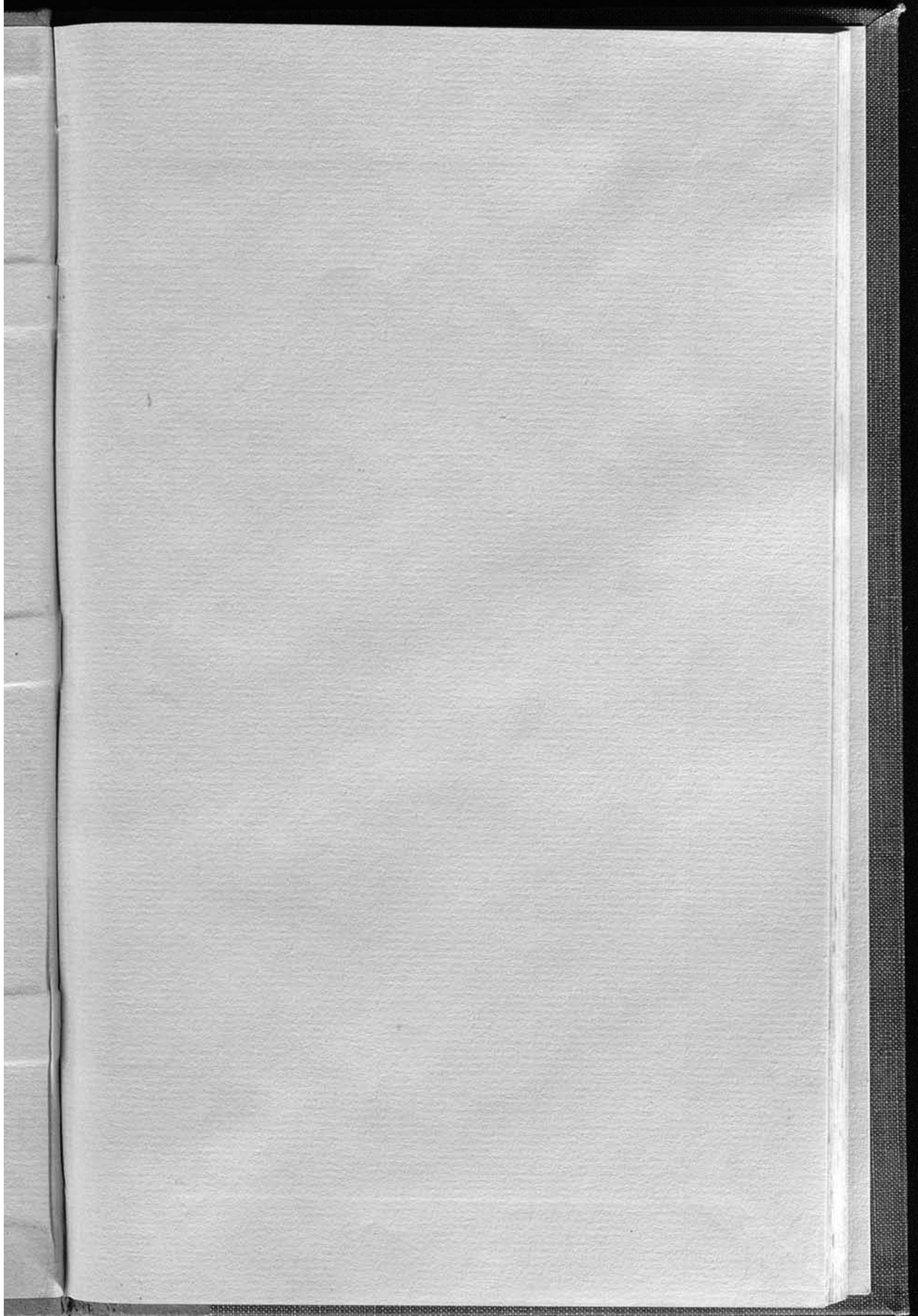
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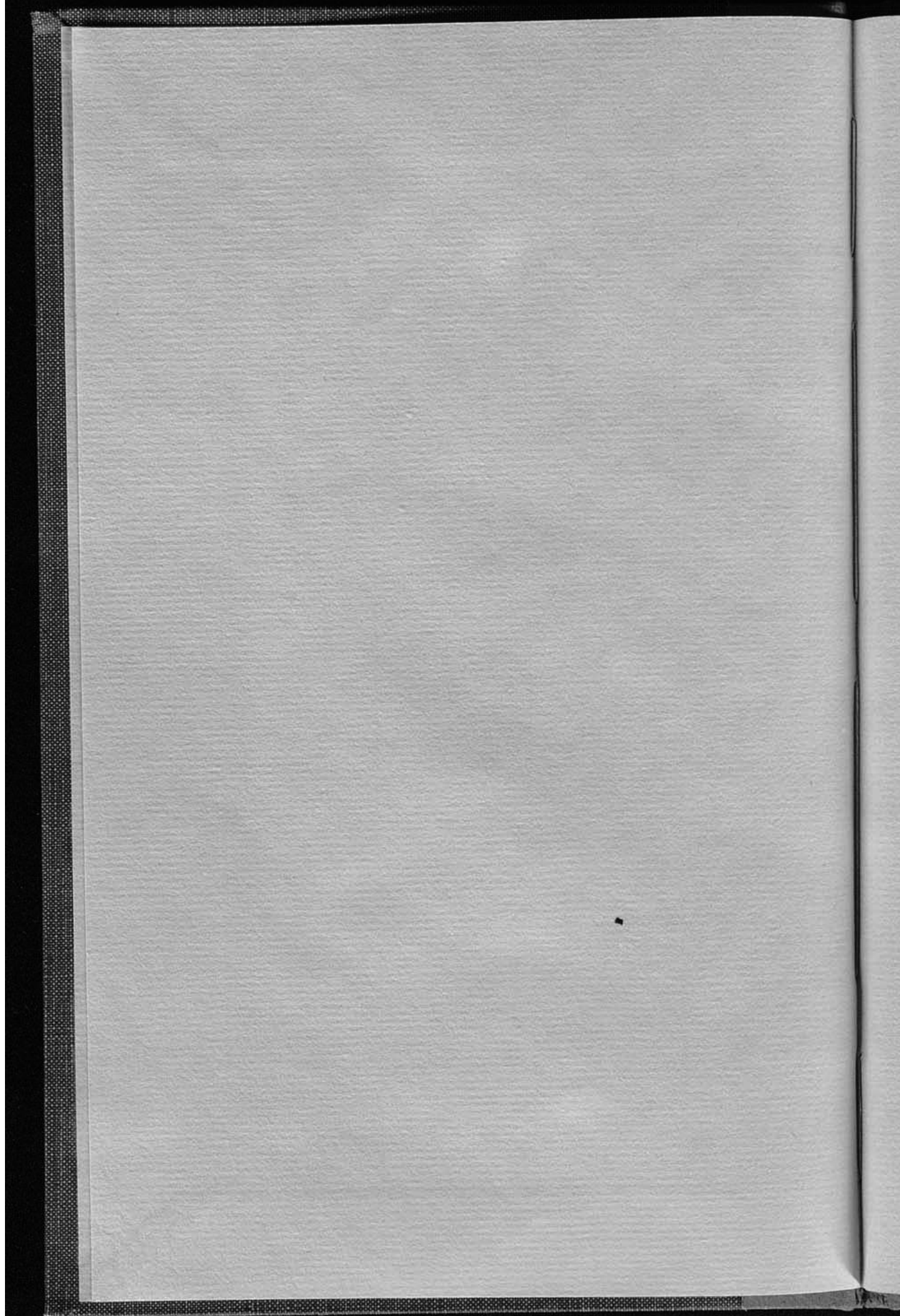
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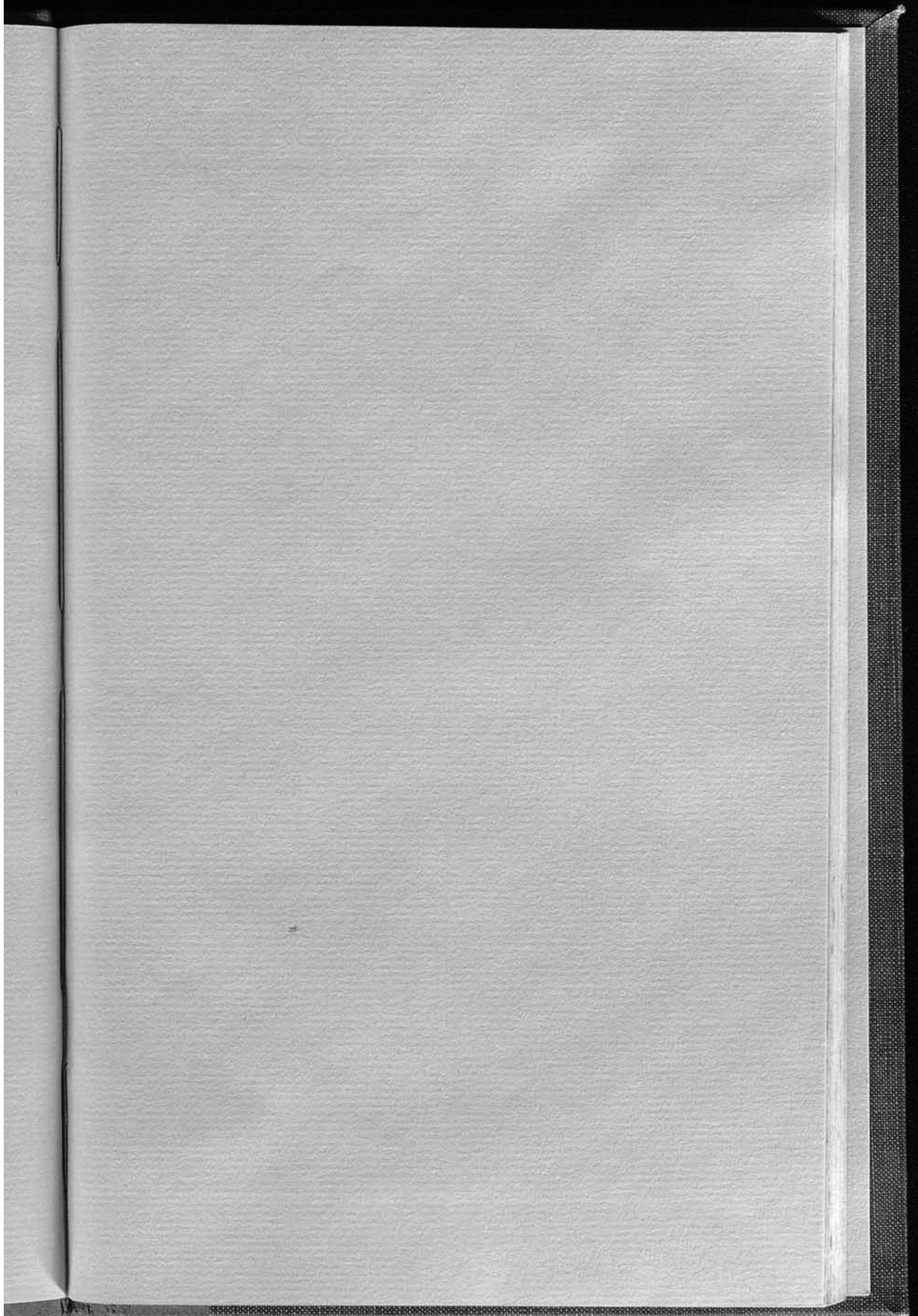
PUBLISHED BY E. E. BARCLAY, A. R. ORTON & CO.

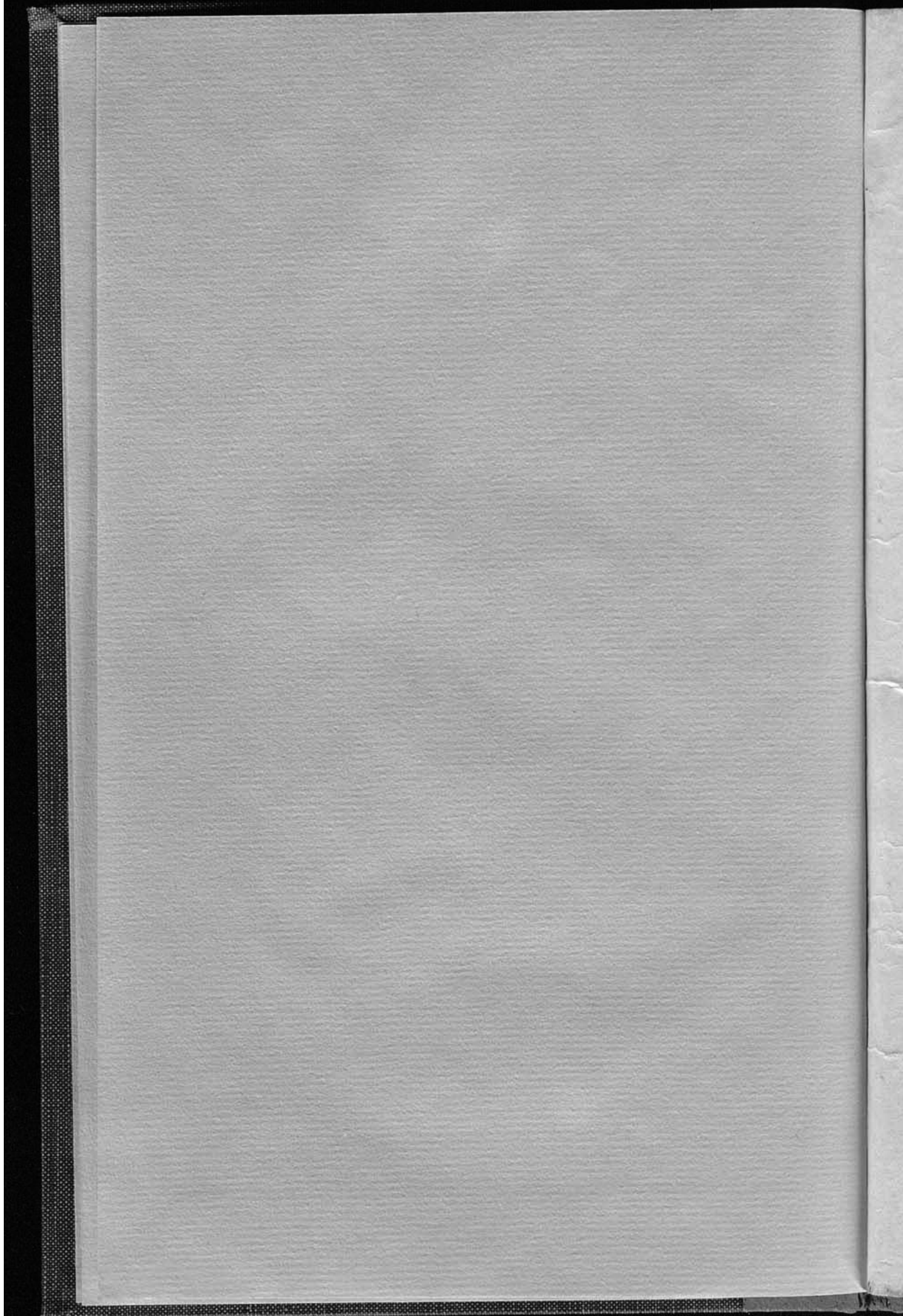
1851.











ESTABLISHED 1852





MISS ANNA COOKE.



J. G. BEAUCHAMP.

THE LIFE
OF
JEROBOAM O. BEAUCHAMP,
WHO WAS
HUNG AT FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY,
FOR THE MURDER OF
COL. SOLOMON P. SHARP;

COMPRISING,
A FULL AND COMPLETE HISTORY OF HIS INTERCOURSE AND
MARRIAGE WITH THE BEAUTIFUL, ACCOM-
PLISHED, BUT UNFORTUNATE

MISS ANNA COOKE,
(THE SEDUCED VICTIM OF SHARP;)

WITH
A MOST INTENSELY EXCITING AND THRILLING DETAIL OF THE PLOTTED ASSASSINA-
TION OF THE LATTER BY THE WRONGED LADY AND HER ARDENT LOVER; TO
WHICH IS ADDED, THE AWFUL DEATH OF MRS. BEAUCHAMP BY
SUICIDE, WHILST IN JAIL WITH HER HUSBAND; A CLEAR
AND DISTINCT REPORT OF THE EXTRAORDI-
NARY TRIAL FOR THIS SHOCKING

MURDER;

AND BEAUCHAMP'S FINAL, DREADFUL, AND HEART-
RENDING END UPON THE GALLOWES.

COMPILED FROM THE MEMOIR WRITTEN BY BEAUCHAMP HIMSELF, AND
BEQUEATHED WHILST ON THE SCAFFOLD, TO HIS DIS-
TRESSED AND HEART-BROKEN FATHER.

Illustrated with Engravings.

FRANKFORT, KY.,
PUBLISHED BY D'UNGER & CO.,

1850

THE LIFE
OF
THOMAS O. BRAY
WHO WAS
HUNG AT FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY
FOR THE MURDER OF
COL. SOLOMON P. SHARPE
CONTAINING
A FULL AND COMPLETE HISTORY OF HIS LIFE AND
A FULL ACCOUNT OF THE MURDER AND
THE TRIAL AND EXECUTION
MISS ANNA COOK

Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by
O'NEILL & D'UNGER,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States' in and
for the District of Kentucky.

MURDER;
AND BRAY'S FINAL REPLEAS AND HEARSAY
READING AND UPON THE GALLIES
CONTAINING THE HISTORY OF THE MURDER AND
THE TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF THE GUILTY TO HIS DEATH
BY MISS ANNA COOK

FRANKFORT, KY.
PUBLISHED BY B. B. B. & CO.
1850

LIFE

OF

JEROBOAM O. BEAUCHAMP.

JEROBOAM O. BEAUCHAMP was the second son of a very worthy farmer in Kentucky. He was volatile, idle and eccentric, but showed such indications of genius as made him the pride and favourite of his father, who sent him to the best schools in the country, and made great personal sacrifices to give him a liberal education. The early part of his education was pious and salutary, for his parents were professors of religion.

Young Beauchamp had the good fortune to be placed under the tuition of Dr. Benjamin Thurston, a man of worth, learning and ability; who, by the time he reached his sixteenth year, had given him a tolerable English education, a knowledge of the Latin tongue, and a respectable acquaintance with many branches of science. Young Beauchamp, now perceiving that his father had much difficulty to provide for a large rising family, resolved to depend for the future upon his own exertions. To raise money to defray the further expenses of his education, he betook himself to book-keeping, but finding it left no time for his studies, he obtained recommendations from Dr. Thurston and others, and obtained the preceptorship of a school. When he had earned a little money in this way, he gave up his employment and resumed his studies. Shortly after, he was invited by his former friend and benefactor, Dr. Thurston, into his school, where he remained, as an usher, till he was eighteen years old; by which time he had completed his education as far as was necessary preparatory to the study of law. He then began to attend the courts at Glasgow and Bowling Green.

About this time, public indignation was excited to the utmost against Solomon P. Sharp, an attorney of high reputation and a colonel of militia. The act which incurred the general disapprobation was the

seduction of Miss Ann Cooke, accompanied with circumstances of peculiar atrocity. She belonged to one of the best and most wealthy families in Kentucky, and was herself celebrated for beauty, talents and accomplishments. What added a darker shade to Sharp's wickedness was, that he owed his success in life to the patronage of her family, which had been extended to him when he was young and poor. But when the case was reversed, when the Cookes had met with reverses, and he had become rich and powerful, he requited their benefits by seducing their only daughter, whose strong mind was not proof to his talents and promises. The offspring of his guilt did not long survive its birth, whereby hangs a tale. By a strange succession of calamities, Miss Cooke's father, brethren and friends, had descended successively to the grave, and she now retired with her aged mother, her only surviving near relation, to a small farm near Beauchamp's father's farm. Here she secluded herself from the world, refusing to be comforted, and hiding herself from society.

Shortly after, Colonel Sharp paid his addresses to a Miss Scott, and to remove her scruples touching his connexion with Miss Cooke, forged a certificate, stating that the child of his sins was a mulatto, thus degrading his victim still lower. He then married Miss Scott.

Beauchamp was well acquainted with Sharp, who had evinced much good will towards him. He had also heard much of the beauty and accomplishments of Miss Cooke. When, therefore, the transactions we have briefly related became the common topic of discourse, his indignation at Sharp's conduct was vehemently kindled. A gentleman who lodged in the same apartment with him, and whom he regarded as his nearest friend, had formerly paid court to Miss Cooke, and he now spoke of her in such exalted terms, and with so much contempt and abhorrence of Sharp, that he inspired Beauchamp with his own feelings. The latter had been delighted with Sharp's eloquence and had sought his acquaintance, nay, had expressed a desire to study the law under his direction; but now he treated him very coldly. On one occasion, Sharp asked Beauchamp if he intended to begin the study of law. Our hero replied that he did, in a few months. Sharp then observed that he had heard he intended to come to Bowling Green to study with him. Beauchamp sternly replied that he did intend to come to Bowling Green to study, but not with him. Though something surprised at his incivility, Sharp complimented him with an augury of his success, and said it would give him pleasure to facilitate his progress in any way.

With these prepossessions for Miss Cooke, and against Sharp, Beauchamp went to his father's house, in Simpson county, for the benefit of his health, which he had impaired by hard and constant devotion to his books. Here he learned that Miss Cooke dwelt in the neighbourhood, with her aged mother and a few servants. He immediately

resolved to become acquainted with one of whom he had heard so much, but was at first deterred from the attempt by hearing that she refused to make any acquaintances or receive any company. However, the more he heard of her, the stronger his curiosity grew; and at last, he ventured to her house. As he approached, he saw her through a window, but on his arrival she retired. On his entrance, he was received by the servants, who set refreshments before him, but the object of his visit declined to see him. He sent a second message, which brought her into the apartment, and he introduced himself. He told her that though he knew she was not inclined to receive visits, he had resolved to hazard the mortification of a denial. His strong desire to become acquainted with her, sprung, he said, from the conversation of his friend before mentioned, who had spoken very highly of her. He found it hard, he continued, to pass away the time in retirement without books or society, and hoped she would grant him the use of her library, even though she should decline his acquaintance, and the visits of his sisters who wished to call on her.

She replied, that she had left Bowling Green purposely to avoid society, and never would again mingle with the world. She was, therefore, unwilling to receive visits, but her library was perfectly at his service. She then showed him her books, and they spent the afternoon together, reading, and conversing upon what they read.

Toward night, when about to take leave, Beauchamp selected a book to take home, though Miss Cooke would have had him take several. He said he would read the one he had selected, and then return for more. She smiled, on perceiving that his design was merely to have a pretext for repeating his visit. However, he took but one book, and scarcely delayed long enough to read that before he returned and got another. Pity, it is said, melts the mind to love, and so was seen in this case. The enthusiastic youth had seen Miss Cooke but once, and had lost his heart and his reason wholly. She was a fascinating woman, and he was a mere boy, little acquainted with the world, and of a romantic disposition. Therefore, there is little matter of astonishment in the fact. Perhaps, too, she exerted herself to gain him to her purpose; but, we scarce believe this, for, whatever she may have thought of him at the first interview, her attachment soon became as strong as was his. Indeed, her heart must have been hard indeed, had it withstood the proofs of his devotion.

On his return, Miss Cooke refused to see him, but caused him to be conducted to her library, where he read for some hours alone, and finally departed without seeing her. He met the same reception on a third visit, and this treatment very much inflamed him, as, perhaps, she intended it should. She now haunted his mind in a way that every man older than twenty will readily comprehend, and he went a fourth time to her house, determined not to be repulsed.

After reading some hours, he sent for her, alleging some especial reason for his conduct. She came, and he remonstrated long and urgently against her refusal to see him. He said, that she and not her books brought him to her house, and employed all his rhetoric to persuade her to relax in her resolution, and suffer his sisters to be introduced to her. She refused firmly, giving him such reasons why his sisters should not see her, as his own reason would have suggested, had he not been led astray by passion. She could never be happy in society again, she said, and as she could not return the visits of his sisters, they would not wish to see her. As to his own visits, she would admit them when the use of her library was the object.

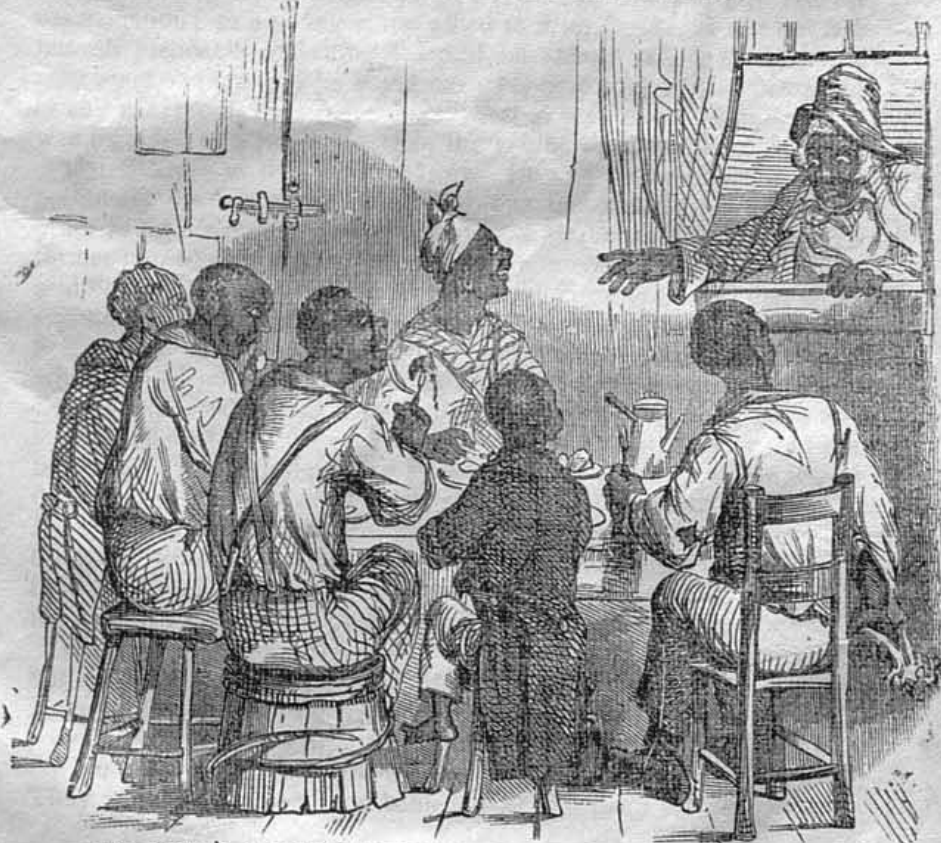
The next day, Beauchamp ventured to take his sisters with him, her refusal to see them notwithstanding. She received and entertained them politely, but refused to return their visit, nor did she ask them to come again. After this, Beauchamp very often visited her, and always insisted on having an interview; so that, at last, by his importunate perseverance, he prevailed on her to receive him as a friend and acquaintance. She consented to meet and spend part of the time of his stay in the same room with him, after which she would retire to read, design, or other amusements. However, as his language to her began to grow warm, she imposed on him, as an indispensable condition, that he should not speak of love, but regard her merely as a friend.

Every one knows what such friendships end in: in a short time, such an affection was enkindled between them, as mortals seldom feel. He, to use his own language, "was in love, with all the ardor of passionate and feeling youth, when it first feels the buddings of that sweetest of all passions, which reciprocated, makes a heaven of earth!" Though he kept his promise, and did not mention his folly to Miss Cooke, she read it plainly enough in his eyes. Yea, he soon perceived that with all her pretended Platonism, she felt something more than mere friendship for him. Alas! that what was so sweet to the taste, should have been so bitter in digestion.

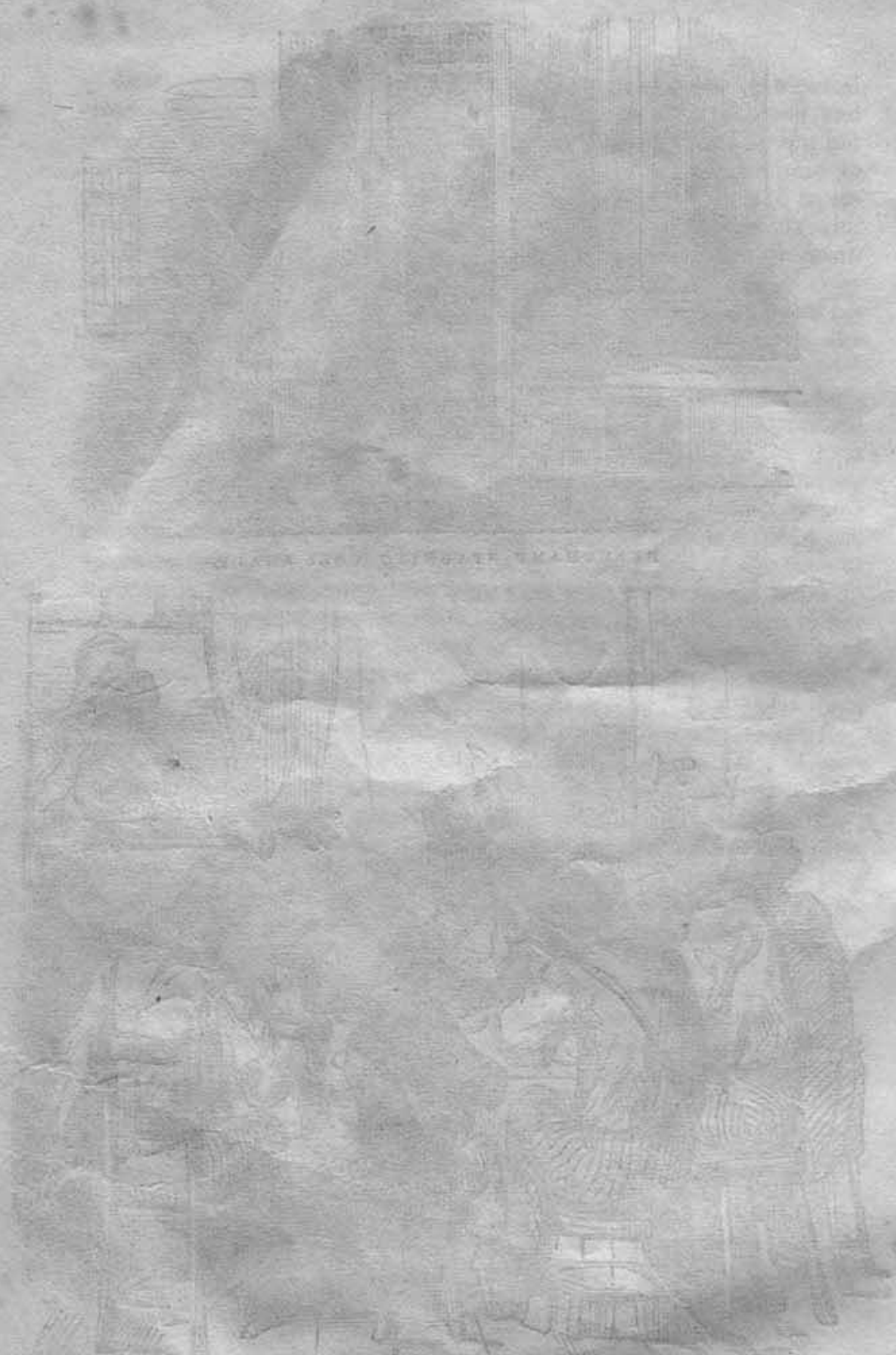
At last, his passion broke all bounds, and he declared himself. He could see that the avowal awakened no very violent displeasure, yet she declined hearing anything more on the subject. Where the fox can enter one paw, his body soon finds admittance, and, the ice being broken, they could now talk about the tender passion, not, it is true, as lovers, but as friends. She always said, that there was an insuperable barrier between herself and any honorable man; but Beauchamp would not believe. When, at last, he broke through all restraint, and formally solicited her hand, she burst into an agony of passion, and told him that, although her heart could find no objection in him, there was yet an insuperable obstacle to her happiness. For a long time she refused to name the obstacle, but at length he would take no denial, and obliged her to declare herself.



BEAUCHAMP STABBING COL. SHARP.



MISS COOKE'S SERVANTS REJOICING, ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF HER SEDUCER, COLONEL SHARP.



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She said, coolly and firmly, that the hand that should clasp hers before the altar, must revenge the injury she had sustained. Her heart could never cease to ache till Colonel Sharp received his death wound through her means. He had blighted her earthly happiness, and she should feel unworthy of an honest man's love, till he was in his grave. She would kiss the hand and adore the person who would avenge her, but she would not consent that any but Beauchamp should do it.

Far from thinking this condition hard, the infatuated youth was delighted with it. Indeed, he had thought of the matter before, and considered Sharp's death as the necessary consequence of his marriage with Miss Cooke. Such, in his opinion, was the only way to repair his wife's honour and secure his own. He had now heard her say what she only required, and it being precisely what had been his desire, he calculated upon it with rapture. He told her that it had been his fixed purpose to slay Colonel Sharp, if he married her. She consented to become his wife, and in the ardor of his feelings, he resolved to fight Sharp immediately, for he had not yet resolved on assassination; as a stranger, not allied to Miss Cooke, he did not feel himself justifiable in killing Sharp, if he should refuse to fight. It may seem strange that he could have believed such an act justifiable in any case; but, be it remembered, that at that period, a human life was regarded as a small matter in the Western and Southern States.

Col. Sharp was then in Frankfort. He had just received the appointment of Attorney-General, and was to send for his family, in order to fix his residence where he was. Beauchamp resolved to go thither immediately, though Miss Cooke remonstrated against it. She said Sharp was a coward, who would fight in no case, and that being surrounded by his friends in Frankfort, he would have every advantage. She desired him to wait till Sharp should come to Bowling Green, where her friends lived, who would support him in his purpose. But Beauchamp would listen to no expostulation. His determination was to force Sharp to a personal combat, if possible; but, if that could not be done, he pledged himself to Miss Cooke, by an oath, that he would do the murder in a way to endanger his own life as little as possible. He took leave of her in the presence of his sister. She burst into tears, and invoked Heaven to be his defence and shield in his unhallowed enterprise. Miss Beauchamp was much astonished, as was all his family, to whom his business in Frankfort was a mystery.

When Beauchamp reached Frankfort, the legislature was in session, but he saw no one he knew till he met Colonel Sharp at the Mansion House. He accosted Beauchamp in the most cordial manner. The latter took him by the arm, telling him he had come to Frankfort to see him on some very important business, and asked him to take a walk. They walked along the river bank out of the town till they came to

a retired spot, where they halted, as the bell of the Mansion House was ringing for supper. Beauchamp then turned short upon Sharp, and asked him if he remembered the last words the injured Miss Cooke had spoken to him. At the question Sharp stood still, pale and trembling.

"Colonel Sharp," said Beauchamp, "I have come, deputed and sent by her, to take your life. I am the man, who, in the spirit of prophecy, she spoke to you, when she forbade you her presence. She says you will not fight me. Will you, sir, or will you not?"

Sharp stood still, without replying, and Beauchamp continued —

"Answer me, Colonel Sharp,—will you fight me a duel?"

"My dear friend," replied Sharp, "I cannot fight you on Miss Cooke's account."

On this Beauchamp drew his dirk, and, assuming a menacing attitude, bade him defend himself.

"Upon my honour, sir," said Sharp, "I have no weapon but a small penknife."

Beauchamp took from his pocket a Spanish knife, and offering that and his dirk to Sharp, said —

"Choose one of these, sir, and I'll throw it to you."

"My dear friend," Sharp repeated, "I cannot fight you on Miss Cooke's account."

Beauchamp threw the knife toward him, lifted his dagger, and cried —

"You damned villain, what do you mean by that?—that she is not worthy you should fight her friend and avenger?"

"My friend," replied Sharp, "I meant that I never can fight the friend of that worthy, injured lady. If her brothers had murdered me, I never could have had the heart to raise my hand to defend myself. And if you, my friend, are her husband, I will never raise my hand against you."

"I am not her husband," said Beauchamp, "but I am her friend and avenger. She has sent me to take your life. Now, sir, tell me, if you will fight a duel with me?"

With these words the speaker again raised his dagger, and seeing Sharp about to run, sprang upon him and seized him by the collar.

"Now! you damned villain," said he, "you *shall* die!" Sharp fell upon his knees.

"My life is in your hands," he exclaimed. "My friend, I beg my life for mercy's sake!"

Beauchamp let him go, and struck him in the face so rudely, that he reeled backward.

"Get up, you coward," he cried, "and go till I meet you to-morrow in the street."

As he arose, Beauchamp gave him a kick.

"Now," he said, "go and arm yourself, for to-morrow I will horse whip you in the streets, and repeat it daily till you fight me."

Sharp, calling Beauchamp "dear friend," in every instance, began to implore more lenient treatment, saying that his conduct had made him miserable. His whole estate, he said, should be at the command of Miss Cooke and Beauchamp, or he would do anything they might require, if they would only spare his life for the sake of his wife and child. All this humility did not mollify his enemy in the least.

"Stand off, you villain," he cried, "or I'll take your life for offering me your estate!"

Sharp said he meant no insult, but he would do anything that could be done, so his life might be spared.

"It is of no use," answered Beauchamp; "to multiply words. You must either kill me, or I will kill you, so you had better consent to fight me at once. I will give you any advantage you choose, as to the manner of fighting, but fight you must, or die!"

"Why," said Sharp, "my dear friend, if you were to take a dirk, and I had a sword, I could not raise it against you. My friend, if John Cooke had beaten me to death with a stick, and I had had a sword, I could never have raised it against him."

This he said weeping.

"Very good, Colonel Sharp," said Beauchamp, "you are just such a whining coward as I was told you were. But, sir, it will only give me the prolonged pleasure in killing you. For I will beat you in the streets daily, till I make you fight me, or till I beat you to death—one or the other I will certainly do. So now go and sleep upon that, till I meet you to-morrow in the street."

He began to look for the knife he had thrown down, while Sharp spoke again, in the deprecating style he had already used, and begged his life over and over.

"Oh!" said he, "you are the favoured possessor of that great and worthy woman's love. Be it so—here, take my life—I desire it; but do not disgrace me in the streets."

Beauchamp bade him begone instantly, or he would take him at his word, at the same time quickly approaching him, whilst Sharp, thinking it best, under the circumstances, moved off towards the town. After looking a long while in vain for his knife, Beauchamp also went back to his lodgings.

Such scenes of ruffianly violence were not at that day anything uncommon. Beauchamp, not satisfied with having humbled Sharp to the dust, prepared to repeat the air, with variations and additions. To this end he bought a very heavy whip, and after breakfasting in the morning, patrolled the streets in search of his enemy, armed at all points. He expected that Sharp would be found surrounded by his friends, and would fire upon him as he advanced to the assault. He

also had pistols, and in order to keep to the windward of the law, intended to approach without uttering a word. If Sharp fired, he meant to fire from a distance in return. Thus he was sure of having the advantage, for he knew that Sharp was unskilled in the use of the pistol, whilst he was himself an excellent shot. This circumstance would convict him of cowardice, had he not before offered to fight Sharp fairly; at any rate, it proves that his moral perceptions were by no means acute. May Heaven forgive his wickedness.

He walked round the town several times in the course of the day, and seeing nothing of his intended victim, concluded that he had kept his room. Our hero repeated his promenade the next day, till becoming impatient, he made inquiries, and then learned that Sharp had set off at daylight the morning after their rencontre, for Bowling Green, in order, as he said, to bring his family to Frankfort. Beauchamp mounted his horse and pursued, but leisurely, as he knew Sharp could not be overtaken short of Bowling Green, where Beauchamp would have sooner met him than at any other place. When he got to Bowling Green, he found he had been deceived. Sharp was not there, nor was he expected. He then returned home, and to Miss Cooke.

They concluded to defer their marriage till Colonel Sharp should come to Bowling Green, when they intended to lure him to Miss Cooke's house, so that she might kill him with her own hand. Beauchamp did not like this plan, for he thought he should be dishonoured if Sharp fell by any hand other than his own. But she was inflexible, desiring more than all things to avenge her own wrong; and that she might not fail, she practised daily with pistols, in the use of which her lover instructed her. At last Sharp came to Bowling Green, and she wrote a letter which she hoped would bring him within her reach.

Nothing was to be done by Beauchamp, until she had heard from Sharp. She wrote as follows:

"COL. SHARP.—Notwithstanding the ill feeling I manifested toward you on our last meeting, and though I then forbade you ever to see me again, I find that such was not the dictate of my heart, but of a delirious passion. You should not have been surprised that the enthusiastic and chivalrous feelings of a youth like young Beauchamp made him hope to win my favour by a duel with you in my behalf. It is true, I have been pleased with Mr. Beauchamp's character, and may have encouraged his hopes by some heedless expressions, but I have now broken off all intercourse with him, on account of the violent course he has resorted to. I expect soon to leave the State, and as you have conjured me by letter to grant you an interview, I now thought it would give me much pleasure to return you your letters, previous to my departure, and also to get back my own, if you

still retain any of them. I therefore request you to call on Monday evening next, and be kind enough to apprise me verbally through the servant who brings you this letter, whether you will comply or not.

Truly, ANNA COOKE."

On reading the above letter, Colonel Sharp asked the servant whether Mr. Beauchamp was at Miss Cooke's house when he left it. The man answered no, for he had been so instructed to do. Sharp then asked if Beauchamp continued to visit his mistress, and was informed that he did. The question that next followed was respecting the time since Beauchamp's last visit, which he was informed took place several days before. He learned that a marriage had been spoken of between Anna Cooke and Beauchamp, and was falsely informed that his enemy was not in the neighbourhood. In his answer to this letter, he expressed no less delight than surprise at a permission to see her once more, of which he acknowledged himself unworthy, and said that nothing but death should hinder him from attending her at the hour appointed. However, he did not come, having probably some suspicion that the letter was an artifice to entrap him, as indeed it was. The next morning, Beauchamp started for Bowling Green, resolved to settle the business with Sharp in some way, but found on his arrival that he had been gone two days on his way to Frankfort. Wherefore our hero determined to pursue his studies quietly in Bowling Green, till Sharp should venture thither to arrange his affairs, which he had left in an unsettled state. He felt, as he afterwards said, that he never could consider Miss Cooke as his wife till he should have destroyed her seducer, and she thought that Beauchamp would be degraded by marrying her before her injuries should be avenged.

Beauchamp made a journey to Tennessee, of which we will speak hereafter, before he married. He abstained long from any attempt on Sharp, because Miss Cooke could not be persuaded to forego the purpose of immolating him with her own hand. This womanish idea was worth many days of life to him. In June following, Beauchamp having completed his studies, married Anna Cooke, and he now thought himself privileged to avenge her, even by assassination.

That year the gubernatorial election took place, the contest being between Judge Tompkins and General Desha. Beauchamp looked forward with hopes for the success of Judge Tompkins, because he foresaw that he would have to petition for executive clemency, and he knew that Colonel Sharp was Desha's right hand man. He also knew that Sharp possessed great influence in Frankfort, and was there considered the head of a powerful party, for which reasons he naturally feared to come before a Frankfort jury.

Sharp had long been expected in Bowling Green, but, as he did

not come, Beauchamp began to get impatient, and fearful that he never more would venture thither. He hit on an ingenious expedient to ascertain the truth. He caused letters to be put in the Post-Offices in the neighbourhood, directed to Colonel Sharp, signed with the names of imaginary persons, and purporting that the signers wished to know when he would be in Bowling Green, that they might consult him on business. However he received no positive answer, and therefore determined if Sharp did not come soon to Bowling Green to seek and slay in whatever nook or corner of the world he could be hunted up. About this time an event occurred which confirmed him in his resolution.

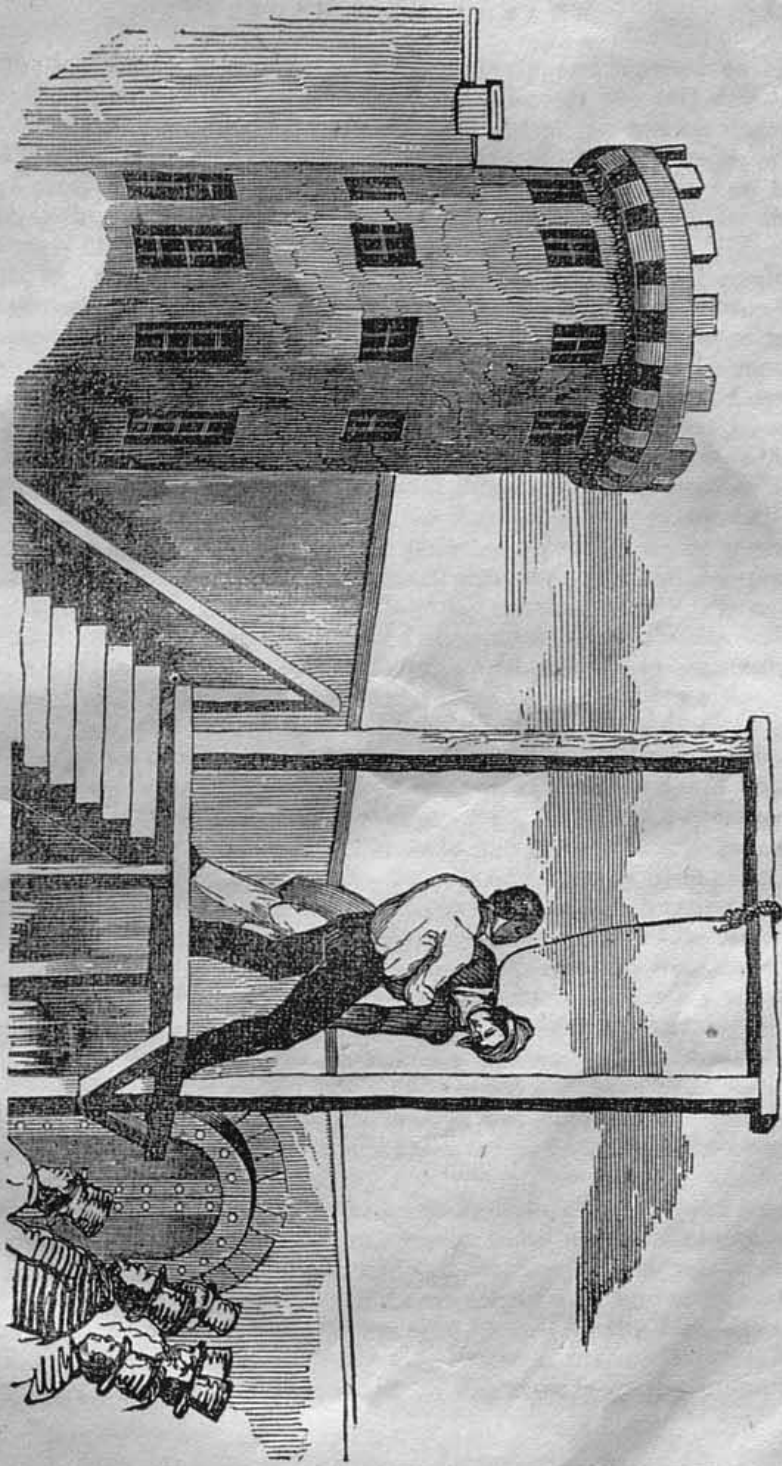
Sharp was a candidate for a seat in the legislature, and, as may be supposed, his political opponents did not fail to reproach him with the seduction of Miss Cooke. This injured his prospects, and to do away with the unfavourable impression, a report was circulated that the child of Miss Cooke was the offspring of a negro. Sharp supported the tale by reference to the forged certificate before referred to. He was led into this villany by reason of his wife's family, for whose satisfaction the certificate had been originally forged, and they now were the cause of his imprudently using the paper a second time. It is by no means probable that he at first intended to make so open a use of it. Yet the story having been once told, on his authority, he was obliged to persist in it, for one falsehood is the sure progenitor of a thousand more. When this thing reached Beauchamp's ears, he determined to go to Frankfort at once, and assassinate Sharp, whatever the danger might be, and although Desha was governor.

He was encouraged by Desha's private affairs. At that moment, Isaac Desha, the governor's son, was lying in prison, awaiting his trial for a robbery and murder committed on the highway, with circumstances of peculiar atrocity. He thought, from a knowledge of the Governor's character, that he would pardon his son, and could not, therefore, refuse to extend the executive clemency to him also. He hoped to escape with impunity for other reasons, viz :

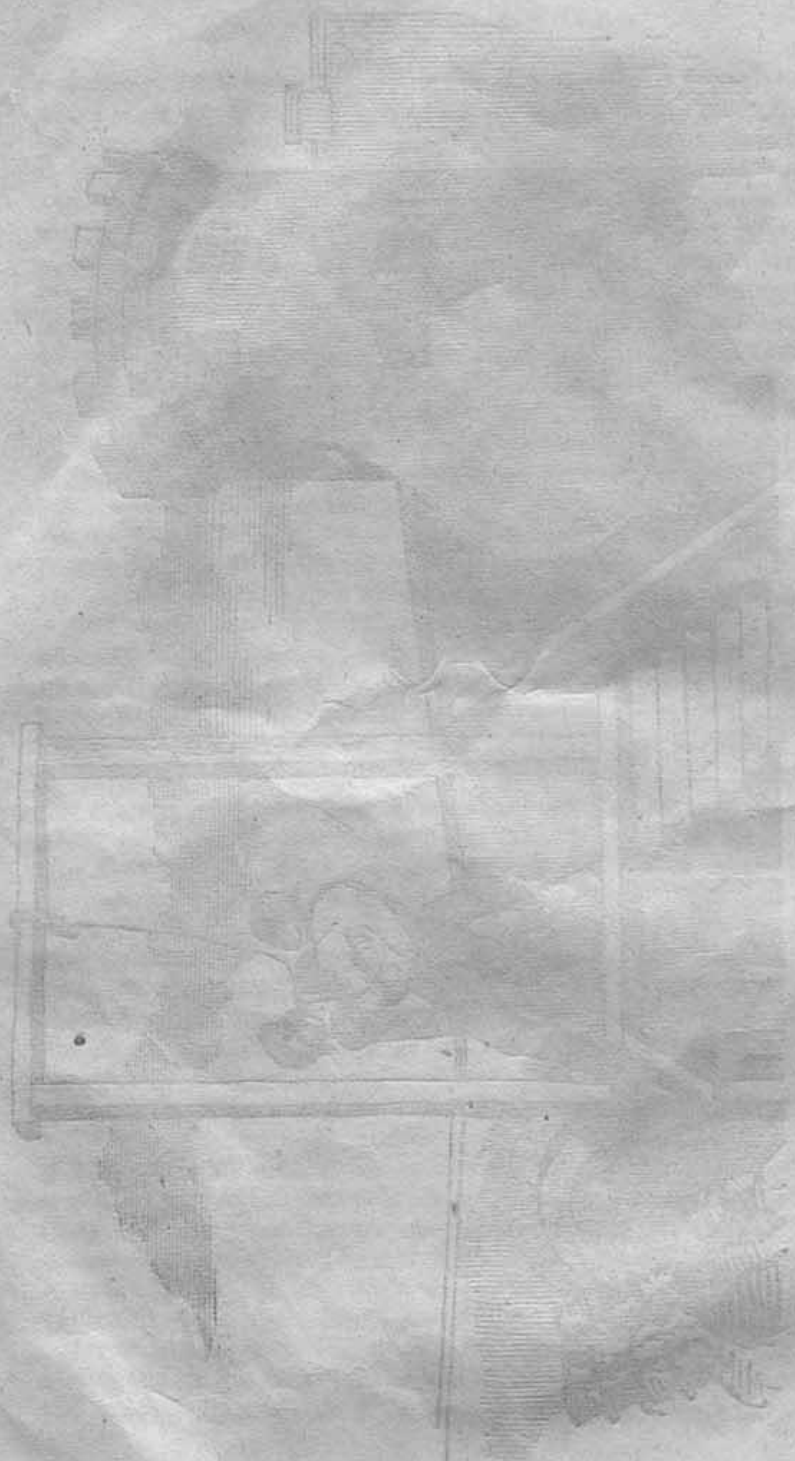
Colonel Sharp was the main pillar of the new administration. Party rage ran very high, and Beauchamp thought, with reason, that if he should slay him on the second night of the election, his party would be glad to turn his death to account, by charging the old court party with it. Even Sharp's own family, he believed, would be glad to enhance the value of their kinsman by giving currency to the report. But for an unforeseen occurrence, the junction of the two parties, this stratagem would have had the effect he intended.

He waited patiently till the night before the meeting of the legislature, and in the meantime took his measures to divert suspicion, and to effect his escape to Missouri. Three weeks before the meeting

EXECUTION OF HAUCHAMP FOR THE MURDER OF COL. SHARP.



Aug 1. Aug 1



of the legislature, he made sale of his property, and reported on all occasions that he intended to depart for Missouri the very day on which he really intended to murder Colonel Sharp. He had his wagon and horses, and everything ready, and even hired persons to come two days previous to the time of the premeditated deed, to assist him in loading his wagon. Yet he had secretly prepared an excuse for deferring his departure for a week later.

He had managed to have business in Frankfort, that would render it necessary for him to go thither before his departure for Missouri. However, he never intimated his intention to go there, because he wished to have it appear a casual thing. That this might be more apparent, he told his business to one Lowe, and offered to hire Lowe to go and transact the business for him, well knowing that Lowe would refuse. On Lowe's refusal, he told him he could not possibly attend to the matter himself, and would therefore get his brother to go for him. But three days before the Tuesday on which he really intended to start for Frankfort, he procured a process to be issued against him, which, if executed, must necessarily prevent his projected removal to Missouri. On Saturday evening, he was informed of this process, at which he affected the utmost astonishment. He told his informant, Mr. Bradburn, that it would ruin him by preventing his removal. Bradburn said, it was a mere vexatious thing intended to delay him, and advised him to keep out of the way and avoid it, till his friends could get his family ready to start. Beauchamp said that he would rather stay and defend himself, as the next Sunday was the day he had set apart for his departure. The next day he met Lowe, who was a constable, and forbade him to approach, as he was armed and would defend himself. On several occasions he expressed his determination to stay and brave the law, but, at last, on the urgent solicitation of his friends, consented to leave the country to avoid the process as a pretext for going to Frankfort, for which he immediately started. He carried with him a bundle of old clothes, such as are worn in Kentucky by negroes, to disguise himself, and had, besides, a black silk mask, made by his wife for this express purpose. So well had she fitted it on his face that he could not have been distinguished from a negro at the distance of five yards. Moreover, he was provided with a large butcher's knife, the point of which had been poisoned by Mrs. Beauchamp.

He was told at the Mansion House in Frankfort that he could not be accommodated, and had the same answer to his demand for lodgings at another tavern. Here he was told that Mr. Scott, the keeper of the penitentiary, might take him in, and accordingly went thither and was admitted. He retired early, and equipped himself for the deed he had so long meditated. Unluckily for him, he threw the handkerchief in which his old clothes had been tied on the outside of the bed, and

left it there. He put on, instead of shoes, two pairs of yarn stockings, to prevent his steps from being heard, and his track from being identified. Between nine and ten o'clock, he crept softly down stairs out of Mr. Scott's house, unheard, as he thought, by any one.

He went directly to Colonel Sharp's house, the position of which had been accurately described to him, and looked in at the windows. The victim was not there. He then sauntered to the Mansion House, and saw Colonel Sharp within through the windows. He had so long thought of killing this man, that he believed he could do it coolly and dispassionately. But, at the sight of him, he was excited to such a degree that he could scarce refrain from rushing in, and stabbing him in the crowd. After a while he lost sight of him, and went to his house again, but he was not there. For fear, therefore, of missing him, Beauchamp determined to watch the house till he arrived. He could not reconcile it to his mind that Sharp should die without knowing his murderer, and therefore resolved to lay hands on him in the street, whisper his name, and then despatch him instantly. But while he was examining the back part of his house, Sharp got in unperceived, and thus frustrated one part of his plan. After a few moments' reflection, the assassin concluded to wait till all in the house had retired, and then call the Colonel up. He had originally intended to have killed Dr. Sharp also, the Colonel's brother, and who was one of the promulgators of the slander touching the black child, but his wife had dissuaded him. Now, while he was lying in the public square, doubting whether to knock at the front door, or a secret one in a dark alley, he concluded to murder the Doctor too, lest he should be the means of detecting him. An accident saved him; one of the neighbours came and asked him to accompany him (the neighbour) home, and he went.

To lure Sharp to the door, Beauchamp could think of no better plan than to call himself one of the Covingtons, Sharp's most intimate friends. For reasons of his own he intended to alter the name a little.

Having matured his plans, the assassin drew his dagger and knocked at the door in the alley, three times, loud and quick.

"Who's there?" cried Sharp.

"Covington," returned Beauchamp.

The assassin soon heard Sharp approaching, and saw under the door that he carried a light. He drew his mask from his face, and the instant Sharp opened the door seized him with the left hand. The violence of the grasp alarmed the victim, who sprung back, trying in vain to disengage himself, and asked —

"What Covington is this?"

"John A. Covington, sir," replied the murderer.

"I don't know you," said the other; "I know John W. Covington."

"My name," the assassin repeated, "is John A. Covington."

At this moment, Mrs. Sharp who had come to an inner door with her husband, being alarmed at the little scuffle he made to free his wrist, disappeared. Beauchamp then said, in a tone of deep mortification—

“And did you not know me, sure enough?”

“Not with your handkerchief about your face,” he replied, for the handkerchief with which he had tied on his mask, was still bound to Beauchamp’s forehead.

“Colonel, come to the light,” remarked the assassin in a persuasive tone, “and you will know me.”

With that he gave Sharp a pull, and he came readily to the door. Beauchamp planted one foot on the doorway, tore away the handkerchief, and looked up full in his victim’s face. Horror-struck at the sight, Sharp sprang back, exclaiming—

“Great God! It is he!” and so saying fell on his knees after failing to release his wrist.

As he fell, the murderer shifted his grasp from his wrist to his throat, dashed him against the facing of the door, choking him all the time to prevent his crying out.

“Die! you damned villain!” he cried, and the same moment plunging the poisoned knife up to the handle in Sharp’s heart, and letting him go.

Sharp rose from his knees, endeavouring to throw his arms around his murderer’s neck, and said—

“Pray, Mr. Beauchamp—” as he spoke his enemy struck him a violent blow in the face with his left hand and knocked him down upon the floor. Then seeing the light coming he put on his mask and ran a little way off. Being desirous, however, to know if he had done his work thoroughly, he came back and squatted down in the alley to listen. He heard Mrs. Sharp speak to her husband, but he could not answer.

In a very brief space, Dr. Sharp ran in and exclaimed—

“Great God! Beauchamp has done this! I always expected it!”

The town was now alarmed, and the people began to collect, but Beauchamp did not budge. He wanted to be seen and taken for a negro. At last, as he was trying to look into a window, Mrs. Sharp came upon him, and cried to the company that she saw the murderer. He started and ran, pursued by all the people, but he distanced them every one, and went to the river side to get his hat and coat. He went farther down, and sank the old hat and coat in which he had done this ruthless deed, in the river with a stone. He also concealed his knife. Then, after dressing himself in his ordinary apparel, he returned into the town and passed Colonel Sharp’s house, where all was now silent as the grave. However, he had heard and seen that Sharp died without uttering a word, before he left the house, which

was the chief cause of his anxiety. He regained his chamber as he had left it, lighted his candle, burned his mask, washed his hands, and laid down with a tolerable certainty of being arrested in the morning. Astonishing as it may seem, he slept soundly, until the stirring of the family awakened him in the morning.

Mr. Scott, Mr. Beauchamp's landlord, was a relation of Mrs. Sharp. In the morning Beauchamp heard the news of Sharp's death told to Scott, and expected a visit from him in his chamber. Shortly he came into the room, and bade good morning to the murderer, who returned the salutation very politely.

"Don't you think," said the other, abruptly, "that some man went to Colonel Sharp last night and killed him?"

"Great Heaven!" cried the assassin, with well-affected composure, "is it possible? What! Col. Sharp dead?"

"Yes," said Scott, "Col. Sharp is dead."

Beauchamp stood a moment mute, and then asked,

"How did it happen, sir? In a fight?"

"No," said Scott, "some stranger called him to the door, and just stabbed him dead."

As he was about to retire, Beauchamp called him back, with—

"Stay, sir; for God's sake, tell me something about this horrid affair."

"I can tell you nothing in the world about it, sir," said Scott, "further than that Colonel Sharp was called to his door from his bed, and stabbed down upon the floor dead."

With that, his suspicions being probably removed, Scott retired.

When Beauchamp went down stairs, Mrs. Scott asked him into the dining room, and told him about the murder. He told her he had heard of it from her husband, and asked if any one was suspected. She answered in the negative, and he then went to the Register's office. He had before sent the documents relating to certain surveys to be entered on the Register's books, in order to account for his presence in Frankfort. After searching the files, he found that his business had been neglected by the person to whom he had entrusted it, and saw, to his utter confusion, that he should not be able to give a satisfactory account of himself. He therefore resolved to start immediately for home, to avoid being arrested, hastened back to Mr. Scott's house, and ordered his horse.

While the servants were preparing his horse, he entered into conversation with Mr. Scott about the murder, and perceived, by his manner, that his suspicions had revived. However, he answered all questions politely, and even admitted that he had married Anna Cooke. This information made a strong impression on Mr. Scott, but he did not, nevertheless, arrest Beauchamp, who carelessly mounted his horse, and rode off unmolested.

When he had got a little way from Frankfort, he recollected having left the handkerchief before mentioned on his bed, and at first thought of turning back for it, but remembering that it was ragged and worn out, and that the blood on it came from his own nose some weeks before, he concluded it could avail nothing as evidence against him, and so kept on. Reflecting, too, that it would be difficult to avoid incurring suspicion, he resolved to tell the news of the murder only where there were several persons present, so that as witnesses one might be a check on the other. He soon met two persons, but, as he himself afterwards stated, did not mention the matter to them. He met several more in the course of the day, to whom he told the mere fact that Colonel Sharp was dead, but did not mention the particulars, even those he had heard from Mr. Scott, for he feared he might mention something which that person might deny having told him. At least, such is his own account of his conduct, though it was contradicted by several witnesses on the trial.

He got home on the fourth day, and informed his wife that his purpose was accomplished. She fell at his feet, and returned thanks to Heaven, and clasping his knees, called upon the spirits of her deceased relations to bless him, and intercede with their Maker to protect him; for this truly loving, and singularly devoted woman, considered the murder of Sharp a righteous action. She then asked if he was safe. He told her that he cared not for any thing mortals could do to him, since his hand had avenged her, but that the avenger of blood was upon his track. Then, having retired to a more private place, they conversed about what had befallen, and were happy, for they had brought themselves to believe that the murder of Sharp was the most glorious deed that could be done. This opinion consoled them for all their troubles, and made them regardless of danger.

It was agreed between them that he should put his house in order for battle, and defend himself to the last extremity against the Sharps, if they should come to arrest him. He even revolved in his mind the propriety of firing on his pursuers, whoever they might be, and then making his escape. Had they arrived that night it is probable he would have fought them, but believing that no proof could be brought against him, he came to the conclusion, before morning, to remain and brave investigation.

The next evening, before sunset, as he was cleaning and loading his rifle, in the yard, four men rode up, one of whom he recognized as a person he had seen in Frankfort. Though he knew they had come for him, he walked cheerfully to meet them, and one of them asked if his name was not Beauchamp, and if he had not just returned from Frankfort. He answered in the affirmative, and one said he was suspected of the murder of Sharp, and requested him, as a gentleman, to go with them to Frankfort and acquit himself. He affected a great

surprise at being suspected, but said he was ready to start for Frankfort immediately, if anything had been said injurious to his reputation. He told them that he was on his own premises, free, and in a condition to defend himself, and that if, as they said, they only called on him, as a gentleman, to go forward and meet the charges, he would cheerfully do so, but that he neither would nor could be taken to Frankfort as a prisoner. As he was now apprised that he was suspected, he would go thither at all events, but not with them, if they intended to consider him a prisoner. They assured him they had no such intention, and he then invited them to alight and refresh themselves, whilst his horse was being got ready. To convince the men of his sincerity, he ordered his servants to bring out his arms and deliver them up to them. He had enough weapons to have armed his servants completely. Presently one of the men asked leave to examine his dirk, for our readers must know that almost every gentleman in Kentucky carries his bowie-knife or dagger. This pleased him, for he knew it would not correspond with the wound, and he was also glad to learn that they had the measure of a shoe track which had been found near Sharp's door, and which every one supposed to have been that of the murderer. It however frightened him to see that it did not vary much from the dimensions of his own foot, (although he knew it was not his) and one of them (the men) in the belief that he had made his fortune, cried out—

“Exactly! exactly! to a hair's-breadth!”

A great reward had been offered for the assassin's apprehension.

When he was ready to start, Beauchamp asked for his dirk, which they returned, seeing him angry, with some reluctance. They had the handkerchief before mentioned with them, but did not tell him so, nor did he deem it prudent to inquire about it.

A short distance from the house the party was joined by John W. and Isaac Covington, Colonel Sharp's intimate friends. They, too, asked to see Beauchamp's dirk, and he handed it to them. When he asked for it again, they said that they had lost it. They had thrown it away, if Beauchamp was to be believed, but according to their account, he threw it away himself. Be that as it may, it was described in the newspapers as a broad weapon, with keen edges, but it was found, and produced in court, where it did not answer this description at all.

When they had passed the boundary of Simpson county, they mentioned the handkerchief, and Beauchamp asked to see it. His dismay was great at seeing that one corner was cut off, and that there were two holes in it, as if the assassin had stabbed through it. He believed the Sharps would prove it to have been found before their dead kinsman's door, and therefore resolved to get it into his own hands and destroy it.

At night they slept in a room in which there were two beds, one of which was assigned to Beauchamp, and the other to those of the party who slept while the rest watched. They had liquor, of which Beauchamp prevailed on them to drink freely. He then asked to look at the handkerchief, and returned fervent thanks to Heaven that it had been found at Sharp's door, telling the bystanders that it would clear him by leading to the detection of the really guilty. He then gave it back, taking notice which of them put it in his pocket.

He invited this man to sleep with him. The fellow took off his coat with the handkerchief in its pocket, and threw it upon the bed. Beauchamp, after getting into bed, complained of the cold, and drew his cloak over his bedfellow's coat, so that the two who watched might not see how he employed his hands. He had so fuddled one of these that his eyes were of little use to him. Beauchamp, after picking the coat-pocket of the handkerchief, rose to stir the fire, as he said, and the moment the sober watcher looked another way, threw the handkerchief upon the coals, and it was consumed instantly.

The next morning they stopped to breakfast at a tavern, where two of Beauchamp's friends came to see him. He expressed to them his great willingness to meet investigation, saying that the assassin's handkerchief had been found, and with divine assistance would, he doubted not, lead to the detection of the really guilty one. His friends asked to see it, and Beauchamp asked the guard to show it to them. The man felt for it, and exclaimed that it was gone.

"For God's sake," cried Beauchamp, "I hope not. Do look for it again."

When they had looked a long time in vain for it, they were much out of countenance, and the bystanders laughed at them. Beauchamp, however, put on a face of deep concern, and begged them to go back and make a thorough search for it. They refused, and he told them he did not believe they wished it should be found. They retorted by charging him with taking it himself, and a violent altercation ensued, Beauchamp abusing them till they agreed to send back and search. In due time they reached Frankfort, and Beauchamp was at once lodged in jail. That night he beheld in his dreams his wife, and in the morning wrote the following lines:—

Daughter of Grief, thy spirit moves,
In every whistling wind that roves
Across my prison grates;
It bids my fainting soul to bear
And with its sister spirit soar
Aloft to Heaven's gates.

In visions bright it hovers round
And whispers the delightful sound,
"Peace to thy troubled mind—"

What though unfeeling worlds unite
To vent on thee their venom'd spite,
Thy Anna's heart is kind."

And oft when visions thus arouse
Thy husband's fondest hopes, he vows
'Tis no delusive dream,
And springing from his bed of grief,
He finds a moment's sweet relief,
Though round him horrors gleam.

Still, still, when calm reflection reigns,
My soul its sweet repose regains
In this triumphant thought;
That in thy love, though absent far,
My soul has laid in store for her
Of bliss her sweetest draught.

Then rave, ye angry storms of fate
And sound your loudest blasts of hate,
Ye perjured reptile worms.
Disdaining aught to yield, my soul
Shall gladly fly this earthly goal,
Safe to my Anna's arms!

Prisons for clay—the immortal soul,
Triumphant soars, disdains control,
And mocks a vengeful world!
The shaft's too late, I soar too high,
I rise in triumph to the sky,
Not caring whence 'twas hurled.

No, never let the world espy,
A tear in thy angelic eye—
Be firm as him you love:
Oh, wherefore pine to hear my knell?
Has not God ordered all things well?
We'll meet in Heaven above!

What Beauchamp had foreseen came to pass. The Sharp party attributed their leader's death to the opposition, and Amos Kendall, then the editor of the Argus, called on the people to mourn for him as a martyr in the cause of the people. Nay, he threatened any who should dare to attribute the murder to other than political motives, Sharp's relations followed in the same cry, naturally preferring to have it said that their admired kinsman had been slain for fear of his matchless abilities, than that he had been the victim of a private revenge for ingratitude and a base seduction. For awhile, nothing offended them more than an insinuation that Beauchamp was the assassin, wherefore the latter began to feel safe, and prided himself

much on his foresight; but an unexpected circumstance changed the complexion of his destiny.

This was a story set forth in the Frankfort Argus, making Beauchamp the instrument of the old party in politics. A fellow named Darby, the editor of the opposition paper, was said to have shared in his guilt, and was prevailed on to give colour to the fiction by his evidence, which was neither consistent, nor, in some points, uncontradicted. This man, being himself in danger, swore that Beauchamp had made him the confidant of his design to kill Sharp, at a time when they were strangers to each other.

It was expected to prove that Beauchamp made the track found near Col. Sharp's house, but it did not exactly correspond with the length and breadth of his foot. The attempt to prove that Beauchamp dropped the so-often mentioned handkerchief at the door failed also.

The evidence of many of those to whom Beauchamp related the news of the murder, between Frankfort and his own house, was highly unfavourable, imputing to him suspicious behaviour.

Mrs. Sharp swore to his voice; and the particulars of his conversation with her husband before stabbing him, coincided, as testified by her, with the account he had given of himself to Mr. Scott.

He had called himself John A. Covington, in speaking to Col. Sharp, because he was perfectly familiar with the name of John W. Covington, and could not therefore be supposed to mistake. He hoped that this circumstance would tend to remove suspicion from him, as indeed, at first, it did. But another circumstance deprived him of the benefit of his cunning; two persons swore that they had heard him, in speaking of John W. Covington, call him John A. Covington. Another swore that Beauchamp had told him he always mistook the name, and said John A. instead of John W.

Mr. Scott, a man of high character, (he in whose house Beauchamp had lodged,) declared that on the night of the murder he heard the prisoner descend the stairs and leave the house. His account of Beauchamp's conduct on the morning after the murder, was different from what we have given heretofore, but here he was contradicted by other witnesses.

What weighed most against Beauchamp, was the testimony of one of his neighbours, named Lowe, supposed to have been suborned by Darby. He had, according to Beauchamp, offered to swear that Darby had attempted to bribe him, to save Beauchamp's life. Accordingly, Beauchamp sent him a written statement of the facts to which he desired him to make oath. This document Lowe produced in court. He also swore that Mrs. Beauchamp had told him her husband was guilty. This attempt at subornation of perjury adds a darker shade to Beauchamp's character, supposing his account to be strictly true. However, life is sweet, and he was contending for it.

Lowe also swore that he heard Beauchamp and his wife both threaten Sharp's life, and that on his return from Frankfort, Beauchamp had intimated to him that he had accomplished his purpose.

Many other particulars, on which it would be tedious to dwell, were given in evidence. Mr. Pope, Beauchamp's counsel, made a powerful defence, in which Darby was not spared. This gave occasion for a display of the prisoner's pugnacity, which, even in his perilous situation, could not rest at ease. While the jury were deliberating on their verdict, Mr. Pope left the court, and at the door met Darby, who assaulted him with a cane. Beauchamp saw this from the bar, and his blood boiled in his veins. He sprang from the bar and rushed out to attack Darby, dragging two persons with him, who attempted to hold his arms. He was, however, overpowered and forced back, and at the same time Darby was borne away by the crowd. So far had anger prevailed over better feelings, that Beauchamp scarcely heard the sentence of death, which was immediately pronounced.

It was intended to have indicted Mrs. Beauchamp as an accessory before the fact, and Lowe made oath that she had confessed to him that she had devised and instigated the assassination. This tale the court utterly disregarded, and refused to commit her for trial.

It was intimated to Beauchamp while in prison that Governor Desha would pardon him if he would accuse some of his political opponents as his accomplices. He was desired to say that there had been a conspiracy to assassinate Desha, and several of the most distinguished supporters of his administration. The love of life prevailed on the wretched young man, to accede to this base proposal: he accused Darby, and agreed, as soon as he was pardoned, to accuse any other persons Desha might indicate. Beauchamp, to the last hour of his death never doubted that this proposal emanated from Desha; but though there is abundant proof of the weakness of that unfortunate governor, we have no reason to believe him capable of such wickedness.

Beauchamp had written his accusation of Darby, and it was lying on the table before him in prison, when Darby came in to see him. Beauchamp could not resist the temptation to torment his enemy, and therefore accused him to his face, with great vehemence, of having been present, aiding and abetting in the murder. The solemn accusations and bitter reproaches cast on him by the convict, overwhelmed Darby with confusion, and he went away firmly believing that Beauchamp would die, avowing that he was an accomplice in the assassination. His friends, too, were greatly discontented. Beauchamp soon repented this ebullition of ill feeling, and in the memoir he left behind him completely exonerated Darby from the charge.

Mrs. Beauchamp accompanied her husband from the court to the prison, and after his conviction never left him. The same high, but

misguided feelings, that had made her so thirst for the blood of Sharp, impelled her to share Beauchamp's fate. She also persuaded Beauchamp to avoid the ignominy of a public execution by suicide, nor, as he had always been devoted to her, did he deny this last request. They had an ounce of laudanum, which Mrs. Beauchamp divided into two equal portions, with as much composure as she had ever poured out a glass of wine. Then having prayed their Maker to permit the action, if done against his will, they drank the deadly draught, and laid down in each other's arms to die! So fully had they persuaded themselves that they should awake in Paradise that they could not refrain from singing for joy. Previous to this, Mrs. Beauchamp wrote the epitaph below which she requested might be engraved on their tombstone:

Entombed below in other's arms
The husband and the wife repose,
Safe from life's never-ending storms,
Secure from all their cruel foes.

A child of evil fate she lived —
A villain's wile her peace had crossed —
The husband of her heart revived
The happiness she long had lost.

He heard her tale of matchless woe,
And burning for revenge arose;
He laid her base betrayer low,
And struck dismay to virtue's foes.

Reader, if honour's generous blood,
'Ere warmed thy heart, here drop a tear;
And let thy sympathetic flood,
Deep in thy mind its traces wear.

A brother or a sister thou —
Dishonoured see thy sister dear;
Then turn and see the villain low,
And here let fall a grateful tear.

Daughter, if Virtue grant the tear,
That Love and Honour's tomb may claim,
In your defence the husband here,
Laid down in youth his life and fame.

His wife disdained a life forlorn,
'Reft from her heart's beloved lord;
Then, reader, here their fortunes mourn,
Who, for their love, their life-blood poured.

This desperate and wicked attempt was not successful. They lay for hours expecting to drop asleep to wake no more. This time they

spent in prayer; and, in the fury of his delirium, Beauchamp shouted aloud and awakened all within reach, declaring that his sins were forgiven. At last his wife slept, but strange to say, twenty-four hours passed away, and the laudanum had no material effect on Beauchamp. Mrs. Beauchamp awoke, and, after vomiting, took a second potion, but all was of no avail.

Beauchamp now tried to persuade his wife to live, and let the law take its course with him, but she declared that he should not be buried before she would follow him, even if she should be obliged to starve herself. Wherefore he yielded to her earnest entreaty that they should stab themselves, and die together. He then wrote directions for their interment, that they both should be buried in one coffin, his wife to be folded in his arms.

On the morning of June 5th, the drums were heard beating in the streets of Frankfort, and a vast multitude were hurrying to the gibbet, which was erected, black and ominous, on a hill near the town.

At ten o'clock, there was but one person in the same cell with the Beauchamps; the dungeon was feebly lighted with one candle; its only entrance was through a trap door above.

About eleven o'clock, Mrs. Beauchamp desired the guard to leave the cell for a few moments, that she might rise and dress herself. He did so. He had scarce got out of the dungeon, when he heard a deep sigh, and Beauchamp called him back. He went down and found Beauchamp lying on his back, in earnest prayer. His wife was beside him, with her arms around his body. Not thinking anything serious had happened, the guard sat down in silence until Beauchamp had finished his prayer.

"Tell my father," he said, "that we are going straight to Heaven—we are dying."

"No, I reckon not," replied the guard.

"Yes," said Beauchamp, "it is so: we have killed ourselves."

The man then saw that Mrs. Beauchamp held a bloody knife in her hand, and asked where they had got it. Both answered that they had long kept it concealed for the purpose. They had both stabbed themselves, but neither groaned or showed any signs of pain. Beauchamp said that he had struck himself first, and that his wife had then wrested the knife from him, and plunged it into her own heart. He added that he feared his own wound was not mortal, and begged the guard to get him some laudanum.

The jailor came, and Mrs. Beauchamp was removed into another apartment, without any resistance on her part. To those who questioned her, she replied by saying—

"I struck the fatal blow myself, and am dying for my dear husband."

She now suffered violent pain, and screamed so loudly that Beauchamp heard her in his dungeon. He wrote to her as follows:

"Your husband is dying happy. For you I lived—for you I die. I hear you groan. I hope you may yet recover. If you do, live till it is God's will to take you, and prepare to meet me in a better world.

"Your dying husband, J. O. BEAUCHAMP.

"My beloved Anna."

It was now determined to take him to the gallows as soon as possible. As they were carrying him out of the house, he begged to see his wife, but the physicians said she was not badly hurt, and would soon recover. The officers objected to stopping. He said it was cruel, and they then carried him into the room where she was dying, and laid him beside her. He put his hand on her face, and asked her affectionately if she knew him, but she could not answer.

"Physicians," he said, "you have deceived me; she is dying."

Then he said to the ladies: "From you, ladies, I demand a tear of sympathy."

He held Mrs. Beauchamp's pulse, until he felt its last throb, and then said—

"Farewell, Child of Sorrow—farewell, victim of misfortune and persecution. You are now safe from the tongue of slander. For you I have lived, and for you I die!"

He kissed her lips, and said he was ready.

As he was too weak to sit up in his coffin, a covered wagon was prepared to convey him to the gallows. As the procession proceeded, he expressed his confident hope of a happy immortality to the attending clergyman. The drums beat as he went along, and he observed that the music was delightful, and that he had never moved more cheerfully. He continued waving his hand to the ladies at the windows, till the procession got out of the town.

He was unmoved at the sight of his coffin under the gallows, and at every pause in the conversation, expressed his impatience. He was then assisted to get upon his coffin in the cart under the gallows, and supported there. This done, he asked for water, and that the music would play Bonaparte's Retreat from Moscow. It was done. He then gave the signal himself, and thus ended his short and evil life. His body was given to his father, who buried it pursuant to his directions.

Thus ended the tragedy: a man of the first talents had fallen, as he deserved, for his crimes, and another, who might have equalled him in rank, and who might have been an honour to his native State, was cut off in the flower of his youth. We know not which ought to be held in most abhorrence. Beauchamp had no right to avenge the wrongs of another, or even his own, with his own hand; and every well-constituted mind must revolt at an assassination so treacherous and cruel as that of Sharp. The destruction of his own life

was a sin of no less magnitude. It may be said in his excuse that he was actuated by a sense of honour highly commendable, had it not been misdirected, and that he was instigated by a woman he fondly loved.

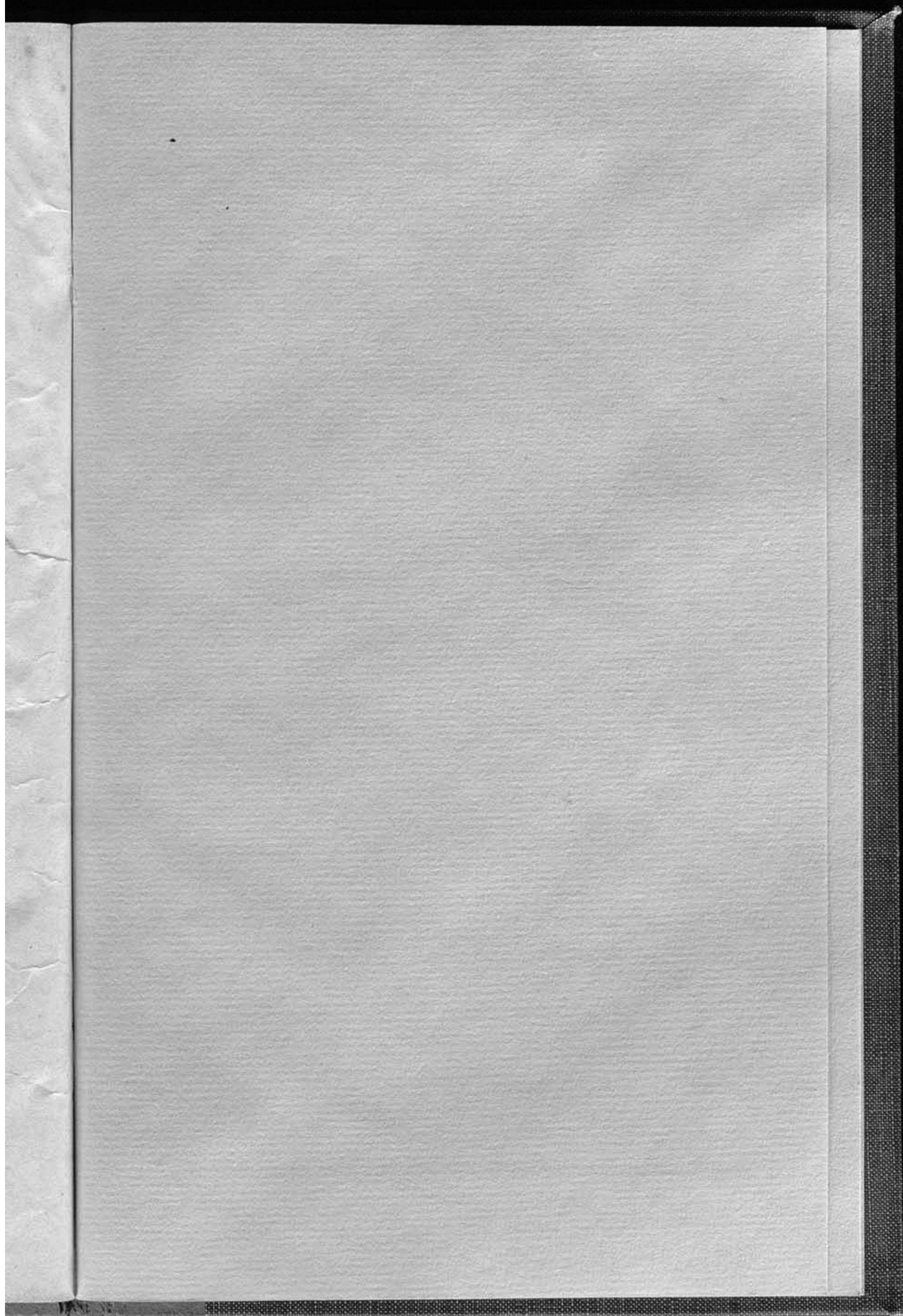
On the other hand, there was never villany more cruel, more cowardly, more atrocious, than that of Sharp. There was no palliating circumstance—not even the heat of young blood. He deserved all he got, and much more.

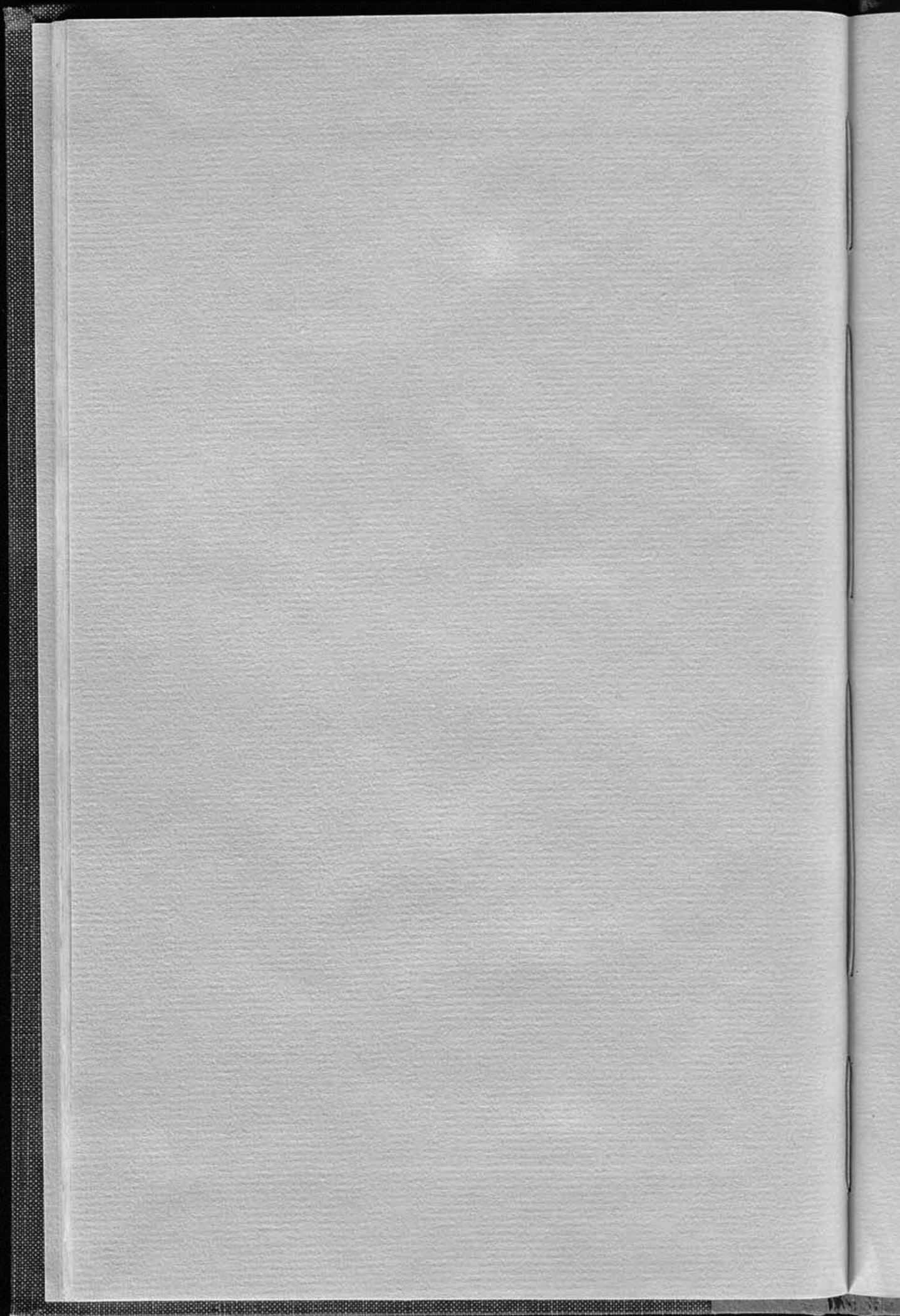
As to Mrs. Beauchamp, who has the heart to blame her? It is idle to say that the laws afford redress for all injuries. That for such as was hers, is absolute insult. The woman who could take the price of dishonour—who would barter virtue for gold—is unfit to live. For a petty theft, a man is sent to the penitentiary; but for stealing the fair fame, the whole hope of earthly happiness of woman—for crushing her heart in the spring of her life—for violated oaths and diabolical treachery, he pays—*damages!* Such should be made criminal in all the world.

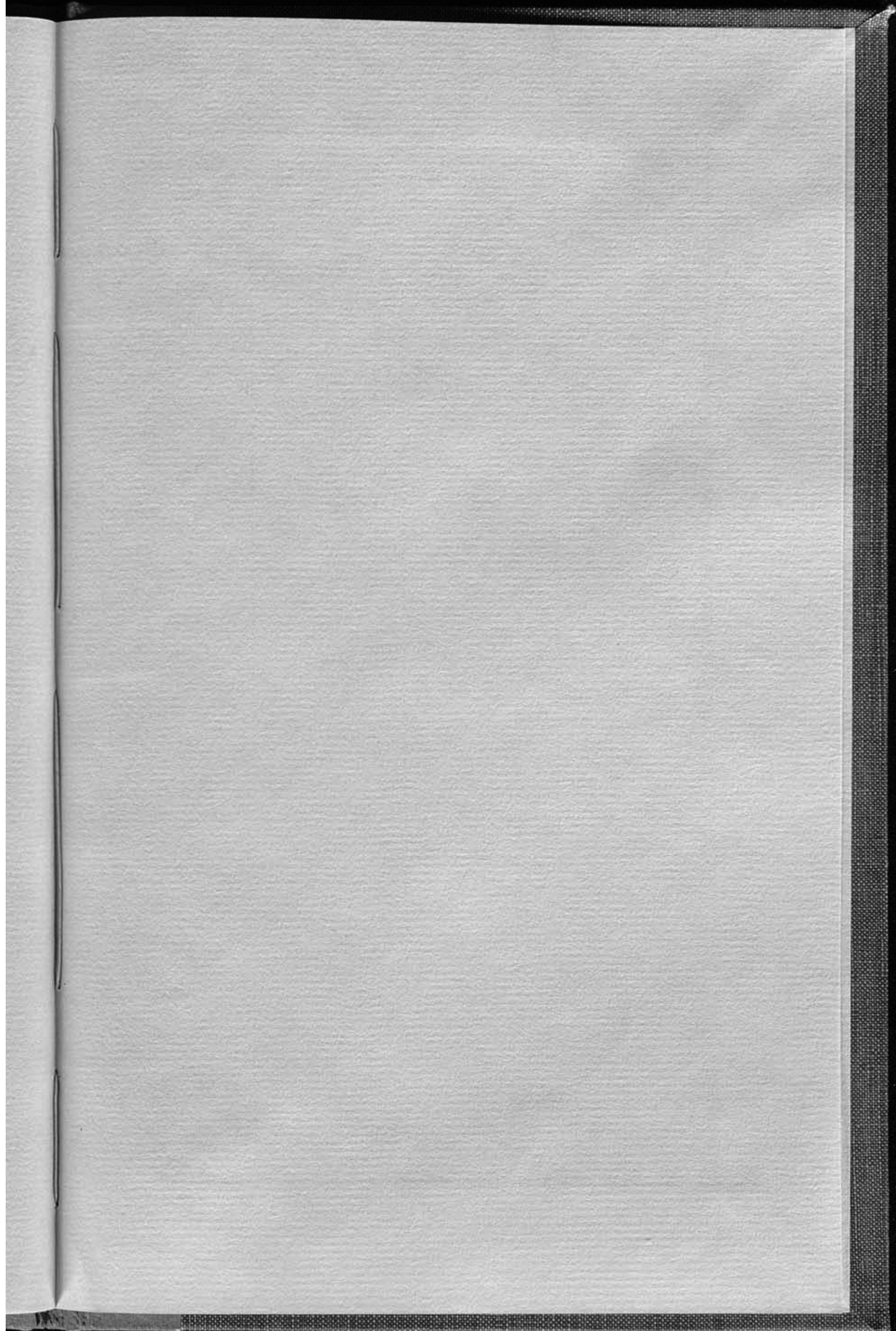
The fate of Beauchamp may serve to teach a respect for the laws of honour, for revenging the violation of which he lost his life. It may teach such as triumph in the abuse of female innocence, that even though the victim may have no parent or brother, some other arm may be nerved to vengeance. It may show the danger of calumny, and warn the young and violent not to take the laws in their own hands. It speaks volumes against seduction, slander, promise-breaking and suicide; and in the hope that *all* who may read it may profit thereby, is the wish of the compiler, who now gives it to the world.

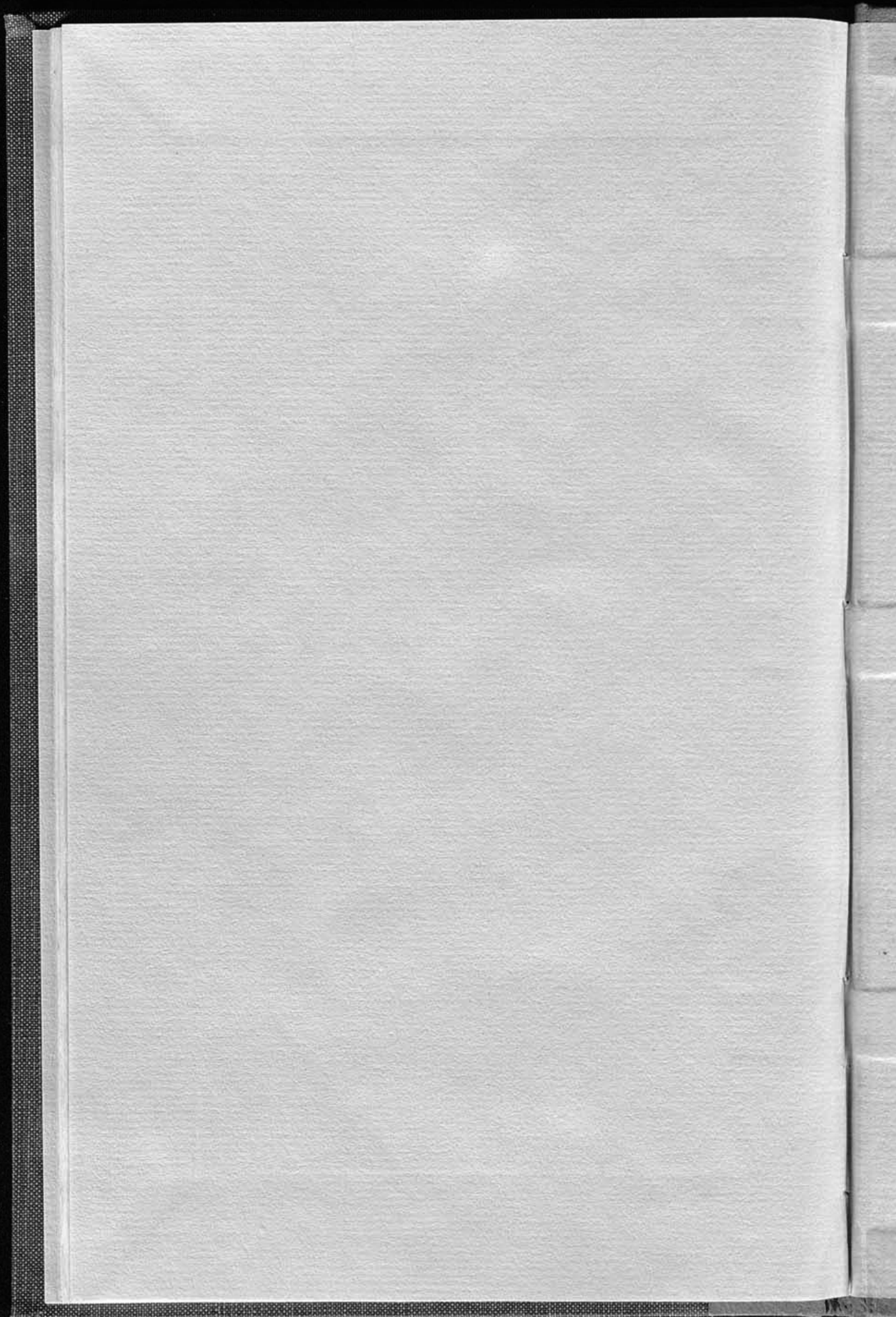
THE END.

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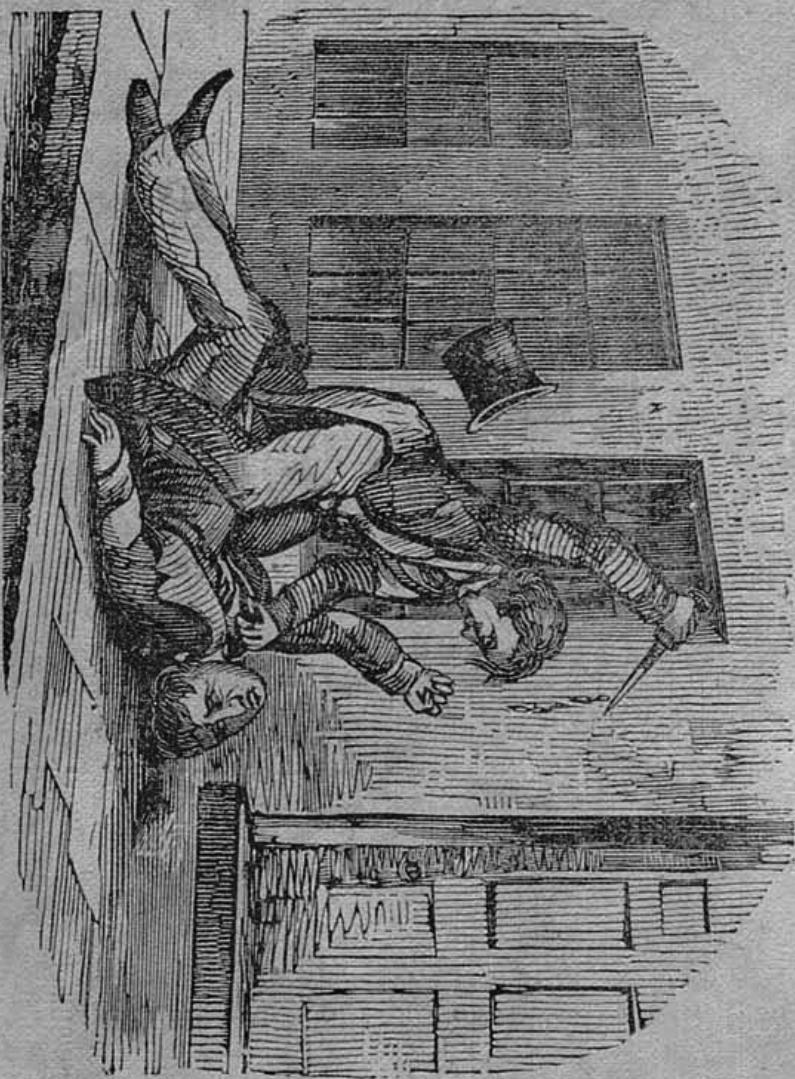








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"GREAT GOD, IT IS BEAUCHAMP," FAINTLY EJACULATED SHARP, WITH THE DEATH
GURGLE IN HIS THROAT, AS THE KNIFE OF BEAUCHAMP ENTERED HIS HEART.