

BEAUCHAMP'S
CONFESSION.

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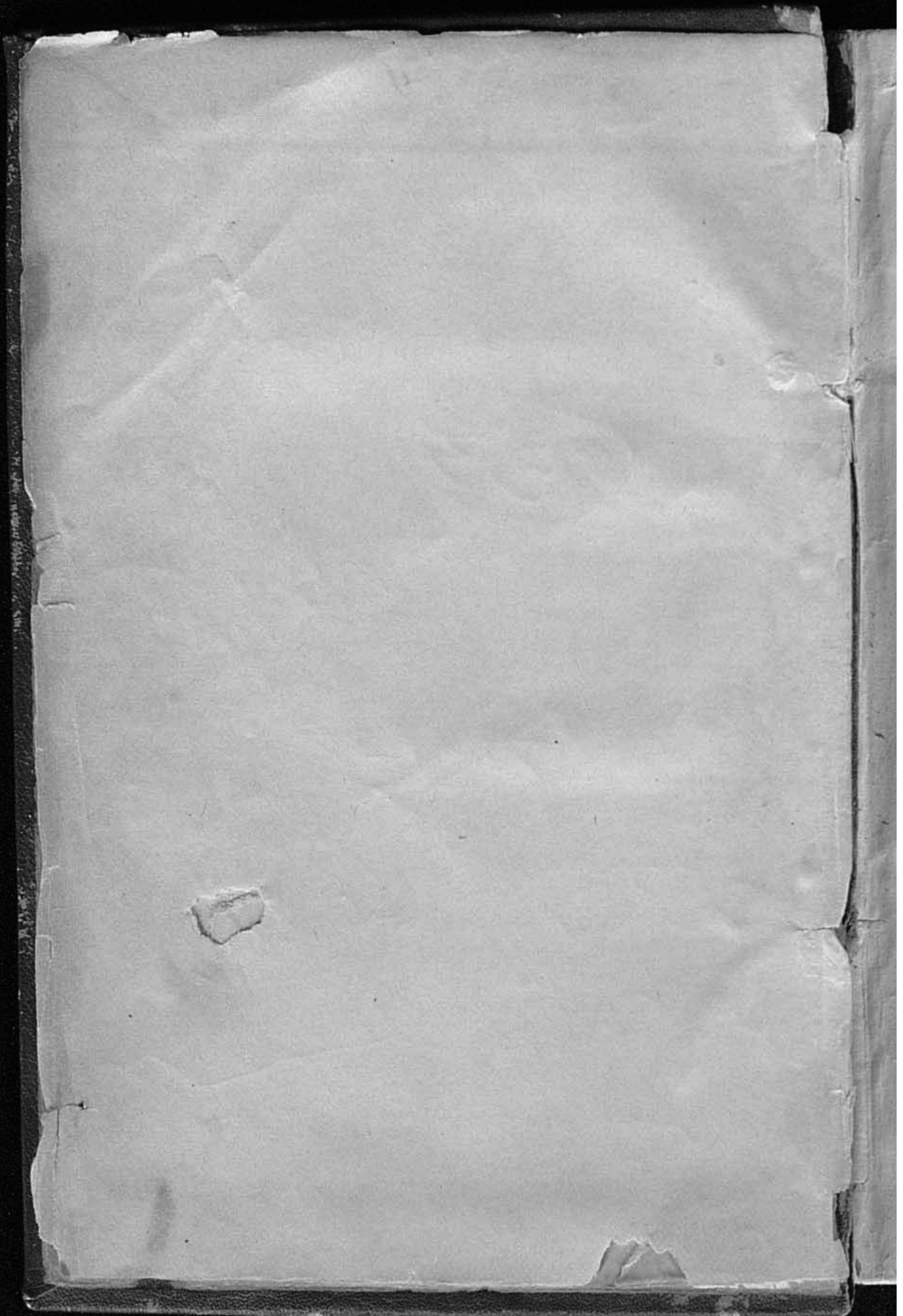
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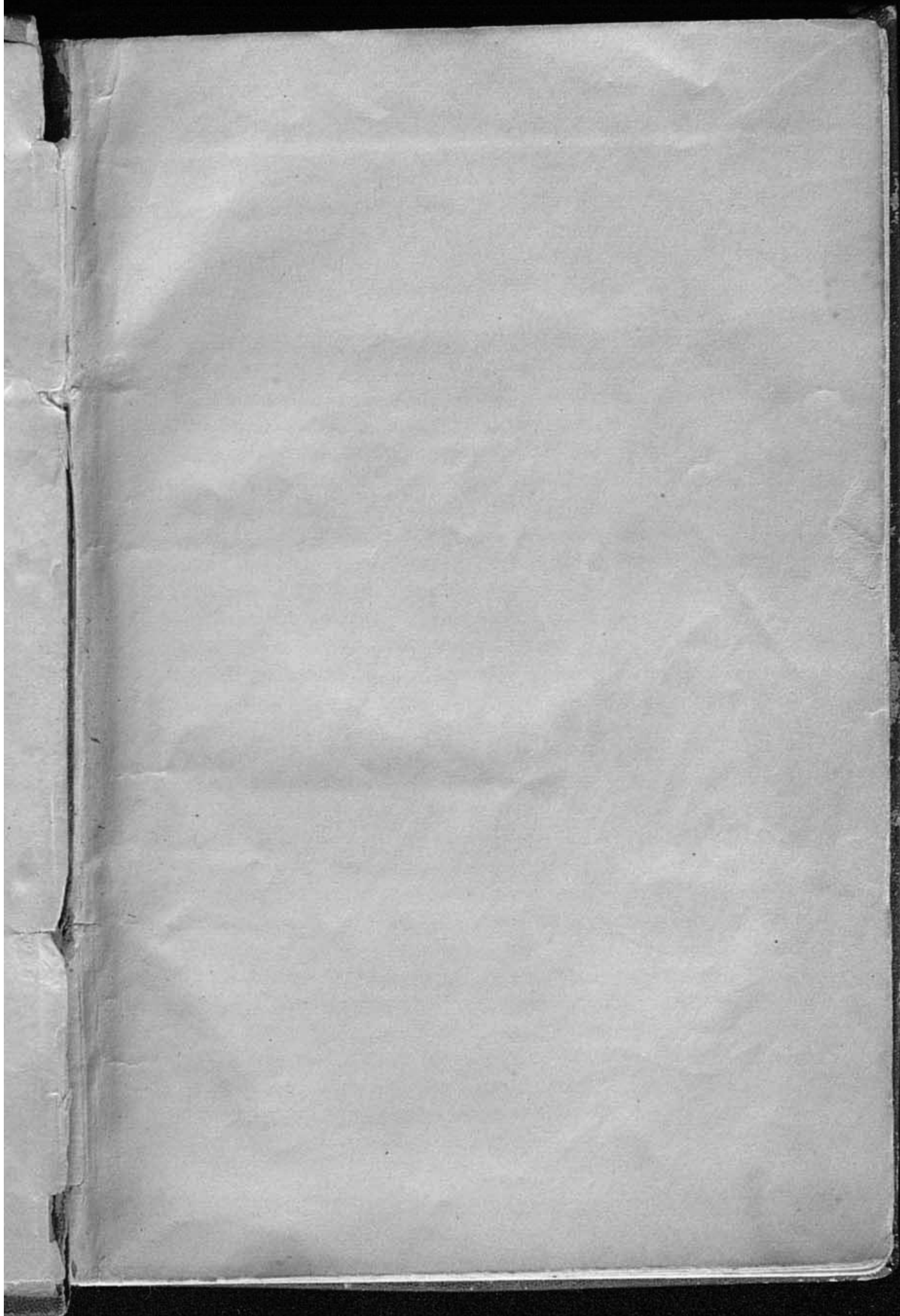
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W. M. W. M.

[From the Boston Traveller, April, 1857.]

THE BEAUCHAMP TRAGEDY IN KENTUCKY.

WE were led, a short time since, to recall, in connection with the novel of W. Gilmore Simms, and review the circumstances connected with the well-nigh forgotten Beauchamp tragedy, in which everybody in the country was interested thirty years ago. In noticing Mrs. Howe's new play, recently, we spoke of its similarity, in a single point, to this Beauchamp story; but the whole history of the strange affair is worth recalling from oblivion.

Our main authority is the confession of Beauchamp himself, made shortly before his execution, and printed in a thick pamphlet, at Bloomfield, Ky., in 1826. This pamphlet, which contains also some letters of Beauchamp, some verses by himself and his wife, and an account of his last hours, is exceedingly rare; and we heartily wish it could be re-printed, for it has vastly more interest than any novel Mr. Simms ever wrote.

The details therein given may seem like those of a common murder,—too common in these days, unfortunately,—deriving their interest only from a morbid craving for a knowledge of such horrors. But there is a deeper reason why the atrocities of Beauchamp and his wife stand in prominence on the sad calendar of crime. The feeling which impelled them was an insatiable thirst for vengeance, it was true; but this finds some excuse in the greatness of their victim's guilt; while it is exalted above the fury of the ordinary murder by the solemn fanaticism which made them regard it as a duty, and by the tenderness of their love for each other. Nothing can be more touching than the gentleness and reverence with which, everywhere in his confession, Beauchamp speaks of his wife; and

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she, in turn, seems to have felt the most enthusiastic affection for him. He was her chevalier—her champion, and the champion of injured virtue everywhere; and in her steady refusal to outlive him, she shared the constancy of a Roman matron, and died as heroically as Brutus's Portia or the famous Lucretia.

Some verses by Mrs. Beauchamp, written just before her death, and printed in the pamphlet referred to, support the conception of her character which one forms from her wonderful story. They all relate to her husband's crime and fate, and their style indicates a cultivated mind and a lofty and poetic nature; a single stanza, in which she speaks of her husband's dying with her, evinces this:

“And wedded to his side my form shall lie
 Encircled by his arm, for naught but Fate
 Could move my stubborn spirit, free to die
 With all my soul holds dear, or good, or great.”

Novels and plays have been built upon this story, and perhaps that of Mr. Simms is the best among them; but is impossible for fiction to equal the awful simplicity with which Beauchamp's confession portrays the whole series of events. Not even Othello so much absorbs our interests or moves our emotions. The action proceeds with the dreadful certainty of the Greek tragedy, where an invincible fate drives on the noble and generous to crime. In the wilderness of Kentucky, among attorneys and planters and backwoodsmen, you see again Orestes and Electra, Clytemestra and Agamemnon; and the events are as sublime and terrible as any Æschylus or Sophocles have immortalized in verse.

“One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.”

INTRODUCTION.

"God made them lambs: we men are wolves," was the remark of a dying debauchee to a profligate friend who was endeavoring to assuage the former's remorse over visions of wrecks of female virtue he had made, by lightly arguing that his own experience should teach him that woman was all unworthy such compunctions, since she was ever ready to yield herself to the importunate. "God made them lambs: we men are wolves," was his only reply.

In the above sentence is given the philosophy of female seduction; the secret reason why some high-toned, noble-hearted women fall—they were powerless to the men they loved.

Woman is powerless to the man she loves; but in this there is nothing for him to glory over—nothing to cover her with shame. It is Nature's law; it is of divine appointment. Physically, he is her superior; and in judgment and firmness essentially so. But with her subordination comes his responsibility. Woman is God's *greatest trust*, as well as Heaven's best gift, to man.

The most beautiful of earthly things created is woman; and modesty and purity are among her sweetest adornments. So long as she preserves these angelic attributes, she commands the esteem of the good, the respect of the bad; but, parting with them, she is like a star changed to darkness—she falls as no other created thing *can* fall.

Every living creature has a defence given it; and fear, timidity, and shame are the natural safeguards of woman. The *true* woman instinctively shrinks from the evil approaches of man. To the citadel of her purity there is but one unwall'd entrance—her heart. She *must* love; she must have something to worship, to cling to and adorn, or her earthly mission—to bless—would

not be fulfilled; her very weaknesses demand that she have some one to lean upon and confide in, possessed of attributes the opposite of her own—one able to sustain and protect her—and for this being, when the object of her *first* affections, she is ever willing to leave father, mother, sister, brother; to sacrifice home and the world, and sometimes—too often—her heaven and her God.*

Woman, then, is as God created her—subordinate to man; and he who gains and honorably and justly wears a pure woman's love, has secured to himself the greatest of earthly blessings; while he who wins only to blast and destroy, by the very act so distorts his own vision that earth's fairest flowers seem to him but contemptible weeds. He curses where to bless would re-act upon himself, and creates in his own bosom a hell when he might have drawn around himself a heaven.

The most blighting, detestable, and least punished of all villains, is the systematic seducer.† Like the drunkard, his appetite feeds upon itself; like the foul wolf, he hunts for the mere pleasure of destroying. His crimes go mostly unpunished, because exposure would but heap additional anguish upon his victim's head; privacy and delicacy prevent the line of his guilt being satisfactorily drawn, and consequently the public and the law seem indifferent to his sins; it is only when some startling

* It is proper to qualify this and a previous assertion by stating that it is meant to apply mostly to young women who have had but little knowledge of the world—the fact that most cases of seduction occur when the man is far in advance in years of his victim, goes to sustain the hypothesis presented.

† Base and soulless as is the deliberate seducer, there is yet one MEANER villain extant—the one who from malice, jealousy, or revenge, blasts the reputation of an innocent girl by anonymous slander. The following is a case in point; and the cowardly scoundrel it refers to deserves, when discovered, to be driven, like Matt. Ward, beyond the pale of civilized society.

“A young lady of estimable character, who had for some months been teaching the school in the Townley District, was, not long ago, discharged by the trustees on account of accusations against her virtue contained in an anonymous letter received by one of their number. It has since been ascertained that the charges were utterly false, but the poor girl's reputation will probably never be entirely purged of the stains which were thus so cruelly cast upon it.”

act of merited vengeance, like to the Beauchamp or Heberton tragedy, proving by its very desperation that a deep, foul, premeditated wrong has been perpetrated, and at which, as in the latter case, the people and the press cry out, "*The argument is conclusive; justice, not law, for the actors,*" that society is enabled to vindicate itself as the willing punisher of Virtue's destroyer, and judicial authority, unavoidably blind to the first outrage, is forced with seeming reluctance to overlook the second.

Death is a punishment for the murderer; the Penitentiary for the mutilator of another's body; the State Prison for the robber and burglar; and imprisonment for whoever obtains goods under false pretences. What, then, does that man deserve who, under honorable pretences, intrudes himself upon the domestic circle—casts his toils around its brightest ornaments—deceives, crushes, and marks with a shameful, indelible stain a father's hope and mother's pride; who, for the gratification of an idle hour, destroys what has cost others *years* of toil and solicitude to rear; and sends forth to curse the world one who otherwise might have passed a happy, useful existence?

Manifestly the seducer's crime equals all the above-named combined; and equally evident is it, that if legislation cannot satisfactorily reach and commensurately punish the seducer, neither will public opinion at this time suffer the law to deal harshly with the man who avenges a daughter's or a sister's wrongs, when the circumstances of the case unmistakably evince the chastisement is just. No jury can be found to convict so unhappy, so unfortunate an offender, so long as it remains evident that *Fear*, not of public justice, but of private retribution, is, as now, almost the sole safeguard of society against that unprincipled ravager of domestic peace, the Systematic Seducer.

The Heberton case, above referred to, justifies this assertion; Heberton was a wealthy *roué*—a professed debauchee; and publicly boasted of his triumph over one particular victim, a school girl, and daughter of a wealthy Philadelphia merchant; the father demanded marriage to cover the offence, and the brother threatened death as the alternative of refusal. Heberton laughed

them to scorn, at first; but afterwards, becoming intimidated, secreted himself, and in attempting to escape to a vessel bound for Europe, was met in his carriage on board the ferry boat, and shot dead by the avenging brother; the latter immediately surrendered himself, was soon tried, and the jury acquitted him; the crowds which thronged the court house and the adjacent streets endorsing the verdict with loud cheers, and the press throughout the country sustaining the righteous judgment.

The other affair referred to had a different termination; not, as the writer believes, because the seducer was less guilty in the eyes of the community, than Heberton, but principally because Beauchamp stooped to secret assassination, instead of openly and boldly challenging the world to witness the deed, and thus, as it were, throwing himself upon its judgment and its mercy.

Col. Sharp, in 1826, Attorney-General of Kentucky, a man of prepossessing manners and winning address, was the seducer of Miss Cooke, an orphan girl, universally admired, until her misfortune universally respected, (even then heartily pitied,) and as the sequel shows, possessed of qualities which, under a more favorable initiation, would have made her worthy the hand of any hero.

Some time after this circumstance became public, Beauchamp, then a student at law, and a generous, noble-hearted, impetuous young man, incited by a chivalrous feeling, sought out Miss Cooke at the plantation to which she had retired to bury herself from the world, and though then but nineteen, took upon himself the task of avenging her wrongs, at that time the theme of every tongue.

He managed to obtain a private interview with Col. Sharp at the river's side; announced himself as the avenger whom Miss Cooke had promised Col. Sharp when she last forbade him her presence, should some day confront him; challenged him to fight; and when words could not provoke Col. Sharp to select weapons with which to defend himself, Beauchamp struck him in the face, and finally kicked the coward from the field. Col. Sharp protested *he could not fight in such a cause*; he studiously

avoided Beauchamp, and in no possible way could the latter incite him to an encounter.

Three or four years after their first interview, Beauchamp married Miss Cooke; and even at that date so strong was the public sentiment against Col. Sharp, and so much was he annoyed by it, that in the hope to allay its force he had the temerity to commit a greater outrage almost than the first, by originating a story that the birth of a certain negro child furnished unmistakable evidence that he could not have been guilty of the crime towards Miss Cooke that he was charged with. The bounds of human endurance were then passed, and Col. Sharp's fate sealed.

Beauchamp and his wife now resolved to delay retribution no longer; but the happy life—tinged but by one bitter thought—which they had latterly been leading, made earthly existence sweet; and though Beauchamp would have willingly sacrificed his life on the altar of his own and his wife's injured honor, she who had once made him swear to avenge her wrongs, as the price of her hand—who had pleaded that so long as Col. Sharp lived she could not feel worthy to become his wife—now, with a true woman's affection, made him again vow not to expose his life to the law for the sake of a cowardly wretch who fled his presence, and basely shrunk from giving him any chance whatever for satisfaction or redress.

And here was the great mistake which no after Roman firmness or sacrifice on their part could retrieve; the world detests the skulking assassin, but in its *secret* heart applauds whoever with sufficient motive rids it of a tyrant or social monster, and who, by going to judgment along with his victims, as did the Samson of Scripture, or by surrendering themselves to certain death, as did Charlotte Corday, prove conclusively to the world that it was no petty personal malice, or hope of earthly advantage that incited them to the deed.

Beauchamp killed Col. Sharp; calling him to his door, late at night, showing him his face, and then striking so sure a blow that he died instantly; and though so well had Beauchamp

planned everything to escape detection, that nothing but perjury could link out a chain of even circumstantial evidence against him, yet so powerful and unscrupulous were the friends of Col. Sharp, that he was convicted of murder, and died upon the gallows; his wife perished by her own hand on the same day as her husband, (in fact was dying and insensible as he quitted her side,) and was buried in the same grave with him. And however deplorable this termination to their sad career, and however questionable the commission of suicide, under any circumstances whatever, the last two acts of this terrible drama seem essential to evince to the world that Col. Sharp was worthy of his fate, and his victim of her husband's devotion. At all events, the case presents a moral we are bound to profit by; but not without paying a tribute to the courage and constancy, to the touching devotion to each other of the least censurable of those who furnished this costly bequest, and a prayer to that Tribunal which is alone competent to weigh their sins that their errors may be mercifully dealt with.

And what is this moral? First, that seduction, murder, suicide, and legal homicide all resulted, in this case, as they may in others, not altogether from the want of principle on the part of the man, but as much, perhaps, from *lack of knowledge of her own danger and weaknesses*, on the part of the woman; and second, that woman may suffer the greatest of wrongs, and still be worthy not only of our pity but our respect—that there is a vast difference between the voluntarily fallen and the *cast down*—for though we may seldom have hopes of the one, it is unjust and unreasonable to lack faith in the other.

The importance and the truth of these two points it will be the principal object of this book to evince; but mainly the first, for the obvious reason that

The prevention of evil is always better than the cure.

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THIS "Confession" is reprinted from the original, and very rare pamphlet, printed at Bloomfield, Kentucky, in 1826, a copy of which is in the library of the Boston Athenæum.

With the exceptions that will be enumerated, this is an exact reprint. Under the painful circumstances as stated in the preface, the manuscript was evidently written in great haste, and did not receive the author's revision. After his execution it was very carelessly printed at a country newspaper office. The whole appearance of the pamphlet, which is on coarse and dingy paper, and in some parts almost illegible, indicates that the printers were innocent of the most common experience in proof-reading, and of the typographic art in general. Words are often spelled in two or three different ways on the same page; the punctuation is so badly adjusted that some sentences required to be studied before the sense is apparent; and the narrative is disfigured with many blunders for which the printers, and not the author, is responsible.

Beauchamp, although not a practical writer, was a man of some education, and of more than ordinary intelligence. His language is often ungrammatical, and abounds with Western provincialisms. While it has not been easy, in every instance, to make the distinction, an attempt has been made to correct the errors of the press, and to retain the distinctive features of the author's style, with all its imperfections. The spelling (except in a few instances that seemed to be the author's own method) has been made uniform, and the punctuation has been so arranged as to exhibit the author's meaning. In several in-

stances a word omitted, that was needed to complete the sentence, has been supplied in brackets. No changes have been made other than those the author would have made himself could he have revised the proofs. No attempt has been made to put the Confession into correct English. The author's errors in composition, arising either from haste, excitement, or inexperience in writing, are interesting as illustrating the wretched man's position and mental training, and they have therefore been retained.

A biographical sketch of Col. Sharp ; a historical account of the Old Court and New Court party controversy, which is alluded to so frequently in the Confession, and some other cotemporary statements with regard to these transactions, are appended in the Supplement.

PREFACE.

I AM this day condemned to die by my country's laws. My country has extended the limited time fixed for my existence on earth, in order that I might write an account of the causes which have led to my death.

The short time I have to live, together with the multiplied duties I have to perform towards consoling my family and friends, will unavoidably render the details of facts which I shall leave for the perusal of my countrymen, greatly disconnected and confused. I shall abandon all studied style; I shall only in laconic language record facts.

I do not regret to die. My fate has moved all who stood allied to me by either ties of friendship or of kindred, more than it has me. I am satisfied. I die for pursuing what the dictates of my clearest and most deliberate judgment had determined it was at least justifiable in me to do, if not my duty to do; and for which no guilty pang of conscience has ever yet reproved me, or the certain prospect of death made me feel the least regret. And if my death teaches a respect for the laws of my country, my example will be not less serviceable in teaching respect for those laws of honor, to revenge the violation and outrage of which I so freely die.

The death of Col. Sharp, at my hands, will teach two lessons not altogether uncalled for by the present moral and political state of society in Kentucky. It will teach a certain class of *heroes* who make their glory to consist in triumphs over the virtue and happiness of worthy unfortunate orphan females, to pause sometimes in their mad career; and reflect, that though the deluded victim of their villany may have no father to protect or avenge her, yet some friendly arm may sooner or later be led by her to avenge her blighted prospects. Some great

men never think their fame complete till some worthy widowed matron mourns at their hands the immolation of a favorite daughter, the pride and comfort of her declining years. To such I have spoken a loud and lasting warning. My example, or rather that of Col. Sharp, will also teach the unprincipled politician in his career of ambition, that if his dishonor has driven from society, and buried in a living grave, an unfortunate female who had fallen a victim to his villany, it may be better to lie under the reproach of her seduction, than to hazard farther insult to so deep an injury, by adding slander and detraction to such an outrage upon every human feeling.

To justify myself before my country, and for the satisfaction of my family, who feel dishonored by my condemnation, I shall submit to the world a plain, unreserved narrative of the motives that led me to become an assassin.

And to place in a fair light all the feelings which have led to the assassination of Col. Sharp, I shall be unavoidably led to give some few abstracted remarks upon what sort of beings both myself and my wife are; for this murder is neither imputable to one or the other of us, but to both. And as my wife is, I know, inflexible in her determination, that as I die for her she will die with me, I have no motive to conceal the part she acted; the more especially as she insists to let the world know all the agency she has had in bringing about a revenge for the deep, indelible wrong which Col. Sharp had done her and her family.

J. O. BEAUCHAMP.

May 22, 1826.

CONFESSION.

I AM the second son of a most worthy and respectable farmer. My parents, at an early period of my life, became professors of the Christian religion, and ever after lived quite piously up to its dictates. The early part of my education, which generally has a lasting impression upon the bent of the mind, was of a most pious and salutary kind. I was much a favorite with my fond father, although of a most wild, eccentric, and ungovernable temper of mind. But he was flattered by his friends that I early showed some indications of genius. Wherefore, at their solicitations, he determined to give me an education much beyond his limited fortune; for he was not wealthy, though his enterprise and industry had made him comfortably independent for the country life.

I was placed quite early in the best schools within his reach. I was naturally of a most volatile, idle, and wild disposition; but the great ease with which I acquired whatever learning I turned my attention to, enabled me to so far gain the praise of my tutors as to interest my father's friends to advise him to put me somewhere under an able teacher in order to a thorough classical education; although his numerous rising family seemed to render his ability to complete it hopeless. But fortune placed me under the care of a man of great abilities and learning, to whose paternal affection and attachment to me I cannot here withhold this last passing tribute of my gratitude. This was Dr. Benjamin Thurston, than whom I have not found on the earth one man who approaches nearer the dictates of honor and philosophy.

Under him and some other teachers, although I was several times interrupted from my course of education by being taken home, and other casualties, I acquired by the time I was

fifteen or sixteen years of age, a good English education, a knowledge of the Latin language, and a respectable acquaintance with the sciences. But feeling for the difficulties under which I saw my father laboring to do equal justice to others of his numerous family of younger children, who now began to claim more of his exertions for their education, I resolved no longer to burthen him with mine, but to henceforth shift for myself, and, as well as I could, complete my education by my own exertions.

Reluctant as I was to quit my course of learning, I turned my attention, for a time, to make a little money by keeping a store. But this soon growing insupportable to me, as it quite took me off from all pursuit of education, I procured a recommendation from my former tutors to teach a school myself, although quite too young for such a trust. In this way I made some money, and then again went to farther prosecute my education. But in a little time I was invited by my former friend and benefactor, Dr. Thurston, into his school, where I assisted him in his duties; and by the time I was eighteen years old, completed my education so far as I thought it necessary or important to go, preparatory to the study of the law, which all my friends advised me to pursue. Mingling with my acquaintances of the bar at Glasgow, and those attending the courts there from Bowling-Green, I was about this time attracted by a general burst of generous indignation amongst them towards Col. Solomon P. Sharp, of the bar, from Bowling-Green, for the seduction of Miss Ann Cooke, of that place. I was acquainted with Col. Sharp personally, and somewhat intimately too, for being greatly delighted with his eloquence, and designing to study the law myself, I had sought his acquaintance, and had expressed some thought of endeavoring to place myself in a situation where I could study under his direction. I should have mentioned to him my wish but for this very story about Miss Cooke. Now I was not personally acquainted with Miss Cooke. I knew, however, the Cooke family by character; and I had heard the gentlemen of the bar of my acquaintance from Bowl-

ing-Green, speak often in high and enthusiastic terms of Miss Ann Cooke for intelligence, etc.; and the more especially when the execrations of Col. Sharp, for her seduction, was in the high tone to which it was at first carried amongst them. But there was a young gentleman from Bowling-Green, at that time, a room-mate and bosom friend of mine, who had been intimately acquainted with Miss Cooke, and much devoted to her.

Hearing the high account which he gave of her character, and the animated representation which an enthusiastic devotee would make of the dishonor to an injured female to whom he was much devoted, he much inflamed the indignation so infectious in the youthful bosom for injuries of this kind, and which had been caught and kindled in my bosom from those of the profession with whom I then associated. My friend held Col. Sharp in utter contempt and abhorrence, and from him I imbibed somewhat of my personal dislike, insomuch that I felt a disinclination to enter into even those cordial salutations of friendship which had heretofore characterized our intercourse. He was a man of the greatest penetration, and I think on one occasion noticed this; for he had learned my design to enter the study of the law, and I suppose had heard some one speak of my thought of studying under him; for he asked me once if I intended to go immediately to the study of the law. I replied I should in a few months. He said he learned I had intended to go to Bowling-Green, and wished to study with him. I replied with rather more austerity than politeness, I should probably go to Bowling-Green, but I had not determined to study with *him*. The manner in which I spoke this I saw startled some little surprise in his countenance, more from my impoliteness than anything else. However, it passed off with his flattering me with auguring well of my success, and by saying if I should come to Bowling-Green he would be pleased to have it in his power to facilitate in any way my progress. It may seem strange that I should have been so easily infected with dislike towards one I had heretofore admired, merely by the tale of his dishonor towards a female to whom I was an utter stranger. But such was the

enthusiasm of all my passions, that, when I had a bosom friend all his partialities were my partialities, all his antipathies mine. Besides, this was a species of dishonor which, from my earliest recollection, had ever excited my most violent reprobation. I had ever said I would as soon receive into my friendship a horse thief as a man, however high his standing, who had dishonored and prostrated the hopes of a respectable and worthy female. And I still say there is more intrinsic dishonor and baseness in it than in stealing a man's horse, and should be received with less forgiveness or countenance by society.

Under these habitual feelings and sentiments it is not so strange that I should participate, in a strong degree, with my friend in his contempt and dislike of Col. Sharp for his dishonor towards a worthy orphan female whom my friend represented in such high terms. With these prepossessions of sympathy for Miss Cooke, I retired to spend a few months in a country life with my father, previous to my entering the study of the law. This I done to reinstate my health, which had become much impaired by a life, of late, too seditary and studious. My father lived in the country in Simpson county, which was one or two counties removed from Glasgow, where I had been going to school. Since my last visit to my father's, Miss Cooke had retired to a romantic little farm within a mile of my father's, there to spend in seclusion the remainder of her days, with only her aged mother and a few servants. Immediately on learning that, when I arrived at my father's, I determined to become acquainted with one I had heard so much talk about. But to my great disappointment and mortification I learned she sternly refused to make any acquaintances, or even to receive the society or visits of her former acquaintances. This, for some time, prevented my visiting her. But my anxiety and curiosity increased with the accounts I continued to hear of her, till at length I resolved to intrude a visit upon her, however unwelcomely I anticipated she would receive it; the more especially if unaccompanied by an introduction from any friend or acquaintance of hers. I, however, ventured over one evening, and

was ushered into a room by the servants; but after waiting there some time I yet saw no one but the servants, although as I approached the house I had seen Miss Cooke in that very room. I was at length served by servants with some fruits; but Miss Cooke had retired, declining to see me. I sent for her. She came. I introduced myself to her, and told her that notwithstanding I had learned she was disinclined to make any acquaintances, or to receive the visits of any one, I had been impelled to obtrude a visit upon her. I spoke of her friend and acquaintance of Glasgow, whom I had heard speak very highly of her, and that he had so heightened my anxiety to become acquainted with her that I had resolved to hazard the mortification which her persisting to decline any acquaintance with me would give me. I told her, that spending my life very lonesomely in the country, without either books or society, I had the more hope she would excuse my intrusion, and at least, if she refused me her society, or to become acquainted with my sisters, who wished to visit her, she would favor me with the benefit of her library whilst I remained in the county, as I had been told she had a very choice selection of books. She replied, that as to her society, she had retired to that secluded spot never again to mix with the world; that the reason she had left Bowling-Green was to avoid society, and she must therefore tell me frankly it would be against her wishes to receive company; but that as to her library, it was quite at my service, and it would give her much pleasure to contribute in any degree to my amusement or advancement by the loan of any books she had. She then spread her library open to me, and we continued all the evening in my selecting and reading some books of philosophy which she had pointed out as favorites of hers, and in the conversations to which this led.

On the approach of night, when I spoke of taking my leave, I selected only one book to take home with me; but she insisted on my taking several. I said I would read the one I had selected, and return for others. I saw from her smile that she penetrated my design in that, to frame an excuse for another

visit soon. Nevertheless, I took but one small book, nor scarcely delayed to read that ere I returned for another. She declined seeing me, but having the library thrown open to me, she sent me some excuse for not seeing me. I read some hours there alone, and left the house without seeing her. In a few days she began to haunt my thoughts and my dreams in a way that youths who have felt the like sensations can better imagine than I can describe. I determined to visit her again; but she again declined to see me. I was vexed at the disappointment.

After reading some hours, I sent a second time, insisting to see her, feigning some especial reason for it. When she came, I entered into a long and urgent remonstrance against her persisting to refuse to see me. I told her it was not her books which led me there; that it was her and not her books; and I used all the address and persuasion I was master of to induce her to relax her sternness of purpose not to receive the visit of any one; but to suffer my sisters to be introduced to her. She persisted with much firmness to refuse it; but with not less modesty entered into a feeling representation why I should not insist in making my sisters acquainted with her. She told me she could never be happy in society again, and as she could not return the visits of my sisters, they would not wish to visit her; but that as to my visits, when they were intended to reap any benefits her library could afford me, it was at my service. I, however, soon took my sisters to see her. She received them with much politeness, and entertained us very agreeably. She, however, declined their invitation to return their visit, nor did she solicit them to visit her again. I continued to visit her nearly every week after this, and whenever I would go I would seldom take any denial to see her; till at length, I, by increasing importunity and persuasion, prevailed with her to receive my visits as those of a friend and acquaintance.

I told her I would not break in upon her retirement by presuming to address her as a lover; but that I only besought her society and conversation of an evening, occasionally, as a friend. To this she at length so far assented as to meet me on my visits

and spend part of the time I was there in the room with me, and then retire to her reading, drawing, painting, or other amusements which employed her time daily. Thus passed as much as three months, during which time scarce one week together escaped without my seeing her. And meantime there was enkindled between us a mutual friendship, such as mortals seldom feel. I called it friendship, out of complaisance to her stoical philosophy, and because I had, by special agreement, settled it as a preliminary to our acquaintance, that I was not to speak to her of love. But, call it what we might, I was conscious there was kindled in my heart a feeling and a flame I had never felt before. In short, I was in love; and that with all the ardor of a youth of ardent passions and feelings when he first feels the buddings of that sweetest of all passions which, reciprocated, happily turns earth into a heaven. And although I had never once ventured to name this to Miss Cooke, yet, to the fair sex I need not say there is a language in the eye of the lover that they will much sooner depend upon than that of the tongue. And although, when I did tell Miss Cooke of my passion, she remonstrated against anything upon that subject, yet I could see, in despite of all her stoicism, she was at least not very violently displeased at me for mentioning the subject. But she firmly persisted, for some time, to decline hearing anything of love from me. But being now almost daily associated with her on terms of the most intimate reciprocal friendship, I became satisfied she also felt something more than friendship for me. We now frequently conversed, and freely, upon the subject of love; but she always held out there was an insuperable barrier to her encouraging in me, or in herself, any feelings of that sort. At length I formally solicited her hand in marriage. She refused it; but with such a burst of feeling as would have rendered her persisting in that refusal tenfold more painful. But she told me there was an insuperable objection within her own bosom to marriage; but that her heart did not find that objection in me. In this she long persisted, but would never tell me what that fatal barrier to my happiness was. At length I re-

solved to take no denial, but to know this secret objection. She then told me, with a firmness which spoke that it was the voice of fate, that the hand which should receive hers would have to revenge the injury a villain had done her. She said her heart could never cease to ache till Col. Sharp should die through her instrumentality; that he had blighted all her happiness, and while he lived she would feel unworthy of my love. But she said she would kiss the hand and adore the person who would revenge her; but that no one else, save myself, should do it.

No conditions, nor any earthly proposition she could have made me, could have filled me with so much delight. Whenever I had contemplated a marriage with her, I had always esteemed the death of Col. Sharp a necessary consequence. I never for a moment could feel that I could suffer a villain to live who had been the seducer of one I pressed to my bosom as a wife. And to hear her thus require what I had so much calculated on and desired, was peculiarly pleasing to me indeed. These feelings I expressed to her, and told her it had been my firm purpose to take Col. Sharp's life if I married her. She then consented to become my wife, and in my ardor I determined to fight Col. Sharp before our marriage. He was at that time at Frankfort. I resolved to go immediately in quest of him. She remonstrated against that; for she said Col. Sharp was a coward, and would not fight me a duel; and being at Frankfort surrounded by his friends, and I a stranger, he would have every advantage over me; but that, if I would delay till I could catch him in Bowling-Green, her friends would support me in any revenge I chose to take upon him. But as the office of Attorney-General was about this time tendered him, I learned he would remain in Frankfort, and send for his family to reside there; wherefore I prepared to go immediately to Frankfort. I did not feel that, as a stranger, unallied to Miss Cooke, I could justify myself before the world to kill Col. Sharp on his refusal to fight me. My determination, therefore, was to force him, if possible, to fight me; or if not, I had given a vow and solemn oath to her for whom I intended to kill him, that I would do it in such

a manner as might least endanger my own life. When I took my leave of Miss Cooke, my sister was present. She burst into tears at parting, and invoked the protecting arm of Heaven to be my defence and my shield. This quite astonished my sister, and not less old Mrs. Cooke, when she heard it. It seemed also a mystery and a matter of concern to my parents and all the family, when I next day set off to be gone from home some time, without telling any one where I was going, or on what business; nor do my parents, or any of my family, or any one else, save Col. Sharp, my wife and myself, know to this day what brought me to Frankfort at the time of which I now speak. It has been a perfect mystery to everybody.

I arrived in Frankfort about the commencement of the session of the legislature in 1821, I think it was. I got to town on Sunday, after dinner. In the evening I met Col. Sharp upon the Mansion House pavement. I had not seen one man in town, save himself, whom I knew. He met me in the most cordial manner of friendship. I then took him by the arm, telling him I had come to Frankfort to see him on business of great importance, and asked him to walk with me. He readily complied, and we continued to walk down the river till we had gotten to a retired place, quite out of town; we then halted, as the bells were by that time ringing for supper. I then asked Col. Sharp if he recollected the last words which the injured Miss Cooke had spoken to him. He turned pale as a corpse, and stood motionless as a statue of stone.

"Col. Sharp," said I, "*I have come deputed and sent by her to take your life.* I am the man of whom, 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 not?" He paused some minutes, motionless. I continued, "Answer me, Col. Sharp! Will you fight me a duel?" He replied, "My dear friend, I cannot fight you on account of Miss Cooke." I then drew my dirk, and stood back from him, and bade him defend himself. Said he, "Upon my honor, sir, I have not a weapon but a small pen-knife." I took from my pocket a Spanish

knife, and said to him, (holding out that and my dirk,) "Choose one of these, sir, and I will throw it to you." "My dear friend," said he, "I cannot fight you on Miss Cooke's account." I threw him then the knife, and said to him, advancing and raising my dagger, "You damned villain, what do you intend by that? That she is not worthy you should fight her friend and avenger?" "My friend," said he, "I did not mean 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 replied, "I am not her husband, sir; but I am her friend and avenger. She has sent me to take your life. Now, sir, tell me, will you fight me a duel?" (again raising my dagger.) He then stepped back a step, and I thought, from the turn of his eye, was preparing to run. I sprang forward, and caught him by the breast of his coat, and said, "Now, you damned villain, you shall die!" He then fell on his knees, and said, "My life is in your hands, my friend. I beg my life. Spare it, for mercy's sake." I let go his coat, and slapped him in the face so hard as to tilt him back on his hands. I then said, "Get up, you coward, and go till I meet you in the street, to-morrow;" and as he arose I gave him a kick. "Now," said I, "go arm yourself; for to-morrow I shall horsewhip you in the streets, and repeat it daily till you fight me a duel." He then began to beg again, called me his "dear friend," in every sentence, told me how miserable he was for his conduct, said his whole estate was at our command, and anything we chose to require at his hands, if I would let him live for his wife and child's sake, and then advanced again to kneel to me. I told him to "Stand off, you villain, or I will take your life for the insult of offering me your *estate*." He said he did not mean to insult me, but any thing under heaven he would do, which I would require, if I would spare his life. I told him it was unnecessary to multiply words, for he would have to kill me, or I would him, so that he had better consent at once to fight me, and that I would give

him any advantage he chose, as to the manner of fighting; but fight he must, or die. "Why," said he, "my dear friend, if you were to take a dirk, and I had a sword, I could not raise it against you." He then affected to weep, and said, "My friend, if John Cooke had beaten me to death with a stick, and I had had a sword, I would never have raised it against him." "Very good," said I. "Col. Sharp, you are about such a whining coward as I was told you were. But, sir, it will only give me the more 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 certainly will do. So now go to sleep upon that, till I meet you to-morrow in the street."

I then turned about to hunt for the knife I had thrown him. He began again to whine out some flattery and adulation to prevail with me not to kill him. "Oh," said he, "you are the favored possessor of that great and worthy woman's love. Be it so, then. Here, take my life. I deserve it. But do not disgrace me in the streets." I bade him begone from me, or he should abide his offer in one moment (starting towards him).

He then started off towards town, and after I hunted some time, and could not find the knife, as it was now grown something dark in the river bottom, I also started back to my lodgings. This knife had "J. O. B." plainly engraved on the blade, and possibly some one may have found it who will now recollect these letters being on it. Next morning I bought me a very heavy horsewhip, and after breakfast paraded in the streets, armed at all points for battle; for I expected the Colonel would surround himself with friends, and take advantage of the law to shoot me as I approached to assault him. But I also had pistols, and intended to menace the attack at a distance, by approaching him without saying a word to him, and if he fired at me, I also would draw and fire at a distance, as I knew I would have an advantage therein, as I was well practiced with the pistol, which I knew he was not.

I made several sallies round the town, that day, but no Col. Sharp appeared. I imagined he had kept his room that day,

with the hope that I would leave town. Next day I patrolled the streets for him till dinner. I then began to inquire for him, when lo! I was told he had the day before set off, at daylight, for Bowling-Green, to bring his family to Frankfort. I mounted my horse and started immediately after him; but as I supposed he was too much ahead of me for me to overtake him, I rode quite leisurely, and took a route by my uncle, Col. Beauchamp's, which was out of my way. Besides, nothing could have pleased me so well as the idea of encountering him in Bowling-Green. But behold, when I got to Bowling-Green I found I had been deceived. Col. Sharp was not there, nor was he expected there for some considerable time. I was much enraged, it is true, but I could not help being somewhat diverted at the trick which had been played upon me.

We then determined to delay marrying till Col. Sharp should come to settle up his business at Bowling-Green, and then to lure him to the retirement where Miss Cooke lived, and there kill him.

At length he came to Bowling-Green. I was there when he came, and went immediately to retirement to concert a scheme to lure him there. Miss Cooke wrote him a long letter, telling him that notwithstanding the feelings she had manifested towards him when she last saw him, and the sternness with which she had forbid him never to see her again, these had not been the feelings of her heart, but only the momentary effusions of delirium. She told him he need not be surprised that the wild, chivalrous notions of an enthusiastic devotee, of a youth of Mr. Beauchamp's age, should have made him hope to ingratiate himself with her by fighting a duel on her account. She told him it was true she had been something pleased with Mr. Beauchamp's mind, and might have, by her expressions to that effect, encouraged his hopes; but owing to the course he had told her he had taken towards Col. Sharp, she had entirely broken off his visits. She said she expected to leave the State very soon, and either go to Virginia or Mississippi; and that as he had conjured her by letter, that if she should ever consent, under

any conditions, to suffer him to see her, she had thought, before she left the State, she would like to give him his letters, and if he had retained any of hers, get them from him. She requested that he would be there certainly on such an evening, and that he would apprise her by the servant who bore that letter whether or not he would do so.

Col. Sharp received this letter, and immediately he read it he asked the servant whether Mr. Beauchamp was at Miss Ann's when he came away. The servant told him, No; for he had been instructed not to let it be known I was there. Col. Sharp then asked him if I continued to visit his mistress. The servant told him I did. How long had it been since I was there? The servant said several days. Did I visit there often? Yes, the servant told him; I was there frequently. Well, was his mistress and I to be married? The servant said there had been such talk. Was I in that neighborhood at that time? The servant told him I was not; for he had been told not to let it be known in Bowling-Green that I was at his mistress's.

Col. Sharp then wrote the most feeling letter I ever read in my life, expressing to Miss Cooke the inconceivable surprise and delight he had felt on receiving her letter, permitting him once more to see her, of which he was so unworthy; and concluded that death alone would prevent his certain attendance at her house on the hour appointed. When the servant came back and told us all the questions Col. Sharp had asked him, we at once feared he suspected some snare was laid for him, and would not come.

The second evening after we got his answer was appointed for him to be there. I waited with great anxiety, but not with much hope for his arrival. He did not come.

By light, next morning, I dashed off for Bowling-Green, determined there to end the matter with him some way. When I got to Bowling-Green I found Col. Sharp was two full days on his way to Frankfort! But I was told there that he had left his business in so unsettled a state that he must and would be there again before very long. We had postponed marrying till I

could finish the study of the law. Wherefore I resolved to lie by, quite still, and prosecute my studies at Bowling-Green, till Col. Sharp should at length again venture down there to settle up his business. For, in fact, I did feel that I never could call Miss Cooke my wife till Col. Sharp should die at my hands; and she said she felt unworthy of me, and would feel that she had degraded me by marrying me before I had revenged the injuries she had received.

I prosecuted my studies with ardor, and finished them; and if Col. Sharp was ever in this region after the snare we laid to lure him to Retirement, it was when I was absent in Tennessee, for I watched with a hawk's eye for him.

Now our design, when we attempted to lure Col. Sharp to Retirement, was for Miss Cooke, with her own hand, to shoot him. I did not like that. But she was inflexible; and I had taught her to fire my pistols. She had practiced with them till she could place a ball with an accuracy which, were it universally equalled by our modern duellists, would render the practice of duelling much more fatal than it is frequently seen to be of late.

The idea that any other hand than mine should kill Col. Sharp, was ever grating to my feelings. But she ever seemed to esteem the possibility of killing him with her own hand as what she most desired of all things in the world. And instead of that feeling growing weaker, after she had formed it, it seemed every day to fasten itself more and more upon her mind. This true womanish whim prolonged to Col. Sharp many days of life. For when once she had formed this purpose, it fastened itself upon her mind with such a firmness that all my remonstrances could never shake it off; and she persisted in it, that let the world say what it might, if ever Col. Sharp should again come to Bowling-Green, and she could find it out, she would lay some intrigue which would give her an interview with the villain, and with her own hand she would take his life. But when I had completed my studies we got married. After this I watched the Bowling-Green courts, and kept a spy there inces-

santly, to give me immediate notice if ever Col. Sharp should be heard of in that part of the country. I had now married Miss Cooke, and I felt that I had a sufficient apology before the world to revenge the wrong he had done her. Neither could I any longer think of the wild idea of my wife revenging her own wrongs.

I was married in June, 1824. Col. Sharp was expected down certainly that summer. That year was the gubernatorial election. The contest was between Judge Thompkins and General Desha. I looked to this contest with immense solicitude for Thompkins's election; not only because he was the man of so much better qualifications and abilities, and of my own politics, but on account of the petition which I foresaw with prophetic certainty I would have to make for the executive clemency. For although, while I was unmarried, I did not feel that I could justify myself for killing Col. Sharp, yet when Miss Cooke had become my wife, I felt determined if ever I could catch him in Bowling-Green that he should fight me a duel, or I would cane him whenever he ventured out of his room, till I should either make him defend himself by arms—and thus one or the other die—or I would at last beat him quite to death publicly. For I knew if I ever caught him there I would be supported and upheld and defended by men of spirit in any measures of revenge I chose to take towards him. And if ever I should be at last forced to kill him publicly, without legal justification, I had seen with what absolute and infallible certainty the favor or prejudice of the place decides a man's fate in capital cases in this country, that in Bowling-Green I had nothing to fear in any event. But after Desha was elected I always dreaded to come in contact with Col. Sharp in Frankfort. Sharp was the Attorney-General, and possessed vast influence in and about Frankfort, from his great wealth and talents. I knew Gov. Desha was not a man of firmness, and I much feared that, should I encounter Col. Sharp in Frankfort, and be there tried, the influence of Sharp's friends would blacken everything against me; and I much feared that in a final resort to the executive, Desha would be swayed by the popular clamor around him.

Judge Thompkins was a man of the greatest firmness. I had been raised up under his eye. His children had been my early playmates and schoolmates. I had been much about his house, and had early marked and admired his ever firm temper of justice in all his actions, public and private. All his character forbid me to fear that anything but a sense of intrinsic justice would ever influence him in the slightest degree in a case of life or death. Not so Desha. Popular clamor alone governed him ever. This consideration made me hesitate much at the thought of ever coming to Frankfort to kill Col. Sharp.

During all the summer of 1824 he was expected at Bowling-Green, but did not come. It was then said he would surely be at the spring court in Bowling-Green. Still he did not come. I now began to grow impatient, and to fear he never intended to venture down there any more.

I at last fell upon a device whereby to get from himself directly the truth of when he would be there, without his knowing the person making the inquiry. For this purpose I would put in the post office at one place, and then at another, letters to Col. Sharp, with names never heard of before, feigning some weighty land claims in the Green River country, and wishing to know when he would be there, that I might see him about them. The last of these letters was in the name of Zebulon X. Yantis, (a name never heard of before,) inquiring whether Col. Sharp would be in Bowling-Green at August court there or not. I had written one other in the same name, by a stranger travelling through Frankfort. I had gotten Col. Sharp's answer. He was indecisive whether he would be at August court in Warren or not. I therefore wrote this last letter, dated June 27, 1825. I told Col. Sharp I had not gotten his former letter, and was extremely anxious therefore he should give me an immediate reply to that, as it was a matter of great importance to me. I received no answer to this till after the election. But before the election an incident occurred which settled my purpose that if Col. Sharp did not very soon come into that county I would seek him in whatever corner of the world he might be hid. Some little time

before the election I received a letter from a gentleman who at that time lived in the whole world, informing me of the reports which Col. Sharp and his family had circulated, that the child of my wife was a mulatto. I say this gentleman lived in the whole world. I will not give any more definite description of him, lest, peradventure I might minister to the cravings of Desha and his satellites, for some pretext of detraction from the merit which their envy hates. He was not, as they would fain insinuate, influenced by political jealousy or personal envy to write this letter; for he was as much superior to Col. Sharp, or any other of Desha's satellites, or Desha himself, as his principles were more pure or his mind more honorable than theirs. His letter was written in a spirit of pure, honorable, and disinterested justice, because he thought it right I should know of this vile conduct of Col. Sharp and his family, and set them right. Neither will I give anything of his letter more than just that it gave me information about the report of the negro child, lest Desha's apes should pretend to found thereon some basis for their random guesses for the author. It is sufficient to say he was a man on whose word I would have resigned my life. And he wrote me that the Sharps had set afloat insinuations that the child of Miss Cooke was a mulatto, in order to do away a charge against the Colonel for seduction. The writer signed his own proper name to the letter, and told me he would rather not be known as having voluntarily communicated to me the information he had; but that, if it became materially important, or at least, if Col. Sharp endeavored to avoid responsibility by denying that he had countenanced the report, he would not shrink back if called upon to prove the fact. For he said when he heard this report, once or twice he went to Col. Sharp, and asked him if it were a fact that the child was a negro child, and Col. Sharp told him it was, and that he had a certificate from the midwife to prove that fact. He said he told Col. Sharp plainly he did not believe it, and that it was a shame to cast such an insinuation abroad. Col. Sharp then requested him not to say anything about his having said so.

I had now meditated upon Col. Sharp's death so long that I was perfectly able to make dispassionate calculations and weigh consequences with as much calmness as I would determine an ordinary matter of business. I did not kill Col. Sharp through the phrenzy of passion. I *done* it with the fullest and most mature deliberation, because the dictates of my judgment told I ought to do it; and I still think so. But after I had gotten this information with regard to the negro child, I did resolve to hazard killing Col. Sharp publicly in Frankfort, Desha being Governor notwithstanding. On the one hand, I considered the situation of his son, whom I saw he would have ultimately to pardon, and thought he surely would not pardon his son for highway robbery and murder for money, and refuse to pardon me for killing a man who had so much deserved death at my hands. On the other hand, Sharp had been bought over by Desha, and had resigned the office of Attorney-General to lead the New Court faction in the House of Representatives. I say he had been bought over by Desha. *Possibly* he may not have been bought over *for money*. I, however, always much suspected he was directly bribed by a fee certain to exert himself for the New Court jugglers for office, just as he would have been feed by them to advocate their interests at law. Certain it is, however, that he turned completely round in politics, to catch the popular breeze in Frankfort, where the New Court faction held nearly three-fourths of the county, and under that breeze sailed into the House of Representatives, and was there hailed as the leader, the orator, and saviour of his party. Seeing him placed thus at the head of that party, I felt that I should encounter a tremendous monster if I attacked him publicly in that situation in Frankfort. The Governor, and the whole administration, placed all their hopes in his eloquence, abilities, and intrigue. I foresaw that the man who would snatch away their leader would encounter all the direct rage of that infuriated faction. We therefore fell upon a scheme to turn the devotion of the administration to Col. Sharp to our advantage. I say we did—I mean my wife and myself. A great deal has been

said about my wife going on her knees to me to prevail with me not to kill Col. Sharp publicly. My wife never had to get on her knees to me to enforce her wishes. We reasoned together, as intelligent beings, on all occasions, neither assuming any superiority, but each conscious of the other's affections, and confident the ideas of each would be duly weighed and appreciated by the other. I therefore, after the most mature deliberation, resolved, if I should have to kill Col. Sharp in Frankfort, to do it secretly. The world must now say as it will of this determination. It is true, I regretted to have to take this course; but it was (Desha being Governor and Sharp his fugleman,) the only way that presented the possibility of my killing Col. Sharp in Frankfort without certainly losing my own life for it. And although I never regarded death much, yet I did not feel that I was bound to observe any law which regulates the reciprocal conduct of men of honor, in my conduct towards Col. Sharp, or to risque my own life by shooting him publicly, any more than I would have felt bound to go publicly into an Indian town and shoot down the savage who had secretly crept to my house and murdered my defenceless children. For I had just as much reason to expect Desha would listen to the dictates of justice, were I to kill his chief for worse than murdering my wife, as I would have had to expect justice from the infuriated savages if I had shot their chief for taking the life of my children.

It is in vain to say the laws of society provide adequate redress for all injuries of one citizen towards another. Where is the father, of any sensibility or honorable feelings, who would not infinitely rather a villain would silently put his daughter out of the world, than to seduce her and leave her to drag out a wretched, degraded existence, tenfold more painful to the father than her death? And yet what remedy has the law provided which would be the least consolation to the unhappy father for the injury? Neither is it dictated by any law sanctioned by reason and the immutable principles of justice, that then the father should add to the misfortunes of his family by publicly

killing the vile destroyer of their happiness and his, where such are the circumstances surrounding the villain that to kill him publicly would be inevitably to forfeit the life of the person doing it; so that it was a conviction of the partiality of Gov. Desha, and a belief that it was sanctioned by every law of justice and of right that would be approved by all the just spirits in the universe, from the necessity of the thing, and not my wife's getting on her knees to me to induce me to change my purpose of killing Col. Sharp publicly, and to do it privately after I was married. But to do it in Frankfort, even in the most private manner, I foresaw would be extremely hazardous. I knew that Dr. Sharp would know in a moment who had killed his brother; and I knew if his own exertions and those of the family would not be sufficient to revenge his death, yet the fury of the New Court faction would be such that, with the wealth of the Sharp family, I could be convicted. But I fell upon a diversion in my favor of that very faction. This was to give a pretext for charging the death of their leader upon their political opponents. For this purpose I at first resolved to kill Col. Sharp on the second night of the election. This would have raised a prodigious commotion in my favor, throughout the State, amongst the New Court faction. And I should have done this but for unforeseen accidents, over which I had no control. I therefore then determined to wait calmly till the night before the meeting of the legislature. Meantime I prepared everything for setting off to Missouri as soon as I had killed him.

Never was a murder planned with such studied precaution since the world began. I knew well it was impossible to avoid being arrested for the murder. I therefore planned everything with a view to the evidence which I should be able to bring forward in my favor. Three weeks before the meeting of the legislature I made a sale of my property, and gave out publicly that I should start for Missouri the very Sunday on which I intended to kill Col. Sharp at night. This I continued to say and to prepare for up to the very Sunday preceding. I had my wagon,

horses, and everything prepared ; and in all my arrangements and engagements professed the fullest determination to start the next Sunday. Nay, I had even engaged persons to come and assist me to load my wagon the Friday and Saturday preceding. But I had secretly prepared me an excuse for running away and delaying my removal a week.

I had business of consequence in Frankfort, and such as would render it very reasonable and even necessary I should go there before I should move away. But I had never intimated the least intention to do so. For I wished it to appear quite a casual thing, and wholly unexpected to me that I should ever be in Frankfort before my removal. I had even spoken to John F. Lowe, of getting him to go to Frankfort for me, and told him the business I wished done there ; and on his refusal, I spoke of getting my brother to go, as it was impossible for me to leave home. But on the Saturday before the Tuesday on which I intended to start to Frankfort, I secretly procured a process to be issued against me, which, if executed, would unavoidably prevent my intended removal for that season. On Sunday evening Mr. Bradburn informed me of this process. I appeared in utter astonishment, and said it would ruin me by preventing my removal. He said it was a mere vexatious thing, intended only to delay me, and were he in my place he would go away and avoid it till my friends could get my family ready to start away. I swore, No, I would stay and defend myself ; for that next Sunday was the extreme bound I had set to start to Missouri. But after a long remonstrance on his part, that I ought to go out of the county, I agreed to study on the propriety of it. Next day, my father and myself, at my father's gate, met Lowe, who was a constable. I forbade him to approach me, and showed him I was armed to defend myself, if he did. He had not the process, and when I told him of it, and spoke of my determination to defend myself, he also advised me to go away till my family could get out of the county ; but I sternly refused, and said I should remain in the neighborhood, and start, the coming Sunday, to Missouri. That day, however, at the earnest

solicitation of my father and friends, I agreed (upon their proffering to prepare everything for my family to start,) to leave the county to avoid the process. But I represented so much that they would have to do, that they said they could not have everything ready against the next Sunday, so that Sunday week was appointed. And I then avowed my determination to come to Warren and Edmonson, and settle up my business there, and, if I should have time, I would come also to Frankfort, so as to settle up my land affairs in this State ere I should leave it. Accordingly, on Tuesday I left home for Frankfort. I led a horse for sale. In Bowling-Green, when Capt. Payne was speaking of buying the horse, I said if he did not buy him I could get my price in Glasgow or in Edmonson, whither I was going. He, however, bought the horse, and I came up to Edmonson and done my business there; and thence proceeded to Frankfort. I arrived at Frankfort about half an hour in the night on Sunday night. For many miles, during the day, I had ridden through excessive smoke, and had therefore gotten a violent headache. I tied a spotted silk bandanna handkerchief round my head. When I got to town I did not take it off till I got lodgings. At the Mansion House I hailed. When a young gentleman (Mr. Taylor,) came to take my saddle-bags, he said he feared the chance to accommodate me would be bad. He said they were so crowded, every bed they had would be occupied, and he feared he would have to put me upon the floor in the dining-room, where, he feared, I would be disturbed by others. I told him I was somewhat unwell, and would not like to be broken of my rest. He then recommended me to Capt. Weiseger's tavern.

At Weiseger's I walked into the bar-room, and asked for my horse to be taken. "Sacre," the bar-keeper replied, "it will be impossible for us to take your horse, sir. We could receive you, but not your horse." I asked him if there was any private boarding-house where I could likely get in. He then proposed to send my horse to a livery-stable, if I chose. "However," said he, "Mr. Scott has a good stable, and I would recommend

you to him." After I had been at Mr. Scott's some little time, I walked out to see my horse fed; as I had, on giving him to the servant, forbidden him to feed him till I should go with him to see it done. After supper I was conducted to a bed-room above stairs, and took out a book, observing to Mr. Scott I believed I would read awhile.

So soon as he left me I accoutred myself for the deed I was meditating to accomplish. I had provided me with an old ragged surtout coat, which I had procured long before, and which no human being could have proved was ever in my possession. I had provided me a large butcher's knife, several months before, the point of which my wife had poisoned, which no one could ever have proved I had ever owned or had in my possession.

When travelling in Tennessee I had passed a clearing where a negro had left his old wool hat upon a stick. I took the hat, and splitting the end of the stick, left a silver dollar in place of the hat. I put on a mask of black silk, which gave me, at five steps' distance, in the clearest moonlight, the exact appearance of a negro, so well had my wife constructed and fitted it to my face. I put on two pairs of yarn socks, to preserve my feet in running, and to avoid my being pursued by the direction in which I might be heard running in the dark if I had worn my shoes. Besides, in this way my track could not possibly be identified anywhere. But I took my shoes, my coat, and my hat, and hid them down near the river where I could run and get them after the deed should be done. I had learned from a source which the offer of life would scarcely wring from me, where Col. Sharp's house was. It was the easiest thing in the world to point it out, so that a stranger could not mistake it. He had simply to be told it was nearest to the State House, for it stands only the width of the street from the then State House, and almost right across the street from it.

I crept out of Mr. Scott's house so easily that, although the family were all up, and passing about the house, none of them heard me; neither would they have heard me if they had been

in the very passage through which I had to pass. I had found out Col. Sharp's house long before the ten o'clock bell rang. He was not there when I first went. I expected he had gone to meet his acquaintances, the members from Green River, at the Mansion House. I sauntered up there, and could view the rooms from a distance through the doors and windows. I did not now wear my mask, lest the patrol might notice me as a negro, and I would have to fight them or expose that I was a white man masked. I saw Col. Sharp at the Mansion House. I had habituated my mind to philosophize and reason upon the subject of killing Col. Sharp till I thought I could kill him with as much tranquility of feeling as I could whip a servant that I thought deserved a whipping; but when my eye crossed his form all the furies of hatred seemed combined in me, so much did my blood boil for vengeance. I was almost so far bereft of my reason at seeing him, as to put on my mask and dash right into the room and stab him in the crowd. I determined to assassinate him on his return home, so soon as he left the tavern. But while I had walked a little way from the view of him, he disappeared from the room I had left him in, and I supposed he had gone home. I hastened to his house, but he was not there. I feared I might miss him, and meantime he would get to bed before I could see him if I went back to the tavern to hunt for him. Wherefore I determined to watch his house till he should come home. I could now, as I lurked about around the house, see all that was going on in it, and could see what rooms were occupied and what were not, as well as if I had lived about the house. I intended to attack Col. Sharp before he should get into his house, if I could ascertain him as he came home. I wished Col. Sharp to know me before I killed him. I intended to call to him from a little distance in a low voice, and request him to come to me, as he was about to enter his house. Luring him to me thus, in the street alone, I intended, so soon as I got hold of him, to whisper to him who I was, and immediately despatch him. But while I was viewing the back part of the house, so as to know well its situation, should I fail any

way to get hold of Col. Sharp before he went to bed, he entered his house, and was in his chamber before I saw him. After a moment's reflection I resolved to wait till all light was extinguished about the house, and all persons asleep, and then call the Colonel up. I was afraid Dr. Sharp would also have to be killed; for I knew so soon as his brother should be killed he would turn his thoughts immediately to me. But while I was lying meditating, in the public square concealed, whether to knock at the door of Col. Sharp's chamber or at a secret door in a dark alley, which opened into a room immediately communicating with the chamber, Mr. Bacon came for Dr. Sharp to go with him. This I esteemed a very fortunate thing; for I did not wish to kill him. However, I myself rather inclined to kill him for the part he had taken in this slander about the black child, and other slanders upon my wife. But my wife always begged for him, and to her he owes his life. For she always said to see him deprived of his brother, whom he literally worshipped, was the greatest revenge she could possibly imagine or wished to be exercised upon him. She said after his brother should be killed it would be a charity and the greatest humanity to the Doctor to kill him also.

Before Bacon had come for the Doctor, I had seen two men passing the street, and opposite Col. Sharp's house they met two negro girls. They spoke to the girls and wanted them to stop, but the girls ran away from them, and the men continued their night-walking towards town. When I had waited long enough, as I supposed, for those who had been awakened by Bacon's coming for Dr. Sharp, I prepared to complete my purpose. I resolved to knock in the alley for fear those in Bass's room, which, as well as Col. Sharp's door, opened upon the porch, might not have fallen asleep. Besides, I knew I could easily lure Col. Sharp quickly to me at the back door, by feigning myself Covington, as Col. Sharp and the Covingtons were extremely intimate. And if I could only lure him back into that alley I would have an opportunity to let him know, as he fell, by whose hand he received the stroke, for this I wished him

exceedingly to know; and I would have risked a great deal to let him know who I was. I put on my mask with this design, that if a candle should be lit before Col. Sharp approached me, I would keep it on, and as he approached I would knock the candle out with one hand and stab him with the other. But if he approached me without a light, I intended to draw down my mask, as he approached, from over my face, for it was so constructed and fastened on as to be easily drawn away from the face or replaced over it again. There was no moonlight, but the stars gave light enough wherewithal to discern the face of an acquaintance on coming near him and closely noticing his face. I drew my dagger, and proceeded to the door. I knocked three times, loud and quick! Col. Sharp said, "Who's there?" "Covington," I replied. Quickly Col. Sharp's foot was heard upon the floor. I saw under the door he approached without a light! I drew my mask from my face, and immediately Col. Sharp opened the door I advanced into the room, and with my left hand grasped his right wrist as with an iron hand. The violence of the grasp made Col. Sharp spring back, and trying to disengage his wrist, he said, "What Covington is this?" I replied, "John A. Covington, sir." "I don't know you," said Col. Sharp; "I know John W. Covington." "My name," said I, "is John A. Covington," and about the time I said that, Mrs. Sharp, whom I had seen in the partition door as I entered the outer door, disappeared. She had become alarmed, I imagine, by the little scuffle Col. Sharp made when he sprang back to get his wrist loose from my grasp. Seeing her disappointment I said to Col. Sharp, in a tone as though I was greatly mortified at his not knowing me, "And did you not know me, sure enough?" "Not with your handkerchief about your face," said Col. Sharp; for the handkerchief with which I had confined my mask upon my forehead was still around my forehead. I then replied in a soft, conciliating, persuasive tone of voice. Come to the light Colonel, and you will know me; and pulling him by the arm he came readily to the door. I stepped with one foot back upon the first

step out at the door, and still holding his wrist with my left hand, I stripped my hat and handkerchief from over my forehead and head, and looked right up in Col. Sharp's face. He knew me the more readily, I imagine, by my long, bushy, curly suit of hair. He sprang back, and exclaimed in the deepest tone of astonishment, dismay and horror and despair, I ever heard, "Great God!! It's him!!!!" And as he said that, he fell on his knees, after failing to jerk loose his wrist from my grasp. As he fell on his knees I let go his wrist and grasped him by the throat, and dashed him against the facing of the door. I choked him against it to keep him from hallooing, and muttered in his face, "Die, you villain!" And as I said that I plunged the dagger to his heart. Letting him go at the moment I stabbed him, he sprang up from his knees, and endeavored to throw his arms around my neck, saying, "Pray, Mr Beauchamp." But as he said that I struck him in the face with my left hand, and knocked him his full length into the room. By this time I saw the light approaching, and dashed a little way off and put on my mask. I then came and squatted in the alley near the door, to hear if he should speak. His wife talked to him, but he could not answer her.

Before I thought they could possibly have gotten word to the Doctor, he came running in. So soon as he entered the room he exclaimed, "Great God! Beauchamp has done this! I always expected it!" The town was now alarmed, and the people began to crowd the house very fast. I still lurked about the house, to hear what would be said; and I wished some one to see me, not in the light of a candle, so that they would take me for a negro, with my black mask on.

At length, while I was endeavoring to peep in at a window, Mrs. Sharp came right upon me from the house behind me, and cried out to the company to run there, saying she saw the murderer. By the time they got out of the house I was out of the lot. I stopped to listen if any one pursued me, and I saw the lot full of people running down after me; whereupon I dashed off again, and went and got my coat and hat and shoes, which

I had hid down near the river. I then went a considerable way farther down the river, and took the old hat and coat in which I had done the murder, and tying them in a bundle with a rock, sunk them in the river. I also buried the knife near the river bank, and then dressing in my proper clothes, and putting on my shoes, I came back into the town. I passed near Col. Sharp's house, to hear what was saying, but all was now whisper and silence. But I had heard, and indeed seen, that Col. Sharp had died without speaking before I left the house, which was my greatest anxiety. I then went to my room, creeping up stairs as softly as a cat, so that I could not hear my own feet touch the floor, having slipped off my shoes at the door. I then lit my candle, and burnt my mask, and washed my hands, which were dirty from burying my knife in the ground. I then laid down with a certain calculation of being arrested the next morning, so soon as Dr. Sharp should have made inquiry and found I was in the town. But such were the happy feelings that pervaded me, and the perfect resignation which I felt in the will of Heaven, having accomplished my long-settled purpose, that in five minutes after I laid down I fell fast asleep, and slept soundly till the stirring of the family waked me the next morning. I then listened, as a matter of course, for Mr. Scott to come to examine me, so soon as he should go to Col. Sharp's and hear of Dr. Sharp's exclamation that it was Beauchamp. For when Scott had lit me to bed, the over night, I said to him I wondered if old Uncle Beauchamp, of Washington, was in town. He said he did not know, and asked me if Col. Beauchamp was an uncle of mine. I said he was. Mr. Scott said he was very well acquainted with Col. Beauchamp, and asked if my name was also Beauchamp. I told him it was. Next morning I heard the news of Col. Sharp's death told to Mr. Scott, and listened for his return to see me. For that name, Scott, now began to give me some uneasiness, as I had heard Col. Sharp married a Miss Scott, and I feared this might be a relation, as in fact he was. I listened for his return, so soon as he should go to Col. Sharp's and hear that Beauchamp was suspected; and

sure enough, before I was done dressing I heard Mr. Scott come stamping up stairs to my room. He opened my door, and said, "Good morning, Mr. Beauchamp." I returned the salutation with a very pleasant politeness; but Mr. Scott very abruptly said, "Don't you think, some man went to Sharp's, last night, and killed him!" I put on a face of great astonishment, and said, "Great God! is it possible! What, Col. Sharp?" "Yes," said he, "Col. Sharp is dead." I then stood a moment, as though in mute astonishment, and then said, "How did it happen, sir? In a street fight?" Mr. Scott said, "No; some stranger called Col. Sharp to his door, and just stabbed him dead." And thereupon he turned about to go out of the room; but I said, "Stay, sir. For God's sake tell me something about this horrid affair." Said he, "I can tell you nothing in the world about it, sir, further than that Col. Sharp was called to his door, from his bed, and stabbed down dead upon the floor." And with that he left the room. I did not like his abrupt manner as he entered the room, but my manner, I saw, quite removed, for the moment, his suspicions. I came down stairs, and being invited by Mrs. Scott into the dining room, she told me of the horrid murder. I told her Mr. Scott had told me of it, and asked her if there were no suspicions entertained of who could be the assassin. She said none that she knew of. And after some further conversation, I started to do my business at the Register's Office.

This was my business. In April preceding I had sent the plots and certificates of four surveys, together with the warrant they were made on, to the Register's Office. They had now, as I supposed, lain long enough for the patents to issue. I had also with me another plot and certificate, which I presented for registry, in the first place, telling the Register the warrant was filed. He looked, and could find no warrant or survey in the office in my name, and after a long search, told me there was not a warrant or plot and certificate in the office in my name. I saw, therefore, at once, that Thomas D. Beauchamp, by whom I sent my papers, had not filed them in the

office. And behold, here I was flat in Frankfort, without the least shadow of business. This frightened me very much, as I knew I should be arrested from what Dr. Sharp had said on entering the room where his brother was dying. I thought if I could get off without being arrested, possibly they might not send for me, seeing they had no shadow of evidence against me. And this I the more hoped, if the diversion should be created in my favor, which I foresaw and intended should arise from suspicions of Col. Sharp's having been murdered from political motives.

I knew there would be a great clamor of this kind raised, and knowing how weak and vain a man Dr. Sharp was, I had some hope he might be carried along with the current. Whereupon I hastened to Mr. Scott's, and ordered my horse, to start home.

By this time Mr. Scott had again returned to his house. I began, immediately he entered the house, to ask him further questions about the murder. I saw, from his manner, very evidently he had had his suspicions revived. I asked him if Col. Sharp had had any recent quarrel with any one, whence they could attach suspicion to that person. He said, No; he had heard of no quarrel of Col. Sharp with any one. Said he, "Mr. Beauchamp, what profession are you of? I think you said you lived in Simpson county." "Yes," I told him I lived in Simpson county; my profession was that of a lawyer, or at least I had studied the law, but living in the country for the last eighteen months, I had not gone to the practice, but had continued my reading in the country. "Well, sir," said he, "are you a married man?" I replied I was. "Who did you marry, Mr. Beauchamp?" said he. "I married Miss Ann Cooke, sir," I replied. And at that, his face, black as it is, turned even blacker still. I had seen this was the great point he was sent to ascertain; but still I forebore to inquire why he asked me that question, and passed off the conversation as though it had been quite in etiquette. Nor did I take the least notice of his impolite inquiry what my business in Frankfort was, but answered all his impertinent inquiries with a polite, cheerful frankness and

truth, as though his questions had been a matter of course. Then taking leave of him, I set off from his house when the sun was about half an hour high. When I spoke of riding he asked me if I was not going to stay to see the House organized. I told him that I should like very much to do so, but that the ensuing Sunday I had appointed to start to the Missouri, and therefore was compelled to hurry home. Besides, I said, I had some relatives in Bloomfield with whom I was under promise to stay all night that night, and therefore I wished to set off early enough to get there.

I have now left Frankfort, and let us pause and take a retrospect of my conduct before we have to view it through all the mists of calumny, malice, and misrepresentation which have subsequently intervened. For it was wholly upon the circumstances subsequently raised and fabricated that I have been convicted. For never, in any age or country, do the pages of history record such a complication of prejudicial tales as were recited upon my trial. When I had untied the bundle of old clothes, the over night, which I had prepared to commit the murder in, I had thrown the old handkerchief they were tied in, upon my bed. It was quite a worn-out, dirty, old handkerchief, which, not long before, I had wiped my nose on when it had been bleeding a little. I recollect to have noticed, when my wife was tying up the clothes in it, that it had still the appearance of one or two small stains of old blood on it. After I had gotten out of town I recollected that as I raised up in the bed, that morning, I had thrown the clothes of the bed down over this old handkerchief, and that I had forgotten it and left it there.

Reflecting there was this stain of blood on it, and knowing what a hobgoblin the least drop of blood would be to a mind already disposed to suspicion, as Mr. Scott's was, I had serious thoughts of turning back for this handkerchief, after I had gone a mile or two. But then I thought the appearance of the handkerchief would speak for itself, and demonstrate to any man of common sense that what was on it was old blood, and could not

possibly have been put there the over night. Besides, I thought if I went back for such an old handkerchief as that, and it should chance to have been found before I went back, this really would look suspicious. So I continued on my journey, but not without little uneasiness about this handkerchief, when I reflected how much the common mind is disposed to distort into a suspicious light every circumstance against a man when once he is accused. And after Mr. Scott had come back the second time to examine what Beauchamp I was, and confirmed the great point of his suspicions, that I was the Beauchamp who married Miss Cooke, I felt perfectly convinced I should, from what Dr. Sharp had said the over night, be pursued and arrested. All my conduct, therefore, everything I done or said, was planned with a deliberate view to the effect it would have in evidence. The part I had to perform was extremely difficult indeed. Not to tell of the murder at all would seem suspicious. But then I knew how few indeed there were who would have firmness enough to tell a man's manner, or what he said about the murder, just as it took place, after the man whose manner and words he was detailing was accused of the murder. For this reason I resolved only to tell the murder where there were several present, the one to be a check upon the other; or to persons with whom I was acquainted, and whom I knew to be persons of firmness. I met Miller, the representative of my county, upon the turnpike road, near Frankfort, in company with Senator Wood and a young fop by the name of Wilkins, who had become acquainted with me in Simpson county. I knew the youth, but had never liked his consequential, self-important manners; and a youth of that description was never long in discovering the sovereign contempt I ever showed to all the fop and coxcomb species. Wood was a little ahead of Miller and Wilkins, and kept right on, not being at all acquainted with me. Miller began to rally me, in the manner of friends, before we came within twenty steps of each other. I nodded my head to Wilkins, and he passed right on by me; but whether he halted after he passed me, or not, I do not know. For I had hardly

halted my horse, to shake hands with Miller, ere he hurried on, telling me he must ride on, as he wished to get to town and hunt himself boarding by the time the House met. After he had passed me, I again checked my horse to tell him of the murder, but he kept speaking till he was too far off to be heard any longer, and then bade me adieu, saying he was in a great hurry; so that I let him go on without again stopping him. It was made a matter of suspicion against me, after I was arrested, that I did not tell Miller of the murder. But Miller was a man of honor, and swore before the court of inquiry as the truth was, that he had hurried on past me and employed all the time we were in speaking distance in a hurried conversation on his part, and that I had no opportunity to tell of the murder. But by the time of my final trial, Miller was moved away to Alabama, and Mr. Wilkins to get himself into a little notice, or from some other motive more criminal, came forward and swore he and Miller and myself stopped fifteen or twenty minutes in deliberate conversation! And there did he employ the court perhaps half an hour with a tale made up upon the vastly mysterious and suspicious circumstances of his barely having met me and seen me nod my head to him, on my return home from Frankfort. I merely mention this to show with what an unblushing face men would stand up and swear the most barefaced falsehoods imaginable upon my trial. For Miller is yet living, and will hear with horror that it was sworn we halted fifteen or twenty minutes in conversation, the morning after Col. Sharp was killed.

Soon after I passed Miller, I met a Mr. Crocket, a Mr. Pemberton, and other gentlemen. We all stopped in the branch together, for our horses to drink, and I told them of what a horrid murder had been committed the over night. At Vaughn's, eight miles from Frankfort, I breakfasted, and there, in the presence of several gentlemen, I told the murder. But all the way down, wherever I told the murder, I carefully avoided telling one single particular about it, but expressly told every body I had been unable to learn the particulars. For although

Scott had told me everything which was known about it, yet I much feared I might tell some particular which he would deny having told me of. I staid the first night with John T. Brown, of Bloomfield. I told there of the murder. Next morning I breakfasted with Col. Jas. W. Brown, of Bardstown. There, also, I told of the murder. That night I staid with an old gentleman by the name of Ferguson. And I think it a lasting encomium upon his honesty and truth, incorruptible, that he is almost the only individual with whom I had any conversation whatever, on my way home, whom the Sharps did not make a witness of against me. On the third day, in the evening, I passed what I had all the way dreaded, as the straits of Scylla. This was Thomas Middleton, the ever-ready and devoted tool of the Sharp family. How to avoid him I knew not. Once I thought of loitering that day, so as to pass this monster in the night; and should actually have done so but for my great wish to get to Peyton Cooke's that night. If there had been any by-path I would have gone round his plantation to avoid him, for I knew if he got a glimpse of me there was no getting by him without his having something to say to me. But there was no way to escape the straits. When I hove in sight, I saw that there were several persons about the porch; and I roamed off to the opposite side of the strait, hoping to sail through unobserved. But alas, I was descried and hailed! What could I do? If I pushed on, without stopping, after being hailed to do so, all would have sworn I passed in full gallop, under whip and spur, looking back evidently expecting pursuit at every step. I therefore thought it best to call as I was bid, and act in a natural way, seeming in no hurry, and trust to some one present to save me from Middleton's prejudice. Robert Hendrix pressed me to go into the house, and take something with him. As I was thirsty, I did so. While we were in the house, drinking, Hendrix asked me jestingly, if I "were of kin to that Senator Beauchamp who let the cat out of the wallet?" alluding to the stories the Anties had upon old Col. Beauchamp for having divulged the secrets of the celebrated caucus of 1824, wherein

was engendered what is called the re-organizing act of that session. To turn away the quiz, I swore, No, I was of no kin to that Senator Beauchamp. Middleton turned to me, and said, "You need not deny him, for your uncle is an honor to you." I replied, "You must be one of those animals we call relief men, in my country;" and as soon as I had finished my glass I bade them good evening, and mounted my horse and rode on.

And sure enough, as I feared, the Sharps made a most material witness of Middleton. He could not say I told him in confidence I killed Col. Sharp, because when he was told of the murder by those in pursuit of me, he stated as the truth was, that I had not told of the murder there at all. But he went as far as he could go. He said I denied positively that I had been to Frankfort, for he said he had taken me aside and asked me if I had been to Frankfort, and that I said, No; I had been up to Washington county, to see Uncle Jeroboam Beauchamp. And he swore I said I was related to Col. Beauchamp, whereas I am told there are fifty persons in Warren and Edmonson counties who have heard him state that I said I was not related to Col. Beauchamp. But he found this would give the whole conversation a loose, jesting, ironical character, and thereby weaken the force of his tale about my denying I had been to Frankfort, etc. For Middleton knew as well the relationship I bore to Col. Beauchamp as I did myself. Many other little foolish things Middleton related as having been said by me, but which I deem unworthy of any note. He also brought forward a poor old man who told a long, miraculous tale about my looking back; but as he was only brought forward to strengthen Middleton's story, and as the poor old man's hairs are hoar, and he is near his grave, I will forbear to record his name.

I staid all night at Peyton Cooke's, who is a brother of my wife. While at supper, I very calmly, and as though it had been quite an ordinary, every-day occurrence, observed that Col. Sharp was killed the night I was in Frankfort. Mr. Cooke, his wife, and mother, were the only persons at the table. I saw astonishment and suspicion flash from every countenance as

they paused and glanced one at the other. Now, neither Mother Cooke nor Mrs. Peyton Cooke had ever in their whole lives heard me mention or even allude to the name of Col. Sharp; neither had they ever heard it mentioned or alluded to in my presence, so profound was the silence which the great delicacy of that family had inspired them with upon the subject of Col. Sharp's name before me. But they were aware of the hatred which I, as well as all the Cooke connexion, bore Col. Sharp; and as soon as I said he was murdered, I saw alarm, confusion, and suspicion started in their every countenance. Soon after this, some woman (who she was I know not,) came into Mr. Cooke's house, and I embraced the first opportunity to request of the family to forbear any observation upon the subject of the intelligence I had given them. I said, "You are all apprised I never speak of Col. Sharp; but so extraordinary [an] occasion called his name from me." This I done to prevent that misrepresentation which I knew this woman who had come in would almost certainly make of what might have passed between me and the family upon the subject of Col. Sharp's death, after she would see me accused of his murder. According to my request not another word was passed in relation to Col. Sharp while I staid at Mr. Cooke's. Next morning I breakfasted at Tully R. Payne's, in Bowling-Green. I knew the line of conduct to be pursued, if I should stop in Bowling-Green, would be difficult. And I would gladly have avoided stopping there, but I had unavoidable business with Capt. Wm. R. Payne, who lived in his brother's family. Capt. Payne had no family. He married an elder sister of my wife, who is dead. I knew if I went into Bowling-Green, and said Col. Sharp was murdered while I was in Frankfort, the town, or many of them, would want to know no more than that, to convince them I was the person who killed him. I did not care for their suspicions, for I knew the world would always impute Col. Sharp's death to me at any rate; and I had no objection to be thought the murderer, provided the Sharps could not prove it. But I never spoke of Col. Sharp in Bowling-Green. I had, for years before my marriage and ever

after, studiously and carefully avoided speaking about Col. Sharp; and I knew if I told in Bowling-Green that Col. Sharp was murdered while I was in Frankfort, everybody would be crowding round me to ask all the particulars. I could not bear the idea of people's talking to me about Col. Sharp. Wherefore I told Capt. Payne of the murder, but when we arose to walk into the room to breakfast, where the ladies were, I said to him, "Do not speak of the intelligence I have given you, Captain. You know the delicate situation in which I stand towards Col. Sharp." This I should certainly have said if I had not been a day's ride to Frankfort when Col. Sharp was killed. Because, as Capt. Payne testified, I ever avoided any conversation in relation to Col. Sharp. Nevertheless, this was esteemed a very suspicious circumstance, although it was abundantly proven I always manifested precisely the same reserve upon the subject of Col. Sharp's name. However, let others have drawn what inferences they might from my conduct there, Capt. Payne gave a very precise, minute, correct, and just coloring to all my manner and conduct, and to all I said, while at his brother's.

On the fourth day, in the evening, near sunset, I got to my own house. I got home within fifteen minutes of the exact time I had told my wife I would get home. She was walking down the grove, upon the road I was to come, anxiously expecting my arrival. So soon as I saw her thus alone, I hoisted my flag of victory. She ran to meet me; and as I alit from my horse I gave her the flag, and she fell prostrate on her face before me. She then burst into tears, and lifted her voice in gratitude to Heaven that she was revenged of all the misery a villain had brought upon her family. Then clasping her arms about my knees, she called upon the spirits of her father, her brothers, and her sister, to bless me, and to intercede with a just Providence to protect me from all harm for the righteous deed I had done. Then rising up in alarm, she said, "Are you safe, my husband?" I told her I was beyond the reach of all that mortals could do to me, because the villain who had injured her had fallen by my arm. "But," said I, "the avenger of blood is after me." I

then called a servant to take my horse, and we walked to a more retired place, where we sat down, and I briefly recounted to her all the circumstances of the glorious deed. And I can truly say I do not believe there ever lived upon the earth two more happy beings than we were, notwithstanding I told my wife I was confident persons were in pursuit of me; and I even calculated they would be there that very night. But Col. Sharp had died by my hand! This consoled us for all misfortunes, and made us perfectly regardless of danger. I went to my house, and set it in order for battle and defence. For my determination was, if Dr. Sharp should be of the party who pursued me, I would fight them; for no Sharp ever should have obtruded himself into my yard without being shot, while I was in it alive. Indeed, I hesitated a great deal whether I would not shoot one or two of those who pursued me, and then make my escape and leave the United States. And had those who pursued me have come that night, I believe I should have fought them. But by next day I had calmly come to the resolution that I would rather die than fly my country. And as they had no shadow of proof against me, I resolved to go quite quietly and cheerfully forward, and submit to an investigation, should any one come for me. The night I got home there was a fellow by the name of John Lowe called there on some business, and staid some time, reluctant as he must have seen I was to enter into any conversation with him. For I wanted to get him off as soon as possible, and while he staid my wife and myself were mostly retired, employed in my recitals of all the minutes of the murder; so that we had scarcely anything whatever to say to Lowe. At length, we got rid of him, and after I had prepared myself for battle we went to bed.

As I was not molested that night, my reflections had led me to risque all the evidence the Sharp family could get against me, little, ah little! thinking the whole treasury of the commonwealth would be thrown open as a reward to the villians to swear against my life! Next evening, about an hour by sun, I saw four men ride up to my gate and call to me to come to the

gate. I recognized the face of one of them the moment I saw him, as being a man I had seen in Frankfort on Monday morning. I was satisfied at once they were come to arrest me. But I walked out to them with all the cheerfulness imaginable, and one of them asked me if my name was Beauchamp. I said it was. He asked me if I had not lately been to Frankfort. I told him I had just returned from there the preceding evening. They all paused. I saw they were embarrassed. I had my rifle in my hand, for I was cleaning and loading it in my yard, when they rode up. At length one of the more frank and sensible of the men [William Jackson] said to me in a feeling manner, that I was suspected of the murder of Col. Sharp, and, as a gentleman, I was called upon and requested only, to go to Frankfort and acquit myself. I put on a face of astonishment to find myself suspected; but promptly avowed my ready determination to go immediately to Frankfort if there was anything said there prejudicial to my reputation.

I then requested the gentlemen to alight, and I would have my horse caught, and go with them immediately. I then told them explicitly, in the presence of witnesses, before they alighted from their horses, that I was there free, and in my own yard, and in a situation to defend myself; that if, as they had said, I was only called upon, as a gentleman, to go forward and meet the charge, I would most cheerfully do so; but that I was not, neither would I, or could I, be taken a prisoner; that, apprised by them that I was suspected, I should at all events go immediately to Frankfort; but not with them if they expected to consider me a prisoner. They pledged their honor they had no such calculation, and therefore they were invited to the house. In my house I had a loaded musket with fixed bayonet, a shot gun, a rifle, pistols, and other arms, all in excellent order. If I had chosen, with these and my servants and family, I could have defended my house from any four men, or even twenty armed as these men were, only with pistols. But I resolved, before they came, that if I were sent for I would go cheerfully forward, unless I saw some of the Sharps in the company of

those who pursued me. As, therefore, none of them were along, and these men told me they only requested me, as a gentleman, to go forward, I told them to satisfy them of my sincerity in saying I would freely do so, I sent a servant into the house to bring out my arms and deliver them to the gentlemen. Presently they asked for my dirk, to examine the width. This pleased me, because I knew it would not answer the width of the wound. They also said they had the measure of the assassin's shoe track, which was found where he ran across the garden. This very much pleased me, as I imagined at once they had gotten upon some other person's track. But how was I frightened, when, on measuring my shoe, it did not differ in length scarcely any from the measure the men had! They cried out in the exulting hope of their having made fortunes, "Exactly! exactly! to a hair's breadth!" I saw, however, it was not exactly the measure of my shoe; but still it was nearer than I could have wished it. But as they said the width and all the proportions of the heel were preserved, I did not fear the track, but was satisfied it would be in my favor. When I had dressed in the clothes I wore when in Frankfort, and got my horse, I asked them for my dirk, which they had been examining. The one of them who had it rather appeared disinclined to let me have it, which inflamed me in a moment. I therefore firmly bade him "Give me my dirk, sir," which (seeing me in a passion at his hesitation,) he quickly done. They had the handkerchief, which had been found at Scott's with them, but did not say a word to me about it, or let me know they had it. I was anxious to hear whether that had attracted any attention from the little stain of blood from my nose on it; but I deemed it prudent not to make any inquiry about it, but to listen first for what had been said about it.

Soon after we set off from my house we met John W. Covington and his brother, Isaac Covington, who had accompanied those who pursued me, but had not approached the house, being men famous for heir cowardice; and having heard in the neighborhood that I was armed with a stack of guns, pistols,

etc. Soon after they got in company with us, I was asked for my dirk, for them also to look at it. After they kept it till we rode near a mile, I asked them for it, when lo! they said they had lost it! I believed it to be a falsehood at once, but as I attributed it to their cowardice, fearing I would kill all six of them, I contented myself, not doubting but what they would produce it when we got to Frankfort. But behold, when we got to Frankfort, I found they had thrown it away, sure enough, and they there accused me of throwing it away. And they then had it put in the public papers that it was a wide dirk, and recently ground to keen edges, and might have made the mortal wound; whereas Providence so ordered it that it should be found to detect all this vile trick to murder me. The dirk is now to be seen, and was exhibited in court, and was quite a narrow-bladed dirk, with not the mark of grinding on it, but of quite dull, polished edges. And so much did the Covingtons dread the exposure and contempt which the production of this dirk would bring upon them, that they went and bought it from the man who found it, and would not let my father bring it to the Court of Inquiry, but pledged their honor they would bring it forward themselves to the Court of Inquiry, and then did not do it. But the lashing which my counsel, Pope, gave such conduct, before the Court of Inquiry, and the burst of indignation which the suppression of the dirk created, compelled the Covingtons finally to give it up.

I have given it to Col. Beauchamp, and it will remain a lasting monument of the unfair attempts of which John W. Covington and Isaac Covington, together with those who arrested me, resorted to in order to deprive me of my life. And if it had not fortunately have been found, the world would have heard it described on oath, on my trial, as it was described in the public papers, about the time of my arrest; a wide dirk and recently ground to keen edges; I was not suffered to hear anything about the handkerchief I had left at Scott's, till I had gotten quite away from my friends, and out of my own neighborhood and county. But who can conceive of my consternation and

horror when I heard that it would be sworn it had been found at Col. Sharp's door! And that those who had come for me were a poor set of devils, who had been lured on by a reward! And that the legislature had offered a reward of three thousand dollars; the trustees of the town, one thousand dollars; and Dr. Sharp and other individuals, no one knows how much more!

I now began to see the sad forebodings of what I had to encounter. I therefore gathered from the guard all the information the public had in relation to this handkerchief, which was simply that it had been found the morning after the murder at the very door where the murder was committed! I asked the guard to let me see it. They done so; and behold a corner of it was cut off, and two holes cut in the body of it, as though the assassin had held it over his dirk and stabbed through it!

I was now at a great loss to know whether to confess the handkerchief was mine, and tell where I had left it, or not. I inquired for Scott's character. I was told he would be believed on oath. I then set my mind to reflect one whole evening what was best to be done. I viewed it as a scheme to revenge Col. Sharp's death; and I knew if none of my neighbors should recollect the handkerchief, the reward offered would readily bribe persons to swear to it as being mine. The guard were a drunken, careless set of fellows, whom I could dupe or deceive in any way. But whether it was best to make them drunk, and leave them, or take the handkerchief from them, was a considerable question with me. But as I could leave them after I had taken the handkerchief, or even if I should fail to get it, I determined to try the experiment first. Accordingly, at Bluster's, where we staid all night, the second night, I took the handkerchief and burnt it. I done it in this way. I slept before supper. But two beds were in the room, one assigned to me, and the other to those of the guard who slept while the others watched me. That night we had some bounce, and I managed by a few good jokes upon the excellencies of bounce, and handing it round frequently, to make the guard all feel very heavy and sleepy. After supper I asked them to let us look at the hand-

kerchief. It was produced, and after I had returned my fervent thanks to Heaven for the handkerchief's having been found at Col. Sharp's door, and observing to some bystanders that that handkerchief would clear me by leading to the detection of the really guilty, the guard put it away. I noticed who kept it. I took very particular fancy to him, and when he went to lie down I even condescended to invite him to my bed, as three had to sleep together in the guard's bed. He very gladly accepted the invitation, and when he went to bed he threw his coat, in the pocket of which the handkerchief was, upon a chair at the foot of the bed. Before I laid down, I walked out of the room, and as I came in, passing near the chair, I took it in my hand and carelessly threw the coat on the foot of the bed. I then went to bed, but complained of being chilly, and asked for my cloak and for a better fire to be made. I threw my cloak over the bed, which quite covered up the coat. I then took my handkerchief from my coat pocket, and soon after got up, still complaining of being chilly. This gave me frequent occasion to stir the fire. A young gentleman by the name of Anderson (quite an intelligent, honorable young gentleman, too, I have found him,) was sitting leaning back against one side of the chimney piece, so that his back was towards the fire. I set a stick of wood up between him and the fire, and commenced walking the floor and conversing with him on different subjects. Carrol only, of the guard, was sitting up with young Anderson at this time, and I managed to get him so drunk that he was half his time asleep in his chair. At length, when he had walked out, I stepped to the fire to put on this stick of wood. I had my handkerchief in my pantaloons pocket. I took up the stick of wood, and seeing Anderson was not looking at me, I threw the handkerchief into the large fire, and threw the stick upon it. It was consumed in a moment, without Anderson's having the least idea or suspicion about my having thrown anything whatever in the fire but the stick of wood. For a fine piece of cotton goods, as that was, will not be smelt burning when thrown into a very hot fire. Next morning we rode to Munfordsville, to breakfast. There

the people of the town crowded the room to see me. The guard had not yet at all missed the handkerchief. There were at the tavern, to see me, two gentlemen of my acquaintance, Lawyer McFarrow and Lawyer Wood. They were lamenting the misfortune which had befallen me; but I took the earliest occasion to express the willingness with which I was going forward. For, I said, the assassin's handkerchief was found, which would, I doubted not, under the divine direction, lead to the detection of the guilty, and clear me. They asked me where the handkerchief was. I said the guard had it, and asked the guard to let the gentlemen see the handkerchief. Carroll, who kept it the over night, felt for it, and behold it was not in his pocket! He examined well, and said, "It's gone!" For God's sake, I told him, I hoped not, and asked him to examine his pockets again. He done so, and said it was certainly lost. Then I asked the others to feel in their pockets, for I said I hoped they had forgotten who of them had kept it the preceding night. They all felt their pockets, but said none of them had it. They then began to look one at another, with a blank, foolish look, that was truly diverting; insomuch that some in the house actually broke right out into laughter at them. But I put on a very solemn face of deepest concern, and began to beg them to let us all go back immediately, and make a thorough search for the handkerchief. But they all refused, and said it was not worth while. I remonstrated warmly that we should go back, and at length, on their persisting in their refusal, I said I did not believe they wanted it found. They then began to hint their suspicions that I had taken it, whereupon I broke out into a torrent of abuse upon them, and said they had thrown away my dirk because it did not suit the wound, and that they had now suppressed the handkerchief because it was not mine, and would clear me; so that, if they did not go back for the handkerchief I would go no further unless the law compelled me. But we finally agreed to send back and have search made, and we proceeded on to Frankfort.

When I got to Frankfort I found the whole county in a flame,

and although prejudice was at its zenith against me, without the shadow of proof, yet things were beginning to work exactly to my wish, and as I had planned. Amos Kendall, editor of the *Argus*, and oracle of the New Court faction, had begun already to howl piteously over Sharp, as a martyr in his country's service, and in the cause of the people, as he called the cause he advocated in politics. Scarcely was Sharp buried, ere Kendall sounded the alarm throughout the State, that it was politics which had caused the murder, and charged it plainly enough upon Sharp's political opponents about Frankfort. This caught the vanity of Dr. Sharp and of Mrs. Sharp, to whose feelings it was much more grateful for the world to say Col. Sharp, whom they worshipped, had fallen a martyr in his country's cause, and that he had been murdered for fear of his matchless abilities, than to say he deserved his doom and fell by the hand of private revenge for a base seduction, and adultery, and falsehood, and slander. So that they for a time united with the New Court factionists, and then, oh! what a piteous tune they sung over Col. Sharp's grave! They eulogized him above mortality, and sung his praises as a martyr, insomuch that one would have expected posterity would see him noted foremost among the saints in the calendar. Nothing offended the Sharps or the young Scotts so soon as an insinuation that I was the assassin. Nay, the *Argus*, soon after I got to Frankfort, came out with a tremendous menace and threat against any such as should presume to insinuate that the motive imputed to me had been the cause of the holy martyr's lamented death. This tune caught my fancy exactly; and while things went on thus, I began to feel pretty safe. But soon their cuckoo note began to change! The people, many of them, would presume to insinuate Col. Sharp was not so immaculate as his family would have the world believe. The story of his baseness and dishonor towards Miss Cooke had too long sunk him into infamy while he lived, for his friends now, at a word, to acquit his memory of the charge. And when the people of Franklin county saw the husband of Miss Cooke charged with Col. Sharp's murder, it ra-

tionally brought to their minds the stories they had heard in the last electioneering canvass about the negro child. And merely because there was a feeling in the breast of every man which told them I ought to have killed Col. Sharp, the plain, candid, common sense sort of people in the country rather inclined to think me guilty, although they had no sort of proof to raise such a suspicion; only looking to the motive and the justification or cause which I had to kill him. And then the anti-relief presses ridiculed the idea of Col. Sharp's being a martyr, so severely, and hinted in such plain terms that his family were aiming to compromise his blood to save his fame, that the Sharps themselves became ashamed of their hypocritical pretensions to disbelieve my guilt. Such had been their zeal to defend me, that Dr. Sharp and Dr. Scott utterly denied that Dr. Sharp exclaimed "Beauchamp has done this," so soon as he entered the room where his brother was dying. But it was proven upon them by their own statements, by several of the most respectable gentlemen in Frankfort. While the Sharps and the New Court factionists kept up the controversy whether it was the Old Court party or myself that had killed Col. Sharp, I felt quite safe; for I knew I could get a jury of factious, violent New Court men in Franklin county, who would gladly acquit me in order the better to charge the murder upon the Old Court party. While, therefore, the excitement was kept up against the Old Court party, to the clearing of me, I prided myself secretly on my foresight and success in so planning the murder, as to the time, as to raise this diversion in my favor, and had, for a time, very little fear but that I should thereby escape. And I should have done so, but for a turn in the current of the popular excitement which was as unlooked for and as unprovided for, by me, as the burning of Moscow was by Bonaparte.

This was the uniting of me and the Old Court party together, and making me their instrument! This united the Sharps, the New Court party, the Old Court party, in short, all parties and all orders upon me, without a diversion in my favor from any

quarter! This proved fatal to me, and this alone. I had looked for and foreseen and provided for everything but this. This took me by surprise, and completely and wholly disconcerted and ruined me in my every prospect. All this was done by Amos Kendall and the New Court leaders. Finding an irresistible prepossession in the public mind to believe me guilty upon the bare circumstance of Col. Sharp's base conduct towards my wife, they feared omnipotent truth would shine out, and that they never could make the world believe but what I killed him. For neither the Sharps nor the leaders of the New Court faction ever did really doubt for a moment but that I was guilty. Therefore they lashed me and the Old Court party together, which, as I was an Old Court man, took for a time very well, and in fact convicted me.

This union of the Old Court party and me, the New Court party effected by connecting me with one Patrick H. Darby, who had edited an Old Court paper in Frankfort, called the Constitutional Advocate.

And this brings me to speak of Darby. Poor Patrick! The world have heard so much of the part this man has taken in this drama, that perhaps I ought to preface an account thereof with some general idea of his real character. In doing this, I can only write, Fool! fool! fool! He is generally called a man of some subtlety in all the lower arts of baseness and meanness. But in his perjury against me I have certainly found him one of the greatest fools I ever met with in the world, to pretend to any experience in perjuries and subornation, as he may well do, if we credit either his general character in Tennessee, or the certain information of gentlemen of the greatest standing in that State. For I believe it is well established he was expelled from the bar of Tennessee as being unworthy to associate with the profession! But to return to the part he has acted in my case. The morning after I was brought to Frankfort I was told that one Patrick Darby said that he had heard me threaten to kill Col. Sharp. I never had heard of him in my whole life, except the mere general rumor of his being expelled and literally driven from

Tennessee for his crimes and infamy. When, therefore, I heard he was going to swear against me, I readily feared he might have been bribed to do so by the rewards offered. Indeed, I had a hint of that sort from a gentleman of the greatest respectability in the State, the morning I got to Frankfort. But I was convinced Darby had never seen me, and was therefore preparing a plan to have Darby introduced to some other stranger for me, and so detect that he knew nothing about me. But while I was meditating this plan in my mind, early in the morning, pop! Darby obtrudes his ugly phiz right into my room, where John Rowan and I were shut up in private conversation about the tale he had fabricated. I did not know what impolite intruder this was; but presently I heard Mr. Rowan, in conversation with him, call him Mr. Darby. At that name, Darby, I quickly turned my eye upon him, and asked Mr. Rowan if that was the gentleman of whom we had been speaking. He said it was. I was inflamed in a moment that Darby had thus defeated the plan I had been meditating. I immediately arose and abruptly asked Mr. Darby, "Did you ever see me before, sir?" I imagine Darby thought I had thrown off my cloak to fall upon him and beat him for his falsehood. He was so confused and frightened that he stood as mute as a statue. I always like to look a villain in the eye; but I could not get Darby to look at me. I placed myself before him, and sternly bade, "Look at me, sir! Did you ever see me before?" He was nettled at my stern, contemptuous manner, and after some hesitation he stammered out that he had thought he had seen me. "Where now, sir," said I, "did you ever see me?" He had refused till then to say where he had seen me, and actually had refused to tell Dr Sharp where it was he had seen me. He had now no shuffling with me; wherefore he said he had seen me at Brandenburg, on the Ohio river. I asked him how he knew I was the man, or how did he come to get into conversation, or get acquainted with me. He said he was introduced to me as "Lawyer Beauchamp, Jeroboam Beauchamp, nephew to Col. Beauchamp, the senator from Washington." "By whom," said I,

"were you introduced to me?" "By Lawyer William Allen," said he, "of Munfordsville." I then asked him at what time he saw me at Brandensburg. He said it was at the sale of lots there, in May preceding. I asked him what day the sale of lots was on. He named the day; and I then just turned off in contempt, and said I could prove I was that day attending court one hundred and fifty miles from Brandensburg, and that I had never been there in my life: neither did I know Lawyer Allen at all! And thereupon I abruptly broke off the interview, thinking I had him safe enough for the Penitentiary if he should dare to swear to that story. For it never once entered my fears that after a man had, in the presence of witnesses, been so explicit in the locality and circumstances of an interview, as Darby had been, even insomuch that he described the log we stood upon, that then he would wholly change the whole story, and say it was at another place he had seen me. But wonderful indeed, and passing strange to tell, the next news I heard from Darby was that he had said he was wholly mistaken, and that it was at my own house he had seen me, and heard me make the threat!!

This sufficed the Sharps and Amos Kendall, who bore Darby personal ill-will, and who were very anxious to seize upon any pretext to connect the Old Court party and me together. And forthwith they began to clamor about Darby's *confessing in confidence* he had been at my house, and to ask what he had been doing there. And thereupon they pinned Darby and me fast together in the assassination. This gratified the vanity of the Sharps by supporting the idea of Col. Sharp's being a martyr in his country's service, while at the same time it gratified their vengeful feelings towards me, whom they all the while knew was the real murderer. This connexion of Darby and myself also well enough suited the New Court factionists, to whom Darby was peculiarly odious. And so well did this idea seem to take with the people in Franklin county, who were mostly violent New Court men, that all Darby and myself both could ever do, we could never pull ourselves apart. Poor Darby be-

came so frightened by clamor raised after him about having been at my house, that he then denied he had ever been there. But it was proven upon him that he had told one or two he had been there, which made the matter a hundred times worse, and, in a great measure, really confirmed the suspicion that he had been there, and was concerned in the murder. But he now utterly denied having been at my house, and had got so entangled in his contradictory stories as to begin to get tired of his bargain, and would, I doubt not, at one time have gladly given up the reward, if he was to get any, if he could any way safely have retracted. Indeed, he had been detected in so many contradictions about where he had seen me, first saying it was at Brandensburg, and then at my house, and then at Nashville, that he began to express doubts whether he was not altogether mistaken in my being the man he had heard threaten Col. Sharp's life, and to doubt whether he had ever seen me at all, or not. And accordingly he told John U. Waring, explicitly, he never had heard me threaten Col. Sharp's life at all; but had only heard from others that I had threatened his life. And when it was demanded of him to tell from whom he heard this, he said he heard Carrol, brother of the Governor of Tennessee, say that he had heard me threaten to kill Col. Sharp; whereas, when we sent for Carrol, he swore he never had, in his whole life, heard there was such a human being as I in existence, till he heard I was accused of Col. Sharp's murder.

But the more Darby tried to get clear of being a witness against me, the more the New Court faction and the Sharps clamored about our connexion. Darby, therefore, came before the Court of Inquiry with the broad assertion, in contradiction to everything he had said before, that it was upon the Nashville road he met me, a perfect stranger, and that I told him I meant to kill Col. Sharp! For when he became so frightened as to deny what he had already said about being at my house, he then laid the venue of his story on the Nashville road. But unfortunately for his story was this location of it, as was that of Brandensburg, for I had never been at Nashville in my life!

But now the question was, how did I chance to bawl out to a perfect stranger, upon the highway, that I intended to kill Col. Sharp, whose name I would scarcely suffer any one to call in my presence. This presented a difficulty. But Darby said I wanted to employ him to bring suit against Col. Sharp for some land, and negroes, and money, which he had promised my wife in satisfaction for the injury he had done her; as though she had deigned to accept an offer of pecuniary compensation for an injury of that sort!—a thing that no human being on earth but Darby will say they ever heard a hint of, or believed! He said that I had wished him to bring the suit, and that on being told I could not sustain it, I swore I would come to Frankfort and shoot Col. Sharp down in the streets. We asked him when this conversation took place. He said it was in the first days of September. For he said at that time he was coming from Nashville to Kentucky, and that, as he passed Mr. Duncan's house, another called to him and told him there was a gentleman in the house who wanted to talk with him, and that I came out of the house, and as we walked down this way of the lane, towards the well, we had the conversation. But before the final trial he had seen Duncan, who would swear, and did swear, that at the time Darby passed there, in September, 1824, he was confined to his house by sickness: that he was very intimately acquainted with me, and that I was not there, neither had I been since my marriage. Wherefore Darby again altered his story, even from what he had sworn, and said he had stopped at the well, and that I rode up quite alone on a small horse! But he said he did not find out my name was Beauchamp, or what it was, or what profession I was of, or to whom related. Neither could he say positively I was the man he heard threaten Col. Sharp's life; but so it was, he heard somebody threaten Col. Sharp's life.

Soon after the Court of Inquiry, Darby went to Duncan's well, and there found a notch cut in a rail, which had the magic effect of bringing the whole conversation perfectly to his recollection. He took a Lawyer Mills six miles to see it, and stated

explicitly to Mills he had a distinct recollection of cutting that identical notch in that rail, in September, 1824, while in conversation with me ; but, most unfortunately for him, Duncan swore that rail was at that time, and long after, in a standing tree ! Besides, his first story was that I had said, in a conversation about the election, that if Col. Sharp was elected he never should take his seat in the legislature ; whereas he had now gone back to a time near a year before Col. Sharp became a candidate !

The morning after I got to Frankfort the popular excitement was at its highest rage, in consequence of the many falsehoods which were basely circulated by those who were interested in the reward for having arrested me. That evening I was taken before Justices Waggoner and Clarke. So soon as I had made the print of my shoe in the dust, several were standing by who cried, "The very same—the very same—exactly ! I saw the track in Sharp's garden. I'll swear positively that that shoe made it."

But George M. Bibb, who is a man of sterling honor and of the greatest firmness, had measured the track found in Col. Sharp's garden, with great exactness. He had taken all its proportions—its length, its breadth, the length and breadth of the heel, and every part, very accurately with paper. So soon as he applied the measure to my shoe he pronounced unhesitatingly, my shoe never could by any possibility have made the track he measured in Col. Sharp's garden. This track was still supposed by all to be the track of the assassin, and for this reason : it was the only fresh shoe track across the garden where Mrs. Sharp had seen me run ; for I, in my socks, made no track which was noticed. And the idea once possessing the multitude that it was the assassin's track, every one could see some reason to confirm that belief. It seemed to them clearly to have advanced slowly and cautiously making short steps, and to have receded rapidly by springing strides. And a thousand minute circumstances concurred to prove that it was the assassin's track, particularly after the idea got abroad that my shoe corresponded with the track, which was put into the public newspapers. The

track was at this time the only shadow of a circumstance whereby any hoped to be able to attach suspicion to any particular individual. This had turned out manifestly to my advantage. They were then at a perfect loss what to be at. The handkerchief which Mr. Scott and the Sharps had fabricated upon me, was gone. No one had seen it who could swear it was mine. Scott had admitted he had not seen me with such a one; for as they knew it was mine, they doubted not but that they would be able to prove it by my neighbors. But on the contrary, those of my neighbors who had seen it, had said it was not such a one as they had seen me with. The suppression of the handkerchief, therefore, quite disconcerted all their deep-laid scheme. For no one could cast an insinuation that I made way with the handkerchief, further than upon arbitrary suspicion; and it was in itself unreasonable that I could have taken it from the guard who had sat up and kept an eye upon me every moment all the way up; so that they had not now the slightest pretence of proof against me; not one single circumstance to raise even the suspicion of my guilt. And the Prosecuting Attorney, Mr. Charles S. Bibb, was obliged to admit before a crowded State House, that he had no evidence against me. But it was suggested that possibly some evidence might be found in the Green River country. I then arose, and stated before the assembly that I would be far from seeking to be acquitted, or to leave the place while it was suggested that proof could be anywhere had against me, and that I was willing to remain in custody and allow full time for the friends of the deceased to collect any evidence they might deem important, if any existed. And hereupon the trial before the magistrates was delayed ten or fifteen days, to see if any proof could be found against me. In the meantime my neighborhood was ransacked to and fro, for days, and direct offers of bribes were to two of my neighbors made, as honest old people as God ever made, to induce them to bear false testimony against me. Still the Sharps plead that if sufficient time was allowed them [they] could procure some sort of testimony against me.

But the time expired, and no shadow of evidence could yet be found, or brought, or got in any way. Still the Sharps plead that if sufficient time were allowed them they could procure some sort of testimony against me. And thereupon the trial was again delayed ten or fifteen days longer, pretendingly to search for, but really to bribe, some manner of testimony whereupon to commit me to trial before a jury. But I should have observed that a few nights after the postponement of my trial, Mr. George M. Bibb came to see me according to my request in a letter of that day; which letter—as Mr. Bibb, I learn, has had some illiberal imputations upon his visit to me—I will insert. [See Appendix.] When Mr. Bibb saw me, in compliance with this letter, he told me he did know of his own certain knowledge that the handkerchief found at Col. Sharp's door was dropped there after daylight. For he said he had examined all the alley, and every inch about the steps of the door, so soon as it was light, and he would swear positively it was not there then, whereas it had been found there long after sunrise; so that it was absolutely demonstrated that the handkerchief was fabricated and thrown there after Bibb made the search. If I had have known I could have proved that before I burnt the handkerchief, I would have confessed the handkerchief was mine, and have told the vile trick which had been played upon me. Indeed, I was almost ready to divulge the whole matter to Bibb even then, and tell him I had burnt the handkerchief for fear they would succeed in their fabrication. But I finally concluded it would be better to let the matter rest as it stood, as they could never prove the handkerchief was mine.

In regard to the voice I was solicitous to have Mrs. Sharp hear it, while I spoke in company with other strangers to her; not because I attached any importance to the matter of the voice; but to prevent the Sharps from having the pretense of Mrs. Sharp's recognizing my voice to harp upon. For although I spoke to Col. Sharp in perfectly a disguised voice, to keep him from knowing me, yet I well knew that if ever Mrs. Sharp should hear my voice, and be apprised at the time it was mine

she heard, she would exclaim in a moment, and forever swear mine was the very same voice she heard the night her husband was murdered. And I very soon began to see they were aiming to give her a pretense to say mine was the voice of the assassin. For I could constantly hear she said unhesitatingly, she absolutely would know the voice of the assassin if she should hear it again. After I heard this I redoubled my exertions to have it so arranged some way that Mrs. Sharp should hear my voice with that of other strangers to her. For this purpose I not only wrote to Bibb, but I made similar attempts in several ways.

Amongst the rest I applied to Mr. Joel Scott, notwithstanding the unfavorable impression his conduct had made upon me. I pressed it upon him till he gave me the pledge of his honor as a gentleman that he would himself arrange some place where Mrs. Sharp should hear me speak in company with other persons who were strangers to her. Still I saw no arrangement of that kind carried into effect, [and] I began plainly to see they were determined to avoid it. I then came out publicly and demanded that if Mrs. Sharp pretended that she would know anything about the assassin's voice, and they wished anything fair, or just, or honorable, they would let me be carried into her hearing in company with other strangers to her. Nothing could arouse them to put on even the appearance of a fair and honorable experiment of the matter. On the contrary, this same Joel Scott, who had pledged his honor as a gentleman he would himself arrange the thing that other strangers should converse with me when Mrs. Sharp should hear my voice, was the very man who secretly brought Mrs. Sharp to the jail to hear me converse with only himself and the jailor, both her intimate acquaintances, and without letting any one be with Mrs. Sharp to attest whether she discriminated my voice or not, but Dr. Sharp! What happened? Precisely what they intended should happen.

Mrs. Sharp mentioned in town that she recognized my voice the moment she heard it, and Dr. Sharp attested that she distinguished my voice from others immediately I spoke! Distinguished it from what other voices? From Mr. Scott's and the

jailer's, both her intimate acquaintances, either of whose voices she would have known amongst ten thousand other voices! She, too, knowing no other person but us three was to be present! Before the Court of Inquiry Mrs. Sharp swore my voice was the same she heard call her husband to the door the night he was assassinated. She also swore I was of precisely the figure and stature of the man she saw in the door with her husband; whereas she had at the jail only seen me wrapped in a cloak, and when questioned how she could recognize my stature in a cloak, she swore the assassin had a cloak on! Whereas she had, to Mr. George M. Bibb and many others, described the assassin as being a tall, slim man, dressed in dark clothes. How, then, had I been muffled in a cloak, could she have told anything in the dark about my figure or my dress? By the time of the Court of Inquiry, the Sharps had become heartily ashamed of their vain attempt to create the belief that Col. Sharp had died a martyr in his country's service, and they had not yet struck upon the scheme of making me the instrument of the Old Court party, by uniting me with somebody else. Before the Court of Inquiry, therefore, Mrs. Sharp, throughout her testimony, spoke not one word in allusion to her ever having thought of but one person's being engaged in the assassination. But before the final trial they had connected me and Darby together, and lo! Mrs. Sharp had actually seen two men, one with a cloak, and one without a cloak, one exactly of my stature, and the other, of course, must have been of Mr. Darby's stature! Joel Scott and she had also, by this time, coincided in a long and very pretty tale about the exact coincidence between the account Scott said I gave of myself at his house, and that which Mrs. Sharp said the assassin gave of himself to Col. Sharp. Scott said I told him I had been "bewildered and belated over the river;" and that I "had applied at all the great taverns in the place, and they were so crowded I could not get in; so I came to your house." Mrs. Sharp said the assassin told Col. Sharp he had "been bewildered and belated over the river," and that he said to Col. Sharp he "had applied at all the

great taverns in the place, and they were so crowded I could not get in; so I came to your house." In this way they went so far as to make me almost tell Col. Sharp my whole history and who I was, when about to assassinate him! It is true, I did directly let Col. Sharp know who I was, but it was not by any words, but by stripping my head and discovering my face full to his view in the light; and I stabbed him dead the same moment. This, too, was after Mrs. Sharp had fled from the scene, so that she did not hear the exclamation which he made on seeing who I was. I told Mr. Scott I had made it later than I expected before I got to town, in consequence of having staid to breakfast with Capt. Hobbs, with whom I had staid the preceding night, and who had married a relation of mine. It was rumored, whether true or false I do not know, that Mrs. Sharp said that was precisely what the assassin told Col. Sharp. However, she did not swear this, and, to be candid, I believe it was rumored merely in ridicule of the story about the miraculous coincidence of the story I told Scott with that the assassin told Col. Sharp, in other respects. For all orders of society treated Mrs. Sharp's testimony with less humane allowance for her revengeful feelings towards me, than I was really disposed to make. For I always thought it was no more than might be expected from a distressed female to destroy the whole effect of her testimony by manifesting a determination to say all she could against the assassin who had robbed her of her adored husband.

I have said the world never witnessed more misrepresentation flowing from prejudice or worse motives, than was upon my trial. I had called myself Covington before Col. Sharp opened the door, in a disguised voice. I knew Gen. Elijah M. Covington and John W. Covington had been for many years Col. Sharp's most intimate friends, and the whole named family of Covingtons were warm friends to Col. Sharp. For this reason I called myself Covington, to lure Col. Sharp quickly to the door. But I had planned, say so soon as I got to Col. Sharp, that my name was John A. Covington, knowing that he would readily know by my voice, etc., it was none of his intimate ac-

quaintances of the Covingtons. So that by calling myself John A. Covington Col. Sharp would imagine it was some Covington he had forgotten, or was not so well acquainted with; and meantime I could get hold of him and stab him. I had also a farther view in this. By letting myself be heard to call myself the Colonel's friend, John A. Covington, it would be readily conjectured the assassin had meant John W. Covington. And then my knowing John W. Covington's right name so well as I did, would put a very forcible negative upon the idea of my being the assassin. All this I planned with deliberate premeditation. And when I was arrested, and told that the assassin called himself John A. Covington, I said, "Are they certain he called himself John A. Covington?" I was told he did. I then asked if there was any John A. Covington about Frankfort. I was told there was not; but it was supposed the assassin meant John W. Covington. I said, then that ought to convince any candid man I could not be the assassin, seeing I knew John W. Covington's name as well as I knew my own, and could show it in a hundred places on my papers at home. This had at first a most powerful effect in my favor, and was a circumstance so stubborn in my favor that I doubt not it cost much to clear it away. But this they at length done, and even turned it as one of the strongest circumstances against me. How can we conceive this possible? It was indubitably established that I knew John W. Covington's name as well and familiarly as any man could know another's name. But they first proved, by one Isaac Covington, that he heard me, the evening I was arrested, call John W. Covington John A. Covington. They also proved by a poor devil by the name of Purch, that he heard me, the first night after I was taken, speaking of John W. Covington, call him John A. Covington. And this, that poor devil swore, although he was present and heard me when I told the guard the miscalling of the name would clear me, seeing how well I knew John W. Covington's name, and could show it in a hundred places on my papers at home. But still there was left manifestly a contradiction and a gross absurdity in their tale,

even thus discredited. For it was well established that I was familiarly acquainted with John W. Covington's name, which rendered their tale absurd and improbable; but Mrs. Sharp swore Col. Sharp told the assassin, "I don't know John A. Covington—I know John W. Covington," which involved a contradiction in their story. For if, as they contended, I had thought the name John A. Covington, Col. Sharp would have showed me my mistake.

They therefore proved by a man by the name of William Bradburn, who swore he had heard me say, near a year before Col. Sharp's murder, that although I well knew John W. Covington's name, yet I always mistook it and called it John A. Covington.

They had found great difficulty, and had been at infinite pains to prove upon me the possession of something wherewith I could have done the murder, and which would suit the mortal wound. They at length succeeded therein with this same Bradburn, who swore that a few days before I came to Frankfort he had seen me whetting a very large French dirk. This was not a matter of any consequence; at least it surely cannot now be a matter of any difference to me whether the world say I killed Col. Sharp with a French dirk or a butcher's knife. But such is the truth, and I must declare it to the world, William Bradburn did *not* see me whetting a French knife or any other knife within a few months, much less within a few days, before I came to Frankfort. For, dying, I must aver I had not such a knife for several months. And as to Bradburn's saying I had said I always mistook John W. Covington's name, a man might as well have said I did not know my father's name. And there would really have been quite as much show of reasonableness or probability that I should have mistaken my father's name as that I should have been mistaken in John W. Covington's name. For there were no names in the whole world which I had had more frequent, nay, as frequent occasion, to write and speak for the last eighteen months, as the names of Gen. Covington and John W. Covington; and for this plain reason. Gen. Covington

had been, ever since I was born, the principal surveyor, and John W. Covington the acting surveyor, for the whole section of country where I lived. They two had the largest landed estates in all that country. For the last three months I had been engaged in making a plot of all the lands in that section of the country, in order to appropriate such as were vacant. I had been frequently, within that time, for two, three, sometimes, maybe, as far as five days at a time, at Gen. Covington's, engaged constantly, almost, in the business of copying off his books, which were given entirely up to me, in which books the name of John W. Covington recurred upon almost every page. I had written and spoken his name many thousand times within the last eighteen months, and perhaps oftener than any single name in the whole world except the name of Gen. Covington. But I knew that if when Col. Sharp came to the door and asked what Covington I was, I had told him John W. Covington, he would have known it was not John W. Covington and would have seen in a moment I was an imposter. But he would naturally have his curiosity quickly awakened to know what John A. Covington this was who called himself his friend. But they turned even this name, John A. Covington, against me. And seeing they would bear down all my evidence, I would not even let my father produce the copies of cards I had taken from Gen. Covington's office, and my maps, and surveys, and notes, and writings, in relation to my land measuring affairs, which my father found in my house immediately after my arrest, and on which papers I counted the name of John W. Covington in one hundred and seventy-one different places; and that, too, although many of my land papers were, after I quit the land speculation, wasted and destroyed.

Bibb swore before the Court of Inquiry, and so did John Harvey, (a gentleman of great firmness and of the highest character,) that the handkerchief absolutely was thrown at Col. Sharp's door after daylight; for they both, as soon as it was daylight, searched every inch of the alley and about the door, with the nicest scrutiny possible, and were both enabled to swear

positively the handkerchief was not there, where it was found by Col. Taylor and Gen. South, near breakfast time of day. This threw a dark shade of suspicion around the Sharp family, for having fabricated the handkerchief altogether. But they supposed they were fruitful enough of expedients to clear themselves of any little suspicion as that. Miss Arabella Scott, Doct W. H. (P. Q. Z.) Scott and little John Scott therefore swore that, about the dawn of day, John Scott picked up the handkerchief and carried it to his brother Harrison Scott ; and that Harrison told him it was some old negro's handkerchief, it was of no account, and therefore to go and throw it precisely where he found it ; which he immediately done. And they swore that, while John had taken it to his brother Harrison in the room, Bibb and Harvey made the search in the alley and near the door. But this tale would not do. For they swore John went immediately back, and placed the handkerchief where he found it, and that he did not have it away from the spot more than two or three minutes, and that it was just after day-light it was thrown there. Whereas Bibb swore positively that he went back and sauntered about the alley, in search, after sunrise ; that he examined all the door, the steps, and even put his hand on the little shrub the handkerchief was afterwards found upon, and he knew positively that it was not there then. Bibb then went to his breakfast, and after he was gone, Col. Taylor and Gen. South found the handkerchief, thrown upon the little shrubbery at the door. This was near the common breakfast time of day, so that the ab, eb, ib, ob story of the young Scotts, as my counsel, Sam'l Q. Richardson, called it very justly, was plainly proven to be a fabrication. Indeed they plainly detected themselves. For when, on the final trial, they were examined seperately, Doctor Smith stated that his brother John brought him the handkerchief, and he took it in his hand and threw it down upon the floor, saying nothing to John about putting it back ; but when John was called and examined apart from his brother, as to the minute circumstances, he swore he took it to his brother, and his brother took it

in his hand, examined it, and gave it back into his hand, and told him to go and put it back precisely where he found it, for it was of no account, it was some old negro's handkerchief. Thus, after all their planning, we managed to prove clearly, to the full satisfaction of the audience, that the handkerchief was dropped at Col. Sharp's door after I left town.

But the world had never a clearer demonstration of the power of prejudice and imagination, and of how far they will bias the minds of the best of men, excepting a few rare instances of great original firmness, independence, and strength of mind. Here the blood upon this handkerchief was merely the faded of old dried blood which had been on it, and it in use for, I think, near two weeks. Yet many persons, of very good intelligence, swore it was precisely of the character, color, age and appearance, in every way, of the little stains of blood on Col. Sharp's shirt. But the handkerchief was not present to be inspected; it had only been seen exhibited to the crowd for a little while after it was found. Here there was a wide field for the imagination of those who had seen it, to work upon; and this furnished a rich harvest of contradictory opinions and variant statements; many doubted its being fresh blood, at the first; while Bibb and Harvey told the crowd, firmly, the handkerchief was positively not there at daylight; and before this tale of the young Scott's was introduced to clear up that difficulty, the idea took very well that the handkerchief was all a fabrication. But when they introduced the story they did, to explain away that circumstance, all could then see some way to explain away the old appearance of the blood and reconcile it with the idea of its being fresh blood. And it really afforded me, upon trial, an amusing occasion to sit silently by and take a philosophical consideration of human nature, and observe the wild and variant speculations upon the subject of the appearance of the chameleon-like handkerchief which existed then only in their memories and imaginations. It possessed all the colors of the rainbow, to listen to all their descriptions; nay, some swore it was a wide-striped or checked handkerchief, while

others swore it was a spotted handkerchief. But nearly all agreed now that the blood had been wiped upon the handkerchief, by the drawing of a bloody dagger through it. Only one man could I find who had discrimination enough to see the handkerchief through the suspicions which surrounded and enveloped it, as it really was; and who had moral courage and firmness enough to state the real appearance the handkerchief had in his own eyes. This was Judge Robert Trimble, Judge of the United States Court for the District of Kentucky. He told the jury plainly, in an impressive common sense way, that it was an old dirty cross-barred handkerchief, which had some remaining stains of old blood on it, which looked like it had probably been used some time before to wipe the nose when bleeding. This was the plain simple truth of the whole matter, as it regarded the far-famed handkerchief; for the blood had actually got upon the handkerchief in the way Trimble supposed.

And it had been worn since that, several days, round my hand, which I had hurt in a fall from a horse at William Gainse's. It had also been rubbed in my saddlebags, all the way to Frankfort, having the clothes I committed the murder in tied up in it.

And the fabrication of the handkerchief was ill planned, and betrayed weakness in any point of view. For besides the vesting it of the blood on it, they had cut the corner off. What was this done for? To cast the insinuation I had cut the corner off, because my name was on it! This presupposed the absurd idea that I had gone to the door with the premeditated design to throw my handkerchief down right where I intended to commit a murder! And if I threw my handkerchief there, I must have done it by premeditated design, and refused to pick it up, when I had a chance to do so; for I lurked and prowled about the door, as Mrs. Sharp attested, till the house was crowded with the people of the town!

Thus much of the handkerchief, which was used to take my life with. But before I quit the subject of the handkerchief, I

must do an act of justice to a very honest man, who has fallen under some censure for this testimony in relation to this handkerchief. This is Mr. Absalom Stratton. He is a neighbor to my father, and was at my house when I was arrested. He saw the guard have the handkerchief, and said then, he never saw me with such an one. This he continued to state, and my father had him summoned to the Court of Enquiry, to prove that he was a near neighbor of mine, and had much intercourse with me, and had never seen me with such an handkerchief. This he came to Frankfort to swear, and would have sworn it before the Court of Enquiry, but he was not called. But before the final trial, I imagine, he had been asked if he had ever seen any of my family with such an one. Here conscience checked him. He had to say he had seen a little servant boy of mine bring such an one to his house twice, when he came there for some articles my wife had bought of Mrs. Stratton. He said he could not say it was the same handkerchief, but it was one of about the same appearance. He told the truth, for I doubt not my boy did carry that very handkerchief to Stratton's for the articles Stratton mentioned; or if it were not the same handkerchief, it was one precisely the same stamp; for we had several which came off the same piece.

But Stratton's not stating this at the first, and being before the Court of Enquiry, my witness, in relation to the handkerchief, and finally, being against me, in relation to the same handkerchief, induced some to suppose he had been bribed; but he was not. His testimony was of a more dangerous character to me than Bradburn's, and many others, whose testimony I have exposed. But God forbid I should confound the guilty with the innocent, and above all, because their evidence made against me.

Young Taylor gave a true coloring to the application I made for lodgings at the Mansion House, and of the reason why I did not stay there. Sacre, Weiseger's bar-keeper, stated what I had said to him very unfairly before the Court of Enquiry. He said I asked, as soon as I entered the public room, for a private

room, and that he told me I could not have a private room, but could have a room in company with one or two others, but that I refused to stay unless I could get a private room. Whereas the only reason why I did not stay at Weiseger's Tavern, was that Sacre told me at the first word that he could not possibly take my horse. I said there not one word about a room in any way. Sacre denied telling me that my horse could not be taken. He also swore that I had my head tied up with a striped cotton handkerchief, whereas it was a spotted silk bandanna handkerchief. I do not think however that Sacre was bribed. I believe that in the first transport of prejudice, when he heard, next day, of my being accused, his suspicions carried him along with the current opinion, and, like many weak minds, he was glad to say some little thing suspicious of what he had seen in me.

Certain it is that, on the final trial, instead of strengthening, and giving a higher color to his testimony, as almost all the other witnesses did, Sacre grew evidently weaker, and softened down his testimony, and hesitated much to assert things so positively as he did on the first trial.

The New Court faction attempted to strengthen the suspicion of my connection with Darby, by the testimony of the town watch, or some street walkers going in the character of a patrol. One of them, Ace Carl, was one of those interested in the reward. He proved by the other two, James Doney and E. M. Crane, that they met me a little while before the murder, going right to Darby's office. But we examined them separately, and thereby detected them. Crane was examined first. He swore he met me, but he said he was some steps before Downey and Carl, and that he passed me without stopping me; but Carl and Downey stopped me, and called to him to stop, and that they questioned me and talked to me some time. Downey swore Crane was behind him and Carl, and that when they met me, he, Downey, passed me, but after passing me a step or two he stopped a moment and turned his head to look after me, but that I made no halt, nor even

turned my head. But he said he did not speak to me at all; neither did any of the others, nor did any of them but himself make a halt.

Nevertheless, he swore positively that I was the man; whereas, he would not, that night, have known an ordinary acquaintance, wrapped as he said I was in a cloak, and only having passed him upon the street, unless he had very closely observed him, full in the face. I was on the street that night, but it was before eleven o'clock, and I had on no cloak. He said he met me after one o'clock, wrapped in a cloak. But this testimony, even before it was detected by the separate examination of the witnesses, was esteemed fabricated, because all said no man would have known a stranger again merely having passed him in a cloak, upon the street, in so dark a night as that was. But the most bare-faced and completely detected fabrication of any, was a conceited attempt to prove I had made an attack upon Col. Sharp's house, near a month before I killed him. For this purpose they proved positively, by three witnesses, that in October I put up at the Mansion House, in Frankfort; and Dr. Sharp and Mrs. Sharp swore that at that very time, some one attempted to lure Col. Sharp to his door, late in the night; but on his refusing to speak or tell who he was, Dr. Sharp got a sword and drove him away from the house. But this was not better planned than the fabrication of the handkerchief. For when those were to swear to having seen me at the Mansion House, first made the statement, they said they found out my name by seeing it written in the tavern register. And knowing the register would be called for, they had to resort to a sham, and tore out a leaf of the register, so as to say the name had been written on that leaf. But this artifice detected the whole fabrication. For, by tearing out the leaf, they confined themselves to a definite date. By their testimony, and the leaf missing from the register, I must have been in Frankfort on the 11th, 12th or 13th of October. For the register was entire except for these days. And they could not have torn out a leaf in the whole register, which would have

enabled me to detect their mistake so clearly as the one they did tear out. For on the 10th day of October, I was at the Circuit Court in Simpson County; seen by a crowded courtyard of my acquaintances; and there entered into written contract of that date, with Walters Elom, attested by Lawyer Smith, which contract is still in the hands of Smith.

On the 13th of October I was at a public horse-race, and seen by more than a hundred acquaintances; and had a process executed upon me that day which I proved by the record. On the 15th of October I was at a public sale, seen by fifty acquaintances; and a written contract there, dated of that date and attested by two witnesses, which contract is still in being. These three days proved the absolute impossibility of my being in Frankfort between the 10th and 15th of October, for from my neighborhood to Frankfort is four days' good riding.

But I was also able to prove where I was every day within the month of October. Nevertheless, three men swore I was in Frankfort between the 10th and 14th of October.

I am reluctant to record these men's names, because they are young gentlemen of standing, and many have dissuaded me from mentioning this piece of evidence, because these young men have hitherto supported a fair character, and certainly could not have been induced to swear to a willful falsehood, for men of their standing would never perjure themselves upon the trial of a fellow creature for his life. At the request of Col. Beauchamp, I will not mention those young men's names, hoping that whatever induced them to testify so positively to that about which they were mistaken, they will, lamenting my fate from such testimony, be more humane for the future. But to their high standing, I have seen men upon my trial of as high standing as they are, stand up and unblushingly swear positively to things they knew as well were false as they knew they were in existence.

An individual told me, when I was first brought to Frankfort, that Joel Scott, I might be assured, would not state aught but what he believed to be true; although his great devotion

to Col. Sharp might so far prejudice him against me as to make him see things in rather an unfavorable light for me. I acquiesced that perhaps he might think as he spoke, while at the same time I knew the trick he had played in regard to the handkerchief I left at his house. But his high character made me doubt the propriety of denying his positive oath when he swore he heard me leave my room about the time of the murder. For I knew people would believe he heard me go out some time that night, as I found it would make more against me to deny it. Wherefore I admitted I was out; but contended Mr Scott was mistaken in the time of night he heard me go out, and in the length of time I was out. He swore I went out between 1 and 3 o'clock, and he lay awake near an hour, and did not hear me return; yet he admitted he heard no clock strike, hour crier, or anything else whereby he could possibly know the hour. I went out about 9 o'clock; I did not return till near day; I crept out so softly in my socks that he could not possibly have heard me. Yet he swore he heard me open my door and descend the stairs in my shoes, and when half way down he said he heard me cough and spit, whereby he knew me by my voice from another young man who slept above stairs. He said he also heard me unbolt the front door, go out and pull it to after me. Scott got entangled in difficulties and contradictions, which those who did not know the intrigue and difficulty with which he had acted, could not explain. When he first went to Col. Sharp's and heard the whisper about Beauchamp, he at once suspected I was the Beauchamp they suspected. He intimated his suspicions and immediately returned home to see whether I might not have fled, as some one on horse back was said to have been heard riding in full speed right from Col. Sharp's about the time of the murder.

The talk about me was only a secret whisper of suspicion at that time, confined to the Sharps and Scotts, who only suspected me because they felt that Col. Sharp deserved to die at my hands, and he and the Doctor had long feared I would kill him. But they did not know I was in town till Joel Scott

went to Col. Sharp's next morning. Nor did he then let it be
 precisely known that he suspected who I was, or why he went
 if I were in my room, only alledging that he done it be-
 alme he had heard me stirring out of my room the over night.
 who n it was known Scott was going to see if I were in my
 and l, Mr. Benjamin Taylor and Col. Henry C. Payne, of Fay-
 sinu went with him, but he would not let them go up with him
 unfc my room.
 patl do not suppose Scott and the Sharps did suspect that if
 he ere the Beauchamp they suspected I was, I had really gotten
 Ty horse and fled in the night. Scott entered my room ab-
 ruptly, and I think started back surprised to see me there.
 But my being there and my pleasant, tranquil air when he first
 entered the room, and my seeming astonishment and all my
 manner when told of the murder, completely for the moment
 dispelled his suspicions, and he hurried down to tell Payne and
 Taylor so, without waiting to question me and find out what
 Beauchamp I was. Besides, I suppose, seeing that I was there
 he did not like to rush right into my room and tell me of the
 murder and immediately go to questioning me about who I was
 or abruptly ask me if I had married Miss Cooke. So he went
 down and told Col. Payne and Mr. Taylor that I was in my room
 and there was nothing to attach suspicion to me. And he request-
 ed them to go back and let it be known I was in my room, and
 to do away any suspicion which his going to look for me might
 have excited ; for he said there was no suspicion could attach to
 me. But he presently returned himself to find out the great
 point of their secret suspicions that I was the man who had
 married Miss Cooke. When he first heard that, I never saw
 such a face of horror in my life as he put on. But what would
 they do ? They were secretly amongst themselves satisfied I
 was the assassin. But they had no shadow of a circumstance
 which would justify them to arrest me. All, therefore, was
 yet secesy and mystery till they could fall upon some arrange-
 ment, some plan which might do to alledge as a groundwork
 for their suspicions. For they did not like to arrest me merely

alleging that I had married Miss Cooke. For so much as was
 Dr. Sharp ashamed of his instantaneous suspicion of me I ac-
 in less than an hour after the murder he said he did not the
 his brother had a personal enemy in the world; although the
 had exclaimed that I was the man so soon as he entered the
 room where his brother was dying, although he did not at he
 time know I was in the town or in the State. But the hand-
 kerchief I left at Scott's soon furnished them a clue to ma- out
 ground work for their suspicions; and I do imagine their sus-
 picions so wrought upon their imagination, or their tears, a-
 blinded their eyes as to make them really suppose the stains on
 the handkerchief were the stains of Col. Sharp's blood. Other-
 wise I think they certainly would have put fresh blood on the
 handkerchief while they were cutting the corner off, and cut-
 ting holes in it. Scott, as is frequently the case with
 prejudiced witnesses, greatly weakened the effect of his
 testimony by trying to make it too strong. He attempted to
 make a prejudicial effect against me by his relation of my
 manner, and of what I said when told of Col. Sharp's death.
 He swore that when told of the murder, I hung my head
 and muttered some incoherent exclamation, that it was truly
 a horrid thing, or something to that effect; but that I mani-
 fested no curiosity or surprise about the matter. He made a
 great and studied effort to give my manner a suspicious appear-
 ance; but we then introduced Col. Payne and Mr. Taylor and
 proved that so soon as he went down from my room he said
 there was nothing suspicious in my appearance. He made a
 most pitiful attempt to get over this, by swearing that he told
 them I looked like other men would, under similar circumstan-
 ces, meaning thereby, that I looked like other guilty men.
 But Mr. Taylor told him with great firmness and plainness that
 he said explicitly there was no suspicion could attach to me
 from the manner in which I read the news of Col. Sharp's
 death, and that he saw nothing to induce suspicion against the
 man. And Col. Payne said Mr. Scott entirely removed his
 suspicions, and led him clearly to believe his own were removed

when father, brothers and friends, by a most strange succession of calamities, had been swept into the grave, and had left her almost without one soul on earth, save her dear old mother, to whom she could look for consolation and comfort in her sorrow and immolation, then did Col. Sharp have the baseness to insinuate that his own child was a negro's child, and that the unfortunate woman whom he knew he had seduced from the path of virtue, had been the mother of a negro's child. Nay, he actually forged a certificate to prove that to be a fact. This, however, he only done to show to his wife to silence her eternal clash about the matter. For he never intended, nor even would, if he could have avoided it, have dared to let it be known he had a certificate of that kind, for fear of his forgery being detected.

But when at length Col. Sharp ventured, after several years, to again aspire to regain his long-lost popularity, and this dishonor of Miss Cooke's seduction was held in terror over him, his wife could not avoid letting out the secret of this certificate; for all this time she fully believed Col. Sharp had obtained such an one. Nay, even after his death she told several of the most respectable citizens of Frankfort that she then had the certificate, and had had it in her hand since her husband's death. And her brother, Dr. Scott, told the same.

But lo! how they were confounded when Col. Beauchamp went and got the mid-wife's affidavit that no such certificate had ever been applied for, or given by her! And immediately both she and Dr. Scott denied even saying they had such a certificate. But it was proven upon them to the satisfaction of every body. Still Mrs. Sharp suffered her name to be put to a publication written by some New Court men with a view to make some impression upon politics, and that she acquitted Col. Sharp of the charge of forging the certificate, and then actually swore all contained in the said publication was true! Dr. Sharp and Mrs. Sharp and old Mrs. Scott may console themselves with the reflection that their slanderous tongues had some slight tendency to accelerate the death of one whom they

all literally worshipped as a God ; and although they may after his death persist in their slanders, yet it will not bring him, whom it has taken from them, back. Dr. Sharp may spend his brother's estate, going, as his great friend, Squire Lucas, said of him, "crying about the country like a fool and afraid of being killed himself," in the endeavor to give color to his base falsehoods. Yet it will avail him nothing.

I have now to bid adieu to this world. To night my beloved wife and myself will lie down in each others arms and sleep our long sleep. I have a thousand duties to my God and my friends crowding upon me to-day. The evening draws to a close, and I wish to abstract my mind from external engagements, that I may enjoy with my wife the luxury of contemplating our happy exit from this world, as the destined moment approaches when we shall launch together into a happier scene. But I must stay one moment to do an act to my memory. After all the intrigues which had been concerted to impute Col. Sharp's death to political motives, had failed from its intrinsic absurdity, and I had been convicted, there was still another effort to establish that falsehood upon the Old Court party, through me. I had reason to believe Governor Desha would probably extend to me a pardon or respite, if I would confess and accuse several of his political opponents of being my accomplices. It was wanted that Achilles, Sneed, and John U. Waring, should be brought in as having both been to my house and instigated me ; but mostly it was insisted upon that Waring should be accused. They wished me to say there had been a combination amongst the leaders of the Old Court party to assassinate the Governor and several of the most prominent supporters of his administration. I would not do this for these reasons. The Governor would not secure me his pardon by writing, but wished me to go to the gallows, and there to the last minute solemnly maintaining my statements, and he would then pardon me. I therefore suspected his design was to deceive me, and I was determined not to risque dying on the gallows. I knew such a wicked and foolish and absurd

fabrication would not be believed, and would only be charged at once upon Governor Desha, and he would not then have the firmness to pardon me. Besides I could not reconcile to myself to hazard the execration of mankind for so false and cruel an accusation against men who had never injured me, and of those they wished me to accuse, and then probably to die with the contempt of the world, like a cowardly wretch, upon a gibbet. I, however, agreed to do thus far, and accordingly done it. I accused Mr. Darby, who had sworn a falsehood against me, and promised so soon as I was pardoned to accuse anybody named, alledging I had before my pardon divulged it to several; but was afraid of enraging the Old Court party by coming out fully. They therefore stated in my publication, which I prepared against Darby, that that was not a full disclosure, but that the limited time set for my execution, and other reasons, prevented me from publishing a full account of the murder at that time. But even what I wrote against Darby, insignificant as he was, was charged to be the price of my pardon, and Desha soon began to speak in ambiguous and equivocal language to my friends.

I began several days ago to be thoroughly convinced the Governor meant to deceive me. Darby, however, last week came to talk with me. I had already written a full explanation of Darby, and had it lying by me on my table. But I concluded I would torment the perjured wretch a little longer; and I therefore strenuously accused him to his face before the whole audience, and so confounded and confused him by my solemn accusations and the severe terms of reproach which I cast upon him, that all his friends were greatly disconcerted by the interview. And he went off with the fullest conviction that I would die, solemnly avowing that he was with me in the assassination. But I have now to close my accounts with an all-seeing God, and truth bids me tell the world Mr. Darby had nothing to do with Col. Sharp's murder, but that he was certainly guilty of wilful perjury, for he never saw my face in his life till I was a prisoner after the murder.

Col. Beauchamp has been censured for acting in the intrigue, with me, to accuse Darby. But I most solemnly aver he ever, both public and privately, admonished and conjured me to tell nothing on any man but what was true. He has the character of deep intrigue; but in my case he has even dissuaded me from any sort of intrigue, and persuaded me to act openly and to avoid even the suspicion of intrigue.

As to my dear old father, to those to whom he is known it is needless to say anything to preclude any suspicion of his conniving with me at any thing false or criminal. For I believe the tongue of malice and slander has never, throughout all my misfortunes, imputed to him anything the least dishonorable or reprehensible. He, I am well satisfied, was amongst the last men in the world to believe me guilty; and there was not one single man in the whole world whom I took so much pains to persuade of my innocence as my father. And after my conviction, so far from being at all instrumental in the intrigue to get me to confess and accuse Darby, he would never have a word to say to me on the subject, after he heard I had insinuated my own guilt. Not that his affection for me abated or his kindness diminished. Far from it. He felt that I was justifiable, and he could only pity and console me. The outrage and dishonor I had revenged was that which, above all others, he had ever admonished me to eschew, as the vilest act of which human nature is capable. For if I have found one man upon the earth entitled to the name of an honorable or an honest man, my father is that man. I have marked him in all the variegated scenes of adversity and prosperity, and have seen his soul thoroughly tried, and justice bids me publish, when dying, this testimony of his inflexible honor and integrity. And great, almighty God! has he deserved this fate in his son—his favorite son, by the pious manner in which he has reared me up? But thy ways are inscrutable, O God, to the blind understanding of men! And the conviction of the feelings of honor which have caused my death will, I hope and doubt not, in a measure console him for my early loss. Into

thy hands, then, I commit him, thou God of justice, who will mete out to him the measure thy wisdom sees meet to allot him in this world, and finally unite him to me in an happy eternity, where that I may meet him, my beloved mother and brothers and sisters, is my humble prayer, for the Redeemer's sake.

JEREBOAM O. BEAUCHAMP.

POSTSCRIPT.

I HAVE now arranged all my papers, and closed everything preparatory to quitting this scene of action. My beloved WIFE, for whom, oh, how does my soul now melt in affection! is preparing to lie down with me to sleep and wake no more! Our spirits will, in a few moments, leave their bodies, and wing their way to the unknown abode which our God may assign them!

We have a vial of laudanum, which my wife, with as much composure as she ever shared with me a glass of wine, is carefully dividing into two equal potions, one for each of us.

I mark her serene aspect! I should be lost in amazement and astonishment at her strength of mind, which can enable her so composedly to meet death! did I not find in my own feelings that resignation, nay, joy! which makes death, so far from being the "*King of Terrors*," become the "*Prince of Peace*." It has been maintained by some that no one ever commits suicide when in possession of their proper reason. Of others I cannot speak; but certain it is, I never prepared to take an article of medicine with more deliberation and cool reflection than I now prepare to take a fatal potion of *laudanum*! I do it with the clearest dictates of my judgment, after months of prayer to the Author of my being to permit me to do it; to inspire my mind with a conviction of whether He will permit me to do it without offending Him or not, and to pardon and forgive me if I do it against His will. We have kneeled to the Omnipotent and Omniscient God, the Creator and Mover of all minds, so to direct, inspire, and influence our minds that in all things we may discover what it is His will we should do, and we would endeavor to do it. And we pray to Him with humility and sincerity, that if in anything we do that which is con-

trary to His will, He would pardon His weak and erring creatures. Are not all things possible with God? Our reason is greatly fallible, indeed. How short does it fall of comprehending God's attributes and perfections! He has made us weak and erring creatures. But He is surely able to forgive all our weaknesses and errors. Although He is a God of justice, whose laws He will execute, yet has He not in His infinite mercy and goodness provided a way whereby all the transgressions of His creatures may be forgiven, and yet His law remain perfect? It may be said, then, is this, to me, a transgression and a sin, with my eyes open to its criminality. So are all the sins of men, otherwise they would not be sins at all. For can I believe that the countless thousands of human souls who have, in the ages of darkness, and in countries of superstition, fallen deluded victims to their zeal in the service of beings which they really believe to be the true gods, are now, for their ignorance, in eternal misery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I should for one moment bear such a horrid thought! It will be said the whole human family are by nature under condemnation. For that very reason was there made an expiation for their transgressions wherewith they actually do transgress; but not less for them which have not known good from evil, and have consequently never transgressed a law they know not of. For are infants from the mother's breast condemned to everlasting misery? Oh! man! do not the mercy of thy God so much injustice! For His mercy has provided an expiation for them, whereby His law may be made whole, and yet they be saved. In like manner the sins of those who knowingly transgress may and will be expiated and pardoned, provided they ask God, in an acceptable manner, that is, with humility and sincerity of heart, to pardon and forgive them through the merits of the Redeemer. In suicide, it may be said, there is no time left for prayer and contrition of heart. Not so with us. We will pray while we lift the fatal cup to our lips. We will not cease to pray—we will die with our lips still quivering with fervent, heart-felt prayer to an almighty and a loving and merciful God, to take us to Himself, and forgive us all our

sins for His crucified Son's sake. We will die calling on the name of that Jesus whom we have both once in our lives reviled, to intercede with the Father for our sake, to pardon us, though the chiefest of sinners. And does God measure the length of prayer? Oh! how my soul leaps out to my blessed Jesus, when I read his reply to the thief on the cross. I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ—"help thou mine unbelief," and forgive my multiplied transgressions. We will now trust to that God who is infinitely merciful, to forgive that sin, which even in praying we commit. I lay down my pen to *pray, and praying, take the fatal potion.*

My beloved wife and I have now drank the poison which will shortly launch us into eternity. We can neither of us refrain from singing with joy, so happy are our anticipations for the scene we will ere morning's sun awake in.

Great God, forgive and bless us, and take us to Thyself, for the sake of Thy blessed Son. Amen, Amen.

J. O. BEAUCHAMP.

POSTSCRIPT (No. 2).

Thursday night, 10 o'clock, July 6th, 1826.

After we had taken the laudanum last night at about 12 o'clock, we remained on our knees some hours at prayer, and then laid down and placed our bodies in the fond embrace in which we wished them interred. My wife laid her head on my right arm, with which I encircled her body, and tied my right hand to her left upon her bosom. We also, as we laid side by side confined our bodies together with an handkerchief, to prevent the struggles of death from severing us. Thus we lay in prayer for hours in the momentary expectation of dropping to sleep, to awake in eternity. Some little after daylight I received a hope, a confidence that my sins were forgiven, and, in the joy of my soul I shouted aloud and awakened all within my reach, and told them what the blessed Redeemer had done for me. I have even since longed and prayed how soon it would please God to take me to himself. But strange to man, near 24 hours have elapsed without the laudanum having any effect. My wife vomited about 2 o'clock this evening, and soon after took a smaller portion of laudanum. We took each, originally, the half of a vial full, which was about two inches, and as large as a common sized man's thumb. My wife is now asleep; I hope to wake no more in this world! I have no more laudanum to take, and shall await the disposition which the Lord choses to make of my body; content, that if I cannot die with my wife, I shall, ere this time tomorrow, be in the realms of eternal felicity.

J. O. BEAUCHAMP.

Friday morning, 7 o'clock.

Between 12 and 2 o'clock I am by the sentence of the law to be executed. I did hope, even till late last night, that ere now the laudanum we had taken the night before would have ended our calamities ; but it has had no effect on me, and my wife has again despaired of its killing her, notwithstanding she repeated the dose. She is so fearful of being left alive with no means to take her life, and no one to console and strengthen her after my death, that I have at her affectionate prayer consented to join with her, and each of us stab ourselves! I have all this morning since midnight tried to prevail with her to await the will of Heaven without making any further attempts upon herself; but it is all fruitless. She says I shall never be buried till she is also dead, even if she is to starve herself to death. And she so fears the miseries which the misguided sympathy of her friends may bring upon her after my death, by attempting to thwart her purpose, that she has melted my heart to an acquiescence in her will. For I had last night resolved to make no further attempts upon myself, but, oh! I pity her so much! I can refuse her nothing she prays of me to do. I commit myself for forgiveness upon the mercy of an all merciful God, who has forgiven all the sins of my life, and will forgive, I hope, this last wicked act that carries me to eternity.

J. O. BEAUCHAMP.

DIRECTIONS FOR OUR BURIAL.

We do not wish our faces uncovered after we are shrouded, particularly after we are removed to Bloomfield; we wish to be placed with my wife's head on my right arm, and that confined round upon her bosom.

J. O. BEAUCHAMP.

As some insinuations have been cast upon John McIntosh for a supposed agency in the intrigue to get me to accuse the Old Court party, I deem it due to him to contradict any such a notion. On the contrary, he even from the day of my conviction told me frankly nothing would avail me towards getting a pardon, and therefore he advised me as I had no motive but to tell the truth, to do so, let it bear hard upon whom it might.

And generally, justice bids me say this of John McIntosh, that although he was rigidly faithful to the Commonwealth; yet he was even honorable, magnanimous and humane to me, and to my wife, especially, during the time she immured herself with me in my dungeon.

[The following scrawl was written a few minutes before he was taken out to be executed, and while his wife was in the agonies of death.]

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

My beloved Anna.

Your dying husband,

J. O. BEAUCHAMP.

[Lines written by J. O. Beauchamp, while in jail, upon being aroused from sleep by a vision of his wife's spirit.]

Daughter of grief! thy spirit moves
 In every whistling wind that roves
 Across my prison grates;
 It bids my soul majestic 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 tho' unfeeling worlds unite
 To vent on you 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 deleusive dream !
 And springing from his bed of grief,
 He finds a moment's sweet relief—
 Then round him horrors gleam.

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

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

For oh, the thought, triumphant, proud,
 The soul within itself can shroud
 The purpose of the brave.
 Secure of her, the dear one's love,
 For whom he dies, and mounts above
 Misfortune's highest wave.

He cries—prisons for clay! the etherial soul
 Triumphant soars, disdains control,
 And mocks a perjured world!
 The shaft's too late! He soars too high,
 He rides in triumph through the sky,
 Not hearing whence 'twas hurled.

Nor even let a gloom, a sigh,
 Be read on thy angelic eye;—
 Be firm as him you love.
 For wherefore pine to meet this spell,
 Has God not ordered all things well?—
 We'll meet in Heaven above.

And oh, the triumph of that day!
 We're worth ten thousand forms of clay,
 "To die is but to reign."
 Then cease thy troubled soul from grief,
 Be *this* thy soul's sure, sweet relief—
 What more?—our aim we gain.

This was written before my conviction, and while my wife
 was absent from me.

J. O. BEAUCHAMP.

[*Verses addressed by Mrs. Ann Beauchamp to her husband, J. O. Beauchamp, a few days before their death.*]

Spirit divine! thou more than mortal man,
 With thee I die, and in thy fond embrace,
 Fulfil the wise, the universal plan,
 Ordained by fate for all the human race.

To soar with thee in that unknown abode
 To which my father's spirit early fled,
 Where earth-born cares can never more corrode
 The sweet repose of the illustrious dead.

To meet my sister's spirit, and my brothers, brave,
 Who left me early to the storms of fate,
 And paved the way and strewed with flowers my grave,
 Oh! these are joys which earth cannot create.

There shall my father's spirit grasp thy hand,
 And call thee son, and bless thee as his child,
 While round assemble all the kindred band,
 As once on earth while Heaven and fortune smiled.

The brave shall bless thee for thy righteous deeds,
 But chief for that which man's unrighteous laws
 Account a crime! But pine not, though thou needs
 Must die; thou diest in honor's cause.

Thy spirit feels its worth, a villain's heart
 Thy dagger pierced; he perished by thy hand.
 Accursed of Heaven, he felt the bitter smart
 Assigned to guilt by Heaven's high command.

On earth, he trembling lived in guilt and fears
 Of thy avenging hand, and when at length
 To his appalled soul the form appears,
 A glimpse disarms him of an infant's strength.

His coward heart did faint ere yet the hand
 Had pointed to his breast the poisoned steel;
 On tiptoe rising there I see thee stand, [peal.
 Then bursts thy wrath, as bursts Jove's thunder

And perished by that stroke the vilest heart
 That ever human blood did animate,
 And having finished well thy noble part,
 Content we'll meet the mystic will of fate.

[Verses addressed by MRS. ANN BEAUCHAMP to her husband, a few hours before their death.]

Lord of my bosom's love, to thee ;—
 To thee I pour this tribute of my parting breath ;
 Thy worth, thy honor, and thy love shall be
 My soul's sweet theme 'till I am cold in death.

Hard is thy fate and dark the ways
 Of Him whose will decrees thy bright career
 Should end in cruel death, ere half thy days
 Were numbered, losing all life's prospects dear.

Thy soul was brave ; at honor's call
 Thy life blood flowed free as the air of Heaven,
 Thy stern decree a coward fiend should fall,
 His heart was pierced, as with a peal of thunder riven.

Stern was thy purpose ; fate obeyed
 Thy righteous will, and to thy hand resigned
 The wretch ; prostrate and gasping as he laid
 The approving voice of Heaven calmed thy mind.

But dire arose in wrath a venal band
 And raised the war-cry ; up start the hireling clan
 And marshaled all the force of all the land
 Against one lone, oppressed, unfriended man.

Unmoved he met the direst spite of hell,
 And mocked their perjury and scorned to yield
 Aught of his tranquil air, and happier fell
 Than ever hero did on glory's field.

And wedded to his side my form shall lie
 Encircled by his arm ; for naught but fate
 Could move my stubborn purpose free to die,
 With all my soul calls dear, or good, or great.

[*Lines addressed to MRS. FRANCIS R. HAWKINS, by MRS. BEAU-
 CHAMP, in jail, the day before the death of herself and husband.*]

Thou soul of sympathetic mould
 How do thy virtues charm my mind ;
 More precious than the purest gold
 Thy heart so feeling and so kind.

'Tis not thy wines or dainties rare,
 Thy lemonades or choicest fruits,
 Thy richest cakes, or roses fair,
 Which so my woe-tried soul recruits.

No ! 'tis not these,—it is the tear
 Of virtue shed for virtue wronged,
 Which lights the dying heart of care
 With poisoned darts of malice thronged.

But oh ! the solace to the heart
 Of woman dying for her lord,
 Who dies beneath the cruel smart
 Of perjured hatred's poisoned sword.

To feel the angelic pity's touch
 Of sister woman's kindly hand
 Whose independent soul is such
 As basest malice to withstand,—

This soothes the dying hour of one
 Whose lot has been the sport of fate,
 Whose ills on earth this day are done,
 To Heaven's high behest await.

That you may enjoy the heavenly boon
 To thy pure worth so justly due,
 Is prayed by one whose life's bright noon
 Is darkened quick by night's black hue.

For since it is the will of fate
 My all on earth should die for me,
 I glory that our blessed estate
 One coffin and one grave shall be.

This night, by God's all ruling will
 We close our eyes to wake no more;
 But hope our vital spirits still
 Will happy live and God adore.

THE DEATH SCENE, BY J. O. BEAUCHAMP.

A death scene rushes o'er my sight!
 My heated brain recalls it back;
 In horrid vision of the night,
 I oft retrace my bloody track.

I see appear the hated form
Whose coward heart I doomed to bleed ;
Quick flashes o'er my mind the storm
Which drives me to the bloody deed.

I grasped him with iron hand,—
Appalled, he struggled in amaze ;
But when unmasked he sees me stand,
He sees his death-torch instant blaze.

Fainting, he kneels for life in vain,
He knew not pity's softest glow,
He would the heart of virtue gain,
And break it with dishonor's blow.

I pause—but short as lightning's gleam,
The flash of pity through my soul,
For quick the burning, vengeful stream
Pervades my heart with due control.

Then hurling round in sportive wrath,
I dash his coward, trembling form,
And plunged the poisoned shaft of death,
Which calmed my heart's black, vengeful storm.

For raising high the deep-dyed steel,
With fiendly laugh I mock his groan,
And bid him, writhing, dying, feel
The retribute of virtue's groan.

Then ceased the raging fire to burn,
Which passing time had only fanned,
And to my grateful wife, returned,
I triumph in her just command.

Well satisfied, we dare our fate,
 Content to meet its direst spite,
 And bow us to the good and great,
 The fount of justice, life and light.

*EPITAPH to be engraven on the tombstone of Mr. and Mrs. Beauchamp ;
 written by Mrs. Beauchamp.*

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

A child of evil fate she lived,
 A villain's wiles 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 he rose
 And laid her base seducer low,
 And struck dismay to virtue's foes.

Reader! if honor's generous blood
 Ere warmed thy breast, here drop a tear,
 And let the sympathetic flood
 Deep in thy mind its treasures bear.

A father or a mother thou,
 Thy daughter view in grief's despair,
 Then turn and see the villain low,
 And here let fall the grateful tear.

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

Daughter of virtue, moist thy tear—
This tomb of love and honor claim ;
For thy defense the husband here,
Laid down in youth his life and fame.

His wife disdained a life forlorn,
Without her heart's loved honored lord,
Then, reader, here their fortunes mourn,
Who for their love their life-blood poured.

APPENDIX.

November 21, 1825.

DEAR SIR :

It has been with some difficulty I have stemmed the torrent of public opinion to the contrary, and presumed to hope that you were not so far prepossessed against me as not, at least, to suspend an expression of your opinion till you should hear what can be alledged against me on oath. You are well aware that, in cases like the present, we must even expect immense exaggerations. In this case particularly, it is not surprising if there should prevail a degree of popular prejudice not warranted by the circumstances of suspicion raised against the first accused of the murder of a man so highly and justly esteemed as was Col. Sharp.

I speak not to a man on whose feelings I could expect to work, much less bias his judgment by any protestations about innocence, or appeals to his humanity for the oppressions thereof which I could make. Your opinion will be founded in the circumstances which will be brought against me, independently of anything I can say. But, sir, if, as I have been told is the case, (although I have found many things which have been told me since I was in prison were not to be relied upon) but if, I say, you, with some other gentlemen of greatest standing and influence at the bar, feel too great a respect for the memory and family of your unfortunate friend to defend any one suspected (however slightly) of his murder, I do hope you will nevertheless tell me, as a man of candor, on what your

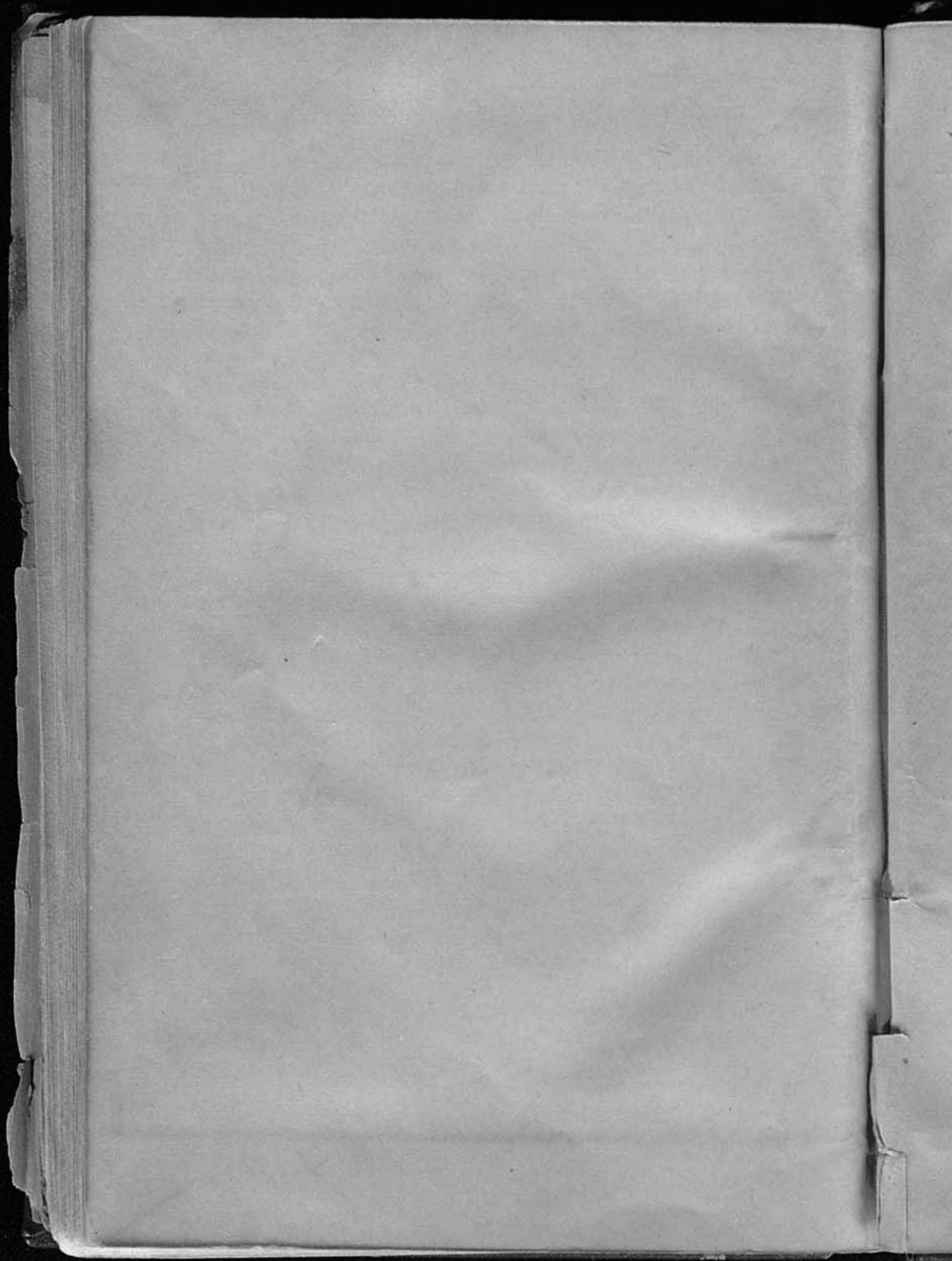
opinion against me, and that of the thinking of the community, is based. You have heard much, I doubt not, about my having threatened the life of Col. Sharp. I make no protestations ; but, sir, I can simply say you will be convinced all these rumors have arisen in the vain imagination and conjectures of fools. You see what is printed from mere vague rumor, about my dirk being a wide one—please see the scabbard in the possession of Mr. Carl,—that it was recently ground sharp—ask Mr. Jackson. That my shoe fits the track in the garden of Col. Sharp, happily you measured that track. Then that I left my room that night. Five thousand dollars set as a price on my life.—Circumstances are unfortunately such as that I am advised it is not permitted in wisdom for me to account for as yet. But this much it has pleased the Almighty that I should be now permitted to do—to explain and prove to the satisfaction of gentlemen of your candor and impartiality, that it was a motive different from that of a murderer which led me from my room that night. About this I wish particularly to see you. I have no hope to stop for a considerable time the current of popular prejudice against me. I might as well expect to stop at a word the motion of the earth. Time and reflection must be allowed for the popular clamor to cease, unless indeed it should so please the Omniscient One that the murderer should be quickly brought to light.

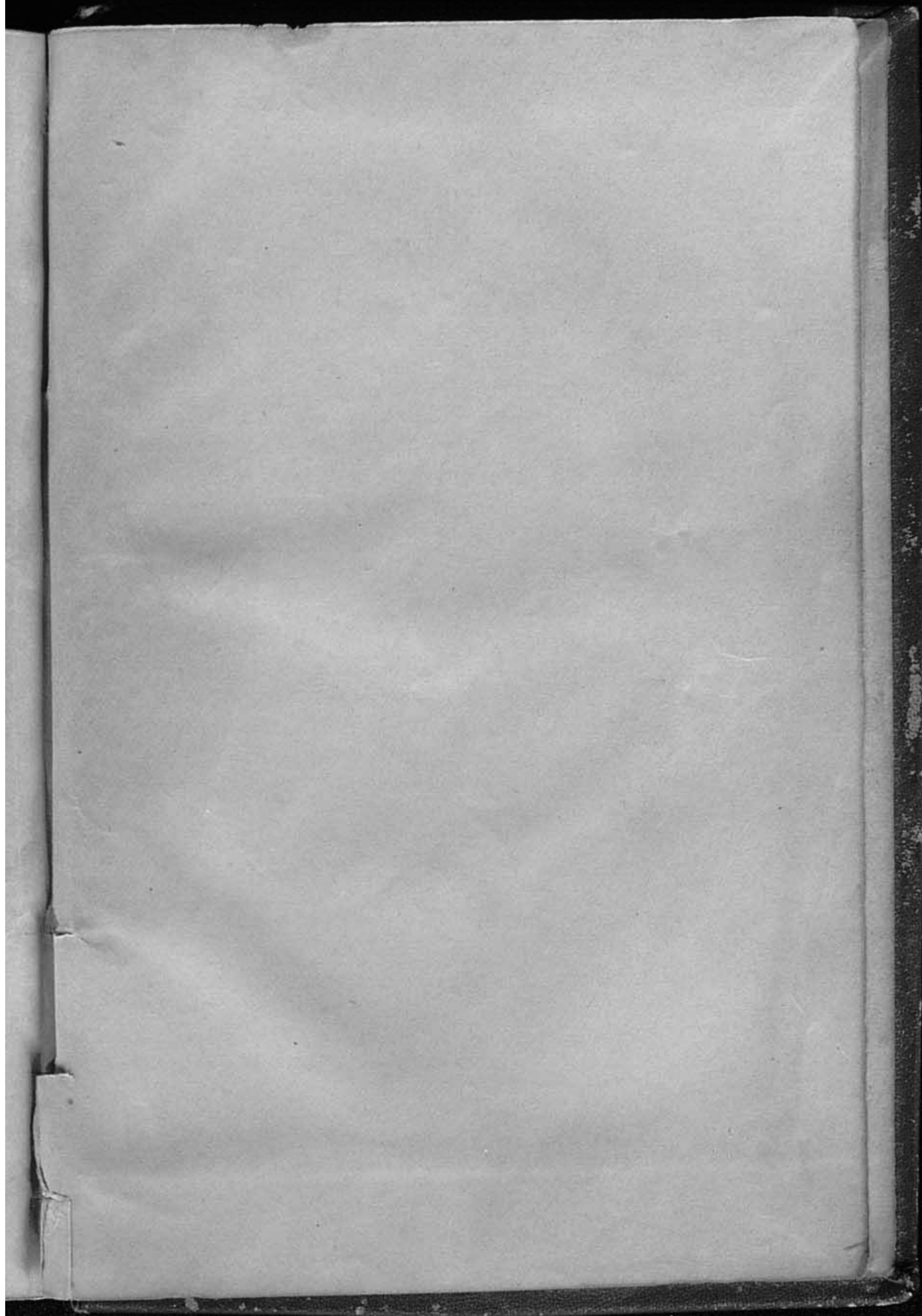
Some gentlemen have honored me with a promise of seeing me after supper, Mr. Crittenden amongst them. I wish to see you first. I have endeavored as far as any man could do, since I was told I was unhappily suspected, that my conduct should be frank and unreserved. I wish it still to be so. But there may be fabrications so unfavorable to me as to render it prudent I should be circumspect in some things in which my own wish would be to be perfectly unreserved and communicative to everybody, to gentlemen whose good opinion I value more than life, especially

J. O. BEAUCHAMP.

To George M. Bibb, Esq.

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