# The Norfolk Post.

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**THE NORFOLK POST**

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NORFOLK, VA.,

and sold to Dealers and News Boys at

THREE DOLLARS PER HUNDRED

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nov3—1m



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at the

Shortest Possible Notice.

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DONE TO ORDER

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FOR ALL KINDS OF

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TO SUIT

ANY TASTE.

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AND

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Kept constantly on hand and made to order, for Ladies Gentlemen and Children.

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AND

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on one and the same machine. Each stitch being

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making the seam secure and uniform.

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and can be used where quiet is necessary.

Its motions are all

POSITIVE;

there are no springs to get out of order, and its simplicity enables the most inexperienced to operate it.

IT WILL NOT OIL THE DRESS

of the operator, as all the machinery is on the top of the table.

IT IS THE MOST RAPID SEWER IN THE WORLD,

making five stitches to each revolution.

ITS STITCH IS THE WONDER OF ALL,

because of its combined

ELASTICITY, STRENGTH AND BEAUTY.

IT DOES THE HEAVIEST OR FINEST WORK

with equal facility,

WITHOUT CHANGE OF TENSION OR MACHINERY

Every machine has one of Jenck's patent hemmers attached (the right to use which we control), enabling the operator to turn

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There is no other machine which will do so large a range of work as the Florence.

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The needle is more easily adjusted than in any other machine.

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which

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Is the largest South of Baltimore, and our advantages superior to all others South.

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AND COTTON,
GLOVES,
HOSIERY, in all styles and varieties,
VALISES, Ladies' and Gentlemen's.

On hand,

One Hundred and Fifty Dozen

Negligee Shirts,

at Manufacturers' prices. Give us a call, and judge for yourself.

WILLIAM H. STINER,

nov3—1m Corner Store, No. 1 Main street.



The Norfolk Post.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1865.


## THE JAMAICA REVOLT.

Full Details of the Negro Atrocities—Eight Miles of Dead Bodies—The Revolt Deliberately Planned, but Prematurely Developed—An Ex-Magistrate and Member of Assembly at the Bottom of the Plot—All the Leaders Captured and Hanged—General Lamothe, Ex-President of Hayti, Implicated and Arrested—Living Men Disembowelled, Their Tongues Torn Out and Their Fingers Sawn Off—Prompt and Terrible Retribution—Nearly Two Thousand Negroes Shot or Hanged—Sketches of the Principal Assassins—The Religious Orgies of the Murderers—Horrible Chapter of Blood.

### FULL HISTORY OF THE REVOLT.

To-day we give a full history of the recent revolt in Jamaica. We have already shown that the whirlwind was sown by a Doctor Underhill. This partisan got up public meetings in every direction of the country, at which all manner of wild talkings about "oppressions" and "wrongs" were indulged in and strong resolutions passed, in which they sought to endorse the statements of their apostle in his letter to the Colonial Secretary. Then "Underhill conventions" became formed, and—as has come out since the rebellion—a secret society entitled the African Liberation Society. We quote the following from the Jamaica *Standard*:

One of the prime movers in all these things was Mr. George William Gordon, a large landed proprietor, and a member of the lower branch of the legislature of the country. Mr. Gordon, in wild, intemperate, senseless zeal, traveled from one part of the country to the other, beating up the forces of the Underhill party, and loudly preaching up the doctrines that Dr. Underhill had enunciated to the Secretary of State. The press warned him that he was pursuing a course that was fraught with danger, that could be productive of nothing but evil. But he still held on his mad and unwise course until, going on from folly to crime, he preached sedition.

As a member of the Legislature this man represented the parish of St. Thomas in the East in the Assembly. His influence among the lower classes of that parish was unhappily very great. In that parish the sect of native Baptists abound. Gorgon gave great encouragement to these people. He had himself recently become a Baptist, by which his influence among them became more firmly established. He preached to them, and had several chapels, which seemed to have been placed under the special charge of a black American by the name of Warner—an uneducated, unprincipled character—with whom was associated a notorious savage, brutal, bloodthirsty wretch, by name Paul Bogle, who resided in the neighborhood of a dark glen called Stony Gut. This was Bogle's headquarters; here he had a chapel, here the most terrible scenes of the revolt were enacted.

THE RINGLEADERS.

From information that has since come into possession of the government it would appear that as early as 1864 associations had been formed at St. Thomas in the East, at the instigation and direction of William Grant, a saddler at Morant Bay, and that among the principal officers holding various ranks, Paul Bogle appears to have been the chief, the proprietor and officiating minister of a certain negro chapel at Stony Gut, where the meetings were held, and which place was ultimately fortified as a garrison for the insurgents who congregated there. For the sake of brevity we give these rebels' names and offices in a compact form:

Commander-in-Chief—Paul Bogle, of Stony Gut negro chapel, a Baptist parson.

Captain General—Buie, Morant Bay, a Baptist preacher.

Secretary—George Craddock.

Assistant Secretary—Wm. McLaren.

Captains—William Grant, saddler; Moses Bogle, Duncan Stewart, George Clarke, Paul Bogle's son-in-law; Geo. McIntosh, carpenter; William Chisolm William Miles.

Ringleaders—William Ward, David Copeland, James McLaren, Baptist preacher; James Mitchell, London Missionary Society's teacher; Thomas Walker, Charles Flemings, Leith Hall estate; Lewis Stewart, Thomas Taylor, James Walker and Jack Diley.

From every one who became a member of this secret society an oath was extorted as to a promise of secrecy and a combination with them, under pain of immediate death.

OUTBREAK OF THE INSURRECTION.

On Saturday, the 7th of October, 1865, a Court of Petty Sessions was held at Morant Bay. While the business of the court was being proceeded with a great noise arose in the court house, which increased to such a pitch as to compel a temporary suspension of the proceedings. The justices ordered the party making the disturbance to be brought before them, upon which one Charles Geoghegan (a head rioter) left the Court House, followed by the police, who captured him on the steps. He was immediately rescued by one Paul Bogle and several other persons, who had large bludgeons in their hands, and taken into the Market square, where some one hundred and fifty more persons joined them, also with sticks. The police were severely beaten, and had to retire to the Court House without their prisoner. On Monday, the Court of Petty Sessions again meeting, and proceeding with the business, a man named Lewis Dick was tried for trespass. As soon as the case of trespass was called some one hundred and fifty persons, the same who rescued Geoghegan, entered the Court House with sticks. The magistrates convicted Lewis Dick on his own plea of guilty. Paul Bogle immediately came forward and told the man not to pay any fine, but to appeal, which he did, and entered into the necessary recognizance. On Monday, the 9th, warrants were issued against Paul Bogle and twenty-seven others for riot and assault on the Saturday. On the police going to Paul Bogle's house and attempting to arrest him a horn sounded, and about three hundred persons, armed with deadly weapons, made their appearance from Paul Bogle's chapel and a cane piece near to his house Three policemen and one constable were placed in custody and taken into Paul Bogle's house, where they were threatened that unless they took an oath to forsake the white and brown people and join their assailants they would be immediately put to death. Fearing that Paul Bogle would carry out his threats they took the oath, which oath was administered by Paul Bogle. The police did not return until the following day, Tuesday.

THE FIRST SHOT FIRED.

What had taken place at the execution of the warrants was communicated to the Custos, Baron von Ketelhodt, who had just returned to the parish. The police further stated that the people were gathering in great numbers at Stony Gut, and that when they left there were over six hundred persons under arms; that shells were blowing in every direction, and that they were informed the people intended coming to Morant Bay on the following day, Wednesday. On this information the Custos sent off to the volunteers at Bath, and also an express to the Governor requesting that troops might be dispatched without delay, as he feared a rebellion on the following day. The despatch was not received by the Governor until eight o'clock Wednesday. On Wednesday the vestry met and proceeded with their business. About four o'clock P. M. drums were heard, and after this the rebels made their appearance. The volunteers were drawn up in line before the court house, eighteen in number. The Custos, who stood on the steps, exhorted the people, some six hundred, armed with deadly weapons, not to enter the square, and stated that if they had any grievances to complain of to say so, and it should receive redress. They, however, persisted in coming into the square, upon which the Custos read the Riot act. By this time the mob had come within a few yards of the volunteers, firing a volley of stones at the volunteers. Captain Hitchins then gave orders to fire. The most murderous attacks were then made on every one coming in reach of the rebels. The volunteers being overpowered took refuge in the court house, where the Custos, magistracy, clergy and other gentlemen were. Finding that these parties had taken shelter, they smashed the windows to atoms, firing continually into the court house, when the volunteers returned their fire, doing good service.

ATTEMPTS AT PACIFICATION.

About half-past five o'clock the court house was fired. The Custos then put out a flag of truce by advice of the Clerk of the Peace. The rioters asked what it meant, and were answered peace. They said they did not want peace, they wanted war. A second flag of truce was put out, with no better effect, the rebels crying out war, war! On the roof of the court house falling in through the fire that had been set to the premises, the Custos and other gentlemen burst open the doors and ran down the steps, the rebels attacking them in every direction.

THE FIRST MURDERS.

A cry was raised that the steamer was in sight, and eager eyes were turned towards the place where she was supposed to be, but only to be averted again in disappointment. Mr. Arthur Cooke and Mr. Walton, who attempted to escape through a window, were both killed; all the rest took refuge in the house at the fort, when it was ascertained that several volunteers had fallen. The late Custos then asked if any one would go out and speak to the mob. None ventured to do so; and while they were consulting, the roof was discovered to be on fire. At the suggestion of the Rev. Mr. Herschel a prayer was being offered, when shots came pouring in through the window, which caught his Honor the Custos, a child of Mr. Inspector Alberga and the Hon. Mr. Georges. Mr. Herschel then bandaged the wound of Mr. Georges with his clerical neck-tie; the burning roof fell in, and the inmates were compelled to rush out. Mr. McCormack was chopped to pieces on one of the guns at the steps of the court house.

BARON KETELHOLDT AND HIS COMPANIONS BUTCHERED.

The Custos was armed with a sword which he took up. Each endeavored to save himself. The mob cried, "Now we have the Baron; kill him," and loud shouts announced that the deed had been done. Dr. Gerard was then called to come out, the mob protesting that they would save him. Mr. McPherson and another concealed themselves, but were soon discovered and assaulted. Mr. McPherson, C. V., is since dead. The unfortunate victims were then killed in detail under circumstances of great atrocity. Dr. Gerard was then discovered and came forth, Mr. Ratty clinging to him. The latter was, however, torn away and cut down. Captain Hitchins, who had behaved with undaunted bravery, was seriously wounded at last, and faint with the loss of blood, threw his arms round Dr. Gerard's neck, and was despatched in that position.

After Mr. Alberga was butchered, the mob were about to murder his already wounded child, when some woman interfered and saved the poor innocent. Mr. C. A. Price was murdered almost at the same time with Mr. Alberga, notwithstanding the efforts made by one William Donaldson to save him. This man, we must observe, deserves the greatest praise for the superhuman but unfortunately unavailing exertions which he used to save the lives of the victims. Dr. Gerard owed his safety in a great measure to this man's interference. After a series of most eccentric acts, stealing nearly everything in the way of valuables and money from some houses, and sparing others, taking the watches and money of the murdered persons, and saving some and despoiling others, the mob retired from town a little before the Wolverine hove in sight. The volunteers behaved with great gallantry, and sold their lives dearly. Ammunition failing, they were nearly all destroyed, the very few survivors having been most dangerously wounded.

MUTILATION OF THE DEAD.

Mr. Herschel's tongue was cut out, and the fingers of the Baron's hand were cut off, the murderers observing that they would write no more lies to the Queen. The Clerk of the Peace concealed himself beneath the pillars of Dr. Gerard's dispensary, and so saved himself. The conduct of the mob was marked with cruelties only paralleled in the history of Indian or New Zealand warfare. The mob abstained from liquor, but it was well ascertained that they partook of a mixture of rum and gunpowder the day previous to their butchery.

AN INCIDENT OF THE MASSACRE.

Stewart, who struck a fatal blow at the late lamented Mr. Hitchins, went afterwards to Bath, where that gentleman's lady resided, and accosted her thus. "Are you Mrs. Hitchins?" On receiving an answer in the affirmative from the trembling lady, he caught hold of both her shoulders, and shaking her rudely, added, "Well, I killed your husband, and I am come to ask you to forgive me. Do you forgive me?" "Yes, I do," she gasped with an agonizing look at her poor infant, who was near by within reach of the ruffian's grasp. "You lie!" he replied, shaking her with more violence than before; "go down on your knees and tell it me." Apprehension for her child vanquished the repugnance she felt at the mere sight of the heartless murderer. What she would have suffered death for, rather than consent to on any other occasion, she did for the sake of the little innocent. Sinking to the abject position he ordered, the poor lady repeated, "I forgive you; as God is my judge, I do; but save my poor child, whose father you have killed!" Half doubtful, Stewart looked once more at the prostrate form before him. His fingers clutched, as if ready to tear their prey; his features lowered with an expression of savage hate, at the sight of which the widow mother's heart was ready to sink within her; but, struck apparently by some after-thought, he bid her rise and go away with her child, adding, with a significant look after them as they left, "If I could only believe you did not forgive me, I would kill you both!" A very short time after this occurrence Stewart was taken, and received the traitor's doom on the gallows.

CONTINUED ATROCITIES.

At Duckenfield estate the rebels destroyed the great house and barracks with bludgeons and cutlasses. Some of them set fire to the rum store, but the flames were speedily extinguished by others, who stated they must on no account fire the works or buildings of any estate, as they would be required by-and-by. All the liquor found was forthwith imbibed or taken away—the very beds and mattresses being cut and torn to pieces, so as to render them of no value thereafter. Proceeding thence to Amity Hall Estate's works, the rebels went through the same routine of depredation and destruction. With fiendish yells and shouts they rushed up to the great house, vowing vengeance on Mr. Augustus Hire. The nearer they approached the house the louder became their savage cries. On entering the dwelling they were met by Stipendiary Justice Thomas Witter Jackson, who, after addressing a few words to them, was ordered to hold his tongue. He was immediately cruelly beaten and left by the cowardly scoundrels for dead. The next victim was a worthy old gentleman named Crichton, on whom they perpetrated great cruelties, leaving him in a like condition as that of Mr. Jackson. Mr. Hire and his son next fell under the clutches of these demons; both were beaten and chopped mercilessly, to the satisfaction of their relentless assailants. Then commenced the pillage of the stores; after which, returning to the house, the rebels found Mr. Jackson had been placed in a bed in which Dr. Crowdy was also lying dangerously ill. With another yell they at once set fire to the bed, with the view of burning Mr. Jackson alive; but ere the flames had gained way they were quickly extinguished, as the rebels stated they must save the doctor's life, he having sworn to be on their side, and not to dress the wounds of any white man. With renewed shouting they then proposed to go on to Holland estate, but this was overruled by the majority, who exclaimed "No, Hordley is nearer, and we saw a lot of the damned Scotchmen there as we passed at dusk, as well as Mrs. Shortridge and her children, and as we cannot find Shortridge we must murder his wife and children and get rid of the breed." Some fifty of the Hordley people, with faithful, humane and honest hearts, met them at the foot of the hill, stating they would not permit them to come to the estate. They thereupon told the Hordley men, some of whom instantly brought the information to Mr. Harrison that if he would give up Mrs. Shortridge and her children they would not proceed further. It need hardly be added the monstrous proposal was declined. During this parley several of the Hordley men rushed back to the great house, taking Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Shortridge, the children and the several ladies to different places of safety, where they concealed them, at the same time secreting all the other refugees. They then returned to the rebels and accompanied them to Hordley, apparently taking great interest in ferreting out their wished for victims, but in truth taking them in every direction save that where the ladies and children were secreted. The rebels perpetrated a scene of pillage similar to that pursued at other places, and emptying the stores. The door of the room which contained those at Hordley was defended by a brave and noble African, named James Duffus, who sank at his post only after he had received a cutlass wound on his arm, which disabled him.

HELP AT HAND.

Thus closed the second day's work of the rebels, who appeared to be done up with excitement and exhaustion, as little noise was made by them; besides they knew something capable of reducing them to soberness: some of their number engaged in plundering Bowden's house had been disturbed by a couple of shells from a thirty-two pounder on board the gunboat Onyx, exploding among them and killing several.

Saturday morning called the rascals, men and women, to a reckoning they did not anticipate. Troops were landed at Bowden, one party of whom marched towards Golden Grove, while the rest took the road through Bath, meeting at the grove. These collected all the whites and colored on their line of march who desired protection, escorting them to the gunboat anchored at Bowden. The rebellion had proved an entire failure.

ATTACKED BY THE MILITARY.

The bitterness of disappointment was too visible in the countenances of the negroes on Saturday morning, as the military reached Golden Grove and attacked in earnest the rebels assembled there. A report was prevalent among the people that the military would side with them, but they soon discovered their fatal mistake. The rebels were surrounded and either made prisoners or shot down. As the escort moved along Pleasant Hill towards Bowden, several rebels showed themselves on the mountains, brandishing their cutlasses in defiance, little knowing they were within range of the soldiers' rifles, which speedily laid them on their backs in mortal agony.

MAKING SHORT WORK WITH THE ASSASSINS.

The following despatch is from Col. Hobbs:

JIGGER FOOT MARKET, BLUE MOUNTAIN VALLEY,
Nine miles advance of the Monkland,
October 19, 1865.

SIR—I have the honor to bring to the knowledge of your Excellency that I marched at half-past eleven last night for the rebel stronghold "Stony Gut." About daylight this morning, in passing through this village or cross roads (where the rebels had destroyed everything) I found a number of special constables who had captured a number of prisoners from the rebel camp. Finding their guilt clear, and being unable to either take or leave them, I had them all shot.

I have Paul Bogle's valet for my guide, a little fellow of extraordinary intelligence. A light rope tied to the stirrups, and a revolver now and then to his head, cause us thoroughly to understand each other; and he knows every single rebel in the island by name and face, and has just been selecting the captains, colonels and secretaries out of an immense gang of prisoners just come in here, whom I shall have shot to-morrow morning. One of the famous leaders and rebels rejoicing in the honored name of Arthur Wellington, is among them, and three others.

Martial law having been proclaimed throughout the county of Surry (Kingston excepted), courts martial were speedily assembled for the trial of all the rebels apprehended. Their sittings commenced on the 14th.

ARREST OF GORDON.

On Tuesday, the 17th of October, a body of armed policemen, escorted by the Kingston Volunteer troop, proceeded to the wharf premises occupied by Mr. George William Gordon. The premises were quickly surrounded and forced open, when a coolie servant of Mr. Gordon was taken up, and the papers and documents seized. Mr. Gordon was not found there. The Clerk of the Peace, accompanied by a proper force of officers, went on to Cherry Garden, where also another ineffectual search was made. A guard being left at Cherry Garden, the Clerk of the Peace proceeded to Headquarter's House, in this city, where Mr. Gordon was brought in and surrendered to the warrant.

On the 21st of October he was convicted, and on the 23d inst., he was hanged. On the fatal morning the prisoner rose early, and asked for a basin of water to bathe his face and hands, which was given to him by order of the Provost Marshal. While bathing himself he said, "Should my life be spared I shall never again meddle with politics." A cup of tea was then given him, which he drank. It was evident, up to that time, that the wretched man had no idea of his earthly career coming so near a close. Shortly after his tea, his doom was announced to him, the effect of which was forcibly apparent on his pale and emaciated countenance. He then asked for half an hour, which was granted to him, and which he employed in reading a couple of chapters in the Bible and writing a short note to his wife. After doing so he was marched under a strong guard of the Sixth Royal regiment to the place of execution. With an apparently firm step, but a sorely troubled mind—if the face is an index of the same—he mounted the ladder placed beneath the centre arch of the burnt court house—the rope hanging from the same—and stood on the barrel prepared as a trap board. Standing thereon, gazing beneath him on the loyal hearts assembled, as well as the prisoners paraded to witness the doom he so justly merited, and on eighteen of his brothers in crime who were hanging below. On his arms and legs being held to be pinioned he handed his spectacles to a sailor of the Wolverine. The Provost Marshal then uttered the words, "Sentenced to be hanged;" the order was given, "Pull away," and the traitor was launched into eternity. Thus perished George William Gordon, member of the Assembly and ex-magistrate, a victim of the seditious doctrines he had himself so freely disseminated. He struggled fully fifteen minutes.

PAUL BOGLE.

This notorious rebel was brought into Morant Bay about eleven o'clock on the Tuesday following George William Gordon's execution. He came in escorted by a large body of Maroons. The greatest excitement prevailed in Morant Bay when it was positively ascertained that the monster had really fallen into our hands and was soon to meet the punishment he so justly merited. In appearance he was a man between forty-five and fifty years old, black, with thick, heavy, reddish lips, blurred eyes and very much pitted with small-pox. His sullen countenance and dogged manner bespoke him a man capable of committing all the atrocities with which he was charged. At about one o'clock of the same day he was placed on his trial, and entered into no defence whatever, except a few questions in the form of cross examination.

Moses Bogle, Paul's brother, was placed along with him for trial, and portrayed the same sullen and dogged appearance. He was severely wounded by a brown man named Bothwell, who captured him, and who also received a severe wound on the right arm. Moses Bogle was what is generally termed a yellow negro, taller and stouter than Paul, with large, heavy whiskers.

Old Buie, the captain general of the rebel forces, was also tried and condemned on the same day. He was a man, we should suppose, bordering on sixty-five years of age, short, thin and remarkable in his appearance from the gray beard which he wore. On the same day these three rebels—the principal ringleaders in the massacre—were executed at five o'clock, P. M., on the ruins of the old court house—Paul hanging in the centre, Moses on the left, and Buie on the right—all hanging on the centre arch of the burned building. Beneath them were fourteen others hanging. Neither of the three uttered one word after condemnation, but met their doom with an indifference painful to behold.

THE MAROONS.

Too much cannot be said in the praise of this valuable body of auxiliaries to our regulars and volunteers. As soon as it was known that the government required their services one and all volunteered and came to our help, giving us that assistance which we so much needed as regards bushranging, a service that would have proved peculiarly harassing to the military forces of the country. Completely covered with green bushes, they lie concealed until the foe is within their grasp, when, with the spring of a tiger, they bound forward, and never fail in their capture.

The company of Maroons, under command of Captain Briscoe, himself a Maroon, had the pleasure of capturing Bogle. The notorious Paul was sur-