

ABOUT THE NORTH CAROLINA ELECTION.

For several days past it has been asserted that large numbers of negroes were being imported into the State from Virginia, Tennessee, South Carolina and Georgia, for the purpose of insuring the success of the Republican ticket, which seemed to be endangered by the active canvass made on the conservative side. It has also been charged that negro boys not over sixteen years of age have been registered as voters in many of the districts, and these reports seem to have received some coloring from the discovery of a private letter addressed by a republican register or committeeman to one of the Congressional candidates on that side, informing him that eight hundred negroes had been registered in his district. The conservatives represent these eight hundred to be mostly fraudulent registrations. These suspicions have led to a determination on the conservative side to challenge all votes not known to be genuine. Under the election law notifications of challenges are required to be given in advance, and the republicans discovering from these notices the intention of the conservatives, have accused the latter of an organized design to prevent the polling of the full negro vote by causing vexatious delay. They, therefore, incite opposition to the challengers, and while on one side there appears to be a resolute determination to claim the privileges of the law in preventing the polling of fraudulent votes, there is on the other side an evident intention to resist the right of challenge and to endeavor to poll all the votes that are registered.

Ever since Secretary Boutwell made his incendiary appeal to the blacks to refuse to clasp hands across the bloody chasm made by the war, and aroused their worst passions by persuading them that their white fellow citizens only waited the opportunity to strip them of their civil rights, if not to consign them again to slavery, the Republican canvass has been conducted with a view to keeping alive the fears and hatreds thus called into existence. The inflammatory speeches of stump orators, black and white, have kept the negro mind for weeks in a fever of excitement, and at the last moment the secretary of the Republican Committee addresses the black voters in the following dangerous circular—

"Democrats and so-called Liberals are desperate; they are conscious that defeat stares them in the face. Consequently fifteen or twenty thieves, penitentiary convicts, detectives, ballot-box stuffers, men of the blackest and most damnable character, have been sent to this State for the purpose of intimidating voters, stuffing ballot-boxes, destroying the registration lists, stealing and destroying registration books; lastly, to captiously and without warrant of law challenge a sufficient number of registered voters to delay voting on election day, and thus prevent Republicans from voting. Reliable information enables me to say that a systematic attempt is on foot to captiously and illegally challenge Republican voters in such numbers as will prevent hundreds from voting. This is a dying attempt of the Democrats to carry North Carolina. These men are convinced that a free and fair election will result in a glorious Republican triumph; hence fraud, intimidation, dishonest and dishonorable means are to be used to prevent Republicans voting, and in this way thwart the will of the people and introduce the infamous practices of the Tammany democracy of New York City into elections in this State. Evidence of villainy is mountain high. It must be detected and defeated. I call upon every man, especially Republicans, who reads this paper, before the election is over to see to it that every legal registered voter exercises his right of suffrage. Call upon the poll-holders and judges of election to disregard captious challenges. Watch the polls; take down the names of witnesses to every effort at intimidation and captious challenging, to be used hereafter."

We have no hesitation in pronouncing this the most reprehensible appeal ever made by a political organization to the passions of the electors on the eve of an election. It would be dangerous if addressed to white men; it is doubly dangerous when poured into the ears of credulous negroes. The right of challenge is given by the Election law. It has been held to be the best protection of the Republican against Democratic frauds. The Republicans framed and passed the law, and hence it is their

own provision. The idea of captious challenges is absurd, when the Republicans have in their hands all the machinery of the election and can dispose of any untenable challenges in a legal manner with dispatch. The meaning of the Secretary of the Republican Committee—and the negroes, with all their ignorance, understand him clearly—is to incite forcible opposition to any challenging that may be attempted. Should his appeal be heeded, and should conservatives be deterred from challenging by negro violence or by the threat held out in the Secretary's circular of future prosecutions under the arbitrary bayonet law, any fraudulent votes that may be registered, to any number, may be polled without hindrance. Should the challengers insist on their clear rights under the Republican Election law, and refuse to yield to open violence or covert threats, a collision may at any moment occur between the opposing parties. Then would come the rule of the federal musket and the United States Marshal, and the freedom of election would be destroyed. It is possible that the Republican politicians may design such a result.

It is to be hoped that the Conservatives and the better portion of the Republicans will use their best efforts to avert the calamity of an election riot. It is just to say that the addresses of Senator Schurz and others on the Conservative side have been in marked contrast to the incendiary harangue of Secretary Boutwell, and have done much to allay excitement and lessen the bitterness of the campaign. The words of Senator Sumner, too, come in good season to restore reason to the heated brains of the North Carolina politicians. "I am against the policy of hate," says the Massachusetts Senator; "I am against fanning ancient flames into continued life. I am against raking in the ashes of the past for coals of fire yet burning. Pile up the ashes, extinguish the flames, abolish the hate—such is my desire." If the Republican predictions of riot and bloodshed in to-day's election should not be fulfilled it will be due to such teachings as these, and will give hope that the Southern States may yet pass safely through the ordeal of the present contest. * * * The growing indignation of the Northern people at the action of the politicians toward the South should prove to the President the dangerous position into which his advisers are leading him. Success in North Carolina to-day would be to him a barren victory. Defeat would be disastrous.—*New York Herald, Aug. 1.*

STANLEY.

Doubts continue to be freely expressed as to the authenticity of the Livingstone letters which, in matter and manner, differ strikingly from the great explorer's accounts heretofore. Meanwhile Stanley has taken his place beside Livingstone in geographical immortality and will keep the place, whether as the actual discoverer of the African hero, or as the consummate hoaxer of two continents. So much has been said of Stanley that something of what happens to be known of him in this quarter may contribute to the general gratification.

The recent portrait in *Harper's* is an admirable one of Stanley, whose countenance is well remembered by newspaper men and others in St. Louis, Omaha, Denver, and the West generally. He came here on the swift wings of adventure in 1865, from the far Orient; whence he had flown from some wild experiences among the Turks, and not finding it immediately remunerative to pursue his Bohemian errantry there, he concluded to see the Great West and presented himself at the *Democrat* office in this city as zealous to entertain the readers of that journal. The Indians were then threatening war, and a military commission was sent to see them. Stanley was desirous of interviewing the red men of the plains and mountains, and was off with dispatch. His letters attracted general attention. He was voluminous, vivid, imaginative, enthusiastic, and dealt only in richest rhetorical coloring, which he lavished with stentorian hand. Active and tireless in gathering facts, he gave fancy the fullest play in recording them, and never allowed a narrative to suffer in their absence. His long and rambling and gloriously inaccurate epistles were copied with little abridgement by the press everywhere, and sometimes won him anything but compliment from personages whom his free criticism ra-

ther astonished. Stanley's reportorial and newspaper friends came to consider him "a trump," and he returned from the Indian hunt an appreciated man. Times were dull, and he proposed a raid upon the Rocky Mountains, with headquarters at Omaha, whence he accordingly made the most vigorous assaults upon the wildest mountain scenery the granite piles could furnish or his precipitous imagination depict. He went to Denver and beyond, heard the thundering quartz-crushing mills, contemplated their weird shadows in the moonlight, and then thrilled some thousands of readers and amazed the Coloradoans themselves with his wonderful word-pictures. The most marvelous of all his prodigious descriptions of Colorado grandeur, penned while he was awe-stricken in their immediate presence (to his raptured imagination) was perpetrated in a big city on the banks of the Mississippi. Having at length exhausted the West, Stanley was about despairing of further themes, when the Abyssinian war came on, and he one morning curtly remarked that he thought he would go to Abyssinia. He disappeared, and in a few months his letters from Africa in the *New York Herald* supplied the newspaper hiatus his temporary subsidence had made. Abyssinia soon began rapidly to loom up, as Stanley's acquaintances well knew it would, under his magical attention. The Abyssinian campaign grew famous fast, and when it was used up, the scenery, the history of the people of that region were all passed majestically through the Stanleyan pen. Nothing seemed left to him but to go for Livingstone, and it was then impossible that Livingstone should escape. Alive or dead or annihilated, he was sure to be Bohemianized. It will be fortunate for the doctor if the world acquiesces in the genuineness of his letters, or Stanley will catch and cage him, or some one to personate him, and sell him to Barnum. "On, Stanley, on," seems to be the motto that controls his fate. * * *

It was very naughty in Dr. Livingstone to call the dark-eyed daughters of Cazembe "dears," and to dwell so lovingly on the fascinating manner in which they tattooed their dusky cuticles; but it was worse than naughty to quote from Hawthorne's English Notes about being "bulbous below the ribs." Inasmuch as the book which he quotes so glibly was not published until after the Doctor's disappearance, we are at a loss to account for his acquaintance with its contents. Could he have got it from the Book and News Company of Unyanyembe? or trifled with its pages at the circulating library of Ugogo? An explanation is needed somewhere.—*St. Louis Globe.*

Does Lying Constitute Enterprise?

Just as we supposed. It now turns out that the Livingstone dispatches were manipulated and enlarged in the *Herald* office, and as the unfortunate youth who did the work was not well up in his "dramatic unities," he spoiled the whole effect. This habit of re-writing dispatches is a fraud on the public, and unworthy a newspaper which pretends to great outlay in obtaining information. It is the habit of the Agent of the Ass. Press to enlarge his dispatches inordinately. The trick is played daily. Perhaps one of the best illustrations of the habit is the following: Simonton received one day a cable message saying, "Vesuvius active." These two words and nothing more, were all he had about Vesuvius, but he furnished a dispatch nearly two columns long to all the Ass. Press papers, and sent a "full synopsis" to the outside Ass. Presses, which are foolish enough to defray all the expenses of the New York service and pay handsome dividends besides.

But the *Herald* makes a regular business of re-writing its dispatches, and in yesterday's paper had the most ridiculous of all. It seems that the Prince and Princess of Wales have visited the United States fleet at Southampton, and three or four words about the fleet were sent to the Ass. Press, and printed in the morning papers of that Association to the extent of, perhaps, a fifth of a column. But in the *Herald* it is written up to the extent of a column and three quarters, and a more bungling botch was never read.

The expander (not the original dispatch) writes of the "River Solent." There is no River Solent.

He says, "the naval flag of the United States was twined in a most pleasing and friendly intercommunion with the Royal Standard of Great Britain." What rot! There is but one Royal

Standard on a ship of war, and that flies from the mast-head, where it belongs.

He says "the British royal steam yacht was sighted advancing slowly outward towards the United States vessels." This is absurd, as the yacht was coming in from Cowes to Southampton.

He speaks of the "signals being repeated from ship to ship." Signals are never repeated. They are answered by display of pennants.

He says in the salute, the sound of "many hundred guns" was heard in salute. The fact is, there are just 110 guns in the entire fleet.

He says the Prince was accompanied by his relative, "Prince Leopold Victor Charles of Leinengen, a Captain in the Royal Navy, and who has frequently commanded the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*." There is only one Prince of Leinengen in the English Navy, and that is Prince Ernest, who has been Captain of the Royal yacht ever since Captain Hon. J. Kenman was promoted in 1862 to flag rank.

In other words, the *Herald*, not content with printing a fair report of what did occur, resorted to its lying practice, and gave to inexperienced hands the "padding," extending and elongating the dispatch, hoping thereby to get credit for enterprise and generous expenditure.

The Livingstone dispatches, whether manufactured by Stanley or not, were expanded in the *Herald* office, and the man who doctored them neither understood the English language nor the character of Livingstone himself. They were simply butchered, and the *Herald* is reaping the just penalty of its folly in the universal discredit which attaches to these and all other dispatches in its columns.—*New York Star.*

A CONSIDERATE GRIEF.

Postponing a Funeral to see Barnum's Show.

It is said that the Kentucky Legislature once wanted to adjourn to attend a circus; a county court in Indiana, owing to the desire of witnesses and persons to see the circus, obligingly adjourned to gratify them, the judge going in dead-head; a camp-meeting in Illinois took a recess for half a day once to see the wonders of nature and feats of agility exhibited by a highly moral circus and menagerie; farm hands stipulate in Georgia, in their contracts, for liberty to "go to de circus," and the best of men have a weakness for the hoopla, paint, span-gles and sawdust of the arena. [Recently the Isle of Man House of Keys adjourned to go to an auction.] But we heard for the first time yesterday of a funeral being postponed on a circus coming to town. We got the facts from that amiable pirate, Mons. Thomas, the literary man of Barnum's show.

Out in Pennsylvania, a country editor lost his child by death the night before the show reached the town. The expression of his grief was all that any ordinary mind could demand. He was a good man, as are all country editors, who live in hope and thrive on faith, and believe that the substance of things hoped for—but we won't drop into a theological exposition. Not to treat a grave matter lightly, the editor's child died the morning after. Barnum's agent entered his office and sat down and chatted, in his fascinating way, about the peculiarities of herbivorous and ruminating animals, the playful freaks of the monkeys, and the aristocratic airs put on by the cam-leopard. As he commenced his little narrative the editor had just given directions for the insertion of the funeral notice of his child—ceremony to take place the same afternoon. He became interested in the agent's glowing zoological sketches, and when a half-dozen complimentary tickets were handed him, his feelings underwent a change. With the solemn demeanor of a man who could afford to enjoy life even under the most depressing influences, the editor walked to the stairs and called to the foreman in a sad voice, "John, you may take out that funeral notice—we'll postpone it till to-morrow!"

And he did, and went to Barnum's great moral show. This is the only instance on record where a funeral was postponed on account of a circus. And yet nine-tenths of the human race, if they had their own choice, would rather go to a circus any day in the week than attend a funeral, even if it was their own.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*