CATALOGUE

— OF —

MISCELLANEOUS

BOOKS,

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Wednesday, March 19th, 1879,

IN THE

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BOSTON:

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PREFACE.

I AM this day condemned to die by my country's laws. My country has extended the limited time first 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 consolating my family and friends, will unavoidably render the detail 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 regard to die. My fate has moved all, who stood allied to me, by either ties of kindred or friendship, 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 a 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 the 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 revenge her, yet some friendly arm may sooner or later be nerved 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 favourite daughter; the pride and comfort of her dceline-ing years. To such I have spoken, a loud and lasting warning. My example, or rather that of Col. Sharp's, 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 hazzard adding further insult to so deep an injury, 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 and causes, which 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 the 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 which she has 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 favourite 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 shewed some indications of genius; Wherefore, at their solicitation, 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 school's 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 Doct. 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 casualities, I acquired by the time I was 15 or 16 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 labouring 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 thenceforth 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 Doct. 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 Bowlinggreen, 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 endeavouring 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 Cook family by character, and I had heard the gentlemen of the bar of my acquaintance from Bowling-Green, speak often in high and enthusiastic terms of Miss Ann Cooke, for intelligence &c. 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 so 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, in-so-much, 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 thoughts 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 had learned I 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 any thing 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 dishonour 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 dishonour, which, from my earliest recollection, had ever excited my most violent reprobation. I had ever said, I would as soon receive into my friendship, an horse thief, as a man however high his standing, who had dishonoured and prostrated the hopes of a respectable and worthy female. And I still say, there is more intrinsic dishonour 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 sedentary 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 servant's. 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 unaccommpanied 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 the 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 hazzard 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 hoped 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 favour me with the benefit of her library, whilst I remained in the country, 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 favourites 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 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, e'er 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 had begun to haunt my thoughts and my dreams, in a way that youths, who have felt the like sensations can better imagine, than I 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 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 on making my sisters acquainted with her. She told me she never could 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 pre-

aiming 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 ardour of a youth, of ardent passions and feelings, when he first feels the buddings of that sweetest of all passions, which reciprocated, hapily 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, which 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 any thing, 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 any thing 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 insupernble 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 resolved 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 vilian 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 hapiness; 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 vilian 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 ardour I determined to fight Col. Sharp before our marriage. He was at that time at Frankfort. I resolved to go immedi

ately 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 at 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 Cook, 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 of 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 every body.

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 man-

ner 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 our walk down the river till we had gotten to a retired place quite out of the 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 statute 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 bid 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 damn'd villian 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 step'd 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 damn'd vil. lian 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 slaped 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 any thing 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 vilian, or I will take your life for the insult of of. fering me your *estate*. He said he did not mean to insult me, but any thing under Heaven, he would do which I would re- quire if I would spare his life. I told him it was unnecessa- ry to multiply words, for he would have to kill me or I would him, so that he had better at once consent to fight me; and that I would give him any advantage he chose, as to the man- ner 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 kill

ing you. For if I don't beat you in the streets daily, till I make you fight me, or till I beat you to death, one or the other I will certainly do. So now go sleep upon that, till I meet you to-morrow in the streets.

I then turned about to hunt 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 womans' 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 I would abide his offer in one moment, (starting towards him.)

He then started off towards town, and after I hunted sometime for my knife, and could not find it, 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 engraven 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 Col. would surround himself by 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 day light, 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 uncles, 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 really 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 in Bowling Green, and then 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 last she 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 ethusiastic 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 her's, 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 asked the servant whether Mr. Beauchamp was at his 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 had been 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, I was at his mistresses.

Col. Sharp then wrote the most feeling letter I ever read in my life, expressing to Miss Cooke the inconceiveable 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 in Bowling Green, till Col. Sharp should at length again venture down there, to settle up his bnsiness. 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 ardour and finished them; and if Col. Sharp was ever in that country, after the snare we laid to lure him to Retirement, it was when I was absent, in Tennessee; for I watched with an 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 learned her to fire my pistols, she had practiced with them, till she could place a ball, with an accuracy, which, were it universally equaled, by our modern duelists, would render the practice of dueling, 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 purpose 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 gain her an interview with Col. Sharp, 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, incessantly 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 felt that I had a sufficient apology before the world to revenge upon Col. Sharp the injury he had done her. Neither could I any longer, think of the wild idea of my wife's 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' election; not only because he was a 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 would eitheir 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 that if ever I 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 even if I should be at last forced to kill him publicly, without legal justification, I had seen with what absolute and infallible certainty the favour or prejudice of the place decides a man's fate, in capitol 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 Sharps friends would blacken every thing 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 Tompkins 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 any thing 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 in 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. Sharps 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 country, 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 and insinuations 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 discription of him lest, peradventure, I might minister to the cravings of Desha and his sattellites for some pretext of detraction from the merit which their envy hates. He was not as they would fain insinuate, influ-

enced 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 sattellites, 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 any thing of his letter more than just that it gave me the 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 and have resigned my life. And he wrote me that the Sharp's had set afloat insinuations, that the child of Miss Cooke was a mulatto, in order to do away the charge against the Col. 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 any thing 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 probable 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 clearest dictates of my judgment told me 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 hazzard 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 I thought that he surely would not pardon his son for highway robberry 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 actually *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 Franklin, where the New Court faction held near three fourths of the county, and under that breeze, he sailed into the House of Representatives, and was there hailed as the leader, the orator and the 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 direst 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 wifes 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 others 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 determinatfon. It is true, I regreted to have to take this course; but it was, (Desha being Governor and Sharp his fugleman,) the only way which presented the possibility of my killing Sharp in Frankfort, without certainly loosing 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 snd 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 villian would silently put his daughter out of the world, than to seduce 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 villian, 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 Governor Desha, and a belief that it was sanctioned by every law of justice and of right, and 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, that induced 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 hazzardous. I knew that Dr. Sharp would know in a moment, who had killed his brother, and I knew if his own exertions, and that 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 favour of that very faction. This was to give them 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 should have done this but for unforseen accidents, over which

I had no controul. I therefore then determined to wait calmly till the night before the meeting of the Legislature. Meantime I prepared every thing 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 imposible to avoid being arrested for the murder. I therefore planed every thing with a view to the evidence which I should be able to bring forward in my favour. Three weeks before the meeting of the Legislature. I made a sale of my property, and gave out publickly, on all occasions, I should start to Missouri the very Sunday on which I really 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 waggon, horses and every thing 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 would be 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 in-

tended 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 upon 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 shewed 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 solicitations of my father and friends, I agreed, (upon their proffering to prepare every thing 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 every thing 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 an 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 for him in Glasgow or in Edmonson, whith-

er 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 in 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 thereby gotten a violent head-ache. I tied a spotted silk bandana 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 saddlebags, 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 from 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 were any private boarding house where I could likely get in? He said Mr. Scott, at the Penitentiary, would take me 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 accoutered 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 poisened, which no one could ever have proved I had ever owned or had in my possesien.

When traveling in Tennessee, I had passed a clearing, where a negro had left his old wool hat upon a stick. I took the hat, and spliting the end of the stick left a silver dollar in the 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 pair 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 any where. 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 the nearest house 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 10 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 patrole 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 philosophise 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 broil 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 down, in the crowd. I determined to assasinate 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. Lureing 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 dispatch 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 moments reflection I resolved to wait till all light was extinguished about the house and all persons asleep, and then call the Col. up. I was afraid Dr. S. 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 home 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 worshiped, was the greatest revenge she could possibly imagine or wish to be exercised upon him. She said, after his brother should be killed, it would be a charity and the greatest humanity to the Dr. 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 on towards town. When I had waited long enough, as I supposed, for those who had been awakened by Bacon's coming for Doct. Sharp, I prepared to complete my purpose. I resolved to knock in the al

ley 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 Covington's were extemely 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 intened 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 wherewithall 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 I 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 do'nt know you," said Col. Sharp. "I knew John W. Covington." "My name" said I "is John A. Covington," and about the time I said that, Mrs. Sharp

whom I had seen appear in the partition door as I entered the outer door, disappeared. She had become alarmed I smagine, by the little scuffle Col. Sharp made when he sprang back to get his wrist loose from my grasp. Seeing her disappear, I said to Col. Sharp in a tone as though I was deeply 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 hankerchief with which I had confined my mask upon my foreheard was still roaund my forehead. I then replied in a soft conciliating persuasive tone of voice, "Come to the light Col. and you will know me." And pulling him by the arm he came readily to the door. I steped with one foot back upon the first step out at the door, and still holding his wrist with my left hand, I striped 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 dashing him against the facing of the door, I choaked him against it to keep him from hallowing, and muttered in his face, "die you villian." 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 round 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 the 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 without the house behind me, and cried out to the company to run there, saying she saw the murderer. But by the time they got out of the house, I was out of the lott, I stoped 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 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 softy 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 the knife in the ground. I then laid down with a certain calculation of being arrested the

next morning so soon as Doct. Sharp should have inquiry made and find I was in the town. But such were the happy feelings which prevaded me, and the perfect resignation which I felt to 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 stiring 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 Doct 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 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 replied, "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 fight?" Mr. Scott said "no; some stranger called Col. Sharp to his door and just stabbed

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him dead." And thereupon he turned about to go out of the room; but I said, "stay sir, for God 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 dineing 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 have been the assassin? She said none that she knew of. And after some little further conversation, I started to do my business in 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, Tho's 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 arressted, from what Doct. 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 fore-

saw, 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 Doct. 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 studdied the law, but living in the country, for the last 18 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 at 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 Sus-

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 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 relations 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 wholy upon 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 worne-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 well 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 af-

pearance 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 Doct. Sharp had said the over night, be pursued and arrested All my conduct, therefore, every thing 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 a 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 of 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 from my county upon the turnpike road, near Frankfort, in company with Senator Wood and a young fop, by the name of Wilkins, who had became 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 shewed 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 20 steps of each other. I noded 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 barely halted my horse, to shake hands with Miller, e're 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 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 15 or 20 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 shew with what an unblushing face men would stand up and swear the most barefaced falsehoods immaginable, upon my

trial. For Miller is yet living, and will hear with horror that it was sworn we halted 15 or 20 minutes in conversation, the morning after Col. Sharp was killed.

Soon after I passed Miller, I met a Mr. Crocket, a Mr. Pemberton and another gentleman. 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 8 miles from Frankfort, I breakfasted, and there in the presence of several gentleman, I told of the murder. But all the way down, wherever I told of 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 every thing 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. M. 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 Sharp's 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 unobserved 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

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me; there was no getting by him without his having something to say 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 rowed 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 had pushed on without stoping, after being hailed to do so, all would have sworn, I passed there 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 done so. While we were in the house drinking, Hendrix asked me, jestingly, "if I was of kin to that Senator Beauchamp, who let the cat out of the wallet;" alluding to a story 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 reorganizing 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 so 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 Sharp's 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

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 into 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 Edmundson counties, who have heard him state that I said I was not related to Col. Beauchamp. But be found this would give the whole conversation a loose, jesting, ironical character, thereby weaken the force of his tale about my denying I had been to Frankfort, &c. 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 the grave, I will forbear to record his name.

I staid all night at Peyton Cooke's who is a brother to 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 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 ever 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 so soon as I said he

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was murdered, I saw alarm, confusion and suspicion startled 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 observations 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 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 should see me accused of his murder. According to my request not another word passed in relation to Col. Sharp while I staid at Mr. Cooke's. Next morning I breakfasted at Mr. Tully R. Payne's, in Bowling Green. I knew the line of conduct to be pursued, if I should stop in Bowlinggreen would be difficult. 'And I would gladly have avoided stoping there; but I had unavoidable business with Capt Wm. R. Payne, who lived in his brother's family. Capt. Payne has 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 had 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 Sharp's could not prove it. But I never spoke of Col. Sharp in Bowling Green. I had for years, before my marriage and even after, studiously and carefully avoided speaking about Col. Sharp, and I knew that if I told in Bowling Green, that Col. Sharp was murdered, while I was in Frankfort, every body 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 now speak of the intelligence I have given you Capt. you know the delicate situation in which I stand towards Col. Sharp." This I should certainly have said, if I had not been in a days ride of 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 sun set, I got to my own house. I got home within 15 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 for all the misery a villian had brought upon her family. Then clasping her arms about my knees, she called upon the spirits of her father, her brother's 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 vilian 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 then were; notwithstanding I told my wife I was confident persons were then in pursuit of me; and I even calculated they would be there that very night. Put Co. Sharp had died by my hand! This consoled us for all misfortunes, and made us perfectly regardless of danger. I then went to my house and set it in order for battle and defence. For my determination was, if Doct. 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, whither 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 sometime, 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 scarsely any thing 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 villians to swear away 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 great astonishment, to find myself suspected, but promptly avowed my ready determination to go immediately to Frankfort, if there was any thing 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

vents, 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, with only pistols. But I had 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 its width. This pleased me, because I knew it would not auswer the width of the wound. They also said they had the measure of the assassins shoe track which was found where he run across the garden. This very much pleased me, as I imagined at once, they had gotten upon some other persons 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 hopes of their then made fortune, "exactly! exactly! to an hairs 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 favour. 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 about it to me, 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 enquiry 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 their cowardice; and having heard in the neighbourhood that I was armed with a stack of guns, pistols, &c. Soon after they got in company with us, I was asked for my dirk for them also to look at it. After they had 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 I 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 newspapers, 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 Covington's dread this

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 Covington's, finally, to give it up.

I have given it to Col. Beauchamp, and it will remain a lasting monument to 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 any thing 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 3000 dollars; the Trustees of the town, 1000 dollars, and Doct. 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 commit-

ted! 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 handkercheif, or even if I should fail to get it, I determined to try that 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 frequeutly, to make the guard all feel very heavy and sleepy. After supper I asked them to let us look at the handkerchief. It was produced, and after I had returned my fervent thanks to Heaven, for the handkerchiefs having been found at Col. Sharp's door, and observing to some bystranders, that that handkerchief would clear me, by leading to the detection of the really guilty, the guard

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put it away. I noticed who kept it. I took a 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 guards 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 the room, and as I come in, passing near this 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 the coat pocket, and soon after got up, still complaing 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. Carroll only, of the guard, was sitting up with young Anderson, at this time, and I had managed to get him so drunk, that he was half his time asleep in his chair. At lenght, when he had walked out, I steped 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 any thing what ever, 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 Mc Farrow 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 assassins handkerchief was found, which would, I doubted not, under the divine direction, lead to the detection of the guilty, and clear me. They asked where the handkerchief was? I said the guard had it, and asked the guard to let the gentlemen see the handkerchief. Carroll, who had 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. I then 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 country in a flame, and although prejudice was at its zenith against me, without a shadow of proof, yet things were begining 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 burried, e're 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 Doct. 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 matyr 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 eulogised him above mortality, and sung his praises as a martyr, insomuch that one would have expected posterity would see him noted foremost amongst the saints in the calender. Nothing offended the Sharp's or the yonng Scott's 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 Cook charged with Col. Sharp's murder, it rationally 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 him 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 even 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 Sharp's themselves, become ashamed of their hypocritical pretentions to disbelieve my guilt. Such had been their zeal to defend me, that Doct. Sharp and Doct. Scott utterly denied that Doct. 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 Frankfert. 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 favour, from any quarter! This proved fatal to me, and this alone. I had looked for, and forseen, and provided for every thing but this. This took me by surprise, and completely and wholly disconcerted and ruined my every prospect. All this was done by Amos Kendall, and the new court leaders. Finding an irrisistible prepossession in the public mind to believe me guilty, upon the bare circumstance of 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 Sharp's 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 subtlity 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 subornations 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 that 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 the room, where John Rown 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 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 were 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 stature! 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, contemptious 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 refused to tell Doct. Sharp where it was he had seen me. He had now no shuffling with me; wherefore, he said, he had seen me at Brandensburg, 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, Sir? 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 Lotts 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, 150 miles from Brandenburg and that I

never had 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 had been at my own house he had seen me, and heard me make the threat!!!

This sufficed the Sharp's 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 pined Darby and me fast together, in the assassination. This gratified the vanity of the Sharp's, by still 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, who they all the while well 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 became 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 men, he had been there, which

made the matter an 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 be 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 Brandenburg, 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 ever had 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 had heard Carrol, brother to the Governor of Tennessee, say that he 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 Sharp's clamored about our connexion. Darby, therefore, came before the court of Inquiry with the broad assertion, in contradiction of every thing 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 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 at Brandenburg, 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 man 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 lands, 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 believe! 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 that 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. Neith-

or could he say, positively, I was the man he heard threaten Col. Sharp's life; but so it was, he heard some body threaten his 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 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 falsefloods 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 shoe made it."

But George M. Bibb, who is a man of stirling 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 assassins 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 receeded rapidly by springing strides. And a thousand minute circumstances, concured to prove that it was the assassins track, particularly after the idea got abroad that my shoe corresponded precisely 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 Sharp's 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 ever 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 away 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. Ch. S. Bibb, was obliged to admit, before a crowded state

house, 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 any where had against me; and that I was quite 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 10 or 15 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 Sharp's plead, that if sufficient time was allowed them could procure some sort of testimony against me.

But the time expired, and no shadow of evidence could yet be found or bought, 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 hereupon the trial was again delayed 10 or 15 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 first postponement of my trial, Mr. Geo. 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 the letter, [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 droped 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 proven 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 to 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 Sharp's from having the pretence 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 pretence 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 endeavors 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

that 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; 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 any thing about the assassins voice, and they wished any thing 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 to me as a gentleman, he would himself, so 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 jailers, 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 Enquiry, 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 there

sassin had a cloak on! Whereas, she had to Geo. M. Bibb, and many others, described the assassin, as being a tall slim man, dressed in dark clothes. Now then, if I had been muffled in a cloak, could she have told any thing, in the dark, about my figure or my dress? By the time of the Court of Enquiry, 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 some body else. Before the Court of Enquiry therefore, Mrs. Sharp throughout her whole 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 Darby and me together, and lo! Mrs. Sharp had actually seen two men; one with a cloak, the other without a cloak; one exactly of my stature, and the other of course must have been Mr. Darby's stature! Joel Scott and her, 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 stabed 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 really, I was always 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 robed her of her adored husband.

I have said the world never witnessed more misrepresentation flowing from prejudice or worse motives, than were 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 name and family of Covington's were warm friends to Col. Sharp. For this reason, I called myself Covington, to lure Col. Sharp quickly to the door. But I had planed, 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,

&c. it was none of his intimate acquaintances, 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 a 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 assasin meant John W. Covington. I said then, that ought to convince any candid man, I could not be the assassin, seeing that I knew John W. Covington's name as well as I knew my own name, and could shew it in an 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 anothers name. But they first proved by one Isaac Covington, that he heard me, the evening I was arrested, call John W. Covinton, John *A*. Covington! They also proved by a poor devil, by the name of Punch, 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 misscalling of the name would clear me, seeing how well I knew John W. Covington's name, and could shew it in an 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 had sworn Col. Sharp told the assin 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 shewed 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 herein, 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 east 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 wheting 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 had 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 shew of reasonableness or probability, that I should have mistaken my father's name, as that I should have mistaken John W. Covington's name. For there were not two 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 under him, for the whole section of country where I lived. They two have the largest landed estates in all that country. For the last eighteen months, I had been engaged in making a connected plat of all the lands in that section of country, to appropiate such as was vacant. I had been frequently within that time for 2, 3, 4, sometimes may be 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 recured upon almost every page! I had written and spoken his name many thousand times within the last eighteen months; and perhaps oftener than any other single name in the whole world, except the name of Gen. Covington. But I knew, that if when Colonel 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 impostor. But he would naturally have his curiosity quickly awakened, to know what John A. Covington this was, who called himself his friend. But they turn-

ed 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 lands I had taken from Gen. Covington's office, and my maps, and surveys, and notes and writings, in relation to my land mongering 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 171 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 enquiry, and so did John Harvie, (a gentleman of great firmness and of the highest character,) that the handkerchief absolutely was thrown at Col. Sharp's door after day light; for they both, so 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 such little suspicion as that. Miss Arabella Scott, Doct. W. H. 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 negroe'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 at 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 when it was thrown back 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 upon the little shrub, the handkerchief was afterwards found upon, and he knew positively 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 shrubery 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 council Sam 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 separately Doct. Scott 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 precisely where he found it, for it was no account, it was some old negroes handkerchief. Thus after all their planing, we managed to prove clearly, to the full satisfaction of the audience, that the handkerchief was droped 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, independance, and streagth of mind. Here the blood

on this handkerchief was the mere 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, colour, age and appearance in every way, of the little stain 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 varient 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 day light; 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 had 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 varient speculations upon the subject of the appearance of the camelian-like handkerchief which existed then only in their memorys and imaginations. It possessed all the colours 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 spoted 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 did I find who had descrimination enough to see the handkerchief through the suspicions which surroun-

ded and enveloped it, as it really was; and who had moral courage and firmness enough to state the real appearance the handkerchief had to his 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-bared 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 gotten upon the handkerchief in the very way Trimble supposed. And it had been worn since that several days round my hand, which I had hurt in a fall from an horse, at William Gainse's. It had also been rubed 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 planed, and betrayed weakness in any point of view. For, besides the vesting of it with the old blood on it, they had cut the 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 his testimony in relation to the handkerchief. This is Mr. Absalom Strattan. He is a neighbour to my father, and was at my house when I was arrested. He saw the guard have the handkerchief, and said then, he had never seen 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 neighbour 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. Strattan 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 of precisely the same stamp; for we had several, which came off of 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 much 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 abuse all, because their evidence made against me.

Young Taylor gave a true colouring 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 said to him, very unfairly before the court of enquiry. He said, I asked so 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 my horse could not be taken. He also swore 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 colouring 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 connexion with Darby, by the testimony of the town watch; or some street walkers, going in the character of a patrole. One of them, Ace Carl, was one of those who were 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 few 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 stoped 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 any halt. Nevertheless, he swore positively, I was the man; whereas, he would not, that night, have known an ordinary acquaintance, wraped, 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 that street that night, but it was before 11 o'clock, and I had on no cloak. He said, he met me after 1 o'clock, wraped in a cloak. But this testimony, even before it was detected, by the separate examination of the witneses, was esteemed fabricated, because all said no man would have known a stranger again, merely having passed him in a cloak, upon the streets, so dark a night as that was. But the most barefaced and completely detected fabrication of any, was a concerted attemp 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 planed than the fabrication of the handkerchief. For when those who 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 court yard 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 Mr. Smith.

On the 13th of October, I was at a public horse race and seen by more than an 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 50 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 neighbourhood 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 wilful 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 these young men's names; hopeing that whatever motive 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 as to their high standing, I have seen men, upon my trial, of as high standinging as they are, stand up and unblushingly swear positively to things which 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 unfavourable 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; and I feared 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 cried, or any thing 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 too after me. Scott got entangled in difficulties and contradictions which those who did not know the intrigue and duplicity, 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 horseback 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 Sharp's and Scott's, 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 publicly known, that he suspected who I was, or why he went to see if I were in my room, only alledging, that he done it because he had heard me stiring out of my room, the over night. When it was known, Scott was going to see if I were in my room, Mr. Benjamin Taylor and Col. Henry C. Payne, of Fayette, went with him; but he would not let them go up with him into my room.

I do suppose, Scott and the Sharp's did suspect, that if I were the Beauchamp they suspected I was, I had really got

ten my horse and fled in the night. Scott entered my room abruptly, 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 Tailor 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 had married Miss Cooke?

So that he went down and told Col. Payne and Mr. Tailor, that I was in my room, and there was nothing to attach suspicion to me. And he requested 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 could 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 secresy and mystery, till they could fall upon some arrangement, some plan, which might do to alledge, as a groundwork for their suspicions. For they did not like to arrest me, merely alledging that I had married Miss Cooke. For so much was Doct. Sharp ashamed of his instantaneous suspicion of me, that in less than an hour after the murder, he said he did not know his brother had a personal enemy in the world,

although he had exclaimed, that I was the man, so soon as he entered the room where his brother was dying; although he did not, at that time, know I was in the town, or in the state! But the handkerchief, I left at Scott's, soon furnished them a clue to make a ground work for their suspicions. And I do imagine their suspicions so wraught upon their imaginations, or their tears so blinded their eyes, as to make them really suppose the stains on the handkerchief, were the stains of Col. Sharp's blood. Otherwise, I think, they certainly would have put fresh blood on the handkerchief, while they were cutting the corner off, and cutting 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 incoherrent exclamation, that it was truly a horrid thing, or something to that effect; but that I manifested no curiosity or surprise about the matter. He made a great and studdied effort to to give my manner a suspicious appearance; but we then introduced Col. Payne and Mr. Tailor, 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 atempt to get over this, by swearing that he told them I looked like other men would, under similar circumstances; meaning thereby, that I looked like other guilty men. But Mr. Tailor 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 received 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, and that there was no ambiguity whatever, in his language. Mr. Scott then, in violation of all sense of propriety, and of even the decent outward appearance of a disinterested witness, arose and stated, with much warmth, right before the jury, that he did fully believe me guilty, from my looks, when first he entered the room; and that he still did believe me guilty, and had never, for a moment, been out of that belief. This was a contempt of court, and ought to have been punished as such for a witness has no business to state his belief of the prisoners guilt or innocence. Scott's thus stating his suspicions had never been for one moment removed, after stating to Payne and Taylor, he saw nothing amiss in my appearance, involved him in a seeming contradiction. But here was the mystery? He stated the truth, that he saw nothing suspicious in my appearance, and my manner had, I doubt not, for a moment, baffeled his prepossessions against me. But still he had a secret suspicion, I was the man who had married Miss Cooke, and if he could have known that, his suspicions would have been confirmed; as indeed they were, when he returned and ascertained that fact. But while I am compelled to speak these truths against Mr. Scott, it gives me great pleasure to speak in the terms of eulogium due to his amiable lady. All who heard her testimony, were animated with a lively admiration of her amiable candor and justice. And the simple, truthful feeling and humane manner in which she gave in her testimony, formed a striking contrast, to the designing, prejudiced manner of her husband. I felt for the situation in which she was placed. But she stated, with a candor, and modest independence which done her sex honor, that owing to her husband's suspicions, she examined my room, my bed, my towel, my wash-bowl, my fire place, and every thing about my

room, and she could see nothing but what she could readily enough account for, without supposing me guilty of the murder. She sent for her husband, after he left the house, and remonstrated against his suspicions. She said she was unwilling he should set afloat suspicions against the stranger who had lodged in their house. She noticed his manner, his countenance, his conversation. She saw nothing suspicious about him, and was unwilling to believe he had committed such a horrid deed.

I come now to notice the treachery and double villiany of John F. Lowe, the same man who was at my house the night I got home from Frankfort. Lowe was a neighbor of mine, whom I had in many instances befriended. He was a very ignorant man, but had some way been appointed a constable. His great ignorance led him to forever haunt me, to instruct him in all his official duties. He was always much devoted to me, and had, once upon the trial of a warrant I was interested in, sworn a falsehood for me, out of mere friendship. Soon after I was arrested, I was much alarmed at hearing that my sister had been walking where she commanded a view of the road, and had seen me approach my wife, on my return from Frankfort, with a flying flag. This she had passed some jest about, in the hearing of Lowe; which, when I heard of it, gave me great uneasiness, not because Lowe could testify to what my sister had told him; but lest he should speak of it, and so get my sister summoned to prove the fact. For I did not know my sister had seen me with the hoisted flag; or I would have at once enjoined upon her, never to divulge it while she lived. My wife took great pains to prevent Lowe from divulging this matter; and he promised her most solemnly, nothing should ever wring it from him while he lived; and he was then sincere. I had Lowe summoned to the

count of inquiry, to prove my tranquil, unsuspicious conduct the night I got home, and to prove that the handkerchief which those who arrested me had, was such a one as he had never seen about my house, or with my family.

Besides I wished to prove by him, the fact of my having wished to hire him to come to Frankfort in my stead, to get some patents for my lands; but that the process which issued against me, was the cause of my leaving the neighborhood. All this, Lowe could have sworn to with a safe consience. And at the first, I had no idea about getting him to swear any thing farther. But soon the aspect of affairs began to blacken around me. An immense reward hung over me; and an high hand of bribery was carrying on against me. The connexion of Darby and me together, united all parties against me; and this too, made Darby use every effort in his power against me, in order to prove me guilty without him. For all the world united upon Darby and me, some saying one done it, and some that the other done it, and many that both done it. But our mutal aim was to prove, the one, that the other was guilty alone, and thereby clear himself. I at one time, got the better of Darby, and would sooner have risqued my chance than his. For I succeeded to make it prevail pretty generally, for a time, that one or the other was singly guilty, from the absurdity of the thing, in itself, that if we had been accomplices, he should have turned against me. This was the point I wished to gain. For severed from him, I had now nothing to fear. For although the heads of the new court faction, were well satisfied of my guilt, and were equally well satisfied of Darby's innocence, yet I knew if the question were put, simply, which of the two was guilty, they would always cry Darby, and so far excite their faction, to the country, to the same leaning that I could escape through injury of that faction.

And in any event I knew if the question was generally between Darby's guilt and mine; the new court faction maintaining Darby's guilt, and the old court party maintaining my guilt; the Governor would side with his own new court faction, and probably would pardon me, on the score of disbelieveing my guilt, so that the murder would be cast upon the opposite party. And indeed, while the question stood between Darby and me, the Governor frequently, explicitly, said he did not believe me guilty. He said the same motives which prompted the murder of Baker, in order to charge it upon his son, to disgrace the family, had caused Sharp's death; meaning that Sharp had been killed to put down the Governor's faction. (Baker was the man whom Isaac B. Desha, the Governor's son, murdered upon the highway, for money.) But the old court party rallied round Darby so strongly, that they soon put to the blush, the idea of any body's killing Sharp for fear of his influence in politics. And Darby, finding himself getting serriously into the narrows, had recourse to his usual bribery and subornation, to extricate himself. All parties were obliged to admit Darby must have sworn falsely, from his prevarications and contradictions. He was the only man in the whole world, who was found, that said he ever had heard me threaten Col. Sharp's life. And he too, never having seen me before in his life. This seemed to be unreasonable. And he found it necessary to corroborate his own statements, and to prove me guilty alone. He took out from the office twelve blank subpœnas, without the knowledge or consent of the prosecution, and started down into my neighborhood, for the sole purpose of hunting up persons to swear against me.

I trembled for the issue of this trip; for I had been warned by many gentlemen of the first standing, in Tennessee, that

with the reward which hung over me, I had much to fear from Darby's subtlety, in all the arts of subornation. Darby went into my neighborhood, and hunted about amongst all the lower classes of society, and such as he could find fit subjects for his purpose. He succeeded to bring this Lowe over to his purpose; and laid with Lowe a very apt scheme to ensnare me. Lowe apprised Darby, I imagine, after he had been bought over, about what my sister had told him about the flag. Darby sent Lowe to my wife, to tell her that Darby had been to him and offered him a bribe, to swear he had heard me threaten Col. Sharp's life. Accordingly, Lowe came on express to my wife, while Darby was in the neighborhood, and told her Darby had that day been to his house, or to where he was cutting wood near his house, and had offered him a bribe to swear he heard me threated to kill Col. Sharp; and also to swear he heard me say, in the same conversation, that I had spoken to Lawyer Darby to bring a suit against Col. Sharp. Lowe offered to go immediately before a magistrate and swear this; but he begged my wife to keep the thing a secret, till she could write to me about it; and if I wanted him to swear any thing in the world against Darby, more than Darby really did say to him, he would gladly swear it for me. My wife readily believed every word Lowe said; and did herself prefer to keep the matter secret, till she could write to me for some plan, whereby to turn the affair to our greatest advantage. She gave me a minute detail of all that did pass between Darby and Lowe; and added her earnest recommendation that I ought to embrace the opportunity to prove by Lowe, whatever I chose against Darby.

It is needless to disguise, that this occurrence gave me great satisfaction. For I will not deny that I had secretly wished for some opportunity to ensnare Darby in his subor-

sations. I had now caught him fairly, as I thought, and I resolved to make the most of the opportunity, to play off his own warfare against him. Darby was swearing a falsehood against my life; and was suborning others to do the same. At least, I was plainly told, by gentlemen well acquainted with him, both in Tennessee and this state, that he would resort to subornation against me. In one instance, I had now caught him trying to bribe Lowe. I do somewhat suspect too, that it was Darby who influenced a poor ignorant fellow, by the name of Hays, to state that he heard me threaten Col Sharp's life. I say, I suspect Darby menaced him; for I have no evidence of the fact. But this is the reason of my suspicions. Hays never heard me call Col. Sharp's name in his life, nor does it seem he ever saw me but once. He was influenced by somebody. And although the Sharp's made great exertions to get testimony, yet I do not think they influenced Hays. Because, throughout the whole prosecution, Doct. Sharp endeavored to maintain the position, that before the electioneering canvass, previous to Col. Sharp's death, I had no hostility towards him. And Hays's threat was of an older date; so that if the Sharp's had prevailed with Hays, they would have made him lay the threat after the election, or after Col. Sharp became a candidate. But Hays's threat just suited Darby; so that as the Sharp's and Darby were the only active agents in procuring the witnesses, except some little petty subornations about Frankfort, by some of those interested in the reward. I have always charged Hays's evidence to Darby's account. However, let him have been influenced by whom he may, he was so extremely ignorant, and acted in such a foolish manner, in the long winded story he told, that he done me much more good than harm; insomuch, that he filled the whole audience, judge, jury, council and accused, with laugh-

ter at his tale, and we just let him speak on till he got tired, and then let him pass without noticing him so far as even to cross examine him. But to return to Lowe. All my hope was to join with the new court faction, against Darby; but so to turn the evidence as to make Darby guilty without me, while therefore, I rejoiced to have it in my power to prove an attempt at subornation against Darby, by Lowe I also gladly embraced the opportunity to prove Darby guilty of the murder, or at least to shew by Lowe's testimony, that Darby was the author of most of the periuries against me, and that he was colleagued with the reward hunters, to palm the murder on me, in order to acquit himself. I accordingly wrote out six sheets of paper, containing all I wished Lowe to swear to. I glossed over ingeniously, the story Lowe had told my wife, in all its parts, and made it more completely feasable than it was in Lowe's way of telling it, although he told, I have no doubt at all, most strictly the truth. But I also added thereto, many facts for Lowe to swear to, against Darby, which did not take place between them; making out in the whole, a deep laid scheme to palm the murder on Darby. I had a very fortunate opportunity to do this, by means of a fabrication, in relation to the famous handkerchief I have before spoken of. The handkerchief was burnt. It could therefore never rise in judgment against me. If, therefore, I could prove Darby had been seen with it, since the murder, it would completely fix the guilt upon him. Lowe had seen the handkerchief in the possession of those who arrested me. I therefore prepared a statement for Lowe, that Darby had shewed him the very same bloody handkerchief, and another like it precisely, and had agreed to give him a large sum to swear he had gotten the last mention handkerchief of me, and that I had another just like it, which he believed to be

the one found at Col. Sharp's door. Several other facts were written out in plausible language, which Lowe was to swear to against Darby. These sheets of paper I had conveyed secretly to my wife, with directions to her, upon the envelope, that no human eye, save her own, was ever to see a line of it. For although Lowe was much devoted to me, and was a man who was ever sticking very tenaciously to his honor, as he affected; yet I had had opportunities to find him, not to be a man of inflexible integrity. And a man who has no innate feelings of honor in his own bosom, has seldom any firmness in his friendships; nor can he be bound by any tie, which may be depended upon, but self interest. And as Darby was now committed, he would make every exertion. For these reasons, I was extremely careful not to put myself in Lowe's power. I wrote to him; but my letters were of an honorable frank and open character; such as I cared not if the whole world saw them. But still they were well calculated to affect Lowe's ignorant mind, and dispose him to my interest; and my wife was then to bend that disposition to my interest, to such purposes as I chose; which I conveyed to her, by a secret method of writing, known only to ourselves. I directed my wife most especially, to impress Lowe throughout, with the belief of my innocence; and to let him into the light of nothing whatever, of our views; but only to instruct him simply, what he was to do. For I told her, Lowe being now once tampered with, would have great inducements offered him, to keep him in Darby's interest. And so much afraid was I of Darby's advantages, as Lowe should come to court, that I directed my wife to not even let Lowe look upon my handwritings; but to read what I had written to him, and make him understand it well, in every part; and then to read it sentence by sentence to him, and let him, in his own hand writing, take

it down as she read it. But, by the time my wife got this document, the time of my trial was at hand. And she had, in her delicate state of health, ridden about and exerted herself so much in her endeavors to save me, that she had become confined to her bed. She was abed, with a very high fever, worn out in body and mind, and really almost bereft of her reason, when Lowe came for this document. Her situation would have moved the heart of a fiend. She was unable to sit up in bed; surrounded only by her faithful servants, and unable to come or be brought to my trial, as I had at her fervent prayer permitted her to do; although in so delicate health. When Lowe came in the evening, her fever was raging, and owing to the violent rack of pain her head was in, she was unable to attend, the least, to reading the document to Lowe. But the time for Lowe to start to Frankfort was at hand. I had written to my wife, that the document was of vital consequence, to be sworn to by Lowe, otherwise I would not go into trial, but would wait to make better preparation, against the darkening storm which was gathering around me.

Lowe made the most solemn protestations of devotion to her, and prayed to be permitted to save me. At length my wife permitted him to take the document and copy it in her presence. He earnestly prayed of my wife to be permitted to take the document home with him, to read and copy all that night. It was important he should spend every minute he could upon the document, that he might the better understand his part. At length my wife permitted him to take the document with him, upon the most solemn oath, no human eye, save his own, should see it, and that he would return it next morning. Lowe betrayed this document into the hands of my enemies! And behold, this was the great point of all

Darby's endeavor? For Lowe had all the time been acting traitor for Darby, to ensnare me, and procure from my wife something which would opperate to my prejudice, and to Darby's advantage. It is true, the document procured by Lowe, contained no disclosures nor any admissions of a single fact against me, neither did it shed the least light upon the subject of the murder. It was only a memorandum of instructions to my wife, that Lowe, when called, would state such and such facts, many of which Lowe admitted were true, because he knew they could be proven to be within his knowledge. But he utterly denied all he had told my wife, or even that he had ever seen Darby at all! He swore my wife voluntarily gave him the document, without his promising to swear to it! But he joined to his mis-statement calculated to clear Darby from the suspicion of being my accomplice. For it did not suffice Darby to prove me guilty, unless he proved me guilty alone. For although he might never so clearly prove me guilty, yet the new court party and the Sharp's did not acquit him any sooner thereby; for they always wisely kept a two-fold aim at the old court party. If I was innocent, said they, the old court leaders are guilty: If I was guilty, oh, then said they, I was the mere tool, instigated by the old court leaders, and Darby was my accomplice. To make me, therefore, guilty alone, Lowe swore my wife had explicitly told him of my guilt, during my prosecution? But it was not sufficient to say I was guilty. It was esteemed impossible I could have found Col. Sharp's house and have ascertained his chamber, and selected the secret door did, without an accomplice. Besides, the track which all supposed to be the track of the man Mrs. Sharp saw run across the garden, was evidently not my tract. This, therefore, strengthened the suspicion, that if I was guilty, I had an accomplice. These circumstances, therefore, were im-

portant to Darby to be explained, so as to make me guilty without an accomplice. For this purpose, Lowe's testimony was adduced to prove, my wife had told him I had gotten a negro to accompany me, and shew me the house and the door. And that the track Bibb and others measured, was mine, but that I had on a different pair of shoes from those I wore to Frankfort.

Lowe also swore he had heard me threaten Col. Sharp's life, about the time Darby swore he heard me threaten his life; that is, soon after my marriage. He swore my wife, about the same time, boasted to him, that I would kill Col. Sharp, to revenge the injury he had done her family; and that the night before I got home from Frankfort, she had intimated to him, that that was what I came to Frankfott for; and that next night he went to my house, for the express purpose of knowing whether I had done it or not; and that I told him so plainly of it, that he became satisfied I had killed him. For he said, when he got there, my sister said I had brought home a flag; and that I said, "yes I had brought home a flag, a red flag; the sign of war and victory, and I had gained the victory. That I intended to be a christian, for things had turned up with me; that I now knew there was a God who would give vengeance to them to whom its was due." All this and many other things, Lowe went on to state, going as far as he could to swear I had plainly as I could, told him I had killed Col. Sharp, not to say that I had told him so in direct, plain language.

There were many other witnesses summoned against me, to prove, each some unimportant trifle, which I deem unworthy of the least mention, the more especially as I have but a few more hours whieh I can possibly devote to this work: possibly I may be called off in a few minutes, by more important

"duties, and may be unable to resume it ever again. But I "cannot but avail myself of one moment to record, to their honor, the firmness with which Richard Holloway and Jesse Lane, withstood the tornado of prejudice which carried away all around them, while they remained unshaken, and gave their evidence with impartiality and truth, and independence. I was most ably prosecuted by the regular prosecuting Attorney, Ch. S. Bibb, Daniel Mays, an hireling prosecutor, and the Attorney General, Jas. W. Denny. Bibb spoke in the spirit of his native honor, humanity, and fairness. Mays prosecuted very ably indeed, and traced me out, in all my subtle studied precautions, for the commission of the murder, with much accuracy, considering the entire want of evidence, as to the true circumstances of the transaction. But he weakened the effect of his effort, by betraying a rancorous prejudice against me, and by a manifest want of fairness in his argument. Denny concluded the argument with ability, and spoke in a very fair and impartial manner, which added much to the effect of his speech. I was defended very ably, by Th. J. Lacy, Sam'l Q. Richardson, and John Pope. Lacy was quite young, to speak in such a case—He made an able, eloquent, and fearless defence, indeed, it was an herculian effort, and derived much advantage from real feeling; as there had from our much and confidential intercourse, grown up in his bosom a deep interest in my fate, which moved him greatly to sympathise for me. A parting tribute to thy honorable, zealous, and masterly exertions Lacy, God speed thee, in thy way to eminence and distinction, to which thy talents and thy merit entitle thee! Richardson came into the defence at a late stage of the case, but gave my former council very good assistance. Pope made an eloquent and able display, and it was one of the best defences I ever heard. Indeed I cannot

conceive how the case could have been argued with more ability and judgment; nor could any man, of any legal disdernment, who heard his arguments, with candor say, that the evidence was of such a character as the law contemplates, of circumstantial evidence, to convict of murder. So soon as Pope left the bar, Darby had the great bravery to attempt to strike him with his cane. I was in the bar when Darby made the attempt to strike Pope, in front of the door. I saw it, and oh! Almighty God, what feelings overwhelmed my understanding! I forgot my situation, and rushed out at Darby, the jailer holding one arm, and some of the guard the other. Darby was seized away by the crowd, and I was held as in a vice, and conducted off by the guard, to await the return of the jury with their verdict. But I declare I do not believe for the half hour that I was left alone, I thought five minutes about the verdict. I thought only of fighting Darby. The jury, after an hours retirement, brought in a verdict of guilty; which, although it was unlooked for by many of my friends, yet it made no change in my feelings, because I had habitually calculated upon it; and was at all times, so far reconciled to die, after I had killed Col. Sharp, that death had no power to daunt me. The court first set an unusually short time for my execution. This much vexed me because it constrained me to rise to ask the extension of the time, in order that I might be enabled to write a history of the circumstances which led to my death. A longer time was readily granted by the court. But now came a scene which, more than any thing I had yet met with, aroused my feelings. Such was the spirit of fiendly revenge which existed towards my wife, that, at a venture, it was determined to make her an accessary to the murder! This was true. For she was strictly guilty, and liable as an accessary before the fact. But there was no sort of evidence, whatever, of that truth. However, just as they

suspected me as principal, and suborned testimony to convict me, so they suspected her as accessory, and procured testimony to prove that. For this purpose, this same Lowe swore my wife had not only explicitly confessed my guilt, but had confessed that she had herself devised the plan by which Col. Sharp was assassinated! But this tale, although positively sworn to by Lowe, the Justices utterly disregarded; insomuch that they would not even commit her for further trial upon it.

But she would not quit my prison; nor has she since my conviction. She proudly glories to die with her husband who dies for her. One grave and one coffin will enclose us. I must now close this very imperfect narrative. I regret exceedingly, I have not time to write out explicitly, all Col. Sharp's conduct, and that of his wife and Dr. Sharp, which caused his death. Suffice it to record, that Col. Sharp was guilty of the most base dishonor and ingratitude, in the seduction of Miss Cooke, of which the villiany of man is capable. When he first set out in life, the Cooke and Payne family and connexion, were wealthy and in great influence. He was then in poverty and obscurity. They patronised and supported him, in his whole career, till at length the scale was turned. Misfortunes had followed each other in a train, upon the Cooke family, till Col. Sharp had arisen above them in wealth and influence. He had prostrated their pride, and seduced one whom he should have protected as a sister. She had retired with her broken-hearted mother, never again to mingle in society. The anguish she had felt was soothed by my love. But at a time before my marriage, when father, brother's and friend's, 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 im-

molation; then did Col. Sharp have the baseness to insinuate, that his own child was a negroe's child, and that the unfortunate woman, whom he knew he seduced from the path of virtue, had been the mother of a negroe's child. Nay, he actually forged a certificate to prove that to be a fact. This, however, he only done to shew 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 actually obtained such an one. Nay, even after his death, she told several of the most respectible citizens of Frankfort, that she then had the certificate, and had had it in her hand since her husbands death. And her brother, Dr. Scott, told the same.

But lo! how were they confounded, when Col. Beauchamp went and got the midwife's affidavit that no such certificate had ever been applied for or given by her! And immediately, both she and Dr. Scott, denied ever 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 an impression upon politics, and in that, she acquited 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 consolate themselves with the reflection, that their slanderous tongues had some slight tendency to accellerate the death of

one whom they all literally worshiped as a God; and although they may, after my 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 other's arms, and sleep our long sleep. I have a thousand duties to my God and to my friends, crowding upon me to-day. The evening draws to a close, and I wish to abstract my mind from external engagements, and that I may enjoy with my wife, the luxury of contemplating our happy exit from this world, as the destined moment approaches, when we shal launch together into an happier scene. But I must stay one moment to do an act of justice 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 made to establish that falsehood upon the old court party, through me. I had reason to believe Gov. 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 Warring should be brought in, as having both been to my house and instigated me; But mostly it was insisted upon that Waring's 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 Gov. Desha, and he would not then have the firmness to pardon me. Besides, I could not reconcile to myself to hazzard 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 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 any body named, alledging I had before my pardon divulged it to several, but was afriad 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 must solemnly aver, he ever, both publicly 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 ever dissuaded me from any sort of intrigue; and pursuaded 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 any thing, to preclude any suspicion of his conniveing 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 any thing 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 one word to say to me upon the subject, after he heard that 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 consolate me. The outrage and dishonor which I had revenged, was that

which, above all others, he had ever admonished me to eschew, as the vilest act of which human nature was 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 inscrutible, 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 consolate 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 brother's and sister's, is my humble prayer, for the Redeemer's sake.

JEREBOAM O. BEAUCHAMP.

POST SCRIPT.

I HAVE now arranged all my papers, and closed every thing 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 these 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 equal portions, 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 portion of *Laudanum!* I do it, with the clearest dictates of my judgement; 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 discern 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 any thing, we do that, which is contrary 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 weakness 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 this is then, 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 the 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 trangressions 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 knew not of. For are infants dying from the mother's breast condemn'd 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 can be made whole, and yet they be saved. In like manner, the sins of those who knowingly trans-

gress, may and will be expiated and pardoned, provided they ask God in an acceptible 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 a 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 his sake to pardon us, although the chief 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 upon the cross. I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ—"help thou oh God, mine unbelief," and forgive my multiplied transgressions. We now will 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 portion.*

My beloved wife and myself 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.

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109 - 112
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POST SCRIPT.

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

AFTER we had taken the laudnum 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 intered. 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 droping to sleep, to awake in eternity. Some little after day light, I received a hope and 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 ever 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 laudnum having had any effect!! My Wife puked about 2 o'clock this evening, and soon after took a smaller portion of laudnum. We took each, originally, the half of a vial full, which was about two inches long, 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 laudnum 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 to-morrow, 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 laudnum 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 consolate 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 farther 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; tha tshe has melted my heart to an acquiescence in her will. For I had last night, resolved to make no farther 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 shrowded, 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 M'Intosh, for a supposed agency in the intregue, 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 ever, from the day of my conviction, told me frankly, nothing would avail me towards

getting a pardon, and therefore, he advised me, I had no motive but to tell the truth, which do, let it bear hard upon whom it might.

And generally, justice bids me say this of John M'Intosh, 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 scrall 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!

Your dying husband,

J. O. BEAUCHAMP.

My beloved Anna.

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 Heave'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 venomed spite;
Thy Anna's heart is kind.

And oft when visions thus arouse,
The husband's fondest hopes, he vows,
'Tis no delusive dream;
And springing from his bed of grief,
He finds a moment's sweet relief,
Then round him honors gleam!!!

But still when calm reflection reigns,
My soul its sweet repose regains,
In this triumphant thought;
That in 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 on your vilest blasts of hate!
Ye purjured 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,
Misfortunes 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 caring whence 'twas hurled.

Nor even let a gloom, a sigh,
Be read in thy angelic eye;
Be firm as him you love!
For wherefore pine to meet this spell?
Has not God 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. BEUCHAMP.

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 to die, and in thy fond embrace,
Fulfil the wise, the universal plan,
Ordained by fate for all the human race;

To soar with thee, to that unknown abode,
To which my father's spirit early fled;
When 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 fathers 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 honors cause.

Thy spirit feels its worth; a vilians heart,
Thy dagger pierced; he perished by thy hand!
Accused 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 thy form appears,
A glimpse disarms him of an infants strength.

His coward heart did faint e're yet thy hand,
Had pointed to his breast the poisoned steel,
On tiptoe rising then I see the stand [der peal,
Then bursts thy wrath as bursts Jove's vengeful thun-

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. ANNA BEAUCHAMP, 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 oul's sweet theme 'til I am cold in de ath.

Hard is thy fate and dark the ways,
Of Him whose will decress thy bright career;
Should end in cruel death ere half thy days,
Were numbered; loseing all lifes 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 obey'd,
Thy righteous will, and to thy hand resigned,
The wretch; prostrate and grasping as he laid,
The approveing voice of Heaven calm'd thy mind:

But dire arose in wrath a venal band,
And rais'd the war cry; upstart the hireling clan;
And marshalled all the force of all the land,
Against one *lone*, oppressed, unfriended man,

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

And weded 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. Beauchamp, in jail, the day before the death of her and her 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-tied soul recruits;

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

And oh! the solace to the heart,
Of woman dying for her Lord,
Who dies beneath the cruel smart,
Of perjur'd hatred's poison'd 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 pray'd 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 an iron hand!
Appall'd he struggles in amaze!
But when unmasked, he sees me stand,
He sees his death torch instant blaze!

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

I pause—but short as lightenings 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 weath,
I dash his coward trembling form,
And plung'd the poison'd shaft of death,
Which calmed my hearts black vengeful storm.

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

Then ceas'd the raging fire to burn,
Which passing time had only fan'd,
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 Tomb-stone of Mr. and Mrs. Beauchamp; written by Mrs. Beauchamp.

Entomb'd below in others' 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 villian's wiles her peace had cross'd,
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
E'er warmed thy breast, here drop a tear,
And let the sympathetic flood,
Deep in thy mind its traces bear.

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

A brother or a sister thou!
Dishonor'd see thy sister dear!
Then turn and see the villian low,
And here let fall the grateful tear.

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

His wife disdained a life forlorn,
Without her heart's lov'd, honor'd Lord;
Then reader, here their fortunes mourn,
Who for their love, their life blood pour'd.

APPENDIX.

NOVEMBER 21, 1825.

Dear Sir.—It has been with some difficulty I have stemed 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 ever expect immense exaggerations. In this case, peculiarly, it is not surprising if there should preval 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 any thing I can say. But Sir, if, as I have been told is the case; (though 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 part 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 immagination 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 meas

ured that track. Then that I left my room that night. 3000 dollars set as a price upon 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 satisfation 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 brought quickly 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 every body—to gentlemen whose good opinion I value more than life espeicially.

J. O. BEAUCHAMP.

To Geo. M. Bibb, Esq.

FRANKFORT JAIL, MAY 19 1826.

My dear and beloved Mother,

I feel it a duty which I owe to the fond Mother that bore me, to write you, consoling and comforting you under the afflicting dispensation of Providence, which in my fate is visited upon you. Be comforted and cheered, thou best of mother's! The ways of God are just, although our blind understandings may not see the reason of them.

Although I fall at an early day, we will meet in Heaven. As to the way in which I come to my end, you should not think of that, to make my loss the more afflicting. Death is death, in any shape. It is only with me, as with my dear sister, that I leave the world at an early stage of life. Only

consider it as though I had died a natural death, or fallen in my country's defence.

I am perfectly reconciled to die, and have been for many months.

It has a long time seemed to me, I was called hence by the will of my creator, and I was willing to obey the wise decree.

Man cannot see as God seeth, and it is only our part to resign ourselves to his righteous will. You will fear I will leave the world with my sins upon my head. Not so my dear mother, or there is nothing in the internal witness in our own bosoms. It is impossible I can feel as I do, at the thought of meeting my God and Saviour, and yet meet their frowns. You know I have been wicked, my mother; but however high the mountain of my sins, yet in the blood of my Saviour they are all blotted out. If I had died in war, or by accident suddenly, you would certainly have more to grieve and fear for me about, than as it is: for then I should have gone without warning or preparation: But now I am forwarned of my death, and the sinner never yet, however vile, fell at the feet of our blessed Saviour for mercy, without obtaining it. And it is no difference, with a merciful God, in what situation the humble supplicant is placed, so the heart be sincere at his feet for mercy. The humble sincere cry for mercy, through the atoning blood of the Messiah, was never heard too late, since his glorious mediation for fallen man.

Then rest satified, my beloved mother, that you will meet your unfortunate son in the relams of immortal happiness. And when we look forward to Heaven, we should not regard what an unfeeling world can say of us. It is not the part of a christian to care for persecution, or regard the manner in which our God choseses to call us from this world. How many glorious martyr's died, what blind man calls shameful death? How many, whose crimes or misfortunes have brought them to death by the laws of man, were thereby warned of their approaching departure, and now shine the brightest witnesses of the mercy of God, and the blessed influence of his Son, in behalf of all such as call on the Father, in his name. Nor does he reject a penitent poor sinner, because he was disgracefully put to death. He also, even himself, was shamefully crucified. Not, however, for his own transgressions of the law of God or man, but that all just such poor sinners as I, who would call on his name, to the Father of mercies for forgiveness, might find mercy. Then grieve for me

my mother, as a mother for a son, but be comforted, in the reflection you will soon meet me in immortal glory. I know and feel you have prayed for me of late, as you ever did, and your prayers have not been unheard or unanswered. Then Farewell: should we not meet in time, your pilgrimage on earth will soon be o'er and you will join me in Heaven is the prayer of your dying son.

J. O. BEAUCHAMP.

MAY 21, 1826.

My dear Mother,—I cannot send the letter I had written without informing you that my friends are trying several ways by which they confidently hope to save me yet. I rest it all in the hands of God, and pray to be resigned to his will.

Your affectionate Son, J. O. Beauchamp.

My dear Mother—I cannot let my father go without writing you a few lines to comfort you, by telling you how happy I am at the thought of death. Three Ministers have been to sing and pray with me to day. But all that man could do would not save me were I not to look to my blessed Saviour. In him is my salvation, I bless God for any thing which he been the means of making me see my situation before my death.

I am willing to die, my dear Mother, but I am willing my friends may make every effort to the last for their own sakes, not for mine If you wish to tell me farewell my dear Mother, I shoul be grateful to you to do so. Perhaps too you would feel better satisfied to implore the Governor yourself, to let me live. But my father is waiting and I must, for this time, bid you farewell. Your affectionate Son,

J. O. BEAUCHAMP.

Friday Evening, June 16, 1826.

My beloved Mother,—I should have written to you before this time but I expected dailey to see some of the family here. I am so much afraid you will give way to your grief for me

know not what to do. But I am comforted by the reflection you ever had strength of mind, and my father tells me you exert a christian fortitude in this case. I was very glad to see he acted so much like a christian, resigned to the will of God. My dear Mother, it is our duty to be resigned to the will of God, as much as any other duty.

How do I remain as I now am, as tranquil and as happy as any man in the world? Because I pray to God to give me strength to do so. I have thought the matter over and over, about you and Mrs. Cooke's coming up here to see me. I did, at first, wish, if it was your desire, for you to do so. But, my dear Mother, when I think it would only be to tell me farewell, I really do not think I could stand it. I have borne up, and pray God every day to strengthen me. I shall be enabled to bear my lot like a christian, but if you come, I shall not. You can have no satisfaction in talking with me, in my situation. You could only tell me farewell, and pray for me. That you can do, without distressing your own mind, and mine, by the tender scene of parting. How could I bear this. You ought not to wish to put such a trial upon me. It would almost kill us both, I know, and the scene would distress your feelinings as long as you live.

Rest satisfied, you have done your duty by me, in life, before your God, and now commit me into his hands. I must pray and beseech you, my dear Mother, not to come, as I have also wished Mrs. Cooke not to come. So may God Almighty bless you, is the prayer of your loving Son,

J. O. BEUACHAMP.

SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 13.

Since I wrote my letter to you, my father has come to town, and will take it and Mrs. Cooke's both. I was to have sent them by mail. I am very much rejoiced to hear, you still bear up under my fate like a christian.

My father tells me, you will not feel satisfied without seeing me. Oh, let me pray you, in God's name, to resign me to his will. Nothing on earth could grieve my heart like taking a last farewell of you, in this situation. In fact, I know I could not support it, and I therefore, could not expect you could. Every day I pray more and more, for that cup to pass, if it be God's will. Let me pray you to think how

could I bear the parting with you? It is my prayer, therefore, my dear Mother, for you to resign me into the hands of the God of Heaven, and content yourself with praying to him to have mercy on me; and this is the prayer of your Son,

J. O. Beauchamp.

SUNDAY EVENING, JUNE 18.

My dear little Brother's and Sisters.--You cannot help grieveing for me; but I write this to comfort you. Children, you have heard your good parents tell us always, there was a God. Yes, children, there is a great and good God, who sees every thing you do, and knows every thought that comes into your minds. There is a Heaven and a Hell, and so soon as you die, you will go to remain forever and ever, in one of these two places. If you do not read the bible, and pray, and get religion, you will be banished into everlasting Hell, where you will never see your parents or me, but lie in torment to all eternity. But the bible will teach you, and your parents too, how you can get to Heaven.

I have been wicked. You all saw me rush into sin and wickedness; and many times grieved my parents. See what it has brought me to.

Do you then, walk not in my ways; but obey your parents above all things in this world. Read the bible and it will tell you, "Children obey your parents." And although I shall never see you any more in this world, yet I hope I shall, in a better world. There is but one way you can ever get to see me again. That is, to obey your parents, read the bible, and pray to God to give you religion. In this way, you will meet me in Heaven.

Asher, above all things, govern your temper; towards your dear old father especially. Think what he has to bear for his children. Is there one father in the world, who deserves so much from his children, as our father does? Not one on earth, I fully believe. Then do not disgrace yourself in your sitting out in life, by stubbornness towards him. How much more manly is it, for a son, even as long as he lives, to be humble to his father. You have good sense, and I hope will consider your character worth more than all the wealth

of India. You have a good character now, try to preseve it through life, and prepare to meet me in Heaven.

Malinda, Milly, Jane, you have been loving sisters to me. Be comforted, and be dutiful to your parents, and loving, one towards another.

William, you have a good temper, and are dutiful to your father and mother. It gives me pleasure to know this. It does you honor William, and will bear you up, when wealth and every thing else in the world would fail. Your father is poor, and has to work hard for a living. How will the world praise you, to see you assist him cheerfully and with industry.

Milton, you are a good boy, but when you are mad, you give way too much to your passion. I am afraid you will ruin yourself sometime, when in a passion. That is all I have to fear from you; for you are an industrious good boy, all but your rash temper. Gen. Francis Marion is my dear little brother. I love him very much. If I had have lived, I should have taken you to live with me. But your good old father will teach you better what is right, than I could. You are an excellent boy, Marion. You are industrious and dutiful to your father. I hope you will ever be so.

So now farewell, for this time, my dear brosher's and sister's all. I shall write to you all again, and till I do that, may God Almighty bless you all, is the prayer of your brother,

Jereboam.

FRANKFORT JAIL, JULY 4th, 1826.

My Dear Mother,

My brother's and sister's, I now bid you all a last fond leave, and take my happy exit from this world of trouble, to the relams of immortal happiness. I leave you all in the hands of that God, before whom I shall in a few hours stand. May he bless, and protect, and prosper you all in this world, and so influence you by his holy spirit, that you may seek and find salvation, through our blessed Saviour, is the dying prayer of your son and brother. Oh! be kind and affectionate one to another, and comfort my dear and afflicted, and worthy old father, whom, Oh! may Almighty God bless, as he deserves to be blessed: Do not grieve for me. Oh! I re-

joice, I long to fly from this world of sorrow and tribulation to the presence of my blessed Redeemer. May God Almighty bless you all, is the dying prayer of your affectionate and happy

Jereboam.

I DO CERTIFY that the forgoing Narative, is a true copy taken from, and printed from the original manuscript, written by J. O. Beauchamp, as presented to me by Mr. G. S. Hammond; some trifling and unimportant alterations excepted—some hard expressions against individuals were softened or expunged. In witness whereof, I subscribe, &c.

W. H. L. H. HOLMES.

November 28, 1826.

Account of His Execution.

At an early hour the drums were heard beating, and men in uniform were seen mingling among the citizens. As the day advanced, people came pouring in from the country in every direction, filling up the streets; while an increasing multitude was seen surrounding the gallows, which was erected on a hill near the place.

About the hour of 10 o'clock, the gailer went out, and no person was left with them, but Mr. Edrington, the guard. A feeble candle gave only light which shone in this fearful abode. The only entrance was through a trap door above, in which stood a ladder.

Beachamp and his wife frequently conversed together in a whisper. At length, she requested Mr. Edrington to step out for a minute, alledging that she wished to get up. He ascended the ladder, and shut the trap door partly down, but kept in a position where he could see what was going on below. There was no movement, and he was in the act of returning, when Mrs. Beauchamp said, 'Don't come yet.' 'O yes, come down,' said Beauchamp. He then said his wife was too weak to set up, and expressed a wish that she should leave the jail, and the guard urged the same thing. She said she would not leave her husband, until he was taken out for execution. She then spoke of suicide, and declared she would not survive her husband. About half past eleven, the guard observed them whispering together, for sometime. At length, Beauchamp said aloud, 'My dear, you are not strong enough to get up.' 'Yes I am,' said she, throwing her arms up, see how strong I am.' She requested her husband to give her more of the toddy; he told her she would drink too much, but she would not be put off. He then gave it to her, and she drank. She then requested the guard to step out immediately, pretending great urgency. He again went up the ladder, turned the trap door partly down, and was stepping round into a position where he could observe them, when he heard

deep sigh, and Beauchamp called him. He went down and found Beauchamp lying on his back, apparently in great alarm, and in loud and earnest prayer. Mrs. Beauchamp was lying partly on her left side, with her head on her husband's breast, and her right arm thrown over him. The guard supposed, that in attempting to rise, she had, from weakness fallen on him. Not suspecting any thing very serious had happened, he sat down resting his head on the table, until Beauchamp had finished his prayer. As soon as he had closed his prayer, he seemed entirely composed, and observed to the guard, "tell my father, that my wife and myself are going straight to heaven—we are dying." The guard replied, "no, I reckon not." Beauchamp said, "yes, it is so—we have killed ourselves" The guard sprang up, suspecting that they had again taken poison, but as he stepped around the bed, he saw something in Mrs. B's right hand. He raised her arm, and found it to be a knife sharpened at the point, and bloody about half way up. He asked, where they got that knife? Both answered that they had long kept it concealed for that occasion. On discovering the bloody knife, the guard looked upon the bed and discovered that Mrs. B. had a stab a little to the right of the centre of the abdomen, which had been laid bare for that purpose. She did not sigh, nor groan, nor show any symptom of pain. He asked B. whether he was stabbed too. He replied yes. and raised up his shirt, which had been drawn out of his drawers and rolled up on his body to leave it bare, but had fallen back over the wound. He was stabbed about the centre of the body, just below the pit of the stomach; but his wound was not so wide as that of his wife. He said he had taken the knife and struck first, and that his wife had parried his arm, wrested the knife from him, and plunged it in herself. He said, he feared his wound was not mortal, and begged the guard to get some laudanum for him.

As soon as he discovered they were stabbed, the guard called for assistance, and the Gaoler with others immediately came in. Beauchamp begged that they would take his wife out and attempt to save her. Without any opposition from her, she was immediately removed into one of the rooms of the gaoler's house. To the enquiries of those who surrounded her, she replied, "I struck the fatal blow myself, and am dying for my dear husband." She now suffered great pain, and was evidently in the agonies of death. Her screams reached the ears of Beauchamp in his dungeon, and he asked "what my dear wife? Do bring me word what she says."

The Physicians, Roberts, Majors, Wilkinson, had examined her wound, and pronounced it mortal, especially in her present debilitated state.

It was now determined to take him to the gallows as soon as possible. They were carrying him through the passage of the gaoler's house, when he begged to see his wife. The physicians told him she was not badly hurt, and would soon get over it; and some objection was made to stopping. He said it was cruel, and they carried him in and laid him on the bed beside her. He placed his hand on her face, and said, "My dear, do you know that this is the hand of your husband." She returned no answer. He felt of her pulse, and said, "Physicians you have deceived me—she is dying" To the ladies who surrounded the bed he said," from you, ladies, I demand a tear of sympathy." He laid conversing with perfect composure, occasionally puting one hand upon his wife's face and feeling her pulse with the other, untill he had felt the last throb. "Farewell," said he, "child of sorrow—Farewell child of misfortune and persecution—You are now secure from the tongue of slander—For you I have lived; for you I die." He then kissed her twice, and said, "I am now ready to go."

It was now half past 12 o'clock. The military were drawn up, surrounded by an immense crowd, all of whom were listening with intense interest, to every rumor of the dying pair. As Beauchamp was too weak to set on his coffin in a cart, a covered dearborn had been provided for his conveyance to the gallows. He was now brought out in a blanket and laid in it. At his particular request, Mr. M'Intosh took a seat by his side. Some of the ministers of the gospel had taken their leave of him to whom he expressed the same confidence in the forgiveness of his sins, and the hope of a happy immortality, as in the morning. The drums beat, and the military and crowd moved up Clinton street, to Ann street, along Ann street to Montgomery-street at Weiseger's tavern, and up to Mongtgomery-street.

"This music," said he, "is delightful, I never moved more happily in my life." Observing many ladies looking out at the windows, he requested the side curtains of the dearborn to be raised so that he could see them, and raising up a little, continued to wave his hand to them in token of respect, until the procession got out of town.

When they had reached the gallows, and he saw his coffin,

he seemed wholly unmoved. The Rev. Eli Smith, S. M. Noel, J. T. Mills, and other preachers surrounded him, inquiring the state of his mind. To all of their questions, he answered he was sure of going to heaven—that his sins were forgiven him on Thursday morning. In every interval of the conversation he would say, with some impatience, "I want to be executed—I want to go to my wife."

He was now lifted out of the dearborn in a blanket, and set up, supported by those around him, on his coffin, in the cart. He asked for water, and requested that while a messenger was gone for it, the music would play Bonaparte's Retreat from Moscow. On his repeated request it was done. He then drank some water, and in a firm voice requested that they would tell him when they were ready, and said he would rise up. He was told all was ready: with assistance, he rose up; the cart started; and he was launched into eternity.

In a few hours, his afflicted father, started with the two bodies for Bloomfield, Nelson county, where they were buried, both in one coffin! There to lay until the last dreadful day.

This narative is pregnant with views of human character and means of instruction. It is a beacon light, to warn us from the indulgence of passions, to teach us to shun the path of vice, and to show us to what inevitable crime and woe, the first guilty step leads.

Here is a volume against seduction—promise-breaking—murder and suicide. Read it, ponder upon it, and so sure as you live, you will be benefited by your own reflections.