The Charleston Daily News.

VOLUME IX.—NUMBER 2066. CHARLESTON, WEDNESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 28, 1872. EIGHT DOLLARS A YEAR.

WATCHING AND WAITING.

ATTITUDE OF THE DEMOCRACY OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

A Reasonable Demand—Let the Republicans Fulfil their own Pledges and Retrieve their own Disgrace—The Party to be Reorganized for Local Operations.

[SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE NEWS.]

COLUMBIA, August 27.

At a meeting of the Democratic State Executive Committee, held this morning, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

The Democratic State Executive Committee, after a full and free conference, have adopted the following resolutions as embodying the policy which, in their opinion, is proper to be pursued by the Democrats of this State in the present canvass:

1. *Resolved*, That in the present state of parties in South Carolina, we deem it unwise to nominate a Democratic State ticket, and decline, therefore, to call a convention of the people for that purpose.

2. *Resolved*, That having adopted the policy thus indicated, we demand of the Republican party that they fulfil in good faith their public pledges, and give to the State an able, honest and economical government, under which extravagance and fraud shall cease, and all classes of citizens shall be faithfully and intelligently represented.

3. *Resolved*, That we now place on record our unqualified condemnation of the corruption and robbery which, as the Republicans themselves confess, pervade the executive and legislative departments of the State Government, for which corruption and robbery the Republican party of the State, as sustained by the Federal Government, is alone responsible.

4. *Resolved*, That we deem it of the first importance that the Democratic party be organized in the several counties, for the purpose of obtaining, by such means as may seem best, the largest measure of local and legislative reform.

5. *Resolved*, That the chairman of this committee appoint at his leisure a chairman for each county in the State, who shall carry out in the respective counties the objects of the preceding resolutions.

6 *Resolved*, That the members of this committee from the different Congressional Districts have authority to make arrangements for the nomination of members to Congress for their respective districts.

(Signed) M. C. BUTLER,
Chairman State Dem. Executive Committee.

The following call was issued for the Fourth Congressional District:

The undersigned, by direction of the State Democratic Executive Committee, request that the counties in the Fourth Congressional District which have not already elected their delegates will hold county conventions and elect delegates to the Democratic Convention of the Fourth Congressional District, to be held in Columbia, on Monday, September 9th, at eight o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Congress. Each county will elect as many delegates as it has members in the lower house of the State Legislature.

(Signed) S. P. HAMILTON,
W. D. SIMPSON,
W. H. WALLACE.

Members State Executive Committee for the Fourth Congressional District. F. W. D.

LUCKY CONFEDERATES.

A Pleasant Time in Egypt—Palaces and Oriental Luxury.

News lately received from the ex-Confederate officers now in the military service of the Egyptian Viceroy shows that they are in the enjoyment of all the comforts and luxuries of life incidental to the Oriental countries. An exchange gives some interesting extracts from a letter dated Alexandria, Egypt, July 22d, received at Lewisburg from General Reynolds, who, with other ex-Confederate officers, for several years has been in the military service of the Khedive of Egypt. There is quite a contrast between the "quarters" these officers had during their service in the Confederacy and that which they now have in that of the Viceroy of Egypt, as will be seen from the following extract:

Since I last wrote you, we have moved our quarters from old Mussafar Khanna to this magnificent palace of Kabbara, just on the outskirts of the city. It was built by Said Pacha, the former Viceroy, as a country palace. Since his death no one has occupied it except occasionally distinguished strangers, princes, dukes, &c. His Highness has removed General Loring and my family to it. It is fully and elegantly furnished. It is in the centre of a large park, with broad avenues shaded by trees. The gardens contain about ten acres of all the fruits of the tropics, and filled with the rarest flowers—with large fountains throwing their spray in every direction—beautiful statuary and vases line the walks—it looks like a fairy scene. The rooms of the palace are of immense size, and if I may make use of an Irish bull, papered with tapestry silk of the most beautiful kind; the ceilings are all beautifully frescoed, and the floors of fine marble. Mary's chamber is fit for a Queen—it is so elegant. The air is lovely and so cool at night that we sleep under a blanket. His Highness not only gives us this fine place to live in, but he furnishes the servants to take care of it—so you see we are not suffering * * * The authorities are making grand preparations to receive the Viceroy when he returns from Constantinople, which will be in the course of three weeks. We expect a grand time, such as fetes and illuminations, presentations, &c., &c. The Prince is soon to be married, when another great time will occur—grand balls, &c. You can have no idea of the splendor of these things here—they must be seen to have any conception of them.

CLEANING OUT THE WESTERN BANKS.

NEW YORK, August 27.

Dispatches received here this morning state that forged drafts to a large extent, purporting to have been drawn by Kountza Brothers, of this city, have been presented to various banks throughout the country, especially at the West. Among the forgeries was one draft for $8200 presented to the Real Estate Bank at Alleghany City, Pennsylvania, and one for $6000 presented at the Third National Bank at Chicago. The signature that the forgers have endorsed upon the bogus drafts is J. T. Hill.

THE DUELLO IN ITALY.

Affair of Honor Between an American and an Italian Count—A Fatal Shot.

By late foreign mails we have accounts of a fatal duel which occurred on the 1st inst., in Italy, between an Italian Count and an American. The particulars are thus given by the Turin Gazette of the 2d:

An "affair of honor" was determined yesterday between Count Benedetto Vincenzo Sella and an American named Frederick Brewster. The latter occupied an important position in the well-known English banking firm of Messrs. Lloyd & Co., Piazza San Marco, Leghorn.

THE PROVOCATION.

The Count Benedetto Vincenzo Sella was one of the highest and best branches of the late Duke of Parma's family. He was originally intended for the clerical profession; but the gown and tonsure proved too uninviting for one of Benedetto's calibre, and he preferred to confine his ambition to the rank of an officer in the National Guards. On the 23d ult. the Count and Mr. Brewster had an occasional meeting in the sala of the Leone d'Oro, in Leghorn. In this favorite resort Benedetto and the American gentleman had formed, through accidental meetings, a warm intimacy. It seemed to be the American's pride to acquire the most refined knowledge and accent of our language, as it was the Count's failing to have an undue reverence for any persons from distant climates. A lively question arose concerning the purity of American politics, and the Count employed most bitter words denunciatory of the same. The American demanded first as a courtesy that the broil should be ended, and the demand failing to be acquiesced in, Mr. Brewster aimed a stinging blow at the Count across the little table at which they sat. The Count fell backward for a moment, then suddenly springing to his feet he drew his sword. The mutual friends of the Count and the foreigner immediately interfered and exerted their every effort to reconcile the combatants. Failing in this, they took the Count into another room and counselled Mr. Brewster to retire.

A CHALLENGE GIVEN AND ACCEPTED.

On the following morning the following note was presented to Mr. Brewster by one of the Count's footmen:

"PALAZZO SELLA, July 24, 1872.

"*Sir*—You have humiliated me in the presence of my friends, and I cannot live without some effort to seek revenge. I therefore challenge you to meet me on the field of honor on a day which you will name, and under any circumstances you propose.

"BENEDETTO VINCENZO SELLA,
"Lieutenant Fifth Regiment National Guard.
"Mr. FREDERICK BREWSTER."

The American sent the following brief reply:

"15 PLAZZO SAN MARCO, July 24.

"*Sir*—I will fight with pistols to-day on the Tuscan road. FRED. BREWSTER.
"B. V. SELLA, Lieutenant."

Here their friends again interfered, and resolved that should the affair be accomplished at all it were better to do so amid proper surroundings. The 1st of August was the day appointed, pistols were decided on as the weapons to be used, and the distance between the contestants when called upon to prepare to fire was placed at fourteen paces.

ON THE FATAL FIELD.

The affair was kept in profound secrecy by all connected with it, and the morning of the 1st of August came and found a party of gentlemen taking an unusually early drive in two chaises toward the country. Having reached the little wood of Brunello they alighted and bade the coachman return to Leghorn. Lieutenant-Colonel Ronolfi, of the Bersaliers, and Mr. Charles Lloyd, of Leghorn, were named by Mr. Brewster to act as his seconds or *perolfi*. Captain Lucca and Lieutenant Marmo, of the National Guards, stood for the Count. The challenge and the reply were read by Lieutenant-Colonel Ronolfi and acknowledged by the contestants.

Surgeon Parker stood beside Brewster, and Dr. Patti communed with Benedetto Sella. At five minutes to eight o'clock the duellists removed their outside clothes, leaving nothing on their bodies but light undershirts. At two minutes to eight a formal salute passed between them, and having drawn lots, they took their respective positions on a level plot of ground. A handkerchief was tied over the eyes of each. Turned aside to each other, the loaded revolvers were given to them, and when Captain Lucca's watch pointed to eight he asked:

"Are ye ready?"

Two nervous voices said "yes."

The words "One! two! three!" then ushered in the murder.

THE DEADLY FIGHT.

"Uno!" the pistols are clutched, and the arms slowly rise in the most probable direction of each living target.

"Due!" and both arms were rigidly fixed forward. Moments of terrible suspense ensue.

"Tre!" and one pistol flashed almost simultaneously with the utterance of the deadly cue.

A long, pitiful moan followed, then an ejaculation—"On! my God!"—then nothing more.

Bleeding and speechless, the handsome form of Benedetto Sella lay upon the grass. He was shot below the left ear, and the bullet severed his jugular vein. Where Mr. Brewster has found shelter we know not.

A BULL FROM PIO NONO.

NEWARK, N. J., August 27.

The Right Rev. James Roosevelt Bailey, Roman Catholic Bishop of the Diocese of Newark, yesterday received from Pope Pius at Rome the bull announcing his appointment as Archbishop of Baltimore. It is dated July 30th, and signed with the fisherman's seal, the emblem of St. Peter. Archbishop Bailey will leave for his new post in a few weeks.

A HAYTIEN OUTRAGE.

PORT-AU-PRINCE, August 27.

A letter to the Herald states that American Consul Teel, at Miragoane, has been arrested by the Haytien authorities on a trumped up charge of having in his possession counterfeit paper currency of the Haytien Republic. He is now confined in a filthy prison. Minister Bassett has twice demanded his release, but it has been peremptorily refused.

AMENITIES OF JOURNALISM.

The Trials and Troubles of Printing a Newspaper.

[From the Printing Gazette.]

Few people are aware of the inside workings of a printing office, nor of the annoyances attendant upon the publication of a newspaper. It is impossible to form anything like a correct idea of the number of men there are in every community who make it a point about every other time they meet you to tell you of some important fact that ought to be noticed by the paper pro bono publico. Generally, however, it turns out that the item referred to is one in which the informant has no axe to grind, and the newspaper is to be the free horse on which he expects to ride into public notice and confidence. Or, if not that, he is constantly annoyed by a multiplicity of communications, which are always lengthy, and contain nothing that anybody cares to see in print, or know anything of whatever except the writer, and perhaps one or two other particular individuals, and for whose exclusive benefit it was written, it not for a moment occurring to the writer that communications for a newspaper should be such as would interest thousands of readers. The newspaper business is very exacting on all connected with it, and the pay is comparatively small. The proprietor risks a large amount of money for smaller profits, and the editors and printers work harder and cheaper than the same number of men in any other profession, requiring the given amount of intelligence and training. The life has its charms and pleasant associations scarcely known to the outside world, but it has its earnest work and hours of exhaustion, which, likewise, are not known to those who think the business all fun. The idea that newspaperdom is the charmed circle, where the favored members live a life of ease, free from care, is a mistaken one. Business is business, and the journal that succeeds is the one that is run on a square business footing, with the same system as a banking establishment.

OPENING THE CAMPAIGN.

THE FIRST GUN TO BE FIRED THIS EVENING.

A Tomlinson Ratification Meeting in City Hall Square—The Solicitorship Fight.

The first of the contesting Radical factions for State honors to set the ball rolling in this city is the Tomlinson wing, which proposes to to have a huge mass meeting this evening in front of the City Hall to ratify its State nominations. The list of speakers as announced in another column is a formidable array, including the bolting candidates for Governor and secretary of State, most of the Federal officials of this city, and several others, and there will doubtless be a large crowd in attendance, if attracted by nothing more than curiosity to hear the first stump speaking of the actual campaign.

A tour of observation among the local politicians since the action of the rival conventions has been made known to them through the enterprise of THE NEWS, reveals some new and curious complications. One of those politicians, while the war was raging in Columbia, was standing quietly on the outskirts and studying the chances of the gratification of his own pet ambition, is Mr. John G. Mackey, the redoubtable trial justice, whose luminous beard is commonly believed to wag knowingly upon subjects such as these when his mouth is opened thereupon. Mr. Mackey is soreheaded. He has had his pericranium mowed in the manner usually prescribed by the doctors in cases of cerebral excitation; but his scalp is still inflamed, and he is going for the scalps of others. The first man whose hair he proposes to raise is C. W. Butiz, the "regular" Radical nominee for solicitor of the First Judicial District. This was the position which Mr. Mackey felt himself peculiarly fitted to adorn, and, consequently, he doesn't love Mr. Butiz. He does not speak kindly of Mr. Butiz. In fact, he calls Mr. Butiz some very bad names, which it is not worth while to encumber these columns with, and he announces his intention of running as an independent Republican candidate for the position, so that, with Messrs. Butiz, Mackey and Lucius C. Northrop, who has already been nominated by the Bowen delegation to the State Convention, there are now three struggling aspirants, and the First Judicial Circuit has another "triangular fight" on its hands.

THE COUNTY SOLICITORSHIP.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEWS.

COLUMBIA, S. C., August 26.

Permit me in your columns to correct the public statement in regard to the solicitorship of the first judicial circuit. The delegation over which I had the honor to preside, and which was admitted by the Congressional Convention as the regular delegation, presented no credentials to the Circuit Convention, nor was there any contest whatsoever. They invited the Orangeburg delegation to meet them at the Statehouse, and unanimously nominated L. C. Northrop for the solicitorship of the circuit.

I am, respectfully, C. C. BOWEN.

THE SPANISH ELECTIONS.

MADRID, August 27.

The "Imparcial" newspaper says: "Returns thus far received from the elections on Saturday last for members of the Cortes show that one hundred and seventy Radicals, sixty-four Federals, ten Conservatives, four Independents and three Carlists have been chosen."

THE ALABAMA STATE FAIR.

MONTGOMERY, August 27.

The sixteenth annual State fair will be held in this city, from the 18th to the 23d of November, inclusive, during the session of the Legislature. The premium list offers most liberal inducements to agricultural and mechanical inventions and improvements, and large preparations have been made to accommodate exhibitors from all the States.

SOLDIERS AND SAILORS FOR GREELEY.

PHILADELPHIA, August 27.

A call has been issued for a national convention at Harrisburg of soldiers and sailors favoring Greeley.

CAPTURING O'CONOR.

NEW YORK, August 27.

Leading Democrats have agreed to propose Charles O'Conor as candidate for Governor of this State at the Democratic Convention at Syracuse.

SPARKS FROM THE WIRES.

—Bishop Uppold, of Indianapolis, is dead.

—There was a bad railroad smash at Philadelphia yesterday. Nobody hurt.

—The Chicago Board of Trade yesterday expelled Messrs. Lyon and Mayer, the two head devils of the recent wheat corner.

—A railroad train came into collision with a carriage at Taconi, Penn., yesterday, killing Mr. Robert Deal, his two grandchildren, a young lady and the coachman. The party were visitors from Philadelphia.

—Dr. Vanderpool, of New York, reports that all fear of yellow fever in that city is at an end. All the patients, except a few of the crew of the Spanish ram Numancia, have recovered.

—Mrs. Amelia Wheat, of Baltimore, a lady seventy-four years old, was murdered in her bed yesterday morning by her nephew, Jesse E. Uppercue. The murderer has been arrested.

—Sixteen coal miners' unions in St. Clair County, Missouri, have struck for four cents per ton additional pay. These miners supply St. Louis, but as the thermometer in that city is still up to one hundred, and there were thirty sunstrokes there yesterday, the citizens do not seem to take a lively personal interest in the price of coal.

THE NEW YORK VEGETABLE AND FRUIT MARKETS.

The Daily Bulletin, of Monday, August 26, says:

New potatoes in fair request and unchanged. Sweets in good demand and firmer at $5 50a6 for yellows, and $2 50a3 for reds. Vegetables of all kinds quiet and without essential change. Our quotations for potatoes are in bulk, in shipping order 50c. per barrel must be added. We quote Early Rose at $2a2 25; and early Goodrich and Jackson whites at $1 75a2. We quote vegetables: Green corn 25ca50c. per 100; red onions, per bbl., $2a2 50; do. Connecticut, $2a3 50 per 100 strings; cucumbers, Long Island, 25a40c. per 100; squash, marrow-fat, per bbl., 75ca$1; new turnips, $1 75a1 50 per bbl.; cabbages $8a10 per 100; beets, Jersey, $1 50; tomatoes, Long Island, 15a30c per basket; egg plant $1 50 per dozen; Lima beans $1 per bag.

Peaches plenty, but the quality not so fine as for a few days past, and prices in consequence are lower. Other fruits without essential change. We quote: New apples 50ca$1 50 per bbl. Watermelons $12a25 per 100 for Carolina, and $4a14 per 100 for Virginia, Delaware and Jersey. nutmeg melons 50a75c per bbl. Pears, common $1a2; do. Bell $3; do. Bartletts, per crate $1a2. Peaches—Delaware 75ca$1 25 per crate; 40a60c for baskets, and Jersey 30a60c per basket. Plums $3a5 per bbl for all kinds. Grapes 4a12c per lb.

PROBING A MAD-HOUSE.

Something Wrong in the Bloomingdale Lunatic Asylum.

In view of the importance of the charges against the management of the Bloomingdale Lunatic Asylum, at New York, and the seeming difficulty of getting at the truth of the matter so far, Governor Hoffman has appointed a commission to make a general investigation, including all lunatic asylums in the State against which charges may be laid. The commission consists of Hon. Francis C. Barlow, attorney-general; M. B. B. Anderson, LL. D., president of the Rochester University, and Thomas Hun, M. D., Albany. The Governor, in his letter to these gentlemen, says:

Charges of abuse in the Bloomingdale Lunatic Asylum have lately been made in the public prints, by parties who gave their names and avow their ability to prove their allegations. This asylum is, in common with others of less note, a purely private establishment, subject to no supervision of the public authorities. Our laws permit the confinement of alleged lunatics as well in these private institutions as in the public asylums of the State, upon the order of magistrates of the grade of justice of the peace, issued upon the certificate of any two physicians. This condition of the law giving opportunity for abuses, I have more than once asked the Legislature to correct it. At the last session two bills passed the Assembly, furnishing better safeguards in connection with the commitment and care of lunatics. One of these provided, very properly, that no person or institution should undertake the care of lunatics except when licensed by the State commissioners of charities, and thus subjected to their inspection. This bill failed to pass the Senate. It was very publicly asserted and not denied that the failure of the bill in the Senate was due chiefly to the personal efforts at Albany of the chief physician of the Bloomingdale Asylum. An aversion thus manifested to proper supervision of the public authorities makes it the more important, as well to the repute of the institution itself as to the public interests, that the charges now made should be investigated. I do, therefore, appoint you a commission for the purpose of investigating these charges and any others that may be laid before you, against this or any other asylum for lunatics, whether under public or private management, and of visiting and inspecting the several asylums, with or without charges being made against them, with a view to discovering abuses wherever they exist, requesting that you report the result of your inquiries to me as soon as possible.

MOTIONS OF THE STARS.

[From the Popular Science Monthly.]

It seems utterly incredible that astronomers have learned not merely whether certain stars are receding or approaching, but have actually been enabled to determine respecting this kind of motion what they cannot determine respecting the more obvious thwart motion—viz., the rate at which the motion takes place. This is rendered possible by what is known of the nature of light. If a star is approaching, the light which comes to us from it will have its waves closer together than if the star were at rest, and *vice versa*. Now, the distance between the wave-crests of light signifies a difference of color, the longer waves producing red and orange light; waves of medium length, yellow and green light; and the shorter waves producing blue, indigo, and violet light. So that if a star were shining with pure red light it might by approaching very rapidly be caused to appear yellow, or even blue or indigo, according to the rate of approach, while if a star were shining with the pure indigo light it might by receding very rapidly be caused to appear green or yellow, or even orange or red. But stars do not shine with a pure colored light, but with a mixture of all the colors of the rainbow, so that the attempt to estimate a star's rate of approach or recession by its color would fail, even though we knew the stars's real color, and even though stars moved fast enough to produce color-changes. The spectroscopist has, however, a much more delicate means of dealing with the matter. The rainbow-tinted streak forming a star's spectrum is crossed by known dark lines; and these serve as veritable mile-marks for the spectroscopist. If one of these lines in the spectrum of any star is seen to be shifted toward the red end the observer knows that the star is receding, and that swiftly; if the shift is toward the violet end, he knows that the star is swiftly approaching. Now, Dr. Huggins had been able nearly four years ago to apply this method to the case of the bright star Sirius, though his instrumental means were not then sufficient to render him quite certain as to the result. Still he was able to announce, with some degree of confidence, that Sirius is receding at a rate exceeding twenty miles per second. In order that he might extend the method to other stars, the Royal Society placed at his disposal a fine telescope, fifteen inches in aperture, and specially adapted to gather as much light as possible with that aperture. Suitable spectroscopic appliances were also provided for the delicate work Dr. Huggins was to undertake. It was but last winter that the instrument was ready for work; but already Dr. Huggins has obtained the most wonderful news from the stars with its aid. He finds that many of the stars are travelling far more swiftly than had been supposed. Arcturus, for example, is travelling toward us at the rate of some fifty miles per second, and as his thwart motion is fully as great, (for this star's distance has been estimated,) the actual velocity with which he is speeding through space cannot be less than seventy miles per second. Other stars are moving with corresponding velocities.

MORTUARY REPORT FOR THE WEEK.

The following is the official return of deaths for the City of Charleston, for the week ending August 24, 1872:

CAUSES OF DEATH.	WHITES.				BLACKS OR COLORED.			
	Adults.		Child'n.		Adults.		Child'n.	
	Male.	Female.	Male.	Female.	Male.	Female.	Male.	Female.
Apoplexy	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..
Convulsions from Worms	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1
Diarrhœa	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1
Dropsy	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..
Dysentery	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..
Entero-Colitis	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..
Fever, Puerperal	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..
Fever, Remittent	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1
Gastritis	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..
Gastro Enteritis, Chronic	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..
Hypertrophy of Heart	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..
Insanity	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..
Marasmus	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..
Measles, Effects of	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..
Phthisis Pulmonalis	1	..	..	..	1	..	..	..
Scrofula	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1
Teething	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..
Trismus Nascentium	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	2
Tuberculosis	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..
Want of Vitality	..	..	2	2	..	..	..	..
Total	1	2	2	4	3	3	8	6

RECAPITULATION.

Whites 9, Blacks and Colored 20—total 29; and 4 Stillbirths.

AGES.	Whites.	Black and Colored.	Total.
Under 1 year of age	5	6	11
Between 1 and 5 years of age	1	8	9
Between 10 and 20 years of age	1	1	2
Between 20 and 30 years of age	1	2	3
Between 40 and 50 years of age	..	1	1
Between 60 and 70 years of age	1	2	3

GEO. S. PELZER, M. D., City Registrar.

A REMARKABLE STORY.

DID HENRY STANLEY REALLY SEE DR. LIVINGSTONE?

An Old Comrade of Stanley Accuses him of Forgery and Other Crimes—A Romantic Narrative—How a Turk was Taken in and Done for—A Nut for the Herald to Crack.

The New York Sun prints a long and extraordinary letter from a young man named Lewis H. Noe, of Sayville, Long Island, who says that he knows Stanley, the correspondent of the New York Herald, and the alleged discoverer of Livingstone, intimately, and has reason to believe that he never saw Livingstone at all, but that the whole story of his meeting the great explorer is an impudent tissue of forgery and invention. The letter is circumstantial in regard to the writer's previous acquaintance and companionship with Stanley, which appears to have commenced in 1864, on board the United States frigate Minnesota, then at Hampton Roads, Virginia, on which Stanley was a landsman, acting as captain's clerk, and the writer of the letter a young recruit in the navy. According to the letter, Stanley from that time continued to excite the admiration of the writer by his dashing manner, his ingenuity of resource and his knowledge of the world. Stanley soon acquired such influence over the writer as to induce him to desert from the navy by picturing to him a course of travel and romantic adventure. They deserted, but the writer soon found to his chagrin that Stanley only wanted to use him as a bounty-jumper from the Northern army, and they parted in mutual disappointment. The writer returned to his parents, and Stanley departed for parts unknown to continue his brilliant vagabondizing. In the spring of 1866, however, Noe's evil star brought him again in company with Stanley, who appeared in Sayville handsomely dressed, and with every appearance of recent and present prosperity. He told a charming story of wealth and romantic adventure picked up by him in the Rocky Mountains, where he had been travelling, and, by his display of funds and specious promises, he seduced the unfortunate writer of this ingenious tale to leave New York with him on what he represented would be a pleasure trip around the world. The boy left New York for Smyrna in high spirits, and in company with Stanley and a man named Cook, to whom Stanley introduced him as his half brother and *compagnon du voyage*. As soon as they got to sea, however, the poor lad discovered his companion in his true character as a daring adventurer, bold and unscrupulous, but specious and intelligent. He was not long in discovering that Stanley's pretended wealth was a myth, and he had, under Stanley's orders and threats, to work his passage across the Atlantic. After a sixty days' voyage they arrived at Smyrna, and thence Stanley proposed a prolonged tour through Asia Minor and Persia into the heart of Asia, and thence to the coast of India through Thibet.

THE STORY OF THIS TRIP

is best told in the language of the letter writer as follows:

With what little means he and Mr. Cook had they purchased a couple of sorry horses, a few [illegible] make up a meagre outfit. This being accomplished, the whole amount of money left did not exceed the value of five dollars in gold. The two horses, such as they were, were used by Stanley and Mr. Cook. Instead of the finely equipped Arab horse which I was to have to ride, I was compelled to trudge along on foot, on a projected journey of thousands of miles, through barbarous, or, at best, semi-civilized countries. A hundred dollars in gold would have purchased everything we had in the way of an outfit—horses, arms, ammunition, utensils and camp equipage.

With no more means left than I have stated, Stanley, with an effrontery unexceeded, negotiated with a man at Smyrna to accompany us as a guide to a certain point, offering him, if I recollect aright, equivalent to sixty dollars a month and expenses! The bargain was concluded, but the day before our departure from Smyrna the man sensibly concluded not to proceed, and we started on our tour without him.

I asked Stanley what he meant by engaging a man for this service when he knew he would be without the means to pay him when we arrived at the point to which the guide was to leave us, and what he would do if the guide insisted upon payment. His reply was characteristic: "I would tie him to a tree and blow his brains out, as I don't intend to have any man go back to Smyrna and let them know how we travel."

AN ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE.

On our second day from Smyrna, while we were at rest, and Mr. Cook was seated by a bunch of bushes, half asleep, in boyish sport I set fire to the bushes to give him a scare. He was scared, and Stanley and I had our laugh on him; but the flames went further than I had intended. They spread into a briar hedge and soon burned it. The inhabitants became much excited, and four or five men, evidently invested with some kind of police authority, came up, and after some resistance, arrested Stanley and Cook. During the struggle that occurred, I escaped and made my way to Symrna on foot, a distance of ten or twelve miles.

That same afternoon Stanley came back to Smyrna in search of me, and stated that after I left he and Mr. Cook were taken to a guardhouse, where their papers were examined, and after some little delay they were released. By flattering words and professions of love he reassured me, and I consented to go on with him again.

DISSOLVING VIEWS OF ROMANCE.

Soon I learned what I had dimly suspected before leaving Smyrna—the real character of the man I had confided in. Instead of being a travelling companion, I found that I was to be a slave and a beggar, and a slave, too, of a remorseless master. My duties were soon taught me. They were simple; to perform any menial service he directed, and to procure the necessaries of life—black Turkish bread and fruit—and any articles of camp equipage to add to our scanty stock by begging, or, failing in this, by theft. The latter was not unfrequently resorted to. Indeed, all the food we used on our route for many weeks was what I obtained in these disreputable ways, under the guidance of my new instructor in morals. I was taught the next day after my escape by an impressive lesson that my own will must be subjected to his. Soon after our departure from Smyrna he said to me, in the severest tones, "Remember, you are here to do my bidding. If I tell you to cut a man's throat, you do it!"

I was not long in learning that there was no mistaking the significance of these words. My attempt to escape was as assertion of the independence of my own will, and a violation of that duty which he had laid out for me, and he could not let it pass unpunished.

A KU-KLUX OF THE ORIENT.

Without giving me notice of his intention, he asked me into a pomegranate forest off the travelled road. He seized me, tied my hands together around a tree, stripped my clothing from my back, and on my bare skin scourged me with a whip which he cut from the trees, and on which he left the sharp knots, until the blood ran from my wounds. Stanley understands the refinement of cruelty in whipping. Each blow caused the most excruciating agony, which continued for hours. While he was tying me he looked significantly at his revolver, which was lying on the ground, and said he wished me to understand that I was in his power. Before he commenced his whipping he asked me if I knew what he was going to do. I told him I did not. Said he, "I am going to give you the d—dest thrashing you ever had."

I then asked him what I had done to deserve a whipping. He said that "whipping does boys good, whether they have done anything or not."

During the scourging, as he rested between the blows, he recalled to me facts in our past intercourse in the navy and in New York when I had offended him, and particularly my leaving him in New York, and enlisting in the army without his knowledge. When he had concluded, he comforted me by saying: "I think you are a good boy, just the one I want for a companion. We will let the matter drop, for I am satisfied."

Two or three days afterward he asked me if I recollected what he had told me on our voyage from Boston to Smyrna, that he was going to give me a severe trial, and one which would convince him whether I was the companion he wanted or not.

I told him I did. He added, "You now see what I meant. It is the way you stood that whipping that has convinced me I made a correct choice."

THE BOY IN A NEW ROLE.

On one occasion, soon after this, when we were some fifteen miles distant from Chihissar, a squalid mountain hamlet, about three hundred miles from Smyrna, Stanley remarked, as he had frequently done before, that their cheap horses would not hold out for their journey much further, and to make better progress we must have new horses. Knowing he had no means, I asked him how he was going to obtain them. His reply was, "I will show you how."

He did so, and in a brief time convinced me that his genius was equal to highway robbery. Perceiving a Turk in advance of us in possession of two horses, he said to me, "I am going to have those horses, and to help me to get them I want you to do as I tell you."

Mr. Cook was at this time some distance in the rear and not within sight. We accelerated our pace and overtook the Turk, who was leisurely riding one horse and leading the other. Stanley, who had learned some of the language from a phase book, soon engaged the Turk in conversation, the nature of which I did not then understand, though he told me afterward. As he related it to me he had asked the Turk if he didn't want to buy a girl, and represented to him that I, though dressed in boy's clothing, was really a girl. The Turk was incredulous, but Stanley insisted upon it, and finally said that the Turk might inspect my person and satisfy himself. Both then dismounted, and the Turk approached me with smiles, apparently with the hope of finding a girl in breeches, and Stanley following him, seized a favorable opportunity, raised his sabre, and, with all the force he could muster, struck the Turk a blow on the head which I thought would kill him. Fortunately, the poor fellow had within the fez he wore a kind of thick pasteboard stiffening, which stopped the force of the descending sabre sufficiently to prevent it proving fatal.

A STRUGGLE.

The Turk was staggered by the blow, but did not fall. Two other strokes followed in quick succession, which I think he warded off, and then they closed, seemingly for a death-struggle. The Turk fought with the desperation of a man who knew that his life was at stake. With a drawn dagger, he tried to reach the heart of his antagonist, and soon seemed about to obtain a mastery over him. Stanley struggled to free himself, but, finding he could not, he called out to me, "Shoot him, Lewis, shoot him, or he'll kill me."

My experience with Stanley had taught me the prudence of obeying orders. I raised the gun, levelled it at the breast of the poor Turk, and pulled the trigger. The rifle failed in its intended work. That morning, after shooting at a mark, Stanley had failed to reload it, and, by this fortunate omission, I was spared the guilt of shedding an innocent fellow-being's blood. Stanley continued to cry out, "Kill him! kill him!" and then, as the only resort, I approached them, clubbed the Turk with the butt of the rifle, and Stanley again was free. The whole conflict was quicker than I can narrate it, and was as desperate as a death struggle between two powerful men.

With Stanley free, and I there to assist him, the Turk was at a disadvantage. He retreated back in the direction from which he had come. Stanley's fingers were cut inside by grasping the Turk's dagger while in the midst of the struggle, and were bleeding profusely. In our own safety, and Stanley rushed to his saddle-bags, took out his revolver and fired two successive shots at the retreating Turk, then two or three rods distant. He missed his mark, and the Turk continued his retreat to the top of a small hill some forty rods distant. By the escape of the Turk, the anxiety of Stanley was increased, for he saw that he must himself be a fugitive. His effort was to secure his immediate escape. He mounted one of the Turk's horses, and was about to start, when he found that the horse's feet were entangled in the bridle of the other. To disengage him, I had to cut the bridle reins and also rope by which one horse was attached to the other. He very hurriedly directed me to gather up our blankets and utensils and to follow him.

HO! FOR THE MOUNTAINS.

Just at that moment Mr. Cook came up, and with a cry, "Ho! for the mountains," Stanley galloped off, Mr. Cook following. As quick as possible, I gathered up what few things I could and mounted the remaining horse. It was with difficulty that I could get him to move, for the Turk kept calling to him from the hill and he seemed resolute in going the other way. It was only by means of striking him with a sabre that I finally got him under control. I galloped off after Stanley and Cook, who left the highway and moved to the south toward the mountains. We ran our horses a distance of fifteen miles, when they were exhausted, and we were compelled to encamp for the night.

RETALIATION.

But in the meantime the Turk had not been idle. He collected a force of eight or ten men and started in hot pursuit of us; and just before dark, when Stanley thought that all was safe, we were startled by the yells of the Turks, who captured us, bound us with lariats, conveyed us to Chihissar, and there held us prisoners for four or five days, during which we were subjected to cruel torture.

Each day we were drawn up over the limbs of trees by ropes and lariats around our necks to compel us to give them money. At other times they laid our heads on blocks and sharpened knives before us and by signs made us to understand that we must give them money or they would cut our throats. But as we were penniless, of course we could not accede to their demands. They refused to believe we were without means because it was usual for foreign travellers to be abundantly provided.

At last, tired themselves of thus torturing us to no purpose, the band took us to Afium-Kara-Hissar, a city about four hours' travel from Chihissar, where we were again imprisoned, and a charge of highway robbery was preferred against us before the Cadi.

The writer then proceeds to narrate the manner in which Stanley, with equal ingenuity and effrontery, procured the release of himself and his companions. Their captors had, during their imprisonment, robbed them of all they had, and Stanley, by a series of perjuries, which he dictated to the others, completely turned the tables upon his accusers before the Cadi, and had them thrown into jail as robbers and assassins, while he and Cook and Noe were released. The writer continues by narrating the following bold expedient of the fertile Stanley for

RAISING THE WIND.

While the trial was pending at Broussa, we went two or three times to Constantinople, reaching there at first destitute of means, ragged and forlorn. But Stanley's brilliant genius was equal to the financial emergency. He appealed to the Hon. E. Joy Morris, American Minister to Turkey, and so fully did he enlist the sympathies of that gentleman in our behalf, and so plausible a story did he tell, that Mr. Morris advanced from his private funds an amount equal to several hundred dollars, Stanley giving therefor a draft for the amount on his father, whom he represented was a wealthy merchant in New York. The draft was forwarded for collection, only to be returned protested, and with the intelligence that no such man as Henry Stanley's father could be found.

In Stanley's interviews with Mr. Morris I was studiously kept in the background, and I had no opportunity of communicating with him at all. Stanley obliged me to sign a statement that I had received one-third of the amount Mr. Morris had advanced. But my third went into Stanley's pocket, and that is the last I ever saw of it.

A CLANDESTINE DEPARTURE.

With a fictitious draft sent to America, Stanley felt that the air of Constantinople would not be conducive to his health. Without waiting for Mr. Cook, who was still at Broussa awaiting the termination of the trial, we, without any knowledge on the part of Mr. Morris, of our intention to return to Europe, took a steamer for Marseilles, France, and thence proceeded to Liverpool. Here he left me in the house of an uncle and aunt of his people in humble circumstances, while he proceeded to Wales, where he was born, and where he had always lived until at the age of fifteen years he came to America. It was from his relatives that I learned his early history, and learned, too, that he possessed the same characteristics as a boy that he has since exhibited as a man.

THE LIVINGSTONE EXPEDITION.

It was while I was at Liverpool that Stanley spoke to me of Dr. Livingstone's explorations in Africa. They seemed to be an object of great interest to him. He expressed a desire to go into Africa himself, and said he should aim to do so as a correspondent of the Herald, and thereby make a story and a sensation, and gain both fame and money.

This is the principal and most important portion of the young man