

THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. 4

GRAHAM, N. C.

TUESDAY SEPTEMBER 10 1878

NO. 27

THE GLEANER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

E. S. PARKER

Graham, N. C.

Subscription Price: One Year, \$1.00; Six Months, \$0.60; Three Months, \$0.30. Single Copies, \$0.05.

Advertisements: Transient, 10 cents per line; Permanent, 25 cents per line. All ads payable in advance.

Advertisements: Transient, 10 cents per line; Permanent, 25 cents per line. All ads payable in advance.

Advertisements: Transient, 10 cents per line; Permanent, 25 cents per line. All ads payable in advance.

Advertisements: Transient, 10 cents per line; Permanent, 25 cents per line. All ads payable in advance.

Advertisements: Transient, 10 cents per line; Permanent, 25 cents per line. All ads payable in advance.

Advertisements: Transient, 10 cents per line; Permanent, 25 cents per line. All ads payable in advance.

Advertisements: Transient, 10 cents per line; Permanent, 25 cents per line. All ads payable in advance.

Advertisements: Transient, 10 cents per line; Permanent, 25 cents per line. All ads payable in advance.

Advertisements: Transient, 10 cents per line; Permanent, 25 cents per line. All ads payable in advance.

Advertisements: Transient, 10 cents per line; Permanent, 25 cents per line. All ads payable in advance.

Advertisements: Transient, 10 cents per line; Permanent, 25 cents per line. All ads payable in advance.

Advertisements: Transient, 10 cents per line; Permanent, 25 cents per line. All ads payable in advance.

Advertisements: Transient, 10 cents per line; Permanent, 25 cents per line. All ads payable in advance.

Advertisements: Transient, 10 cents per line; Permanent, 25 cents per line. All ads payable in advance.

Advertisements: Transient, 10 cents per line; Permanent, 25 cents per line. All ads payable in advance.

Advertisements: Transient, 10 cents per line; Permanent, 25 cents per line. All ads payable in advance.

Advertisements: Transient, 10 cents per line; Permanent, 25 cents per line. All ads payable in advance.

Advertisements: Transient, 10 cents per line; Permanent, 25 cents per line. All ads payable in advance.

Advertisements: Transient, 10 cents per line; Permanent, 25 cents per line. All ads payable in advance.

Advertisements: Transient, 10 cents per line; Permanent, 25 cents per line. All ads payable in advance.

Advertisements: Transient, 10 cents per line; Permanent, 25 cents per line. All ads payable in advance.

Advertisements: Transient, 10 cents per line; Permanent, 25 cents per line. All ads payable in advance.

Advertisements: Transient, 10 cents per line; Permanent, 25 cents per line. All ads payable in advance.

Advertisements: Transient, 10 cents per line; Permanent, 25 cents per line. All ads payable in advance.

Advertisements: Transient, 10 cents per line; Permanent, 25 cents per line. All ads payable in advance.

Advertisements: Transient, 10 cents per line; Permanent, 25 cents per line. All ads payable in advance.

Advertisements: Transient, 10 cents per line; Permanent, 25 cents per line. All ads payable in advance.

Advertisements: Transient, 10 cents per line; Permanent, 25 cents per line. All ads payable in advance.

Advertisements: Transient, 10 cents per line; Permanent, 25 cents per line. All ads payable in advance.

Advertisements: Transient, 10 cents per line; Permanent, 25 cents per line. All ads payable in advance.

Advertisements: Transient, 10 cents per line; Permanent, 25 cents per line. All ads payable in advance.

Advertisements: Transient, 10 cents per line; Permanent, 25 cents per line. All ads payable in advance.

Advertisements: Transient, 10 cents per line; Permanent, 25 cents per line. All ads payable in advance.

Advertisements: Transient, 10 cents per line; Permanent, 25 cents per line. All ads payable in advance.

Advertisements: Transient, 10 cents per line; Permanent, 25 cents per line. All ads payable in advance.

Advertisements: Transient, 10 cents per line; Permanent, 25 cents per line. All ads payable in advance.

Advertisements: Transient, 10 cents per line; Permanent, 25 cents per line. All ads payable in advance.

Advertisements: Transient, 10 cents per line; Permanent, 25 cents per line. All ads payable in advance.

Advertisements: Transient, 10 cents per line; Permanent, 25 cents per line. All ads payable in advance.

Advertisements: Transient, 10 cents per line; Permanent, 25 cents per line. All ads payable in advance.

Advertisements: Transient, 10 cents per line; Permanent, 25 cents per line. All ads payable in advance.

THE BEAUCHAMP TRAGEDY.

What Might Have Happened in Venice but did happen in Kentucky.

(From the Cincinnati Commercial.)

Of the many crimes committed on the 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 Beauchamps 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 infatuated avenger of his own wrongs, was J. O. Beauchamp, the son of a respectable farmer near Bowling Green. He was a young man of unusual promise whose talents and industry had attracted the favor of the Attorney General of the State. Young Beauchamp was of ardent temperament, cherishing exalted ideas of woman's purity, and once upon his vacations he had met Miss Ann Cooke, a beautiful young lady, who, during his 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 wife, 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. 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 proposed, was rejected; she would never marry. He persisted with an excess of passion and 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 powers. 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 with assassination or challenge the wrong done, readily took an oath to hurl 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 in 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. '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?

'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 deigning no reply. 'What you fight a duel with me?'

'My dear friend,' indignantly 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 and enormous dirk.

'I have no weapon but a penknife,' Beauchamp threw him a Spanish knife.

and avenger. She sent me to take your life. Now 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, stepped sharply's face, and kicked him as he arose. 'Get up, you coward, I'll publicly horsewhip you to-morrow in the street, you infernal scoundrel,' 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 enroute for Bowling Green. Beauchamp returned to his home. Miss Cooke now resolved to take vengeance in her own hands. Daily she practiced 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. However, came and this desire to kill him himself 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 villany.

Beauchamp heard the tale, and resolved that Sharpe's hour had 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 yarn 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 lodgings, 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 scornfully sneered.

Sharpe drew back and cried, 'Great God, it is he.'

These were his last words. Beauchamp plunged his dagger deep into his heart. The blood spouted upon the walls and dabbled the floor. 'Die,' was all Beauchamp said. And he fled.

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 at concealing the fact that she instigated and urged on the assassination. She gloried in it, and scouted at the threats of inflicting 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 renounced 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 5, 1826, was a great day in Frankfort. The city was thronged to see the last of J. O. Beauchamp. The black and ominous Sybil 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 weeping in blood. They had stabbed themselves with a knife the wife had concealed. He wound was not fatal. His wife sank unaided. Beauchamp was carried to her bedside as her blood was oozing

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, tumbled in each others' arms. Even in death they were not divided. Their grave is at Bloomfield, Ky., 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 foe.

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

A brother or a sister thou— Dishonored use thy sister's tear; Three turns 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 defense the husband here Laid down in youth his life and fame.

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

The excitement over the fate of Beauchamp and the tragic ending of his wife has lent to the tragedy a romantic halo, and some years since, John Savage, a New York journalist and play writer, worked the leading incidents of the affair into a drama entitled 'The Sybil,' which, however, was performed only twice. Sharpe's son 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 very doubtful if Beauchamp would have ever felt the halter draw.

DEATH OF A DOWAGER QUEEN. (Philadelphia Times.)

Ex-Queen Christina, who died on Wednesday evening at her villa near Sainte-Adresse, was not the sort of old person for whom the world will mourn. In point of fact she was a scandalous old body who would have done a great deal better—to quote the words of the late Mr. O'Connor—had she 'been dead and buried before she was born.' She was the daughter of Francis I., King of two Sicilies; was born at Naples April 27, 1806, and on December 11, 1829, was married to Ferdinand VII., King of Spain. The issue of this marriage was Isabella, some time Queen of Spain, Louisa, married to Duc de Montpensier and mother of the late Queen Mercedes. Ferdinand died in 1833, and in October of that year Christina was made Regent, an office that she held during the ensuing seven years. Forced by popular pressure to abdicate, she fled to France in 1845, and not until 1849, when Isabella had reigned for two years in her own right, did she return to Spain. In 1854 she was compelled to leave the country and since then—although she has occasionally visited Spain—her home has been in France. The two conspicuous scandals of her life have been her marriage to Ferdinand and her infamous bargain with Louis Philippe in regard to the famous Spanish marriages. Manuel was a private soldier in the Royal Guard with whom she fell in love within three months after the death of the King, her husband and to whom she was privately married almost immediately

ly. Eleven years later, October, 1844, the marriage was made public and Manuel was elevated Duke of Llaneros. To the credit of this man so highly exalted by a royal whim, it must be said that he was who in council, modest, thoroughly manly, and that he graced his dukedom fully as much as his dukedom honored him. The marriage, on the Queen's part, was a love match, and turned out well. She bore him six children, three of whom survive her, and when he died, in 1873, she sincerely mourned his loss. From the standard of court etiquette her manner with this man was 'unparadonable. She might have taken him as a lover in welcome, but marrying him admitted of no excuse and was beyond expiation. From the standard of commonplace morality most people will think that the Queen deserves commendation for braving public opinion for the sake of an honorable love. In regard to the part that she played in the Spanish marriages nothing may be said in her defense. She ruined her daughter's happiness, and to that rule, perhaps, may be traced a great portion of the evils which in late years have fallen upon Spain. Had Isabella been married happily, her turbulent subjects would have been spared the open scandals of her life as a pretext for revolt. It is not too much to say that in abetting the marriage of Isabella to the Duke d'Anges, Queen Christina fell into a deadly sin. But the old woman has ended her days now, and her case has gone up to a higher than a mortal court. It was not a romantic death. Some weeks ago she tumbled down stairs in her house in Paris; and from the fall she never recovered. She was ordered down to her villa in the suburbs of Sainte Adresse, near Havre, in the hope that the sea air, would give her health and strength. But it has not helped her. She is dead.

EX-SENATOR SAWYER. (Special Dispatch to the Baltimore Sun.)

One of the most significant features of American political life is illustrated by an occurrence to day. Fred A. Sawyer was to day appointed a twelve hundred dollar clerk in the office of the coast survey. This is the lowest grade of clerkship in the government departments here. The appointee is a graduate of Harvard College, (class of 1844,) was for years a teacher in some of the best schools of Massachusetts; and in 1859 he went to South Carolina to become principal of the State Normal School in Charleston, which position he held until 1864, when according to his own statement the Confederates gave him and his family passports to leave the city on account of his obnoxious Union principles. In 1865 he was appointed collector of internal revenue for Charleston, which was the first civil appointment to the State after the rebellion. Mr. Sawyer was subsequently elected to the United States Senate in which body he served with considerable ability until 1873 when he was appointed assistant Secretary of the Treasury after the retirement of Mr. Boutwell and the promotion of Mr. Richardson. He was forced out of this position on account of the Sanborn contracts and other matters, since that time he has had an unhappy existence. He was for a long time in the customs bureau, and since leaving the department he has been in severe poverty, with insufficient money at times to buy his breakfast.

A SILENT AUTOMOBILE. (Virginia City (Nev.) Chronicle.)

A real mule was one of the attractions in the play of 'The Forty Thieves,' as pronounced last night. No sooner had all come out of the cave with his bags of wealth and attempted to put them on the back of the beast than he began his part of the performance. He let fly with his heels; kicked the slavings (the supposed riches) out of the bags; kicked down the cavern; kicked down a whole forest; kicked down the wings; kicked out the end of the last viol leaning against the stage; smashed the foot lights; and finally doubled up all by planting both feet in the pit of his stomach. A rush was instantly around him, and he was dragged off by the united strength of the company.

Mail Carpenter received \$1,000 a week or so ago for an opinion, containing precisely five words. It was in reference to the constitutionality of the Woodstock quarrel.

Gleanings.

The Kearney's man appears to be only a Macquardian.

Thirty-five hundred and fifty seven died in New Orleans in 1853 from yellow fever.

'I'm a yard wide about the waist' is a Kentucky way of describing a thick set of lilliput.

It is now said that the Governor of Kentucky is a man of letters.

Mrs. Thomas Lord, a well-known actress in Central Park, but her husband, the great Thomas Lord, is now dead, and it takes three servants to put him in a casket.

A malicious paragrapher says that Stanley Matthews will not sleep alone in a room with an urinal in it. —N. Y. Express.

The Jewish population in the United States is 250,000. They have 152 synagogues.

During the first series of bull-fights at Madrid this year, 90 of those animals and 143 horses were killed.

New York Sun isn't a bad thing to hold. Five shares of the par value of \$1,000 brought \$2,500 a piece at an auction sale recently.

There isn't as much fuss made over the inauguration of a boy's first pocket as there is over the laying of a cornerstone, but there are more things put in it. —Fulton Times.

The Spragues of Rhode Island are yet living, but they might as well be vice-presidents of the United States for all the mention they ever get in the papers. —Chicago Tribune.

A mob pounded with slugs all night long at the door of the jail in Jennings county, Indiana to get at John Chesley, whom they desired to hang, but which they could not do. The excitement of hope and fear, prostrated the prisoners, and in the morning he was nearly dead.

THE BENEFIT OF DEMOCRACY.

Judge Mackey of South Carolina, thinks conciliation has been of service to the colored people of that State. Upon investigation he finds that during the last year only one negro has been killed by white men, while seven white men have been killed by negroes.

A man who was recently hung in Indiana being of a very practical turn of mind, made no observation about meeting anybody in heaven. He merely nodded to the preacher and said laconically, 'I'll see you later,' and then the trap fell.

Can there be very hard times—can a country be very hard up—which consumes fifty million gallons of whiskey, ten million barrels of beer, and two thousand million cigars in a single year? —Buffalo Express.

'You are drunk, sir!' said the captain to an intoxicated blue jacket fresh from an unlighted alcove without leave. 'I know I'm drunk,' returned the lay, 'but I don't get over that. As for you, you're not looking at his commanding officer properly; you're a d—d fool, and you'll never get over that.'

A correspondent wants to know why women never sleep in church. We suspect that it is on account of their uncomfortable heads. We don't know how that any man, with his head jibbed full of hair pins and backache twisted up to tight that a sneeze would break a blood vessel, could find repose even under the most soothing physical discourses that ever banished physical pain. It can't be did. —Breakfast Table.

Jim Slawson is a day laborer and the village wag. Unfortunately he takes so much of the spiritism in the form of whiskey that he has no relish for the spiritism in the way of preaching. The minister who is not a right man, against Jim on Saturday night said:

'This gentleman is the Rev. Mr. S—, who will preach for us to-morrow. You had better come to church; he will give us some excellent sermon.'

Jim, with a leer in his eye, replied: 'Well, that would be a darned lot better, and straighten up passed by onward unto his own home.'

REMARKABLE LONGEVITY.—The longevity of the soldiers of the war of 1812 is something remarkable. Although the war closed thirty-three years ago, and a year of eighteen at that time would see the eighty one years, there are great numbers of the veterans still on the face of the globe. Under the recent act of Congress restoring to the pension rolls the healthy old veterans who had been stricken off during the war of rebellion, more than 14,000 applications for restoration have already come in from the survivors. They date and 12,000 from soldiers, who are now well coming to what is known as the old age pension. The act was a measure of justice long delayed. There are few now in a better state of preservation and health than the veterans of the war of 1812. They were the backbone of the nation's defense, and their names are still on the roll of honor.