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**Select Poetry.**

**MANAGING A MULE.**

You Nebuchadnezzah, whoa sah!  
Whar is you tryin' to go sah?  
I'd hab you for to know, sah,  
It's a holnen of de lines!  
You better stop dat prancin'  
You's powerful fond of dancin'  
But I'll bet my yeah's advancin'  
Dat I'll cure you ob your shins.

Look heah, mule! Better min' out—  
Fus t'ing you know you'll fin' out  
How quick I'll wear dis line out  
On your ugly stubbo'n back.  
You needn't try to steal up  
An' l'f dat preelous heel up  
You's got to plow dis fiel' up  
You has, for a fac'.

Dar; dat's de way to do it!  
He's comin' right down to it,  
Jes' watch him plowin' t'roo it!  
Dis nigger ain't no fool.  
Some folks dey would a beat him;  
Now, dat would only heat him—  
I know jes' how to treat him;  
You mus' reason wid a mule.

He minds me like a nigger,  
If he was only bigger,  
He'd fotch a mighty figger,  
He would, I tell you! Yes, sah!  
See how he keeps a-clickin',  
He's as gentle as a chicken,  
An' nebber thinks o' kickin'—  
Whoa, dar! Nebuchadnezzah!

Is dis heah me, or not me!  
Or is de debil got me?  
Was dat a cannon shot me?  
Hab I laid heah more'a a week?  
Dat mule do kick amazin'!  
De beast was spiled in raisin'—  
By now I spect he's grazin'  
On de oder side de creek.

**A Ruined Woman's Vengeance.**

OF the many crimes committed on the sacred soil of Kentucky there never has been one for romance of incident, chivalry of motive, tragedy of ending equal to that of the Beauchamp affair. Though transpiring many years ago, its details have lost none of their freshness, and the high standing of the families and their persistent efforts to suppress everything relating to it, have tended to perpetuate its remembrance, and render it a romance that even at this late day all Kentuckians love to talk of and wonder over. The murderer, or infatuated avenger of another's wrongs, was J. O. Beauchamp, the son of a respectable farmer near Bowling Green. He was a young law student of unusual promise, whose talents and address had attracted the favorable notice of the afterward murdered Solomon P. Sharpe, at that time Attorney General of the State. Young Beauchamp was of ardent temperament, entertained exalted ideas of woman's purity, and once upon his vacations chanced to meet Miss Ann Cooke, a beautiful young lady, who, during his absence in the pursuit of his studies had with a widowed mother, taken up her residence near his father's farm.

It was a case of love at first sight. Miss Cooke was melancholy as a lover's lute, lived in great privacy and her mysterious movements and intentional withdrawal from society threw around her a halo of mystification that fired the ardor of the law student and made him a willing slave at her feet. He called upon her, actually forced himself into her presence, and borrowed books of her, simply to afford him an excuse to call again. She repelled his advances in a manner that only lured him on. He persecuted her with kindness and haunted her with attentions. He pro-

posed, was rejected; she would never marry. He persisted with an excess of passion an ardor that induced her to tell him her story, and wrung from him a promise of revenge.

She had been betrayed, she said, by Col. Sharpe. Her case was a peculiarly sad one. Col. Sharpe had been raised in her father's family. The sacred rites of hospitality he had repaid by filching the daughter's virtue. And she, like many another, became a mother ere she was a wife. She had been famed for her beauty, yet her disgrace had withered its charms and crippled its power. Her family had been wealthy, but adversity had overtaken them. Her father and male relatives were all dead. There was no one to avenge her wrongs. Beauchamp, tied to her fate by the silken cords of a desperate love, as well as by the romantic notion of a chivalric temperament that urged him to wash out by assassination or challenge the wrong done, readily took an oath to hurl Col. Sharpe to the doom he deserved.

"Sharpe will not fight," said Miss Cooke, when Beauchamp announced his intention of calling him out; "he is too great a coward." That was in 1821.

The Legislature was in session at Frankfort. Beauchamp readily found Col. Sharpe at the Mansion House. The Colonel recognized him cordially.

"I've come to Frankfort to see you on important business," and Beauchamp took him by the arm, saying, "Let's take a walk."

They went to a retired spot by the river side. The bell at the Mansion House rang for supper.

Beauchamp turned upon Sharpe with a nervous manner and eye sparkling with anger.

"Do you remember the last words Miss Cooke, whom you ruined, spoke to you?"

Sharpe stood as if transfixed.

"I am the avenger whom, in the spirit of prophecy, she, the last time you ever saw her, warned you would right her wrongs."

Sharpe stood still, deigning no reply.

"Will you fight a duel with me?"

"My dear friend," cringingly spoke the Attorney-General, "I cannot fight you on Miss Cooke's account."

"Defend yourself, then, coward and villain that you are," shrieked Beauchamp, drawing an enormous dirk.

"I have no weapon but a penknife," said Sharpe.

Beauchamp threw him a Spanish knife.

"My dear friend, I cannot fight you," still urged Sharpe.

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

"My friend, I meant that I never can fight the friend of that worthy, injured lady. Had her brothers murdered me, I would not have raised my hand to defend myself. And if you are her husband, I can never fight you."

"I am not her husband, but her friend and avenger. She sent me to take your life. Now, you d—d villain, you shall die!"

He raised his dagger. Sharpe ran.—Beauchamp seized him by the collar.—Sharpe fell upon his knees and begged for his life.

"Take my property; my whole estate is at your command, but, oh, let me live," he cried.

Beauchamp released his hold, slapped Sharpe's face, and kicked him as he arose. "Get up, you coward, I'll publicly horsewhip you to-morrow in the street, you infernal coward," he said.

Beauchamp meant to be as good as his word. He procured a horsewhip, and presuming that Sharpe, surrounded by his friends, would make a show of resistance, provided himself with pistols, with which to finish him. Sharpe felt that:

He who fights and runs away,  
May live to fight another day.

So before break of day he was on his horse en route for Bowling Green. Beauchamp returned to his home. Miss Cooke now resolved to take vengeance in her own hands. Daily she practised with pistols, till her aim became deadly. She tried to lure Sharpe to her house. He avoided her. Beauchamp refrained from any further attempt on Sharpe's life to give Miss Cooke the opportunity she wished for. It never came, and this de-

sire to kill him herself gave to Sharpe many a day of life.

In June, 1824, Beauchamp and Miss Cooke were married. And then he claimed he had the right to assassinate his wife's seducer. Sharpe was now a candidate for the Legislature, but his treatment of Miss Cooke added to his unpopularity, so he announced that Miss Cooke's child was the offspring of a negro. He even produced a forged certificate to substantiate this unheard-of villainy.

Beauchamp heard the tale, and resolved that Sharpe's hour had now come. He repaired to Frankfort, and, unable to obtain lodgings at the hotels, passed the night with Scott, the keeper of the Penitentiary. He retired early, and prepared for his murderous deed. Instead of shoes he put on only stockings. He concealed his face in a red bandanna handkerchief. He secreted a long knife in his bosom. Stealthily he crawled unobserved out of his lodging, and repaired noiselessly to Sharpe's residence. Drawing his dagger, he knocked three times.

"Who's there?" cried Sharpe.

"Covington," replied Beauchamp, (Covington was an intimate friend of Sharpe's.)

The door opened, Sharpe appeared, and Beauchamp seized him by the throat.—He tried to escape.

Mrs. Sharpe appeared at a rear door. Beauchamp tore off his mask and thrust his face close to his doomed victim.

"And do you know me?" he scoffingly sneered.

Sharpe drew back and cried:  
"Great God, it is he."  
They were his last words.

Beauchamp plunged his dagger deep into his heart. The blood spurted upon the walls and dabbled the floor. "Die," was all Beauchamp said. And he died.

The hue and cry was soon raised. The assassin was followed by an eager crowd of pursuers. Captured, arrested, he was brought back and tried. He was convicted; he was sentenced to be executed. His wife remained with him to the last. She made no attempt to conceal the fact that she instigated and urged on the assassination. She gloried in it, and scouted at the threats of indicting her as accessory before the fact. The night before the execution she procured an ounce vial of laudanum and persuaded her husband to cheat the gallows if he could.—The laudanum was divided. She swallowed one-half. He took his portion.—Then they knelt and prayed. They sang for joy; they shouted that their sins had been forgiven, and in a delirium of ecstasy roused the other inmates of the prison. The poison did not work.—She swore that she would starve herself to death, die with her husband, and be buried in the same coffin.

June 5th, 1826, was a great day in Frankfort. The city was thronged to see the last of J. O. Beauchamp. The black and ominous gibbet was erected on a hill-top near by. The drums beat mournful dirges from an early hour. At 11 o'clock Mrs. Beauchamp told the jailer to leave her for a few minutes with her husband. The jailer left, but was soon recalled by deep groans from their cell. He returned and found them both weltering in blood. They had stabbed themselves with a knife the wife had concealed. His wound was not fatal.—His wife soon expired. Beauchamp was carried to her bedside as her life's blood was ebbing fast. He felt her pulse.

"Farewell, child of sorrow, farewell, victim of persecution and misfortune! You are now safe from the tongue of slander. For you I've lived, for you I die." He kissed her lips; he was ready.

The blood was trickling from his wounds. He was too weak to sit up, so they laid him in a covered wagon and hauled him to the gallows.

He waved his hands to the ladies, whose weeping eyes cheered him with sympathy and consolation. They were compelled to help him get on his coffin. He was too weak to sit upon it unsupported.

"Give me some water. Let the drums play 'Bonaparte's Retreat from Moscow,'" were his last words.

They buried the self-murdered wife and the executed husband in the same coffin, folded in each other's arms.—Even in death they were not divided.

Their grave is at Bloomfield, Kentucky, marked by a modest shaft. Before her death Mrs. Beauchamp wrote the following epitaph, which was engraved on the tombstone of the misguided pair:

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

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

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

Reader, if honor's generous blood  
E'er warmed thy heart, here drop a tear.  
And let the sympathetic flood  
Deep in thy mind its traces wear.

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

Daughters of virtue grant the tear,  
That love and honor's tomb may claim.  
In your defence the husband here  
Laid down in youth his life and fame.

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

The excitement over the fate of Beauchamp and the tragic ending of his wife lent to the tragedy a romantic halo, and some years since, John Savage, a New York journalist and play-writer, worked the stirring incidents of the affair into a play entitled "The Sybil," which, however was performed only twice. Sharp's wife got out an injunction at Louisville against the performance of the piece, and succeeded in suppressing it entirely.

Were the tragedy to occur in these days it is doubtful if Beauchamp would have ever felt the halter draw.

**Indian Justice.**

A terrible tragedy was enacted at the Indian village, Klawock Cannery, a few days ago. An Indian was sitting alone in his wigwam, meditating perhaps upon the departed glories of his race, or, more likely, upon the increasing obstacles in the way of obtaining a supply of the inspiring "hochenoo," when a young married woman entered from a neighboring lodge, and thinking the brave was asleep at an unseasonable hour, she gave him a smart push, which threw him over against something or other, which cut his face, causing a flow of blood. The brave muttered a curse, and the woman quickly retreated, thinking but little of the accident, for an accident it was, so far as the trifling injury went.

Nothing further transpired that evening, the damaged brave remaining indoors nursing his anger. The following morning, when the woman and her husband were quietly eating their breakfast of dried salmon, anticipating no harm, the wounded man walked into the hut, raised his rifle and sent a bullet crashing through the skull of the man. He then rushed upon the woman, whipped a huge knife from his belt, ripped her open, and leaving husband and wife dead upon the floor, quietly walked back to his own cabin closed and barred the door. The murder created a violent commotion in the Indian village as well as in the campery. An Indian council was held and a death sentence passed upon the murderer.

Luckily for the cause of justice in such cases, there are no courts of appeal in that region to retard the prompt and merited execution of a red-handed murderer, but in this case there was the barrier of a strongly-barred door, with a desperate and well-armed man on the inner side. Urgent appeals were made to the criminal to open the door and come out and be shot, all of which he respectfully declined. Fearing that he would escape in the night, a close watch and guard were kept upon the hut, the settlement being on the alert all night, expecting the shooting to come off every moment the captain announced that he was ready. He unbarred his door and stalked out, gorgeously robed in a flaming red blanket, his head resplendent with pitch and feathers, and his rifle upon his shoulder.

Giving a few directions to his executioners, he stepped forward a few paces, whirled through a war-dance, fired his

rifle into the air, and fell dead, pierced by twenty bullets. As the Indian code exacts a life for a life, the friends of the murdered woman demanded the sacrifice of a woman belonging to the family of the murderer—a brutal proposition which the cannerymen determined should not be permitted, so they bought the women off with blankets and hochenoo. The remains of the murderer and his victims were cremated, and Indian life resumed its usual monotonous routine.

**Attempt to Keep a Lost Child.**

The Detroit News says: On Monday evening Mrs. Gagnier, who lives at the corner of Nineteenth street and St. Clair place, missed her little son, Eddy, three and a half years of age, and searched high and low for him. Her husband is at present at work up the lakes, but neighbors volunteered and made a prolonged but unsuccessful search. On Tuesday the anxious mother made inquiries at the police stations and in every quarter she could think of, but again failed. The grandfather of the little one also started out, and yesterday obtained a slight clue to his whereabouts.

This morning he went out to the commons near the Michigan avenue crossing of the Detroit, Lansing & Northern railroad, and, making inquiries of children, was told that there was a lost child in a small hut in the vicinity. Entering the squalid habitation, he found the child under the care of a woman who was unwilling to give him up. The boy recognized him and said "grandfather," and the woman then made no further opposition. Taking the child away he met the husband of the woman a short distance from the house, and he also opposed the taking of the child away.

The man (whose name has not been ascertained) said he found the child on Monday evening at the corner of Michigan avenue and Seventh street, and had taken it home for safe keeping; also that he had reported the fact at a police station, and to "a red-headed policeman." It is believed at police headquarters that all these statements are fabrications, and that the child was taken with the intention of keeping it. It is also stated that the man and his wife came from Buffalo about two weeks ago, and have no children.

**A Ship in a California Desert.**

By many it has been held as a theory that the Yuma desert was once an ocean bed. At intervals, pools of salt water have stood for a while in the midst of the surrounding waste of sand, disappearing only to rise again in the same or other localities. A short time since one of the saline lakes disappeared, and a party of Indians reported the discovery of a big ship, left by the receding waves. A party of Americans at once proceeded to the spot, and found imbedded in the sands the wreck of a large vessel. Nearly one-third of the forward parts of the ship or bark is plainly visible. The stump of the bowsprit remains, and portions of the timbers of teak are perfect. The wreck is located forty miles north of San Bernardino and Fort Yuma road and thirty miles west of Los Palamos, a well known watering place on the desert. The road across the desert has been traveled for more than one hundred years. The history of the ill-fated vessel can, of course never be known, but the discovery of its decaying timbers in the midst of what has been a desert will furnish important aid in the calculations of science.

**A Sensible Monkey.**

One of the large monkeys in the Alexandra palace, London, had been suffering from a decayed tooth, and an abscess, forming a large protuberance on the jaw, had resulted. The pain seemed so great it was decided to consult a dentist, and, as the creature was very savage, it was thought that if the tooth had to be extracted, the gas should be used for the safety of the operator. The monkey struggled against being put into a sack, prepared with a hole cut for his head, snapped and screamed, and gave promise of being very troublesome; but as soon as the dentist managed to get his hand on the abscess and gave relief, the monkey's demeanor changed entirely. He laid his head down quietly, and, without the use of gas, submitted to the removal of the tooth.