

The Jersey Dispatch.

"KNOWLEDGE IS POWER, AND THE PRESS IS THE ROYAL THRONE UPON WHICH SHE SITS, AN ENTHRONED MONARCH."

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The Jersey Dispatch

THURSDAY MORNING,
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BY GILBERT & DARR.

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SELECTED STORY.

ALONZO PARKER.

THE SOLDIER'S STRATAGEM.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

Deserted by the waning moon,
When stars proclaim night's cheerless noon,
On tower, fort, or tented ground,
The sentry walks his weary round.—Old Song.

It was winter, and the pure snow lay glittering upon the bosom of the frozen earth, in all its spotless beauty, and the bright twinkling stars looked down from the arch of a cloudless sky. The freetops, loaded with their white burthen, bent their branches like the form of some aged man, who pines along through the road of life friendless and alone, and the air was crisp and bracing. In the neighborhood of Fort Putnam, in the highlands of the Hudson, a solitary sentinel was pacing to and fro, the bright barrel of his musket gleaming beneath the light of the stars, and his rugged form wrapped in a blanket overcoat, such as were then becoming common among the soldiers of the American army.

He was a man of some forty-five years of age, with a strongly marked and not very agreeable physiognomy, and there was a sinister expression of the eye when he addressed any person, which would have been likely to excite suspicion as to the immaculate purity of his character. He had joined the garrison at the Point, only three days prior to the night in which we have introduced him to our readers, and this was his first tour on post at the pickets. As he continued to pace briskly to and fro in the little snow-path which he had made for himself, and which by this time had become pretty well beaten, there was a look of satisfaction upon his features, as if he had performed some act upon which he congratulated himself; for the smile which curled his thick lip, was one of complacency.

"Well," muttered he to himself, in a tone so low that it scarcely rose above a whisper, "the worse part of the task is over. I have outlasted as a soldier, am acquainted with the peculiarities of the fortress, and can now impart any information that he may desire. And if I should succeed, then the ten thousand dollars which has been promised me will buy me a fine farm on the banks of the Schuylkill. I have been a Tory—that's a fact; but it was to forward my own views that I joined their party. And if I only succeed in this stratagem, then good-bye to all war, and I will live in peace. It's a confounded poor business, any how. But I thought I heard the sound of footsteps. I think it must be he—it is time that he was here. Who goes there?"

"Friend!" answered the voice of a stranger, "I am searching from the side of the sentry's post, and I think I can pass without being detected."

"Counterfeit's not correct! Pause where you are—you are my prisoner!" and then, after the lapse of a few moments, during which the two exchanged expressive looks with each other, it up as their faces were by the moonbeams, the sentinel called out in a loud, shrill tone, "Corporal of the guard number one!"

"Yes, and the Florence sleeps in the room next to the guard-house. It has a long window opening almost to the ground, with white muslin curtains fastened on both sides. You cannot mistake the place. I will get the counter-sign from some friend of mine, and then it is to you, and then the great will be done."

"But I shudder to think that if you should play me false, it should be any failure of my neck would pass."

"Upon my assistance, and never to be taken to the guard room as a spy or suspected person, and I shall be so anxious to excite suspicions that we have been conversing together."

"Saying this, the sentinel brought his musket to a charge upon the stranger, as if he had fears of his endeavoring to escape. In the meantime, the corporal and his party came up, and halted near the spot."

"Well, Rudolph, whom have we here?" inquired the corporal of the sentinel, as he pointed to the prisoner.

"Somebody who attempted to pass without knowing the counter-sign; so I made him my prisoner, and called out for you, so that you might take him in charge. I suspect he is a spy, or some kind of a secret agent."

"Very like—very like! But we'll take him to the guard house, and confine him until to-morrow morning, and then see what Colonel Lambert says of his case."

The sentinel, whom we have first introduced to the reader, having been relieved by another, who came up with the corporal, the party started back towards Fort Putnam, whose dusky outlines loomed up gradually through the moonlight sky. As they proceeded along the snow-path, the sentinel whom we shall henceforth know as Rudolph, managed to slip a strip of paper into the hands of the prisoner, which the latter quickly thrust into his pocket. The execution of this was so quick, that no one, save the parties interested, saw it, and no one they suspected along without exciting suspicions, until they came to the main gate of the fortress. There the usual challenging took place, the watchword was given and the prisoner was conducted to one of the cells of the guard house, where, having been looked in, he seated himself upon a sort of bunk in one corner of the room, drew the paper which Rudolph had given him, from his pocket, and hastily examined it by the light of a solitary lamp that was burning upon an unpanelled pine table. With the permission of the reader, we will leave him there, and go back a few years prior to the breaking out of the war of the Revolution, and introduce him to other personages, who however, are destined to take a part in our drama.

In the vicinity of the city of Philadelphia, just prior to the affair of Lexington, there dwelt a gentleman by the name of Thomas Lambert, who had emigrated from the north of England about the year 1770. He was a man possessed of a large fortune, an unbounded hospitality, and social qualities, which made his company much sought after by the elite of the neighboring city.

Mr. Lambert had lost his wife—a genuine specimen of English beauty—some time before leaving the old country, and the education of his only child, a daughter, devolved upon himself. And well did he perform the task assigned him. He had himself received a finished education at the university of Cambridge, and had a most happy faculty of imparting his knowledge to others, and the young lady could not have had a more energetic instructor, had she searched throughout the colonies for a tutor. At this time, Florence Lambert was about nineteen years of age, and was the only daughter of her father.

He was a man of a liberal and generous mind, and he had his way in everything he undertook, at all hazards. The beautiful Florence had captivated his senses, and he had become passionately attached to her. He had obtained her hand, and the consequences were what they might. But he for a moment with a cruel selfishness, when he brooded over the subject of Miss Lambert, he coolly told him that he did not suit at all—that she did not suit for a wife for him—that all his smiles, his honeyed words, and his time had been thrown away, and that what was worse, she actually preferred another, he roared like a maniac, swearing vengeance that he would get her, and every one in any way connected with her. From that time, his life was a scene of misery and grief. He had a daughter, but she neighbors asserted that the figure of a man might often be seen fitting before the windows of the mansion at most unreasonable hours, and warned the inmates to be on their guard, lest mischief of some kind should be perpetrated against them.

At length the war of the Revolution broke out, and spread over the entire country as the red fire rushes over the dry stubble of a western prairie. Mr. Lambert was one of the first to espouse the cause of his adopted country—which he felt had been deeply injured—and was appointed to the command of a regiment of the continental troops. Through his influence, young Simpson obtained the appointment of surgeon to his regiment, and at once joined the force which was ordered to do active service in the field.

Many were the battles in which this regiment was engaged. At Trenton, Princeton and the bloody field of Monmouth their muskets scattered death among the enemy's line; and among the gallant adherents of Washington, in the darkest hours of our country's history, no one more nobly sustained the spirit of the great chief than did Colonel Lambert. At length, after many changes and vicissitudes, incidental to a state of warfare, the brave Lambert found himself with his command stationed, as a part of the permanent force that garrisoned Fort Putnam, which was justly considered by the country as the key of the Hudson, and a post of the utmost importance.

As the Colonel was now in permanent and comfortable quarters for the first time since the breaking out of the unnatural war of a parent against its children, he dispatched the young surgeon of his regiment, accompanied by a strong escort, to convey his daughter Florence, who had been staying with a relative in Philadelphia, to Fort Putnam, where she could be with her father. This service Simpson performed with great fidelity and success.

It was a wild, stormy night, and the wind shrieked through the gorges of the mountains like the voice of one in pain. All was quiet within the fortress; the garrison had retired to rest, and Colonel Lambert, the then commanding officer of the post, had also sought his couch.

In front of the guard house one sentinel was pacing to and fro, wrapped in a heavy blanket coat, and with his musket slung over his shoulder. The rest of the guard were buried in sound slumber upon the benches in the guard room. The sentinel, who was no other than Rudolph, was the only one who was awake.

refusal from Florence Lambert, if possible, grown even more moody than he had been before, and used to mutter about the streets of the city, muttering to himself, and scowling like some vampire. His clients one by one dropped away from a man so unsteady and disagreeable, and he was quickly reduced to a state of distress for means with which to liquidate heavy debts that he had contracted. At length, when the war of the Revolution burst over the land, he suddenly disappeared between two days, leaving his creditors to obtain their dues in the manner they deemed best, and proceeding, as most people supposed, to New York, to join the tory force, which formed an integral part of the British army stationed there.

The citizens of Philadelphia were not mistaken in supposing that Parker had gone to New York. That was the very place he had started for, and carrying, he made himself known to the commander-in-chief, and expressed a desire to enlist in the loyalist corps, which had just been organized. As it was quickly discovered that he was an educated and a

professional man, and there was a vacancy for a lieutenant in the tory company, he was at once appointed to it, and, wearing off his lawyer's garb, he donned the blue frock coat and gold buttons of his grade, and at once became a man of note.

By some means, or other, the new lieutenant, after the lapse of two or three years, became very familiar with Sir Henry Clinton, the commander-in-chief of the British forces. He was frequently beheld entering the mansion in which he resided, where he would remain for hours, and sometimes he would be accompanied by one of the soldiers, a rugged and villainous looking fellow, who had continued to make himself odious to his whole company. As a matter of course, these things, strange in themselves, attracted considerable notice, and various were the comments, which they elicited. The soldier was questioned by his comrades as to the object of his visits to the house of Sir Henry, but always returned unevilly and churlish answers; and one morning at roll call, it was found that he had deserted during the night, and gone, no one knew whither. A few days later, and Parker obtained permission from the commander-in-chief to be absent from the city for a month, and, mounting his steed, crossed the river on its bridge of ice, and took his way up its western bank.

It is now time that we should return to the "prisoner," who had been thrown into one of the cells of the guard house at Fort Putnam—a circumstance, however, which did not seem to give him the slightest uneasiness. We have said that, on being left alone, he had taken the piece of paper given him by Rudolph from his pocket, and commenced examining it very carefully. And well he did so, for the paper contained a minute description of the guard house, and of the houses in which all the officers resided.

"Well this will do," said the prisoner, tearing the paper in small pieces, and scattering the fragments about his cell. "I shall now be enabled to effect my purpose. O, revenge! dear, sweet revenge! I'll have my fill of it!" Saying this, he threw himself upon his bed, extinguished the candle, and was soon buried in slumber.

The next morning there was a great commotion at Fort Putnam. It was announced in general orders that a spy had been arrested in the very act of attempting to pass the American lines, and it was said that in the course of a few days, he would be brought before a court martial, and would probably be hanged. Rudolph requested that he might be permitted to attend upon him, and as he was the one that had stopped him, the request was granted.

Long conferences took place between the attendant and the prisoner, but the fidelity of the soldier being unquestioned, they were taken but little notice of. It was a wild, stormy night, and the wind shrieked through the gorges of the mountains like the voice of one in pain. All was quiet within the fortress; the garrison had retired to rest, and Colonel Lambert, the then commanding officer of the post, had also sought his couch.

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"Well, go ahead, then, but be cautious. One false step would ruin us. Here is my bayonet, taking it from his musket; the watchword is 'Liberty!' I obtained it from the sergeant not an hour ago. With it you can pass the sentinel at the gate, and then the vast, untrodden wilderness of the highlands is before you. I shall scale the ramparts, and make the best of my way to New York, as soon as you are off."

light alone into the room, and a body of armed men headed by Rudolph in person, marched up and surrounded the spy.

"Betrayed! betrayed!" cried he "O, villain, why have you done this?"

"To gratify an old grudge," answered Rudolph. "When you were practising in Philadelphia, you were the means of my being publicly whipped at the point of my bayonet. I swore vengeance. I was publicly whipped, and I shall be publicly whipped, and I shall get ten thousand dollars for betraying your villainy to the commander-in-chief. You see I can work my cards both ways."

Parker, for he it was, who was the spy, would have resisted, but he was quickly surrounded, tied, and taken back to his old quarters. Foiled, disappointed, and duped, he was now on the verge of ruin. The next morning, he was brought before a military commission, found guilty of being a spy, and sentenced to be hanged forthwith. Rudolph acted as his own counsel; and, as he placed the noose about the neck of the miserable wretch, he whispered:

"You were very anxious that I should be appointed to attend upon you in the cell, so I thought you might like to have me attend upon you in the open air. Good-bye! The pain won't last long—not half so long as the sting of the flogging you obtained for me. Ha! ha! ha!"

Saying which, he knocked the drop from beneath the spy, and, without so much as a struggle, he was launched into eternity.

After the conclusion of the war there was a wedding at the house of Colonel Lambert, near Philadelphia. There, upon a bright May morning, the lovely and now matured Florence bestowed her hand upon Doctor Simpson, who had long possessed her heart, and who found her one of the best wives, and one of the kindest mothers. As for Rudolph, he obtained the promised reward, settled down upon the banks of the Schuylkill, and was not ashamed to own that he had never played the part of Jack Sheppard.

"Laugh and grow fat," is an adage so old that it is almost denied a place in the memory. But it should not be forgotten there is a well of philosophy and psychological truth in its wisdom. We do not know that the frost and snow are always susceptible of a laugh. And on the

THE COOLEST THING ON RECORD.—As General Scott's army was marching triumphantly into the city of Mexico, a procession of monks emerged from the gate of a convent situated on an eminence to the right, advanced with slow and measured tread until they met the army at right angles. The leader of the monks, who was a tall, gaunt, lumber-sided, gander-looking Yankee, who on seeing the old priest, thrust his hands into the very depths of his breeches pockets, as if in search of a dime or something of the kind. The priest, observing this movement, advanced, as usual, while Jonathan holding forth a greasy looking roll of paper, commenced very deliberately unfolding it. The old priest anticipated a liberal donation, and put on an air of the most exquisite satisfaction. Jonathan continued to unroll piece after piece of dirty paper, until at length he found a piece of tri-twisted smoking tobacco. He next thrust his hands into another pocket, and drew forth a clay pipe, which, with the utmost deliberation he proceeded to fill by pinching off small particles of the tobacco. When this was done, having replaced his tobacco in his breeches pocket, he stooped forward and lighted his pipe by the old priest's candle, and making an awkward inclination of the head, (intended perhaps, for a bow,) he said, "Much obliged to ye, Squire," and proceeded on.

ADDISON'S DEATH-BED.—The last moments of Addison were perfectly serene. His interview with his stepson is universally known. "See," he said, "how a Christian can die!" The piety of Addison was, in truth, of a singularly cheerful character. The feeling which predominates in all his devotional writings, is gratitude. God was to him the all-wise and all-powerful friend, who had

maternal tenderness; who had listened to his cries before they could form themselves in prayer; who had preserved his youth from the snares of vice; who had made his cup run over with worldly blessings; who had doubled the value of those blessings by bestowing a thankful heart to partake them; who had rebuked the waves of the Ligurian gulf, had purified the autumnal air of the Campagna, and had restrained the avalanches of Mount Cenis. Of the Psalms, his favorite was that which represents the ruler of all things under the endearing image of a shepherd, whose crook guides the flock safe, through gloomy and desolate glens, to meadows well watered and rich with herbage. On that goodness, to which he ascribed all the happiness of his life, he relied in the hour of death with the joy which cometh out of fear.—He died on the 17th of June, 1719. He had just entered on his 48th year.

A GOOD MAN'S WISH.—I freely confess to you that I would rather, when I am laid in the grave, some one in his unkindness would stand over me and say, "There lies one who was a real friend to me, and privately warned me of the dangers of the young; no one knew it, but he aided me in the time of need. I owe what I am, to him." Of I would rather have some widow, with choking sobs, telling her children, "There is your friend and mine. He visited me in my affliction, and found you, my son, an employer, and you, my daughter, a happy home in a virtuous family. I say I would rather that such persons should stand at my grave, than to have erected over it the most beautiful monument of a man's life."

Few things in this world trouble people more than poverty, or the fear of poverty; and indeed, it is a sore affliction; but like all other ills that flesh is heir to, it has its antidote, its reliable remedy.—The judicious application of industry, prudence and temperance is a certain cure.

The Lantern tells us of the sad case of a man who was shipwrecked, and cast upon an uninhabited island, without a shilling in his pocket,

came in, quite as usual, and we were reeled up in front of the house. Where he stood himself and his wife. The speaker was earnest in proving that there is no hell, and urged the Universalist doctrine with great eloquence, till the poor drunkard below cried out to him: "That's it, Kidwell, my friend! Make them words true, for if you don't I'm a goner."

This brought the sermon to a close.