

J. O. BEAUCHAMP.

In the Frankfort Argus, of the 12th inst. a detailed statement is given of the tragical death of this unfortunate man and wife. The narrative appears to be written by Mr. Kendall, the editor; to whom Beauchamp, directly after his sentence, wrote a letter, urging him to intercede in his behalf, by the publication of such matter as would be calculated to awaken the sympathies of the people, and enlist them in his favor: observing, that he had been persecuted and sentenced to die without justice or law, (alluding to what appears to be a fact, that there is no statute law punishing for murder;) and suggesting the propriety of sending him to Greece, or some foreign country, in exile, where his life might be of some use. Mr. Kendall read the letter, but paid no further attention to it at that time. Beauchamp having failed in this project, with Mr. Kendall, the editor of the Argus, who is an intimate friend of the governor, next addressed a letter to his Excellency, dated June 5, praying a respite till after the election: urging that he was preparing evidence, to be laid before the public before that time, more fully to explain his case. To this the governor made no reply. On the 5th inst. an application was again made for a respite of 30 days; but no reply was made.

Beauchamp, after this time, having given up all hopes of a respite or pardon, seems to have lost his accustomed firmness—attempting self-destruction. His wife was permitted to visit him at this time, through whose agency the means of death were provided. She contrived to bring concealed into the prison a quantity of laudanum; of which they, on the night of 5th inst. took an ounce between them: it, however, being an over portion, only operated as an emetic. This having failed, the knife was resorted to, as detailed in what follows:

At an early hour the drums were heard beating, the report of a musket was occasionally heard, 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 increased multitude was observed surrounding the gallows which was erected on the hill at the junction of the Lexington and Versailles roads. About half past eleven o'clock, a general movement was observed among the crowds in the streets, towards the jail, the drums beat to arms, and a rumor spread that Beauchamp and his wife had both stabbed themselves.

About the hour of ten o'clock, Beauchamp had drawn the table up to the bed and written over one side of a half sheet of paper, which he folded up and placed under his head. It was there found after he was taken out, and delivered to his father. It stated, that as the laudanum had failed to produce the desired effect, himself and wife had come to the determination of killing themselves by stabbing, and throw themselves on the mercy of their God.

About this time, the jailor, who was in frequently that morning, again entered, and sat down beside the bed. Mrs. Beauchamp, extended her hand towards him as if desirous to shake hands. He gave her his, and she said, "my dear friend, you have been kind to me," gave him a close grasp, shook his hand strongly several times, and then turned over. This she did in a manner which indicated to the jailor, that she did not wish her husband to perceive what he now supposed was intended as a last farewell to him.

The jailor went out and no person was left with them but Mr. Edrington, the guard. The dungeon was almost dark. The little light of day which usually penetrated into it, was shut out by a blanket hung against the grates. A feeble candle gave the only light which shone in this fearful abode. The only entrance was through a trap door above, in which stood a ladder. Mrs. Beauchamp commenced talking with the guard on the subject of suicide. She asked him whether he thought any person would be forgiven for the commission of that crime. He told he thought not; that it was one of those crimes which did not leave time for repentance and could not be forgiven. He begged her to dismiss all such thoughts, and told her she had long enough been a grief to her mother without bringing down her gray hair with sorrow to the grave.

Beauchamp and his wife frequently conversed in a whisper. At length she requested Mr. Edrington to step out for a minute, alleging 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 get 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 again spoke of suicide, and declared that she would not survive her husband. About half past eleven, the guard observed them whispering together for some time. At length, Beauchamp said aloud, "My dear, you are not strong enough to get up." "Yes! I am," said she, throwing her arms up. She requested her husband to give her more of the toddy; he told her she would drink too much, but she said she would not. 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 around into a position where he could observe them, when he heard a deep sigh, and Beauchamp called him. He went down and found Beauchamp laying 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 upon her husband's breast, and her right arm thrown over him. Not suspecting that any thing very serious had happened, he sat down resting his head upon the table, until Beauchamp had finished his prayer. The miserable man continued for sometime ejaculating, "O thou God of Justice, have mercy upon us; O thou God of Justice have mercy upon us," and the guard thinks that two or three times, he cried, "O thou God of mercy, have mercy upon us." As soon as he had closed his prayer, he seemed to be entirely composed, and observed to the guard, "tell my father, that my wife and myself are going strait 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 they had again taken poison, but as he stepped around the bed, saw something in Mrs. Beauchamp's right hand. He raised her arm and found it to be a knife. It was a common case 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. Beauchamp 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 Beauchamp, 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's. 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 jailor 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 jailor'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, "is that my dear wife? Do bring me word, what she says."

The physicians Roberts, Majors and 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. He was taken out into the prison yard. The sheriff, Mr. Walker, approached to put the rope around his neck. "Not yet," said he. The sheriff told him it was his duty, and he acquiesced. They were carrying him through the passage of the jailor'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 putting one hand on his wife's face and feeling her pulse with the other, until he had felt the last throbb. "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 twelve o'clock.

The military were drawn up along Lexington street and the alley in continuation which passes by the jailor's house, surrounded by an immense crowd, all of whom were listening with intense interest, to every rumor from the dying pair. As Beauchamp was too weak to sit 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. McIntosh 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. Just as they were ready to start he said in a severe tone, "I want to see Darby. He was asked what he wanted of Darby. He said I want to acquit him." Darby soon made his appearance beside the dearborn, and Beauchamp, smiling, held out his hand to him; but Darby declined taking it. "Mr. Darby, said Beauchamp, 'I feel as if I wanted to acquit you to your face before I die.—You are certainly innocent of any participation in the murder of Col. Sharp; but you were guilty of base perjury on my trial. I do not believe you would take a bribe; but certain it is, you were guilty of a vile perjury, and I cannot conceive your motive.'" "Beauchamp," said Darby, "you have endeavored to do me all the injury you could. I was prepared to prove the falsehood of your charge that I participated in the murder of Col. Sharp, but this charge I cannot disprove, because no person was present at our conversation—it is the last injury you could do me." "Mr. Darby," said Beauchamp, "you never saw me at Duncan's well nor any other person, I presume, who told you he married Miss Cook, nor did you ever see me any where until you saw me a prisoner at Jackson's in Frankfort." Darby was beginning to reply, hoping that he would retract this new charge before he reached the gallows, when Beauchamp waved his hand to him, indicating that he wanted to hear no more, and said, "drive on." The drums beat and the military and crowd moved up Clinton street, to Ann street, along Ann street to Montgomery street at Weisger's tavern and up Montgomery street.

As they moved on, the jailor asked Beauchamp how, now that he had acquitted Darby, he found Sharp's house? Said he, "I found it myself without any assistance." The jailor asked him how he got the information of which he had often spoken, that Col. Sharp was endeavoring to prove that his wife had had a black child? He gave the jailor an inquisitive look and said, "I got it in the anonymous letter I received from Frankfort." The jailor asked him if it was really true that he had received such a letter. He said that it was, and said he, "I have since seen the man who gave me the information and conversed with him. He informed me that Sharp had told him with his own mouth, that the child charged to him by my wife, was a colored child; and that he had then slapped him on the shoulder and told him that he would die for that story." The jailor observed, he should like to know that man's name. Beauchamp smiled and said, "O no; you have been kind to me and I would gratify any reasonable request of yours; but that man has been the friend of my family, and his name I will never disclose. I have hinted at it in what I have written, but not so that it will be understood."

"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, he continued to wave his hand to them in token of respect, until the procession got out of town.

In going up the hill, the jailor got out of the Dearborn. Beauchamp, observing Col. Lillard, one of the venire that tried him, near the carriage, called to him. The Col. came up and Beauchamp, smiling, offered him his hand. "You rendered a righteous verdict," said he, "but it was on perjured evidence." He again repeated, that Darby's evidence was wholly untrue, and without the false evidence in the case he thought there was not enough to convict him. Col. Lillard asked him whether Mrs. Sharp's evidence was correct? "In the main," said he "but she recollected badly. I had no cloak on and there was no person with me in the lot." Col. Lillard asked him whether he had not drawn the knife from Col. Sharp until he fell, as had been reported? He said, "he had and struck Col. Sharp over the eye with his left hand as he was muttering his name. Did you not see a bruise over one of his eyes," said he? The Colonel answered in the negative. He then turned and asked some other person the same question, and was again answered in the negative. Col. Lillard asked him, who persuaded him to kill Col. Sharp. He hesitated sometime, and then said, "my wife persuaded me to kill him."

Having got up the hill, the jailor resumed his seat in the Dearborn, and asked Beauchamp, how they got the laudanum and the knife and where they had

concealed them. Beauchamp said, he had kept a knife which was sent in with his food some months ago and concealed it; that when his wife came, she had brought a file and the laudanum in her bosom and had kept them there knowing that no search would be there made for them: that they had determined to use the file first; if he failed to escape, then the laudanum, and in the last resort, the knife. With this view, he had filed away the back of the knife, bro't it to a point and made it as sharp as he could. He again described the manner in which the stabs were given; said, he first took the knife and saying to his wife, "my dear, now I die," struck the blow; but his wife caught his arm, wrested the knife from him and stabbed herself. He said, his wife was a sort of Deist and had no compunctions about it; but that he was seized with a kind of terror which, he believed, prevented his finishing himself. "It seemed," said he, "to be the will of God, that I should die under the gallows."

He frequently said his wound hurt him and he was bleeding inwardly. The blood penetrated through his clothing, but not in any considerable quantity.

They now came in sight of the gallows. Said he to the jailor, "did you have a gallows erected on purpose for me?" The jailor answered "we did." "I thought," said he "you were going to hang me on a limb." The jailor told him he had kept him so long that he had more regard for him and had prepared him a gallows. "It looks like a good strong one," said he.

They had now reached the gallows, where stood a cart with his coffin on it. He seemed wholly unmoved. The Reverend Eli Smith, S. M. Noel, J. T. Mills and other preachers surrounded him, enquiring the state of his mind. To all of their questions, he answered that he was sure of going to Heaven—that his sins were forgiven on Thursday morning. He was asked, if he forgave every body. He replied, "Dr. Sharp has done me great injury and his life is in danger; but I hope they will not kill him." He was asked, whether he would commit the same crime again under similar circumstances?—He was silent. In every interval of the conversation he would say, with some impatience, "I want to be executed—I want to go to my wife." The jailor fixed his shroud upon him, and taking his hand, told him he had according to his request and that of his father, performed the last act he could do for him, and bid him farewell. He shook the jailor's hand cordially, and in many words expressed his gratitude for the kindness which had been shown him during his confinement.

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 the 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.

He exhibited symptoms of life for some minutes; but his struggles were feeble. After hanging fifteen minutes, the body was taken down and delivered to his father. In a few hours, the afflicted old gentleman with his scarcely less afflicted brother, started with the two bodies for Bloomfield in Nelson county, where Beauchamp had requested to be buried. There, in accordance also with their request, a coffin also was prepared big enough to hold them both, and they were placed in it with his right arm around her neck. In that condition they were committed to the earth, until the last dreadful day.

THOMAS SIMMONS, BARBER.

HAS recently established himself in a small frame building, on the south side of High street, immediately opposite the Market house; where, from his long experience and rigid attention to business, he hopes to merit a respectable share of custom. The Gentlemen of Lawrenceburgh and its vicinity are, therefore, requested to give him a trial. Way-faring Gentlemen are also solicited to call.

July 22, 1826

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NOTICE.

PUBLIC notice is hereby given to Samuel Moore, son of John Moore, late of the county of Dearborn, deceased; to Jonathan Bullington and Jane Bullington his wife, daughter of said deceased; to Robert Whitten and Sarah Whitten his wife, daughter of said deceased; to William Moore son of said deceased; heirs at law of the said deceased John Moore; and to Susannah, alias Susan Moore, widow of the said deceased John Moore; that I have obtained by purchase from John Moore the son, and one of the heirs at law of the said deceased, the one fifth part of the south west quarter of section number two, in township number four, and range number two west, in the said county of Dearborn; and that I shall make application to the Judges of the Dearborn Circuit Court at their term to be holden at Lawrenceburgh in and for said county of Dearborn on the first Monday in October next; to appoint three disinterested free holders, residents of the said county of Dearborn, not related to either of the parties aforesaid,—to divide, partition, and set off to me by metes and boundaries, my said fifth part of the quarter section of land aforesaid.

WILLIAM FLAKE.

July, 1st 1826

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COMMUNICATION.

TO THE EDITORS.

Gentlemen—You have been good enough, to publish two or more charges against me, I presume, at the instance of O. H. Smith: I hope, therefore, you will do me the justice to publish my defence to those charges. I am averse to what is called a paper war.—I did suppose that Mr. Smith would have been contented with having exhausted the last arrow in his quiver at my private character and circumstances. He has exerted every power within him to ruin my private reputation, and procure to be dragged from me, the little property I have acquired in thirty years labor. This being a matter which concerned no one but him and me, I should have borne it in silence, had he not borrowed another shaft from his graceless jallies; and, again aimed it at my private reputation. If there be any one thing in nature more mean and contemptible than another, it is, where one competitor for public favor, brings charges against another; but when one of those competitors assails the private reputation of another, it is disgusting. I would not acquire an office at so great a sacrifice. I never knew a disappointed expectant for office who was not offended at his disappointment. I cannot see how the public are interested in the quarrel between Abner McCarty and myself: If I had recommended a man, and procured his appointment who was unqualified for the trust, they indeed would have reason to complain of me; but, I believe, no one will say, General Noah Noble is unqualified; neither Enoch nor Abner can think so; for they are his securities in the sum of thirty thousand dollars for the faithful performance of his trust in the office. If that charge would apply to me for recommending any one, it would be in the case of McCarty; but I firmly believe, it is not applicable, even in his case. But that Mr. Smith should consent to become the Don Quixote of the McCarty's, and agree to fight their battles right or wrong, argues a weakness and imbecility of mind, which seems to forbid the placing in his hands, any share of the destinies of a great nation: However, he has thought proper to do so, and I must endeavor to defend myself against both.

It is with extreme reluctance I undertake the task, as it necessarily compels me to bring before the public persons, who are not present, and requires me to place them and others in contact with my accusers. However I hope to be excused by them for so doing, when I assure them I shall treat them candidly, and as delicately as the nature of the case will admit of.

I am charged by Mr. Smith & Co. with dealing uncandidly with Abner McCarty, whereby he lost the appointment of Receiver of Public monies for the Brookville land district. Let us examine wherein I have acted uncandidly towards Abner; and whether he really lost the office by my uncandid dealing. I wish to deal fairly with the Co., and will quote their charge against me as exhibited by their mouth piece, Mr. Smith. He says "that it was no secret in Brookville (where I live) that Mr. Test, for the purpose of removing Gen. Noah Noble, who was understood to be a candidate for Congress, out of his way, and of securing the interest of his friends, and at the same time, inducing the McCarty's to support his election; did not act in that frank and candid manner, that ought to characterize the conduct of a representative of a free people; but pretended that he had recommended Abner McCarty specially, (this is underscored) for the appointment of Receiver, when at the same time he had recommended Noah Noble in much stronger terms than he had McCarty." The above is the charge which Mr. Smith acknowledges he had publicly made on me; and that it was true, "was no secret in Brookville." He does not pretend to charge me with writing inconsistent letters of recommendation, but only, with acting uncandidly toward McCarty. Let us first see how Mr. Smith's own statement stands, and we will examine the companies' hereafter. He says, "I pretended, I was recommending McCarty specially." If Mr. Smith be right in his inference, I am a bad man indeed, for I am guilty of recommending to a very important office, a man who was so great a fool, that he did not know a general from a special recommendation. Smith says, I pretended I was recommending McCarty specially, when in fact, I was not; and McCarty poor fool knew no better. If really he be the blockhead which Smith makes him, I deserve the severest censure from the public for recommending him.

Again, Mr. Smith, asserts "that I pretended to be recommending McCarty specially, while at the same time I had previously recommended General Noble in stronger terms than I had McCarty," and to prove his assertion, he introduces McCarty's and General Noble's letters, whereby, it appears that McCarty's is dated 1st June,* 1825, and General Noble's 9th of October, 1825. I presume, however, Mr. Smith, as is often

*This was an error of the press.—EDITORS.