

# The Jersey Dispatch.

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER AND THE PRESS IS THE TONGUE UPON WHICH SHE SEES AN ENLIGHTENED MONARCH.

Vol. 11

CONWAYBORO, S. C., THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 16, 1861.

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## The Jersey Dispatch

THURSDAY MORNING,  
AT CONWAYBORO, S. C.  
BY GILBERT & DARR.

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### DEATH OF YOUNG HENRY CLAY.

The following extract from the post of George Lippard, is interesting and contains some details attending the death of young Henry Clay, at the battle of Point of View, Young Clay, was the son of the great statesman, he volunteered in a war in defence of the honor, the rights to his country, and was in-  
with his back against yonder rock, his sword grasped firmly, as the consciousness that he bore a name, which must not die ignominiously, seemed to fill every vein, and sent a deadly fire from his eyes.

He had been in the ranks for some time, and had become well known to his comrades. He was a brave and noble-hearted man, and his death was a great loss to his country.

The cause, however, was not the only one. He was a man of high principles and a true patriot. His death was a martyrdom for the cause of freedom and justice.

When my eyes opened, I found myself lying on the ground. I tried to rise, but my limbs were stiff and unresponsive. I felt a sense of disorientation and confusion.

### SENTENCED BUT NOT QUIET.

I was travelling through the mountains of Pennsylvania, in the latter part of February 18—. Heavy stage coaches were used for the purpose of drawing the travellers from point to point, and in order to make the enterprise pay, enormous prices were charged, and as many persons packed into one vehicle as it could possibly accommodate. I was one of those unfortunate travellers, who are always annoyed with inconveniences and never satisfied with anything. I grumbled and peeped much at the crowded state of our coach, and I don't know but that I swore a little. I found fault with the agent for selling so many tickets, and more than could be comfortably accommodated. He answered, with a complacent smile, "There is plenty of room sir." This expression reminds me, now a-days, of our city railroad conductors.

I looked at the man with a stern face, as much as to say, "Do you think I am a fool, or do you intend to lie?" Well, he merely pushed the tail of my overcoat in after me and closed the door. The whip cracked and away we went—now-a-days, the whistle blows and away we fly.

With considerable fuss I nestled myself down in one corner, and felt as if I would not speak to a human being for the next seventy years. I strictly adhered to my morose resolution for a few hours, by keeping my eyes fixed on a small window by my side, and observing through it the gloomy aspect of the weather. At length I was startled by a heavy sigh and a suppressed groan issuing from a bunch of overcoats and blankets at my side. I turned and looked at it, and could just discern the features of a young man, at least he looked so to me. In the course of an hour he removed a portion of his blankets and shawls, and turning a pair of tearful eyes upon me, asked how far it was to the stopping place. If for a moment I had been affected by the sorrowful look of his face, I now felt my "damned" rise at a question so unreasonable. "Did he take me for an idiot, that I should know everything and everybody's business, or for a coach driver, who knows by experience all the laid marks of the road, and can calculate by the supposed distance, how far and how long he must drive before he can get his next dram?"

"I don't know, sir," I replied, emphatically, as I gave him a look black as a thunder cloud.

"Murdered—I have no doubt of it, for he has not been seen since this morning, and I put him in there to sleep last night.— You must give some account of him," he said to me.

"I can't do it, sir. I know nothing about him. I did not know the man was in the room, nor do I know who he was." On inquiry, it turned out to be the man who had sat beside me in the coach. That the man was gone, and that he had left his baggage was no mistake; but how or when he went was the query.

All the passengers were still there, and among them the opinion was universal that I had murdered the man. A magistrate was sent for, and an officer of the peace, to take me into custody. The old squire was a half-German, and looked about him with a grave and dignified glance, and I have no doubt, felt as if he were about to try me for murder. When a constable arrived, he took me under his special care, and he, too, felt an immense responsibility resting upon his shoulders, and guarded me with the strictest vigilance. In vain I protested against the unnecessary care, and declared I would not run away if he desired me to. But he, of course, would not believe me, but set me down as a consummate, daring villain.

Search was made in every direction for the body, but the only trace they could find was at spot on a little creek, just above the house, where the ice had been broken, and where there was fresh blood found. There were tracks of a horse, but they were partially covered by the snow, and not enough remained to be of any use.

The trial was over, and the jury, after a few hours' deliberation, found me guilty of murder in the first degree. I began to wonder then whether I was guilty or not, and whether I would be sentenced to be hung. My neck felt peculiar and frequently I put up my hand to ascertain its size. I felt as though the whole thing was a farce, or I was in a long and fearful dream. But it now seemed to me that reason was leaving me, and I could not properly comprehend my perilous situation.

After the verdict of guilty, I was conveyed to prison, and in two weeks brought out for sentence. The judge delivered a long and impressive speech, recommending me to the mercy of Heaven, and sentenced me to be hung at about two months from that date. He was just reminding me to prison to await my terrible doom, when there was a rustling at the door, and a man in the highest state of excitement rushed up to the bar. I looked at the excited individual a moment, and thought I had seen him before. I taxed my brain, and all of a sudden the truth flashed on my mind.— He was the murdered man! I sank back in my seat exhausted and overcome, and for a few moments was insensible.

The man still stood at the bar, pale as death, but could not say a word. There was a commotion in the court-house, but no one could tell the cause. Every one knew there would be a terrible revelation, and because I faintly remembered it to the fact that I knew but only add to my guilt. He turned and looked me full in the face, without saying a word; and when I had properly recovered, I rose up, and signified my desire to speak. Then all was still; a pin could have been heard drop.

"That is the man I am charged with having murdered!" I said, pointing to ward him. The court started, the lawyer sprung to his feet, and the whole audience was in the greatest consternation.

"Up and on! The light shines on yonder topmost rock of the ravine. Old Taylor's eye is on the rock, and there we will fight our way, or die in the old man's sight!"

"It was a murderous way, that path up the steep banks of the ravine! Littered with dead, slippery with blood, it grew darker every moment with Mexicans, and the defenders of the wounded here fell one by one into the chasm yawning all around."

"Then it was that gathering up his dying frame—armed with supernatural vigor Clay started from the arms of his supporters, and stood in the light of the sun. It was a glorious sight which he saw there, amid the rolling battle clouds; Santa Anna's formidable army hurled back into the gorge by Taylor's little band. But a more glorious thing it was to that dying man, standing, for the last time, in the light of the sun; which never again shall guide his feet to victory and to death."

"Leave me," he shrieked, as he fell back on the sod; "I must die, and I will die here! Peril your lives no longer; come! Go! there is work for you yonder!"

As this moment he looked like the old man. For his brow, high and retreating, with his blood-clotted hair waving back from his outline, was swollen in every vein as though his soul shrank from it, ere it fled forever. Lips set, broad, trait, hand firm, a gleam of his friends around him—he dashed into the Mexicans until his sword was wet, and his arm weary with blood.

"At least, with his thigh splintered with a ball, he gathered his proud form to his full height and fell. His face, set with agony, he bade his companions to leave him there to die. That ravine should be the bed of his glory."

"But gathering around him a guard of breasted steel—while two of them bore him tenderly along—these men of Kentucky fought around their fallen hero, and they hunched their swords and bayonets into the faces of the foe, they said, with every blow—Remember Henry Clay."

"It was wonderful to see how that name nerved their arms, and called a smile to the face of the dying hero—How it would have made the heart of the old man of Ashland throb, to have heard his name yelled along as a battle cry, down the shadows of that lonely pass."

The question is a temporary one, in the nature of things, for it is not to be presumed, that this blockade, if effected, will be tolerated and observed by landing and maritime nations—especially England. As soon as the latter power receives legal notice of it, we may expect a pretty energetic course on its part.

It may become a very important question of fact, and lead to many complications, whether the whole naval force at the command of the United States Government is capable of establishing an effective blockade of the immense coast of the Confederate States? The question will greatly enlarge its dimensions when Virginia, North Carolina, and Maryland, join the Southern Confederation.—Charleston Mercury.

A blockade must be existing in point of fact, and in order to constitute that existence, there must be a power present to enforce it. All decrees and orders declaring extensive coasts, and whole countries, in a state of blockade, without the presence of an adequate naval force to support it, are manifestly illegal and void, and have no sanction in public law. The ablest authorities all referred to a strict and actual siege of blockade. The language of Grotius is *oppidum obsidum vel portus clausum*, and the investing power must be able to apply its force to every point of the blockaded place, so as to render it dangerous to attempt to enter, and there is no blockade of that part where its power cannot be brought to bear. The definition of a blockade given by the convention of the Baltic powers in 1780, and again in 1805, and by the ordinance of Congress in 1781, required that there should be actually a number of vessels stationed near enough to the port to make the entry apparently dangerous. The government of the United States has uniformly insisted that the blockade should be effective by the presence of a competent force, stationed and present, at or near the entrance of the port; and they have protested with great energy against the application of the right of capture and confiscation to ineffectual or fictitious blockades.

Too Many Irons in the Fire.—The Detroit Free Press tells, in the following, how a countryman, visiting the city, attempted to carry two pigs under one arm, a coop full of chickens under the other, and a quart of eggs in his coat-tail pocket.

The Old, Hardened One. Bill was enebored on a meter near to experiment and Bill himself proposed that should try some whiskey. "Wal," said fyer-and-ague, "I don't chaw tobaker, but I jist kin drink you dead drunk in an hour." "Never!" shouted Bill, and they cut down, whiling the time away by playing checkers. Game after game and glass after glass passed, without the least apparent effect upon the stranger, while Bill showed a badly, soon not being able to tell the cards or even to handle them. At this stage pale face some remarking: "Wal, I guess as how you're drunk enough," and of you'll make me one drink, I'll mount up pony and be off." "What's you have?" said the clerk. "Got any brandy?" "Yes." "Got any red-eye?" "Yes." "Wal, a leetle of that. Any turpentine?" "Plenty." "About a spawful pat in, Any red pepper?" "Yes." "Shake in some; now, my boy, of you'll put in a leetle of that aquafortis I see up thar, I'll take my drink and be gone." "My—," grained Bill, "I should thank you would, I give it up. I'm beat. Don't drink that, stranger, you'll die, sum. I'll never say drink again, I swear I won't. Don't drink it." Amid the roars of the crowd, the pale gent mounted his pony and cantered away.