

# THE GREENVILLE ENTERPRISE.

Devoted to News, Politics, Intelligence, and the Improvement of the State and Country.

JOHN C. BAILEY, EDITOR & PROP.

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA, NOVEMBER 13, 1872.

VOLUME XIX—NO. 28

**SUBSCRIPTIONS** Two Dollars per annum. Advertisements inserted at the rates of one dollar per square of twelve lines (this size is type) or less for the first insertion, fifty cents each for the second and third insertions, and twenty-five cents for subsequent insertions. Yearly contracts will be made. All advertisements must be for the number of insertions marked on them, or they will be inserted till ordered out, and charged for. Unless ordered otherwise, Advertisements will invariably be "displayed." Obituary notices, and all matters pertaining to the benefit of any one, are regarded as Advertisements.

**PURE LIBERTY WHITE LEAD.** Buy the Best—It is the Cheapest. To Consumers of White Lead Everywhere.

**UNEQUALLED.** 1st. For Wearing and Covering Properties. 2d. For Whiteness and Beauty of Finish. 3d. For Uniform Fineness of Grinding. 4th. Same Weight will do more and better work, at a given cost, than any other. 5th. Most Economical White Lead ever introduced. 6th. If you wish to procure as much value as possible for your money and secure handsome and durable work, use

**Pure Liberty White Lead.** Try it and be convinced. Satisfaction guaranteed. **WHOLESALE AGENTS, GOWER, OX & MARKLEY, DEALERS IN Coach Materials, Paints, Oils, Glass, Putty, &c., GREENVILLE, S. C.**

**A NEW ENTERPRISE!** THE PALMETTO SHOE FACTORY! GOWER, MILLS & CO.

HAVING supplied themselves with the best and most skillful manufacturers, together with a full supply of the most approved machinery, and having accumulated a large stock of superior leather from their "Buckhorn Tannery," are prepared to supply the trade with various styles of Men's, Women's and Boy's

**SHOES.** Their First-Class Work will be stamped with the name of the Firm, and warranted. **G. C. GOWER, H. I. McBRAYER, O. P. MILLS, GEO. HELDMAN.**

**DOORS, SASH AND BLINDS.** MOULDINGS, BRACKETS, STAIR FIXTURES, Builders' Furnishing Hardware, Drain Pipes, Floor Tiles, Wire Guards, Terra Cotta Ware, Marble and Slate Mantle Pieces.

**Window Glass a Specialty.** Circulars and Price Lists sent free on application, by **P. P. TOALE,** 20 Hayne and 43 Pinckney Sts., Charleston, S. C.

**ESTABLISHED 1835. GREENVILLE COACH FACTORY.** FALL AND WINTER TRADE, 1872-'73. THE public are notified that besides our usual supply of **VEHICLES,** we make several new and handsome styles of **ROCKAWAYS AND BUGGIES.** New and elegant styles **SPRING-WAGON BUGGIES,** for one and two horses. **WAGONS.** Our specialty. First-Class A, No. 1, Iron-Axle 1, 2, 3, 4 and 6-horse.

**FARM WAGONS** kept regularly in stock. **37 Years practical experience!** **GOWER, COX & MARKLEY.**

**NOTICE.** ALL persons indebted to the Estate of **W. H. HOVEY,** deceased, and those indebted to the late firm of **W. H. HOVEY & CO.,** are requested to make payment between this and the first day of December next. It being absolutely necessary to close the business of the Estate of the late **W. H. HOVEY,** those persons who neglect this notice will have their notes and accounts placed in the hands of an attorney for collection. **S. A. TOWNES.**

Miss Lida Abrams, Mr. James Copeland and his wife, Mrs. Catherine Copeland, and Mr. Silas M. Bailey, citizens of Laurens County, have died recently.

## REMINISCENCES OF PUBLIC MEN.

BY EX-GOVERNOR S. P. FERREY. [Continued from last week.]

**THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.** I started about the first of August, 1866, to attend the Philadelphia National Union Convention. At Bolton I met Governor Orr and General Harrison. We were joined by Judge Wardlaw and General McGowan at Columbia. In Columbia we were detained all one day, and I went to see my friends, the Hon. Robert Barnwell and Mrs. John LeConte. Mr. Barnwell gave me a great deal of prudent advice relative to the course to be pursued by the Southern delegates to the Convention. He thought we ought to be entirely passive and simply acquiesce in what was done. We ought not to speak unless it was to represent the condition of the South and the feelings of the Southern people. Prominence should be given to the Republicans in every thing, and the Democrats keep in the background.

At Chester we were gratified with meeting Judge Dawkins and his lady, and also his brother, Judge Dawkins, of Florida, and Col. Farrow, of Spartanburg. We had a beautiful supply of provisions and something to drink. Our journey to Richmond was very pleasant. There the omnibus carried us, against our understanding and earnest protestations, to the Exchange Hotel, instead of the Spotwood. In order to show our independence, and that we were not to be carried there by the omnibus driver saw proper to land us, we all determined to walk on to the Spotwood Hotel, where we were handsomely entertained till we took the night train for Washington. We arrived there about daylight, and stopped at Willard's. After going to headquarters of the Johnson Club to enroll our names as members of the Philadelphia Convention, we went to call on the President. His anti-reception room was full, and we had to wait several hours before getting an audience. In the mean time, we made the acquaintance of a great many delegates from the North-west, who were waiting, like ourselves, to see President Johnson. When we were ushered into the presence of His Excellency, he made us a short speech; told us he was very hopeful of the Convention, and that it was the most important Convention which had assembled since the adoption of the Federal Constitution. The President was looking remarkably well, and seemed in good spirits. I thought he had improved in every respect since I last saw him—his appearance giving the lie to all the slanders about his drinking. He is indeed a very wonderful man.

In the evening we took the train for Philadelphia, and had a very unpleasant ride in old cars filled to suffocation with delegates. All the way I heard the inquiry made, whether Vallandigham would be permitted to take his seat in the Convention? This surprised me very much. I thought all would be willing to receive any one who could give strength or bring influence to the Convention. I said, if Vallandigham was to be excluded on account of his Southern sympathies during the war, all the delegates from the Southern States ought likewise to be excluded. There was certainly more propriety in rejecting a rebel, than a mere sympathizer with rebels. We arrived in the city about midnight and took lodgings at the Continental Hotel. I had telegraphed from Columbia to reserve rooms for us. Thinking from the high sounding titles affixed to our names, that we were all gentlemen of fortune, the hotel keeper had reserved a magnificent private parlor adjacent to our sleeping apartments for us to receive our company in, and for which he charged us a round sum when our bills were footed up. A great many delegates and friends did, however, pay us the honor of calling to see us the next day, which was Sunday.

In the evening, Governor Orr was depicted by some of his Western friends to call on Mr. Vallandigham and urge on him the propriety of his not taking his seat in the Convention. The Governor requested me to accompany him, which I did; but at the same time, expressing myself decidedly hostile to the object of his mission. I thought it a great outrage for such a proposition to be made by a Southern man. We found Mr. Vallandigham in the midst of a large circle of friends, who had called at his room to see him. After chatting a while, he requested us to walk into another room, where Governor Orr briefly stated the object of his visit. He told Mr. Vallandigham that his withdrawal, for the sake of harmony, would redound to his popularity, and be appreciated by himself and foes. In reply, Vallandigham spoke for about an hour most admirably, eloquently and feelingly. He said the opposition to his taking his seat, came from men who had grievously injured him, and never could forgive him, although he had never harmed one of them. It was easier for an injured man to forgive an injury, than for the one inflicting the injury to forget it. He said his voluntary withdrawal from the Convention would be a confession of infamy on his part—that it would be an acknowledgment that his antecedents had been such as to render him unworthy of a seat with honorable and patriotic men! Moreover, he had been appointed by his constituents to represent them, and it would be an unworthy abandonment of his trust. If he was excluded for sympathizing with the South, how could Southern delegates be allowed to take their seats? He spoke of his exile and persecution during the war, and the course he had pursued. He said for two years his family were prisoners in their own house. His little son was threatened with assassination if he appeared in the streets! His wife never left her house except by a back street, to see her nurse! He told us that he would have been elected

Governor of Ohio whilst he was in exile but for the invasion of Pennsylvania and Ohio by the Confederate armies. President Davis had sent two gentlemen to see him, and one was a South Carolinian. He disclosed his plans to these gentlemen, and urged President Davis to make terms with the Federal Government whilst he had the power of doing so. That it was impossible ever to establish Southern independence. That the Democratic party North never would assent to disunion. That to all his intercourse, with them, he had only seen six men who were willing to have peace on terms of separation! He said notwithstanding this determination, they excited in every Southern victory, under the belief that the Federals would quit fighting if beaten back and make peace, and that peace would restore the Union.

Mr. Vallandigham said, with great correctness and emphasis, that if Johnson did not carry the Northern election that fall, the whole country stood in danger of being defeated by a terrible civil war. He explained how it would be brought about. If the Radicals were successful in the elections that fall, they would impeach President Johnson, and attempt to revolutionize the Government. If they still kept the Southern States out of the Union, and excluded their votes in the next Presidential election, we should have two Presidents, two Congresses and civil war. He was very confident of carrying Ohio that fall, but spoke contemptuously of the strength to be gained from the Republican ranks by any proposed coalition with that party. He said the accession from that party would not be enough to fill the offices of the State.

In the course of his very interesting remarks, he said if President Johnson had broken with the Radicals when Congress assembled, he would have carried one-half of the body with him. If he had broken with them when he vetoed the Civil Rights Bill, he could have carried one-third of the party, but now he would carry none with him. When he heard of Lincoln's death, he thought and said that Johnson would be the salvation of the country—Lincoln was a cunning, unprincipled joker, promising everything to everybody, and utterly regardless of his promises. Johnson was a man of firmness and principle—a Democrat and a Southern man. This was a great improvement on Lincoln.

Mr. Vallandigham was utterly opposed to breaking up the Democratic party, and expected yet to see them governing the country. He said he received more votes for Governor of Ohio than any candidate ever did before, and yet he had beaten one hundred and twenty thousand votes! The whole army, from Massachusetts, Connecticut and other States, was allowed to vote against him. Some of the soldiers boasted that they voted five times at the election!

I saw that he was determined to take his seat in the Convention, and I said to him, let your determination be known at once. The opposition will grow till your decision is known. I was anxious that he should take his seat, and thought it impolitic and cruel to exclude him. Governor Orr was in favor of excluding him, as he thought it would break up the Convention if he went into it! When the Governor found that the South Carolina delegation would not vote to exclude him, he proposed that we should not vote at all. This I vehemently opposed. Judge Dawkins and several other South Carolina delegates favored this proposition. I said it was unmanly, impolitic and ungrateful in the South, to pursue such a course towards a man who had made such sacrifices, and suffered so much for the South and in the cause of constitutional liberty. I became excited, and with a terrible oath, declared that, sooner than see Vallandigham treated so unjustly, the Convention might break up and go to hell! There was a person in the room at the time who seemed greatly shocked at my expression. The next morning he said to a friend of mine that he had travelled with me three or four days, and thought, from my sedate appearance, that I was a member of the church, and that my denunciation fell on his ears like a clap of thunder in clear sunshine.

I was very much impressed with Vallandigham's ability, firmness and patriotism. He was a great man, and talked like a man of genius. He looked better than he did when I first saw him in the Charleston Convention in 1860. Governor Orr said he was ambitious, selfish and egotistic. These are very apt to be the qualities of a politician, and even of a great statesman. Mr. Callahan had his full share of them. Cicero was the prince of egotists, and so was Demosthenes. In 1859 or 1860, before I had ever seen Vallandigham, I was so much pleased with one of his speeches in Congress, that I wrote to our member of Congress, Colonel Ashmore, to present my grateful thanks to him for his noble effort in favor of the South and constitutional liberty, and that it was the speech of a gentleman, a patriot and statesman. Mr. Vallandigham was so much pleased with the compliment, that he begged the letter of Colonel Ashmore to send his wife. Poor Vallandigham! how deeply I mourned his untimely and sad death.

[Continued next week.] The government sells a million of gold each Thursday, and buys a million in bonds each Wednesday of November. Fine North Carolina apples are selling in Pickens, at fifty cents a bushel. The valuable property known as the Columbia Hotel is advertised for sale at auction, on Tuesday, December 3. It is the most desirable piece of property in Columbia, and centrally located. General Wade Hampton will deliver a lecture in Alexandria, Virginia, within the next fortnight, on the life and character of General Lee.

## The Georgia Sensation—The Mysterious Doings in Appling County.

From the Macon Enterprise. Ghosts, Hobboblins and Unseen Spirits to the Front—Crockery, Pottery, Glassware and Butcher Knives—Burst of Corn, Smoothing Irons and Books Jumping Around the Floor—The Old Family Clock and Red-Hot Brickbat—Five Hundred People on the Ground—Full and Complete Particulars.

On Sunday afternoon, it will be remembered, we published a brief paragraph stating that strange and supernatural manifestations had taken place at Surrency, in Appling County, 100 and 26 miles from Macon, and about sixty miles from Brunswick. Mr. Surrency is a gentleman well-to-do in the world, and is universally regarded as one of the most honorable citizens of the county, and it would seem his house would be the last one ghosts would select in which to play mischief.

Soon after daylight Mr. Surrency came into the room and proceeded to tell from the beginning what had taken place up to that time. On Friday evening, a short while before dark, the family were greatly alarmed by sticks of wood flying into the house and falling about the floor, from directions they could tell nothing about, and without any human agency which could see or find out. The wood would fall before being seen, and what made the mystery more mysterious, the room in which the wood was falling had all its doors and windows closed. This was in the front room. Soon after dark they stopped falling and was succeeded by brickbats, which fell at short intervals throughout the night in every room in the house. Mr. Surrency, his wife, two grown daughters, Mr. Roberts, a clerk and a Baptist minister by the name of Blitch, were present, and with the exception of the minister, who got upon his horse and left, they all remained awake the whole night. Notwithstanding the windows and doors were tightly closed, and no opening left in any portion of the house the brickbats continued to fall; but although sometimes just missing, but not one struck any person.

**BOTTLES AND GLASS TAKE A HAND.** Soon after the bricks commenced falling, bottles, vases and glassware generally commenced jumping from their usual places, falling and breaking. Mr. Surrency seeing the destruction going on, directed a negro man to take four bottles containing kerosene oil out of the house and place them in the yard. No sooner had he set them down when one flew back, fell in the middle of the room, scattering the oil in every direction. The whole family saw this. It seemed to come down from the ceiling over head, and indeed everything else falling did so perpendicularly—that is to say came straight down from above. These strange antics continued with scarcely one minute interruption until daylight Saturday morning, when they ceased, leaving the house nearly bankrupt in crockery and glassware, and a large quantity of brickbats and billets of wood around the floor. That afternoon, or on Saturday, the 19th, they commenced again pretty much in the same manner, and doing about what had taken place the night previously. The family which had now been joined by many neighbors, watched every nook and corner of the house to detect, and, if possible, to unravel the mystery. But so quickly would pitchers, tumblers, books and others articles jump from their positions and dash to the floor the eye could not follow, and broken fragments were the first things seen, except in one instance, and that was a pan of water and some books; they were seen to start.

**CHAIRS, SHOES AND CLOTHING** were tumbling about the house as if the hand of a veritable witch or unseen devil was present. But the most inapplicable incident of this day was the escape of a lot of ordinary clothes hooks from a locked bureau drawer. They also fell on the floor, the drawer remaining tightly closed as usual. Nothing else of spiritual note occurred to-day. All got quiet at half past eight o'clock Saturday night.

**THE OPERATIONS OF SUNDAY.** As stated above, our special reporter arrived before daylight and heard the story of Mr. Surrency as above related. So soon as he got through with it he stepped up to the

**OLD FAMILY CLOCK** and was about relating how rapidly the hands had traveled the dial when the ghosts were about, on the previous day. All eyes were turned to it, and much to their astonishment the hands commenced running around at the rate of about five hours a minute. It was a thirty hour weight clock, and after seeing it run at this rate for a short while our reporter determined to at least solve this mystery. He stopped the clock, carefully examined the machinery, and found it not only in perfect order, but nothing whatever unusual, inside or out. He could not for the life of him see the slightest thing wrong about it.

**THE MAGNET THEORY.** It has been suggested that there may be a large magnet about or under the house, but magnets do not attract wooden substances, and, besides, while the clock was running at its rapid rate, Mr. L. had his watch in his pocket, which kept on its usual way, and was not in the least affected. He set the clock right, when it continued to keep correct time up to the time he left.

**A RED-HOT BRICKBAT.** Nothing else unusual occurred until seventeen minutes before twelve o'clock, when the performances reopened by a pair of scissors jumping from the table to the floor. At that time Mr. Lindenstruth was sitting in a chair, when, without the slightest premonition, a large brickbat fell with great force right beside him, breaking in two. He immediately picked up a piece of it and handed it to Mason, and both found it hot. Then taking up the other piece he tried two or three times to break it by throwing it on the floor, but failed. He then laid this second half on the sill of a window in the room, intending to bring it home. Resuming his seat near the front stoop, he was again startled by the piece he had placed on the window falling at his feet, and once more breaking into two pieces. He did not pick it up again. At twelve o'clock a smoothing iron jumped from the fire place about six feet into the room. It was replaced, and again jumped out. He noticed that the iron was also hot; but this may have been heated at the fire.

**A SHOWER OF CORN.** At about this time dinner was announced, when the family and many guests walked out to the table. Soon after being seated an ear of corn, apparently from the ceiling over head, fell between Mr. James Campbell, of Macon, and Mrs. Surrency; striking the floor with great force it broke in two, scattering the grains all round the room. Later in the day another ear of corn fell into another room, striking near Mrs. Barnes, a Northern lady, who at the time had an infant in her arms. Soon after this, whilst Mr. D. M. McGauley, Allen Walls, Robert R. Prestell, C. C. Eason, John M. Walls, J. W. Roberts and Daniel Carter, of that neighborhood, and Campbell, Lindenstruth and Macon were standing in the front room. They were at the time intently watching everything visible in the room, but none saw this until after vessel was broken.

**THE EXCITEMENT—EXTRA TRAIN.** So rapidly had the news spread, and so great was the excitement, the Macon and Brunswick Railroad dispatched an extra train on Sunday. It arrived at Surrency about three o'clock in the afternoon, with seventy-five people on board. But the ghosts, spirits, or whatever else they might be called, did not choose to give them any manifestations, and the train left in about an hour, taking most of them back. A few remained, however, determined to see into the matter. There were at least three or four hundred persons on the ground during Sunday, and up to the time our reporter left fully five hundred had visited the place.

**OTHER SIGNS AND WONDERS.** While all these things were going on in the house, the kitchen department was by no means idle. Butcher knives, skillets and crockeryware were falling around loose to the terror and horror of the cook. Another mysterious thing occurred on the first or second day. Little piles of sugar, totally unlike anything of the kind then used by the family, were found upon the floors of the residence. In one of these a few pins and steel pens were found. There were various other incidents of this totally incomprehensible mystery related to and seen by our reporter, but enough has already been given.

**WHAT IS IT?** No one who has yet visited the place can give any rational theory as to the agency which produces these strange sights. Mr. Surrency is a plain, old fashioned Georgia gentleman, and is greatly annoyed and disgusted with the whole proceedings. He peremptorily refused any compensation from any one of the two or three hundred persons who have eaten at his table. If they are produced by magnets they must be of a different kind from any ever known. We must leave the question to some one else for solution. At the time our Macon party left people were coming in from all directions, and we presume the excitement continued to-day unabated.

The Macon Telegraph contains an account of the mystery, fully corroborating the foregoing, and says that Mr. Surrency, whose house the demons, human or supernatural, have selected for their revelry, is a gentleman of most excellent character in his community. He is one of the leading men of Appling County, a quiet and good citizen, and has represented his county in the General Assembly of the State. He is the owner of one of the finest farms in the county, and is also agent for the Macon and Brunswick Road at No. 6. **THE HAUNTED HOUSE IN APPLING COUNTY, GEORGIA.** The spiritual minions and fiendish emissaries of His Santanic Majesty seem to persevere in their visitations upon the premises of Mr. Surrency, at No. 6, Macon and Brunswick Railroad. The following account of a few hours experience in this little branch house to pandemonium from which his majesty seems determined to expel Mr. Surrency, is furnished by Mr. W. C. Remsiart, of Jessup, for the Blackshear Georgian. He says: While there, one or two bricks and a piece of chamber crockery fell, but as we did not see them start, or while they were in motion, we were very much inclined to believe that they were thrown by some person. On Monday night, however, I went up again, and remained till Tuesday night. Up to dark Tuesday afternoon I saw nothing fall that could not have been thrown by some living person and so expressed myself to Mr. Surrency. Shortly after dark, however, Mrs. Surrency came into the parlor from the kitchen, and told Mr. Surrency that every one would have to leave the kitchen, as things were falling there at such a fearful rate that it would be dangerous to remain. Mrs. Surrency then took us all into the kitchen, where we saw several bottles and various other things that had fallen. As soon as we got into the kitchen things were heard to fall in the front room of the house, and the crowd went back. Knowing that things seldom fell where the crowd was, I took a seat and remained in the kitchen. While there I saw a tin pan start from the table and fall on the floor. Shortly afterward, Mrs. Surrency was cutting a piece of meat, and had occasion to leave it, and go to the stove. While she was at the stove, or rather, as she turned from the stove to go back to the table, a servant girl and some of the family came in with the piece of meat which had fallen in the middle of the parlor floor. I am confident no one except Mrs. Surrency and myself were in the room the time Mrs. Surrency was cutting the meat until it was brought in by the servant girl. I saw several other remarkable things, but the above is a fair sample of the doing of it—(well, I won't mention his name) up there.

**W. C. REMSIART.** [From the Observer Romano.] **A Romantic Suicide in Naples.** A melancholy occurrence, which has no parallel in the records of romantic crime, recently took place in Naples. In the Rivier a di Chiaja resides Sig. Saphirino Rissi, who is the official agent in Naples of the Royal Lottery bureaus and the owner of a magnificent silk bazaar and a private banking-house on the Toledo. He has a son, Giovanni, and two daughters. Mrs. Rissi died several years ago. The son had long lived in an English boarding-house in the Strada Santa Caterina di Chiaja, kept by one Bryne. In old Bomba's flourishing days a grocer was sent to England to purchase valuable horses. While in London his Majesty's groom died. By the old King's permission the horses were given to Bryne, who was an expert jockey. Bryne went to Naples, and was engaged in his majesty's stables. Step by step he advanced to the position of master of horses. When the old King was dying he did not forget the horseman. During the brief and unhappy reign

of Francis the Second, Bryne retained his old position, and when the new King was driven from Naples his Queen promised the horseman that he or his family should never want as long as her purse could assist them. Bryne had saved money, and when quiet reigned in Naples he fitted up a commodious and respectable boarding-house, which has ever since been the favorite resort of tourists in moderate circumstances. Young Giovanni Rissi had been for several years a visitor at Bryne's house, ostensibly to procure a knowledge of English, but really to court one of Bryne's daughters. Mr. Bryne had two daughters, Eliza and Martha, who were accomplished and of great beauty. Eliza, the elder, added to her remarkable personal charms and amiability of character sufficient to win the most fastidious. She formed a union with young Rissi, and both lived with the firm determination of one day becoming man and wife. The marriage day was finally settled upon, but Rissi's father objected. Mr. Bryne was indignant at the elder Rissi's objection, and refused to permit his daughter to hold further communication with the banker's son.

From the 6th to the 9th inst., which included the day assigned for their wedding (August 8th) nothing was heard of Miss Bryne or Giovanni Rissi. Rumors of an elopement were inevitable, the general belief being that they had fled to Weme Bay near Greenock, Scotland, where Miss Bryne had many friends. About 7 o'clock on the evening of the proposed nuptial day, when the sun had just set over the grand bay of Naples, and while thousands were going to the princely grounds of the Villa Reale to hear the music of revel in the luxuries of the daintily-fashioned saloons, the attention of a policeman was attracted to something which was occasionally rolled up by the tide upon the convex walling of the public garden on the bay.

Dresses, the folds of a silken dress, and also the garments of a man made thegend'arme hasten to the authorities of the dead-house and announce what had been seen. The morgue boat with its dusty covering, was sent to the spot and the objects were hoisted on board. A young man and woman bound together with cords around the ankles and necks were revealed to the men in the boat. The girl had been beautiful. The pearly teeth, chiselled features, and splendid auburn tresses put the corpse mongers out of their routine of cold carelessness for once. The portly form of the well-known and universally-admired Giovanni Rissi was then discovered. The music in the garden was hushed, and the news of the discovery spread through every circle within the Villa Reale—nobles, untitled aristocracy, and plebeians. The point of the public garden, opposite gloomy Vesuvius, where the corpses were found was thronged with spectators, and the boat was followed on its way up the bay to the dead-house. A phial of prussic acid was found on Rissi, and it was proved that he and the girl died from the effects of poison. The bodies were taken to the late dwelling of Miss Bryne, and afterward the remains of Giovanni Rissi were sent to his father's house.

**Serenade of the Governor Elect.** The Sumter News, of last Thursday, gives a notice of a serenade of the Governor elect, Mr. F. J. Moses, Jr. **Torch-Light Procession.**—On last Friday night, the 25th ult., the colored friends and supporters of the Governor elect, had a grand oration, in honor of his election to that elevated position. They turned up Jack, and played the very old Satan, around town. They could not kick up a dust, as the heavy rain that had just fallen, prevented that consummation; nor did they make each others' fur fly, as their spirits were too exuberant, and their souls too 'oh, be joyful' for such a catastrophe as that, but they hollered, yelled, shouted, screamed, snorted, pitched and evorted, danced, pranced, and tore around like Comanches, on 'a bender,' beat the drum like they were trying to stave in its head; puffed and blew on wind-instruments, and brandished torches about like a legion of demons, fresh from the sulphuric regions of Pandemonium. They marched around in noisorous procession, to the Gubernatorial mansion, where his Excellency received them with distinguished consideration, and made a speech which elicited thunders of applause from the tumultuous multitude. His manhood seemed thoroughly aroused, and his voice rang loud and clear above the din of the uproarious crowd. We presume, that he was equal to the great emergency, and that he extended the hospitality, usual on such occasions. We have no idea that so much noise was made, without the assistance of 'Blue Ruin.' The procession was a tremendous affair. The Governor's Star is just now, in the ascendant.

**Serenade of the Governor Elect.** The Sumter News, of last Thursday, gives a notice of a serenade of the Governor elect, Mr. F. J. Moses, Jr. **Torch-Light Procession.**—On last Friday night, the 25th ult., the colored friends and supporters of the Governor elect, had a grand oration, in honor of his election to that elevated position. They turned up Jack, and played the very old Satan, around town. They could not kick up a dust, as the heavy rain that had just fallen, prevented that consummation; nor did they make each others' fur fly, as their spirits were too exuberant, and their souls too 'oh, be joyful' for such a catastrophe as that, but they hollered, yelled, shouted, screamed, snorted, pitched and evorted, danced, pranced, and tore around like Comanches, on 'a bender,' beat the drum like they were trying to stave in its head; puffed and blew on wind-instruments, and brandished torches about like a legion of demons, fresh from the sulphuric regions of Pandemonium. They marched around in noisorous procession, to the Gubernatorial mansion, where his Excellency received them with distinguished consideration, and made a speech which elicited thunders of applause from the tumultuous multitude. His manhood seemed thoroughly aroused, and his voice rang loud and clear above the din of the uproarious crowd. We presume, that he was equal to the great emergency, and that he extended the hospitality, usual on such occasions. We have no idea that so much noise was made, without the assistance of 'Blue Ruin.' The procession was a tremendous affair. The Governor's Star is just now, in the ascendant.

**Serenade of the Governor Elect.** The Sumter News, of last Thursday, gives a notice of a serenade of the Governor elect, Mr. F. J. Moses, Jr. **Torch-Light Procession.**—On last Friday night, the 25th ult., the colored friends and supporters of the Governor elect, had a grand oration, in honor of his election to that elevated position. They turned up Jack, and played the very old Satan, around town. They could not kick up a dust, as the heavy rain that had just fallen, prevented that consummation; nor did they make each others' fur fly, as their spirits were too exuberant, and their souls too 'oh, be joyful' for such a catastrophe as that, but they hollered, yelled, shouted, screamed, snorted, pitched and evorted, danced, pranced, and tore around like Comanches, on 'a bender,' beat the drum like they were trying to stave in its head; puffed and blew on wind-instruments, and brandished torches about like a legion of demons, fresh from the sulphuric regions of Pandemonium. They marched around in noisorous procession, to the Gubernatorial mansion, where his Excellency received them with distinguished consideration, and made a speech which elicited thunders of applause from the tumultuous multitude. His manhood seemed thoroughly aroused, and his voice rang loud and clear above the din of the uproarious crowd. We presume, that he was equal to the great emergency, and that he extended the hospitality, usual on such occasions. We have no idea that so much noise was made, without the assistance of 'Blue Ruin.' The procession was a tremendous affair. The Governor's Star is just now, in the ascendant.

**Serenade of the Governor Elect.** The Sumter News, of last Thursday, gives a notice of a serenade of the Governor elect, Mr. F. J. Moses, Jr. **Torch-Light Procession.**—On last Friday night, the 25th ult., the colored friends and supporters of the Governor elect, had a grand oration, in honor of his election to that elevated position. They turned up Jack, and played the very old Satan, around town. They could not kick up a dust, as the heavy rain that had just fallen, prevented that consummation; nor did they make each others' fur fly, as their spirits were too exuberant, and their souls too 'oh, be joyful' for such a catastrophe as that, but they hollered, yelled, shouted, screamed, snorted, pitched and evorted, danced, pranced, and tore around like Comanches, on 'a bender,' beat the drum like they were trying to stave in its head; puffed and blew on wind-instruments, and brandished torches about like a legion of demons, fresh from the sulphuric regions of Pandemonium. They marched around in noisorous procession, to the Gubernatorial mansion, where his Excellency received them with distinguished consideration, and made a speech which elicited thunders of applause from the tumultuous multitude. His manhood seemed thoroughly aroused, and his voice rang loud and clear above the din of the uproarious crowd. We presume, that he was equal to the great emergency, and that he extended the hospitality, usual on such occasions. We have no idea that so much noise was made, without the assistance of 'Blue Ruin.' The procession was a tremendous affair. The Governor's Star is just now, in the ascendant.

**Serenade of the Governor Elect.** The Sumter News, of last Thursday, gives a notice of a serenade of the Governor elect, Mr. F. J. Moses, Jr. **Torch-Light Procession.**—On last Friday night, the 25th ult., the colored friends and supporters of the Governor elect, had a grand oration, in honor of his election to that elevated position. They turned up Jack, and played the very old Satan, around town. They could not kick up a dust, as the heavy rain that had just fallen, prevented that consummation; nor did they make each others' fur fly, as their spirits were too exuberant, and their souls too 'oh, be joyful' for such a catastrophe as that, but they hollered, yelled, shouted, screamed, snorted, pitched and evorted, danced, pranced, and tore around like Comanches, on 'a bender,' beat the drum like they were trying to stave in its head; puffed and blew on wind-instruments, and brandished torches about like a legion of demons, fresh from the sulphuric regions of Pandemonium. They marched around in noisorous procession, to the Gubernatorial mansion, where his Excellency received them with distinguished consideration, and made a speech which elicited thunders of applause from the tumultuous multitude. His manhood seemed thoroughly aroused, and his voice rang loud and clear above the din of the uproarious crowd. We presume, that he was equal to the great emergency, and that he extended the hospitality, usual on such occasions. We have no idea that so much noise was made, without the assistance of 'Blue Ruin.' The procession was a tremendous affair. The Governor's Star is just now, in the ascendant.

**Serenade of the Governor Elect.** The Sumter News, of last Thursday, gives a notice of a serenade of the Governor elect, Mr. F. J. Moses, Jr. **Torch-Light Procession.**—On last Friday night, the 25th ult., the colored friends and supporters of the Governor elect, had a grand oration, in honor of his election to that elevated position. They turned up Jack, and played the very old Satan, around town. They could not kick up a dust, as the heavy rain that had just fallen, prevented that consummation; nor did they make each others' fur fly, as their spirits were too exuberant, and their souls too 'oh, be joyful' for such a catastrophe as that, but they hollered, yelled, shouted, screamed, snorted, pitched and evorted, danced, pranced, and tore around like Comanches, on 'a bender,' beat the drum like they were trying to stave in its head; puffed and blew on wind-instruments, and brandished torches about like a legion of demons, fresh from the sulphuric regions of Pandemonium. They marched around in noisorous procession, to the Gubernatorial mansion, where his Excellency received them with distinguished consideration, and made a speech which elicited thunders of applause from the tumultuous multitude. His manhood seemed thoroughly aroused, and his voice rang loud and clear above the din of the uproarious crowd. We presume, that he was equal to the great emergency, and that he extended the hospitality, usual on such occasions. We have no idea that so much noise was made, without the assistance of 'Blue Ruin.' The procession was a tremendous affair. The Governor's Star is just now, in the ascendant.

**Serenade of the Governor Elect.** The Sumter News, of last Thursday, gives a notice of a serenade of the Governor elect, Mr. F. J. Moses, Jr. **Torch-Light Procession.**—On last Friday night, the 25th ult., the colored friends and supporters of the Governor elect, had a grand oration, in honor of his election to that elevated position. They turned up Jack, and played the very old Satan, around town. They could not kick up a dust, as the heavy rain that had just fallen, prevented that consummation; nor did they make each others' fur fly, as their spirits were too exuberant, and their souls too 'oh, be joyful' for such a catastrophe as that, but they hollered, yelled, shouted, screamed, snorted, pitched and evorted, danced, pranced, and tore around like Comanches, on 'a bender,' beat the drum like they were trying to stave in its head; puffed and blew on wind-instruments, and brandished torches about like a legion of demons, fresh from the sulphuric regions of Pandemonium. They marched around in noisorous procession, to the Gubernatorial mansion, where his Excellency received them with distinguished consideration, and made a speech which elicited thunders of applause from the tumultuous multitude. His manhood seemed thoroughly aroused, and his voice rang loud and clear above the din of the uproarious crowd. We presume, that he was equal to the great emergency, and that he extended the hospitality, usual on such occasions. We have no idea that so much noise was made, without the assistance of 'Blue Ruin.' The procession was a tremendous affair. The Governor's Star is just now, in the ascendant.