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THE CONSTITUTION AND THE LAWS—THE GUARDIANS OF OUR LIBERTY

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## SOUTH CAROLINA.

### WADE HAMPTON TO THE PEOPLE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Expecting to leave the State in a few days for an uncertain period, I cannot do so without expressing to my fellow citizens my profound sense of the honor given to me in the recent election for Governor. In returning my thanks to them for the late spontaneous and extraordinary manifestation of their kindness, it is due to them that I should state the reasons which induced me to decline to be a candidate. In the first place, the Convention which gave the election of Governor to the people, had with singular unanimity—though not in their public capacity—requested the distinguished gentleman who has been elected, to become a candidate for the office. This he consented to do, though doubtless at great personal inconvenience and a heavy sacrifice to his private interests. Under these circumstances, I was unwilling to do any thing that might cause a political contest in the State. I thought that no good could arise at home from such a contest, whilst it might do us infinite mischief abroad. The President of the United States had exhibited not only a strong disposition to protect the South from the radicalism of the North, but to re-instate us in our civil and political rights. I feared that my election—by embarrassing him in his labors and policy—might incidentally do harm to the State. Superadded to these considerations of a public character, deterring me from appearing as a candidate, there were others of a private nature no less strong.

My affairs, neglected for five years, imperatively demand my personal attention. Had I believed that my election as Governor could really benefit the State, or subserve any of her true interests, no sacrifice of a private nature, however great, would have deterred me from accepting that or any other position to which she might have called me; but regarding my nomination only as a compliment from some of my former comrades, I felt at liberty to decline, though deeply sensible of the honor paid to me by the nomination, and the manner in which it was received throughout the State. These reasons, which I hope you will understand and appreciate, impelled me to withdraw my name. Having given the reasons for the course I pursued, and expressed my thanks for your generous confidence in me, I should perhaps here close. But the evidence you have given of your kindness to and confidence in me—evidence as unexpected as it is gratifying—authorizes me, I trust without presumption, to add a few words of counsel.

For years past it has been the boast of our State that there was but one party within her limits. Commendable and vital as that state of affairs was during the war, it is scarcely, if at all, less so now. Every association of the past, ever duty of the present, every hope of the future, bid us still to stand "shoulder to shoulder." The work before us demands all the patriotism, all the courage, all the endurance of our whole people. Let no party strife, no minor issues, no petty politics, divert us from the great and pressing work of the hour. That of reanimating, as far as possible, our prostrate and bleeding State, and rehabilitating her as speedily as may be with the forms, the rights and the sanctity of government and of law.

The bark which was launched a few years ago, amid such joyous acclamations, which was freighted with such precious hopes, and which was wuffed on by such earnest prayers, has suffered shipwreck. It behooves us as wise men, to build of its broken timbers, as best we may, a raft, whenever we may hope to reach a haven of rest and safety.

It may be that when the forms of government are restored and freedom of speech allowed us, your late convention will be subjected to harsh criticism and its action impugned. Should such unhappily be the case, remember that you, the people of South Carolina, accepted this convention as part and parcel of the terms of your surrender. The President had no shadow of

authority, I admit—under the constitution of the United States—to order a convention in this or any other State; but, as a conqueror, he had the right to offer, if not to dictate, terms. The terms offered by him you have accepted, and you are bound by every dictate of honor and manliness to abide by them honestly, and to keep in good faith the pledges you have given. I do not myself concur fully in all the measures adopted by the convention; but I shall cheerfully acquiesce in the action it took to carry out faithfully the terms agreed on, and I willingly accord to it high praise for the manner in which it discharged its arduous and unwelcome labors. No similar body ever represented more largely than it did the dignity, the learning, the virtue and the patriotism of the State, and I am sure that it was actuated by pure and high motives.

Entertaining these views, I think that it is our duty to sustain the action of the Convention in recognizing the abolition of slavery, to support the President of the United States so long as he manifests a disposition to restore all our rights as a sovereign State, and to give to our newly elected Governor a cordial co-operation in his grave and responsible duties. Above all, let us stand by our State—her record is honorable, her escutcheon untarnished. Here is our country—the land of our nativity, the home of our affection. Here all our hopes should centre; here we have worshipped the God of our fathers; here amid charred and blackened ruins, are the spots we once fondly called our homes; and here we buried the ashes of our kindred. All these sacred ties bind us to our State, and they are intensified by her suffering and her desolation.

And, as a child, when rearing sounds molest,  
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast;  
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar  
But bind us to our native land the more.

I trust that you will pardon me for thus venturing to counsel you. Believe me, that it is in no presumptuous feeling that I do so, but solely in an honest, sincere and humble hope of contributing my mite to the welfare and honor of our State. What I have said has been evoked by your recent manifestations of kindness to me. This I shall cherish as one of the proudest recollections of my life, for it assures me of your belief that I have tried to do my duty. It only remains for me, in bidding you farewell, to say, that whenever the State needs my services she has only to command and I shall obey. I am, very respectfully and gratefully, your fellow citizen.

WADE HAMPTON.

### THE JAMAICA INSURRECTION—A GRAPHIC ACCOUNT.

A Havana letter to the New York Times gives an interesting and graphic description of the insurrection in Jamaica. The scene of disturbance was near Morante Bay. The first alarm was given by a letter, dated October, read in the Commercial Exchange of Kingston, from Hon. W. P. Georges, of Morante Bay, announcing that the writer was wounded by two bullets in the legs, and the Hon. Baron Von Kettelhardt, the Magistrate of St. Thomas-East, Dr. Gerard, C. Price, S. Cook and Rev. Mr. Herschell, had been killed. The Baron is afterward mentioned as arriving in Kingston on a steamer; so he escaped at least with his life. The beginning of the outbreak is thus described:

On the 7th it was said that the people were greatly enraged, especially at an arrest. Sunday passed, and on Monday the magistrates issued warrants for the arrest of twenty persons who had figured on Saturday in the rescue; but the police were overpowered and secured with their own handcuffs, being held as hostages. On the next day three hundred men, armed with swords, held a secret meeting in the Baptist Chapel. Previous meetings had been held the night before at the house of a man named Grant, called by the insurgents Captain Grant.

The magistrates wrote at once to the Governor of Spanish Town, and also to Bath, for a company of volunteers. The volun-

teers arrived on Wednesday, which was the day for the sessions. All was tranquil till three o'clock, and the magistrates were about to retire for refreshments, when a cry of "woman was heard; " Here the people are coming." From the windows of the court house could be perceived a furious mob, of four or five hundred persons, rushing down the main street to the police station. In they rushed, seized the guns, swords and powder, and triumphantly hurried on to the court house. The local magistrate caught up the "Riot Act," which he read amidst a storm of stones and bricks; the volunteers were ordered to fire, and when the smoke rolled away several of the rioters were seen dead or wounded.

Then came a momentary pause, when the mob rushed furiously on the handful of volunteers, who fought bravely. Over the railing climbed the assailants, and an obstinate effort was made to break open the door. In the meantime the volunteers had succeeded in retreating into the building, and set to work to barricade it, trying also to save the portrait of Sir Charles Metcalf from the conflagration, with which the edifice and school house were threatened. Every soldier who looked out of the windows was received with bullets, which he returned. The school house was soon in flames, but the wind for the time saved the court house. Two of the magistrates who tried to escape through a window were at once killed by the besiegers. In this confusion each member of the court tried to escape as he could. All took refuge in the fort when it was discovered that the few volunteers who defended it had been overcome. The roof was now on fire. At the request of Rev. Mr. Herschell a prayer was offered up. Scarcely was it concluded, when the bullets came dashing through the windows, wounding the stipendiary magistrate, the Hon. Mr. Georges, and the child of the inspector.

Down came the roof; and to leave the place was imperative. Mr. McCommark was dashed to pieces against a cannon lying on the steps. Another rushed out with a sword, whilst the mob shouted, "Now we have the Baron, kill him! kill him!" And loud shouts announced their satisfied vengeance. Others perished; and after having mutilated the Inspector, they were going to kill his child, but some women succeeded in saving it. The tongue of the clergyman was cut out, and the Baron's fingers were similarly treated. The volunteers fought well, and dearly sold their lives. Not New Zealanders or Indians could have shown more cruel ferocity than the insurgents.

The storm of riot then rushed on to the district of the valley, and news of the atrocities there committed soon arrived. Great numbers of refugees had arrived at Kingston.

In Hordley the government house was attacked. In it a number of women and children had sought a refuge. The inhabitants at once armed themselves with revolvers and other weapons, boldly withstood the rioters, and killing some, had succeeded in holding others at bay. From that locality the following dispatch was received by the Governor: "The rebellion increases. The court house is in flames. The women are in the government house. Help—troops. A gunboat can lie off Holland Bay. Do not lose time."

Troops were at once sent to the scene of confusion, and reinforcements as soon as possible, whilst the Governor hurried to the spot. Three hundred soldiers of the Sixth Royals arrived at Kingston from Newcastle, whilst the inhabitants of that place were being rapidly enrolled as volunteers, a troop of volunteer cavalry having already left for Rock Fort. As the Wolverine steamed out of Morante Bay, it met the Ardent, from Nassau, and directed her to proceed at once to Barbadoes for troops.

Forty of the insurgents have already been hanged, and so has the policeman who favored the escape of the rebel leader, Paul Boyle. This latter has surprised those who knew him, for he was always very sensible and one of the supporters of the acts

of the local committee, of which he was a member.

### THE MEXICAN MUDDLE.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune writes to that paper from El Paso, in the State of Chihuahua, on the 13th ultimo, and gives some late accounts of the more recent developments of the Mexican Muddle. From this correspondence we learn that the ex-President Juarez is at present at El Paso, where it is possible that he will remain for some time—at least until he is somewhere else. Marshal Bazaine, commanding the Imperial forces, has given orders to the officers under his command not to allow any detachment of French troops to approach the Rio Grande for fear of difficulties arising between them and the United States troops stationed along the Texas side of that river. In consequence of these orders Juarez will not be disturbed in his repose at El Paso.

A most touching instance of devotion to their lost liberties is reported as having been exhibited by a portion of the people of Chihuahua. A party of Liberals had celebrated the anniversary of the national independence from Spain in a chapel in that city. The church on the occasion, was hung in black, and all those who participated in the proceedings were clothed in mourning. The religious ceremonies were celebrated amid the tears of the congregation. In the afternoon a banquet was organized by the young men who had taken part in the services of the morning. The statue of Don Miguel Hidalgo, a celebrated ecclesiastic, who was prominent in the Mexican revolution of 1802, and who was taken prisoner by the Spanish troops and executed, was draped with the inscription, in black cloth, "16th of September, 1810."

Gen. Braincourt, the Imperial commander, on information of these proceedings, ordered the arrest of the young men, who were immediately conducted to prison. They were afterwards fined from ten to fifteen dollars for their exhibition of patriotism, and their pathway from the prison, on their release, was strewn with flowers by the ladies of Chihuahua. These popular funeral ceremonies were general throughout the city on the celebration of the establishment of the Empire. Whilst the Imperialists were holding high carnival in honor of the new government, the Liberals were keeping green the memory of Hidalgo, the republican martyr, by lowering flags to half-mast, and by other testimonies of popular mourning.

A Mexican paper announces that Oaxaca had been occupied by a body of Liberal troops under Gen. Diaz. Altogether the Mexican Muddle is beginning to wear a strange aspect.

### THE PRESENT STATE OF MEXICO.

Many Northern papers have all along announced the proximate downfall of Maximilian. His tenure of power was represented as insecure to the last degree, and the downtrodden Mexicans had all but succeeded in expelling the imperial intruder. The correspondent of the New York Daily News gives a very different account, however. By his account, any one not blinded by prejudice, cannot deny that a great activity prevails in all the branches of the civil and military services, and that the intention of pacifying Mexico, and of endowing it with sound institutions and enduring works, are among the chief characteristics of the present emperor. It has been said that a declining nationality could not be regenerated with decrees; that ink, paper, and imperial seals were powerless to restore peace and give impulse to commerce, agriculture and industry.

Maximilian's "decrees," however, imply something very different from Mexican "proclamations." When he issues a decree for the establishment of schools, schools are established; when he grants railroad concessions, railroads are built; when he orders the opening of ports, the reorganization of army and navy, the administration of judiciary and civil govern-